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FOREST AND STREAM.

A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun.

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,
FISHCULTURE, YACHTING AND CANOEING,

AND THE

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST
IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

VOLUME LXI.

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VOL. LXI.—No. 1.
No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

For my own part, I wish the Bald Eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country; he is a bird of bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly. . . With all his injustice, he is never in good case, but, like those among men who live by sharpening and robbing, he is generally poor, and often very lousy. Besides, he is a rank coward. . . I am, on this account, not displeased that the figure is not known as a Bald Eagle, but looks more like a turkey. For, in truth, the turkey is, in comparison a much more respectable bird, and withal a true, original native of America. Eagles have been found in all countries, but the turkey was peculiar to ours. He is, besides (tho a little vain and silly, 'tis true, but none the worse emblem for that), a bird of courage, and would not hesitate to attack a grenadier of the British Guards, who should presume to invade his farmyard with a red coat on.—Benjamin Franklin.

RICH AND POOR.

THERE is a class of shallow thinkers and agitated fallers against the rich, who profess to see a boggy-nian in the wealthy sportsman, and to discover in his evil machinations the source of all legal restrictions on full license in sport. As thus the editor of the Caledonia (N. Y.) Advertiser:

"Gradually the wealthy men of the Empire State are getting the right to fish and hunt entirely in their own hands. The law passed by the Legislature of the State last winter and signed by the Governor, prohibits the sale of grouse and woodcock in this State at any time during the year. That is to say, that woodcock and grouse are only for wealthy men to hunt, as the poor classes are the market hunters. One hunts for the money that's in it, the other for what he terms sport and the good eating that's to follow. We admire the man who hunts for the money in it far the most."

If the Advertiser man knew more about it, he would recognize that the interests of the "wealthy man" and of "the man who hunts for the money in it" are identical. Game is a table luxury, it costs money, and as a general rule is served at expensive restaurants and hotels. If it were not a costly article, if the market hunter who kills it were not paid a good price for it, he would not be so eager to "hunt for the money in it." And because game is a luxury, its consumption is chiefly by the wealthy. The "poor" market hunter kills it, the "wealthy men of the Empire State" pay him for it. Neither the poor market hunter nor the wealthy bon vivant approves the law forbidding the traffic in game. Both share the opinion of the Advertiser man that game birds should be snared and ground-potted for market. If they had their way, the close season laws and the anti-snaring laws and the anti-sale laws would not be in force. That such laws are in operation is due to the fact that in New York, as in the majority of States, the public has come to a realizing sense that if the game is to be saved it must be kept out of the snares of "the man who hunts for the money in it" and off from the tables of "the wealthy men."

The statutes of which the Caledonia man makes plaint as class legislation are in the highest degree expressions of the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number. The men in this country who shoot and fish are the average men who make up the community. They are not all rich nor all poor. Some have ample means of money and leisure, others must count most carefully the cost in dollars and hours. Whatever their circumstances and station in life, all alike have the right to such enjoyment of stream and game cover as their individual opportunities will permit, and as may be compatible with the common interest. The game and fish laws are in principle and intent no respectors of persons. Their purpose is to conserve the game and the fish for the common use of all. But, as has frequently been said in these columns, the protective laws are most necessary and most beneficial in behalf of the man of limited means, the one who cannot afford to indulge in long distance railway fares, hotel bills and guide wages, but must find his sport in home fields and local waters. He, the sportsman who must hunt and fish near home, if at all, is the one who is most nearly concerned and most vitally interested in putting a stop to "hunting for the money in it." Why? Because there is not game enough for the market hunter and the men who hunt for sport. Because if the market hunter has his swing, making a business of taking game, he will clean out the covers so that there will be nothing left for the rest of us who chose to earn a living in some other way than by grouse-snaring, but who do desire for recreation to take a day off in the fields when the season comes around. Any system which insures to us

and to our children the continuance of these privileges which our fathers enjoyed is in the highest degree for the best good of all. Any other system, such as that which the Caledonia editor appears to favor, by giving over the birds to the market hunter and the patron of cold storage game vaults, robs the many for the few.

No intelligent observer of the trend and development of the fish and game legislation of the country during recent years can mistake its character. At no other period has the purpose been more definitely and clearly to establish beyond question the principle that the game and the privilege of taking it belong to the whole people, and will be secured to them, and not to any one selfish class.

THE GAME PRESERVE.

As a factor in the matters of modern sportmanship as they pertain to the use of the dog and gun in field shooting, the game preserve may be considered properly as a constant. It is an established institution of sportsmanship in the United States, as it is in Europe, and it has come to stay. Its permanency is indicated in many material ways. In Europe, in many countries, it has existed through generations far into the past, and no property right is more highly prized nor more jealously guarded. The fact that many European countries have monarchical forms of governments is irrelevant to the subject of private game preserves. They are a consequent to man's passionate fondness for the chase and the competition incidental to civilization. This fondness is a phenomenon of human nature universally, and therefore, in its origin, is independent of governments or conventions of any kind. There are certain principles of ownership, possession and enjoyment of property which are the same everywhere in civilization, and which, in civilization, become more and more affirmed with the passing years with the increased common sense of the common people as a whole.

In the United States the private game preserve did not have its origin in imitation of foreign methods of sportsmanship. It had its origin in accord with the natural laws of supply and demand. The natural game supply and available common areas of hunting grounds, once so abundant, became wholly inadequate to supply the demand. Artificial methods of game preservation were a necessity of the situation, if sport with dog and gun were to be secured to a reasonable certainty. In the United States, at the present time, the game preserve, as an institution of sportsmanship, is to be found in every section, is progressively enlarging with the passing of the years, is indorsed by men of all stations of life, of all degrees of financial standing, and is well within the natural rights of man and the laws of the land. A sentimental opposition to it avails nothing. The rights of the property owner existed as fully and forcibly through all the past years of free shooting everywhere as they do to-day; but owing to the circumstances of vast areas in a wild state and a superabundance of game, owners permitted their property rights to lie dormant. When they chose to assert their property rights, they introduced no new principles of ownership. There, however, was much to be thankful for during all the years of freedom to enjoy private property, rather than anything to resent when the freedom, by sufferance, ended.

The idea of the game preserve had its origin before the era of preserve ownership in a legal way. In the old days when a sportsman found a sequestered section abounding in game birds or fish, he carefully concealed its whereabouts, and year after year he enjoyed the fun and fruits of his superior knowledge. If anyone else discovered and invaded it, the original discoverer considered the other fellow as an offensive interloper. Herein lies all the principle of the game preserve, which had its origin in such primitive beginnings. What the ancient sportsman accomplished by stealthy secrecy and technical trespass, the modern sportsman accomplishes openly and legally as a matter of business under the universal laws of supply and demand, and instead of diminishing the area devoted to the game preserve will progressively increase till the available lands are all taken, or the general increase in land values shall act as a check.

In establishing and maintaining a game preserve, the sportsmen of the United States will be confronted with the same problems which exist in foreign countries. The preserves must be stocked and restocked if good shooting

is to be insured. Artificial methods of propagation will need to be resorted to, and methods to protect the game birds and fishes from marauders, whether man, dog or vermin, will be a constant necessity.

THE VAGRANT DOG IN THE GAME FIELD.

A FACTOR in the maintenance of the game supply of a region is the vagrant dog which is permitted to run at large in the cover in close season. It makes no difference whether the animal is well bred or a cur. A dog, when permitted to wander about at will, exercises many of his wild traits of a predatory nature. He has no perception whatever of property rights. He will chase rabbits with unbounded enjoyment. He will rob the nests of game birds, kill and eat the young quail and partridges, and besides he will harry and kill sheep. Hounds in particular are conspicuous offenders. They have an insatiable appetite, are eminently vagrant and predatory in their habits, and from their keen sense of smell, great endurance and skill in pack work, have superlative powers of predatory destructiveness. If they fail in their efforts to secure rabbits, the eggs of quail, partridges, hens, etc., they do not hesitate to invade cornfields when the corn is in the milk, tear it down and feed on it much after the manner of hogs. In the South the vagrant cur is particularly and offensively destructive. No owner has any right to permit his dog or dogs to run at large, and the more offensive or destructive vagrant dogs become, the less value will dogs have in the eye of the law. The vagrant dog is one of the chief problems which game preserve owners have to meet, but there is no doubt that, when it becomes serious enough, it will be fully settled, and not at all to the advantage of the dog.

In a suit brought by the New York Forest, Fish and Game Commission against one Dunston, a New York city restaurant keeper, to collect the penalty for the serving of four quail in his restaurant out of season, the lower court dismissed the case, on the ground that although the birds had been served to a customer of Dunston in Dunston's restaurant by Dunston's waiter, there was no evidence to show that they had ever been in Dunston's possession, and Dunston therefore could not be held liable. This appears to be a loophole as big as a barndoor through which restaurant keepers may pass cartloads of illegal game. The Appellate Term of the Superior Court has just sustained the action of the Municipal Court in dismissing the case, Mr. Justice Truax dissenting in an opinion of which this erudite and eloquent gustatory passage deserves to be engrossed on the records:

"I am as fond of quail, in season and out of season, à la broche, au laurier, aux petits pois, au gratin, aux laitues, en croustades, à l'anglais, aux truffes, à la poêle, à la cendre, aux écrevisses, sous la cendre, au salpicon, en compote, au basilic, aspic, chaud-froid, pâté chaud, bisque of quail, and in every other way, as is either one of my associates, but I cannot concur in the conclusion reached by them."

THE records of the Fourth of July casualties wrought by the toy pistol are again claiming space in the papers. The deadly nature of these instruments is well known; it has been demonstrated year after year by the sacrifice of lives. That the toy pistol has not already been abolished by statute is a disgrace to our day and civilization. The subject is one which should have the first practicable attention of legislators. The manufacture, sale and use of the article should be prohibited. If parents lack the sense to keep the things out of the hands of their children, the authorities should interfere. This annual slaughter of the innocents is no fitting way to commemorate the events of 1776.

THE coarse fish of the Nepigon have in recent years multiplied to such an extent that they have threatened to exterminate the trout for which the stream is famous. The authorities met the evil with vigorous action, and during the last season destroyed 1,800 pike, 389 pickerel and 803 suckers. Commissioner Bastedo urges the continued prosecution of the good work, and the value of the Nepigon trout fishery is of sufficient importance to warrant the most earnest effort to save it.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Some Old Time Plainsmen.

I.—Beaver Bill.

ALL the old timers knew Beaver Bill, and every one of them was his friend, because he was such a genial, generous, companionable man, and so undeniably brave. It matters not what his real name was; some of us knew it, knew where he was born and raised. He came of a good family back in an Eastern State, and there in his old age he returned, to pass his remaining days with an aged sister. I can imagine how he sat by the fireplace in the old homestead, smoking incessantly, thinking of his many adventures, and occasionally angrily thumping the floor when he felt an extra sharp twinge of rheumatism. And I am sure that he thought often of an Indian's prayer we once heard: "Let me not live, O sun, to become old and infirm, and racked with pain. Grant that I may die while life is still pleasant; that I may die bravely in battle, suddenly cut down by the foe."

Beaver often used to speak of that prayer. "There's a deal of sense in it," he would say, "a whole lot of philosophy. It's the way I want to go—while life is still pleasant, and quickly; I don't care how, except that I do not suffer."

Alas! The poor fellow suffered terribly for months and months before the end came.

One spring we two were floating down a tributary of the Missouri in quest of beaver. I had joined the old plainsman merely for the pleasure of the trip, and to learn something of the ways of the trapper and the trapped. It was a small stream we were running, and one day our boat brought up sharp in a wire fence which spanned it from bank to bank. "Fenced the creek!" Bill muttered. "Damned if they haven't! Pretty soon 't will be so that a man can't get to a stream without asking some rancher's permission to go through his field."

"Well, Bill," I said, "when that time comes you will not want to go through any fields, for the beaver will all be gone. As soon as the railroads are built into Montana all the streams will be settled upon. While you still have your choice of thousands of good locations, why don't you select one and become a rancher yourself?"

He looked at me in pained surprise. "I a rancher?" he exclaimed. "A rancher! getting up early in the morning and milking a lot of cows. Plodding along behind an old plow; mowing and stacking hay; cutting and threshing grain; going home every evening plumb petered out, too tired even to think, and tumbling into bed from the supper table. The same old round day after day, the same old grind year after year. And for what? That's what I want to know; for what? Is there any fun in such a life?"

"No, I can't say there is any fun in it; but it is such an independent life—the rancher is his own boss—"

"That shows how much you know about ranching," he interrupted. "The rancher isn't his own boss; he's the slave of his cattle, his fields, and he's the plaything of the weather and the markets. But worst of all, his life is as uneventful as that of his barnyard cattle."

In that brief denunciation of ranching, especially the last sentence, was explained the fascination the life of a trapper had for some men. They were as free as the air they breathed; they wanted constant change of environment and they had it. They loved to contemplate nature, and lived close to her breast. They wanted adventure, constant excitement, and they found it in matching their skill against the cunning of animals, in penetrating the hunting ground of hostile Indians at the risk of their lives.

None of the old time trappers I knew cared for the monetary returns of their occupation. They made large sums of money every season, from one to three thousand dollars; sometimes even more; but they spent it quickly, seemingly anxious to get rid of the burden and to return to the wilderness. And those others of a still more remote time, Jim Bridger and his contemporaries, who, following after Lewis and Clark, explored the whole Rocky Mountain region. They were trappers, but it was not the pursuit of the beaver that led them far across the plains and into the fastnesses of the mountains. It was their love for adventure; the beaver pelts merely provided the means for their expeditions into the great West. They were the men who informed the world that the Great American Desert was a myth, who blazed the Overland and Oregon Trails. They were the vanguard of the civilization which has in a few years penetrated to every nook and corner of half a continent.

The northwestern trappers pursued the beaver almost exclusively. There were martin, fisher, otter, wolverines and mink in the heavily timbered slopes of the mountains, but they were only to be taken by running long lines of traps on snowshoes during the cold winter months. The trappers had no relish for that sort of work; where they could go with pack and saddle horses, or by boat, the fur was safe. The vast number of beaver which inhabited the streams of the West was almost beyond belief. In their journal Lewis and Clark mention one place on the Upper Missouri where three acres of timber had been recently cut down by the busy animals. On all the small streams the remains of their dams are still to be seen. There is one on the Two Medicine River, at the western edge of the Blackfoot Reservation, which is half a mile long and about eight feet in height. What a tremendous undertaking it was for such small animals. Tons and tons of earth and stones, cord upon cord of tree cuttings, trunk, limbs and twigs were employed in its construction. And it was a fine piece of engineering work, for it extends from slope to slope of the valley as straight as a line could be surveyed. The dam backed up the waters of the creek for nearly a mile, and in the pond thus formed the beavers built their houses—conical structures of sticks, mud and stones, which extended from the bottom to several feet above the surface. The dam has long since been broken through, and the beavers which built it probably furnished the fur for our grandmothers' cloaks.

Beaver Bill was one of the bachelor trappers, so called to distinguish them from those who were married to In-

dian women. The latter generally lived and traveled with the tribe into which they had married. They were never so successful as the bachelors, for game of all kinds, and especially the timid beaver, fled from the vicinity of a great camp. As a class, Bill had a great contempt for them. "They are too lazy to live," he used to say. "The man catches a few beaver, his wife skins them, fleshes and stretches the hides. He shoots some buffalo, she takes care of the meat and tans the robes. She cuts the wood, carries the water, cooks, breaks and makes camp, sews moccasins and buckskin shirts for him while he just lies around and smokes. And then when they go to the fort to trade, what does she get for her work? Nothing but a thin calico dress and a red checkered shawl, while he just naturally blows himself, filling up on red liquor and bucking fero."

In the spring of 1868, soon after the ice went out of the streams, Beaver Bill left Fort Benton to trap on the upper Milk River, about one hundred and fifty miles northwest of the fort. As usual, he went alone, riding a good saddle horse and leading three others, which were lightly packed with his small A tent, bedding, traps, and provisions. Beaver had chosen the Milk River for the spring trapping because at that time there were no Indians anywhere in that vicinity. The Bloods and Blackfeet were camped far north of there, on the Red Deer River, and the Piegiens were somewhere in the vicinity of the Cypress Hills. Having arrived at the trapping ground, Bill located his camp in some pine timber at the foot of the mountains, and kept his horses hobbled in an open grassy park still further back, where any passing war party would not be liable to see them. Beaver were plentiful. At that point several small tributaries of the river converged, and each one of them was dammed every few hundred yards, every pond thus formed being inhabited by a number of beaver families. Bill had a dozen traps, and every morning found six or eight beaver in them, all he cared to skin, flesh and stretch in a day. "I was having a pretty good time," he said, in telling the story of the expedition. "No end of beaver, fine weather, and a good camp was enough to satisfy any trapper. The days were warm and I used to sit out at the edge of the timber fleshing my morning's catch, where I could see far down the valley, and to the north and south of it. I always went a heap on that old saying: 'Forewarned is forearmed.' If there were any war parties prowling around I wanted to see them before they did me. I had my scouts out, too; the valley and the hills were covered with game, and I knew that they would start running in every direction at the approach of a party. I was careful not to alarm the game, doing all my trapping above camp on the streams in the timber. What I did scare there ran only a little ways, just out of sight, and went to feeding again. There were buffalo, elk, deer and antelope, innumerable bands of them, and they often came within a few yards of camp, sometimes closer than I wanted them to; that is, the buffalo, for the temper of an old bull is always uncertain. He will often charge a man without the least provocation. I never built a fire during the daytime; after dark I would start one back in the thick timber and cook enough food to last until the next evening. The first night I made camp there a skunk came up close to the fire and nosed around among my things, attracted to the place, no doubt, by the smell of fresh meat. He and I got to be pretty good chums, and just as soon as night came he would appear for his supper, scraps of meat I used to toss him. Finally he became so tame that he would take food from my hand. I used to talk to him a good deal, and he would sit listening, his head cocked to one side, his eyes shining brightly, just as if he understood. 'Partner,' I used to say, 'here's a nice piece of fried meat; come and get it, but mind that you behave as a gentleman should. You know what I mean, and a word to the wise is sufficient.'

"So the days passed. In a couple of weeks I had ninety-five beaver skins. I was doing as well as any reasonable trapper could wish. Game was very poor, as it always is in the spring. I had used up the last of a deer I had killed, and concluded to go up on the mountain and get a bighorn. A young ram, or a ewe, I knew, would be pretty fat and good eating. So one day, after taking care of my morning's catch, I started out, and in an hour or more came to timber line. Beyond were the bare rocks, shale at first, sloping steeply up to the broken cliffs which formed the summit of the mountain. Here and there on the shale slope were patches of grass-grown turf, fine feeding places for bighorn, but not one of the animals was in sight. There were some on the mountain, however, for I found their trails running in every direction. I went on up the shale, and after a hard climb over the loose stuff came to the foot of the cliffs. They consisted of a series of shelves or reefs, one above the other, in places perpendicular, and here and there broken away. I was climbing up one of these broken places, stepping from one rock to another, when I landed on one that rolled. I lost my balance and went rolling down, too, for some distance. It was a wonder that I didn't break a leg or an arm in the fall, but I escaped with only some scratches and a bruise or two. When I lost my balance my rifle flew out of my hand and went clattering down among the rocks. Picking it up and looking it over to see if it had been injured, I could find nothing wrong with it, and resumed my course. I had not gone more than three hundred yards when a band of ewes appeared on the next shelf beyond, and stopped to see what it was approaching them. They had probably never before seen a man. There was a yearling ram in the bunch, and at him I took a careful aim and pulled the trigger; the hammer clicked, but there was no report. I recocked the rifle and tried again, with the same result. 'A bad cartridge,' I said to myself, and extracting it slipped another one into the chamber. The arm was a .50 caliber needle gun, considered a fine weapon in those days. The sheep were still standing, looking at me curiously. 'Now, then, my young fellow,' said I, as I raised the rifle to my shoulder, 'you are surely my meat.' But he wasn't; the hammer again clicked, that was all, and the sheep, starting off on a trot, disappeared behind a point of rocks. Then I sat down, threw up the breech block of the gun, and saw at a glance that the point of the firing pin was broken off. There had been a flaw in it, so that the two parts were held only by a thin bit of steel, and that had been snapped by the jar the weapon got on the rocks.

Well, perhaps you can imagine how I felt. There I was, at the mercy of almost anything that wanted me; an old grizzly bear, a buffalo bull—why, even a bobcat might make a break at me, and I was his meat. But there was worse to come. From where I sat there was a splendid view of the country down at the foot of the mountain and far out on the plains. The park where my horses were, although two miles distant, seemed, in the clear thin air, to lie almost at my feet. I could even distinguish the color of the different animals. They were grazing peacefully enough, and then suddenly they all turned at once and jumped as fast as their hobbles would allow toward the upper end of the park. Out from the timber came a dozen or more dark figures, took after, surrounded, and caught them. In spite of all my precautions, a war party had discovered my camp.

"If I felt badly before, I was dazed now. The breaking of the gun was a great misfortune, but I had decided to go in to Fort Benton with what furs I had and get it repaired or buy a new one. And now I was not only afoot, but without food, for of course the Indians would take all my provisions. But, I reasoned, they will not take my traps. If I had just one of them I could catch enough beaver for food, and gradually make my way to Fort Benton.

The Indians led my horses out of the park, and after a little while smoke began to curl up through the trees where my camp was located. No doubt they were having a high old feast with the provisions they found there—sugar, coffee, bacon, a batch of sour dough bread I had baked that morning, and a pot of baked beans. I sat there on the cliff for hours, trying to think of some way out of the predicament I was in, turning over a dozen plans in my mind, but rejecting them all.

"There was but one way out of it: I must get hold of my traps or starve. About four o'clock the Indians filed out of the timber leading my horses, and, climbing the north slope of the valley, disappeared in another point of timber. I remained where I was until dark, but did not see them go out of it. I saw through their scheme at once. Some of the party had remained at the camp to pot me when I returned, the others had climbed over the ridge to lead me to believe that they were satisfied with the plunder of my outfit and had resumed their journey. Well, they were not going to get my hair by any such ruse as that. I remained where I was until night came and the moon arose, and then went down the cliff, down over the shale slope and into the timber. The traps were set in two beaver ponds about three hundred yards above the camp. I made my way to the creek they were on, and followed it down, passing numerous ponds which I had not yet trapped. In every one of them the beaver were swimming and splashing about, and it made me mad to think that a lot of cursed Indians had knocked me out of trapping the best bit of fur country I had ever seen. At last I came to the upper one of the two ponds I was heading for, and approached the foot of a slide where I had set a trap. There was something lying across it at the water's edge; I picked it up and saw it was the stake to which the chain had been attached: the Indians had found and taken the trap. I concluded at once that they had taken them all; every trap had been set in the water at the foot of a slide, and the stake of each one was in plain sight, sloping out from the bank. I went on to the next slide, more slowly and cautiously than before, for I thought that some of the enemy might be lurking in the brush thereabouts, as well as at the camp, waiting to get a shot at me. The trap which had been set at that place was also gone, and so was every one of the five at that pond. I hesitated some time about going on to the next one, which was nearer the camp, but finally made up my mind to do it; I was getting pretty hungry and wanted a trap. The shores and banks of this pond were more open, grassy parks studded with clumps of willow brush running back some distance to the pine timber. I got down on my hands and knees and crept along, keeping as near to the water's edge as possible, occasionally rising up and looking back into the brush and parks for any sign of the enemy. There was a full moon, and the night was nearly as light as day. It was the third or fourth time I had cautiously stood up and peered over the bank, that, just as I was about to stoop and crawl on, I caught the glint of metal in the shadow of some willow brush. Long and hard I looked at the place, and finally made out what I took to be two Indians sitting there muffled in their robes. Still, I could not be sure. Perhaps I stood five minutes staring at the dim figures, and then again I saw the gleam of metal, as if one of them had moved his gun. That was enough; inch by inch I sank down below the level of the bank and began to crawl back whence I had come. More carefully, more silently than ever, you may be sure. And there was a choking lump in my throat, a creepy sensation in my back, which was a fair target for the enemy if they came and looked over the bank. Yes, I was thoroughly scared, and at the same time I was mad, just choking with anger. If my rifle had been in good condition I could have surely plunked one of those silent watchers, perhaps both of them, and escaped up the mountain before any of their brethren could have arrived from the camp. Well, I crawled on and on, stopping every now and then to listen, and finally got back to the other pond, arose, and sneaked through the forest up the mountain side.

"At daylight I was back in my old place on the cliffs. Down at my camp smoke was again rising above the tree tops, and four Indians were riding my horses down the slope toward it. I had sized up their scheme exactly: They had tied the animals in the point of timber for the night, and then the most of them had sneaked back to the camp to lay for me. Well, I still had a whole skin, but it was woefully empty. I had never been so hungry before.

"Soon after sunrise I saw the war party file out of the timber and strike off toward the north on a trail used by the various tribes of the Blackfeet when traveling along the foot of the mountains. They were not riding my horses this time, but leading them, and from the size of the packs on them I doubted not that they were laden with my whole camp outfit and beaver skins. I watched the outfit for several hours, until they disappeared over the top of the big ridge which slopes down to the St. Mary's River, and then started for my camp. I was sure that the war party had all left, having concluded that I

had seen them and lost no time in getting out of that section of the country. On my way I visited the pond where I had set seven traps, and where I had seen the Indians the night before, but, as I expected, not a trap was left. "Well," I said to myself, "there is nothing to do but to kill and eat my old partner the skunk, and then devise some means of killing enough meat on the way to enable me to get to the fort." I went on to the camp very slowly and watchfully, you may be sure, in case one or two of the war party had remained behind, holding my old gun in readiness just for a bluff, if nothing more. It would have served for a club.

"The first thing I noticed when I came to the camp ground was the skin of my old partner lying near the still smouldering fire, and by that token I knew that the war party were either Crees or Assinaboines, for none of the other tribes in the Northwest eat skunks. Yes, they had killed and devoured my partner, although they undoubtedly had plenty of buffalo or deer meat. Well, there is no accounting for tastes. I never had tried skunk meat, but I was anxious to. As I had thought would be the case, nothing remained of my outfit. Tent, bedding, provisions, furs, everything had been taken, except my cast iron Dutch oven, and that had been smashed. I sat down on a log feeling pretty blue, but by no means inclined to give up. I had matches in my pocket, a good sheath knife at my belt; all around was game of various kinds, and I was bound to get some of it some way. I remembered all at once of hearing Hugh Monroe, an old Hudson Bay Company trapper, tell about an Indian tribe of the far north using dead falls to catch beaver; a heavy log was suspended over a slide, a stick, which was the trigger of the affair, was placed across the path about four inches above the ground; when the beaver came along and pushed the stick, down fell the log and broke its back. I determined to try the plan, making a model first that would work, and then setting a dozen or more of the contrivances along the ponds. But first I went to the river where I had thrown in the beaver I had skinned, half hoping to find one of the carcasses, and cook a part of it. The stream was high and discolored, and very swift. The bottom could not be seen even in shallow parts, but hoping that one of the carcasses might have been thrown up on a bar, I went down along the shore for some distance. Not one could I find. Returning, I cut some good sized willows, went to my lookout place at the edge of the timber and began to work on the deadfall model. I had barely started in, however, when I saw some horsemen on the rim of the valley to the south coming down the trail, and then behind them came a long string of horses, some packed and some loose, and several hundred mounted people. I saw at once that the horses dragged no lodge poles nor travois, so it was evident that their owners were mountain, or west slope, Indians. If they proved to be the Flatheads, my troubles were over, for they had been friendly to the whites since 1846, when that valiant Jesuit, Father De Smet, had visited them and started a mission in the heart of their country. They had even embraced the Catholic faith. When I first saw the outfit I lost no time in retreating to the shelter of the pines, where I could watch them and still not be seen. On they came, down the valley slope, across the river, and rounded up on the flat about two hundred yards from my hiding place. Some of the packed horses were hard to catch, running around in great circles. One of them, a swift wild thing, came within twenty yards of the timber, pursued by half a dozen young Indians shouting and encouraging their horses as they swung their lariats. I recognized the language, although I could not understand it. They were the Flatheads, as I had hoped, and without hesitation I walked out of the timber toward them when they were preparing to camp. They all stood and stared at me in amazement, for it was an unusual thing to see a lone white man, afoot at that, anywhere on the plains in those days. As I neared them the chief and several leading warriors advanced to meet me, hands outstretched and smiling pleasantly. Now bless the red man, say I, who invented the sign language, that expressive means of communicating thought by the hands, which all the tribes from Great Slave Lake to Mexico know. I could not speak any Indian language, but I wasn't bad at signs, and in a very few minutes the Flatheads were aware of my misfortunes. Twice the chief asked how many were in the war party, and I replied that there were eighteen. He also inquired how I knew that they were Crees or Assinaboines, and I told how they had killed and eaten my partner, the skunk, which I had calculated to roast for myself. That made them laugh.

"Well," said the chief, after giving some orders to his women, "you are hungry, and we are going to fill you clear to the neck with the best food we have. Then some of my young men are going to accompany you, and help you get back your outfit, your horses, and of course some scalps of the enemy. They have done us wrong, both the Assinaboines and Crees, and we must have revenge."

"It didn't take the women long to cut some poles, put up their lodges, and in a little while a real feast was set before me. There was boiled boss ribs of buffalo, berry pemmican, boiled arrow root, and sweet dried camas, a fine spread for a hungry man, and I surely did justice to it.

"Upon deciding to pursue the war party, the chief had sent two scouts on their trail to locate them. It was perhaps an hour later that about fifty of us started out, all well mounted and well armed. The chief, who did not go, loaned me his war horse, a powerful, swift animal, and also his gun, a muzzleloader. I was never with a lighter hearted crowd than were those Flathead warriors. They talked and laughed, sung war songs, and cut up all sorts of capers as we rode along. And we did not spare the horses, keeping them on a steady lope except when the hills were steep.

"The sun was about an hour high when we rode down the pine and quaking aspen slope to the St. Mary's River, and right at the ford found our two scouts awaiting us. Of course I didn't understand what they reported; we crossed the stream at once, however, and went on faster than before. A mile further on we crossed another stream, a tributary of the St. Mary's, and, emerging from the belt of timber which fringed it, saw the war party not a quarter of a mile ahead crossing a long, wide prairie. They saw us as soon as we did them, and crowded around

my four horses, stripping off the packs, pushing and pulling each other in frantic endeavors to mount and run for the timber. Of course there was not room for them all on the animals, and the result was that only two got away on my saddle horse before we were upon them. I passed right ahead after the two, as did the chief's son, and we overtook them about a hundred yards from the timber. The fellow mounted behind turned and fired at me, but missed his mark. I let loose at him about the same time, and he dropped limply from the horse to the ground, prone on his back, and never even kicked. His companion followed him a moment later, shot by the young Flathead. He was only wounded, but lost his gun in the fall, and leaving the youth to finish him I went on and caught my horse. That was all I saw of the battle, if such it may be called, for the last one of the war party was killed before I caught my horse and turned back. They hadn't put up much of a fight, nor could they, armed as they were with the Hudson's Bay Company's smooth-bore flintlocks. The Flatheads kept circling around them and shooting, and laid the last one of them low in less than three minutes. None of our party was killed, and only two received wounds, which were painful, of course, but not dangerous. And so, excepting some provisions, I got back my whole outfit, and the Flatheads got what they wanted, glory and scalps—Cree scalps.

"When we returned to camp the next day, you may be sure there was a great jollification, feasting and scalp dancing, which lasted far into the night. In further conversation with the chief, I learned that he and his people intended to hunt and trap along the foot of the mountains as far south as Sun River, and then go to Fort Benton to dispose of their furs. The old fellow insisted that I should accompany them, offering the loan of a rifle and a place in his lodge. I accepted the offer at once, and never regretted it, for I had a pleasant time and managed to catch a fair number of beaver. When we arrived at the fort, about six weeks later, I gave the old chief a Henry rifle and the members of his family a blanket each, which made their hearts glad. And so ended my experience in the wilds for that season. I have often wondered how I would have got along had I not met the Flatheads. Some day I shall try that deadfall contrivance and learn if a beaver can really be caught that way."

Where Beaver Bill and the Flatheads fought the Crees, Government engineers are building an immense dam to store water for an irrigating canal. The wild Indians, the buffalo and other game have disappeared, and busy ranchers till the soil where the old time trappers made their camps. It is well that they are in their graves, those adventurous old plainsmen, for there is no longer any place for them to roam. Could they return and see the wonderful change which has taken place since yesterday, as it were, their astonishment and sorrow would be unbounded. They had no use for civilization.

J. W. SCHULTZ.

The Buckskin Lodge.

AWAY in the wilds of Canada there is a deer hunters' lodge built of great round unhewn pine logs that has housed hundreds of campers, canoeists and anglers. This lodge was built by the members of the Buckskin Lodge, of Pittsburg, furnished with cots, mattresses, chairs, tables, dishes and an immense stove. The lodge is built on Hope Island, a small island sparsely timbered with pine and hemlock trees, as essential to the camper as powder and ball to the hunter. Nailed to the gable are these words that have cheered hundreds of weary tourists: "Welcome to Buckskin Lodge." Inside you find further directions: "When you use the mattresses hang them up so the wood mice won't cut them." All over the walls



BUCKSKIN LODGE.

are inscriptions like the following: "The Rosselle Fishing Club of Homestead, Pa., thanks the Buckskin Lodge for its hospitality." "The Washington Club of Allegheny does the same."

I have inclosed a photo of the Buckskin Lodge that will be recognized by all who have made a voyage down this delightful river.

On August 1, 1902, Guy A. Hodgson, Mart Kinser, Geo. M. Meanor, Prof. Jno. H. Chatham, William Collins, Prof. Robt. M. Martin and the writer left Bennett's cottage on Severn River for this lodge. Capt. Woods ran us down on his little steamer across Sparrow Lake to the Ragged Rapids, some ten miles down the river. Here we spent a few hours angling, with good results. Orillia, a city of 15,000 people, has built a large power plant to furnish light to the city some seventeen miles away.

Meanor, Chatham and I crossed the dam and went

to fish just below the falls in a circling bay filled with driftwood. With little trouble we soon made a raft by throwing some boards over the logs and had a comfortable stand to fish from. The sport was fine. Prof. Chatham had caught several fine bass in the foam and I had done well. Meanor, wearied waiting for a large one, tried in the bay below, and I soon saw he had a strong attachment for some sort of marine creature that was giving him no end of trouble as it darted in and out among the driftwood. To have it said you assisted in the landing of a very large fish is much honor, and that I might share in George Meanor's delight I hastened down with a fine gaff, which this same mechanical George had made for me, and by a lucky stroke dished up a magnificent 9-pound pickerel, the finest and largest I had ever seen. It was dark above with glittering golden sides. From this golden appearance the French-Canadians call them dore. Meanor tried to land a running mate for his prize catch, but in vain. He wrapped him in damp moss and leaves and stored him away in a cool cave in the rocks and dropped down the river with the avowed purpose of taunting Chatham and me with another princely pickerel.

As I angled around and on a mass of drift I spied a very large fish, but was unable to determine its kind in the shadow-darkened waters. There he lay gently fanning the water and reminded me of a sleepy cow chewing her cud. By a lucky stroke I caught a 10-inch bass, which I persuaded to carry my hook to where I had seen his excellency ruminating. From the lively dashes of the bass I knew there was some sort of trouble at the nether end of my string. I had concluded that the fish was a muscullonge and might run from 10 pounds up, so was persuaded to take no risks among the snags and I handed Prof. Chatham my rod with instructions to draw him gently toward the open and I lay prone upon the log under which the fish must go toward the open water. Gently the Professor drew and patiently the fish followed on, and with thumping heart I waited. Would he never come? Presently I saw him slowly following the pull of the line—could see the tail of the bass grow less and less as it disappeared, and learned to a nicety what it is for big fish to swallow the little ones. He soon made a dash for the open water, and as he went by I gaffed him. It proved to be a pickerel, almost an exact mate for the one Meanor caught. The fish was not hooked at all, for as I lifted him the bass was disgorged and floated down the river, having become unhooked by the struggles of the pickerel. I wrapped my prize in moss and ferns, carried it to the cavern and laid it by Meanor's prize.

Now I had broken even with Meanor, a thing I had not dared to hope for. Perhaps some strange turn of the fickle fortunes of fishermen might enable me to beat him. I caught another quarter-pound bass—a lively one—and with him I took long chances. Letting out almost a hundred feet of line I sent my bait under all the drift in the bay, and had wearied in well doing, when there came another glad surprise. I again gave the line to Chatham, who gently led the captive to his doom. I gaffed this fish as it swam past. This pickerel also was not hooked. The prizes were so great and the chances of getting them by the ordinary method so slim, that I adopted this plan with success. As Meanor sauntered by he remarked: "Norris, anybody steal my big fish? Gee Whitakers! When did these other whales crawl into this nest?"

Norman E. Bennett, proprietor of a resort on the Severn River, pronounced them the largest fish ever taken from the river. Bennett said he had speared many good ones in the spring, but none so large as these. Be that as it may, we were satisfied with our catch, and will rejoice with him who catches a larger one. The three weighed about twenty-five pounds.

We then portaged our stuff over the long Ragged Rapids portage and had dinner with the superintendent of the power plant. At 2 P. M. we were under way.

The day was clear, cool and delightful; the scenery was inspiring; the air was crisp and bracing, and when I got a chance to sit in the stern and see the other fellows row the boat I enjoyed life to the limit. We were a little apprehensive about shooting the rapids, and since there was considerable of this kind of game to bag in this locality the tyros who had never shot the chutes were a trifle timid. Shooting down those long avenues of raging rushing waters is indeed a unique sensation—once experienced it is never forgotten. You come down over the first break of the waters full of dire apprehensions, scenting danger in each flying eddy-turmoil and trouble all around you. The angry rocks ahead soon fly to the rear, the waves foam and fret in anger, the flying drops of water strike your face, bringing positive alarm. The white ghost-like cross that marks the spot where a voyageur was drowned flies by; soon all is over and you rest in the quiet waters at the foot of the rapids, joyously exhilarated and aglow with a pleasurable aftermath of excitement.

We pass the long straight reach of waters and swing around the river's bend in sight of the Cherry Creek lumber camp at 3 P. M. The old camp is now in ruins, roof tumbled in, and a gloomy atmosphere surrounds the place, but I never pass without halting to inspect it, for it is here I spent a delightful week nearly ten years ago. The watchman then at the camp was a one-legged man named Andrew Feeney who very cordially welcomed us to his lodge, for we were the first people he had seen for seventeen days. There were few people traveling this river ten years ago in early July.

As our boats grated at the landing at Hope Island, where the Buckskin Lodge is located, the sun was dropping behind the big pines on the western hills.

After a hurried lunch we rowed a mile down the river to Cape Rock Bay to have an evening's fish. As we pulled into the mouth of the bay, I heard some rapid firing of rifles somewhere in toward the Lost Channel. The next day a party came up the river bringing three bear. It seems that as they were passing a bay leading into the Lost Channel, Willie Doolittle, their guide, saw a little bear doing a two-step on the cliffs above. Knowing that the mother was near, they crept around the rocks and came upon her and the cub. The mother they shot and one of the cubs, intending to take the other alive. After chasing little Johnnie nearly a mile, they caught him, only to find that a bullet meant for the fond mother

had broken his front leg, and they decided to kill him. Thus did these we call kind gentlemen cruelly break up as happy a family as was in Muskoka District.

At the head of this bay we began fishing. I was baiting with large dew worms and was having fine success with pickerel and pike, having landed a half dozen. I fished from a large rock that had come down from the cliffs above; and I here tried for bass. I think I never had such luck as I had that evening. When a bass was hooked there would come up from the depths of the dark waters a dozen or more others, gobbling up the pieces of bait my captive would disgorge. There were pickerel and bass, pike and channel cats in the motley crew. In one lot that came up after a fish caught by another of the party, was an unusually big bass. I cast a worm to him which he promptly took. I struck, hooked him, and after a hard fight the bass won.

We hurried home at twilight, and cut pine boughs for a bed. We filled the bunks full of the pine tassels and found that they served the purpose well. The next morning we had a fine breakfast of fried bass, boiled eggs and potatoes, bread and butter. We were joined about noon by August and Theodore Yahn and Fred Hays, of Homestead, Pa. That day we spent in fishing and lounging around the camp. In the evening we started back in the woods to watch for deer, but none came out, although many had been feeding in the swamp. That night we all turned in early and slept soundly, for next day we had nearly twenty miles to go to reach Sparrow Lake.

At daylight we were all astir, had breakfast over, and were ready to start at 6 A. M. While we were eating there was a strong wind blowing up the river, and our prayer was that it might continue. We rowed the heavy boats around the first bend and went ashore and cut three masts. By tying the corners of our bed quilts we had pretty fair sails, and we sailed the entire distance home. I am sure we must have presented an odd sight as we scurried up the river with bed quilts made up of many quaint patches for sails. One of the boys said they would arrest us for pirates as we came over Sparrows Lake.

At sundown we slipped under the overhanging trees in the Severn River above Sparrow Lake, and in ten minutes our boats touched the landing. Thus ended another of the many delightful tours I have made down this charming river.

JAMES M. NORRIS.

Natural History.

Grant on the Caribou.

THE recent discoveries of new forms of caribou in Alaska and northeastern America lend an especial interest to a paper recently printed by Mr. Madison Grant, the secretary of the New York Zoological Society, and printed in the Seventh Annual Report of the Society. Mr. Grant, in fact, has been in such close touch with certain zoological investigations in northwestern America, and has contributed so greatly toward the carrying out of these investigations that his name must always be closely linked with this aspect of Arctic exploration, and it is gratifying that his name should have been given to one of the new forms of caribou recently described from Alaska.

The paper in question is of great interest, not only for what it tells us in words about the caribou, but also for the great number of very beautiful illustrations which it contains, all of them tending to illuminate the questions under discussion, and by means of actual specimens to make clear the author's precise meaning. Besides this, there is a two-page colored map, showing the range in America of the two groups of the caribou.

Mr. Grant divides existing caribou into two groups, to be known as Barren Ground and Woodland caribou. To the Barren Ground group belong the European reindeer, the species described from Spitzbergen, and any undescribed races existing in Siberia; while, on the American side are the Greenland caribou, Peary's caribou from Ellesmereland, the Arctic form from the extreme north of America and the Arctic Islands, Grant's caribou from the Alaskan Peninsula, and Stone's from Cook Inlet. There may be also undescribed American races.

The Woodland caribou are all American. Taking them from east to west they are the species from Newfoundland, that from Canada and Maine, west to Manitoba, the Rocky Mountain form from Idaho to Central British Columbia, known as *R. montanus*, and *R. osborni*, from the Cassiar Mountains of British Columbia, northward, and any other Woodland forms that may exist as yet undescribed.

Mr. Grant's basis of classification depends chiefly on size, color and antler development. It is readily acknowledged that anyone of these three characters is variable and uncertain. Nevertheless, as has often been said, if one has enough specimens there is an average of all these characters for any region which the practiced eye can readily recognize. Similarly as to the antlers, "within the extreme limits of this irregularity there are certain types of architecture which, though clearly defined, are difficult to describe."

One of the most striking characteristics of the genus *Rangifer* are found in its feet and in its antlers, to which may be added the presence of horns in the female. The enormous development of the brow antler in the caribou, which by some has been considered characteristic of the Woodland caribou, is, of course, not peculiar of that group, as specimens in Washington and elsewhere abundantly prove.

Among fossil remains from the oldest Pleistocene deposits of northern and western Europe, those of caribou are abundant, and it is interesting to note that these remains represent both the Barren Ground and the Woodland forms, although, so far as known, no reindeer of Woodland type are found in the old world to-day.

Mr. Grant is inclined to believe that the Arctic Barren Ground caribou found its way into western Europe over a land bridge which at the beginning of the glacial period connected Greenland, Spitzbergen and Norway. "At that period," he says, "those portions of Russia lying between the Black Sea and White Sea and the major part of Sweden were entirely submerged, as well as a large part

of northern and eastern Germany. This condition prevented the spread of this group into eastern Europe at that time. Its extreme eastern limit was near Berlin, where, in one of the oldest Pleistocene deposits, fossil remains of the Barren Ground caribou have been found. At a much later period, probably during the interglacial phase of the glacial period, a land connection was established across Russia, and an invasion of Siberian mammals took place, bringing with it the Woodland caribou.

of Hudson's Bay. Mr. A. P. Lowe described three herds of Barren Ground caribou in Labrador. There is a wide belt of land along the McKenzie River where no caribou are found, and beyond which *Rangifer arcticus* does not extend. In northern Alaska there are reported to be still two or three species of caribou which have not yet reached the hands of naturalists. For these we must wait, and it is quite possible that we may wait in vain, since the whalers, which each year in numbers visit the Arctic Sea,



NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU (*RANGIFER TERRAENOVAE*, BANGS).

Wild stag, photographed, 1902, on a Newfoundland barren, by Charles D. Cleveland, and reproduced by permission.

This animal pushed as far west as England, the north and east of France, but never reached either Scandinavia or Ireland, the latter having become detached from England at that time." Woodland caribou, according to Mr. Grant, probably originated in northeastern Asia, and reached America over the land connection which formerly existed across the Behring Straits.

According to this view it will be seen that these two types of reindeer had become differentiated before the

hire the natives to supply them with fresh meat and destroy vast quantities of reindeer, and may very possibly exterminate certain species of limited range.

On the Alaskan Peninsula occurs the new and interesting caribou known as *R. granti*, which was formerly abundant on Unga Island. It is believed that this species is in immediate danger of extinction. *R. stonei* of the Kenai Peninsula, in Alaska, is a large species approaching in size some forms of the Woodland caribou, but



SWIMMING CARIBOU, BIRCHY PONDS, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Antlers of the stag on the right of the photograph, from which the velvet was stripped, were bright red, while from the antlers of the other stag, the velvet hung in strips.

Photographed from a canoe, September 14, 1900, and copyrighted, 1902, by R. T. Varnum.

glacial period. Whence the reindeer type arose we do not know.

Of the old world reindeer the best known is *R. tarandus*, domesticated in Lapland and in Siberia, the domesticated animals being less in size than the wild ones of the same region. The Spitzbergen form is small, and has certain well defined skull characters. There may be other old world forms. Greenland and Ellesmereland has each a caribou of its own, and one of the northernmost animals of the group is that reported from Fort Conger, Grinnell Land, in latitude 82 degrees. The typical Barren Ground caribou ranges on the American mainland to the west

preserving the characteristics of its group.

Of the Woodland group the range of the common form has been indicated. It is said to extend in the west as far north as Great Slave Lake, and at various points west of Hudson's Bay its range and that of the Barren Ground caribou overlap. The forms *R. montanus* and *R. osborni* come from the mountains of the Pacific Coast. They are dark and of large size.

Of the Newfoundland caribou, two types are recognized by the natives. These may be nothing more than individual variation. The building of the railroad through Newfoundland has made these hunting grounds so acces-

sible that this species has been threatened with extinction, and, but for the new game laws recently passed, the animals must soon have been exterminated. Even now the prospects for their preservation are not bright, since in winter they are slaughtered in great quantities by the natives, to whom they furnish the only fresh meat accessible, and who are as reckless in their destruction as all other untrained human beings commonly prove themselves.

Mr. Grant's excellent paper should be in the hands of every naturalist and big-game hunter. It is full of information and is a general rounding up of one of the most interesting groups of the deer. Whether agreeing or not with Mr. Grant's conclusions, no one can read the paper and see the illustrations without acquiring knowledge.

Instinct and Reason.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In FOREST AND STREAM of June 6, 1903, Hermit says: "I do not believe that the speech of the lower animals is inherited. It would be just as unreasonable as to claim that human speech is inherited." In another part of his communication he says: "The intelligence of the wild things is a fixed fact, and the sentiment is growing rapidly with the intelligent public. . . . Instinct is no longer king of the wild things. He is deposed and must take his place with the commoners." I do not doubt that the "wild things" are endowed with a degree of intelligence, but I believe that a full and legitimate recognition of this fact will not "depose" instinct; and I would like to know what trustworthy evidence there is that any of the animals, other than man, possess a language, or speech, that can be taught, or that needs to be taught, in any proper sense of the world; or as a child is taught the language of its parents, for instance. I have never given any systematic study to the habits and capacities of animals, and make no pre-

consciousness, of desire without consciousness of either cause or consequences. Action which is based on intelligence or reason, is premeditated. Action which is based on instinct, is impulsive and without premeditation or consideration. It seems obvious to me that all creatures with the perceptive faculties of taste, touch, hearing, sight and smell, are endowed, more or less, with both intelligence and instinct. It is only in the lowest forms of animal life that we find no traces of intelligence. And it is only in man that we find instinct in subordination to intelligence. And it is to be noticed, in this connection, that man is the one creature intrusted with "dominion," and of whom the Creator requires a responsible service. The sea-urchin fulfills all the functions of its life by instinct alone. A bird, by instinct and intelligence in combination, with instinct as the controlling factor. In the case of man, so far from instinct being a safe guide, a dependence on it will result in destruction; and his welfare consists in carefully keeping it in subjection to intelligence. It would seem that nature intended instinct as a substitute for reason where reason is not available. In the case of the lower animals the endowment of reason is inadequate and instinct is a safe primary dependence. In the case of man the endowment of reason is adequate, and instinct is utterly unsafe as a primary dependence.

II.—Instruction Must be Based on Intelligence.

Instruction consists in creating a consciousness of the relation between cause and effect, or of the relation between thing and thing, in the mind of the pupil; or the creature that is being taught. Hence it is obvious that instruction must be based on intelligence, and not on instinct. In teaching language, the word or sound, representing a thing, is associated with the thing for which it stands, in the mind of the instructor; and instruction consists in creating that same image, or the same association of thing and sound, in the mind of the pupil. These considerations are necessary to a com-

to force fiction into the lap of truth, for the purpose of giving the beasts and birds an intelligently constructed language, without having first made sure that they have need for such a language.

If a hawk flies over a farmyard, the outcry of the old fowls will cause chickens and turkeys, not a day old, to squat, and to try to hide. They evidently understand the language, but under the circumstances it seems absurd to suppose that they understand it by instruction. It is obviously impossible for the parent to create the necessary association of thing and sound, in the consciousness of the young bird, until after it has perceived, or known of, the thing which the sound represents. But here the young bird associates the thing (danger) with the sound before it has had any perception or knowledge of the thing. Hence it is evident that the young bird is conscious of the connection between sound and thing by instinct, and not by instruction.

A farmer turns his herd of cows out to pasture, of a morning, and perhaps shortly afterward one of them will have a calf, without his knowing of it. After a time the calf, having filled itself with milk, will lie down, and the cow will go to eating grass with the rest of the herd. When the calf gets hungry it will get up and bawl. Its mother will answer it with a half suppressed low, and go to it in a leisurely, unconcerned way, to which the other cattle pay no attention whatever. Some time afterward, during the day, a man will be crossing the field and tumble over a young calf lying concealed in a bunch of weeds. The frightened little creature will scramble to its feet and let out a bawl that will set every cow and bull in the field on the war path in an instant. The newly born calf is endowed with a language which is well understood by its species. The circumstances of the case make it impossible to entertain for a moment the idea that it has received a knowledge of that language by instruction.

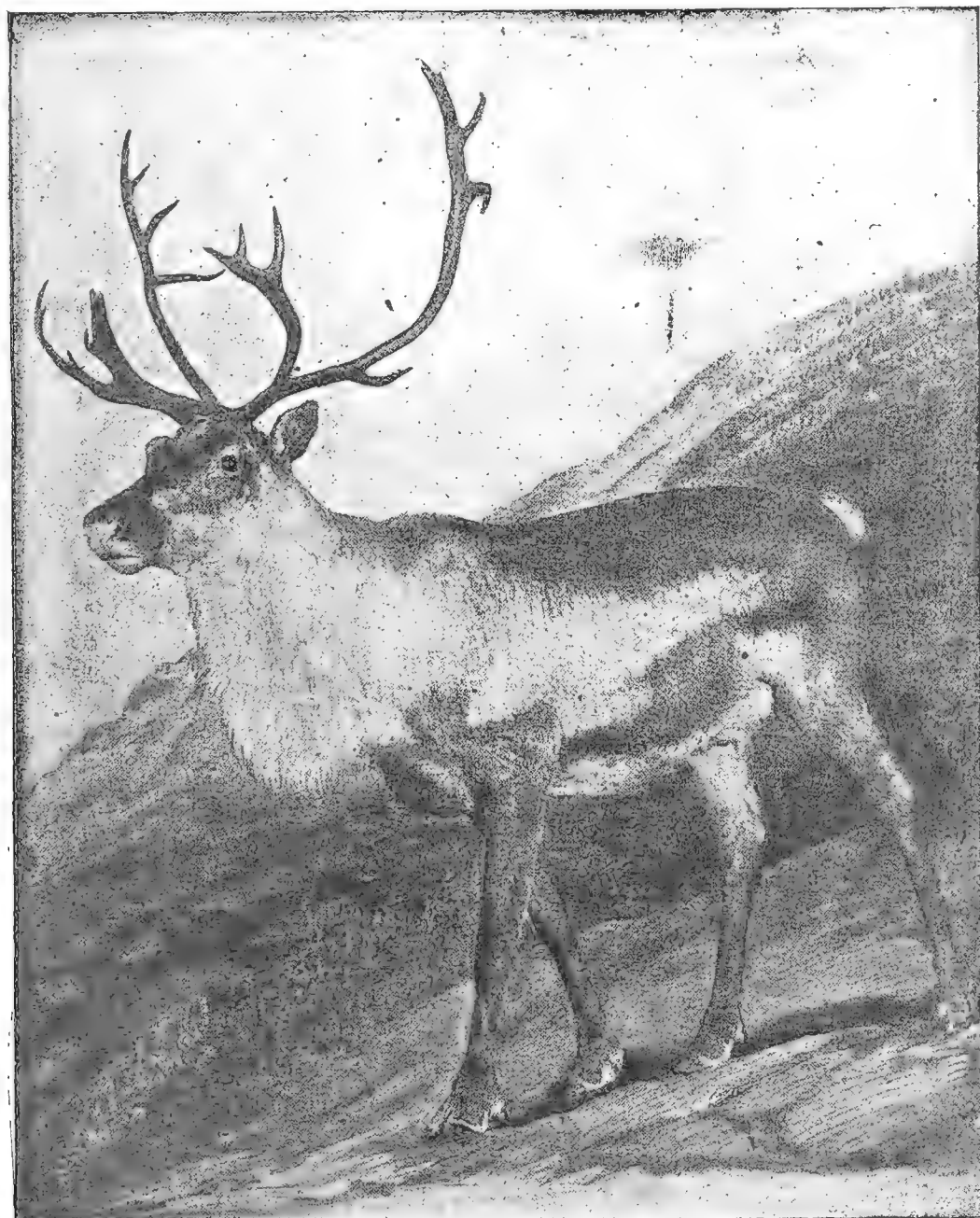
IV.—Do the Beasts and Birds Need to Teach Their Young to Eat?

The question is not, whether they do assist their young to eat in some cases, but whether they need to teach them in all cases, as Hermit, if I understand his statement, says that they do. Of course no one contends that instinct can perform impossibilities, and the young bird that cannot move from the nest must have food brought to it, and the kitten that can neither see nor walk must be cared for by the parent. But in neither of these cases is there any instruction in the art of eating. What is it that causes the young bird to stretch up its neck and open its mouth to receive the food, but instinct alone? If instinct did not cause the newly hatched birds to do this I opine the old ones would be in a sad quandary. As a rule, the young of beasts receive no help from their mothers in getting their first drink of milk. They only need to have the milk, or, rather, the udder, where they can get at it, and instinct will do the rest. In fact, they are not infrequently repulsed by their dams. A cow with a painful udder will sometimes fondle her calf in the most motherly way, but refuse to let it get a drop of milk. In respect to getting the milk, all that a healthy calf asks of its mother is to stand still. Occasionally a young ewe will refuse to recognize her new born lamb, and the little fellow will be found persistently trying to get to the milk, and she as persistently butting him away. Hold her still and the lamb will soon be sucking without the least instruction. Young pigs, that have just come into daylight, will follow each other around to their mother's teats as knowingly as if they were used to it. It may be said that the grunt of the sow attracts them, but they stop at the teats without going so far as the grunt. And, moreover, at this stage of their existence, how do they know that their mother's grunt means more than any other noise except by instinct, pure and simple? It is quite possible that newly hatched chickens would not find enough food to keep them alive if left in a farmyard entirely to themselves. Perhaps they would not find any suitable food at all. But place suitable food where they can easily get at it and they will soon fill their little craws without the least instruction. That the hen finds food for them by searching and scratching is undoubtedly true; but she does not have to instruct them how to eat it; nor do the chicks restrict themselves to what she finds and gives them. Incubators now turn out thousands of chickens that grow to maturity without ever hearing the motherly cluck of a hen. Young chickens eat and scratch, and young ducks take to the water as naturally as smoke flies upward.

V.—Do Young Birds Need to be Taught to Fly, to Sing, and to Build Their Nests?

Would instinct alone impel young birds to fly? is the question. There is no doubt that the parent birds urge the young ones to fly; but the action of the old birds seems to be not instruction, but encouragement. The instinctive desire of the young birds to fly is, as yet, overbalanced by the instinctive fear of getting hurt, and the old birds give a preponderance to the desire to fly by mitigating the fear of getting hurt. This is not instruction in any legitimate sense of the term. Both old birds and young fly by instinct alone. They simply fly, and that is all there is of it, so far as their intellects are concerned. When I was a child some one gave me a squab pigeon, which was nearly ready to fly. I kept it in a coop, frequently taking it out and letting it walk around where I happened to be. After some time it commenced to take short flights, gradually increasing the distance. It came back at frequent intervals for several days, and then flew away, and I saw no more of it. No other pigeon was with it after I had it up to the time it commenced to fly. It had no instruction and did not need any.

In regard to singing, birds are imitative creatures up to the limit of their intelligence, and it is not improbable that the example of their elders may hasten the performance of the young ones. But I am convinced that the idea that the young ones would not sing without the example of the others, is based on theory rather than knowledge. If the birds learn to sing altogether



GRANT'S CARIBOU (*RANGIFER GRANTI*, ALLEN).
Length, nose to root of tail, 80 inches; height at shoulder, 44½ inches.
Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.

tension whatever to being a naturalist; but I have spent nearly all my life working on a farm, and, during fifty years of close contact with nature, I have seen what I have seen and heard what I have heard; and I am now ready to believe that it is quite possible for a professional naturalist to be very painstaking and precise in his investigations, and very fanciful and misleading in his deductions. Fables have their use, and I do not doubt that stories, in which human emotions are attributed to the lower animals, may serve a good purpose. But they cannot serve a good purpose unless the reader knows enough of the matter to distinguish between the facts and the fictions. Fiction, as an illustration, or confirmation, of truth is all very well, but fiction as a substitute for truth generally begets an enervating sentimentalism, and always obscures knowledge. It may not seem of great importance whether the beasts and birds have languages or not, or whether they are dependent on reason or instinct; and, in itself, it is not a matter of great importance; but it is, nevertheless, a very interesting subject, which has an indirect bearing on human relationships which are important.

I.—Reason and Instinct Distinguished.

For our present purpose I think reason or intelligence may be defined as a consciousness of the relation between cause and effect, or of the relation between thing and thing; and instinct as impulse or inclination to action without such consciousness. Instinct is con-

prehensive discussion of the questions: (1) Have the lower animals a language which is transmitted from generation to generation by instruction, and not by instinct? (2) Do the young of the lower animals need to be taught by their elders to eat, and, in the case of birds, to build their nests, to fly, and to sing?

III.—Have Each of the Species of Beasts and Birds a Language which is Transmitted by Instruction and not by Instinct?

It cannot be doubted that the lower animals have the means of communicating a few crude ideas. But I have never seen convincing evidence that they possess a definitely constructed language such as would be necessary if it is transmitted by instruction. Undoubtedly the emotions of anger and love, and the emotions engendered by danger, the discovery of food, etc., each has its distinctive outcry, or modulation of the voice. But this seems to be merely an instinctive and peculiar exercise of the vocal organs called forth by the occasion, or the situation, and which is hereditary in the species. Even men do not talk love in the same tone of voice that they express anger. No one needs to take note of his words to tell that a man is furious. And the dulcet tones of a lover's voice are as expressive as his articulations. And why should not the beasts and the birds express the very few definite ideas that are essential to their simple existence by a few instinctive and hereditary outcries? It seems altogether unreasonable

by imitation, and not by instinct, it seems very remarkable that each kind of bird keeps so persistently to the song of its own species. If such was the case one would suppose that the different species would constantly imitate each other, and that our woods and fields would be filled with such a medley of bird song that it would be impossible to distinguish the species by the song. The possibility of a bird learning to sing by imitation is not questioned. I have had no experience with isolated song birds; but when I raised turkeys I sometimes killed the stock gobbler as soon as he was no longer needed, and left the turkey hens to raise their broods alone. When this was done the young males grew up without hearing a gobble, or having an example set them in strutting, but they always acquired both of those accomplishments in due season. It is very likely that they would have commenced to strut and to gobble earlier, if they had had the old one with them. But the lack of his example did not prevent them from becoming perfectly proficient all in good time. I suppose the gobble may be regarded as the song of the turkey, and if instinct is sufficient for the turkey, why is it not sufficient for the thrush and the vireo?

Hermit tells us that he has seen mother birds assist in nest building in several instances, and that on one occasion he saw a young pair commence to build in a place so unsuitable that the nest fell down; whereupon the older birds assisted the young things to select a better place. But this does not prove that the young birds were unable to build their own nest. Even men, both old and young—the wise and puissant lords of creation—sometimes construct their homes in places that are disastrously unsuitable. I have seen a great many birds' nests in positions that indicated very little foresight on the part of the birds; but I have never seen the least evidence that there is a healthy and mature bird in existence that is unable to construct the nest of its species without the least help from a school-master. If Hermit should tell me that he has seen old Baltimore orioles, for instance, helping a young pair to build their nest, I would not regard it as improbable. I think it very likely that some birds, like some men and women, are unnecessarily officious. But if he should tell me that a pair of young orioles are unable to build their first nest without instruction, I should want him to inform me just how he knows. It would be interesting to know if young spiders require the assistance of their elders to enable them to weave their first webs; and, also, if young bees take a course in mechanical engineering as a preliminary to making the hexagonal cells for their honey and for the eggs of their queen. I think, however, that it is obvious that the caterpillar receives no scholastic instruction in preparing for its transformation into a butterfly, and its cocoon is far more intricate in construction than the nest of any bird.

Instinct may now be a "commoner" in the sense of being less exalted than reason, as it always has been, but, so far from being "deposed," it is still the power by which God preserves and perpetuates all the living creatures of the world. Even men owe their existence to the instinct that impels a new born babe to draw nourishment from its mother's breast. If all the creation was suddenly deprived of instinct, all forms of life inferior to man would die almost immediately. In the case of every creature, but man, even the desire to live and to perpetuate the species, is maintained by instinct only. The human race alone might possibly endure miserably for a generation, gradually perishing amid the general decay of nature.

I. W. G.

The Intelligence of the Wild Things

YUMA, ARIZONA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the "Intelligence of Wild Things," some of your correspondents are inclined to be disputative rather than convincing, by the introduction of new and additional illustrations. Even the pip and peep of the artificial incubator has been pushed into the controversy, and the original charge of "false natural history," made by Mr. John Burroughs, has been wholly lost sight of. Probably neither Mr. Long nor Mr. Seton intended their human animals and birds to be taken seriously many removes from short skirts and knee breeches, any more than did Kipling his wonderful jungle books. To the old as well as young, they are full of pleasure. Even honest John Burroughs undoubtedly burned his candle low before he closed the book on old Krag. Youth has passed the place where "brook and river meet" before it is willing to relinquish the delights afforded by "Robinson Crusoe," "Arabian Nights" and fairy and folklore tales. If animals and birds can be made to entertainingly talk and act through the genius of Seton, then, by all means, let the bars down very low that all may do so. Those who love animals delight in seeing the lights and shadows of his masterful pen make them outwit their supposedly more intellectual enemies. I do not know anything about Mr. Long, but if he has done no worse than Mr. Seton with the denizens of the woodland, we will forgive him his sins and shortcomings and pray for a little more of the same sort.

Before closing my "butt in" I would like to call attention to an editorial note in White's Natural History of Selborne, Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly, 1890, page 89. It says:

"There has been much controversy among naturalists whether the notes of birds are innate or acquired; the greater part of which has originated among those who argue on general principles without experimenting. We have ourselves instituted these experiments, and have proved clearly that the song of birds is innate. We have brought up repeatedly broods of young chaffinches, and they invariably sang their native notes when they arrived at maturity; and this without the possibility of their hearing the song of their kindred. Nay, on the contrary, they were brought up in the same room with a gray linnet, and never acquired any of its notes, but had their peculiar notes, which cannot possibly be mistaken."

PAPAGO.

Songs of Birds in Confinement.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I will never believe that training does not play a large part in the mental development of a bird or animal. We are told that chicks will commence to scratch and young ducks take to water the moment almost after they leave the shell. Undoubtedly all birds and animals have primary instincts, and the impulse to hunt for food is of course one of the strongest of these. But I contend if these primary instincts were not supplemented by a course of practical instruction they would not have much chance in the struggle for existence.

Take the chick or the young duck referred to, in a state of nature, and deprive it of its mother. It may be able to pick up a living and it may not, not knowing where to search, but how long will it escape the fox or the hawk?

We have all read of Little Red Riding Hood and the wolf. I could weave a very similar tale out of the chick and the fox, or the young duck and the hawk. All the arts of eluding or escaping from enemies—all the superior cunning in hunting for food—all the general intelligence in promoting well-being and longevity are the result of training and experience.

But, say the hard-and-fast advocates of the instinct theory, how do you account for a bird in confinement learning to sing? To this it may be answered that the song of a bird properly bears no relation to knowledge. It is as much a part of the bird as its plumage. Otherwise, it is the effluence of the bird-soul, so to speak, and its *raison d'être* is love. It is independent of circumstance or environment, and only requires the amatory influence of the spring to make it gush forth. The bird takes no thought of it—it wells up within it all spontaneously. Nevertheless there are some birds which sing much better than others, and of course a young bird is helped in its early essays by listening to an old bird; but it would sing its song ultimately if left entirely to itself, as we see in the case of caged birds. However, I have never known a caged bird to sing with the same verve and variety as a bird in its native wilds.

Perhaps I should note an exception, viz., the canary. But this bird is so accustomed to the cage (I fancy it has been a family pet for centuries) that confinement has become a sort of second nature to it. The thrush, the mockingbird, the lark and other imperial songsters all obviously pine in confinement, lose heart and spirit and sing in a subdued, broken fashion. I confess I never see one of these birds behind bars that I do not feel inclined to break the bars. The man who will cage a lark deserves almost to be caged himself. He is a lover of nature, I suppose, but he is also a man who does not love liberty except for himself, or at least he is thoughtless and selfish. He wants to sit in his shirt sleeves on Sunday morning with his pipe in his mouth, as I have often seen him in rural parts, and have the lark sing for him. The song he hears, however, is O so different from what he might hear if he only took the trouble to go out into the fields and woods.

I was in the Zoological Gardens in Philadelphia some time ago and heard a British blackbird (*Turdus merula*) sing in its cage in the aviary. Anything more plaintive I never heard. There it sat on its little perch, amid squalid surroundings, uttering at intervals its mellow notes, which seemed to vibrate with yearning and regret. Its eyes were half closed and I could imagine that while it sang it was dreaming of its far off home—of the thorny hedge or brake, with the wild gleams of a watery March sunset playing upon it.

Turning from this pathetic picture I was confronted with one which was at once pathetic and humorous.

A bird (the Poë honey-eater of New Zealand) with the general resemblance of a starling, only larger, and with two little white curling feathers set in its neck like a parson's cravat, sat on its perch also a-singing. The song, however, was about as different from the blackbird's as could be, being a voluble emission of shrill, jerky notes, interrupted occasionally with a squawk, and ending with a sound like the popping of a cork. It was decidedly a humorous performance, but it had its pathetic side, too, as I have said, and this consisted in the seeming frenzy of the bird. One could have imagined that it was actually choking from the excess of its emotion.

There is little doubt that birds reason after a certain elementary fashion, and there is no doubt whatever that they remember. They remember especially where they were born, and return to the spot year after year if they escape the chances of migration or survive. It would be going too far, of course, to suppose that a young bird taken from the nest and put in a cage bears any memory of its early surroundings, but we may be quite sure of this, that it is conscious in a dim way that the cage is not its natural environment. It will often mope or sit a-brooding, as it were, or take a sudden mad fit and beat its wings against the cage till they bleed even, and when it sings its song is only the ghost of its real self. Some birds will not sing at all in confinement; this is true especially of the nightingale. It seems the greater the genius, or the higher the nervous organization, the heavier falls the loss of liberty.

Assuredly the song of birds is half the charm of a woodland. Who that has stood in the recesses of a deep forest has not realized the pervading sense of loneliness and melancholy because of the absence of it? Now, on first blush it would seem legitimate enough to import this woodland music into the household, but for the reason that it loses its setting there and fades into comparative insignificance and more especially for the reason that a piteous wrong is involved the practice should stand condemned.

We are all acquainted with the sentimentalists who raise a periodical cry against shooting, and yet these, for the most part, are the very persons who do the caging. I suppose they will never be able, from their peculiar mental make-up, to understand that it is far more humane to shoot a bird than to put it in a cage.

FRANCIS MOONAN.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Things Men Kill.

"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is often interred with their bones."

It would seem that the art of journalism, like any other effort of man, can never be made perfect or faultless. There is bitter and sweet in most of the things mankind has to deal with. A journal, in particular, that expects to enjoy influence and respect must say things that are bitter to some of its readers. Its judgment, in its adherence to truth, is the rock of its foundation. I hope to be excused for contributing to these columns some bitterness for some readers.

In the Sunday Examiner, one of the great newspapers published by William Randolph Hearst, in San Francisco, Chicago and New York, there appeared, May 31, a full-page picture and an article by the artist, Homer Davenport. The picture, crudely drawn and printed, shows the "State Dining Room" at Washington, as the artist has seen fit to arrange it in his caricature. The walls of the room over the dining table are shown to be adorned with the mounted heads of a bear, a moose, a deer, an eagle, a wild ram, a boar, an antelope, an elk, a buffalo, a moose, a puma and a tiger. All of the trophies are apparently American except the tiger's head.

The picture is good enough, for its kind, but the article printed under it, over the signature "Homer Davenport," is not only a kind of libel upon the President of the United States, but it is insulting to American sportsmen, if not to the bone and sinew that has reared the greatest commonwealth from a wilderness that a hundred and fifty years ago was populated exclusively by wild beasts and savages. Whether this has improved the face of the earth or has marred it does not so much matter. The pioneers with rifle, ax, energy and character made it possible for Mr. William Randolph Hearst to publish three of the greatest daily newspapers, employ Mr. Homer Davenport, and incidentally aspire to the Presidency of the United States.

Under the mounted heads in the picture Mr. Davenport has placed the words, "I killed," etc., and one paragraph in his article reads as follows: "If Mr. Roosevelt cannot enjoy his meals except in the presence of the stuffed remains of his victims, it would have been better to decorate his private dining room with them instead of bringing such horrors into the State dining room."

The illustration and the article, in its attempt at covert insincerity, cannot well be construed as anything better than rude and envious slander. Such trash is misleading to many people simply because the newspaper goes broadcast and is read, or seen, at least, by hundreds of thousands of readers or persons. Among them there are doubtless others who know and understand as little of the ethics of sportsmanship as does Mr. Davenport himself, and that is saying much in few words. If his article was published enviously, because the State dining room is not decorated with his own conceptions of artistic adornment, he is not likely to profit by it. If it was conceived and executed to detract from the popular personality of Theodore Roosevelt, it will not lose him friends other than the President can spare. In publishing such work of Mr. Davenport Mr. Hearst will not, in all probability, gain much intelligent influence, even with three "largest printing presses in the world."

Men are the most destructive animals in the world. Much of their energy, reason and execution is devoted to arts that annihilate, destroy and renew, for better or for worse. Every civilization in the world's history has been built upon the graves of wild beasts and savages. Civilization itself feeds upon flesh and blood, and under its ponderous tread things good and beautiful are ground to dust with the things otherwise. Man is no better and no more merciful than nature, but some men are honest in their efforts to be as merciful as possible. Men who publish great journals that are printed on both sides are not always of these. Some great newspapers advocate every virtue on one page, and upon the next advertise all sorts of things, for they need the money thus obtainable. Such men are even more destructive than those who kill bears and moose and mice.

A very pathetic picture, and a most moving homily, may be drawn and presented of men killing bears with suckling cubs, slaughtering beautiful and graceful deer or tigers, but the talents of any sincere artist in this world may find better and more effective use for humane impulse. Let those artists depict some of the amendable inhumanities under their noses in any civilized community upon which they subsist. Let them depict something miserable that they can make better, or at least attempt doing so. Go into the artistic parks of the cities and show how people with highly cultivated tastes drive and torture noble animals known as horses with the family carriage at their tails and overhead checks on their patient, beautiful heads. How many policemen with clubs does it take to keep the people of a great city from preying upon each other without special legislation?

President Roosevelt will scarcely find it necessary to defend his "personality" against the attack of Messrs. Davenport and Hearst. At present the President does not appear to be engaged in killing as many things as he might if he was in a very bloodthirsty mood. In fact, it appears that there are imposters abroad with endless rolls of white paper and barrels of black ink, and with these materials and mighty printing machines they are endeavoring to renovate the world. With the addition of some wisdom and good clear brains they would be most excellently well equipped.

There has been quite enough of the bogus sentiment of imposters and idiots put into type by ignorant publishers, but there is no way of stopping it, any more than there is of preventing fools and politicians from exercising their privilege of free speech. Intelligent people cannot but know that sportsmen worthy of the name are as humane and refined as any class of people in the United States, or any other region. It is a commendable trait for sportsmen to preserve as best they may the trophies they win

under arduous and often dangerous circumstances.

In my opinion the country we live in has produced no better specimens of humanity (and the world is proud of them) than the pioneers and hardy frontiersmen who handled and yet handle the rifle and the ax. They are the men beyond all others who, gaining a foothold upon Plymouth Rock, free from old time tyranny, defended the new world against all comers and have hewn the things out of a wilderness of savagery that the entire world looks upon with wonder, astonishment and respect.

The pencil and pen of Homer Davenport, and all the printing presses of William Randolph Hearst will not disparage hunting or shooting instincts in men. Men must eat that they may live, and not all of them can do it at the expense of or through the efforts of other men. Men kill many things. Perhaps it is a good way of knowing a man to know what he kills and the manner in which he does it. It is no more the chief object of a real sportsman to kill than it is for any other man. When Mr. Davenport or Mr. Hearst eat they are perhaps able to pay some one else to kill for them, and it may be much easier and more to their liking. They may, however, eat forty oysters or a hundred shrimps with several other kinds of meat for a dollar or two without knowing who killed the animals. They merely pay to have it done, and may not know a shotgun from a shrimp net.

But men are not made in dining halls where all kinds of things are brought to them upon a platter, including newspapers. Men have been reared in the woods where they never saw the inside of a hotel or of a daily paper. In many cases it is the men who kill animals directly who are most active in preserving and increasing the animals for a useful purpose. The men who shoot game are at the present time the men who are most earnest in the efforts to protect and provide for it. Who ever hears of any one but sportsmen doing anything to protect game animals or birds or fish? A man who is not a sportsman in some degree knows little of the world he lives in, however he may wield a brush or a pen. The man proficient with the rifle and the ax deals with things other than theories.

CHARLES L. PAIGE.

SHASTA, Cal., June

Fences in the Adirondacks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Who shall decide when doctor's disagree?

Two men of equal ability may be as wide apart in their opinions on a question as black and white, but neither will be convinced that he is wrong. A few weeks ago Mr. Spears asserted his belief that many of the Adirondack fires were incendiary, and though he did not say anything in favor of such a devilish mode of revenge for real or fancied wrongs, the friends of the millionaires have opened their batteries on him as savagely as if he had committed wholesale murder. Admitting the existence of the villainous fire-bug is not assenting to his mode of getting revenge. Mr. Avis seems to consider it almost a crime in Mr. Spears to say "his personal feelings in this matter are very strong, as are the feelings of all the other backwoodsmen, in fact." I fail to see how that can astonish anyone who sees human nature as it is.

My feelings in this matter are also very strong, although it can never affect my interests in any way. I simply look upon it as affecting the principle of the greatest amount of pleasure and happiness to the greatest number. Mr. Avis says, "preserve owners legitimately acquire land and strive to perpetuate the forests and the game." He has seen how their system perpetuates the forests! I also want to see the forests perpetuated, but by a more unselfish and certain process. As long as a few millionaires continue to take advantage of their power to deprive hundreds of their fellow men of privileges that they have all their lives enjoyed, and all for no additional pleasure to themselves, except the pleasure of shutting it off from others, they must expect to encounter the disagreeable phases of human nature as it is.

If there is no such thing as human depravity, why did the great Connecticut preserve owner offer a reward of \$2,000 for the detection of the fiend who fired his preserve? I find him standing side by side with me in that belief.

Will Mr. Avis also tell us, if all men are too saintly to gratify revenge, how it is the basest murders are committed every day throughout the world to avenge some real or fancied wrong?

Another contributor of FOREST AND STREAM last week made mention of a summer visitor who was asked to help put out the fires and who answered that he would rather help set more. That man had undoubtedly been accustomed to enjoy himself in the woods in summer, but finding himself cut off from all his former pleasures he gave his bitter feelings vent. "The right to buy and sell land has been recognized for centuries." None but idiots doubt that, but if a man is a believer in the golden rule, can he believe it right because legal for a single club of millionaires to buy up the whole Adirondack region merely for the purpose of depriving their fellow men of any enjoyment in it? Legal or not legal, if I could have my way, the State should buy up all the wild land and never sell more than 5,000 acres to any one man or set of men. That is the only way I see of stopping complaints against the boundless monopolies.

Mr. Avis finishes his tirade by saying, "There are few men with one iota of reason will believe they were the work of the criminal fire-bug." That may be modest, though it doesn't appear on the surface. It looks rather like an intimation that those who disagree with him are idiots—"of which I am one of 'em."

DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, June 27.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Why is it that so few people seem to see the point of view of the opponents to the fenced preserves of wild land? Is it because the men who object to preserves have not "one iota of reason?" It is on this question that my personal feelings are very strong.

To my mind the question is simply this: In the Adirondacks there is a limited area of wild land. It is the only wild land worthy of the name nearer than Maine or West Virginia. If this land here is "preserved" there is no

place to which I can go and enjoy nature as God made it, for I can't afford the expense. I am a poor man, but I try to do my duty toward the State, and when my work is done I feel that I ought to have a place for recreation. As my work is done for the good of the people, I hope, I feel that I ought to have a place where I can become ready for more and better work. My taste is toward the wild woods, which I can't afford to buy. There are thousands like me right in this New York State. The only wild lands in this State are being bought up and fenced in, and we, whose hearts are bent on being as good citizens as we know how to be, are being fenced out of this wild land. This land ought to belong to the State, and not to private individuals, a large part of whom are skinning the woods under pretense of "forest preservation and timber culture."

As to Mr. William H. Avis's remark that "there are few people with one iota of reason will believe they (the forest fires) were the work of the criminal fire-bug," in Warren, Lewis and other Adirondack counties, several men were arrested on the charge of setting fire to the woods. Some were convicted and some freed.

As to my personal part in fire fighting and locating the sources of the blaze, my services were at the command of the local fire warden, according to the law, and to my own inclination. The information that I had was given to him, though it was not much. As to the firing of game preserves, my information came in part from one of the foremen of the fire fighters on a preserve who got near enough to see the heels of a fire setter. In "Adirondack Ruin" of which Mr. Avis speaks, I tried simply to state the facts and their causes, with a note to the effect that I was biased in favor of the woodsmen and people in general who cannot buy wild lands for preserves. This was only fair to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Every acre of the Adirondack forest ought to belong to the State, and it is an outrage on the people at large that in this region, plainly meant by every indication of its rugged surface to be a great and beautiful park, there are miles of fences with the signs of "Shooting, fishing and trespassing forbidden" at intervals along them.

I agree with Mr. Avis that there "are few beings more despicable than the fire-bug. The fire-bug, the poisoner, the anarchist—the anarchist a gentleman compared with the two!" One of the few worse beings is the strong man "who takes that which not enriches him" but makes his victims poor indeed, the strong man who, because he is strong, imposes on the weak. It is an imposition when a five foot eight man preserves fifty thousand acres of land by reason of his money strength, when plenty of weary six footers—tramp clerks and printers, if one wishes—are obliged to keep to the roads for fear of the law against trespassing on untitled wild lands. One hundred men, at the rate of many Adirondack land holdings, could shut out every one else of the five millions in this State, of whom a hundred thousand enjoy the, as yet, unincircumscribed forest lands of the region. Does Mr. Avis, or anyone else believe that one hundred men ought to be allowed to do that? The State owns some land in the mountains which cannot be sold—as yet! The rest of it is being taken up and "preserved." This "preserving" is a menace to the health of every visitor who comes to this region for health or rest—curious as that may sound.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

N. R. THWOOD, N. Y.

The Meadow Lark in Kentucky.

LEXINGTON, Ky., June 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Saturday, May 9, 1903, Sandy Griswold, writing of his interview with Rev. Robert E. Le Craig, makes the latter state that in Kentucky the meadowlarks "are not protected by law at all." The law in Kentucky against killing people, and indeed other things deserving protection, is ample; the difficulty is, as Rev. Craig's confession shows, that it is not respected, even by the clergy, and is not enforced by those upon whom the duty devolves. Section 1946, Kentucky Statutes, in express terms prohibits the killing of the meadowlark, and Section 1949 provides a penalty of not less than five nor more than twenty-five dollars for each offense.

GEORGE B. KINKEAD.

West Virginia Deer Limit.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our State has recently passed laws to protect squirrels and rabbits, which have heretofore been unprotected by law. A law has also been passed limiting the number of deer which anyone may kill in one season, which has heretofore been unlimited. As it now is, the deer hunter must curb his passion for killing, and stop when he has killed ten deer. Perhaps the less said about the wisdom of such law makers the better.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Several days ago, says the New York Times, a stray horse was found on the Hudson Boulevard, Jersey City, and was taken to the stables of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. John Heins, a West Hoboken florist, called at the Society's office yesterday and claimed the animal.

"How are you going to prove ownership?" asked President McCarthy.

"Don't have to," said Heins. "If it's my horse he'll prove the ownership by doing some tricks I taught him. If it isn't my horse I don't want it."

"They went to the stables, and Mr. McCarthy told the stableman to turn the horse loose in the yard."

"Come here, Jack!" called Heins as the animal came out.

With a whinny of delight the horse ran over and rubbed his nose against Heins's breast.

"Shake hands," said Heins. The horse carefully lifted his right forefoot and placed it in Heins's outstretched palm. Heins walked over to Mr. McCarthy.

"Jack," said he, "take out this gentleman's watch."

The horse took the President's watchchain between his teeth and gently pulled the watch from the pocket.

"All right," said President McCarthy. "I guess he's your horse."

Heins took the animal home.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Sunrise on Lake Washington.

A GOLDEN light kindles the long stretch of rushes and feathery willows upon the southern borders of the beautiful lake; one grand sweep of dark and light green fields and woods covers the remainder of the scene, while to the northwest stretches the silvery stream of the home of the black bass and the mottled pickerel. The picture is soft and rich, yet with an indescribable wild beauty about it, steeped as it is in the mellow charm of dawning day.

Frank Fanning, one of the most interesting and versatile of all the guides up there, is at the oars, and rows away from Sheehan's landing, off through the Narrows. On our right is a selvedge of light fluffy rice stalks and rushes, backed by flowering dog wood and swaying maples and an expanse of waving wheat and rye fields, with graceful wooded acclivities between. On the left are the craggy bluffs, with their shaggy oaks and glistening boulders separating one arm of Shantaska's blue waters from the other. The breaking sunlight lies like a topaz mantle over the exquisite scene, its soft rays tingeing the wild rose into deeper pink and making yellow intaglios of the wild clematis and blossoming moosehead, fitting in the crannies of the abrupt shores. The Narrows widen as we proceed, with thickets of rushes and beds of aquatic moss lining the crystal channel, while back of us it dwindles into a sheeny streak, rolling and undulating like a water serpent in heavy herbage. Side cul-de-sacs entice our little clinker, graceful as a pike, but Fanning's steady strokes send her skimming through the water like a loon at play.

A thunderpump rises awkwardly from her morning vigil for tadpole or crawfish in the thin reeds along the near shore and fans heavily away down the lake with a plaintive squawk or two, the light touching her slender, brown shape as she bursts into the fullness of the day.

Frank finally slows up as we near the moss beds, just east of the "red barn," and rests gracefully on his oars as I square myself, preparatory to casting. I first try of recognition from glorious old *Micropterus* at the mouth of the little bay, polka dotted with the broad, yellowish dishes of the spatterdock and starred with white and golden water lilies, which opens coyly into the swaying tules. Dropping my frog adroitly here, flinging there, I tease the lazy waters, but in vain.

Not a strike rewards my feverish impatience.

Fanning picks up the oars and with gentle stroke sends the boat up closer, where the water is more shallow and the moss heavier. I skip my weedless over the rippling surface, specking the dark green, sleepy pools with it, like a huge heron feeding, as I bend to and fro, stoop and rise in the ardor of my work.

The bullfrog croaks among the floating lily pads along the marshy shore; a devil's darning needle flashes athwart the water in a prism of royal purple and gleaming violet, the kine low, winding pastureward up the distant lane, and the pestiferous deer fly hums and buzzes about my ears as if in mockery at my earnest endeavors.

Fanning sits idly in his seat, indifferent to everything save the pearly bubbles eddying away from the softly rocking boat's side.

Softer still, through the shimmering morning haze, the sun sheds his rays over the scene. On the left bank the trees and alders are thrown into the glassy lake by the most delicate penciling, forming a series of fairy paintings, entrancing to look upon, specked as they are with the topaz, the crimson, the garnet and lapis-lazuli of the glancing sunshine, paintings that you may search for without finding throughout any and all of the Parisian galleries and salons. From the gnarled trunks of the aged oaks to the serrated edges of the leaves, everything on the margin is depicted in the lake as if its waters were one wondrous mirror.

Suddenly we find ourselves moored in a net work of floating moss, and *Salmoideus* makes assault after assault upon my frogs, and for two hours no waters in the world could furnish better sport. In that time a dozen bass or more, in the blazonry of their splendid armor, are flopping and gleaming in a bed of willow sprigs in the bottom of the boat.

There! my lure strikes a placid pool, back and beyond the first line of tules, where the sunlight glares like the orb of a basilisk.

"Hey!" I cry in excitement.

"Steady!" echoes the guide, aroused at last from his lethargy.

Off the stricken fish darts like a ball from a gun. Down he dives as he rushes out into the deep as if he would penetrate the lake's bottom. Then up he comes again as if to clear the aqueous barrier and take a flight through the ether. As his yellow spotted sides flash in the sunshine, we see what it is.

Esox lucius!

The tiger of the waters—a fifteen or twenty-pound pickerel!

Back into the depths he plunges like a metal projectile. The slender rod bends and creaks threateningly. I am thrilled with the excitement of the moment. Frank an immobile looker on. He knows I require neither advice or assistance as yet. There is no surcease from agony in the chilly depths, and the big fish breaks the surface again. Here he launches out desperately and spins around with almost inconceivable speed. I play him with the skill of the master who taught me. Now I give him rope with which to eventually hang himself; now I reel in as fast as my fingers can turn the small crank; click-click-clickety-click, my Shakespeare sings, as I give him length again. I have the bamboo's butt planted in the pit of my stomach, while I hold on deftly with my left and work the crank with my right. My countenance must have betrayed my anxiety, but I preserved my equanimity, always keep-

ing the contorting, threshing and convoluting savage of the lake, like all good anglers would, taut upon the rein.

But the huge pick is game to the core, and yet he soon cavorts with decreasing desperation, and his movements become slow and sluggish. I see his long, slender, golden shape plowing boatward near the surface. He will soon be mine. One more wild, frantic lunge for the moss bed—one more heroic dash for the deeper waters, one more swirl and turn, and with a sense of conquering security, steer him toward the boat's side, where Fanning crouches. He is weary and drowning. Yet I reel him in with unlessered caution. Suddenly there is a glitter beneath me; a spasmodic flurry, and a stubborn out pull. Frank leans over, makes a sweep with his naked brown arms; the yawning net is under him, and the next instant a seventeen-pound pickerel is convulsively floundering in hopelessness and despair among the willow tendrils at the bottom of our boat.

THAT evening at the Red Squirrel's Nest my big pickerel furnished the main theme of conversation, and I listened to a most delightful rehash of the old muscally-pike-pickerel problem, probably the most vexed of all ichthyological mysteries. And there was a distinguished coterie of skilled anglers and scientists there, too, assembled on Pat's wire-screened piazza for the post-supper cigar and inevitable swap of the day's doings. Fanning had been compelled to bring my big pickerel from the ice-house and lay him out on the grass for the inspection of each incoming boat until all had critically passed judgment upon him, and in the evening, it being the record catch of the year, the one theme was of course this self-same fish.

For once I proved a good listener, and by lumping the diffusive lore of the party combined it was easy to see how the pike family is such an interesting one, containing, as it does, many of our best known and most widely distributed fresh water fishes.

One mild-voiced Sioux Falls stranger, a Captain Alexander, timidly intimated that the fish was a muscally, but he was sat down upon by about six of the eight or ten authorities (?) present with more vehemence than courtesy, I thought, and yet he remained mistaken in the belief he had expressed. Ed Holbert, one of the besan-neled guides, was sure that it was a great northern pike, but Judge Ogden, Dr. Owen and Pat himself knew it was a common pickerel.

"I do not believe there was ever a muscally or a great northern pike taken in these waters, eh, Pat?" and the Judge turned to Sheehan.

"Yes. They say in the early days that the loggers speared a good many muskies here, and if that was true, there certainly were great northern pike here, too; but there hasn't been any of either, to my knowledge, caught here in twenty years."

"That convinces me," ventured the Sioux Falls man, "if there were muscally here once they are here now, and I believe Mr. Griswold's fish is one of them—maybe the last remnant of a noble race."

"No, Captain, I think you are wrong," interjected the Judge. "I take little stock in these old lumbermen legends of Pat's, and yet I will confess that the identity of these fishes is something that I have never had satisfactorily demonstrated to me, and the controversy about them is as varied, indefinite and endless as the orthography of the name muscally. And, I might add, that I believe the points of demarcation between the muskie and the great northern pike are so similar that it seems almost useless to try to classify them."

"Well, so far as I am concerned," continued the Captain, persistently, "I think that the so-called muscally is nothing but a pike, as described by our patron saint, Izaak Walton—the great northern pike. When he is small he is the pike, when he grows larger and his habitat is more given to deep cold water, with a continuity of rocks and adjacent moss beds, his color and his markings undergo a considerable change, and his great strength and agility become more in evidence, and then it is that many believe it another fish. I say that the color should never be used as an infallible guide to his genus or species. The discoloration of certain waters make these apparent incongruous distinctions. Take the Caucasian and transplant him to equatorial Africa and his skin will very rapidly become dark. Now, in the Wisconsin lakes the muscally is a dark green in general color, and the larger specimens are devoid of spots and their markings are not as brilliant as those found in this State. The plentiful growth of the tamarack over there is said to be the cause of this difference. The fin formation, the pectoral, dorsal, caudal, anal, and ventral, as well as the bone formation of the muscally, great northern pike and the pickerel are identical, and no author of reputation differentiates in these particulars. Why, what does David Starr Jordan, Ph.D., and Barton Warren Evermann, Ph.D., say in their late and popular work, 'American Food and Game Fishes?' They say of the great northern pike, *Esox immaculatus*, 'this muscally is known only from Eagle Lake in Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota. From the Great Lakes muscally it differs in having the body entirely unspotted, or with vague, dark cross shades. The tail is a little more slender and the fins a little higher. This form has not been studied critically, and its relations to *E. masquinongy* and *E. ohioensis* have not been clearly made out.' Now, with me, that settles it; the pike and the muscally are one and the same fish."

"As you are aware," followed up the Judge, "a majority of our most learned authorities say that the pickerel has no scales on the gill cover or cheek, while the great northern pike has scales on the lower cheek and gill cover, while the muscally has scales on both."

"Yes, I know that, but these slight differences, I think, are sufficient to make us doubting Thomases. These scales may be the result of old age, or other causes of nature with which we are unfamiliar and do not comprehend; but I do not believe these incongruities ample to create a difference in the fishes, and I am sorry conviction compels me to attempt to dispel pet illusions, romances and ideals which have for decades been so dear to the muscally angler."

"Muscally, pike or pickerel," joined Dr. Owen, "Sandy's glory is undimmed. It gave him a royal battle, and, I wot you, properly placed upon the table, the gastro-

nome doesn't live but who would acknowledge that it would be as delicious under any other title. We all know that the pike family contains some of the best known fishes, among which are some of the largest and most formidable inhabitants of our inland waters. The so-called great northern pike and the muscally are not beaten in size by any of the fishes I know, excepting the giant catfish of our own Missouri and Elkhorn rivers. Some of the salmon may be larger, but I am not familiar with them if they are. There are also several small representatives of the family; as, for instance, the little banded fellow of the Platte and Rawhide. That the pike-pickerel is an old-timer is demonstrated by the fact that their remains have been found in quaternary deposits and in fossilized form of the diluvian marl. And if you examine their teeth it will surely inculcate a healthy respect for them."

"You bet it will," interpolated guide Fanning from his seat on the porch floor, "and if a fish like that Mr. Griswold brought in to-day should get a man's finger in his mouth he'd snap it off as cleanly as it could be done with a hatchet."

"Yes, indeed, a man must be careful in unhooking one of these fellows," added the Judge; "the roof of the mouth contains a middle row and two side rows of teeth, while the tongue and pharynx are veritable buzz saws, and even the gill arches bristle with little lances on slide-like plates."

"Yes," from rower Holbert, "and along the lower jaw there is a row of teeth that would make good shoe-makers' awls, and you want to be careful in handling one even a fifth the size of Mr. Griswold's, for their fancy for nabbing and holding on is about the same as a snapper's."

"Well," and the Judge rolled a cigarette, "it is a fact that the whole question is a confusing one, for we all know that in many localities the pike is a pickerel, and in others the pickerel is a pike. The name pickerel is common all through Nebraska, notwithstanding the fish in question is truly the pike. Up here in Minnesota the misnomer is not so common. The origin of the name—well, I don't know where that came from—"

"From the old day lumberman's pike," interrupted Pat.

"Probably," patronizingly from the Judge, "but in the old country the same fish has many different names; in England they call it the jack and luce, while to the French anglers it is the brochet; to the Germans the hecht, and to the dagoes, luccio. The fish is found in all the Polar regions of the world, and here, in this country, it prevails from the scant waters of Kansas to the frozen seas. Fred Turner tells me that it is common in the Klondike rivers, especially the Yukon, where it is called by the natives the chuck-work."

It was nearly midnight when the assemblage dispersed, and I must confess that out of all the mass of stuff I listened to I was unable to determine just what my big fish was—a pickerel, pike or muscally, and the nip of Yellowstone that the Judge and I indulged in when we reached our suite was a long one and a deep one I can assure you.

But before closing I wish to remark that, next to the bass, the pickerel is Lake Washington's crowning glory, and many enormous specimens are taken here every summer—the record breaker being a 28-pounder. Pickerel are caught all through the summer and were, formerly, all through the winter, but the new law prescribes open and close seasons, the same as for all other game fishes. Ice fishing and spearing was at one time the chief pursuit of the natives roundabout the lake. The Washington pickerel is a carnivorous beast, and destroys any and all animal life that comes within reach of its shark-like jaws. Pat says he has seen them time and time again pull a wild duck under the water, and young duck and other aquatic birds are a favorite diet of theirs. Up here it is not gregarious, and pairs only during the breeding season. They hunt like sharks, concealing themselves suddenly among the lily pads, tules and mosses, and shooting out and upon their victims with unvarying precision. They spawn in the late winter and early spring, their favorite places being the overflowed meadowlands, which were extensive here this year, and it was on these, too, Fanning, Sheehan and Holbert that the bass largely did their spawning. The period of incubation here is about sixteen days, and the female is the larger of the two fish. Pat says that a yearling pickerel is more fit for the table than at any other time. He is about a foot in length at this age, and of a certain delicate flavor that leaves him when he grows a few months older. He is a great fighter here, the equal of the black bass, and bites voraciously at anything and at almost any time.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Canoe and Camp Life Along the Delaware River.

XIV.—Realisms.—Fishing and Scenery at the Gap.

"Sportsmanship has more than its share of the comic opera of life, funny and sad, for there is no comic opera so funny that it is free from pathos. And of all the comic opera of sportsmanship, none is more comical than the claim to sportsmanship by virtue of contemplation, or how to be a sportsman without any of the qualities of true sportsmanship. How does it so happen? Because the ego gets into the clouds, returns, and the egotist imagines that his dreams were true."—Forest and Stream Editorial, April 18, 1903.

The artist who sees nature and draws from it an impression steeped in the dyes and impregnated by the atmosphere of his own restlessness or serenity, his own sadness or gaiety of mind, may produce a picture so metamorphosed by his personality of fancy, that it may bear as little relation to truth as a dream to life. But the force of its appeal to other men's appreciation is not thereby necessarily lessened, for they, too, have dreamed dreams. Dreams are as integral a part of our common life, and as universal, almost, as sleep.—Article on Landscape, Edinburgh Review, January, 1901.

SPORT is defined as pastime—diversion. He who makes fishing or hunting a business, and sells his fish or game, is not a sportsman. He who does not observe and derive pleasure from his outdoor environment is a mere fisher or hunter, like one who would spear the sea bass in their pool at the aquarium, or shoot a tiger in a circus-wagon cage.

In other words, it is a truism that the truest sportsman, while loving to fish or hunt, also sees and feels the beauty

of water, sky, clouds, foliage, lights, shadows, hills, and perspectives, and realizes more and more that they all, separately and in relation, have messages of beauty for him. But before he ventures to write of them (an audacious step at best), he should look long at them, and learn, to really see and love them with a love that must clasp so hard that it will crush what is false and hollow. Never, no matter how long and ardently or with what knowledge he may study them, can he hope to tell of them in terms that will satisfy himself or the public, that will, however, always be grateful for careful, vivid, humble words about impressions of Nature. But he must show at once that he has beheld something. And he may be full of enthusiasm. Coldness and want of passion will then not be signs of audacity, but of knowledge. But let him be merely a bungler or egotist, and instantly not only are his words as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, but he cannot again arrest the attention of readers, except as they bury him and his false work under a storm of ridicule. Hence, words like those at the head of this article, by the veteran editor of this publication. Hence, weak poems about spring are a target for the shafts of professional humorists.

Mind, this is the inevitable fate of false work. True work wins attention and gratitude. Even when, ruled by that "pathetic fallacy" of which Ruskin speaks, our great poets ascribe a living personality and passion to objects in Nature, readers listen gladly, for "they, too, have dreamed dreams." Thus, a real rhymist safely declares that "music hath charms * * * to softer rocks, or bend the knotted oak." And hear Tennyson in "Maude:"

"The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near!'"

And the white rose weeps, 'She is late!'"

The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear!'"

And the lily whispers, 'I wait!'"

This is very beautiful, although untrue; for there is a *spirit* of truth in the lines, a parallelism with human moods and personalities. That is pleasing, and makes the falsehood welcome. But no tyro can safely use such tools. He will merely produce cheap rhapsody, nauseating fantasticism. The public has suffered long from such writers, and so greatly that a revulsion of feeling has been partially produced, and a taste for the "realism" which deals only with the mean and repulsive. Here are some entries from the diary of a "realist," made while actually camping along the Delaware, for possible use in a "realistic" article:

"Eyes inflamed by smoke from open fire. Dislike washing dishes—no soap, and cannot remove grease from them. Sent for some yesterday and boy stole the ten cents, not returning. Bug got in my ear while sleeping. Took an hour to get it removed. Then flopped down, mad, on sleeping mattress, which burst with my weight. Result, stabbed all rest of night by hard knobs in ground. Whippoorwills woke me before daylight. Tried to drive them away, and fell over a log into nettles. Weak coffee for breakfast, and mildewed bread. Pierce stranger in rags wanted to hire himself out as a guide. Breath full of stale whisky. His suspenders were twisted—one button gone, and a wooden toggle pushed through cuts in his trousers used instead. He was barefooted, and had a dirty straw hat, with its band filthy with perspiration. Trousers stained with tobacco juice. He stole his breakfast by milking one of the lean cows that come to the creek below, and make it muddy as they drink."

All of which proves that Ruskin was right in saying that "You can see only that for which you look, and will behold no more than your nature has capacity to receive."

But it is manifest that toggles doing duty as suspender buttons, tumbling over logs in sleepy pettishness, and a laziness that prevents the presence of soap and permits grease on the camp dishes, are not the objects and subjects most worthy of contemplation. Proper sight of nature will remove the beholder from what is base to what is beautiful—to things which delight, ennoble and instruct. Indeed, her finest moments must be watched for; there will be times of transfiguration that are transitory, and which can only be arrested by a memory that itself must fade—moods only to be appreciated by vanishing instants.

Thus "realism" is the gospel of degeneration. There can be no pardon for a writer who chooses mention of miry, foul ooze in a bog, rather than such subjects as the undulating intersection, grace and music of boughs and leaves, and vistas of trees along their own wild cathedrals. Let the sportsman not seek for malodors of decaying fish along the river shore, but rather for messages unrolled to him along the open sky where colors change with inconceivable cautiousness of delicate gradation, from blue at the zenith to deep green along the horizon. Let him ponder upon the splendors of the evening watch-fires set in clouds, and let him demand of his eyes and soul, some open knowledge of the beauty in the morning rainbow that pulsates in the mist of the rapids. Let him watch the arrested sunbeams, "guests from the far-away court of the sun," that contrast with the half-shadows along and through crannies of foliage in banks and masses, and the curvatures of rocks and hills. This is the true and vital realism.

So-called realism is even more self-conscious than rhapsody, and with more offensive assumption of Delphic insight. For example, after he had partaken too generously of what was probably a badly cooked New England dinner, and must have been suffering from indigestion, Emerson was guilty of the following prize samples of asininity and cockchafer strut. See his Essay on Nature:

"The whole code of Nature's laws may be written on the thumb-nail." "So poor is Nature * * * she has but one stuff to serve up all her dream-like variety."

"Some sad, sharp-eyed man sees how paltry a game is played." (By Nature!)

"Flowers so strictly belong to youth, that we adult men soon come to feel that their beautiful generation concerns us not; we have had our day; now let the children have theirs. The flowers jilt us, and we are old bachelors with our ridiculous tenderness."

"Trees are imperfect men, and seem to bemoan their imprisonment, rooted in the ground."

And note how poetry can be poisoned and made offensive by unconscious "realism." In the much bepraised blank verse, "Thanatopsis," by Bryant, he calls the ocean a "gray and melancholy waste." It is not gray, but blue,



LOOKING DOWN THE DELAWARE FROM MT. MINSL.

It is not melancholy, nor a waste. The ocean is what Ruskin calls it, a majestic "emblem of unwearied, unconquerable power—wild, various, fantastic, tameless unity, full of glory, beauty, and eternal changefulness of feeling."

And then Bryant asserts that the brooks "complain," and "make the meadows green." They do not complain, but sing. They no more make the meadows green than they do the trees along their bluffs. He calls the woods and rivers "solemn decorations all." They are glad decorations. He says that earth is "the great tomb of man." Earth is a magnificent heritage and special home for man.

Finally, observe the same poison of "realism," or rather untruth, spoiling the celebrated couplet in Gray's *Elegy*:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

The air which blesses any flower is not desert air; the flower does not waste its sweetness, although it may blush unseen, for Nature is perfect in herself, needing no human companionships.

Besides, Gray purloined this idea, and most of his words, from the following couplet by Young, which is also poisoned by false "realism":

"Pure, gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race."

In Nature are boundless truths—truths of tone, power, life, space, sound, motion, shadow, hue, relation, fitness for and faithful discharge of function, divinity, brilliance, and purity; endless thoughts, and most gracious purpose. Viewed only from the standpoint of "realism," men do not secure real grasp of mind and sight—"all the voices of Nature one song of rejoicing, all her creatures a glad company." "Realism" makes the very stones cry out in woe at our earthly lot. It is the refuge and diet of the pessimist, and the excuse of the blind. Loving sight discovers the royal seal upon all. "The keenness of our vision is to be tested by the purity and expansiveness of our love." Even the cynical, crabbed Carlyle said: "See deep enough and you see musically; the heart of Nature being everywhere music, if you can only reach it."

Yet in proportion as men really behold Nature, they hesitate at attempts to describe her. Ridicule will leave no sting for such men, and sophistry and weakness of denial will but deepen gratitude. But Nature's own beauty will surely humble to the dust, bringing fear and hesitation when such a devotee tries to tell of her on canvas or in words. Look at this picture of one scene at the Water Gap. Would you call any fisherman there a true sportsman who was blind to all that beauty, and thought only of his fishing?

The island shown in the upper right-hand corner of the picture is reached by a foot-bridge (not shown in the picture) from the Pennsylvania side. From the island a ferry by dory is used to reach the Jersey shore on the right: for remember, this picture shows the river extending into its hills, looking north, and up the stream. A walk of a thousand feet up and along the Jersey bank brings the sportsman to the O'Brien house, standing in woods, and where boats may be rented at low rates. There is a splendid eddy formed by the swirl of the river, just below the second pier of the railroad bridge shown in the distance; and there are many large bass there, as it is deep water. It can be reached from the O'Brien landing by crossing the river, and wading, hauling the boat up stream about four hundred feet close to shore, until the rapids are passed. In the deep water just below the bridge, I have often seen, from a large rock, from four to eight bass that would average three pounds each, swimming about lazily. Alas! they have been fished for so much that they have become very shy. The eddy shoals rapidly to the edge of the rapids; and just before they break into foam, there is a stretch of comparatively shallow water that should also yield good results to the angler. Below the bridge the Ananyming stream empties

through the right bank of the Delaware, its own banks being very low for several hundred feet near its mouth—this wide, stony waste being a favorite place for securing the helgramites that lurk under the stones, and which are such good bait for bass.

Six or eight hundred feet above the bridge, that part of the river known as the Benekill joins the main stream; and at the lower point of the island thus formed, is an old, sunken, upturned tree, around whose stem and roots very large bass make their home, as it affords safety from the sweep and grind of ice when the gorges break in winter.

The Benekill is a delightful little side display of the river, and passes between wooded banks where many overhanging trees glass themselves in deep, black pools, the homes of more large bass. About a thousand feet above the bridge, on the Pennsylvania shore of the Benekill, is a fine spring, not over ten feet distant from the stream, and about three feet above its surface at normal height. That is a delightful place for a noon luncheon. Back of it are wide patches of wild strawberry plants. The writer has picked a six-quart pail of wild strawberries in those fields in two hours, and obtained that rare dish, even among epicures, a short-cake made with the wild berries.

There is a long bank of noble, lichen-covered rock running along the Jersey shore above the bridge. The deep water into which it disappears at an angle of sixty degrees is another favorite place for large bass. They are very shy; and it is exasperating to see a half dozen of them moving about in a little school, mocking you with near presence, and your own inability to catch them. Their favorite bait is small catfish, which can be easily purchased.

About fifteen hundred feet above those rocks (Jersey side) is the mouth of a little burn or rivulet that is full of fresh-water shrimp, a favorite food of the bass which lurk there for the shrimp that venture out into the river. The water is not over four feet deep along there; but the current quickly extends the line to a hundred feet below the anchored boat; and patience and persistence should be rewarded with the landing of a fish or two. Further up a half mile, say sixty rods below the upper part of the island, there is a central channel of water about eight or nine feet deep, extending up and down the river about eight hundred feet. It is not easily found, but is there. In that channel I lost the largest bass that I ever had on the outer end of a line. It furnishes the best bass fishing near the Gap.

But to the real angler—one who loves river and bass fishing, and who is not to be allured by the good trout fishing not far away, the best thing to do is to have a boat taken by wagon to Shoemaker's Eddy, several miles above, and come down in the boat, fishing slowly, anchoring frequently, and consuming a whole day in running about four or five miles. Such a trip should yield several fine bass for two rods. Catches of a dozen or more are frequent.

Sometimes the deep water right in the Gap gives up good bass to the angler; it is almost constantly fished in summer, for the Gap is a favorite and very beautiful summer resort, with about twenty hotels and boarding houses.

It is no advertisement to say here that the Gap is best reached by the Lackawanna road, and that to the stranger the O'Brien boys will perhaps be found the best boat renters and guides. The Benekill should be entered from the lower end of the island—there is a shoal stretch of water at the upper end where boats strand on the myriad of small rocks, and anglers who enter the Benekill there would probably have to wade, or even drag the boat.

These are scenic and angling joys that can be easily reached. The sportsman can leave New York as late as four in the afternoon, and enjoy a moonlight row on the river at the Gap. He will find fifty places where he can be comfortably housed, some of them being first-class modern hotels. Of course to one who insists upon camping, their presence at the Gap is an objection; but the place is singularly wild and picturesque; and in spite of the almost perpetual angling, a few fish can nearly always be taken anywhere between the upper bridge and the rift just below the actual emergence of the river from between Mts. Minsi and Tammany, into the broad, fine, agricultural country below. Such a chance for sport must be honorably mentioned, for most anglers make fishing an incident as they visit their families which have fled from the heat of towns. There are enormous bass, very many of them, right at the Gap, in that stretch of the river which is visible in the picture. To actually hook and land them is another matter, for they are pursued for many months yearly. This angling water cannot furnish more than a shadow of such fishing as can be found in Ontario, Quebec, Maine, Wisconsin or Minnesota lakes. But it is so cheaply accessible, the accommodations are so sure to be good, and the scenery is so magnificent, that it is specially worthy of mention to the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*.

L. F. BROWN.

Fish and Fishing.

Salmon Fishing Has Been Very Poor.

THE salmon fishing season on Canadian rivers has been very poor up to the middle of last week. Those who were on the south shore streams fairly early found a few fish in the pools, and had fair sport for two or three days, but as the fish which were in the pools on their arrival moved higher up the rivers, no others seemed to arrive to take their place. In the higher pools, too, very few fish were to be found. The season was so backward that some of the guardians think the fish may have en-



LOOKING UP THE DELAWARE FROM MT. MINSL

tered the rivers and found so much ice that they went out again and have not yet returned. The water continued so low that after the arrival of anglers on the rivers no new fish seemed to enter them until a few days ago. Now word has been received from some of the rivers that recent rains have had a beneficial effect and that more fish are entering them. But, in the meantime, several fishermen who had but a limited time to spare for fishing, have returned from the rivers with the worst sport they have had for years. Those who are fortunate enough to be able to remain behind are just beginning to enjoy fully fine fishing. From the Ste. Marguerite and the other tributaries of the Saguenay in particular come very good reports from the fishing camps.

The many salmon fishermen interested in these rivers will be delighted to hear that Fishery Guardian J. N. Maher has recently succeeded in catching no less than eight of the Saguenay River poachers, red-handed. They were netting salmon when found, and the guardian seized ten nets and four wooden canoes belonging to them. The poachers are now being prosecuted before a local magistrate. These poachers have been for years the bane of the salmon fisheries in the Saguenay district, and these arrests will doubtless have a very salutary effect.

The salmon fishing in the north shore rivers was very poor indeed up to last week, scarcely any fish having entered the rivers on account of the backwardness of the season. Here, too, the later fishermen are sure to have the finest sport.

Another fatality has unfortunately to be added to the long list of those attributable to the angling in the salmon rivers on the coast of Labrador and the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. A boat containing a party of fishermen on the Romaine, which, as recently reported in this column, was lately leased by the Government to Sir Charles Ross, was upset and a young man named Plumb, eighteen years of age, was drowned. He was with his stepfather, Judge Nesbitt, of the Supreme Court of Canada, and Sir Charles Ross, at the time of the accident. Deceased was a most promising youth and a cadet at the Royal Military College of Canada.

Mr. C. B. Barnes, of Boston, and his friend, Mr. Jones, were among the early arrivals on the Cascapedia, and for the first few days of their stay had very good sport, but even upon the royal Cascapedia there have been many poor days this summer, and later fishermen are likely to have much better sport. Mr. Barnes killed sixteen fish and Mr. Jones seven. The former mentioned gentleman had the misfortune to lose an enormous fish, which he had played for over an hour, and which finally escaped by taking the line into the driftwood or a snag in the course of a run which it was impossible to control. It is thought by those who saw the fish and its fight that it must have been a record one, even for this river of fifty-pound salmon. The Governor-General of Canada, Lord Minto, is at present at Camp Duren on this river, but at present writing it is understood that not very much luck has gone his way. Messrs. Kennedy, Douglas, and Davis are among the American anglers at present in camp on the Cascapedia.

Senator Forget and party are fishing the Bonaventure. Mr. R. E. Plumb is on the Natashquan and Mr. Ivers Adams, of Boston, and party are fishing the Moisie. The Chamberlain Shoals party on the Restigouche, consisting of Dr. F. W. Campbell, I. H. Stearns, W. M. Macpherson and others, have had the usual luck of the season, killing some good fish during the first days of the fishing, and then having several blank days. Some of the party have returned home and will go back to the river later. The fishing in the Restigouche in the early part of the season was largely affected by the illegal action of the netters at the mouth. Several nets were ordered up and some were seized by the Government-cruiser, but the fishing has not improved very much as yet.

The ouananiche fishing, on the other hand, is surprisingly good, notwithstanding that the water is still a little high. The best of the sport will doubtless be had this year in July. The fish are running large, and the killing of doubles is considered so risky by the guides on account of the size of the fish that they are generally urging the fishermen to use but one fly, a piece of advice which, it is scarcely necessary to add, has not much weight with anglers who are well supplied with tackle and enjoy the kind of sport in which there are some good chances on the side of the fish.

Most of the fishing club men who have been trouting along the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway have returned home, well satisfied with the result of their trips, but Lake Edward and other open waters have still many visitors on their banks.

Importance of the Canadian Fisheries.

THE newly published Year Book of Canada for 1902, just issued by the Dominion Government, contains some valuable information concerning the commercial fisheries of Canada. It may surprise some people to learn that the total value of last year's yield of the marine and fresh water fisheries of Canada was \$25,737,153, or \$4,179,514 more than that of the preceding year. No fewer than 78,290 fishermen were engaged during the year, exclusive of 15,135 men who found employment in lobster canneries, while the salmon canning industry of British Columbia gave employment to 18,942 persons. The value of vessels, boats, nets, piers, etc., connected with the fisheries of the Dominion is placed at \$11,491,300. The number of fry distributed from the Government hatcheries last year was larger than that of any previous year, the total, outside of 120,000,000 young lobsters, having been 151,401,000.

Mr. Carnegie's Hatcheries.

Speaking of fish hatcheries reminds me that Mr. Carnegie is devoting a good deal of time and attention to the same subject on his Skibo estate. Many sportsmen, as well as most of the intimate friends of the master of this estate, are aware of the fact that while Mr. Carnegie never handles a gun, he is an ardent angler, and will linger patiently for hours beside a moorland stream. The scarcity of salmon, both in sea and stream, however, has been very marked within recent years in the neighborhood of Skibo, and with the view of improving the angling on his estate, Mr. Carnegie has constructed both salmon and trout hatcheries on an elaborate and extensive scale. The sites of the tanks on the banks of the River Evelix have been personally selected by Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie,

and the aid of almost every expert in Scotland has been solicited in order to render the scheme successful.

The Supply of Salmon.

There would be some hope for the future of the remaining American, Canadian and Newfoundland salmon rivers if those who are interested in the commercial fisheries of these countries could be induced to take the same intelligent interest in the preservation of the supply of fish in the waters where they set their nets as is manifested by the corresponding classes in Great Britain. Judging by the loud complaints in the newspapers, the Government of Great Britain is no more to be depended upon for enforcing the laws enacted for the preservation of fish than are those on this side of the Atlantic. It is true that there have been recent Royal Commissions upon both the Irish salmon fisheries and upon those of the Tweed. Their reports were made some time ago, but no Government action followed them. Recognizing the fact that it was obviously unwise to hope for any substantial and immediate legislative reform unless influential pressure could be brought to bear, the Fishmongers' Company have taken a step which entitles them to the gratitude of all who are interested in the salmon fisheries, whether as a means of profit or for sport, and it ought to be unnecessary to add that the interests of the nets and the rods are practically identical. If there are no fish in the upper waters to provide sport for anglers, it is certain that the yield of the nets will fall off. At a recent meeting convoked at the instance of the Fishmongers' Company, a salmon and trout association for the United Kingdom was formed. At the head of the list of members, already fairly long, occur the names of the Duke of Abercorn, the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Denbigh, Sir Herbert Maxwell, and other distinguished persons, while among others of the membership, notable for their special technical knowledge of the subject, are Messrs. Willis Bund, author of "Salmon Problems," A. D. Berrington, W. H. Grenfell, Henry Fennell, Dr. Noel Paton, and others. The objects of the new association are to improve the salmon and trout fisheries of the United Kingdom, and to render operative such recommendations of recent Royal Commissions as may be deemed advisable. Sub-committees will be appointed to deal with the various aspects of salmon and trout fisheries, both as commercial industries and from the sporting standpoint, and attention will be directed to the important questions of river pollution, water supply and fishculture.

It is quite impossible to point out how very much room there is for a somewhat similar organization on this side of the water. Those interested solely in the commercial fisheries of this country and of the United States are singularly blind, as a general rule, to the fact that their interests are identical with those of the angler, their chief endeavor being to prevent the parent fish, as far as possible, from ascending the river to spawn, in order that they may swell the yield of their nets. It is simply another case of killing the goose which lays the golden egg. There is over netting at the mouths of nearly all the Canadian salmon rivers, and I was only told last week by one American angler that he had been compelled to give up his lease of a river because he found that his efforts to stock it were neutralized by the netting at its mouth.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

The Adirondack Fish Mortality.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of the lamentable results of the extensive forest fires in the Adirondack region this year, notably in Franklin and Essex counties, was the destruction of an enormous number of speckled trout. Just what caused the death of so many fish is not definitely known, but it seems absolutely certain that the mortality was in some way occasioned by the wilderness conflagrations. Various theories have been advanced in regard to the actual and immediate agency which brought such wholesale slaughter, but none of them appear to be entirely satisfactory. Reports received from Elizabethtown and Lake Placid were to the effect that quantities of dead trout had been found along streams that pass through the regions burned over, the fires evidently having warmed the water sufficiently to kill the fish. Another statement was that several hundred pounds of trout had been picked up along the Upper Boquet River, as a result of the serious forest fires in that section, one of the explanations volunteered being that the water in the river became so hot that the fish were unable to survive. It seems quite possible that the water in a small brook, flowing at a moderate rate for some distance through a portion of the wilderness where fires were raging fiercely, might be heated sufficiently so that the trout it contained would be killed. On the other hand, it appears almost absurd to argue that the water in a large stream having any considerable depth, could be warmed up by the fires to such an extent as to cause the death of its finny inhabitants. As the Boquet River and some of the other streams in which dead trout were found have quite a respectable volume of water, people of an inquiring turn of mind are trying to think out some other possible reason for the death of the fish.

The story comes from New Hampshire that dead fish were observed in the streams of that State during the late wilderness conflagrations, and a New Hampshire authority takes the ground that they were killed by potash or alkali leached from the forest fire ashes into the brooks by the heavy rains. On the face of it, such an explanation looks quite reasonable, and possibly there is some truth in it, but it will not apply to the Adirondack region, for the trout which were found dead there perished during the drought and the fires, prior to the time when the rains set in.

It is said that one of the results from the recent burning of the Malone paper mill was that all fish in Salmon River below the mill for ten miles were killed by the acid from the sulphite mill being precipitated into the stream. That great destruction of fish life might be occasioned in some such way as this can easily be credited, but so far as can be learned, no one has yet advanced the theory that the trout in the Adirondack streams first mentioned may have died from poisoning. In the absence, however, of any explanation which is wholly satisfactory as to the manner in which the trout in Boquet River and a num-

ber of other streams met their fate, is it not worth while for someone to look into the subject carefully and ascertain whether or not it is possible they were poisoned by wood acid, wood alcohol, the creosote in wood tar, or some other product from the burned trees? Pyroligneous acid, or wood vinegar, a crude commercial form of acetic acid, is made by the destructive distillation of wood, and who can say that when the fires were raging fiercest they did not sometimes produce from the green wood consumed a liquid substance of a somewhat similar nature, which, finding its way into the streams, caused the death of the trout by poisoning? Of course, in destructive or dry distillation, a closed vessel or receptacle is required, and this important feature in the process of manufacturing wood acid was lacking in the forest fires, but that there were juices constantly exuding from the green wood under the influence of the great heat cannot be doubted, and the question is, Were these of a poisonous nature? It seems quite possible that some of the liquid products of the burning wood may have possessed properties which rendered them destructive to fish life.

This idea is simply thrown out as a suggestion, but it appears to merit the thoughtful consideration of those who are investigating the subject. Perhaps if all the conditions were known the heat theory would appear more plausible, but under the circumstances the possibility that the fish were poisoned seems to be strong enough to warrant attention. It is hoped that the State authorities will look into the matter carefully, and eventually be able to furnish the public with positive information concerning the cause of the great mortality among the Adirondack trout.

UTICA, N. Y., June 27.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

In Western Massachusetts.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., June.—The best of our trout season is now behind us here in western Massachusetts, and only the most enthusiastic anglers have done much fishing. No rain fell during the month of May, and this made the brooks so low that the trout went into the deep pools in the woods, where it was impossible to cast a fly over them. No one can remember a more disappointing season, for it opened well and every one was waiting for the time when the apple trees broke into a cloud of pink and white bloom, for it is then that our season is at its height. But the brooks began to fall before the flowers came, and not until after June 1 did we have any rain, and even now the brooks are not getting much of the water, as the parched fields and woods claim it all. Down here on the southern border of the State our anglers can take advantage of the Connecticut law and fish there from April 1 to 15, on which latter date our season now opens and remains open until July 15, while the Connecticut season closes July 1, and then we will have our friends from over the border with us and return a few favors. This law of ours is a sore subject, as it was put through the Legislature while our anglers were dreaming of past trips to the brook and lake sides, and as a result of the nap, the season in our four western counties—Hampden, Hampshire, Berkshire and Franklin—were shortened two months, while the anglers in the eastern part of the State can fish from April 1 to Sept. 1, as of yore. Some of our leading anglers, headed by James Brigham, got up a petition asking the Legislature to give us back our old season here in Hampden county, but the people up in Berkshire defeated us. Next season the fight will be made again, and the season should be changed, as the fifteen days which were taken off from the first of the open time, are apt to give us our best sport, and there is always good fishing in the meadows on an August evening. Our fish do not run for the spawning beds until after October 1, and as most of our good brooks are controlled by clubs, it is hard to see why we should be protected from ourselves when we have to rent or buy our water, and the State will not give us fish or fingerlings to stock our brooks.

The March weather was beautiful, the days warm and clear, and the nights not too cold. This could have but one result. It made people crazy to fish, and many a trout was stolen before the season opened. April 1 came at last, cold and drear, but everyone who had friends on the other side of the State line went bounding down there and great was their reward. The brooks, which run into the Scantic River, are always good early in the season; Kettle Brook, at Windsor Locks, yielded up some big ones, and many of those in Stafford contributed big trout. Even the oldest angler was surprised at the size of the fish, for they were large and in perfect condition. The strange part of the day was that the fish took a fly freely, and jungle cocks and alder flies seemed to be the most killing. It was a cold day, but our local woman ventured out and landed one trout weighing 17 ounces, an unusually large one for this section of the country. Our own season opened more inauspiciously, and a stinging sleet and rain cut the hands of the ardent ones on the first two days, and the half frozen fish swallowed the worms and then lay on the bottom like suckers. Fly-fishing was out of the question, and it was very tame sport. A week or so later the fishing improved, and the bigger fish began to take interest in royal-coachman and cowdungs, but the hackles did not kill for another week for some strange reason, for they have always been one of the most killing flies on our brooks; especially a small brown hackle with a red and gold body. It is not a nice thing to record, but most of our anglers use worms in fishing our brooks. Fly-fishing has not the hold here that it should have, and the reason is hard to understand, as both the North and South Branch clubs—our two largest and best trout clubs—control beautiful stretches of meadow fishing where the fly-fishing is of the best, and excellent sport can be enjoyed with a 4-ounce rod if it is properly handled.

The fishing on both the North and South branches was good during the early part of the season, but during May was poor, as the brooks were both too low. None of the members of either club ever try to catch big creels, as they do not want to deplete their waters, and put back all small fish, but some fine baskets of 20 or 25 fish have been taken during the early

morning hours on both brooks. During last week (that of June 7), some good catches were recorded on both brooks, as the rains livened up the fish and they began to rise in the meadows again. The bad May fishing drove many of our anglers to Maine, and from both Rangeley and Moosehead come reports of fine fishing. Warner Sturtevant, James Brigham, Robert Wallace and others have been at Rangeley, and Walter H. Wesson, of the Smith & Wesson Pistol Co., was at his camp at Moosehead, with a party of local men. The latter report some good fly-fishing for small trout, which rose well to Zulus, silver-doctors and Montreals.

In the Berkshire Hills the fishing season has been more even, and especially at Becket some good catches have been made. Alfred Birnie and Charles L. Goodhue control some good fishing in Becket, and they and their friends had excellent sport in May. The Blandford and Otis fishing has not been as good as usual, and the bass fishing in Ashley ponds has not begun yet. Some of the Northampton and Greenfield fishermen had good sport early in the season, and A. L. Powers, M. O. Carey and Edward Sisco, of the former city, caught some fine baskets in April. Westfield is always a busy little town for anglers, and the question of stocking Hampton ponds with pike, perch and perhaps rainbow trout has been discussed by the Westfield anglers' club, a flourishing organization. The Amherst anglers had some fishing which they will remember, during the early part of the season, but a Springfield boy, Bradford Adams, caught one of their largest trout, weighing well over a pound, and so took away one chance to boast from them.

All of our anglers who enjoy the fall shooting have been pleased to hear so many quail whistling in the fields this spring. The snow was so heavy early last winter and came in such a rapid series of storms, that it was feared that most of the quail had been either starved or frozen to death. This was greatly mourned, as a few years ago the quail became nearly extinct under like circumstances, and much money was spent by some of our leading sportsmen in buying western quail to liberate and restock our covers. This was done successfully, and during the past two seasons the quail shooting was better than it had been for years. Many birds have been seen this spring, however, and while it is yet too early to see the chicks scurrying across the country roads, there is every promise that there will be large numbers of them. The partridge also weathered the winter well, and, although they are not near as plentiful as they were five years ago, one or two broods have been reported, and a number of old birds have been flushed by anglers fishing through the woods. Many English pheasants have been seen this spring, and in a few years they should furnish some good shooting, as they breed well near the city, and a large number are killed each year by the authorities in Forest Park, where the birds are raised by the city, and by Mr. Dickinson, who has a large pheasantry and who is stocking the woods near his home. The shooting of these birds is prohibited now, but a number of them were put up in the stubbles last fall and sorely tempted some of our crack shots.

The deer are rapidly increasing in western Massachusetts, and especially in the Berkshire and Wilbraham Hills. It is not an uncommon sight for farmers on the hillsides to see the animals in the pastures with their cows, and one sometimes sees a doe dashing through a wood road while driving. The Legislature passed a bill this spring giving further protection to the deer by extending the closed season for several years, although there was some opposition offered by the farmers, who claimed that the deer were so plentiful and so tame that they were causing much damage to crops. There is a strong feeling in some sections of the State against an open season on deer, for people realize that the country side is so thickly settled that rifle shooting would surely entail loss of human life, but it is improbable that the deer will ever be here again in such numbers as to do serious damage. Some few are killed by the lawless element each fall, and others are wounded by fox hunters in the winter and slink away to die unseen. Two dead does have been found recently, one by Geo. R. Turner and Robert Cooley, of this city, while on a fishing trip to Russell, and another by Westfield anglers in their own town. Both deer had been dead so long that it was impossible to ascertain the cause of death. CLICK.

The Barracuda in Hawaii.

CALIFORNIA's famous fish, the barracuda, has appeared in this market for the first time. It ought, with the good offices of the Fish Commission, to also appear in these waters, where there seems to be a chance to acclimate it. Indeed, a first cousin to the barracuda, one of the group which includes the fresh-water pickerel and muscalonge, is already found along shore and in ponds connected with the sea. Like the others, it is a carnivorous fish, lying in shady or sedgy places, motionless and alert, to dart upon any smaller fish that swims unwittingly near. Its flesh is delicate and full of flavor, and natives are so fond of it that they have been known to buy at thirty cents a pound.

The Hawaiian specimen is small, but the barracuda, which bears a relation to it like that of the muscalonge to the pickerel, ranges in weight from six to ten pounds. It would be an invaluable gain to the food resources of this group and a delight to sportsmen, for it takes the trolling hook behind a fast yacht with all the gameness that a fish needs to show to make itself popular with anglers.

Meanwhile, if the barracuda cannot be caught it can be bought, which is the next best thing. The importance of fish as a substitute for meat in the tropics makes every addition to the edible fish supply a thing of gastronomic and physiological importance.—Hawaiian Gazette.

"I read somewhere the other day," said Mr. Henpeck, "that one of the big mercantile corporations pays a certain man \$1,000 for each idea he furnishes. George! I'd like to have a chance of that kind."

"Wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. Henpeck, "do you want your innocent wife and children to starve?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Maine Waters.

BANGOR, Me., June 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the Bangor salmon pool the fishing has been slightly improved over the preceding weeks, but even now it is nothing to boast of. Several fish have been landed during the week, Wm. Munro, J. H. Peavey and Howard Peavey being among the successful anglers, Mr. Peavey leading the list with a 20-pound beauty. It was reported that unscrupulous persons were securing salmon with a gaff from certain favorable locations not accessible to those not in the secret, and a warden has been appointed to keep an eye out for infractions of the law in this respect. As the fishing, what there has been, has all been since the appointment of this warden, his watchfulness may have had something to do with the larger catch.

At Huston Pond camps there have been several successful parties recently, none more pleased with results than Oliver W. Shedd and Orin A. Barnard, of Boston, who visited West Chairback Pond during their visit and took, on the fly, twenty-one beauties weighing from $\frac{3}{4}$ pound to $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, dressed. Other successful visitors at this resort included J. L. Bailey and wife, Walter Bailey, Charles Fisher and wife and Roy Fisher, all of Henderson, who caught togue in Big Houston weighing as heavy as five pounds, and trout in West Chairback weighing from a pound to $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; E. F. Dearborn and E. H. Whitten, of Waterville, who secured some nice strings from Little Houston and West Chairback; A. D. Jones, of Bangor, who took a fine string of eighteen from Little Houston, one a $1\frac{3}{4}$ -pound trout.

Dr. Chalmers, P. W. Linscott and Charles Wright, of Woburn, Mass., and Charles Goodrich, of Lynn, Mass., had a delightful trip to Bay View, on the shore of Dobs Lake, securing all the fish they cared for. Hon. Henry W. Mayo, of Hampden, and friend Frost, of Bangor, were there for a few days and had a most enjoyable trip, besides landing some fine salmon. Their guide paddled them to within a few rods of a large bull moose that was crossing the lake at the Narrows, but they didn't go very near, preferring to view his majesty from a safe distance. Moose are reported far more numerous in the easterly part of Washington county than they have been for many years, and as the reports are largely from sportsmen rather than those who might be financially interested in the appearance of big game in their vicinity, the impression is that the game is actually increasing in those localities mentioned.

Carry Ponds in the Bingham, or perhaps it would be better to say the Upper Kennebec region, have proved fully as popular this year as in past seasons, and more so, if anything. Over 100 anglers have visited those ponds and stayed for a visit lasting from a day to a month since the season opened, and that they have had success goes without saying to those familiar with the possibilities of those waters. The supply of trout of average size seems absolutely limitless in the ponds in that vicinity, and anglers are sure of good results there, even if they do not get any eight and ten-pound square-tails for record fish. W. H. H. Ward and wife, of Amherst, Mass., with R. H. Goodell, of Boston, are there for the summer, and have made some great catches already. In the last two weeks Mr. Ward, who, as a true sportsman, disdains the use of all but the fly, has landed 500 trout, the most of which have been at once returned to the water unhurt. W. H. Miller and wife were in camp there for two weeks, during which time Mr. Miller made two trips to West Carry, taking a handsome string of togue and trout each time, the fish running as heavy as $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds apiece. Among others who have been enjoying great sport with the fly are Dr. E. L. Styles, of New York city; J. P. Carpenter, of Boston, and John F. Hutchinson and wife, of Lexington, Mass., who have been enjoying the best fly-fishing in their experience.

The season at Grand Lake Stream is proving all that it promised, and the number of guests there has been large since the fly-fishing opened on the stream, although many are still enjoying trolling on the big lake. Among those who have registered there this month are the following: Wilnot H. Smith, James D. Smith, Dr. G. E. Curtis, Geo. H. Betts, DeWitt Bailey, of New York city; J. V. Hemstreet, Herkimer, N. Y.; Geo. Beals, Geo. L. and Fred S. Hunter, Geo. A. Fernald, J. S. P. Alcott, of Boston; C. L. Beals, Winchendon, Mass.; E. H. Mather, Portland; Henry F. Adams, of Pawtucket, and others. The fly-fishing has been splendid, and from present appearances will continue to be good until the middle of July. W. H. Smith, of New York, who has been there twenty days, has caught in all about 150 salmon, while J. D. Smith, having been on the lakes only six days, has an average of eight salmon per day. Henry F. Adams, of Pawtucket, has averaged ten fish per day, mostly salmon and a few trout, one of the latter weighing $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. The Hunter party stayed but seven days, but they landed 120 salmon and 29 trout, while of the string taken by Mr. Alcott during his eight days' visit, 60 were salmon. It seems to make no difference whether, at this writing, one is fishing with bait or flies on the lake, or with flies on the stream, results are equally satisfactory. One party of two who tired of fishing in the lake and stream—as many do at this season when results are so plenty—made a trip to Gardiner Brook and evidently tried to clean it out, for they took 230 trout—but there are still some trout left, for a later visitor captured 23 in an afternoon.

Speaking of moose reminds the writer of an experience which the passengers on the trolleys running into this city from Oldtown had a few days since. It was in the early morning, and the car had just reached a point above Mt. Hope cemetery, some two miles from the postoffice, when the motorman was obliged to stop the car while a big bull moose crossed the track and, after all had a fine opportunity to observe him, disappeared in the direction of the river. It may have been the smoke of the fires drove the big fellow from the woods, but as they were mostly out at the time, it may have been one of those cases that have occurred in this city several times within a year or two, caused by the increasing numbers of moose and their apparent fearlessness during the close season.

Capt. F. D. Bigney, of the steamer Comet, one of the steamers of the Coburn Steamboat Company plying between Greenville and Kineo, has had his run changed from the head of the lake, so that now he covers but half the distance in direct run that he formerly did. Capt.

Bigney is an exceedingly modest man, but it is suspected by those who know how anxious sportsmen are to kill bears, that Landlord Colbath of the Seboomook House had him transferred to the Kineo run so that there might be some bears left to hunt up there when open season rolls around. It seems that the Captain, having time on his hands between trips, set a bear trap a few miles from the head of the lake, and in just a few weeks caught two bears, one big bear and the other a small cub, the latter of which he is having mounted whole. One day as he was over looking after his traps (having caught the larger bear previously) he heard a slight noise, and looking up saw on a log within almost reach of a quick jump two bear cubs that had not, for some reason, discovered him. A movement in another direction called his attention that way, and there, standing up and looking at him in astonishment, was a third bear, and he heard still a fourth in the bushes. He is positive about the bear he didn't see, as he discovered later enormous tracks, too large for any of his visitors, which had carefully investigated his dangerous plaything and decided not to interfere with it. Of course, careful man that he is, the Captain visited and removed his traps when he was ordered from Seboomook to Kineo, that no animal might be caught and kept there in suffering.

John Towne, of Portland, and B. B. Talbot, of New York city, paid Schoodic a brief visit the other day, taking three splendid lake trout in the lake and good strings of trout in nearby brooks.

Mooshead continues to report good catches, although the sport is confined almost exclusively to the fly. Dr. J. C. French and wife, of Webster, South Dakota, has been at Northeast Carry staying a week, and their largest square-tail being a 4-pounder. One morning before ten o'clock the Doctor made a fine catch of six square-tail trout, a laker and a whitefish.

The gates in the dam at the Outlet have all been closed, and the fishing has been exceptionally good all the week. Monday 200 trout were taken at the dam, averaging a pound and a half. A. J. Bigelow, of Worcester, took four 3-pound trout on the fly Wednesday, and L. B. Jewell, of Hartford, Conn., took two before breakfast. A. H. Stevens, of Marlboro, Mass., who was there only four days, returned home the middle of the week with his full limit. Miss Elizabeth Wilson is also among the happy anglers, having landed a four-pound trout on the fly this week, as well as a two-pound togue. Among others who are enjoying the sport at the Outlet are F. W. Jones and wife, of New York city; A. H. Davis and wife of Portland; C. H. Baker, of Boston, and W. H. Place, of Providence, R. I.

At Deer Island, Clement C. Moore, of New York, seems still able to lead all the fly-fishermen, and the man must be an expert, indeed, who can surpass this veteran of the rod and reel, who has a four-pound trout for his best, and a long list of two to three pounders. S. P. Chick and wife, of Brookline, Mass., had fine sport at the same place, taking thirty-nine lakers and nine trout during their stay. D. H. Spear and wife, of Bath, have had great sport in that vicinity, and the latter counts herself among the successful anglers with her record of a $3\frac{1}{2}$ -pound trout.

Near the Crow's Nest in Sandy Bay the other day, Roy McAlpine, of Greenville, hooked and landed a handsome trout, which, when weighed, was just $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, and measured 22 inches in length. It was a beauty, and one of the best taken in Sandy Bay this season.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Swimming Powers of a Horse.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 20.—My friend, Mr. W. A. Powell, propounds a conundrum as to the swimming powers of a horse, bringing up the question whether or not a horse can swim and carry a man on its back. He says: "When I was in Mississippi I had something sprung on me in regard to which FOREST AND STREAM ought to be able to give me some help. A gentleman started it at the Bobo place, bringing up the argument whether or not a horse could swim with a man on its back. He said that no horse, or at least none that he had ever seen, could swim with a rider on his back, and that he had seen it tried on a wager at Meridian, Mississippi, fourteen different horses from livery stables being tried, and not one of them being able to keep his head above water, although when the rider got off the horse swam all right. He also said that any man who had a horse that could swim and carry a rider could make a big pot of money by making a trip to Meridian. I was not well enough posted to go into the argument very far, but I have surely been on a horse when I thought he was swimming with me, although I am willing to admit there may be two sides to the question." Later Mr. Powell wrote again regarding this interesting question: "I have been getting more information in regard to the swimming power of a horse, and I am going to take a horse to Mississippi one of these days and break that town of Meridian, where they say a horse can't swim with a rider."

I think Mr. Powell will be able to break the town all right, if they are willing to back their judgment as above enunciated. I presume a great many men have been in swimming depth of water on horseback and have noticed that if they sit low and well back the horse can get along. Of course, it is much better to slip off of the horse, take the down stream side of him and hold on to the saddle horn or to his mane. Indians sometimes hold on to the tail of the swimming horse. Of course, the more of the man's body there is submerged, the easier it will be for the horse to swim. It is not a proper, but a possible, thing for a swimming horse to carry a man who may fairly be said to be upon its back.

Tarpon.

Mr. Oswald Von Lengerke recently returned from his tarpon trip at Aransas Pass, and reports a very good time. He beached three tarpon and played a great many fish which he purposely turned loose, and this was the experience also of Mr. C. H. Lester, of this city, and Mr. Delos Thompson, of Rensselaer, Indiana, who made up the party. Mr. Von Lengerke showed a badly disfigured thumb and said that any tenderfoot who begins tarpon

fishing is liable to get into trouble. He left his friends practically out of the game, Mr. Thompson having a thumb which seems to be broken or dislocated and which became so badly swollen that he could not do any fishing. Mr. Lester lost a thumb nail, and all of them appear to have had a good deal of difficulty with the reel handle. Mr. Von Lengerke says that the sport is very keen, but has a good many features of hard work connected with it. Sometimes a tarpon heads seaward instead of running up into the Pass, as was the case with Mr. Lester's fish, and when the boat is once taken out into the Gulf the sport is almost too rough for comfort. There seemed to be no diminution of the tarpon supply in this famous district. The fishing is done both by trolling and still fishing, the latter being perhaps sometimes close along the jetties, in case of high wind from the Gulf.

Wrinkles.

My friend, Mr. B. K. Miller, Jr., of Milwaukee, writes: "I have run across two new ideas connected with trout fishing; at least they are new to me. First, to clean fish without a knife and without opening the fish: loosen the gills and then pull out the entire internal organs carefully. Result, fish clean and not mutilated. Second, instead of attaching an eyed fly to the leader, in the usual way, with a jam knot, turtle hitch or other knot, hang the fly loosely on a loop made at the end of the leader. I have not tried this thoroughly, but the fly bobs around most alluringly."

The method of cleaning trout which Mr. Miller mentions is practiced to some extent in the Lake Superior country. It leaves the fish less disfigured, and from all I can learn in quite as good shape for keeping as when the body is opened in the usual way. As to Mr. Miller's scheme of putting on an eyed fly, I don't believe he will find it so successful as one which leaves the fly attached to the snell or leader more rigidly. This alluring bobbing around is what some of the tackle sharps wish to guard against, as it allows the fly to get its barb up over the leader and otherwise to mix things. I remember to have seen some very learned discussions on these matters in the English angling papers, and the consensus of opinion there seemed to be that an attachment which left a sort of loose joint at the bend of the hook was not so desirable as one similar to the usual eyeless hook as mounted on gut.

New Trout Tip.

I met my friend, H. Wood, to-day, and he is recently back from a certain exploration in the northern country. He says that at Seney, a little deserted lumber village seventy miles east of Marquette, on the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic, he heard of a stream which seems to be very little fished and which ought to be a very good fly-fishing river. This is the Little Fox, a stream of which, I confess, I never heard before. He says that his informant at Seney told him that he and two friends caught 300 trout on the Little Fox on their last trip. They were worm fishermen, but the informant said that the Little Fox would be a good one for fly-fishing, and that it could be waded with fair comfort. The trout ran up to 1½ pounds. If they will come anywhere near a half pound, and if the stream can be waded, and if one can cast a fly there with any sort of comfort, this water is very much worth watching. It is twelve miles out from Seney, over a fair road, but one has to camp out on the stream.

Dope Would Not Work.

Our revered angling friend and companion, Colonel Bill Haskell, got into trouble the last time he was out fishing with Mayor Harrison and other distinguished gentlemen of this city. It seems that Colonel Bill had a friend who customarily carries his fly dope in a collapsible tube, similar to one in which gun grease is vended. By mistake Colonel Haskell got hold of a tube of gun grease instead of fly dope. He did not discover his mistake, but did discover that, in the words of the journalist, he was the cynosure of every eye in the mosquito contingent.

Amateur Fly-Tying.

Mr. Jephtha G. Dunlap, of San Jose, California, wants to know about the McGinty and Bucktail flies, as mentioned in these columns. The easiest way will probably be to send him samples of these patterns. Mr. Dunlap is good enough to send me a couple of flies of his own making, both very prettily done. One he calls the Garrard, after a friend of his. The dressing of the latter fly is as follows: Body scarlet worsted, tipped and wound with silver tinsel; tail, two narrow sections consisting of three or four barbs from the soft black white-tipped wing feather of the widgeon; hackle, light blue, the same as that of the silver-doctor; wing, breast feather of California valley quail. Mr. Dunlap sends me a few of these breast feathers of the California quail, which he thinks might be serviceable with some of our freaky Eastern trout. I will take pleasure in trying the flies, although they seem a bit bright for most of our fishing here. I have usually found the brighter flies to do best in wilder streams, where the trout are not fished so hard, and where they were native and not planted.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

E. HOUGH.

Canadian Salmon Fishing.

MR. DAVID T. ABERCROMBIE has just returned from a month's fishing and camping trip at the Piscicultural Association's preserves near Bic, Quebec.

Mr. Abercrombie was in camp during the season of forest fires, and much anxiety was felt by their party; for two full weeks they didn't see the sun. The salmon fishing was very poor owing to low water; trout, however, were plentiful, and good fishing was had.

It was Mr. Abercrombie's intention to visit Labrador, but a storm caught them and they lay at La Havre, N. S., one week, and then returned. At this point several grilse were taken weighing 9½ to 10½ pounds on the average.

The salmon fishing has been universally poor. The low water at the times when the fish should go up stream for the spawning season, kept them back. Mr. Abercrombie reports taking just three salmon.

Trout Fishing at Canadensis.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On my recent visit to the mountains of Pennsylvania, I met Mr. Wesley Price, of the Spruce Cabin Inn. It was his intention to wire FOREST AND STREAM that day that the trout fishing with them was good. The streams are about normal, and some good catches are being made. The Broadhead, famous for big ones, is yielding up a goodly number of big trout; most of this stream can be fished with flies. T. E. B.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Oct. 6-9.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society's show.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 9.—Fourteenth annual beagle trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y.

Bloodhounds and Man-Hunting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note the inquiry of your correspondent, Henry De Varigny, in regard to bloodhounds and man-hunting, and the replies of Marshall Bond, Coahoma, and others, which give some interesting information respecting the use of the common American foxhound in tracking escaped convicts in the Southern States.

I do not think I can do better than to refer M. De Varigny to the Century Magazine for June, 1889, and also to the same magazine for June, 1902. In the former number he will find a valuable history and description of the English bloodhound, written by the noted English breeder and fancier, Edwin Brough, who also gives his method of training his dogs to hunt "the clean boot."

In the latter number he will find an entertaining and well written article entitled, "Bloodhounds in America," written by J. D. Howe and Charles E. Duffie, in which the address of several prominent American breeders of bloodhounds is given, and also a history of numerous cases in which the famous dogs of Dr. J. B. Fulton, of Beatrice, Neb., have tracked criminals with unerring certainty.

Beyond all question the least understood dog of the present day is the English bloodhound. To the majority of persons the mention of his name suggests an enormous brute, ferocious and bloodthirsty as a man-eating tiger. As a matter of fact, the exact reverse of this is true, for the English bloodhound is the most affectionate and trustworthy of dogs, and excels all others in intelligence and value as a companion and friend. He is, par excellence, the gentleman's dog, being cleanly in his habits, and in his peculiar style one of the most beautiful of dogs.

But in nothing else does he excel so greatly as in his wonderfully acute sense of smell. I have had no experience with bloodhounds in hunting men, but have seen something of their work on game animals, and will relate one episode which came under my observation which will serve to illustrate the almost miraculous power they possess which enables them to trail their quarry under the most adverse conditions.

It was at Chain Lakes, Hamilton county, New York, in 1889 during one of my annual deer hunting trips with a party of my friends. We were stopping at Chain Lakes House, kept by Arvin Hutchins. It was in the days when hounding was lawful, and as I now remember it, there were about forty deerhounds on the premises at the time. Some of these dogs were owned by Hutchins, some by the guides who were working for the visiting sportsmen, and some by these sportsmen. Talk about music. We heard it there. The air was full of it and the mountains rang with it, when, on a frosty morning, those forty dogs were clamoring to be unchained and taken into the forest for a day's hunt. One of these dogs was a thoroughbred bloodhound, with great big mournful eyes, low hanging ears, flews and dewlap, which were soft and sleek as satin, and his mien would have done credit to a supreme court judge. The bloodhound is a rare animal, and I believe none of the guides had ever seen a genuine specimen before, consequently they were anxious to start him on a trail and see what he could do. His owner valued him highly, and consequently was somewhat reluctant about having this done, fearing he would lose the dog. The guides assured him there was no danger of this, as the deer would be certain to throw the dog off the trail by crossing one of the many large lakes in that section, if not killed before they had a chance to do so. To this the dog's owner said, "There is no water between here and the Atlantic Ocean large enough to throw that dog off a trail. Only the death of the dog or the deer could do that." However, his consent to starting the hound was finally secured, and the dog was laid on a trail.

His quarry was driven to water at Third Lake at a point where it is about a mile in width. The deer was met midway in the lake by one of the hunters, who was a novice in hunting and shooting, and the result was a somewhat laughable race and shooting match terminating in the escape of the deer. And then came the wonderful work of the hound. Without the least pause at the shore of the lake he plunged in and swam, following, as nearly as could be judged, the exact course the deer had taken, constantly giving tongue to the deep bell-like voice for which this breed of dogs is noted.

Again the deer was driven into the lake, but this time, fortunately for the dog's owner, the deer took water near a watcher who had some conception as to what the sights on his rifle were for, and the result of the second race was a dead deer. On his way back to the shore of the lake the successful hunter met the hound swimming in the lake, and pulled him into the boat on top of his quarry.

This race furnished a topic for lively discussion around the fireside the following evening, and among the dozen guides and score of sportsmen there was not one who could say he ever before saw anything in the line of running, or rather swimming, trails which equaled it.

I understand the use of bloodhounds for tracking criminals is becoming quite common in the Western States,

but I have heard of no cases in the Eastern States where they have been used for this purpose, which seems to indicate that the West is more advanced than the East in methods of detecting crime and criminals, as well as in some other matters.

JOS. W. SHURTER.

GANSEVOORT, June 22.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several of us have told what we know of man-hunting dogs, and the subject may not be worn threadbare yet. I do not know if it has been or not. My first introduction to these dogs was while I had the honor to be a guest at Andersonville Prison in 1864. I was sent there because I had been caught out on the skirmish line shooting at our brothers in gray. I had been in the stockade about two months, when I was taken down with the scurvy and had the good fortune to be sent out to the hospital when few of us could get to it. There the chief surgeon, Dr. White, soon had me cured again, then was kind enough to get me a parole of honor from General Winder, so that I need not go into the prison again. I could now go where I pleased as long as I kept inside of the outer guard line a mile away.

I knew that there were bloodhounds here and hunted them up. They were kept in a pen near headquarters, and were always kept tied and were never more than half fed. There may have been a policy in keeping them half starved; at least I think so. I scraped up an acquaintance with them and began feeding them on corn bread; meat was too scarce just then to feed any to dogs. While I was feeding them one day old Captain Wirtz, our jailer, caught me at it and I thought he would have a fit. After he had cursed me awhile in broken English (he spoke poor English), he told me if he ever caught me near those dogs again he would blow my blanked head off, and began to finger his pistol as if he meant to do it right there. That did not scare me, though. I was here under a parole from Winder and knew that he was far more afraid of Winder than I was of him.

"Do you know what I have these dogs here for?" he asked.

"Yes," I know all about it."

"Well, then, you keep away from them. I may have to send them after you one of these days."

"You might as well not send them after me if I left, Captain. Those dogs would not hunt me now."

He warned me again not to be caught feeding them after this, and I took care that he did not catch me, but the dogs got fed as usual.

These dogs were much like the one I afterwards had, part foxhound, and here in camp were not dangerous; but when on a man's trail, if they caught him, they would tear him badly. I have seen men who escaped and were brought back there who were badly hurt by them.

CABLA BLANCO.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures for 1903.

Members of race committee will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

JULY.

1. Royal Canadian, Queen's cup race, Toronto and L. S. S. A. regatta, Oakville.
2. New York, special race for 90-footers, Newport.
3. American, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
- 3-4. Eastern, special, open, Marblehead.
- 3-4. Bay-Waveland, Southern Gulf Coast Y. A., Bay St. Louis, Miss.
- 3-6. Williamsburg, annual cruise.
4. Corinthian of Marblehead, special, open.
4. Columbia, annual open regatta, Lake Michigan.
4. Beverly, first Corinthian, Monument Beach.
4. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
4. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
4. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
4. Toledo Y. A., Monroe Piers.
4. Chicago, race for Pfister cup and handicap race.
4. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual, Saybrook.
- 4-11. Larchmont race week, Larchmont.
5. Jamaica Bay, Y. R. A.
- 6-7. Beverly, trial races for 21-footers for defense of Seawanhaka-Beverly cup.
- 6-8. New York, special races for 90-footers, Newport.
- 9-11. Beverly-Seawanhaka, Beverly cup, Monument Beach.
- 10-11. Mobile, Southern Gulf Coast Y. A., Mobile, Ala.
11. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
11. Moriches, club.
11. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
11. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
11. Bensonhurst, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
11. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, special.
11. Corinthian, second championship, Marblehead.
11. Eastern, run to Gloucester.
13. Eastern, annual, Marblehead.
11. Penataquit Corinthian, open, Bay Shore.
14. Hempstead Bay, club.
15. Eastern, cruise, Marblehead to Vineyard Haven.
16. Eastern, cruise, Vineyard Haven to Newport.
16. New York, fifty-eighth annual cruise, rendezvous Glen Cove.
17. Eastern, cruise, Newport to New London.
- 17-18. Pascagoula, Southern Gulf Coast Y. A., Pascagoula, Miss.
18. Beverly, second Corinthian, Monument Beach.
18. Keystone, club, Woodmere, L. I.
18. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
18. South Boston, club, City Point.
18. Penataquit Corinthian, special, Bay Shore.
18. Indian Harbor, motor boat race, Am. P. B. A., Greenwich.
18. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
18. Corinthian, third championship, Marblehead.
18. Savin Hill, club, Dorchester Bay.
18. Canarsie, club.
18. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., annual.
18. Corinthian of Stamford, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound.
18. Corinthian, 3d champ., Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
18. Winthrop, Y. R. A., open, Winthrop.
18. Chicago, races for Warrington and Lillienfeld cups.
18. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A., skiff races, Toronto.
21. Inter-Lake Y. A., open, Put-In-Bay.
22. Inter-Lake Y. A., open, yacht and power races, Put-In-Bay.
22. Inter-Lake Y. A., squadron sail and auxiliary race, Put-In-Bay.
24. Inter-Lake Y. A., open, Put-In-Bay.
- 24-25. Biloxi, Southern Gulf Coast Y. A., Biloxi, Miss.
25. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich.
25. Beverly, cruise, rendezvous Monument Beach.
25. Boston, club, Hull.
25. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
25. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A., skiff races, Toronto.
25. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, special.
25. Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
25. Hempstead Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
25. Bridgeport Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
25. Chicago, club, Lake Michigan.
25. Penataquit Corinthian, cruise, rendezvous Bay Shore.
27. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
- 27-29. New York, Newport series, all classes, Newport.

28. Squantum, Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay.
29. Quincy, Y. R. A., open, Quincy.
29-Aug. 1. Corinthian midsummer series, Marblehead.
30-Aug. 1. Boston midsummer series, Y. R. A., Hull.
30-Aug. 1-4-6-8. New York trial races for selection of defender of America's Cup.
31-Aug. 1. Gulfport, Southern Gulf Coast Y. A., Gulfport, Miss.
31-Aug. 18. Keystone, cruise, rendezvous, Woodmere, L. I.

SHAMROCK III. had her first trial against Shamrock I. in American waters on Saturday last. The start was made off Scotland lightship, and the two boats beat down the Jersey shore for eight or ten miles. They then held along on a close reach for several miles further, and after this had a spinnaker run back to the lightship. During this test, although it was hardly more than a sail-stretching spin, the challenger was able to leave Shamrock I. with the greatest ease.

Shamrock I. was towed from her moorings down to Scotland by the big tug Cruiser, while Erin looked after the new boat. The breeze was very light from the south, having a strength of about three knots at this time, but during the test was never over six or seven knots, and there was a long ground swell on. Both boats had jib-headed topsails set over their mainsails, and baby jib topsails over jibs and staysails. The Ratsey canvas on the challenger was almost faultless.

At the start Shamrock III. had taken a position on the lee bow of the older boat. They went off on the port tack and in a little over fifteen minutes after getting away Shamrock III. had worked across the older boat's bow and was some distance out to windward. If anything the challenger pointed a little higher and footed much faster than Shamrock I. After being out about half an hour the boats were brought up in the wind and jack-yard topsails were sent aloft on both of them. When these sails were properly set the two boats were again put on their courses. Shamrock III. gained steadily on Shamrock I. during the two hours and a half that they were being tested on windward work. When Shamrock I. luffed up and waited for the challenger to run back to her, it took some minutes for Shamrock III. to cover the distance that lay between them.

When the boats again started off they were put on the port tack, Shamrock I. in the better berth, as the new boat was some distance astern and well to leeward. However, she soon drew through Shamrock I.'s lee and worked well into the lead. After holding this tack for about three-quarters of an hour, Shamrock III. was a long distance in the lead and she was kept off and headed back toward the lightship. Sheets were eased on the older boat and she reached down on the challenger and was kept on after her. When about three lengths astern spinnakers were set on both boats, and although Shamrock I. was in a good position to blanket Shamrock III. she continued to draw away, and when the boats passed the lightship the challenger was about ten minutes ahead.

Shamrock III. has a rather pretty rig, although it impresses one as being rather smaller than Reliance's. The challenger moves through the water easily, and makes but little fuss forward, and she leaves the water very clean aft.

Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. William Fife were on board Shamrock III. and Colonel Neill was on the old boat.

The boats will be given constant trials during good weather from now on until the Cup races, and by that time the boat and her crew should be in superior form.

The Canada's Cup Defender.

TORONTO, June 27.—Strathcona's stock has gone up with a jump owing to her magnificent performance of last Saturday. Pitted against the famous English racer, Gloria, the winner of international trophies in the Mediterranean, the new flyer made a record which is yet to be excelled by any Canadian yacht. Gloria has all along been regarded as the fastest craft on Lake Ontario, or, for that matter, on fresh water. She has not figured very prominently in the races because she has been debarred from all but special contests on account of the regulations of the lake scantling table. But her speed is beyond a doubt, and there is practically a standing challenge to the local fleet for a race from Toronto to the Niagara bell buoy and back, her owner, Mr. H. C. McLeod, having offered a pair of marine glasses to any yacht that would complete the sixty miles or so within an hour of Gloria's time. Mr. McLeod still has the glasses.

Gloria and Strathcona left the harbor Saturday afternoon in company with Merrythought, Commodore Æmilius Jarvis' fine craft. Merrythought was under her cruising rig, that of a yawl, and bound for Oakville. The two cutters carried working topsails and ordinary canvas. It was the first time Strathcona had been seen under kites, and, as prophesied, the leach of her gaff topsail was horizontal. Her gaff peaks high and her topmast is short. Strathcona's topsail was not much better than a bag, off the wind, as it had not been stretched properly, but it did some pulling.

The three sailed in the order: Merrythought, Strathcona, Gloria, with the light east wind right over the taffrail. Outside they hauled up a trifle for a long stretch up the lake, and flew off with the wind over the port quarter, blowing at times ten miles an hour, and at times less. The three went out of the piers separated by intervals of about two hundred yards, and they commenced their procession up the lake for ten miles. In all that distance the peerless Gloria could not catch Strathcona. Although she is ten feet longer on the waterline and spreads 1,100 feet more canvas, or three feet to Strathcona's two, the English flyer could not make up the start she had given the new boat.

Merrythought, an all-Canadian craft that has defeated the best fresh water designs of Fife and Watson, was by this time well under the lee of the two cutters. She held on for Oakville and the others flattened in their sheets for the beat back to Toronto.

But even in the windward work the larger racer could not do much against the Canada's cup defender. Strathcona pointed a trifle higher, but did not foot so fast. The two started back on even terms, and after beating for five miles Gloria was just able to cross Strathcona's bow. Then they exchanged skippers, Mr. H. C. McLeod went

to Strathcona's tiller, while Mr. G. E. Macrae took Gloria. The beat to windward was continued. Strathcona did a trifle better and the two held close together until near the Eastern Gap. By this time the wind had become light and fluky, and in a favoring draft Gloria disengaged herself from her rival and entered the harbor first.

The sail was a most satisfying one and showed that in light airs Strathcona is dangerous even for such a craft as Gloria. It cannot be credited that Irondequoit will prove faster than Mr. McLeod's cutter, for the latter was built under rules that permit of greater sacrifices to speed. While Gloria is ten feet longer on the waterline than Strathcona, she has a foot less headroom, showing that she is much more cut away. In a good breeze the longer boat naturally is able to leave Strathcona astern, but whether she would save her time allowance is doubtful. In a light breeze Strathcona seems able to hold her own well.

Strathcona has been sailing so far under her Toronto canvas. It is a well made, narrow clothed, cross-cut suit, and while not yet setting perfectly is coming out well. The mainsail has a flowing leach. Its wrinkles are disappearing. Her English suit has been ready for some time, but it will not be bent until Mr. Ratsey, of Lapchorne & Ratsey, can personally superintend the operation.

Gloria has departed on her cruise on salt water. Her owner will be with her in New York for the America's Cup races. While this deprives Strathcona of a valuable trial boat, there is good material left for her in the Royal Canadian Y. C. fleet in such flyers as Merrythought, Yama, Canada, Vreda, Azzie and Zelma.

As a matter of fact it is impossible to put up a boat against Strathcona in trial races that will show exactly what she is worth, because Strathcona is the only Canadian yacht of her kind. She is the only 40-footer built under the new rule. The same thing applies to Irondequoit. This makes the contest all the more interesting, because however great evidences of speed are shown by either boat, there is no standard by which they can be compared. What they will do when they come together remains to be guessed at.

Strathcona appears to travel slightly by the head when running free. It was noticeable in her brush with Gloria that her dolphin striker was in the water all the time. Her sailing by the head does not, apparently, affect her speed. If necessary it could be remedied by substituting a hollow topmast for the solid one carried at present. Strathcona has a hollow topmast in readiness; this spar, like her others, having been made by Capt. James Andrews, of Oakville.

In a brush under lower sails only on Thursday, June 18, Gloria got away from Strathcona in a beat to windward. This was in a light breeze, lower canvas only being carried, because Strathcona's light sails were not ready then. The proportion of Strathcona's lower canvas to her total sail area is very large, much larger than Gloria's, the McLeod cutter having a mainsail of short hoist and a long topmast. On this account it was thought that when the two would come together under whole canvas Strathcona would be badly beaten; but she did better under topsails than she did before, one of the curiosities of sailing. Strathcona and Gloria have not yet had a brush under cub topsails, and one should prove interesting.

It is almost certain that Commodore Æmilius Jarvis, who has sailed every Canadian winner of the Canada's cup so far, will handle Strathcona in the great contest.

CHARLES H. SNIDER.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

Thursday, June 25.

The first of the series races given by the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. was held on Thursday, June 25. Three classes filled and there were twelve starters.

The 30-footers and raceabouts covered a triangular course twice. The course was from the starting line N. N. W. two miles to and around a mark, thence E. by N. ½ N. two and one-quarter miles to a mark, thence S. W. by S. two and one-half miles to the starting line, a distance of six and three-quarter miles. The wind was light from the S. E., making the first leg a run, the second a reach and the third a close reach.

There were two starters in the 30ft. class, Alert and Flosshilde. The latter boat showed up well and won easily. At the end of the first round Flosshilde had a lead of over three minutes, which she increased on the second round and won by 4m. 2s. Alert's defeat was a great surprise, and up to this time she had had no trouble beating Flosshilde. Alert is, if anything, the smarter boat of the two, and the great difference in the times shows that the racing between them was quite unsatisfactory.

There were five starters in the raceabout class, but only three finished, as Mavis and Scamp withdrew. Nathalie won by a big margin, being 8m. ahead of Mystery at the finish. This was the fourth race for the Jennings' cup.

Five of the Seawanhaka one-design 15-footers came to the starting line and all finished but Bairn. Cayenne was leading Wee Weam by a minute at the end of the first round. On the second time around Cayenne did even better, and won by 2m. 55s. The summary:

30-foot Sloops—Class N—Start, 12:15.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alert, J. W. Alker.....	2 54 55	1 54 55
Flosshilde, W. D. Hennen.....	3 04 26	2 04 26
Alerion, A. H. Alker.....	3 28 30	2 28 30
Little Peter, F. M. Weeks.....	Withdraw.	
Raceabout Class—Start, 12:25.		
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleeker.....	6 21 36	5 56 36
Nathalie, F. G. Stewart.....	6 10 30	5 44 30
Mystery, Johnson De Forest.....	6 18 30	5 52 30
Mavis, G. L. Pirie.....	Withdraw.	
Scamp, H. L. Maxwell.....	Withdraw.	
Seawanhaka 15-foot One-Design Class—Start, 12:35.		
Bairn, W. D. Matheson.....	Withdraw.	
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart.....	6 40 32	6 05 32
Cayenne, Colgate Hoyt.....	6 36 35	6 01 35
Imp, H. H. Landon.....	6 40 18	6 05 18
Wee Wean, R. L. Cuthbert.....	6 37 30	6 04 30

The winners were: Flosshilde, Nathalie and Cayenne.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26.

The second of the series races held on Friday, brought

out many more starters than on the previous day; in consequence the races were more interesting.

The start was scheduled for 12 M., but as there was little or no wind at that time, the preparatory was given, however, at 12:45, as a good breeze had come up from the south. All the boats sailed over the long course, which was from the starting line N. N. W. three miles to a mark, thence E. by N. ½ N. four miles to a mark, thence S. W. by S. four and three-quarter miles, a total distance of eleven and three-quarter miles. The first and second legs were reaches, while the third was a beat.

Boats in class N were sent away at one o'clock. Alert led over the line, with Alerion astern but to windward, while Flosshilde and Little Peter crossed in Alert's wake. Alert led from the start, and finished an easy winner, and turning the tables on Flosshilde, which had won the day before.

At 1:05 class P sloops and the raceabouts started. Dorothy led over the line in her class, followed by Lucille and Chingatchook.

Mavis was the first of the raceabouts to cross, followed by Jolly Roger, Mystery, Hobo, Cricket, Grasshopper and Indian, in the order named.

Bairn showed the way to her competitors at 1:15. Bobs, Yo San, Imp, Sabrina, Cayenne and Chipmunk II. followed, in the order given. The summary:

30ft. Sloops—Class N—Start, 1:00.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alert, J. W. Alker.....	2 54 55	1 54 55
Flosshilde, Fennen Bros.....	3 04 26	2 04 26
Alerion, A. H. Alker.....	3 28 30	2 28 30
Little Peter, F. M. Weeks.....	Withdraw.	
Sloops—Class P—Start, 1:05.		
Lucille, P. Williams.....	3 03 24	1 58 24
Chingatchook, E. A. Stevens, Jr.....	3 49 31	2 44 31
Dorothy, L. G. Spence.....	3 52 36	2 47 36
Raceabouts—Start, 1:01:05.		
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleeker.....	2 25 50	1 30 50
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	2 36 13	1 31 13
Mystery, Johnson De Forest.....	2 40 35	1 35 35
Grasshopper, H. Preyer.....	2 40 47	1 35 47
Mavis, G. L. Pirie.....	2 43 19	1 38 19
Indian, G. L. Pirie.....	2 44 29	1 39 29
Cricket, H. Willets.....	2 56 50	1 51 50
Seawanhaka 15-foot One-Design Class—Start, 1:15.		
Cayenne, Colgate Hoyt.....	2 31 50	1 16 50
Yo San, F. A. Plummer.....	2 34 26	1 19 26
Imp, H. H. Landon.....	2 35 58	1 20 58
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart.....	2 36 60	1 21 50
Bairn, W. J. Matheson.....	2 37 34	1 22 34
Chipmunk II., F. S. Young, Jr.....	2 45 06	1 30 06
Sabrina, C. W. Wetmore.....	2 50 46	1 35 46
We Wean, R. L. Cuthbert.....	Withdraw.	

The winners were: Alert, Lucille, Jolly Roger and Cayenne.

The real interest of the day was centered in the inter-club racing between the boats of the American Y. C. and boats of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. Each club was represented by three boats, Lania, a new boat designed by Mr. Clinton H. Crane for Mr. A. C. James, was one of the representatives of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. She was cleverly sailed by her designer. While the racing was close enough to be interesting, the boats belonging to the Long Island organization had rather the best of it. The races were decided on points, the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. securing 12 while the American Y. C. got but 8. The boats sailed twice over a triangular course. The summary, start 1:35:

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.'s Representatives.			
	1st round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Lania, A. C. James.....	3 05 20	4 23 02	2 48 02
Merry Wing, H. M. Crane.....	3 09 56	4 24 19	2 48 29
Nathalie, F. G. Stewart.....	3 12 10	4 28 57	2 53 34
American Y. C.'s Representatives.			
Howdie, S. Wainwright.....	3 09 22	4 23 36	2 48 36
Jolly Tar, S. Howard.....	3 10 40	4 24 58	2 49 58
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins.....	3 08 51	4 28 44	2 53 44

Saturday, June 27.

The third and last of the series races and the annual regatta were scheduled for Saturday. The race was quite without interest, as there was no breeze during the day. Some of the boats caught occasional puffs from the south-west, but they were becalmed most of the afternoon. About six o'clock the breeze struck in from the W. S. W., which enabled some of the boats to finish at the end of the first round. The boats started as follows:

1:20—Neola and Weetamoe.
1:25—Effort and Mimosa II.
1:30—Alert, Flosshilde and Alerion.
1:35—Lucille, Mystery, Chingatchook, Hobo, Nathalie, Grasshopper, Indian, Mavis, Dorothy, Cricket, Rascal, Adelaide, Jolly Roger, Rochelle, Jolly Tar, and Hourie.
1:45—Chipmunk II., Cayenne, Bobs, Bairn, Sabrina, Imp, Wee Wean, and Olita.
1:50—Why Not, Gosling, Scud, and Alga.
2:05—Knave, Capar and Ace.
2:15—Jeebi.

The boats worked their way slowly down to the first mark with the aid of their balloon jibs, but after that they drifted along with the tide.

No official summary. The winners were: Neola, Mimosa II., Anokatok, Alert, Adelaide, Nathalie, Sabrina, Capar and Jeebi.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

Saturday, June 27.

The Indian Harbor Y. C. gave a handicap race for club boats 36ft. and under and a race for the club's one-design class of sailabouts. The boats in the handicap class sailed twice over a five-mile course, and the sailabouts covered a three-mile course twice. In the early part of the afternoon there was no breeze and the start was postponed, but later a light southerly breeze came up and the boats were sent off. The summary:

Club Handicap.		
Montauk, W. Sheldon.....	4 15 00	6 48 05
Eos, E. Mead.....	4 17 00	6 56 50
Trouble, W. H. Childs.....	4 22 00	6 53 37
Snapper, F. H. Page.....	4 32 00	6 51 04
Robin Hood, G. E. Gartland.....	4 35 00	6 56 40
Vigeth, W. Hanan.....	4 35 00	6 54 08
Sailboats.		
Queenie, Frank Tilford.....	4 05 00	5 56 21
Stingy, E. Zittel.....	4 05 00	5 51 50
Betty, Swords & Hyde.....	4 05 00	5 54 11
Bug, G. F. Dominick, Jr.....	Withdraw.	

The winners were: Montauk and Stingy.

Annual Cruise of the Goodenough.

Story Submitted in "Forest and Stream" Cruising Competition.

BY FRANK F. FRISBIE, DETROIT, MICH.

To fish the stream well one must wear waders, but it is not a stream one can wade in all places.

We made several good catches on the Batchewana in '02. The Skipper one day five fish eleven pounds, another day five fish twelve and a quarter pounds, the Doctor eleven fish six pounds, while the Professor had eleven eight pounds. Small trout can be taken galore, but if one tries only for the big fellows he will not take so many.

Time flies and Ed. said he must go home, so we sail once more to the station and put him aboard the Dixon, but on the following trip up, we received another guest from Detroit, a lawyer friend, who, though sixty-five years have frosted his beard, loves to go a-fishing.

Soon after he comes aboard, we get sail on and stand out of the bay round the lower end of Batchewana Island for Commodore Island, which lies east of Rudderhead and south of Batchewana Island. We have to handle our craft with care here, as there is foul ground about the island, but when once in behind the island, we are in as



THE LOCKS AT SAULT STE. MARIE.

fine a little harbor as one can find and where we could lie safely through any old blow. From this anchorage we fish Rudderhead reefs and the shore to the eastward. Here we take all the trout needed and ramble in the deep forest of the mainland. While lying here an Indian came after a deer he had killed not far away, and we went aboard his small two-masted fish boat. He was cooking some tea. The Indian cooks tea. He boils it and boils it, until it is like lye. He had quite a scheme for building a fire in his boat. It consisted of a sheet-iron cylinder, with some dirt in the bottom and a hole or two punched in for draft. In this he built a fire of small sticks and hung his tin tea pail inside; in a few moments it was boiling furiously. The Professor tried to get a photograph of the outfit, but it was not very satisfactory, as he could not get far enough away in the small boat.

After some time spent in under Commodore Island we took advantage of a favorable breeze and slipped in through between Batchewana Island and the main land toward the head of the bay. Here was another favorite anchorage, near a rocky island in a sedge-bordered bay, where we sometimes found bass.

While the Skipper and the Doctor prospected in the small boat, the Professor sailed the yacht through the straits. He had to make several tacks to get in, but as the wind was light it was easy work to handle the schooner with Percy's assistance. In fact, one man can handle the Goodenough in a light breeze, as her staysail sheet leads aft and if necessary to let go to come in stays, it is easy to get at. With much wind and especially if he wanted to be sure that he would not miss stays, he might have trouble if alone, and not quick enough. Anchored in the little bay behind the island, we were very snug and a squall which went over was not noticed. The sun shone warm and with not much breeze, we needed our awning over the cock-pit. Then table and chairs were gotten out and we had a comfortable place for a game of cards.

We fished for bass a little, but they did not care to be taken out of the wet, so more loafing was done than fishing. The Skipper did some exploring in the small boat and all did some sleeping.

We once in a while get up early enough to see the sun rise and when we do, the scene viewed from the deck of the yacht when at this anchorage is beautiful. A rainy, misty, cloudy morning came, and as the sun came up over the high hills back of the distant Chippewa, trying in vain to disperse the low-lying, heavy moisture laden clouds, it well repaid us for being routed so early. A photograph was made, but it lacks the coloring and is very unsatisfactory. If one could only reproduce some of the gorgeous effects of color seen in the sunrise and sunset of this north land, the result would astonish those who have never witnessed them in nature.

After some time at the little island which we have christened Skeeter Island, from the fact that Billy, one of our friends, was driven off of it by the buzzing pests, we made sail for the lower bay, visiting the Chippewa on the way again, where the Doctor took some bass and some of the crew rowed up to the falls and took a few pound and pound and a half trout. We got back in time to get to our anchorage near the fish station by ten o'clock P. M., after a four hours' sail. We found more friends from the Soo at the station and some strangers with them from Albany, New York, who had come to the north shore for fishing. Our friends came up in a 30-foot gasoline launch. We had the crowd over for a baked trout supper, served in Percy's best style, and

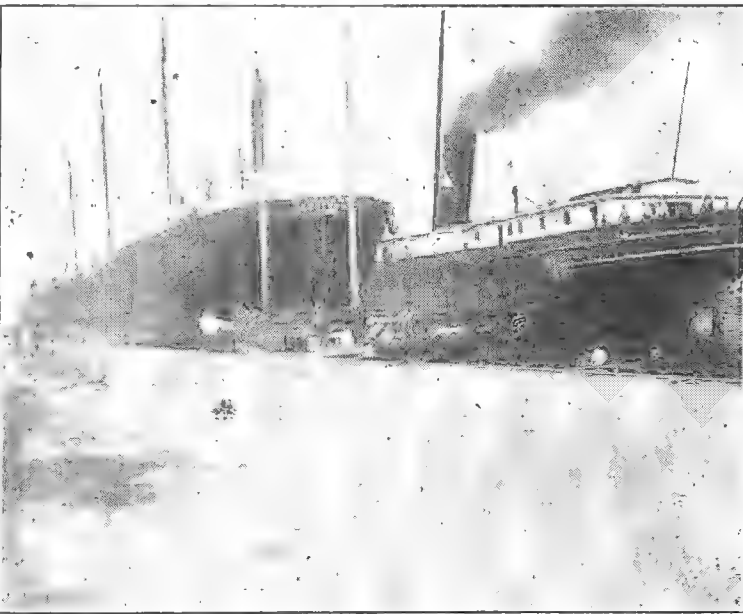
the gentlemen from Albany admitted baked Lake Superior brook trout were up to the mark.

We had not fished the Carp River this season, so we got the hook up and with a light breeze which threatened to either head us off or fail altogether, we manage to make our anchorage about a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the Carp. There is a sand bar extending some distance out and there is hardly water enough on it to float a small boat.

The Carp River is so named because there are no carp in it. The stream is between the Batchewana and the Chippewa in size, and about six miles from its mouth in an air line are some very beautiful falls and a very picturesque cañon.

The lower stretch of the Carp can be fished by rowing up the river a mile or two and then wading. The upper stretch is best fished by walking up to the falls and then fishing down stream until a road is reached that leads in a straight line to the anchorage.

We spent several days on the Carp and fished the upper and lower stretches of the river. The day in question we all went up to the falls and spent the day admiring the beauties of the cañon and falls. The river descends from the height of land in a succession of falls, each one jumping into a pool and then plunging down another steep. On one side the rocks are nearly perpendicular and can only be scaled with difficulty. At the lower fall, a large pool of crystal clear water contains a goodly number of trout, and we caught enough for dinner and soon had them broiling over a camp fire. It is strange how much better a fish tastes cooked out of doors in this way than when served on a platter in the orthodox manner. Below the falls in the cañon there are a succession of cascades and pools, each one good for one or more trout. Huge boulders and rocks, some encrusted with earth enough to support vegetation and trees, fill the cañon, while on each side rises a nearly virgin forest. After fishing the Carp thoroughly and getting photographs of the falls, we again felt like sailing, but the beautiful river with its falls, cascade, rapids and shadowy pools was hard to leave. Some of the shadow effects which we saw on the lower stretches of the river were fine, but it was aggravating not to be able to reproduce them with the camera.



YACHT GOODENOUGH AMONG THE FREIGHTERS, SOO CANAL.

Again we point our prow for the fishing station anchorage and the Tuff Enough, the Skipper's pet name for the yacht, generally contracted by all into the Tuff, dashes the rippling waves of the bay aside as she bowls along under full canvas with started sheets.

The scribe of the party after hearing the Skipper rename the Goodenough one day, seized his pencil and labored on the following, which has been dubbed the hymn of the Goodenough:

"This is the craft that sails the inland sea,
And tho' she's Tuff, she's Goodenough for me.
Oft times we growl at the old Tuff,
But vote at last she's Goodenough.

"The Commodore some change would make,
The Mate her windlass votes a fake,
But one and all say she's the 'stuf,'
And rightly named the Goodenough.

"When winds do blow and seas are high,
She rides them with her decks quite dry,
No matter if it comes with squall or puff,
The Tuff's on top and Goodenough.

"Tho' one and all seem quite inclined
With this or that some fault to find,
But after all, be it calm or rough,
We'll swear the Tuff is Goodenough."

While at anchor we saw the ketch-rigged yacht Cero, of New York, come into the bay and go up toward the Chippewa. This yacht was brought from salt water via the St. Lawrence and Welland canals. She is about 60 feet over all and has an auxiliary gasoline engine. Her owner is a gentleman who has become enamored with the north shore and has been on it for several seasons and has owned several yachts. The Cero is a very fine looking craft and seemed to be a good boat for north shore cruising, but on our way down we heard she had been caught out in a gale and had a very hard time. The Cero did not anchor near us, but we saluted her with bugle calls, to which she replied in kind. Chief Justice Shiras, we understood, was on board with her owner. The justice is a regular north shore visitor, as we have met him several seasons.

August was nearly gone and we had to go south before the first, as much as all the crew would like to linger. So the Skipper kept his weather eye open for a favorable wind and on the morning of the 28th, when he poked his head up the companionway, he sniffed a northeast wind. The bugle soon sounded the stirring notes of the reveille and all hands were on deck in no time in pajamas or any old thing, walking the yacht up to her anchor. As

soon as hove short stops were cast off, mainsail hoisted, sheet hauled taut and then the windlass clanked merrily until the hook was aweigh, up went our head sails and hard over went the wheel. The Goodenough slowly came about with the light breeze just filling her sails and soon her nose was pointing out of the bay. It was only five o'clock and we hoped the wind would freshen as the sun got higher, but it did not, and at nine o'clock we had only made Rudderhead. Here our wind flattened out and we hardly had steerage way, still we slid along, for it is wonderful how a craft like the Goodenough will creep over the water when apparently there is no wind. Drawing so little water and being nearly flat-iron shaped, she offers very little resistance.

We were in for an all-day drift, for as the sun rose higher and higher, the breeze became lighter and lighter. We got the table on deck and prepared to put in the time as comfortably as possible. The lake was as smooth as the proverbial mirror, and the deep water was nearly inky black, it was so clear. The water of Lake Superior is very peculiar in its color. When near the shore, so one can see the bottom, there does not seem to be any color, it is so clear and crystal-like, and one can see twenty or twenty-five feet into its limpid depths, but when in deep water it looks dark and black.

About four P. M. we were off Maple Island and the Skipper and Doctor lowered a small boat and rowed over to the reefs, to try for a trout. They had several rises but did not hook anything. There is good trout ground here.



OPENING THE GATES "SOO" LOCK TO LET GOODENOUGH OUT.

While drifting along these shoals, we saw a little tragedy enacted. We noticed a slight ripple on the water as if something was moving and presently saw a poor sick trout, of about eight inches, swimming on the surface. The poor little fellow seemed to be in bad shape and he wiggled by the yacht very slowly. We watched him over our stern, until he had gone fifty yards or more, then we saw a great gull swoop down and snatch the little fish up and rise into the air; before the gull had fairly gotten on wing again, the fish had gone where its sorrows and troubles were over.

Now our calm is broken by a slight breeze, but it is from the southeast and nearly dead ahead. We push our booms over to the starboard and try to get the yacht to head toward Parisian Island. As the sun sank into the west, the breeze freshened, but we could not make much on this tack, and when we came about did not seem to hold our own on the other. We debated the question, whether it would not be better to run up into Goulais Bay for the night, but decided as the wind came out of the bay, we would have to beat in and it might take nearly all night to do it. We had had that experience the year before. So the Skipper said sail on, and we sailed. At 7 o'clock the Professor got out the signal lights, as we were now down where the big steamers pass, and at 8 o'clock everybody turned in excepting the Skipper and Professor, who put on their heavy coats, as the night was cold and a winter ulster was none too warm. Our wind freshened and soon the yacht began to heel and dash the spray over her bows, but we made very little headway, and it was stand back and forth and keep our eyes peeled for the great freighters and their tows. About 1 o'clock we had gotten down nearly abreast of Iroquois Light, which we could see flashing every 30 seconds out of the gloom, and then began a race with a Pintsch gas buoy off of Gros Cap reefs. The wind now freshened into half a gale and the Tuff jumped and plunged as she took the choppy seas. The Professor had hard work to keep her on her course, as she would fall off and then when he would give her wheel, she would get a sea under her bow and come up too quickly. We had to make short tacks and not get too far inshore, so quick work had to be done, as it would not do to miss stays, when a 400 ft. iron freighter was coming down on us 14 miles an hour. The Skipper would sing out, "Let her come," and jump for the staysail sheet, let it go and then to the fore sheet, which he would slack. Round would come the yacht, everything creaking and snapping. The great foresail would fly over and be brought up with a bang, as the wind caught. The Professor would meet her with the wheel, steady her and then heave down on the staysail sheet, until the Skipper could make it fast. The Skipper would rush forward to change the smokestack, so the galley stove would draw and keep a fire going to keep the coffee hot; so all in all, there was something doing on the Tuff Enough.

The Skipper said he would not turn in, so the Doctor was called to help out and the Prof. turned in about 2 A. M. We had now gotten below Iroquois Point and about 3 A. M. the wind blew itself out, and about five in the morning it was nearly a calm, and we let go our hook just outside of the steamboat channel off Point Aux Pins, six miles from the Soo. Having seen the sun rise, we all turned in and did not rise ourselves until the Skipper's bugle played mess.

At eight o'clock a little wind came up and we thought

with the aid of the current, which from this point is very perceptible, we could make the canal, though it was a beat for it, but beating down the river was a different proposition in a light wind from trying to get up.

We got sail on and slowly left Point Aux Pins astern, and before noon put the Goodenough's nose into the ship canal. We had to get the canvas off of her, as we could not tack in the canal, and the Skipper and Doctor, assisted by Percy, who was now wide-awake, as he spied his family watching for papa on the banks of the canal, took a tow-line and walked the yacht down to the lock. We went into the old or Weitzel lock, and as we were locking through, it might not be out of place to give a few statistics, even if they are out of place in a yachting article. The Soo is one of the most interesting places to-day in the United States, if not in the world. It has two of the largest ship locks in the world. The Poe lock is 800 feet long, 100 feet wide and 21 feet deep over mitre sill. There is over twice as much tonnage passing through the canal than through the Suez Canal. There is an immense power plant, just finished, with canal of over two miles, furnishing 60,000 horse-power, costing over four millions. On the Canadian side are immense pulp mills, steel plants and other industries that have grown up like magic. There is a lock, second only to the Poe lock, 900 feet long, 60 feet wide, 21 feet deep, costing four millions. The Soo offers much for the entertainment of the yachtsman tourist and for the sportsman; it has many and great attractions.


The great falls of the Ste. Marie's River offer exciting canoe rides with Indian guides and the trout fishing in the rapids is very fair. Down below the Soo a few miles is probably one of the best bass grounds in the country. We lock through and a puffing tug takes our tow-line and pulls us out of the lock into the river. Here we hoist our canvas and sail down to our anchorage. Store clothes are resurrected and one by one the crew take train and boat for the lower country. Each and every one feels, as did the scribe, when he, like Silas Wegg, dropped into poetry:

"The passing day is almost o'er,
We leave behind the loved north shore,
And fast approach our anchoring ground
For now our ship is homeward bound.

With sheets hauled taut, we swiftly glide
Down past the Soo with wind and tide;
The good old Tuff sails fast—too fast,
For, alas! play days too soon are past.

"As evening shades succeed the light,
Below we see the beacon bright,
And steer our ship toward the bay,
We furl our sails, the anchor drops away.

"A silent crew, too full each heart,
For now the time has come to part;
'Farewell!' 'Good-by'—these simple words enough—
We part, but hope to sail again upon the Tuff."



"AS WANING SHADES SUCCEED THE LIGHT."

Gloucester Y. C.
GLOUCESTER, DELAWARE RIVER,
Sunday, June 21.

The fourth annual regatta of the Gloucester Y. C. was held on Sunday, June 21. There was a large number of starters and the 15-mile N. W. breeze that prevailed throughout the race made the contests interesting and exciting. Several boats capsized, but the crews were picked up none the worse for their wetting, and the boats were towed back to their moorings.

The course was from off Market street wharf, Gloucester, to Chester buoy and return, a distance of about thirty-six miles.

The summary follows:

Whitehall Boats—Start, 11:45.

	Finish.
Maggie, J. Duffy.....	3 39 00
Marion, W. Nolan.....	3 39 30
Defender, J. Young.....	4 01 00
Admiral, H. Wolfinger.....	Withdrew.
James.....	Withdrew.

Third Class Open Duckers—Start, 12:01.

Baby Ruth C., C. Randolph.....	4 13 00
Emma C., J. Christie.....	4 28 00
Edna, F. J. Murray.....	4 17 45
Martha C., J. Minahan.....	Withdrew.
Henry B., W. Christie.....	Withdrew.
Henry Moulton, G. Ritter.....	Withdrew.
Sam C.....	Withdrew.

Second Class Duckers—Start, 12:15.

Woodman and Florey, G. Smith.....	3 44 30
George B., George Pass.....	3 44 45
Lottie W., Harry Quinn.....	3 57 00
John Hirst, John Hirst.....	4 02 30
Catherine C., Ben Wilson.....	Withdrew.
Freda K.....	Withdrew.
Annie T.....	Withdrew.
Howard G.....	Withdrew.

First Class Duckers—Start, 12:23.

Joe McGinn, Arthur Henry.....	4 06 00
Minnie C., H. F. Cain.....	4 10 00
Hattie B.....	4 20 00
Jennie C., E. Eastwick.....	4 28 00

Eva, J. Chambers.....Capsized.
Charles Moulton, W. Ballentine.....Withdrew.
Annie, C. Matchinsky.....Withdrew.

Cabin Yachts—Start, 12:37.

Dorothy C.....	3 42 00
W. P. Naphy.....	4 07 30
Hornet.....	4 21 30

Open Yachts—Start, 12:39.

Colonel James O'Neil, C. O. Neil.....	3 58 30
John Engle, John Engle.....	4 21 00
James Hully, W. Flick.....	Upset.

Special Class—Start, 12:55.

Marie, W. Callum.....	3 47 30
Albert S., C. St. cross.....	4 17 30
Bessie, S. Y. Dorce.....	Withdrew.
Florence, W. Mace.....	Withdrew.

The winners were: Maggie, Baby Ruth C, Woodman and Florey, Joe McGinn, Dorethy C, Col. James O'Neil and Marie.

Old Mill Y. C.
Y. R. A. OF JAMAICA BAY,
Sunday, June 21.

The open regatta of the Old Mill Y. C. was held on Sunday, June 21. The weather was dull and rainy, but even under these unpleasant conditions twenty-three boats came to the starting line.

It cleared a little about three o'clock and a steady breeze from the N. by E. held the balance of the afternoon. The course for sloops, catboats and launches was from the mouth of Spring Creek, down Main Channel, to the spar buoy, off Barren Island and return; for sharpies, starting at the same point to and around the Canarsie breakwater and return.

The launches were started first so that they might be out of the way of the sailboats.

The summary follows:

Sloops.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Baby Roger	4 00 18	6 47 33	2 47 15
Dolly	4 01 26	Not timed.	
Kismet	4 01 12	6 52 20	2 51 08

Open Cats—Over 20ft.			
Selfish	4 15 50	Withdrew.	
Bill Nye	4 10 00	6 11 15	2 01 15

Open Cats—Under 20ft.			
Vision	4 10 35	6 31 43	1 21 08
So So	4 11 20	6 25 10	1 13 50
Harry C. Miner.....	4 11 00	6 40 05	1 29 05
Amaranth	4 11 20	6 40 20	1 29 09
Lechinvar	4 12 00	6 30 20	1 18 20
Lucy	4 11 33	Not timed.	

Sharpies.			
Lester	4 15 21	5 06 34	0 51 09
Free	4 15 30	5 07 31	0 52 01
Clyde	4 15 50	5 08 10	0 52 20
Alert	4 16 20	5 07 50	0 51 30
Viola	4 15 31	Disqualified.	

Launches Over 20ft.			
Lou	3 51 00	5 33 06	1 42 06
Wave	3 51 30	5 11 15	1 20 04
Lottie M.	3 53 20	5 36 45	1 33 25

Launches Under 20ft.			
Wild Willie	3 55 22	5 38 45	1 52 33
Pet	3 55 45	Withdrew.	
Ella	3 55 30	Withdrew.	
Eagle	3 55 30	5 21 11	1 29 41

The winners were Baby Roger, Bill Nye, So So, Lester, Wave and Eagle.

Bristol Y. C.
BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND,
Saturday, June 20.

The Bristol Y. C. held its first regatta on Saturday, June 20. The race was sailed under squally and uncertain conditions. The 15-footer Unique, owned by Mr. James Whitehead, of Fall River, capsized at the end of the first round. The summary:

First Division—Class 1.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lady Mary, William Aldrich.....	2 00 50	2 11 50
Nellie, John Oates.....	2 26 09	2 26 09

Class 2.

Opitsah II., Charles F. Tillinghast.....	2 11 35	2 26 09
Wanderer, Flint Bros.....	Withdrew.	

Second Division—Class 1.

Wild Swan, W. L. McKee.....	2 00 00	1 59 08
Grace, E. Catlin, Jr.....	1 47 39	1 47 39
Orina, Frank Pardee.....	1 45 45	1 44 57
Onoo, F. E. Wood.....	1 57 09	1 54 46

Class 2.

Khediye, H. D. Hough.....	1 52 11	1 52 11
Marguerite, John D. Peck.....	1 50 45	1 48 38
Ira, Newton F. Arnold.....	1 42 58	1 42 07
Nobska, G. Rooks.....	1 44 49	1 42 50
Caroline, A. McCloud.....	1 46 24	1 42 57
Bessie, E. H. Booth.....	Withdrew.	

Class 3.

Ingomar, J. J. Whitehead.....	1 47 52	1 46 47
Bother, Charles O. Black.....	1 50 08	1 50 08

Class 4.

Unique, James Whitehead.....	Capsized.	
Heiress, J. F. Rookes.....	1 48 17	1 48 17

Class 5.

Gloria, F. P. Howe.....	1 44 37	1 44 37
Dora, John Conboy.....	Withdrew.	

Class 6.

Minette, Howe Bros.....	1 11 57	1 10 46
Kid, Miss Thurber.....	1 02 42	1 02 42

Special Class—Launches.

Dixie, Everett L. Church.....	2 43 33	
Vif, W. O. Talcott.....	2 40 30	
Catarina, J. Shepard.....	2 40 37	

The winners were: Lady Mary, Opitsah II., Orina, Ira, Ingomar, Heiress, Gloria, Kid and Vif.

Corinthian Y. C.
STAMFORD, LONG ISLAND SOUND,
Saturday, June 27.

The Corinthian Y. C., of Stamford, held a special race for the launches Hartford, Palmer and Æolus on Saturday, June 27. The race was to settle the championship of the 21-26ft. class of launches. The boats covered a nine-mile course and they were bunched the entire distance. Palmer would have won on time, but she was protested by Mr. Hatch, owner of Hartford, for fouling his boat several times during the race. The summary, start 3:25:

	Finish.
Hartford, W. P. Hatch.....	4 23 00½
Palmer, T. F. Smith.....	4 23 00½
Æolus, R. H. Gillespie.....	4 23 00½

Boston Y. C.
MARBLEHEAD, MASS.,
Saturday, June 27.

The club race of the Boston Y. C. was sailed off the club's station at Marblehead, on Saturday, June 27, in very fluky breezes, varying from west, southwest to southeast. In the 25ft. class there were two starters, Chewink III. and Great Haste. Great Haste was first over the starting line, and in the weather position, but Chewink was footing the faster of the two and pulled through Great Haste's lee. She hung to a most comfortable lead, until they had turned the second last mark, when the breeze flattened and Great Haste made a gain. On a short beat to the finish Chewink managed to hold the lead.

In the 22ft. class there was a good race between Opitsah V. and Medric, in spite of the fluky wind. Opitsah V. got the best of the start, but on the windward leg Medric went up on her, thus starting a luffing match, which took both high of their course. When they squared away with sheets lifted, Medric opened out a lead. On the next leg Opitsah V. was favored by a fluke, which enabled her to turn the mark inside Medric, and from this out Opitsah V. led.

In the 18ft. knockabout class Malillian had the best of the start, with the rest of the boats pretty well bunched. There was a great scrap on the beat to windward, the lead being constantly shifted. Miss Modesty finally got the lead and turned the weather mark first. From this out the wind was fickle, and they did little more than drift. Rattler found this to her liking, and she went out to the front, finishing minutes ahead.

In the first handicap class, the 21-footer Opitsah III. and the 22-footer Setzu were the starters. Opitsah III. was given time allowance, but on account of flukes she won without it. In the second handicap class Dabster won, the other boats withdrawing. The summary:

25-footers.		
	Elapsed.	
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	2 13 13	
Great Haste, T. K. Lathrop, Jr.....	2 23 13	

22-footers.		
	Elapsed.	
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. J. Foster.....	2 30 46	
Medric, Herbert White.....	2 34 13	

18-footers.		
	Elapsed.	
Rattler, A. D. Irving.....	3 18 20	
Scraper, C. Loring, Jr.....	3 35 56	
Humbog, Cole and Bacon.....	3 36 11	
Myrmidon, Caleb Loring.....	3 36 13	
Crow, Lauriat & Hooper.....	3 36 41	
Miss Modesty, B. S. Permar.....	3 37 20	
Dominoe, C. C. Clapp.....	Withdrew.	
Malillian, F. L. Woods.....	Withdrew.	
Mirage, J. W. Olmstead.....	Withdrew.	

First Handicap.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Opitsah III., J. Whitney.....	2 34 23	2 29 45
Setzu, F. B. Talbot.....	2 35 02	2 35 02

Second Handicap.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dabster, F. Skinner, Jr.....	3 21 08	3 21 08
Clarice, Walter Burgess.....	Withdrew.	
Bugberra, F. B. Allen.....	Withdrew.	
Aspenet, E. W. Remick.....	Withdrew.	

Beverly Y. C.
BUZZARD'S BAY, MASS.
Saturday, June 27.

The regular club race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed off Wing's Neck, in Buzzard's Bay, on Saturday, June 27, in a rattling southwest breeze, which called for single reefs. The one-design 30-footers got away in a bunch, with Gamecock in the lead. On the beat down the bay they split tacks, and Praxilla went into the lead. She held her advantage to the finish. In the 21-footers there was a mix-up at the start. Jack Rabbit was over too soon, and in going back to recross, she was shot across the other boats, which were going over the line. She lost a minute by this and another 5m. in reefing. Barnacle again had things about her own way and won easily. In the fourth class cats Krieker had the best of the start, and led all over the course. There were ten entries in the 15ft. class, in which Spider was the winner. The summary:

30ft. Class.		
	Elapsed.	
Praxilla, J. Parkinson, Jr.....	2 44 28	
Mashnee, R. W. Emmons, 2d.....	2 46 58	
Gamecock, Louis Bacon.....	2 51 15	
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore.....	2 51 58	
Notes, C. H. Taylor, Jr.....	2 51 59	
Evelyn, John Hitchcock.....	3 02 10	

21ft. Class.		
	Elapsed.	
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis.....	1 54 30	
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney.....	2 01 15	
Radiant, C. F. Baker.....	2 01 38	
Jack Rabbit, J. Crane, Jr.....	2 07 10	

Fourth Class Cats.		
	Elapsed.	
Krieker, W. S. Jameson.....	1 31 49	
Allison II., S. B. McLeod.....	1 32 18	
Sergius, W. F. Cox.....	1 36 20	
Hod, H. B. Holmes.....	1 38 23	

15-footers.		
	Elapsed.	
Spider, H. M. Stone.....	1 11 23	
Flickamarro, Misses Emmons.....	1 12 55	
Teazer, Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d.....	1 13 07	
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson.....	1 14 28	
Avalon, Frederick Ayer.....	1 14 38	
Catspaw, S. D. Warren.....	1 15 45	
Fly, Miss Williams.....	1 16 08	
Varda, J. Parkinson, Jr.....	1 16 20	
Fiddler, Misses Dabney.....	Not timed.	
Jub Jub, Miss Stockton.....	Not timed.	

Wollaston Y. C.
QUINCY, MASS.,
Saturday, June 27.

The first club championship race of the Wollaston Y. C. was sailed in Quincy Bay, on Saturday, June 27, in a light southwest breeze. In class A Sheila won on elapsed and corrected times, and West Wind made the same record in class C. The summary:

Class A.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sheila, L. F. Hewitson.....	1 42 48	1 16 14
Neptune, A. E. Linnell.....	1 43 32	1 17 53
Snomomis, Chase & Blake.....	1 44 12	1 19 44
No Name, J. L. Smith.....	Withdrew.	

Class C.

West Wind, W. M. Chase.....	1 59 28	1 23 16
Sea Gull, E. L. Hallett.....	2 09 00	1 32 40

Columbia Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.,

Saturday, June 27.

A club race of the Columbia Y. C. was sailed in Dorchester Bay, on Saturday, June 27, in a fluky breeze, which did not show up the yachts in their best racing forms. The summary:

First Class.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wapitka	2 18 15	2 06 00
Rival	2 28 23	2 19 23
Werl	2 40 20	2 20 20
Lena	2 40 20	2 20 20
Nelka	2 30 30	2 20 30
Ynome	2 39 27	2 27 27
Grandee	2 55 22	2 28 22
Second Class.		
Catheryn	2 07 55	2 01 55
Strideaway	2 04 50	2 02 50
Guide	2 15 20	2 06 20
Acme	2 09 33	2 07 33
Florence	2 18 30	2 14 30
Walrus did not finish, owing to accident.		
Third Class.		
Supero	1 39 55	1 39 25
Osceola	1 42 45	1 40 45
Hinkee Dee	1 51 50	1 50 50
Magnet	1 54 00	1 54 54
T. A. G.	2 09 15	2 07 15
Reliance	Withdrew.	

West End Y. C.

NEW YORK, June 29.—The second annual regatta of the West End Y. C. was held on June 21. The day being very showery kept from contesting many boats that had entered. The course was from the club house, One Hundred and Sixty-third street, Hudson River, to a mark off the long dock on the Jersey shore, thence to another mark off the Fort Lee ferry house on the Jersey shore, then back to the judges' boats. Twice around for all boats, about 15 miles, flying start; a fresh N. E. breeze.

Class A—Start, 2:26.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
*Ethel	2 54 21	2 56 21
*Cob Web	2 57 20	...
*Corest	Withdrew.	
Class B—Start, 2:26.		
*Frank	2 53 00	
*Marguerite	2 57 34	2 58 19
Class C—Start, 2:26.		
*Marvis	2 42 20	...
*Comanche	Withdrew.	
Launches—Start, 2:45.		
*Uno	1 34 07	...
Hiella	1 36 42	...
Kidder	1 37 45	...

*A silver cup was given to the winners in each class on a special prize to the last boat finished.

A silver cup was given to the winners in each class, and a special prize to the last boat finished.

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.,

Saturday, June 27.

The third club race of the Cohasset Y. C. was sailed off Cohasset on Saturday, June 27, in a fluky breeze from the southeast. In the 21-footers Delta won a good race. Result won easily in the 18ft. knockabouts. In the handicap class Undine won by a safe margin. The summary:

21ft. Knockabouts.	
	Elapsed.
Delta, R. B. Williams	2 00 15
Harelda, Alanson Bigelow, Jr.	2 02 35
Remora, Courtney Cushing	2 11 52
Eleanor, Moore Bros.	2 13 40
18ft. Knockabouts.	
Result	2 16 15
Kanaker, Montgomery Sears	3 03 25
Handicap Class.	
Undine, Gilbert Tower	1 48 30
Willie, H. B. Cousens	1 52 45
Crestrel	1 56 15

Duxbury Y. C.

SOUTH DUXBURY, MASS.,

Saturday, June 27.

The first race of the Duxbury Club of the season was sailed off the club house, South Duxbury, in a very light easterly breeze. Only the 18-foot knockabout class filled. Miladi got over the starting line before the gun fired, but in spite of this she caught the bunch and finished a winner. The summary:

	Elapsed.
Miladi, F. R. Williams	2 13 20
Aspenquid 2d, C. Foster	2 13 43
Kittawake, H. M. Jones	2 15 05
Wink, L. B. Goodspeed	2 20 38
Osprey, A. Train	Withdrew.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Aspirant, the cutter built by Mr. B. F. Wood at City Island from designs by Messrs. Gardner & Cox for Messrs. Addison G. and H. Wilmer Hanan, will be launched on Tuesday evening, June 30. The yacht is well built, and a better piece of construction has never been turned out by any American yard. Mr. Wood acknowledged that he had given more attention to the building of Aspirant than any boat he had ever produced. She is double planked, cedar inside and an outer skin of mahogany. All the frames amidships are of bronze. Aspirant is 65ft. over all, 42ft. waterline, 12ft. 6in. breadth and 9ft. draft. She will sail her first race at Larchmont on July 4, and will meet Effort, Mimosa II. and Challenge.

The following schedule for power boat races has been made up and all the events will be held under the auspices of the American Power Boat Association: Saturday, July 11, Newark Y. C.; Saturday, July 18, Indian Harbor Y. C.; Thursday, August 13, Atlantic Y. C.; Saturday, August 29, Brooklyn Y. C.; Wednesday, September 9, New Rochelle Y. C.

The Regatta Committee of the Sachem's Head Y. C. has laid out the following racing events: Point races, July 4, 13, and 27, and August 17, 24, and 31; knockabout team race, July 6; ladies' race, August 10; annual regatta, September 7; annual cruise, August 3-8.

Eight yachts started in the race from Dover to Helgoland (a distance of three hundred and twenty miles) for the Emperor William cup. The boats made slow time over the course owing to head winds. The race was won by the yawl Fiona, owned by the Marquis of Camden.

We are indebted to Mr. Edward M. MacLellan, secretary of the Manhasset Bay Y. C., for a copy of the club's book.

Ingomar, the steel schooner designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., was launched from the yard of the builders at Bristol on Wednesday, June 24. The yacht was built for Mr. Morton F. Plant. She is 127ft. over all, 87ft. waterline, 24ft. breadth and 14ft. draft.

The New York Y. C.'s book for 1903 has been distributed to the members. The book has been entirely revised by Secretary George A. Cormack, and it is by far the best book the club has ever gotten out.

The schooner Meteor, owned by Emperor William, won the race sailed off Kiel, Prussia, on June 26 for the American cup presented by Mr. J. P. Morgan.

Yachting has made great progress in Canada during the last few years. The Royal Kennebecasis Y. C., of St. John, N. B., organized a few years ago, has now a membership of 300, and a large fleet of small yachts and power craft. A new club was recently organized on the Miramichi, the Chatham Y. C., with J. L. Stewart as commodore; W. H. Tapper vice-commodore; E. B. Wyse, rear-commodore, and T. M. Gaynor, secretary-treasurer. Its fleet is small, but the veteran yachtsman at its head will, no doubt, make it a success.

Canoeing.**New York C. C.**

BENSONHURST, GRAVESEND BAY,

Saturday, June 27.

The third regatta of the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay held on the afternoon of Saturday, June 27, was by far the best given this year. An 8 knot breeze held steadily throughout the contest, making good times possible. The winners were Bonito, Squaw, Ogeemah, Spots and Jig-a-Jig. Pickininy scored a sail over.

In the catboat class Rascal finished ahead of Martha M. The latter, however, would have won the event on time allowance had not Rascal protested her for fouling at one of the turning buoys. The winner cannot be determined until the protest is acted upon.

The courses were sailed in reverse order, leaving all marks on the port hand. Boats outside had windward work to Craven Shoal Bell buoy, one or two close hauled boards to Red Can Buoy No. 2 off Coney Island Point and a reach home to the start off Ulmer Park. The other starters had a broad reach to the Marine and Field Club mark, a close reach to the buoy off Fort Hamilton, windward work to the stake boat off Sea Gate and a reach home. Both courses were covered twice.

Competition among the boats going the outside course, those above class J, was better than usual, the contestants keeping much nearer together. Ogeemah and Spots did especially well among the smaller craft.

At the finish Bonito had beaten Kangaroo 4m. 18s. Squaw beat Indian 7m. 5s.; Ogeemah beat Karma 3m. 33s.; Vagabond, 8m. 55s.; Spots beat Wraith 1m. 19s.; Rascal finished 1m. 5s. ahead of Martha M., 4m. 57s. ahead of Boozie. Jig-a-Jig beat Esperance 1m. 20s., Kelpie 3m. 4s., Vixen 4m. 12s., Quinque 6m. 30s., Stinger 12m. 45s.

The fourth regatta of the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay occurs on July 18 under the auspices of the Bensonhurst Y. C. The summaries of the race of June 27 follow:

Sloops—Class M—Special—Start, 3:03.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bonito, Haviland Bros.	5 04 50	2 01 50
Kangaroo, C. H. Humphreys.	5 09 08	2 06 08
Pocahontas, L. P. Atkinson.	Not timed.	
Sloops—Class N—Start, 3:03.		
Squaw, H. J. Heath.	5 19 40	2 16 40
Indian, H. F. Menton.	5 26 45	2 23 45
Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:06.		
Ogeemah, Brophy & Mackay.	4 26 20	1 20 20
Karma, J. C. Erskine.	4 28 53	1 22 53
Vagabond, T. A. Vernon.	4 35 15	1 29 15
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:09.		
Spots, D. D. Allerton.	4 28 33	1 17 33
Wraith, Calvin Tomkins.	4 37 52	1 28 52
Sloops—Class R—Start, 3:18.		
Pickininy, E. H. Low.	4 45 48	1 30 48
Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:18.		
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock.	4 38 10	1 10 10
Martha M., Richard Moore.	4 39 15	1 11 15
Boozie, C. D. Durkee.	4 43 07	1 25 07
Corrected time: Martha M., 1:09.11; Boozie, 1:24.07.		
Marine and Field Class—Start, 3:21.		
Jig-a-Jig, Ferguson & Hutcheson.	4 46 10	1 25 10
Esperance, T. A. Hamilton.	4 47 30	1 26 30
Kelpie, W. K. Brown.	4 49 14	1 28 14
Vixen, J. J. Mahoney.	4 50 12	1 29 12
Quinque, W. J. Spence.	4 52 40	1 31 40
Stinger, A. P. Clapp.	4 58 55	1 37 55

A. C. A. Membership.

The following have applied for membership to the A. C. A.:

Eastern Division.—W. W. Morrison, Wm. A. Phinney, W. R. Bliss, G. H. Abbott, H. M. Colby, H. W. Spaulding, Don W. Osgood, W. R. Wescott, W. C.

Colby, R. D. Reed, Lester P. Horne, B. F. Welch, H. G. Clough, Clinton Phelps, F. L. Chase, Guy B. True, Manchester, N. H.; F. LeRoy Pratt, Winchester, Mass.; Harry Merriam, Edgar Frost, F. W. Biery, Jr., Wilfred Cyr, Joseph Prince, Earle Allen, Carl G. Weiss, H. L. Backus, E. A. Johnson, Wilbur Cross, Deane B. Small, Lawrence, Mass.; F. L. Angus, Alex. Ritchie, Andover, Mass.; Chas. G. Newcomb, Frank Gibbs, Ralph P. Hayes, E. L. Tufts, Jr., H. E. Boardman, Medford, Mass.; J. A. Garland, Somerville, Mass.; T. G. Beggs, Jr., F. J. Babcock, Woburn, Mass.; Harry L. Dadman, Worcester, Mass.; B. E. Phillips, Jr., Dedham, Mass.; Edwin T. Samuels, Hyde Park, Mass.; H. Willard Hiss, Baltimore, Md.; R. A. Garrison, Newton, Mass.

Atlantic Division.—Elmer B. Ayres.

American Canoe Association.

REGATTA PROGRAMME.

Sugar Island, St. Lawrence River, Aug. 7 to 22, 1903.

(Prescribed by Racing Regulations.)

RECORD RACES.

Event No. 1: Combined paddling and sailing record race; 3 miles; time limit 1½ hours; start to be made under paddle; ½ mile, alternately, paddling and sailing.
Event No. 2: Paddling record race; ½ mile straightaway.
Event No. 3: Sailing record race; 4½ miles; time limit 2½ hours.

Note.—The record races are governed by Rule VI. of the Racing Regulations.

SAILING RACES.

Event No. 4: A. C. A. trophy sailing race, 9 miles; time limit 3½ hours.

Event No. 5: Dolphin trophy sailing race, 7½ miles; time limit 3 hours.

Note.—By deed of gift the winner of the A. C. A. sailing trophy is debarrd from entry in the Dolphin trophy race.

Event No. 6: Deeked or open canoe sailing race, 6 miles; time limit, 2½ hours.

PADDLING RACES.

Event No. 7: A. C. A. trophy paddling race, 1 mile straightaway.

Event No. 8: One-man paddling race, single blades, ½ mile.

Event No. 9: One-man paddling race, double blades, ½ mile.

Event No. 10: Tandem paddling race, single blades, ½ mile.

Event No. 11: Tandem paddling race; double blades, ½ mile.

Event No. 12: Fours, paddling race; single blades, ½ mile.

Event No. 13: Fours, paddling race, double blades, ½ mile.

(Not Prescribed by Racing Regulations.)

SAILING RACES.

Event No. 14: Novice sailing race; 3 miles; time limit 1½ hours; open to men who have not sailed in canoe races prior to Sept. 1, 1902.

Event No. 15: Club sailing race, 2 miles to leeward (or windward) and return; to be won by the club that shall have first three canoes finish.

Event No. 16: Open canoe sailing race, 1½ miles.

Event No. 17: Cruising canoe sailing race, 3 miles; time limit 1½ hours.

Event No. 18: Special class sailing race.

Note.—Events Nos. 17 and 18 are governed by Rule I. of the Racing Regulations, and may be changed by the amendment of such rule.

PADDLING RACES.

Event No. 19: Novice paddling race, single (or double) blade, ½ mile. Open to men who have never raced at any general or division camp of the American Canoe Association.

Event No. 20: War canoe paddling race, 1 mile straightaway.

Event No. 21: Upset paddling race, ¼ mile.

Event No. 22: Gunwale paddling race; ¼ mile.

Event No. 23: Tail-end paddling race; ¼ mile.

SUNDRY RACES.

Event No. 24: Hurry-scurry race; run, swim and paddle, 300 yards.

Event No. 25: Tilting tournament.

Note.—In addition to the foregoing, there will be sailed the Elliott sailing trophy race, open only to members of the Atlantic Division; and there will also be sailed or paddled such other Division sailing or paddling trophy races as shall not have been sailed or paddled at the respective Division camps this year.

The Regatta Committee will start the minor races not later than Wednesday, Aug. 12, 1903, the middle of the first week of the annual camp, so as to insure the completion of the programme by the second week; camp closing Friday, Aug. 21. To that end all men are requested to be at camp in time for such races.

The Regatta Committee reserves the right to add to or change this programme at the annual camp by duly posted notice at headquarters.

The Regatta Committee calls attention to sundry proposed changes in the existing Racing Regulations, which will be published in complete and proper form in the official organs of the A. C. A., and voted on by the Executive Committee prior to the annual camp, as per Chapter XIII. of the By-Laws, and Rule XXIII. of the Racing Regulations.

Regatta Committee, 1903: C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Canada; H. C. Hoyt, Rochester, N. Y.; A. W. Friese, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. K. Hand, Chairman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

July 6-7.—New Haven, Conn.—South New England Schuetzen Bund annual schuetzenfest, under the auspices of the Independent German Rifle Company. H. C. Young, Sec'y.

International Revolver Match.

THE postponement of the International Revolver match, which was anticipated as a consequence to a delay in receiving the standard American target by the French team, was never in a material stage, as the targets were found and delivered in ample time.

The members of the French team are as follows: MM. Balme, Fouconnier, Lecoq, Louvier, P. Moreau and Sartori, of Paris; Capt. Moreau and Adj. Paroche, of Rennes; M. Laurette, of Ham; Comte de Castelbajac, of Libourné; Capt. Chauchat, of Versailles; M. Dutfoy, of Marseilles; M. Keller Dorian, of Lyons; M. Moline Paget, of Dieppe, and Commandant Py, of St. Omer.

Substitutes are M. Cazin, of Marseilles; M. Larroy, of Toulouse; M. De Passio, of Lyons, and MM. Feugray and Giralton, of Paris.

The tryouts at Walnut Hill on Friday and Saturday of last week resulted in a selection of a team and substitutes as follows: R. H. Sayre, who is now in Paris, and who has been permitted by the U. S. R. A. to shoot with the Frenchmen as a member of the American team; Oscar I. Olson, Duluth; B. F. Wilder, New York; J. A. Deitz, Jr., New York; E. E. Patridge, Boston; C. S. Axtell, Springfield; J. D. Humphrey, Boston; J. R. Calkins, Springfield; C. S. Bouve, Boston; William Amory, 2d, Boston; Thomas Anderson, Boston; W. A. Smith, Springfield; C. F. G. Armstrong, Boston; A. L. A. Himmelwright, New York; R. S. Hale, Boston; J. B. Crabtree, Springfield; Louis Bell, Boston; William N. Luckett, New York; A. R. Whittier, Boston. The American team shot on Tuesday of this week. Dr. Sayre, in Paris, was to shoot at the same time, in the Maison Lafitte Shooting Club, as his fellow members shot on this side.

Sergt. W. E. Petty, the champion revolver shot, owing to the exactions of his profession, will not be able to participate in the match, hence the team loses an eminently strong contestant.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 22.—There was held at Shell Mound range yesterday a very interesting contest with revolvers. Ten picked men from the San Francisco Police Department were pitted against a similar number of men from the Golden Gate Club. The police used service weapons and their opponents target revolvers. The former were allowed 30 points handicap. The result was very close, and there will doubtless be a return match. Scores:

Golden Gate.	Police Team.
J. E. Gorman.....48 47	Smith Carr.....45 49
J. Kullman.....39 49	Chas. Fennell.....45 44
V. C. Pritchard.....48 46	Wm. Proll.....43 44
J. R. Trego.....46 49	Sergt. R. Wolf.....44 43
L. C. Hinkel.....46 47	H. Hook.....46 46
T. E. Mason.....45 46	Sergt. Christensen.....45 43
C. A. Becker.....47 42	W. W. Wilson.....43 44
G. W. Hoadley.....47 47	W. C. French.....46 46
M. J. White.....47 48	Geo. Burkholder.....44 46
P. C. Becker.....47 48—929	J. A. Hayes.....44 45 + 30

The Turner Schuetzens held an open shoot, 25-ring target, four shots to a ticket, cash prizes. Scores: A. Strecker 94, O. Bremer 92, F. P. Schuster 91, H. Windmuller 91, C. Peach 91, M. F. Blasse 90, H. Enge 87, J. Schaub 87, H. Schennart 87, G. H. Bahrs 86, H. Huber 86, J. Howerwass 86, A. Jungblut 86, M. Kohlender 86, F. Mante 84, W. Ehrenpfort 81, A. Schleuter 80, F. E. Mason 79, F. Attmyer 78, G. F. White 73, F. Hausman 69, Capt. L. Siebe 44.

A New Army Rifle

THE daily press recounts that the Government has approved and adopted the new improved magazine rifle, which has been under test for a year past. Orders have also been issued by Gen. Crozier to the officers on duty at the Springfield Arsenal to complete arrangements as soon as possible for the work of manufacturing the new gun.

The new rifle is to have a barrel 24in. long, a compromise length between the 30in. infantry arm and the 22in. cavalry carbine. One of the features is the use of a rod bayonet in place of the sword bayonet. Both the infantry board at Fort Leavenworth and the cavalry board at Fort Riley approved the new rifle. The Navy also will be equipped with the new rifle, so that the same kind of ammunition can be used in both services.

There are seven countries formally committed to competition for the Palma trophy, namely, the United States, Great Britain, France, Norway, Canada, Australia and Natal. Switzerland and Rhodesia are possible contestants.

Henry Oliver Peabody, famous as the inventor of the Peabody rifle, died at Point Allerton, Mass., June 28, in his seventy-seventh year.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

- July 1.—Annual tournament of the Sherbrooke, Que., Gun Club. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
- July 1.—Bolivar, N. Y., Gun Club's fourth annual tournament. J. F. Care, Sec'y.
- July 2.—Rockville Conn., Gun Club tournament.
- July 3-4.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club's two days' shoot. A. H. Frank, Sec'y.
- July 3-4.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Gun Club two-day tournament. A. Betti, Mgr.
- July 4.—Napoleon, Ohio, Sportsmen's Association all-day shoot. A. Bradley, Jr., Sec'y.
- July 4.—Ilion, N. Y.—All-day tournament of the Remington Gun Club.
- July 4.—Middletown, N. Y., Gun Club's open shoot.
- July 4.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club shoot.
- July 4.—Towanda, Pa., Gun Club's annual tournament. W. F. Dittich, Sec'y.
- July 4.—Concord, Staten Island.—All-day target shoot of the Richmond Gun Club. Special handicap, 100 targets, for \$10 in gold. Albert A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
- July 4.—Altoona Rod and Gun Club. Targets. G. G. Zeth, secretary, Altoona, Pa.
- July 4.—All-day shoot of the Haverhill (Mass.) Gun Club. S. G. Miller, secretary.
- July 4.—Analostan Gun Club's third annual merchandise prize tournament. W. H. Hunter, Sec'y, 1228 Twenty-ninth street, Washington, D. C.
- July 4.—Dover, N. H., Sportsman's Association's Holiday shoot. D. W. Hallam, secretary.
- July 4.—Topsham, Me.—All-day tournament of the Riverside Shooting Club. Fred W. Atkinson, Sec'y.
- *July 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
- July 8-9.—Huntsville, Ala.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club. E. R. Matthews, Sec'y.
- July 8-10.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's thirteenth annual meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Jonesboro, Ark., Gun Club, of which Matthews is Sec'y-Treas.
- July 10.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club sweepstake shoot. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
- July 12.—Jersey City, N. J.—Shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. A. L. Hughes, Sec'y.
- *July, second week.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club's tournament.
- July 14-16.—The Americus, Ga., second annual interstate target tournament. H. S. McCleskey, Sec'y.
- July 15.—Charlottesville, Va.—Shoot of the University of Virginia. G. L. Bruffey, Sec'y.
- July 18.—Chicago, Ill., Gun Club's tournament. A. A. Walters, Sec'y.
- July 20-22.—Winnipeg, Can.—Seventh annual trapshooting tournament of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association. F. W. Heubach, Gen'l Mgr.
- *July 21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. W. R. Keefer, Sec'y.
- July 30-Aug. 1.—La Crosse, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the La Crosse and Viroqua gun clubs. John M. Moore, Sec'y.
- *Aug. 5-6.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament.
- Aug. 12-13.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.
- Aug. 12-15.—Toronto, Ont.—Annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas., Ottawa, Can.
- Aug. 18-20.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Second annual target tournament of the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association of Grand Rapids; \$1,000 added. A. B. Richmond, Sec'y.
- Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.
- *Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.
- Aug. 26-27.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club's annual tournament. Dr. R. E. Dinger, Mgr.
- Aug. 25-28.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Annual Indian tournament. Frank C. Riehl, Chief Scribe.
- *Sept. 1-2.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The next shoot of the Hudson Gun Club, Jersey City, N. J., will be held on July 12.

The Fairview Gun Club, of New Jersey, held its opening shoot on Saturday of last week, on its grounds, near Englewood.

When a wealthy man shoots badly, he is not in his usual good form. When a poor man shoots badly he is a poor shot, present, past and future.

A new gun club has been organized at Binghamton, N. Y., with a large and influential membership. They are actively purposeful in trapshooting matters.

In the contest for four-man teams at Allegheny, Pa., June 25, the Milvale Gun Club won, defeating the North Side Gun Club's team by a score of 177 to 170.

The Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, Ill., announces a shoot for July 4, to which it invites shooters. The secretary is Dr. J. W. Meek, 182 Park avenue.

From a press clipping we learn that the Vicksburg Gun Club will be represented at Memphis by Messrs. Hayes, Miller, Hossley, Henry, Fletcher, Pinkston, Bradfield, Adams and Dinkins.

The matter of professionalism, as it concerns the New York State shoot, is brought forward for discussion elsewhere in our trap columns, by an eminent leader in trapshooting affairs.

Mr. J. L. D. Morrison, one of the leading experts in trapshooting, either at live birds or targets, arrived in New York on Wednesday of last week, where he will visit during three weeks more or less.

The Middletown, N. Y., Gun Club have fixed on July 4 for an open shoot. Shooting will commence at 1 o'clock. There are seven programme events, 10, 15 and 20 targets. Moneys divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

The secretary-manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, writes us that "the closing tournament of the Interstate Association series for the season of 1903 will be held at Scranton, Pa., Sept. 23 and 24, under the auspices of the Scranton Rod and Gun Club."

Mr. John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club, informs us that if the weather is pleasant, he will hold a shoot on Saturday of this week on his club's new grounds, at the terminus of the Kings County Elevated, nearby his old grounds.

July 4 has been fixed upon to hold a number of shoots, club and individual, many of which will be embellished with lost eyes, flying fingers, smashed legs, and some cases of lockjaw. Thus is the day observed in good spirit and brightened and consecrated.

At the Interstate shoot held at Rutherford, N. J., on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, the three high men for the two days, at a total of 360 targets, were as follows: First, W. R. Crosby, 351; second, J. A. R. Elliott, 344; third, E. C. Griffith, 339.

Mr. J. Hildreth, one of the leading representatives in the ammunition trade, is in New York at present, his return being due to a sad cause, the death of his father. Mr. Hildreth, Sr., had lived to a good old age, seventy-nine, a length which nature vouchsafes to but few.

Mr. A. A. Schoverling, manager, informs us that the Richmond Gun Club will hold an all-day target shoot on July 4 at Concord, Staten Island. The special event is at 100 targets, entrance \$2, for a \$10 gold piece. Targets one cent. Ten valuable prizes will be for competition.

Mr. Fred Gilbert was high for the two days' programme average, June 25-26, at Fort Dodge, Ia. He broke 153 out of 160 on the first day, and 184 out of 185 on the second day, a total of 337 out of 345, nearly a 98 per cent. gait. Budd and Taylor tied on 156 on the first day, and 178 on the second day.

In the third trophy shoot of the Garfield Gun Club, Chicago, Ill., June 27, twenty-one contestants, Messrs. T. W. Eaton and N. H. Ford tied on 24 out of 25 in Class A; Mr. Fred Wolff won Class B with a score of 23; and Mr. Snyder won Class C with 20. Mr. Ford also won the cup in the event at 15 singles and 5 pairs, making the excellent score of 21.

The secretary, Mr. A. Burwell, Jr., writes us as follows: "This is to advise that the Charlotte, N. C., Gun Club will hold a two-days' shoot at targets on July 28 and 29, with \$100 per day added money. We anticipate the largest attendance ever had at a similar shoot in the South. Inquiries directed to the president, Mr. J. E. Crayton, or the secretary, Mr. A. Burwell, Jr., will have prompt attention. Programmes will be forwarded within ten days."

The Chicago, Ill., Gun Club announces a tournament, to be held at Seventh-ninth street and Vincennes Road. The competition is open to all amateurs. No handicaps. Professionals may show their goods and shoot for targets only. Targets 2 cents. Moneys divided, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. The programme contains fourteen events, 10 and 15 targets, entrance \$1 and \$1.50, \$2 and \$3 added. For further information address the secretary, A. A. Walters, Union Stock Yards.

The Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Gun Club has fixed upon July 3 and 4 for its fifth annual tournament. There are ten events each day, at 15, 20 and 25 targets; a total of 175 targets, with a total entrance of \$14. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Targets, 2 cents. No. 8, first day, is a handicap at 20 targets. On the second day No. 5 is a handicap; No. 6 is for the Turner trophy, and No. 7, 20 targets, is a merchandise event, which Mr. A. Betti, the manager, assures us, will have prizes to the value of \$150. Band concert in the evening.

A correspondent writes us that "a one-day tournament, under the joint auspices of the Providence and Aquidneck gun clubs will be held on the grounds of the latter, at Newport, R. I., on July 22. The programme events will be alternately 15 and 20 targets, 175 in all. In average prizes, \$35 will be given, beside a number of merchandise prizes. Programmes may be obtained on application to R. C. Root, 33 Weybosset street, Providence, or J. C. Coggeshall, 32 Church street, Newport, R. I."

July 3 and 4 are days foreordained to shooting activity at Memphis, Tenn., for in that famous city on those dates will be held the twelfth amateur target tournament of the Mississippi Valley 'Trapshooters' Association, under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club. July 2 will be a preliminary day. Three valuable trophies for averages and \$400 added money are offered. There are ten programme events each day, two at 15, six at 20 and two at 25 targets; entrance based on 10 cents per target, and added money \$1 per target; thus the added money is \$15, \$20 and \$25 in the different events. Events 6 and 7, 25 targets each, first day, constitute the Fabacher trophy, open to League members only, though open to all amateurs in the sweeps. On the second day No. 5, 25 targets, is the Peters Cartridge trophy event, open to all amateurs. Event 8 is the League three-man team race for Peters trophy. For high averages, beautiful and valuable trophies, donated by Messrs. C. L. Byrd & Co. and Geo. T. Brodnax. A letter to us from a gentleman whose information is both accurate and full, relates the following: "Trapshooting is unusually active in Memphis just now, and this promises to be our most successful season since '98. The two clubs are doing what we might term 'a big business,' as twice a week there are from twenty to thirty shooters on the grounds, who spend their afternoons in friendly rivalry at the traps. The tournament promises to be largely attended. All of the surrounding States will send large delegations, and if there are not seventy to seventy-five shooters present, we will be greatly 'disappointed.'" Southern hospitality is of world-wide fame as the pinnacle, and those who visit Memphis are assured of a good tournament and good fellowship. Mr. A. H. Frank is the secretary.

BERNARD WATERS.

Trap at Allentown.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., June 26.—At the Duck Farm Hotel, a joint shoot of the J. F. Weiler Gun Club and the Allentown Rod and Gun Club was held. The famous trapshooters Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott, W. R. Crosby and E. D. Fulford were present, and they performed in their usual high degree of excellence. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Schlicher	9	9	7	8	7	7	9	8	9	7	10	7	8	9	9	9	9	25 25
Crosby	8	10	10	8	10	8	10	9	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	23 24
Elliott	9	8	10	10	10	10	9	10	8	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	23 22
Fulford	10	8	8	10	8	9	10	7	9	10	7	8	9	10	10	10	10	24 21
Kramlich	9	9	8	10	8	9	9	8	10	10	8	9	8	7	8	7	8	22 24
Berkemeyer	6	8	3	6	7	7	3	4	5	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	22 24
Hahn	8	7	10	4	6	7	6	8	5	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	22 24
Steckel	7	8	6	9	8	7	5	5	4	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	22 24
Burk	2	6	3	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	22 24
Heil	9	9	8	9	10	7	8	6	10	7	9	6	8	5	6	6	6	22 24
W. Desch	6	7	6	7	5	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	22 24
Straub	5	8	4	6	8	6	6	8	7	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	22 24
M. Desch	7	9	8	5	10	7	8	8	7	5	8	6	7	9	6	6	6	22 24
Maurer	9	7	7	8	6	8	9	6	10	7	10	9	6	7	6	6	6	22 24
Groff	5	4	7	4	6	5	6	5	6	8	7	6	6	6	6	6	6	22 24
S. Weiler	9	10	6	4	6	8	7	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	22 24
Englert	6	10	5	8	7	10	5	9	7	8	7	6	6	6	6	6	6	22 24
M. Brey	10	8	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	22 24
Hillegass	8	7	6	7	7	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	22 24
Gallagher	6	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	22 24
Bruder	5	8	4	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	22 24
Pfeifer	7	9	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	22 24
Noll	8	5	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	22 24
Gogleman	5	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	22 24
C. M. Miller	6	3	5	4	7	7	8	3	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	22 24
Hankey	10	8	5	4	10	7	8	3	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	22 24
N. V. Miller	6	9	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	22 24
W. B. F.	5	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	22 24
Hunt	1	3	3	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	22 24
Knauss	7	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	22 24
Deemer	4	6	5	8	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	22 24
Francotte	6	7	7	8	6	5	17	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	22 24
Hansman	8	9	10	8	7	19	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	22 24
Headman	7	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	22 24
Brown	9	5	5	5	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	22 24
A. Desch	5	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	22 24
A. Brey	4	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	22 24
Kurtz	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	22 24
Nevins	8	5	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	22 24
Mertz	5	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	22 24
Steitz	9	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	22 24
Blose	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	22 24
Semmel	7	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	22 24
I. Hahn	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	22 24

M. V. T. S. and G. P. A.

Mr. J. J. BRADFIELD, secretary of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association, Vicksburg, Miss., has issued a circular letter to the shooters in the States of Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee and Alabama. The following is a copy of it: Vicksburg, Miss., June 23, 1903.—Dear Sirs and Brother Sportsmen of the South: At a meeting of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association, held at Shreveport, La., the name of our Association was changed to the Southern Trapshooters', Game and Fish Protective Association, and it was decided at this meeting that we take steps for the protection of our game and fish in the States of Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee and Alabama, enforcing the laws of those States which have good game laws, and to make laws for those States which have none. The meeting was an enthusiastic one, and the protection of our game and fish was freely discussed, and it was agreed that the matter be taken up and pushed at a meeting to be held during the Memphis Gun Club tournament, July 3 and 4, 1903. This meeting will be held in the parlors of the Gayoso Hotel on the evening of July 3, and it is urged that every gun club, members of our Association, and any gun club or game protective association in the South which wishes to join our Association for the protection of our game and fish, have a representative present at this meeting. Something must be done in the above States for the protection of our game and fish, and it must be done at once. We invite all gun clubs or game protective associations in the South to join our Association, the membership fee is low (\$2.50 per year), and if we get together we can stop the wholesale slaughter of our game, which is fast diminishing. Send in your applications for membership or put them in at Memphis on July 3, and let's join hands in this matter, which is of the greatest interest to every lover of the gun and dog in the South. All clubs that are members of our Association should by all means have a representative present. The Memphis shoot will be the twelfth tournament given by our Association, and we can well feel proud of our success. No organization so young or older, has the record that our Association enjoys, as we have pulled off eleven of the largest tournaments ever given in the United States. Abe Frank, secretary of the Memphis Gun Club, promises all a fine time on July 3 and 4, and Abe can be depended on.

W. P. T. L. at New Castle.

NEW CASTLE, Pa., June 27.—The eighth tournament of the Western Pennsylvania League of Trapshooters was held in New Castle, Pa., June 24 and 25. The attendance the first day was fair, and not quite so good the second. From the location of New Castle, it was expected that the banner shoot of the season would be pulled off, as the town is easy of access for nearly all the clubs in the League, while quite a number of more or less expert shooters, who live north and west of the place, and within a few hours' ride, were expected to attend; but for some reason did not.

Loyal old Youngstown, O., sent her quota, and some of Sharon's experts drifted in about noon of the second day; but Erie, Cambridge Springs, Greenville, Titusville, Oil City and Meadville failed to send a man. Can it be possible that we are getting too swift for these inland village shooters? Perhaps it was too long after pay day.

Papa McNary, of Greenville, with his cheerful, wrinkled old face, was not present, and great was the disappointment among his many friends. It is the first shoot he has missed for years, and the thought as expressed by one of his old friends, that "I'm afeared the old feller is all in as a shooter," found echo in the hearts of many. The Sharon boys say, however, that it's nothing of the kind; he couldn't come because his town was holding a big celebration in honor of his seventy-eighth birthday.

Tuesday evening Ed Rike's coat drifted into town. When it was unwrapped, Harry Watson, of Sewickley, the "Boy Wonder," stepped out. During the shoot he kept up his reputation as the "wonder" all right, being a very close second for high average each day. Jim Denny, of Ligonier, with his giant nephew, Tom Aseum, came in Tuesday night. Jim plays golf better than he shoots. He raised a shout of laughter when he stepped up to the score in the first event and, instead of calling "pull," yelled "fore!" This so surprised Chester Devonde Klingensmith, the trap puller, who is not up in golf lore, that he forgot to allow the lever to fall back, and in a moment the air was full of flying rocks; Jim banged into the flock, and the referee called, "Lost" in a matter-of-fact voice, that left no hope of a chance for a protest. The puller, with an indignant glance at Denny, turned to the writer and said: "I think, b'gosh, he'd better practice on one at a time instead of four!"

The weather conditions were favorable; bright, sunny, with a little wind, not enough to hurt. The trap "bucked" as usual, and always at a time when we were due to get 'em all, and a great many birds were "dusted hard," and one could frequently hear the statement that "for some unaccountable reason I 'finched' on that last bird," etc., etc. Now the truth of the matter is, at any and all shoots—especially where the contest is close—that mysterious "yellow" which the boys speak about gets up, and somehow is mighty hard to swallow; but we hunt for any kind of an excuse, and know in our souls we are lying when we make it, and we know the other fellow is lying too, and he knows we know it, and yet there is a strange fascination about the game, too. The hope that "springs eternal in the human breast" is with us that some day we will get them all, and have our names coupled once at least with such champions as Heikes, Crosby, Gilbert, Farmer Moore and Elliott.

The trade was represented by Messrs. Squier, Grubb, Sergeant, Stevens and Lawrence. The squad hustlers were Grubb, Lawrence and Sergeant, and very well they acted the part, keeping the shooters promptly to the score. Lawrence and Sergeant appeared in a new role, that of singers. They have a beautiful duet which they render with marked effect. It is said they sing better than they shoot, but as they didn't shoot any, it is hard to arrive at a conclusion as to how well they can sing.

A rather mean trick was played on Charley Grubb; he had been telling the crowd about some wonderfully large and venomous snakes he had killed at various times. Some one found and killed a small garter snake; this was placed in a shell box and covered with field flowers. Lawrence presented the box to him with a few well chosen remarks, telling him that it was a slight token of the esteem in which the assembled shooters held him as a brave and fearless snake killer. Grubb received it with one of his Chesterfieldian bows, and proceeded to open it. When he saw the small snake coiled up in the box he dropped it like a flash, and springing two or three feet in the air, gave vent to a yell of terror so loud that it startled some sheep in an adjoining field, and sent them off on a wild, aimless run. So fierce was it that Frank Snow, who was on the firing line, called "Pul-l-l!" before he was ready. Silent Jimmy Atkinson lost his reputation for being "silent." The cause of it all was this: The man who was to furnish the lunch sent one of his employes up about 11 o'clock with a statement that he would be unable to furnish anything to eat that day. Then Jimmy broke loose. Jimmy, you must know, was general manager of the shoot. He may be a Christian, but his language on this occasion wouldn't indicate that he was. When he got through, some one sniffed the air and asked who was shooting Jack Fanning's Gold Dust powder. Atkinson won high average the first day and tied Hickey for it the second day. Watson was second both days. Fleming and Shaner tied for third on the first day, and Snow was third on second day. The Milvale team won first in the cup race; North Side second. The following scores were made, each contestant shooting at 50 rocks. For Milvale: Hickey 49, Lutz 47, Bess 40, Ray 41; total 177. For North Side: Fleming 45, Kelsey 43, Watson 44, Andrews 38; total 170.

The club's president, E. I. Agnew, acted as official scorer, and Will J. Harlan was referee. Both gave perfect satisfaction. The score follows:

First Day, June 24.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Atkinson	14	18	13	17	14	19	12	20	14	20
Squier	13	20	12	15	12	15	13	18	12	14
Shaner	15	17	13	20	15	18	12	17	15	17
Farmer	14	16	14	15	13	19	11	14	12	15
Stevens	14	18	14	17	13	15	15	18	13	17
Denny	5	11	5	8	13	16	10	15	10	15
Lutz	12	19	14	16	13	16	14	18	11	18
Sizer	12	18	13	18	14	16	14	15	11	16
Watson	13	19	15	18	13	18	15	18	14	17
Wilson	14	16	15	17	12	16	12	18	12	15
Snow	13	20	13	16	14	17	14	18	13	18
Andrews	12	13	11	18	13	11	9	15	12	17
Pontefract	13	13	12	16	12	17	12	17	13	15
Fleming	14	17	15	18	14	19	11	18	14	19
Kelsey	13	16	13	17	13	18	14	19	14	20
Osborne	12	13	11	13	11	17	13	12	15	15
Thompson	10	16	11	16	11	15	11	19	13	19
Ray	12	17	14	20	14	18	13	19	13	18
Nutt	10	12	13	12	11	17	8	12	12	17
Hogan	9	16	8	15	11	14	8	16
Bess	9	18	12	19	13	17	14	19	12	17
Lippert	8	..	8	6
Matthews	11	..	9	6
Cochran	15	12	15	14	16	12	15	..
Staph	12	13
Grandy	9	8	3
Tully	20	15	16	13	18	..

Braby	12	..	9	..
Miles	8	9	14	..

Second Day, June 25.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Atkinson	14	19	15	19	14	17	15	18	15	18
Squier	13	19	9	15	13	15	14	16	11	13
Shaner	12	17	15	18	13	16	15	20	12	17
Moore	15	15	15	19	12	16	14	18	12	18
Stevens	13	17	13	19	15	20	14	19	13	19
Kelsey	13	18	12	19	13	17	13	18	12	18
Andrews	10	20	14	17	13	16	9	16	9	..
Pontefract	14	17	8	17	13	14	12	18	13	13
Fleming	12	18	14	19	13	19	13	17	15	19
Jeff	11	18	12	15	14	15	13	17	11	16
Ray	13	16	15	19	13	16	12	14
Lutz	15	18	11	20	14	18	15	19
Bessemer	12	17	12	14	11	17	12	17	15	15
Watson	14	19	14	18	12	19	13	20	14	20
Wilson	13	13	14	15	8
Snow	13	19	15	17	14	19	15	16	15	19
Denny	8	17	11	16	11
Hickey	12	18	14	20	14	19	14	20	15	18
Jessop	14	19	14	18	13	17	13	20	14	18
Hennon	12	14	11
Helms	13	8
Lippert	7
Tully	11	19	12	..
Carley	11	13	9	..
Nailor	11	15
Wallace	10	13
Armstrong	13	8

HENRY P. SHANER.

IN NEW JERSEY.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., June 20.—The North River Gun Club held a Wanderers' shoot to-day. The main event was the contest for the L. C. Smith gun, donated by Mr. E. Banks and recently won by him at the New York State shoot. The conditions governing competition for it are as follows:

To be shot for by the Wanderers. Eight shoots on eight separate days at 25 targets per man, handicap allowance of misses as breaks; entrance price of the targets only; entrance fee to go to the club on whose grounds each separate competition takes place; four best scores to count. Each member of the Wanderers will receive ample notice of each succeeding competition. All competitions will be held within easy reach of New York city, in order that all members of the Wanderers may have an equal chance to win the prize.

There were eight Wanderers present, namely: Messrs. Floyd, Apgar, Engle, Herrington, Goetter, Banks and Dr. Gardiner.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15
Dr. Gardiner	12	12	10	14
Dudley	14	18	14	15
Eickhoff	10	14	4	16	5	11	..
Morrison	12	12	10	13
Merrill	13	13	9	10	10
Herrington	9	13	11	15
Richter	13	10	10	16
Harland	6	9	9	9
Apgar	12	14	11	17
Glover	14	19	9	13	8
Truax	13	14	11	13	5

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15
Engel	14	16	13	15
Reynolds	8	13	12	17
Banks	13	16	10	17
Newkirk	5	9	4	7
Goetter	..	15	11	11	7
Edwards	..	13	11	15	6
Schneider	..	10	15	6	10
Hearne	..	12	16	9	13	12	..
Allison	..	14	14	6	11
Merten	..	11	12	5	12	5	..

Team races, Nos. 1 and 2, 25 targets:

Dr. Gardiner	20	18	Morrison	19	17
Floyd	22	22	Glover	20	18
Apgar	21	19	Engle	20	18
Banks	24	17	Herrington	17	20
Schneider	16	14	Truax	21	17
Merrill	19	15	Edwards	18	21
Hearne	19	13	Allison	21	19
Mertens	18	15	Richter	21	20
Goetter	17	20	Reynolds	19	14
Harland	15	13	Eickhoff	16	14

The Wanderers' contest for the L. C. Smith gun was shot in the team event and resulted as follows: Floyd (1) 23, Gardiner (3) 23, Apgar (1) 22, Engle (3) 17, Herrington (4) 19, Goetter (4) 24, Schneider (4) 20, Banks (0) 24.

JAS. R. MERRILL.

Edgewater, N. J., June 27.—Event No. 6 was the handicap prize shoot for a solid silver cup, valued at \$25. Competition for it was open to members only. It is to be shot for once every week.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	20	15	15	15	15	25	15	15	15	15
Eickhoff	14	8	7	10	12	18	12	11	10	12
Richter	15	8	8	11	11	20	12
Glover	11	11	13	13	13	19	14
Morrison	13	11	10	9	13	20	14
Reynolds	..	11	11	8	8	21
Harland	..	8	9	10	9	17	5
Munsey	..	2	10	4
Edwards	..	11	10	11	12	19	11	11	7	..
Merrill	..	9	11	10	16	6	10	11
Truax	..	12	12	12	18	..	12	8	11	..
Schram	..	9	7	10	14	..	8
Allison	..	8	10	13	22	14	..	12	13	..
Newkirk	6	8	11	4
Kinskern	11	12	18
Hearne	13	19	20	15	..	14
*Reynolds	..	9	19
*Edwards	..	12

* Re-entry.

JAMES R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

June 23.—The Hell Gate Gun Club held its June shoot on Tuesday of last week at Outwater's grounds, near Carlstadt, N. J. There were twenty-two entries, and of these Mr. L. H. Schortmeier was the only one in the club event at 10 birds to kill straight. The scores follow:

Schorty	30	7	2222222222	10
Col J. H. Voss	30	7	2021002222	7
Dr. Davis	26	5½	1100*20021	5
Von Valkenberg	28	6½	1200200*02	4
Meckel	28	6	111101121	9
Schlicht	28	6	1012111120	8
Breit	28	5½	0000100211	4
Belden	28	6	1221012020	7
Woefel	28	6	10*2221022	7
Foster	28	7	0211222211	9
Baudendistel	28	5½	1200111221	8
Lang	28	6½	121*010001	5
Albert	28	7	0122121211	9
Muench	30	7	2111111211	10
Kreeb	26	5	0110212021	7
Gardella	26	5½	2221012100	7
Dannefelser	28	5½	2212202222	9
Sands	28	7	1000011002	4
Balch	28	6½	00020*2200	3
Weber	28	6	0002200*0	2
Doherty	26	4	2210212001	7
Dennis	26	5

Five birds:

J. H. Lau & Co., in their advertisement this week, call attention to the record made at Ossining and Wilkes-Barre of the Reblé gun in the hands of Dr. Weller and Mr. Sim Glover; Dr. Weller winning the Jacob Ruppert silver cup with 25 straight.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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MOSQUITOES AND MUSIC.

A CHARMED life has the mosquito, and a merry one, too, if one may justly believe that his cheerful war song is an index of constant merriment when he is in man-eating activity. He, or rather she—for it is the female which is so insatiably bloodthirsty—is a bold, brazen creature, be she ever so tuneful when seeking sustenance. She is one of the few forms of the earth's creatures which have steadfastly ignored and violated the principle of law that a man's house is his castle. Indeed, the mosquito has not scrupled to treat his person as lawful and proper prey on opportunity. From time immemorial she has sought his blood at sight. Hence the ancient feud, unceasing, implacable, with the mosquito on the one hand ever in the role of aggressive invader, and poor man, on the other hand, in the role of defender behind his ramparts of dopes, mosquito bars, window screens, volatile oils, and smudges, or helpless in open battle, man against mosquito.

Within a comparatively recent period, man has taken new heart in the unequal warfare. By patient investigation he has learned that, in theory, at least, mosquitoes may be destroyed as a whole, instead of in detail, after the manner of the old-fashioned slap.

Last year the mosquito's extermination was proclaimed by virtue of crude coal oil; or, rather, the larvæ and pupæ, the innocent mites of mosquito infancy, were to be smothered by crude coal oil, applied in sufficient quantity to form a film over the mosquito breeding grounds, the stagnant waters of pools, of swamps and marshes, thereby accomplishing a complete race suicide at one stroke, as it were. Though effective, this method had some special disadvantages, chief of which was its costliness. It could be used only by wealthy communities. Any proposition to entirely exterminate the mosquito by the use of oil would of necessity involve certain general questions as to how many thousands of square miles of stagnant water there were in North and South America, and how many train loads of crude oil were obtainable; and then there was the particular question as to how oil and water were to be brought together. Nevertheless death by coal oil was the decree against the mosquito in 1902.

But patient investigation and experimentation have discovered newer and more economical methods. A more painful extermination has been devised, of which the following is a description:

"Practical application has been given the new system, and it has been discovered that a certain musical note raised to a great number of vibrations per second will cause the mosquito to experience sudden and complete paralysis, and not only does this intensified note arrest the insect in flight or hurl it from the ceiling or wall, but also because of a strange construction of the mosquito's auditory system, it causes it to plunge undeviatingly toward the spot whence the music issues.

"It has been found that the practical application has been effected by raising to a great number of vibrations per second the particular note to which the mosquito is most sensitively attuned. This intensified note was produced by sudden electrical impulse upon a musical instrument, whereupon it was noticed that every mosquito in the room had plunged headlong to the instrument, and that when the windows were opened the room was soon filled. Again the amplified note was sounded, and instantly in a cloud the mosquitoes, apparently lifeless, were precipitated against the apparatus."

It will be observed that this latest method deals with the adult mosquito, and therefore is much fairer than the making of war on the mosquitoes' immature offspring. It, too, bears the earmarks of entire efficiency, if our own experience and that of others in the correlated effects of sounds are to be accepted as pertinent data.

Is there anyone who has not dear friends, both male and female, who, in moments of emotional happiness, have broken forth into raucous song having many notes of different degrees of malignancy and harmfulness, some maddening, others paralyzing, stupefying or blasting?

Who has not seen the charming vaudeville performer, tripping forward to the footlights airily, smilingly, in an atmosphere of wondrous sweetness, and then heard her emit notes successively wearisome to the soul and debilitating to the body?

Cats, on the back fence, at the gruesome midnight hour, have been known to strike notes which, owing to the strange construction of the bootjack's auditory system,

have caused it "to plunge undeviatingly toward the spot whence the note issues."

Indeed, the dirgeful chant of a solitary mosquito in one's bedroom at the hour when sleep impends, is alarming and destructive to rest. The delicate crescendo and diminuendo buzzing, denoting predatory advances and strategic retreats, profoundly affects mind and body of the listener. Thus the idea of shocking to death by a peculiar note is old. Recourse to it for the annihilation of the mosquito is simply the application of an old thing in a new way.

But the remedy is fraught with perils. If the blasting note shall be permanently added to the many false notes, or notes which are neither false nor true, now possessed by the human race, the mosquito plague may be only a trifle in comparison. But we have an abiding faith in the permanency of the mosquito as a fact, and in the efficiency of the destructive note as an idea, and of ideas there are many kinds, some wise, some otherwise.

AFTER THE FOURTH.

JULY 4 for 1903 has been duly observed and solemnized by a record-breaking consumption of fireworks, and the incidental demoniacal hullabaloo raised by small boys and large boys, and young boys and old boys, the latter, as a rule, being quite frolicsomenely giddy in the use of explosives, as becomes men who rejoice by means of boyish methods. Indeed, in their interpretation of the true way to express patriotic rejoicing by means of explosives, the old boys of 60 or 70 winters or less are oftentimes more giddy than the small boy of six or seven springtimes or more.

As a rule, July 4 lost much of its associational distinctiveness, for the reason that the firecracker, torpedo, and toy pistol phases of it were put into action early in June, indicating that the boyish craving to use firearms is a manifestation in itself, existing independently of any day or any associations. While the hullabaloo, which in a way has been sanctioned by usage, may be tolerated on July 4, when begun and continued days before and after, it has no patriotic significance, and is more in the catalogue of public nuisances than in the category of patriotism. For the sake of peace and safety, so great is the 4th of July season on the border line of public nuisance, many good people journey countryward from the cities to escape the din, the stench of burning crackers, and the danger of bullets flying at random.

In all our large cities and their environs last Saturday, a day of about 36 hours if measured by din and swirl, was particularly strenuous in emphasizing America's greatest day. There was the customary large and patriotic contribution of maimings by explosion; of people killed by bullets fired by unknown hands; of inoculations of lockjaw germs caused by the toy pistol in the hands of the small boy, so-called; of houses lost by fires and invalids tortured by the incessant racket. Thus was attained a high-water mark of true patriotism, a realistic reproduction, in a way, in times of peace of the happenings of our forefathers in the actual war of the Revolution. In New York city alone the police records up to midnight of July 5 had mention of 122 accident cases, most of which were caused by stray bullets, and of 75 fires. Bellevue Hospital treated 57 accident cases, and Roosevelt Hospital treated 118 accident cases. Many men were arrested for discharging loaded revolvers.

Some incidents of the day are worthy of enumeration. The shops of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company were burned, the estimated loss being \$150,000. The newspaper reports state: "The only cause suggested for the fire is that rockets may have been shot through the open skylights." Long Island presented some warlike realism. The account follows: A 360-pound cannon exploded this noon at East Moriches, and Theodore King, 17 years old, one of the boys who was firing it, may lose the sight of his right eye, besides being badly burned and having a hole torn through his nose.

At Larchmont, N. Y., a burning balloon fell on the rectory of St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, setting fire to it, and the church was saved only by the brave efforts of members of the Larchmont Yacht Club. The list could be indefinitely extended. The aggregate of maiming, injury and loss of property throughout the United States undoubtedly reaches vast dimensions.

Patriotism is to be encouraged and cherished. But there is something radically wrong with its manner of expression when bullets are fired promiscuously and recklessly in our cities, large and small; when giant crackers of terrific power are freely within the reach of the ignorant, the malicious and the reckless; when the toy pistol, so deadly as the cause of lockjaw, is allowed in common use. The day should be one of pleasure, thankfulness and rejoicing to all, instead of a menace or a nuisance as now observed. Patriotism is primarily a love for and a devotion to one's country, and love and devotion are not expressed by violence and death.

FISHING RIGHTS.

WE print on another page the full text of the opinion of the Appellate Division in the suit brought by William Rockefeller against Oliver Lamora for fishing trespass on the Rockefeller preserve in the Adirondacks. The case is one of much importance, because the several decisions of the lower courts, in favor of Lamora, have been quite generally interpreted by the press of the State as establishing the principle that action for trespass damages could not be maintained as to waters stocked by the State. Such an interpretation, we pointed out at the time, was hasty and erroneous; and that it was so is now shown by this adjudication by the Appellate Division. In the new trial, which has been granted, the defense heretofore offered by the defendant will no longer be available, and a verdict against him for trespass will no doubt follow.

For, after all, divested of popular sympathies and prejudices, the Rockefeller-Lamora action is nothing more nor less than an ordinary suit for fishing trespass. The parties to it happen to be a multi-millionaire and a poor man; but the principles involved are those which would govern as to a half-mile trout stream on any farm posted in accordance with section 212 of the game law. The owner or lessee of the land possesses the exclusive right to fish in the water flowing through it, and he has this right whether he be the owner of one acre or of 50,000 acres. A Lamora has no more right to fish without leave on the property of a Rockefeller than a Rockefeller has to fish on the property of a Lamora.

The opinion is so full and explicit on these points that it should have careful reading; there is altogether too much popular confusion respecting this question of fishing and shooting rights, and the exposition here given in this Rockefeller-Lamora opinion will do much to clear away the cobwebs.

As to the contention that the Rockefeller preserve waters had been stocked by the State and in consequence were open to the public, the evidence adduced went to show that no such stocking had been done with consent of the owner. The stocking had been done evidently by planting fish in waters whence, in the course of nature, they might pass into the waters of the preserve. The law which formerly provided that waters stocked by the State should be open to the public has been repealed; and the substituted law reads:

But waters stocked with fish by the State at any time after April 17, 1896, shall not be laid out in any such park. If waters in any such park are hereafter stocked by the State with the consent of the owner the provisions of this article shall no longer apply thereto.

That is to say, the owner of the waters may no longer sue for the exemplary damages of \$25 in addition to the actual damage. Thus to provide that special trespass damage may not be collected is a proposition very different from the old provision that waters should be open to the public. The new reading leaves the right of the owner precisely as it would be without the operation of any special parking law. That right is of the exclusive possession and use of one's property. The farmer's exclusive right to fish in his meadow brook is a right as clearly, definitely and inalienably vested as is his exclusive right to mow the meadow hay. This is a common law right, and may be invaded neither by individual trespasser nor by legislative statute without due recompense.

If this be so, we shall look with interest for the practical operation of the new Colorado law, which reads: "Provided, That the public shall have the right to fish in any stream in this State stocked at public expense, subject to actions in trespass for any damage done property along the bank of any such stream."

The Sportsman Tourist.

Feeling Pleasant Under Difficulties.

"OH, YAIZ! oh, yaiz, oh, yaiz! Kape shtill every mother's son of yez, the Coort is upon the Binch." I give it as I once heard it in a Tammany Court in New York, and do not undertake to translate into English the call as given out a few moments ago by a Scandinavian descendant of Eric the Red.

And here I am in court through and by virtue of a small piece of paper known as a jury summons. The clerk has repeatedly dipped his hand into the wheel of fortune, but so far my name has slipped through his fingers. The jury is made up and I sit and await my fate, called, but not yet chosen. I do not feel pleasant. My desk is covered with papers demanding attention, and if this thing lasts for a week or two I must turn day into night. But what's the use! I find a paper in my pocket and a lead pencil. I appropriate a chair in a sunny corner of the courtroom by an open window, and, using my straw hat and knees for a desk, I try to write myself into green fields, on rippling waters, and among sweet smelling pines.

I imagine myself up in Maine at the Carry Ponds. It is my first trip into the Maine woods, and twenty years ago. As we walk along the trail toward Chester's camp I notice the absence of bird life and music. The flitting of a red-headed woodpecker across our path, to disappear in the shadow of the trees, attracts our attention. The discordant cry of the jay is a relief to our ears heretofore drinking in the stillness. The chattering cry of the trout-thief faintly heard in the distance, accompanied by the weird laugh of the loon, warns us that the lake is not far off. Not many more minutes of tramping brings us to an opening in the woods and ahead of us we see the silvery expanse of the first Carry Pond.

And here is the camp and there is the lake! There is a smell of balsam boughs about the camp that pervades and subdues all other woodland odors and yet, above it all, from the nearby kitchen, comes a smell of frying salt pork and trout, as Chester, be-aproned and bare-armed, deftly turns them in the pan lest they brown too much.

Between the rapidly boiling coffee, the baking biscuit and beans and frying trout, Chester's hands are full, but he has time to ask us if we will not try the trout with fly and rod after we try them with knife and fork.

The wind is balmy and the ripple on the water is of the right kind to bring the trout to the surface and hide what is going on with rod and line between water and sky. And before the dinner-horn is blown we find time to get out our impedimenta and prepare for the evening's sport. We need no second blowing of Gabriel's horn, and take our seats around a trout and bean and biscuit laden table as only a good camp cook can spread.

Why go into a comparison between Fulton-Market-cooked trout and those that were piled up like cordwood on a large tin platter in front of us!

There is a commotion in the court. My corner is remote from both bench and attorney's table, and only now and then, when the legal battle has raged fiercely, have I heard the stereotyped, "I object! Immateral, irrelevant, and not in accordance with the pleadings in the case," tailed on to it from the bench "Objection sustained," or "overruled," as the case might be.

In fact, I have been lost in the woods, and have, with my pencil, cleared the atmosphere and have been oblivious to all immediate surroundings.

The jury in the previous case has been dismissed. They are calling a new one. My name is called and I must now forget all about pleasanter ways and waters and concentrate my mind upon the troubles of this world, for the time being, condensed in the persons of the plaintiff and defendant. I stuff my papers in my pocket, and, hat in hand, take my seat.

A ten minutes recess has been ordered by the judge to enable the plaintiff, a Swede farmer, who is pleading his own case, and who most certainly "has a fool for a client," to gather in, by endosmosis or induction, a few points on court procedure.

It is a "horse case"—not of the David Harum type, unfortunately—but a case where a slick Swede farmer evolves a plan to break in a pair of \$25 broncos by loaning them to a milkman, and the excitement of the streets of the village of Minneapolis being too strenuous, one of the horses dies and the other founders. This breaking-in process must have been a valuable one, for the dead bronco and the foundered one became each worth, for lawsuit purposes, \$200. The jury was on the verge of hysterics. Ole, once farmer now turned lawyer, was not one to accept a pig in a poke as far as the jury was concerned. He started in to find out a thing or two: Did the jury know the defendants? Were they acquainted with any customers of the defendants? Did the jury know any of their relations? Did the jury know anybody in Minneapolis? And the jury individually and collectively replied to Ole as best it could, and was accepted.

Then Ole opened his case by summing it up and demanding justice of the jury until the court called him to order. Then, as his own witness, Ole took the stand, and on a question of some horse medicine the jury, from Ole's testimony, was in a maze as to whether the defendants took the aconite and belladonna or whether it was given to the horse. As the horse died, and not the defendants, it was presumed that the horse got it. The jury and audience were in an uproar and at the close of Ole's testimony the court ordered this recess, and Ole is hunting for a lawyer to plead his case. He has dug up one from somewhere, the judge is back in court, the jury are meandering back into the box, so this tale of the Carry Ponds must come to an inglorious close, and instead of enjoying those trout and my evening's fishing all over again, I must listen and decide between fact and fiction.

The case is heard and decided. Ole and his friends told their stories, truly or falsely, under oath, and we have endured the harangue of counsel, who have made up in sound what they lacked in sense.

As foreman of the jury it was my sad duty to find with the others against Ole, and here I am waiting again the

pleasure of the judge with more time hanging heavily on my hands.

Well, Chester's trout disposed of and our pipes lighted, Chester left the care of the camp to his understudy, and as the sun was fast descending toward the horizon and sending long shadows upon the glassy surface of the lake, we were well on our way for the sunken and trout-haunted rock.

The lake reflected the clouds in the heavens above which blended with the pines and maples shadowed upon the surface of the water along the edge of the lake.

Presently a faint breeze sprang up, rippling the surface of the water. We are within sight of the sunken rock and see its black and slippery surface below the water line. We look to our flies and rods, and as Chester brings the boat broadside to the rock we make a cast. A splash, a strike, and with several quick, staccato screeches of the reel the line runs out as the trout makes for the bottom. The fish does not work in straight or zigzag lines, but as it descends keeps the line cutting through the water in a circle, much like the circular saw proceedings that a sunfish will carry on after he has taken a fly. After experimenting and failing to raise the trout from the bottom, Chester volunteers the statement that I have struck either a large sunfish or hooked the trout foully, and time proves the latter to be correct. My trout was hooked in the belly.

The trout are feeding well. The sun has now sunk behind the trees and the moon is lighting up the water with its uncertain light. We have fished deliberately and slowly, and have hurried no trout after he was hooked. We continue casting by the light of the moon, and the trout yet take the fly. We enjoy the evening and the uncertainty of the casts. We strike by intuition and fail frequently to set the hook. We do not always land the fish after they have been hooked. There comes a lull. The trout will rise no more to-night.

We turn slowly toward camp and drink in the scenery around us. The dancing of the moonbeams upon the restless surface of the lake and the deep encircling shadows on the shores, the shining stars overhead, and the stillness of the night broken only by the splash! splash! of the resisting water against the bow of the boat, are enjoyed in their fullness by us.

The lantern of the camp comes into sight as we round the point, and it is but a moment before we are stretched upon the balsam boughs, wrapped in our blankets and dreaming only such dreams as St. Peter, the fisher of men, sends to a contented fisherman.

And yet no sign comes from the judge that we are excused for the day. From the other side of the room I catch the long and weary cross examination of an unwilling and rebellious witness. I smell the balsam boughs and yet listen to the hum of life going on in the streets below. I find myself nodding and I resist the advances of Morpheus, for, while I have never heard myself snore, yet from abundant evidence and a sore spot or two (such as a sharp, feminine elbow might produce) in my ribs, I have reason to believe that I do snore when I sleep, and because of that I keep awake. I would fain now sleep were I sure I would not snore. So, like the Wandering Jew, I must hie on—with my story.

It was at Carrytunk up near the forks of the Kennebec. Pleasant Pond, remarkable for its depth and crystalline clearness, lies like a sheet of burnished copper under the afternoon sun in front of us.

We row out upon its surface. Not a breath of air disturbs the absolute calm upon the water. We look over the side of the boat down into the depths, and, as clearly as if atmosphere alone separated us, we see sunken trees and submerged rocks far down upon the white and sandy bottom. It is not a great stretch of ocular imagination to see the springs bubbling up through the lake bottom. The sensation when looking down into the water is one of aerial suspension. The water upon which our boat rests and floats is invisible because of its extreme purity.

The oarsman informs us that trout are taken from the lake under three conditions only: At sunrise and sunset, if the lake surface be rippled, and by still fishing at certain very deep points of the lake, which spots, however, are kept baited to attract the fish.

Fortune favors us. As the sun's angle increases in obtuseness, the maples and birches along the shore begin to nod and whisper, and millions of ripples now dance upon the lake, and presently the trout begin to leap, their silvery sides, glistening with the crystal water of the lake, give out reflections as would a sunburst upon the bosom of a bediamonded stage beauty. The trout were confined to no one spot in the lake. They were everywhere upon its surface. We try our flies and they take them. They are nine-inch fish—very gamy—and as light and bright as oxidized silver, with spots all but invisible. How we enjoyed it! We fish for an hour and count two dozen trout laid in orderly rows at our feet. We lay them in line in the kitchen at the farmhouse and find on close examination that they vary not a hair in length or width of body. They look more like young salmon of exactly the same age than anything else. Their flesh was pink, more so than any trout I have ever seen. We certainly had no criticism to make when they graced a platter at our breakfast.

What a mysterious influence the bottom of a lake or stream has upon the color of its fish! I remember once at the Rowe Ponds, fishing a small pond called Brandy Pond, because of its color. The bottom was lined with forest leaves which tinged the water. The trout we took from this lake were colored like the bottom—in fact, they were the highest colored trout I ever saw. Their skin and spots glowed with color and during their gyrations through the water, and so colored were they that their motions when on the leader could not readily be followed. And yet it was clearly to be deducted that this little pocket of a pond had been stocked by an overflow of the main lake, the fish in which were of normal color.

I am called to another court down stairs. I am in the jury box, my name being the first called. It is a personal injury case. The jury are all in their seats now and I have been asked my business by the lawyer of the defendant. I have replied, "Manufacturer of machinery," and for some reason the lawyer asks me no more ques-

tions. I don't think he likes my looks, and after he has made the rounds he will drop me out of the box. I think he imagines I will be prejudiced and "agin" him. I will know in a moment or two, perhaps. If I am discharged this will end my story. I have found more relief in writing this screed than I would have gotten from fuming and fretting over my forced presence in the court room. The occupation it has given me has certainly been pleasant, even if my facilities for easy writing have been constricted.

The jury is still undergoing a quizzing process to test their qualifications. It is not only a personal injury case, but an ugly one for the defendants—a boy with two arms burned to the elbows by electricity. I have made it plain to both lawyers that I am a builder of machinery, am a stockholder in a wood-working company, and have had considerable experience with personal injury cases in court, but it would appear, nevertheless, that I am to be chosen. Why, I do not know. I presume they think I can be fair and impartial. We are not sworn yet, and I am writing this in the jury box. After we are sworn and the ball opens, I must listen and twirl my thumbs and begin a mental process of separation between what I think is the truth and what is otherwise. The jury is accepted, so—

I am wrong. I have been excused from the jury by the plaintiff's attorney, and am not to serve on the case. Later, I asked the attorney, merely out of curiosity, why he excused me. His reply was that he feared I would carry every juror over, when in the jury room, to my way of thinking. In other words, my verdict would be the verdict of the jury. He went on to say that, although satisfied that I would give an absolutely fair and just verdict, his client's case was one that demanded considerable sympathy when the damages were being made up and he feared that I would think more of the evidence and law in the case and give less heed to sympathy. And I am once more floating on the jury sea, called, but not chosen.

Every time there is a recess or lull some disciple of Izaak Walton in the room sidles over to where I am sitting and I hear, "Been fishing yet, Cris?" The judge sits down by me and tells me of a muscallonge he took a week ago. I listen and dare not dispute the court, although I know he is human and enthusiastic.

I am called on a personal injury case—as Mrs. Josiah Allen would call it, a "dubersome" one. I must quit now, say goodbye to my readers, and attend to the evidence.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Camp Happy.

CAMP HAPPY was situated in the old pine grove, just on the edge of the lake.

The camp consisted of a two-room, one-story log hut built many years before, and as time had made it little fit for use, it had been patched up from time to time by some hunter or trapper stopping for a night, and now presented the appearance of a mass of logs, brush and bark, in which might be distinguished one door and two windows.

But for all this dilapidation, Camp Happy had once deserved its name, and even now every turn disclosed some rustic chair or bench that led one to dreaming of the happy time when the camp was settled and all was ready for one long week of freedom and enjoyment. As you sit on the little three-cornered bench by the old door, you remember the summer you went camping with the happy family that is now scattered.

The first morning of that delightful week you are up at 4 o'clock and out on the lake trolling, and the pickerel you lost must have weighed 4 pounds—while the one you got weighed 13 ounces. Just as you are hauling in the biggest one a voice disturbed the morning's stillness and you jumped—and the pickerel got away, but then you are somewhat consoled, for the call meant breakfast, and as you row in you suddenly remember you are hungry.

After breakfast, armed with a pail and a net, you go through the woods, the long pasture and finally come to the frog pond, where you "wade" and come out victorious with a net full of little frogs that will surely tempt the big black bass you saw in the clear, still water in the early morning.

Again that gentle reminder that you are hungry causes you to look at your watch, and you can scarcely believe it is 12 o'clock. With a revengeful "eling toward the frog that has just jumped from the pail into the pond, you take the net and heavy pail and start for Camp Happy, wondering why it seems so far away.

After the good dinner and a nap in the hammock, which, as it hangs under the big pines, is irresistible, you get out the new fish poles and rig them with the best lines and most carefully chosen hooks.

With a pail of spring water pushed under the end boat seat, the bait pail in the middle where it will be handy for both your chum and yourself, and the poles laid just so across the seats, you take up the oars and row to the old snag that sticks out of the water, opposite the old hill pine that has so many dates carved in its bark. You bait your hook with the liveliest frog you can find, throw it into the deep water midway between the old snag and the grassy point that owns the only boathouse on the lake.

You wait ten minutes—wonder why you don't get a bite—surely the bait must be gone—pull up the line, but the frog is yet lively, so again you drop the line over the other side of the boat, and before the hook sinks you feel a jerk and almost before you know it a bass 15 inches long (by your pocket rule), is flapping and splashing water all over your feet. Finally you get a good hold of him and succeed in putting him on the "stringer" that is tied to the oar lock, where he does, indeed, make a good show. You stay in this place until you think the bass must have departed to the shady side of the lake over by the big chestnut trees, so you row over there and stay until the fog begins to rise on the far flats and you know the bass are through biting for the day. You are very proud of your string of nine large bass when you land at

Camp Happy, where supper awaits you. But why is it you eat so much more when you are "resting" in camp than when you are working in town?

With the quiet evening come the voices of the cricket and the frogs, and best of all, the stories by the camp-fire that is built of dry hemlock and pine to keep away the friendly mosquito. You are just planning to dress the fish for breakfast and to go to bed in one of the comfortable hammocks, when you hear the screech of a bird nearby and you realize with sorrow that your happy dream is surely a dream, and the thoughts of the happy week are gone up in the smoke of the "mosquito" fire—and you are really seated on the old bench by the mass of logs and brush that was once your Camp Happy.

MABLE ANNIS COOK.

Camp-Fire Stories from Canadian Woods.

IX.—A Tramp Through the Wilderness.

SOME two decades ago all that vast portion of central Ontario lying between the Ottawa River and the Georgian Bay, on the one hand, and Lake Nipissing and the frontier townships on the other, was one vast wilderness dotted here and there by a lumber depot, and was known only to the wood ranger and trapper—"a terra incognita."

Only a few large timber limits were parceled out, belonging to the lumber kings at Ottawa. The rest was "Crown" domain. The term "Crown" in Canada means the Dominion or Provincial Government.

The whole country is a network of lakes and streams of crystal waters, which teem with brook and lake trout. The land is principally mountain and rocky ridges generally clothed with primeval forests of pine, whose plummy giants on the hilltops towered aloft in adoration of their Divine Creator.

The lumber firms employ "wood-rangers" to explore and examine their vast limits, the "avant courier" to those who carry on the work. The duties of "wood-ranger" were arduous and required years of training and experience to fit him for such a responsible position. Within recent years a certain large firm lost over a million of dollars through the carelessness or improper estimate of their rangers, paying hundreds of thousands of dollars for a small limit, the timber falling far below the estimate, and, a large portion proving to be punky and consequently worthless. Going into the lumber woods in his youth, first as road cutter, then as log-maker or hewer, then, perhaps, as foreman, and again as culler, he gradually acquired proficiency. He must prove himself to be a "courrier-du-bois," half hunter, half surveyor, and versed in all manner of woodcraft. The vast and impenetrable forest must be as plain and open to him as his own country lanes, or the streets of his native village. It was, however, in looking up and exploring new limits which required the services of the very best men. First supplies would be taken into the wilds by canoe and portage, and properly cached, then the ranger would start out on his lonely journey, and for months, perhaps, he would not hear the sound of a human voice. It may easily be imagined how interesting the recital of the trials and experience of these rangers might be.

In my early visits to the lumber depots I fell in with many of these men and determined that, should the opportunity offer, I would endeavor to share with some of them the perils and adventures of their lonely tramps.

It is a custom with lumber firms to require their local ranger to make a tour of the limit to see if any trespass has been committed by adjoining proprietors or their jobbers. These tours of inspection are taken toward the end of the season, during the month of February, and the trip must be made on snowshoes.

I received an invitation to accompany one of these rangers. Our equipment prepared, we set forth from one of the lumber camps. Our duty was to follow the limit-line, thus making a circuit of the whole limit. During the first day I was curious to know what kind of a camp I was going to sleep in, or if I should lay out like the deer in some balsam thicket. About an hour before sunset we selected a spot in a thicket. We built our fire against a large rock so that the heat would be retained and reflected back into our camp. Then long, slender stakes were placed in the snow, so that they stood at about an angle of thirty degrees, about a foot or so apart, and extending the width of what our camp should be. Then a cotton cloth was thrown over. The sides fastened down upon the snow by heavy sticks, as well as the back part of the same, which reached down the stakes to the snow. This is the kind of tent used by the Indians, very light to carry, and forms a complete shed-tent. With a liberal amount of boughs to protect from the cold and damp of the snow underneath, and a fire at the front, these tents are very comfortable in cold weather. There is one thing about them, one never suffers for the want of fresh air. One of the most important points is to collect enough fire wood to last through the night. After a "snack" and a pipe we fix up our fire and roll into the blankets. After about two hours or so the fire burns low and we are awakened by the cold, we throw on a few sticks and perhaps take a pull at the pipe and again roll over to sleep. This is repeated until we wake up as the gray dawn appears, when we rouse ourselves for the day's experience.

The beauties of a pine forest cannot be described by pen or picture, the pine forest must be seen and experienced in all its pristine glory; the stately columns, the moss-covered rocks, and, above all, the air laden with resinous odors.

Our duty was to explore the limit as well as to follow the line, and, in our excursions we had the good fortune to witness scenes which seldom fall to the lot of a novice.

On one particular trip we came across a lakelet along the shore of which entered a spring that did not freeze up. About the spring we saw numerous deer tracks, from which we concluded the deer came down to drink from their winter yard near by, but the snow

was tracked up, cut up and scraped—no farmyard could be more cut up by a flock of sheep. As there were plenty of brook trout to be seen, we thought that a few of them would be an acquisition to our slender larder, and, in the meantime we might obtain an explanation of the numerous deer tracks. Accordingly on the following morning we started for our fish. The wind, fortunately, was in our favor, for when we came in sight of the place we saw a large drove of deer at the spring. We quickly concealed ourselves and waited for developments. There were, perhaps, thirty deer in that crowd, which included many young ones. It was a bright warm morning, and those deer on the glistening snow, with the dark pines for a background, made a beautiful picture. Presently the fawns began to skip and play, and this accounted for the numerous deer tracks in the snow, which afforded us so much conjecture the day before. They bounded over one another—upon the backs of the old ones—their gambols were precisely similar to those of lambs in the spring. We enjoyed the view until the deer departed, then caught our fish and returned to camp.

On another occasion we came out on a lake which was about two miles long and pretty well windswept and the ice glare. We heard a racket, made by wolves, not knowing but that it might be a pack upon our track, we prepared to take to a tree, having left our rifles in camp. Presently a fawn came out upon the ice, followed by wolves, one on each side, at about a hundred yards or so from the deer, with several others directly behind the same. So soon as the poor deer reached the ice it was helpless, and could make but little headway. The wolves seeing this, closed in, and as we saw they would surely catch the fawn, we began to shout, but they paid no attention to us. We ran to camp for our guns, but when we returned nothing but a few stains of blood, some hair and a few crumbs of bones were all that was left of the unfortunate deer, and the wolves were nowhere to be seen.

After tramping over mountain and swamp, through pine forests clad with snow, we reached the end of our trip and returned to the lumber camp. A summer canoe voyage is delightful, but you have the flies. A winter excursion is attended with hardships, it is true, but you are repaid by the glorious scenery and the health-giving exercise.

E. B. F.

A Relic of the Old Frontier.

YEARS ago, before the advent of paved streets and fourteen-story buildings, when the town of Dayton consisted of a very small group of log cabins collected at the confluence of the Mad and Great Miami rivers, a man named George Newcom erected a large tavern, near what is now the corner of Main street and Monument avenue.

This tavern was built in the year 1798, and was the pride of the whole region. It was two stories in height and contained four rooms. It served jointly as the first tavern, store, church, court house and jail in Montgomery county, and was the first house chinked with lime mortar in the town. In it also Jane Newcom, the first white child born in Dayton, saw the light of day.

In 1800 a man named McDougal opened a store in the building and did a flourishing business with the Indians. Three years later the first county court was opened in the tavern and the law violators, so common to frontier communities, were brought to justice. Those convicted were either flogged or fined a certain amount of furs or grain,



THE OLD NEWCOM TAVERN.

which was the chief currency at that time. While in confinement the prisoners were kept in the corn crib or in a dry well on the lot.

Col. George Newcom, the builder and proprietor of the famous tavern, was Irish by birth; emigrating to America with his parents in 1775, and settling first in Delaware and later in Pennsylvania. Marrying here he removed with his family to Cincinnati in 1794. Two years later he accompanied a party of emigrants to Dayton, and assisted in laying out the place. He then erected the tavern and continued its proprietor for many years. He served as a soldier in Wayne's famous campaign and also in the War of 1812. He was a member of the Ohio Legislature for twenty-three years. He lived to the advanced age of eighty-two, dying in February, 1853.

While proprietor of the tavern, he had considerable trouble with the Indians. They would come to the settlement to dispose of their furs, and after getting drunk on the proceeds, would come to the tavern and attempt to bully the landlord, but in this they were generally worsted. The strong, active pioneer proved more than a match for the drunken redskins, and they were generally landed in the jail, where they were kept until sober. When the tavern passed out of Newcom's hands, its name was changed to the Sun Inn.

The country surrounding Dayton was a perfect paradise for sportsmen in the early days. The Indians were well aware of this and were loth to give it up. Indeed, the rivalry was so great and deadly that it gained for the valley the name of "Miami Slaughter House." Deer, wild turkeys, foxes, pheasant, quail and rabbits were plentiful, and 'coon hunts and squirrel hunts were the order of the day. In 1822 there was a squirrel hunt in which one thousand of the little animals were killed. At times migrations of squirrels took place, and even the rivers could not turn them from their course. It is said that men and boys would stand along the banks of the Miami and kill them with clubs as they came out of the water.

Curwen, the first historian of Dayton, thus describes the method of fire-hunting as practiced by the pioneers: "The deer came down to the river to drink in the evening, and sheltered themselves for the night under the bushes which grew along the shore. As soon as they were quiet, the hunters in pirogues paddled slowly up the stream, the steersman holding aloft a burning torch of dried hickory bark, by the light of which the deer were discovered and fired on." All this took place in plain view of Newcom's tavern.

Fishing in both the Mad and Miami rivers was excellent, and in 1835 a seining party procured two wagon loads of fish in the course of an afternoon.

As Newcom's tavern was the central point of interest in the village, no doubt the hunters and fishermen assembled here in the evenings and "swapped yarns."

In 1896 the centennial celebration of the founding of Dayton began, and public interest in the historic old building, which had lagged for some time, was again aroused, and steps were taken to preserve the famous relic.

Surrounded as it is by tall modern buildings, it looks strangely out of place, but in its day it was of more importance to the county than the most stately one is today. It stands in a beautiful lawn, facing Monument avenue, while at its back the Great Miami flows silently by, just as it did on that eventful morning of April 1, 1796, when the pioneers landed and began the foundations of the "Gem City."

As you approach the front door, the first object that catches your eye is a pair of antlers over the doorway, recalling the happy hunting days of the past; and when you step inside and close your ears to the noise and confusion of the city, it seems as if you have been transported into another world. There is the big fireplace, with its crane and pot hanging over it. There are the old-fashioned candlesticks, spinning wheel, loom, cupboard, table and benches, such as were used by our forefathers in the early days. The walls are decorated with 'coon skins, bows, arrows and flintlock rifles, while on the ceiling overhead a quantity of seed corn is hung up to dry. This was the living room. In one corner of the room a rude stairway leads to the sleeping apartments above, while to the right of the stairway a door opens into another room, which was once used as court room and jail. This room now contains a fine collection of pioneer relics, many of which are rare and valuable. An examination of the tavern and contents is well worth a visit to the city.

CLARENCE VANDIVEER.

MIAMISBURG, Ohio.

Natural History.

Visits with Apes and Monkeys.

I.—Visits with Man-Like Apes.

THE "Manlike Apes," so called from their close resemblance to man, comprise the gorilla and chimpanzee of Africa, and the orang-utan and gibbons of south-eastern Asia. They are easily identified by their human-like countenance and structural resemblance to man, which, by the way, is most striking in the young, undeveloped apes. The gorilla, chimpanzee and orang-utan assume a stooping posture when on the ground, supporting themselves by their long arms, their fingers doubled into the palms of their hands. The gibbons are the only members of the order primates that can naturally walk upon their feet without the support of their hands. The expression of apes is nearly as varied as with the human race.

During the summer of 1897 the London Zoological Garden contained two fine specimens of chimpanzees named Daisy and Jemima. Glossy black and in the prime of health, they were by far the liveliest and most interesting animals in the gardens.

They were fond of play and spent hours frolicking together. In the excitement of the game they frequently uttered smothered chuckles of delight as though trying to suppress laughter, and they repeated these sounds whenever anyone played with them, and doubled their head beneath their body to protect their chest when tickled.

It was interesting to watch them while at play. In attempting to escape from each other they swung hand over hand from bar to bar, or when one secured a rope she tantalized her mate by swinging the end toward her; taking care that it did not come within her reach.

Once Jemima, while eluding pursuit, jumped to the side of the cage and clung to a warped board, which afforded but slight hold. Her feet had no support whatever, which gave her little chance to spring, and being beyond reach of any of the perches, she was certainly in a dilemma. She seemed at once to realize her position, and began to cry. Her companion, quite bewildered for the minute, looked at her as though wondering what the fuss was about. As Jemima's grasp grew weaker she cried louder, and looked below to note the distance to the floor. Daisy at last went to the end of the perch, extended her hand, which was quickly accepted, and lifted her playmate safely back to the bar. The keeper informed me that he had frequently seen them assist each other in this manner.

Daisy was the stronger of the two, and after a couple of hours of such play, Jemima, completely ex-

hausted, came to the door of the cage and begged to be put back in her own compartment.

At night Daisy carefully covered herself with a blanket, and when the keeper attempted to take it from her, she climbed to the top of the cage and hung it beyond his reach. She showed her contempt for children by spitting at them, and when several Japanese marines came into the building, all of the apes became greatly excited. Daisy shook the netting, "hoo hooed" loudly and spit at them, while her companions took up the cry, and for a time the house was a perfect bedlam.

When anxious to play Daisy greeted me by coming to the front of the cage and hammering on the wires, and if I failed to accept her challenge, she extended her hand, and when I attempted to take it, drew it back and thrust it through another opening further away.

The keeper once entered the cage, fastened the door and left the keys in the lock. While he was busy one of the apes removed them, and mounting to the top of the cage, held him captive. It was necessary for a visitor to hand him a pole in order to frighten her into dropping the stolen property.

When the keeper pointed to a stranger and called to them to "put him out," they both became greatly excited. Screaming with rage they tried hard to reach the visitor, and no doubt if they had succeeded he would have been injured severely. After he had departed they were alert when anyone entered, lest it be the object of their former indignation. When scolded they usually retired to the back of the cage and cried, but as the keeper changed his voice to tones of forgiveness, they at once came to him, threw their arms about his neck and softly sobbed, acting as though they wanted to say, "We will never be bad again."

During the period that I was studying in London two young chimpanzees, in emaciated condition, were received at the gardens. The first few weeks they spent cuddled in each others arms, as far from the gaze of visitors as their limited quarters would permit. For a long time their death was expected, but they gained strength through careful nursing by their keeper, Mr. Mansbridge, who fed them on beef tea, broth, gruel and fruit, and when I left they were in fine health. The expression of one was so suggestive that he was at once named "Mike." He was particularly fond of beef tea, and when the keeper approached with some, he eagerly took the cup, drained its contents and hurried across the cage to steal his companion's share, which, of course, the keeper would not allow; whereupon there was great wailing.

A fine specimen of this species of ape in the Zoological Gardens at Antwerp, amused the visitors by clever tricks; but one antic that had never been taught it was to allow a large pigtail monkey to ride about the cage on its back; a comical sight, indeed.

But to return to the London Zoological Gardens. Of all lazy, indolent creatures, Flora, a large orang-utan (Man-of-the-Woods in Malay language), held trumps. If she chanced to be at the back of the cage when I entered the room, rather than trouble herself to rise and walk to me, she rolled over and over until near enough to suck my finger. When disturbed by visitors she took her blanket and climbed to the roof of a small sheltered box, and carefully covered herself and slept. She wore a look of great responsibility, and when meals were not served to her liking she moved about restlessly and whined.

But all orang-utans are not like Flora. Three which came into possession of the New York Zoological Society when they were infants, were quite the reverse. They were received before proper buildings were erected for their accommodation, so they were placed in a stable heated for their special benefit. Bedding was furnished for their comfort at night, and to a casual observer, the orangs, when sleeping, appeared like bundles of blankets, but if disturbed, three little red heads were uncovered and inquiring eyes asked if the intruder was a friend; when satisfied, a human being could not have rearranged the covering more carefully than they did. As cold weather set in, it became evident that the room could not be warmed sufficiently, so the orangs were removed to the director's residence.

During the visit with him they were frequently given the liberty of the cellar; sometimes they pried a slat from their cage and took it without consent and at once started on an excursion of investigation and mischief. They tore down door bell wires, upset bottles and jars, and converted themselves into black apes by rummaging about in the coal bin. If the cellar door was left open their travels extended to other parts of the house, and on one occasion the director's wife came suddenly upon an orang seated in the center of the dining table calmly helping herself from a dish of preserves.

At last the reptile house was so far completed that the orangs were transferred to the conservatory at the west end of the building. Here they lived pending the construction of the small mammals' house. They had not been long in their new quarters when the boilers got out of order, and it became necessary to extinguish the fires during the repairs. It turned cold as soon as the work commenced, and at night the thermometer fell alarmingly low for the comfort and health of such delicate animals as anthropoid apes. About midnight the watchman woke me to report that the mercury in the conservatory registered sixty-seven and was falling rapidly. With a blanket I covered the cage containing the two apes, while the other orang, Sadong, was taken back to share my bed for the rest of the night.

Placing her on the side nearest the wall, I settled myself for sleep. Sadong gazed about the room and became particularly interested in the head of a large mountain sheep, then she extended her long, scrawny arms and attempted to play with her shadow on the wall. Tiring of this she amused herself by fondling my hair, examining my ears, and several times gently touched the lids of my closed eyes with her fore finger. She was extremely timid and threw her arms about my neck and whimpered whenever I moved, fearing, no doubt, that I was going to leave her. Several times she attempted to rise, but I covered her with the bedding and spoke sharply, and as though she understood my meaning, she lay quiet and at last became accustomed

to her surroundings and fell asleep.

The washstand stood at the head of the bed and a pitcher of water on the end nearest to me. During the night I was awakened by a movement, and glancing up discovered that my little charge, having crawled from under the blankets—had started upon an exploring expedition and was in the act of climbing upon the washstand. At my sharp command she drew back, and in her fright caught the handle of the water pitcher, dragging it after her. The contents struck squarely in my face. I jumped to my feet, the water streaming from my head and night clothes, while Sadong, one arm about my neck, the other clinging to my hair, nearly deafened me by her cries. She would not consent to be left alone, but while I changed the bed clothes, screamed, and clung tightly to me. I regret that no spectators were present to witness this ridiculous performance, for without exception it was the funniest experience of my life.

All three orangs were very affectionate, and never missed an opportunity to be taken from the cage. When called they walked to the keeper, put their arms around his neck and clung to him in a suggestively human manner. Upon being replaced they lost their temper, threw themselves upon the floor, rolled over and over, screamed and beat their bodies, or hammered on the floor like a child in a tantrum. At last, hurrying to the furthest corner of the cage they sat with folded arms, whimpering softly.

They were particularly fond of baby foods and emulsions of cod liver oil, and licked the spoon clean, often crying for more.

Baths were given them twice a week, which at first were not received with particular favor, for they cried and fought, but soon became accustomed to the water and sat contentedly in the tub, clinging to the sides. While the keeper sponged them they splashed the water, and holding their hands above their heads, allowed it to drip into their mouths. They willingly took their turn, and while waiting, came to the front of the cage and watched the operations performed on their cage-mates. After the bath, they lay quiet while the keepers rubbed them dry with towels, each then put a blanket over her head, drew it around her body and sat for some time with only face exposed.

Sadong was the healthiest of the three, and took great delight in teasing her companions. They endured it until their patience was exhausted, then showed their objections by biting her hands until she ceased her antics. I have repeatedly seen her, while clinging to a bar with her feet, reach down with her long arms, lift one of the weaker orangs a few inches from the floor and let it drop with a thud, or beat it on the bed of straw. Again, while wrestling she would catch her nearest companion by the hair and deliberately bump its head several times upon the floor.

One of Sadong's favorite tricks was, after being fed, to walk about the cage with the empty stewpan upon her head, or if the keeper went away she hammered it on the floor, and upon his return all that remained of the dish was a battered mass of tinware.

During midsummer they were taken out frequently and allowed to exercise among the trees. When on the ground they were very timid, and if the keeper attempted to leave, they cried and hurried to overtake him, then clung to his legs and begged to be taken up. Among the branches they were quite at home, and sometimes it was necessary to offer fruit in order to coax them down; again the keepers were obliged to climb the trees before they could be recaptured.

Probably New Yorkers never expected to see orang-utans building their nests within the city limits, yet for four summers this has been witnessed by many people who visited the Zoological Park in The Bronx.

The orangs, when first liberated, usually busied themselves climbing among the branches, but finally settled down to nest building. After selecting a suitable crotch they gathered twigs within reach and piled them one upon the other; if the branches were large they bent and used their teeth to break them; again they twisted persistently until the limb gave way. With these they built rude nests or platforms, to which they retired to rest. Their period of liberty was too short and infrequent to be wasted in idleness, however, for they seemed to take more pleasure in constructing the nests than in occupying them, often building several nests in one tree. In climbing from tree to tree, where the distance between branches was too great for them to span, they swayed the branch to which they clung from side to side until able to grasp a limb of the adjoining tree and cross over.

Well do I remember old Hercules, a large orang-utan that arrived from Borneo on an East India tea vessel. When first I saw him on the steamship, he was lying on his back in a cage so small that he could not stand erect. One of the stories told of him is, that while en route, one of the crew gave him three bad eggs. Breaking each he put it to his nose, then cast it aside in disgust. A fourth egg offered, was without examination, promptly hurled at the giver, accompanied by emphatic Simian oaths. (I take salt with this yarn.)

On arriving at the park, he was a fit subject for a bath, but owing to his strength and temper we could not handle him in the usual manner, so when he reached through the bars to accept an orange, his arms were caught and held, while a keeper entered the cage and pinioned his feet. A tub of water was procured, and while he lay upon a bed of straw, held by three keepers, a fourth sponged him, and later he was rubbed dry with towels and given a thorough massaging, to start circulation and limber his cramped muscles. He fought hard and attempted to bite the keepers, giving vent to his wrath by loud guttural sounds. When the operation was finished he slunk away and covered himself with a blanket.

At Berlin I saw a huge orang, which the keeper took from the cage, and they walked arm in arm to an ante-room, where the ape busied himself shifting coal from the bucket to the floor and back again. He then took a poker and opened the stove door. As a spark flew in his face he winced, rubbed his eye and blew at the hot coals as though to cool them.

OWEGO, N. Y.

J. ALDEN LORING.

Quail in the Clothes Basket.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 4.—John Glenn, a farmer, in Feeding Hills, a small town a few miles west of here, was plowing recently and disturbed a quail. He looked on the ground and was not surprised to see a nest with 15 eggs in it almost under the feet of the horses. He turned the plow to one side, so as not to disturb the nest, and continued with his work, thinking little more of the matter.

His dog was with him at the time, and that night he remembered that the dog had gone back. This troubled him, and he told the story to his daughter, who at once took an interest in it and went to the nest, only to find that the dog had evidently driven the mother quail away, as the eggs were cold and the nest deserted. Miss Glenn supposed that the eggs were spoiled because they had become cold, and picked them up and took them home to prevent the dog from spoiling the nest. She took them into the kitchen and placed them all in a basket that was half full of clothes and was placed near the stove. Some more clothes were thrown over the eggs and they were forgotten. The next morning Miss Glenn went to the basket to get the clothes and was decidedly surprised to hear a cheerful line of chirps coming from it. She lifted the clothes and eleven bright-eyed, striped little chicks stuck their heads up from the basket and then huddled together just as all well mannered quail chicks should. During the day the chicks were fed on crumbs of bread and oatmeal at intervals, and seemed perfectly willing to eat everything that came their way. All the time they kept chirping and trying to say "Bob White." The next morning, when they were just a day old, Miss Glenn took them in a little box back to the place where she found the eggs. She poured the whole brood out on to the ground and expected that they would vanish at once. She was greatly surprised to have the entire eleven come scurrying back into the box again and refuse to leave it under any circumstances. So she took them back to the house again. That evening she took the brood once more to the nest and again freed them. In an instant they had all disappeared, and that was the last that has been seen of them. It would be interesting to know why the youngsters refused to be turned loose the first time and then went with a rush the second. One theory is that the old hen bird was near the nest and in some way called her chicks, who recognized the mother call by instinct. CLICK.

Squirrels in City Parks.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Will Vermonter, who writes in this week's FOREST AND STREAM about gray squirrels that abound in the city of Burlington, or other readers, give information in regard to stocking city parks with squirrels, the kind best adapted to that purpose, whether gray or fox, or both, and any suggestions as to the care they require.

W. P. DAVISON.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

A Story of Fluster.

OAKLAND, Cal.—Editor Forest and Stream: Although a reader of FOREST AND STREAM for a great many years, I cannot call to mind ever seeing reported in its columns any such experience as that which I propose to relate. It is to be hoped that it is for the excellent reason that such things do not occur, and like enough also that few people ever care to acknowledge being caught napping. I have certainly never lost any sleep worrying over the probability of its recurrence, and now there is every reason to believe that the faintest possibility even is forever removed. The incident occurred while hunting grouse along the edge of the big timber in the Willamette Valley, Oregon.

At that time grouse were very plentiful, and used to saunter out into the stubbles along toward sundown in goodly numbers to feed. On this particular evening in the early fall, after a heavy shower, I started out to try my luck for a fry without a dog, not having any at the time. After a long tramp through all the favorite haunts of the birds nearly without getting glimpse of a feather, I had come to the conclusion that it was the weather. The sun gleamed out unusually hot after the rain with that sweltering heat which made things steam and the perspiration trickle, that caused the birds to sit so fast and be so little doing. It had certainly become most decidedly monotonous.

After having about given up all hope of grouse for breakfast, I was strolling along in a semi-hypnotic condition, totally oblivious to the matter in hand—a state of mind induced, no doubt, by the humidity of the atmosphere and the tranquil beauty of the sylvan scene, when I suddenly found myself in the very center of a charmed circle—so full of charm, indeed, that what little wits I had took unto themselves wings and flew away—flew away with the birds. Now, the birds themselves must have been in a trance or they would never have permitted me in such close quarters without making a move, having almost stepped on some of them.

For inside of a circle of not more than twenty yards in diameter there suddenly arose with a roar like a cyclone a flock of grouse. How many? Well, I'm not telling anybody—this is no fish story. But there I was in the midst of them, the most demoralized sportsman that anybody could ever hope to see. Pshaw! anyone else would have killed not less than a dozen of them—in their minds. But I, for the first and last time in my life, not only parted from my wits on such an occasion, but lost my gun as well. Of course, the first move was to get my gun into business, but owing to the unexpectedness of the thing that happened, this instinctive movement totally failed of accomplishment. In my fright I pulled off one of the barrels at the first move; not having anything to butt against, the recoil broke my hold, and it was free to go as impelled, the jerk my left arm had given it (the gun was lying in the crook of my left arm, at full cock, at the time) under the impulse of the scare, threw it clear

way, and the gun fell several paces from where I was standing. The other barrel didn't explode, for a wonder; anyway it fell muzzle away. The last jinks gave me the first jolt of all; what little thinker was left "thunk" a hole lot between the time the gun left my hands and the time it was resting safely on the ground. Thus ended the hunt. I couldn't have hit a haystack after such a shaking, so I wended my way homeward, a sadder but a wiser man.

It has always been a matter for surmise in regard to the theories which would have been set up as to how this man met his death, if things had gone amiss. He is seen start out hunting alone, and is found dead from a gunshot wound and his own gun lying several paces away, discharged, and not by any means necessarily in line when he came to rest on the ground. All this without the slightest stretch of the imagination was at the instant the direct line of possibility. Of course, if the facts in the case could have appeared, the universal opinion would have been that the fool killer had been getting in his work. Verdict unanimous—acquittal.

I have seen many large bunches of game birds, but never anything approaching to that, and distance fails to add any enchantment to the view. One has read of a invocation of crows; this must have been a parliament of grouse. What they were doing bunched up like that a time in the evening when they had invariably been and scattered out foraging before going to roost, is more than I was ever able to make out, unless it was that they were making family arrangements for another season. Perchance the angel dropped a tear when he recorded my excuse for being empty-handed—such a very usual thing, don't you know. I could not possibly word to give my blamed fooling away.

WANDERER.

Meadowlark and Robin.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, Dixmont, expresses indignation concerning my defense of the Rev. Craig for shooting meadowlarks, and Hie-on's allusion to shooting robins and waxwings. It is easy for me to understand and appreciate Dixmont's sentimental attitude toward the robin, but I had never supposed that any sentiment attached to the meadowlark, even in the North. Some of these birds (larks) remain in the United States during the breeding season; but no one in these States, so far as I am aware, includes them in the category of "song birds."

The law of Mississippi recognizes the meadowlark as a game bird, and he is protected by the game law during the close season, along with the other recognized birds of that class. Moreover, he is invariably found in association with doves and partridges in the spring and winter months, feeding on the same ground with the same general habits.

Audubon says of the meadowlark: "During the latter part of autumn, as well as in winter, this species affords a good deal of sport, especially to young gunners." And, "when on the wing they seldom fly close enough to allow more than one to be shot at a time. When wounded they run off with alacrity, and hide with great care, so as to be found with difficulty."

Also, "In every cornfield in the State of Kentucky you are sure to find them in company with partridges and doves." And again, "It will not stand before the hunter longer than a moment, and that only when surprised among rank weeds or grass." He says further they are "offered for sale in almost all our markets."

It is evident that Audubon was not shocked by the shooting of these birds, as he doubtless shot them himself; and yet Audubon was the most enthusiastic of bird lovers.

The truth is, that the question as to what birds ought to be shot and vice versa, is, like many other questions, a purely local one, the "point of view" being everything in determining the pro or con.

It is easy to understand the sentiment that in the North surrounds the "robin red-breast" with a sort of poetic affection akin to reverence; but the basis for such a feeling is wholly wanting in the Southern, or at least in the Gulf States; and the reason for the difference is readily explained. The robins spend the breeding season in the Northern States; they diffuse themselves throughout the land in mated pairs, resort to the orchards, gardens and lawns, and nesting in the houses. They become quasi domestic in their habits, affiliating themselves with humanity. They are, moreover, handsome birds and sweet songsters in the breeding season, and appeal strongly to the affections of old and young among their human neighbors and friends.

But when they come South their character is entirely changed. They arrive here in bleak November weather, scudding upon the wintry north wind, and the harbingers, not of springtime as in the North, but of frost and icy weather.

They sing no songs here, and do not cultivate the human side of their environment; but assembling themselves in large flocks, confine themselves mainly to the open woods, where berries are abundant, and grow exceedingly fat and juicy feeding upon them.

Dixmont says of the robin that, "dead they are useful," and Dixmont's view is quite natural for one in that position. Nevertheless, it is true that a fat robin, when broiled, is about the most delicious morsel that ever graced an epicure's table.

Robins are not generally shot by sportsmen in the North, for the plain reason that shooting them affords no sport to a skillful gunner. Neither are they shot for the sake of killing something, as suggested by Dixmont. Hie-on thought they would be more suitable for a young lady's prowess than the more difficult sport of following the setters through wet cornfields and shooting partridges on the wing.

Robins are killed by boys, negroes and pot-hunters; and find ready sale in the markets, as they are highly esteemed from a culinary point of view.

The robin question has a close parallel in that of the colink, another cherished songster of the Northern States in summer time. He also changes his character

completely when he comes South in the fall and winter. In Maryland he becomes the famous delicacy of the restaurants, known as the "reed bird"; while in South Carolina he is the "rice bird," and in Louisiana he bears off the palm among the epicures as the "ortolan," the most cherished of the delicacies served in the hotels of New Orleans.

The rule seems to be that certain birds that do most regale the æsthetic senses in the lands where the spring and summer months are passed, do also most appeal to the gastronomic side of human nature in those regions where the fall and winter is passed by them in the sole occupation of getting fat and delicious for table purposes.

While we may abhor the idea of butchering a pet for instance, for the table, we feel no such compunctions about selecting one out of the flock for the same purpose.

Dixmont should recognize the fact that the shield upon which he is looking from his viewpoint presents a very different appearance when viewed from the opposite side.

COAHOMA.

Note and Comment.

The Deadly Toy Pistol.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The editor, in the current number, July 4, gives the toy pistol a scoring, and he is right, the sooner the toy pistol and the manufacture and sale of it are forbidden by law the better. When that takes place we shall have a few more boys to raise. The coroner of Allegheny county, Pennsylvania, has held no less than twelve inquests in the past thirty days on boys who have died from lockjaw, caused by toy pistols in every case.

The pistol, in itself, is harmless, of course; it is the mercury put in these small cartridges to make them give a loud report, that causes the mischief. If black powder only were used then the result would only be a sore hand for a few days, and no lockjaw. But a toy pistol can be got for a few cents, and as long as they can boys will use them. Keep after that toy pistol in and out of season until it will be by law as much of a crime to sell one to a boy as it is now to sell him a dose of poison.

I have noticed quite a number of complaints lately, both in the FOREST AND STREAM and in other papers (the most of them have been in the other papers) about these game reserves, which some of our men, who have the money to spare and the inclination so to use it, have established in different parts of the country. The only game reserve that I have a personal interest in is a big one out in Wyoming, but I cannot use it to hunt in, we keep it to give part of what game we have left a chance to stop long enough in one place to see whether they are there or not, and not to be blown somewhere else before they find out just where they are. I do not hear any complaint made about this reserve, because I suppose it belongs to all of us, and costs us nothing to keep it, the Government does that.

I have no complaint to make about those private reserves, I only wish that there were more of them, they are generally found on land that is fit for nothing else, and sooner or later a part of this game in them will break out of bounds; some of it may be turned out; then it will be our game if we want it.

If I had the money that some of these men have I have often thought that there would be another big game preserve, but I would want mine somewhere south of Mason and Dixon's line, in Georgia probably. Then next I would want a good sailing yacht, one with auxiliary steam power, and with no fancy work about it, inside or out, but one large enough to take me anywhere on the globe that I wanted to go to; it would probably have to take me around the Horn or through the straits, and in the Pacific before I had it long, and I would not need a captain or sailing master, I could attend to that part of it myself. Then after I had built the finest schoolhouse that money could put up, in the ward I was born in, I would quit.

CABIA BLANCO.

Both Satisfied.

It falls to us who live in the country the year round to hear amusing stories from the guides of their experiences with the "tenderfeet" that visit the north country during the open season. One that showed the cuteness of the guide was told me shortly ago by the man himself.

Dr. S— came to Roberval with the expressed wish of taking home a caribou head of his own killing. He engaged George Skene as man of all work, and Old Basil, the noted guide and successful hunter.

Although it is not customary for guides to take their guns when out with gentleman sportsmen, yet Old Basil was an exception, as he always insisted on taking his. Around the camp-fire Dr. S— spoke of his great wish to kill a caribou.

"Now," he said to old Basil, "You bring me up close to one and I kill it, I'll give you a bonus of \$10."

Several times next day during the still-hunt old Basil would leave the doctor to await his return, while he would go forward reconnoitering carefully so there might be no mistake. At last he came back with the glad tidings to the doctor, that he had seen two caribou not far in advance of where they now were.

When it got to sneaking after Basil through the last hundred yards to the few trees at the extreme edge of the forest, the doctor's heart was beating with such thumps that he thought the noise would start the game. The doctor at last reached the guide in the fringe of trees. Basil told him that one of the deer was standing up, broadside on, while a little to the right was the second one lying down. The standing one being the larger of the two, and the only one having horns, was for the doctor to shoot, while the guide would take a pot-shot at the other. The doctor flattened out on his stomach and wriggled a few feet further, saw the deer through the branches, took

aim and waited for Basil to count the agreed one, two, three.

Basil argued with himself that from the uncertain way the doctor's gun was wobbling about there were several hundred chances to one against his hitting the deer, and as a consequence, he would be minus his bonus.

So he employed a ruse. He counted the agreed signal to fire, but instead of firing at the one lying down, he drew a bead on the doctor's, and, of course, killed it.

At the report of the guns the caribou on the ground sprang up, and old Basil, with consummate prevarication, said, "Oh! I missed it!" Aimed again, let go the other barrel and killed this one also.

The doctor was wild with delight at his successful first shot, and expressed in many words his pleasure to old Basil, who took it all in without a blush.

The old guide, who was standing up back of where the doctor fired, had taken no chance of missing with his smooth bore, but fired point blank at the deer's fore quarters. There was found on examination a frightful wound, and smashed bone; but the doctor was not versed enough in woodcraft to distinguish if this had been caused by a round bullet, and not the conical one from his own rifle.

The doctor was not a pot-hunter; he had what he came for, and had got it in almost record time, and was satisfied, so he fished for brook trout while Basil carefully prepared the head for transportation and dried the meat for his own family. Then they journeyed back to Roberval, where the men were paid off, Basil receiving a bright \$10 gold piece as promised over and above his wages.

The doctor no doubt has that head, beautifully gotten up, hanging over his sideboard, and points to it with pride to his guests, saying, "I killed that head back of Kis-ki-sink, in Canada."

MARTIN HUNTER.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Salmon Culture in America.

In the English Fishing Gazette of June 13, Mr. R. B. Marston reviews the salmon culture discussion in the FOREST AND STREAM, and comments as follows:

"One of the conclusions arrived at by the Salmon Fisheries Commission last year was that until satisfactory evidence was forthcoming respecting the success of artificial culture of salmon it could not recommend the establishment of State hatcheries.

"It seemed to me that this was such a damaging blow at fishculture in connection with our noblest fish, that I thought it would be well to see what was the opinion on the subject in America, and I wrote a letter to that excellent sporting paper FOREST AND STREAM, which appeared on February 7 last, asking for information.

"The result was, I must admit, astounding to me. My inquiry gave rise to a long correspondence on the subject, from which, I regret to say, it seems to be abundantly clear that as far as the true salmon (*Salmo salar*) is concerned, its cultivation in the United States and Canada is an admitted failure. During the last twenty years or more the Fishing Gazette has published accounts of the work of the Canadian and American Fish Commissions in turning millions upon millions of artificially bred salmon fry into the rivers flowing into the Atlantic and into the Pacific. The late Mr. A. Nelson Cheney sent me some ten or twelve years ago particulars which seemed to prove that several Atlantic Coast rivers had benefited greatly by salmon culture, and I fully expected that my inquiry recently would have confirmed this.

"The first reply was from a correspondent signing himself as The Old Angler. [Mr. Marston quotes it in full.]

"In FOREST AND STREAM for March 7 appeared a long letter from Mr. Livingston Stone, which has already appeared in the Fishing Gazette. It practically admitted that as far as experiments with *Salmo salar* in the rivers flowing into the Atlantic were concerned they had come to nothing, but it claimed brilliant success with the Pacific Coast rivers. Unfortunately, as The Old Angler pointed out in a long reply in FOREST AND STREAM of March 21, salmon had never been extinct in any of the Pacific salmon rivers; on the contrary, in spite of the enormous drain for the great canneries which send canned salmon all over the world, the natural supply was still incredibly great. As far as the salmon of the Pacific Coast are concerned, it seems to me that it must be very difficult to prove that artificial culture is or is not beneficial. It is admitted that fish in incredible numbers can still reach the spawning beds of the rivers, and as long as that is the case it is impossible to prove that turning in some millions of artificially hatched fry materially increase the catch of salmon. It is impossible to prove it, but it is also impossible to disprove it. The fact that such an able and experienced pisciculturist as Mr. Livingston Stone is convinced of the value of aiding nature where over fishing is the only reason for falling off in the supply of salmon, is a fact not lightly to be brushed aside. To wait until the salmon of some Pacific Coast river have become extinct before attempting to stop the drain seems to be absurd. On the other hand, it is open to question whether the money and energy expended on artificially producing fish for such rivers might not be far better employed in preventing over-netting and trapping salmon, and in seeing that natural spawning of the fish is not interfered with. The salmon of the Pacific Coast are not the same as our Atlantic *Salmo salar*, and it does not follow that because attempts to stock rivers with *S. salar* have been so disappointing that therefore failure must follow with the *Salmo quinnat* and other Pacific Coast salmon. As a matter of fact, all attempts to introduce *S. quinnat* into Europe and Australasia have failed.

"The Old Angler will not allow that salmon culture has been successful anywhere. [Here Mr. Marston quotes The Old Angler's letter in issue of March 21.]

"Then followed long letters from Mr. Babcock, Fisheries Commissioner of British Columbia, giving his views as to the value of salmon culture on the Pacific Coast. I confess that in view of the enormous natural production of salmon in those rivers, it is difficult not to agree with the conclusions of The Old Angler, who, at the end of another long letter in FOREST AND STREAM of May 16, says:

From my private and official experience of seventy years among salmon fishermen, and from my observation of the effects of over-fishing in all rivers of New England and eastern Canada, now so visible in the steadily decreasing catch of the Maritime Provinces, I regret to see the same greedy system being pursued on the Pacific Coast and in British Columbia. Mr. Babcock concludes his letter by telling us that "the combined Fraser River and Puget Sound pack in 1901 was 2,400,606 cases of 48 pounds each, making 115,229,088 pounds," which, he says, is nearly half the annual pack of the world. Surely there can be no need of hatcheries on such rivers as these!

If Commissioner Babcock, in view of the experience of Europe and eastern America, covering a period of over thirty years, expects to keep up this enormous catch by means of artificial culture, he is simply chasing rainbows, and I know not which most to admire, his calm indifference to the past history of salmon culture and the lesson it teaches, or his sublime faith in oodles of ova and figures of fry. But I doubt if this last letter will make a convert of Mr. Marston, while I am quite sure that the "scientific gentlemen" will see in neither of them any reason for changing the opinion which a better knowledge of the literature of salmon culture, both in Europe and America, has forced upon them.

"Having elicited these opinions and facts from American authorities, I think it would be very interesting and instructive to hear the views of pisciculturists in Europe, and to see if any facts can be adduced proving that salmon culture is improved and is improving the supply of salmon. I have always supposed that we could at least point to the Yorkshire Esk as a river in which salmon had become extinct which has been successfully restocked, but I am told this is at least doubtful."

Canoe and Camp Life Along the Delaware River.

XV.—Teat Matas.—Two Old ys.

"For tribulation worketh patience, and patience, experience, and experience, hope."

"Friendship—one soul in two bodies."

THERE is a growing tendency, as the sight and taste for nature-beauty become more and more keen, to not only love and be with flowing water, but also with hills and mountains. And there is no better region in which to study all these than here at the Water Gap. After a breakfast in one of the hotels below, it is inspiring to follow the paths and penetrate the nooks of rills and fern-patches, rock and lichens, flower and foliage wealth, and to watch the cloud effects and the winding river, from far up on the sides of Mounts Tammany and Minsi. Nowhere can the Nature-lover realize more fully what I now desire to analyze—the twin musics of the human soul and the nature-soul, and their intertwined being and influence.

It seems, when circumstances are favorable, as if there were no more really young boys than old boys. Close study of two such campers on the Delaware, demonstrates that they could scarcely have had fresher hearts or more gladness in the beauty of earth when they wore copper-toed boots and knickerbockers, than here in their tent about five miles "above" the Water Gap. Here is one of their dialogues:

"Take it, or I will throw it into the river."

"Throw, then! I will not sweeten my coffee with our last lump of sugar."

The small, white cube is split by the blade of a jack-knife; and a half goes into each cup.

"There!" with a growl. "Does that satisfy you? How selfish in you to refuse the whole lump."

An answering growl: "One should have taken the whole or none. You are that one!"

The men are friends, grappled to each other "with hooks of steel" for thirty years. Nearly all of those summers have found them fishing and camping together.

Deaths have occurred in their families. Each has known deadly jousts with untoward circumstances. Despite mutual help; business ordeals have wrenched and scarred them, but the sheet-anchors of iron-true friendship have steadfastly held, always. Many life-battles have been lost, and but few won. Times of light and ease have been displaced by those of unhoused misery. There have been hours of vanity and conceited self-praise at success, and others that saw within their breasts the ghastly murder of hopes and yearnings. Hours when the tides of some great crisis for them surged and demolished, when souls were whipped with scorpions and tried by flames, when palsied hands were lifted to skies of brass, and the sufferer felt like "tearing off the bandage and turning face to the wall!" And then the other steadfastly encouraged with help, and brave, hopeful words, so grateful in times of dire need.

Both are vigorous, resourceful, fairly contented, and always up to the elbows in business when at home. Here it is different. Watch and hear them this July night.

There is no moon, but the sky is bespangled. Hills have lost themselves in twilights. Forest shadows are deep, and advance, but are driven back as flames dance over the log behind the camp-fire. Bellowing voices from a distant convention of bullfrogs! Cries and an occasional boom from invisible nighthawks aloft! Fireflies in a meadow across the river! Far-away hoots of owls on the mountain down that other shore! Voices of the river are growing more distinct. Strange forest odors! Lazy stir and whisper of foliage! Dull, dim lustre cast over all by occasional flashes from low-lying clouds in the west, the faint pink of whose domes swiftly changes to purple and dark blue! An hour ago they saw the white head-stones shining in the sun, around the little church on the mountain across the river. Now they have faded from sight.

The replenished camp-fire, whose lights can show unearthly lines and expressions on the human face such as no other light discloses, has been merely smoking, its vapors lazily mounting through the leafage; but now it blazes up, showing two tanned, healthy, rugged faces below shocks of gray hair.

The supper of fried fish and bacon, roasted potatoes,

big crackers, cheese and apples, has been eaten; frying-pan and kettle are cleaned and "hung up" on convenient stubs of low limbs. The two tin plates, bone-handled knives and forks, and pewter spoons, are washed and "put away" in the soda-box.

"Get out the pipes while I fill the bottle with spring water."

"Nonsense; I go along!"

Two unshaved old fellows in coarse camp clothes and old straw hats lie at full length on the gravel, and drink.

"Cigars to-night. The boy brought a dozen from Stroudsburg."

"All right. Which will you have, camp-stool or mattress?"

The intermittently brightening ends of the lighted cigars, and the smoke from them, are added to the fire and smoke of the camp. Then, a long silence. The fire gets to the heart of its wood, burns more fervently, and they hitch their seats away from it. Another silence.

"Great! ain't it, Bill?"

"Sure!"

"Regular old-fashioned rest and comfort!"

"Sure. Gimme a light."

To many and many a sportsman this camp-fire comradeship is the closest tie on earth. Men in town say they "know" each other. They should camp, and hobnob. There are no white collars and patent-leathers, no easy chairs of plush and leather, no deft servants, no walls frescoed by man. Even in camp, no two men can actually know each other, for no man really knows himself.

"Wondering chiefly at himself;
Who can tell him what he is,
And how join in human elf,
Coming and past eternities?"

But by the evening camp-fire, the great tides of such a friendship as this, powerful, unestranged, borne onward

ate of the manna showered down upon those who lovingly work for others.

But the gypsy nature is inherent in each man. Here, as in town, necessity for each other has grown and ripened through all the slow years.

As they fish or eat together in broad daylight, each would deny this with a jest. But here by the evening camp-fire, the full light of that necessity is tacitly admitted. There are shining traces of it in the unconscious watchfulness for and anticipation of each other's needs, comforts, wishes; and swift meetings of eyes that have noted each other's steps through half a life-time.

There is no human tie more close than this, binding old tent-mates. And how they talk! Old joys, old sorrows, plans for the future, and achievements to be struggled for honorably man to man, are vividly summoned by memory and ambition.

The joys of the day's angling and canoeing are lived over again. How quickly night has come! How surprised they were to hear the bells at the farmhouses calling men to dinner! The afternoon trains had seemed hours ahead of time!

Some night disturbance has set the unseen water-fowl over in the lagoon all a-cry, and babblings and quackings float to them on the night air. Low, ominous rumbles from over far western woods, where a storm is gathering. Silence again.

"Have another cigar?"

"Nope—time for bed. An' say, Bill!"

"Well."

"Don't you make a fool of yourself about me. It might make you sick. Let your family stay at the Gap, an' don't you jine 'em."

Squeaky protests from the rubber mattresses, as they pull the blankets up to their chins. Bill soliloquizes:

"An' I'm going after that miserable bass agin the first thing after breakfast."



MTS. MINSI AND TAMMANY.

by like tastes, sympathies, and joys of their common daily and nightly lot, encompass them like the camp-fire's light. Life which engulfs both is the same to both. They sleep in the same tent, fish in the same canoe, eat and drink from the same rude dishes; and as the night comes on they are separated only "by a step or two of dubious twilight," which the camp-fire almost dissipates.

They are not "good" men. Neither is a church member. They believe and rejoice in the unrest which has built nations and navies, cities and schools, factories and transportation lines. Like all active men, each "has the devil in him bigger than a barrel!" Grown-up boys, their hearts young! Each, with such insight as has been given to him, gropes for truth, wondering, meanwhile, why God sent trouble into the world—that old question that almost drove Goethe mad, and made him write "Faust."

They have been nature-students, always with a growing sense of their own weakness and littleness. Both are well down on life's western slope.

And each is a miniature counterpart or mirror of this Nature he loves so well—Nature "with all her vast contrivances of charm, her grand procession of the seasons, her many musics of loud diapasons, and low babblings, and clear, wild trills of bird-notes; her seas and lands, her cloudy splendors, her glancing lights and shades and darkling closes, her cold and snowy exaltations, and the warm mother's breast she keeps for her tired children."

Both these men have sinned, have sometimes been drunk when oppressed with burdens too heavy to bear. Yet both have had the hands of practical charity, have lifted up and cheered those fallen by the way—waifs with pinched faces and bowed forms and tottering steps; and thus they have found constant resurrection of peace through work for others. They can be profane, but are ashamed of it. They have stood beside tired wives and mothers busy with household duties and mercies, and have held the hands of trusting children, "life's tenderest appeal to a man's fainting heart." And thus "the charmed cup of love and sacrifice never once ran dry," and they

"Stop your talkin'. What's that? Don't I believe we shall have a canoe and a tent, and a river with bass in it to catch, when we get to heaven? How do you ever expect to get in there?"

"St. Peter was a fisherman."

"Well, he knows, right now, how you swore when you lost that big one to-day. Good night."

"Good night. Keep to your own side of the tent; you shoved me clean through the side last night. It's goin' to rain, an' I want half these inside premises."

"All right. If yer old bones get cold, just reach over an' take my extra blanket. I can't spare you either before the camp grub is et."

"Better tend to your own roomatiz. Stop talkin'. This is a sleepin' tent. How good the mattress feels!"

The camp-fire burns low, and is put out by the heavy rain that pounds on the tent, unheeded by the sleepers. It washes the exposed frying-pan and skillet a second time, and is followed by strong winds that start all the forest into a masked-ball dance. At five o'clock a frowsy, gray head is poked through the tent-flap, and a tanned face with keen, kind eyes, takes a quick survey of the morning world under renewed sunshine. Cautious emergence from the tent, still gathering of dry wood, and the fire is renewed. He fills the small kettle, drags six potatoes from the bag, and puts them into the yet cold water, to "boil." Then he goes to the farm-house a half mile distant, and gets milk, sugar, butter, and two loaves of bread. He walks around the tent on his return.

"Poor old chap! How he does snore! Tired him out yesterday. He certainly is gettin' feeble!"

The coffee-pot is placed on the fire, and there is a savory smell of frying fish and bacon. He shakes himself.

"Blamed if I am hardly awake yet. These farmers certainly do get up early. That one over there has milked, and driven seven cows to the pasture-lot on the hill. An' Bill not up yet." A tremendous yawn, and a shout: "Bill!"

A sleepy protest from the tent.

"Breakfast ready. Git up an' put on yer dress suit."

Paid a boy fifteen cents down the road here fur a lot o' hulled wild strawberries. Git now, you lazy! You made a fool o' me last night, an' then snored till mornin'. Looks like a good day fur fishin'!"

A chuckle and gray head emerge from the tent together.

"So it was no dream. You really did kick me in the side. Never mind—I'll tie knots in yer shirt when we go in swimmin' after dinner."

Tent mates! Their fondness for each other is strong as ever; but it will be held in check, and not permitted to run riot, as it did last night under the stars and beside the witching camp-fire. Not many more leaf-falls before they will have a longer sleep, side by side, in the center of that long reach of the double family lot in a Brooklyn cemetery where two little, white head-stones already stand at either end.

L. F. BROWN.

"The Brook."

TENNYSON never got his inspiration to write "The Brook" in Pike county, Pennsylvania. "Lawns and grassy plots" are singularly missing, while "sweet forget-me-nots" would have consisted largely of black and blue spots with "now and then" a fracture. More "like the giant refreshed with wine" are these streams at high tide, majestic in their beauty, dangerous in their fancy. Yet here are found the luscious trout and "now and then" an angler.

Up there "we slumber under moon and stars" (only) one needs X-rays in addition to "netted sunbeams" to be anywhere sure of his footing, and even then he would find that gay and festive colorings are sometimes deceiving.

Mr. Kenneth Fowler and I had talked about the Levis Branch, the Broadhead, Goose Pond Run and tributaries over our lunch for two weeks, until our meat tasted fishy, and we determined that there was but one cure for the well-known disease, so we went. In Hoboken he introduced me to Mr. Henry Chesebro, his brother-in-law, a factor at home, a factor at the Chester Military College, and the real thing on a fishing trip. En route this little soldier showed his indifference to excitement and dangers by going to sleep, while we of more tender discipline though riper years, examined flies, reels, lines, rods, and allowed our imaginations to distance a fast train.

Henry, my old guide, met us at Cresco, and here was discovered a duplication of names, which in a party of four would never do. Somebody had to assume an alias, and it was up to the two Henrys. Hen, Henry, Hank; certainly a pretty bunch to choose from; imagine Hen or Hank in the Hall of Fame or on a tomb stone; it would never do; so we called our soldier boy Colonel, and our good Henry remained entirely himself.

Monday morning, June 22, was really notorious for its sunbeams, a novelty rare; it gladdened the heart and quickened the pulses, it hurried our footsteps over craggy paths and cover toward Long Meadow three miles away. A glad and rollicking song broke forth from Fowler, the birds chirped in gladness as we "hiked" along Indian file behind Henry. The laurel in full bloom hemmed our passage, assuming all its natural beauty, and more, a frightened frog plunged from a foot bridge, bidding us go on, go on, until with a charge sufficiently brave to annihilate any army, we break from cover and storm the meadow.

"With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow."

It was here we had introduced to our creels the perverseness of things. I whipped that brook at long distance for three mortal hours without a rise, while Fowler did the same thing at the other end with like results, while the Colonel in his "freshman" experience, let float along a squirmer.

We met at the bridge, and smoked and watched the sunbeams penetrate the bottoms, while Henry told of taking six trout that weighed five pounds from that brook only four days ago, but it was a rainy day then. Oh, that the canopy of heaven would engulf us once more.

"Well," said Fowler, "we'll give it one more try."
"Back to your stations," says the Colonel, and we scatter. Shortly Fowler is seen struggling and Henry going to his rescue. I am just far enough away to hear, "Fully a pound." "Yes, that much, sure," and then I see the Colonel pulling for the woods with rod erect and teeth shut, and I hear a line of talk I have just forgotten, and—"he got off in the grass."

My wrist aches, but still the flies go whizzing through the air and are drawn along at a hop, skip and a jump. Still nothing doing. I come to the bridge and give it up, and in crestfallen silence await my friends.

Fowler came in with a fine one, the Colonel had lost a finer one. I looked at Fowler's line to see the assortment of flies he was using, and discovered a plain No. 6 hook. We began "roasting" for lunch and dinner right there. I was accused, but proved an alibi by forgetting my hooks when I left home that morning, but it didn't take me long to borrow one from my more thoughtful friends; they all had them.

Henry now led the way to Goose Pond Run, two miles away, and here we took to the water. Goose Pond Run was above its normal condition, in its stillest moments. Prose should be used in describing it, and especially so from its center. It is pretty, grandly so. It rushes and gurgles along over boulders and falls, plunges here and roars there, forming, however, many nice pools for trout, but they cannot be taken by a Christian with flies, both would be lost in the first half mile.

"You slip, you slide, you gloom, you glance
On the rocks
At the bottom of the river.
You thump, you bump, you take a long chance
On the rocks
At the bottom of the river."

Early in this game of athletics I filled my waders and spoiled my tobacco, yet wearied not. Occasionally a trout of goodly size was taken, each of us get-

ting his share. Through gorges, over falls we slide on. At a beautiful break just beyond a ravine, a trail crosses, and here we rest and take lunch.

At 4 P. M. Henry tells us that it is less than three miles by a short route back to that meadow, and that he is sure that as the evening shades gather over the famous meadow, the trout will assume the aggressive, and that it will pay us to go back. We think so, too, and once more the line of march is taken up. Three-quarters of an hour later we again enjoy the peace and quiet of the mountain basin. The timber on the west side appeared in gigantic proportions in long shadows; the crickets clattered and chirped; the frogs croaked their loneliness; swallows skimmed along after their evening meal; the bees were leaving for home; the flies skimmed languidly along the surface, and from weariness alone, I presume, we attacked that brook as quietly as Indians in quest of prey.

"We wind about and in and out,
With now and then a shiver."

At last the stillness is broken, the Colonel has hitched to another big one, with thirty feet of slack line and a single action reel. He sticks to the reel. I call to him to take in the slack by hand; he mistakes my advice and starts for the woods. Again the rushes do the trick, and the Colonel loses another. Loosened belts and tinted skies remind us of a long day well done, and we pull for home. When there we discover that our years belong to time, our grades of fatigue were best measured by our years, and I was the oldest.

Early next morning a drizzling rain set in, and while we were at breakfast some one suggested that this was just the morning to tackle the meadow, but I fancied the Levis branch, a half mile away, being more sensible than ever of life's obligations to time, and time's sore way of collecting its debts.

"By thirty hills we hurried down,
Or slept between the ridges."

Until we were at the foot of the beautiful Levis falls. Here we take to the stream, the Colonel using my waders (they were too small for me this morning). The day before military breeches and baseball shoes had been his attire. At the top of a 6-foot fall the Colonel started across to reach a pretty pool opposite, but his legs carried too much sail, and his legs, boots and all swamped. He dexterously caught a rock, his ready smile from his submerged position assured us that he was quite comfortable, and he got to the other side and fished his pool. A bit further down Fowler's feet tried to exchange places with his head, and only the fact of his waders and "bib" being all one affair, saved him from walking in two barrels of water. And then came my turn again, and I took to the rocks on hands and knees, and the rest of my tobacco was out of business. Rain! How it rained. A ducking didn't hurt. We were getting it from above and below.

"We chatted over stony ways,
The speckled beauties to discover,
Until those days, of all our days,
Were too soon past forever."

"Wet to the skin" is sometimes a misnomer, but it was not in this case; even our hats were leaking. But the ardor of our party was not even damp. We plunged on, the Colonel blue around the gills; but still he sang "White Wings" and "Home, Sweet Home," while the streamlets trickled behind his ears. Fowler sat on a rock and rendered a selection from "Toreador," while Henry seemed to understand the screeching of my soul, "Let's go home," and suggested the danger of pneumonia.

I like to recall the spirit of my companions on this occasion, singing "There's no place like home," while climbing these wet and slippery mountain sides; the Colonel only ceasing in his melody when he fell down, and Fowler never lagging for any cause. Times were a trifle disappointing but never dull.

Sensations intensify in retrospective moments. More vividly each day do I recall lying on my back close to a tall tree and putting my waders up its trunk to empty them of water. I'll take 'em off next time.

T. E. BATTEN.

Sewage Effluents and Fish Life.

In a lengthy and important report on certain experiments carried out to ascertain the best methods of sewage disposal applicable to the county of Worcester, which was laid before the council of that county on Monday, several pages are devoted to the effect of crude sewage and the effluents of three systems upon fish life. Trout and gold fish were first placed in a glass vessel (capable of holding 10 litres of water) with a known volume of sewage or sewage effluent as the case might be. In the crude sewage and water the trout were nearly dead in about ten minutes, the gold fish suffered less. Similar fish placed in the mixture, which had been first well shaken to aerate it, suffered less, going to prove a statement often made of late years that it is absence of oxygen rather than the poisonous properties in sewage which is so injurious to fish. At the same time fish can be and are poisoned in the ordinary sense of the word by discharges from chemical works and the like.

The next experiment was to place the fish in effluents from the three systems known as the septic tank system, the upward anaerobic bed system, and the contact bed system. As regards the first effluent, which was very deficient in oxygen, the effect in each case was more injurious to fish than the crude sewage. The trout, if only left in it for a few minutes, were apparently dead, and attempts to revive them in fresh water failed. The gold fish suffered less. However, in what is termed the "final effluent" of the three systems, provided the bacterial beds were in good order, trout existed in the effluent for some time. Gold fish existed in a mixed effluent coming from the three systems for over one month without any ill effect. The conclusions drawn are that (1) The final effluent of the three systems may not destroy fish life so far as gold fish were experimented on, if the beds are in good working order; (2) that the injury to fish life is usually

owing to the lack of oxygen in the effluent; (3) that the salmon family require more oxygen than the carp family; (4) that it is unsafe to allow an effluent from a sewage system dealing with domestic sewage to pass into a river containing salmon, trout of any kind, or char, which is stated to be innocuous to fish life unless the facts of the case and the kind of fish experimented on are known. It is interesting to note that the committee responsible for the report show a preference for the septic tank system, and consider that domestic sewage, i. e., sewage which contains no waste materials from manufactories, can be satisfactorily purified by its means.—London Field.

A Mysterious Monster.

SEATTLE, Wash.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: While operating a fishery on Admiralty Island, southeastern Alaska, last summer, my attention and the attention of the fishing crew were almost daily directed to a large marine creature that would appear in the main channel of Seymour Canal and in our immediate vicinity.

There are large numbers of whales of the species rorqual there, and the monster seemed to be their natural enemy. The whales generally travel in schools of two or more, and while at the surface to blow, one would be singled out and attacked by the fish, and a battle royal was soon in order.

It is the nature of the rorqual to make three blows at intervals of from two to three minutes each, and then sound deep and stay beneath the surface for thirty or forty minutes.

As a whale would come to the surface, there would appear always at the whale's right side and just about where his head would connect with the body, a great, long tail or fin, "judged by five fishermen and a number of Indians after seeing it about fifteen times at various distances," to be about 24 feet long, 2½ feet wide at the end, and tapering down to the water, where it seemed to be about 18 inches in diameter, looking very much like the blade or fan of an old-fashioned Dutch windmill. This great club was used on the back of the unfortunate whale in such a manner that it was a wonder to me that every whale attacked was not instantly killed. Its operator seemed to have perfect control of its movements, and would bend it back till the end would touch the water, forming a horseshoe loop, then with a sweep it would be straightened and brought over and down on the back of the whale with a whack that could be heard for several miles. If the whale was fortunate enough to submerge his body before the blows came, the spray would fly for a distance of 100 feet from the effect of the strike, making a report as loud as a yacht's signal gun.

What seemed most remarkable to me was that no matter which way the attacked whale went, or how fast (the usual speed is about 14 knots), that great club would follow right along by its side and deliver those tremendous blows at intervals of about four or five seconds. It would always get in from three to five blows at each of the three times the whale would come to the surface to blow. The whale would generally rid itself of the enemy when it took its deep sound, especially if the water was 40 fathoms or more deep.

During the day the attack was always off shore, but at night the whales would be attacked in the bay and within 400 yards of the fishery.

I do not know of any whales being killed, but there were several that had great holes and sores on their backs.

Questioning the Indians about it, I was told that there was only one, that it had been there for many years, and that it once attacked an Indian canoe and with one stroke of the great club mashed the canoe into splinters, killing and drowning several of its occupants.

Will some interested reader of *FOREST AND STREAM* name and classify this marine monster for me?

CAL. H. BARKDULL.

Black Bass Fishing in Walker Lake.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 27.—Walker Lake lies in Esmeralda county, Nevada, 10 miles north of Carson City. It is about 30 miles long, with an average width of 8 miles. On the south and west sides of the lake is the Mount Cory Range, a range of mountains from 10,000 to 12,000 feet high. On the east and north lie the Gillis mountains, from 6,000 to 8,000 feet high. During the hot summer weather thunder storms are prevalent in the Mount Cory Range, and the wind comes down the canyon in severe squalls, which makes it at times somewhat unsafe for small boats to be on the lake.

Black bass were first discovered in the lake about thirteen years ago, their presence there being due entirely to an accident. Some sixteen years ago a farmer in Antelope Valley had a private pond, in which he planted black bass, a cloud burst occurred in that canyon, which washed out the pond, and carried the fish to Walker River, thence to the lake, a distance of 50 miles, where they have increased most wonderfully. The fishing season commences in June. June, July and October are the best months. August and September being out of the question on account of the heat. The fishermen who fish in this lake are principally the residents of the neighborhood. The lures used are trolling spoons, the artificial minnow painted to look like a trout, and the P. & S. ball-bearing bass spoon. Fly-fishing is almost unknown, probably for the fact that the fish taken are more for food supply than for sport. A few, however, have been taken on a fly in the first week of June, fishing from the shore where the water is deep.

Dr. C. E. Reed, of Hawthorne, writes to me as follows: "I almost hate to give you the record of catches made here, for you will say it is a fisherman's yarn. When fishermen go out for the afternoon fish they never think of taking a fishing basket along, they take a barley sack with them, and it is no unusual thing

for one man to catch a sack full in an afternoon's fishing, when they are biting. One man, whom I know to be perfectly reliable, tells me he caught 138 pounds in two hours, from 1 to 5 pounds each. What do you think of that?

"Anglers who wish to come here will have to bring boats (canvas folding boats the best). There are only two boats here, one, I think, can be rented, the other cannot. I forgot to say that Walker Lake is a part of the Walker River Indian Reservation, and one cannot leave a boat or anything else, as the Indians will get away with it; they take everything in sight."

There are also silver trout in this lake, and some years ago salmon from 10 to 25 pounds. No salmon, however, have been taken for the past 6 or 7 years, the bass are supposed to have destroyed them.

To reach Hawthorne, Nevada, coming west, stop at Reno, and change to the Virginia and Truckee Line to Mound House, again change to the Carson and Colorado Narrow Gauge to Hawthorne. Hawthorne lies four miles south of the lake. Excellent accommodations may be had at the Lake View House, and teams can be hired to take parties to the lake.

JAMES WATT.

Rockefeller vs. Lamora.

Full Text of the Opinion, Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court, June Term, 1903. William Rockefeller, Appellant; Oliver Lamora, Respondent.

Appeal by the plaintiff from a judgment of the County Court of Franklin county in favor of the defendant, dismissing the plaintiff's complaint, at the close of the evidence, entered in the Franklin County Clerk's office on the second day of January, 1903; and also from an order bearing date the 10th day of December, 1902, denying the plaintiff's motion for a new trial made upon the minutes. Kellas & Genaway, for appellant. Saunders & Saunders for respondent.

HOUGHTON, J.

The plaintiff is the owner of about 50,000 acres of Adirondack forest lands, being the greater portion of townships 16 and 17 in Great Tract No. 1 of Macomb's Purchase, in the southern part of Franklin county.

The St. Regis River, which flows northwesterly into the St. Lawrence, has its source, in three branches, in this vicinity. What is termed the Middle Branch rises in the St. Regis Lakes situate in township 18, which joins township 17 on the east, and flows for several miles through the plaintiff's lands. On the easterly side of township 17 is a considerable body of water known as Fallensby Junior Pond. Its inlet is from Slush Pond, situate on the westerly borders of township 18, and its outlet empties into the Middle Branch of the St. Regis River on plaintiff's land. In the southwest part of the township is a pond known as Bay Pond, the outlet of which flows into the West Branch of the St. Regis River, which does not join the Middle Branch for many miles after leaving the territory owned by the plaintiff. In the northeast part is located Quebec Pond, the outlet being Quebec Brook, which flows northerly off the lands of plaintiff and eventually joins the Middle Branch a considerable distance beyond the borders of his tract. A small tributary, known as McCullum's Brook, rising on another township, empties into Quebec Brook just south of the north line of township 17.

The plaintiff completed the acquisition of his lands in the spring of 1899, and immediately began the establishment of them as a private park for the protection or propagation of fish, birds and game by the publishing and posting of the notices provided by Article IX. of the forest, fish and game law as then existing. Since that time the entire tract, except about twenty-five acres cleared for a camp near Bay Pond, has been devoted to the uses of a fish and game preserve. The plaintiff engaged and has kept employed, men to look after his lands and to preserve them from trespass. English deer were imported and turned loose among the native deer, both of which have been fed during the winter when occasion required. Fish, birds and deer have largely increased since the establishment of the park.

In April and May, 1902, the defendant, on three several occasions, entered upon the plaintiff's lands and fished in the Middle Branch of the St. Regis River. He knew of the published and posted notices, and, in addition, had been warned by the plaintiff's keepers not to fish upon the plaintiff's lands because it was a private park. He caught and carried away a number of trout on each occasion.

The plaintiff thereupon brought action in justice's court against him, to recover the penalty in the form of exemplary damages, prescribed in section 203 of the forest, fish and game law. The defendant justified his trespass on the ground that the waters on and running through the plaintiff's lands and pretended park had been stocked with fish by the State, and that hence the plaintiff had no right of action for the penalty in the form of exemplary damages against a citizen fishing in such waters.

That action resulted in a judgment for the defendant, and the plaintiff appealed to the county court of Franklin county for a new trial, which resulted in a direction of a verdict for the defendant, at the close of the evidence, and it is from that judgment that the plaintiff appeals. On that trial the plaintiff established the facts hereinbefore stated, and the defendant sought to prove the stocking of the waters by the State in justification of his acts.

Errors were committed on the trial in the admission of unproved documents and letters, but this court puts its decision on broader grounds. The vast sums of money expended by individuals and clubs in establishing and preserving private parks in the Adirondacks, and the great interest which the citizens of the State have in their rights to the pursuit of pleasure and health in that region, demand from the court a broad interpretation of the law.

The provision of law with respect to establishing private parks, in force in 1899, contained in section 212 the following limitation:

Provided, however, That all waters heretofore stocked by the State, or which may hereafter be stocked by the State from any of the hatcheries, hatching stations, or by fish furnished at the expense of the State, shall be and remain open to the public to fish therein the same as though the private park law had never existed. But nothing herein contained shall be construed as affecting any rights now existing of persons owning lands or holding leases of private grounds, waters or parks prior to the passage of this act.

For the purposes of the discussion of the case, it will be assumed that the defendant proved that the witness

Dwight, between the years 1891 and 1894, not being the owner of the lands or having any fishing rights in the streams, and without the consent of the owners, stocked the inlet of Fallensby Junior Pond with speckled trout fry procured by him from the State hatchery and hatched at the State's expense; and that he also stocked, in the same manner, with lake trout and speckled trout fry, the inlet of Bay Pond; and that such fish were furnished by the State Fish and Game Commission, on his request, they knowing where they were to be placed. Also that the witness McNeill stocked before 1899 McCullum's Brook with speckled trout fry, under the same circumstances and under the same conditions.

This state of facts did not, we think, justify the defendant in his trespass nor authorize the court to direct a verdict in his favor.

It will throw light on what the Legislature could do and intended to do in the passage of the parking law, to investigate the right of the individual owners of the land and the people at large.

As early as the Year Books it was the common law of England that a right to take fish belonged so essentially to the right of soil in streams where the tide did not ebb and flow, that, if the riparian proprietor owned upon both sides the stream, no one but himself might come within the limits of his land and take fish therefrom. And the same rule applied so far as his land extended, to-wit, to the thread of the stream, where he owned only upon one side. Within these limits his right of fishery was held to be sole and exclusive. (Washburn's Easements and Servitudes, 411.) The right to hawk, hunt, fish and fowl was held to be such an interest in land that if it was intended to be more than a present personal privilege, it must be evidenced by a grant. (Wickham vs. Hawker, 7 Mees. & Wels., 63.) And this interest thus acquired was such that the owner of the fishery upon the lands of another might maintain action for trespass. (Holford vs. Bailey, 13 Adol. & El., 425.)

The soil of navigable tidal rivers, so far as the tide ebbs and flows, was prima facie in the crown, and the right of fishery therein was prima facie in the public. But the right to exclude the public therefrom, and to create a several fishery without grant of the land, existed in the crown, and might lawfully have been exercised by the crown before Magna Charta, and could be made the subject of a grant by the crown to a private individual. (Malcolmson vs. O'Dea, 10 H. L. Cas., 593.) Notwithstanding Magna Charta, the king still retained the right to grant the soil under navigable waters, and with it the exclusive right of fishery. And this right, exercised through the Colonial Governor and Assembly, has been recognized by our courts in confirming the title of the town of Brookhaven, and other towns on Long Island, to the exclusive right of fishery even in an arm of the sea. (Trustees of Brookhaven vs. Strong, 60 N. Y., 56; Hand vs. Newton, 92 N. Y., 88; Rogers vs. Jones, 1 Wend., 237; Robens vs. Ackerly, 91 N. Y., 98.)

In this country the State has succeeded to all the rights of both crown and Parliament in navigable waters and the soil under them. In England, Parliament had complete control over all the navigable waters within the kingdom. It could regulate navigation upon them and could authorize exclusive rights and privileges of navigation and fishing. (Langdon vs. Mayor, etc., of the City of New York, 93 N. Y., 155.)

The State, through its Legislature, may exercise the same power which previous to the Revolution could have been exercised by the king alone, or by him in conjunction with Parliament, subject only to those restrictions which have been imposed by the Constitution of the State and the United States. (Lansing vs. Smith, 4 Wend., 9.)

It is probable that section 18 of Article III. of the Constitution would prohibit the Legislature from granting to any individual or association the exclusive right of fishery in any of the navigable waters of the State, for such a grant would be in the nature of an exclusive privilege or franchise. (Slingerland vs. International Contracting Co., 43 App. Div., 223.) And if the State had any title to the fish, birds and game on private lands, the Legislature could not give away that title to an individual or association seeking to park a particular territory. Doubtless the Legislature had something of this in mind when it repealed Chapter 623 of the laws of 1887, which provided that when any territory should be dedicated and designated as a private park, all fish, birds and game should become the property of the owner, or the person or corporation having the exclusive right to shoot, hunt or fish thereon. But such a grant was not a necessity, for the proprietors of the soil through which non-navigable streams flow have the exclusive right of fishing.

As early as the case of Hooker vs. Cummings (20 John. Rep., 90), it was held that in all rivers of the State not navigable in the sense that the tide ebbs and flows (except the Hudson and Mohawk rivers, to which a different rule has been applied by reason of the terms of the grants), the proprietors of the soil through which a stream flows have the exclusive right of fishing therein—applying the rules of the common law of England to their full extent in that regard. This case has been often cited with approval, and has become one of the leading cases illustrating the rights of riparian owners.

In Chenango Bridge Co. vs. Paige (83 N. Y., 178), the doctrine is reiterated that the bed and banks of a fresh water river where the tide does not ebb and flow are the property of the riparian proprietor, who may use the land or water of the river in any way not inconsistent with the easements of the public for passage, as on a public highway.

In Smith vs. City of Rochester (92 N. Y., 485), it is said that the Legislature has no more power over fresh water streams of this character than over other private property, except for the purpose of regulating, preserving and protecting the public easements.

In the present case there is no claim that the Middle Branch of the St. Regis River is navigable for any purpose or in any sense. The plaintiff is the owner of the soil on both sides of the stream and of its bed, as well as of the various ponds and streams which are claimed to have been stocked with fish from the State hatcheries.

Further citation of authority and illustration that when the plaintiff became the purchaser of the land and the beds of the streams and ponds, he prima facie had the exclusive right of fishery therein, is futile and unnecessary.

What, then, was the intent of the Legislature in enacting the parking law? Clearly, we think, only to give one complying with its terms protection to his private rights and the right to recover a penalty in the form of exemplary damages in addition to the actual damage sustained by trespass.

Article IX. of chapter 488 of the laws of 1892, as amended by chapter 319 of the laws of 1896, being the law in force when the plaintiff established his park, provided as follows:

Section 212. Laying out grounds for private parks.—A person owning or having the exclusive right to shoot, hunt or fish on lands, or lands and water, desiring to devote such lands or lands and water, to the propagation or protection of fish, birds or game shall publish in a newspaper printed in the county within which such land or lands and water are situate, a notice, once a week, for a term not less than four weeks in the county where the lands so described are situated, substantially describing the same and containing a clause declaring that such land or lands and water will be used as a private park for the purpose of propagating and protecting fish, birds and game. Provided, however, That all waters heretofore stocked by the State, or which may hereafter be stocked by the State from any of the hatcheries, hatching stations, or by fish furnished at the expense of the State, shall be and remain open to the public to fish therein as though the private park law had never existed. But nothing herein contained shall be construed as affecting any rights now existing of persons owning lands or holding leases of private grounds, waters or parks prior to the passage of this act.

Other sections of the article provided the kind of notices and manner of posting upon the land, and then followed section 215, which provided as follows:

Section 215. Fish or game so protected not to be interfered with.—Upon compliance with the foregoing provisions for preventing trespassing or for devoting lands to propagation of fish, birds and game, no person shall disturb or interfere in any way with the fish or wild birds or wild animals while on the premises so protected, except with the consent of the owner or person having the exclusive right to shoot, hunt or fish thereon. Whoever shall violate or attempt to violate the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and shall, in addition thereto, be subject to exemplary damages in an amount not less than fifteen dollars, nor more than twenty-five dollars, in addition to the actual damages sustained by the owner or lessee.

The act did not purport to give the owners of the lands and streams the right to fish and hunt on their own premises. They had that already, and they had the common law action for trespass against any intruder. It is not questioned but that the Legislature could give the right to increased damages for the doing of certain acts if it saw fit. The provision for treble damages for cutting and despoiling trees upon the lands of another, and for forcible entry and detainer, was a part of the Revised Statutes before the enactment of the Code, and the power of the Legislature in that regard has never been doubted.

It may be said, too, that the Legislature had in mind some public benefit to be derived from the establishment and preservation of private parks. The law was passed at the beginning of the agitation for a forest preserve, the primary object of which was to protect the wild lands of the State from devastation, and thereby preserve the waterways of the State. Game preserves could be established only in mountainous regions, and the protection of timber is a necessity to their continuance.

There was saved to the State, to remain open to the public, all waters theretofore stocked by the State or by fish furnished at the expense of the State, or which might, hereafter be stocked; and it is under this provision that the defendant attempts to justify his trespass. But how stocked? The Legislature could not authorize the State Fish Commissioners to enter upon a man's private fishery without his knowledge and consent, and deposit therein fish hatched by the State, and thus convert his property to public use and destroy his private rights. This would be the taking of private property for public use without just compensation. One might own a tract of thousands of acres practically valueless as timber land or for agricultural purposes, and yet of very great value for the establishment of a private park. The defendant contends that the Legislature intended to provide that the act of a stranger, in conjunction with the determination to stock of the Fish and Game Commission, in depositing a few fish hatched at the State's expense in one of the streams on lands of an individual or corporation, should have the effect of dedicating to the public an entire territory, the waters stocked as well as all other waters on the lands, and that the owner and his grantees would be thereafter debarred from converting it into a valuable private park. This would be a more complete destruction of riparian rights than the declaring of a stream a public highway for the floating of logs, without adequate compensation, which the courts have uniformly condemned. (DeCamp vs. Dix, 159 N. Y., 436; Brewster vs. Rogers Co., 169 N. Y., 73.) The owner of a stream could doubtless dedicate it to the public use, as he could his lands to a public highway, but this imports consent on his part and a bargain entered into between him and the public authorities.

Nor do we think that if one pond or stream on a tract of land should be so dedicated to the public by the owner consenting that it be stocked by the State, that the owner would thereby dedicate to the public all the other separate streams and ponds which might be on all the land that he owned. It is true that fish, at certain seasons of the year, pass from one portion of the stream to another. Trout fry placed in a small tributary, as they obtain greater size, work to the main stream, and so up that stream, and may never go back to the original water in which they were placed. But this does not constitute a stocking of the main stream. The language of the statute is, "all waters heretofore stocked." In common parlance, the use of the term "waters," as applied to various lakes, streams and ponds on a tract of land, imports a designation of them in severalty, and in such sense we think the term is used in the statute. Our interpretation of the statute is that the stocking of streams and waters, the beds and adjacent lands of which are owned by an individual or corporation, in order to give the right to the public to fish therein, must be with the consent of the owner or one having a right of fishery therein, and that only the particular stream, lake or pond thus stocked is so made public, and that such stocking does not open to the public streams to which they may be tributary; and that this stocking of such a stream by owners above or below does not have the effect of opening to the public that part of the stream situated on lands of an owner who has not consented to such dedication, and that the public is not permitted to follow the migrations of the fish and take them in that part of the stream on private lands without the owner's consent.

It is urged that the various laws enacted by the Legislature, with respect to the time and manner of taking various kinds of fish and game, are inconsistent with this interpretation of the law.

There is nothing inconsistent between this public regulation and the rights of individual owners. The power resides in the several States to regulate and control the right of fishing in the public waters within their respective jurisdictions. (Lawton vs. Steele, 119 N. Y., 234.) Fish and game are migratory, and those which may now be on private lands may quickly change their location to public lands and public waters. No man owns wild game or fish, even though they be on his land, unless he has reduced them to his possession by capture. If they wander from his premises to those of the public or another, he may not complain of their taking. In public waters and on public lands, this right is open to all alike, and no individual right is trespassed upon by so doing. Fish, especially, form a large source of food supply, and those which propagate upon private property and migrate to public waters may constitute a considerable proportion. That they may not be disturbed in propagation, the regulation of the manner and time of their killing is, therefore, a proper subject of legislative action. As was said by Chief Justice Spencer, in Hooker vs. Cummings, supra: "These acts prove nothing; for the Legislature have, confessedly, the right of regulating the taking of fish in private waters; and do, every year, pass laws for that purpose, as to rivers not navigable in any sense, and which are unquestionably private property."

We have not overlooked the case of the people vs. Hall (8 App. Div., 15), urged upon our consideration by the defendant's counsel. There were many reasons in that case which called for a reversal of the judgment convicting the defendant of the misdemeanor provided by the game law, and the determination of the court could have well been put on those grounds alone. We are forced to disagree with that portion of the opinion which intimates that a private park cannot be maintained under the statute unless proof is given that animals and fish were actually bred and propagated thereon. The language of the statute is, "devote such lands or lands and water, to the propagation or protection of fish, birds or game." It is well known that when fish and game are protected they propagate rapidly. In the present case the proof is that both have very largely increased since the establishment of the park. A protection which allows natural propagation, we think, meets the requirement of the statute.

We are mindful that this interpretation deprives the public at large, by the infliction of severe penalties for infraction of the law, of the pleasure and profit of fishing and hunting in a very large portion of the Adirondack forest, and gives to men of great wealth, who can buy vast tracts of land, great protection in the enjoyment of their private privileges. The wisdom of the Legislature in prescribing exemplary damages, and making fishing and hunting upon private parks a misdemeanor, is not for the court to review. It was within its province to do so if it saw fit. Exemplary damages are no new thing for wilful conduct, and the Legislature is constantly enacting that certain wilful injuries shall be deemed misdemeanors.

The burden was on the defendant to show that the stream in which he fished had been dedicated to the public. The plaintiff being the owner of the land through which it flowed, it was prima facie private property; and upon the plaintiff showing compliance with the statute he was presumptively entitled to recover.

There was no proof that the stream in which the defendant was fishing had been, in contemplation of law, stocked by the State. He failed, therefore, to justify his acts, and by them incurred liability for the penalty in the form of exemplary damages, provided by statute.

The judgment must be reversed and a new trial granted, with costs to abide the event.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Trout in White River.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 1.—Mr. F. W. Pickard, of the Oriental Powder Mills, of Cincinnati, Ohio, whom I referred to Benjamin's place on the White River, Waushara county, Wisconsin, at an earlier date in the season, is good enough to drop a line reporting the results of his trip in that vicinity. He writes as follows: "Personally I fished ten days, some of them short ones, and took about 100 trout, the best being 1¾, 1½ and 1¼ pounds, all three on fly, all rainbow. The largest rainbow caught in the White was 2½ pounds (on grasshopper). The average string was in the neighborhood of 7 or 8. I think, with the exception of my record day of 23, all on fly, and some 12 or 14 (about one-half on fly) taken by a Dr. Williams, no one exceeded 10 or 11 fish.

"I put in one day on the McCann with a friend, and together we took five. I took a 1¼-pound speckled and 1½-pound rainbow, and my friend took a 1-pound rainbow. The others were small. The McCann fish were taken on club bait. There seems to be comparatively few in the McCann, but the average weight runs high.

"The White is being greatly overfished this year. By actual count one meadow was fished fourteen times between 10 A. M. and 8 P. M., and certain portions of the stream are fished from five to ten times practically every day in the week. An eight-inch limit on the stream would do a great deal of good.

"At Benjamin's place their accommodations are very limited, and they have been turning away many people this season. It was rather a disappointment to several parties who came while I was there to find no accommodations ready for them, and I may add that during the rest of the summer practically no one will be taken in unless they have letters from some of the people who have stopped there in other years. They are nice people and all there are finely served."

Hearing what I have regarding the numbers of anglers who have been in this district recently, I am inclined to think that Mr. Pickard was rather fortunate than otherwise. His trout are among the best in weights which I have heard reported from that vicinity. It takes a fisherman to catch trout.

Good Muscullunge.

The impression is growing among the angling fraternity

that Mayor Harrison is what is known as a shine fisherman. On his recent trip to Minocqua he allowed his brother, Mr. Preston Harrison, to catch the biggest muscullunge of the expedition, a 22-pounder, taken in Carroll Lake. This fish was served up in due state at a Wishininne banquet in Chicago, on Tuesday last, June 30, the affair being patronized with great vehemence and gusto by all loyal Wishininnies at present in town and able to attend.

The Passing of the Kankakee.

Some fourteen years or so ago, when I first began to send notes from this district to the FOREST AND STREAM, the marsh country on the Kankakee, in Indiana, was very much in evidence. At that time and for some years thereafter a number of prosperous club houses were maintained at different points on the Kankakee marsh, and few localities in the country offered more attractions to the lover of wildfowl shooting. The abundance of ducks, snipe, plover and the like for a long time overshadowed fishing attractions, although there was a time when the members of some of the clubs, for instance the Maksawba Club, paid a good deal of attention to bass fishing, some very good catches being made on the artificial fly by some of the devotees of the gentler side of angling. For the past few years all these things have been changing. The threatened ditching and draining of the old marshes has gone on, until to-day they show but a shadow of their former quality. To-day I met Mr. Graham H. Harris, who made a hurried fishing trip to the Kankakee last week, and he tells me that the big ten mile ditch has been completed across the old grounds of the Maksawba Club, straightening out the former channel of the river and leaving all the river proper very little more than a series of broken, detached and stagnant pools. In the main river, or main ditch as it ought now to be called, they found no bass at all, and Mr. Harris doubts if there has been a bass taken in that part of the country this season. Of pickerel they took a great many, their success tallying with that of others reported at different times in these columns throughout the present summer. They had of these fish specimens up to six pounds or more. Mr. Harris thinks that as the ditch is only completed recently, and as, indeed, work still progresses at its lower end, there may presently be a time when it will have washed out the sediment down to the gravel which underlies all this marsh country, in which case the stream ought to become fit for bass. He says that he doesn't know what has been done in regard to the long talked of rock-cut through the great ledge at Momecne, which constitutes the great geological dam which has built the historical Kankakee marshes, backing up the mud and silt for more than a hundred miles. It is likely, however, that this cut will some time be made, and the passing of the ancient home of the wildfowl will then be completed. To-day, my friend tells me, they are plowing corn where we formerly shot jacksnipe or built blinds for mallards. The glory of the Kankakee has assuredly departed.

We have had for three days the first actual warm weather of this season, and whether it will be good or bad for the bass fishing no one can tell, probably the latter. Last week the bass began to bite a little bit in Lake Marie, Channel Lake, and one or two waters of that vicinity in northern Illinois. Dr. Lund and party took sixty odd bass in their trip, and reported the sport very satisfactory.

Muscullunge in Gun Lake.

Last summer I mentioned Gun Lake, Michigan, which can be reached via Shelbyville or Bradley, Michigan, at a distance of half a dozen miles or so from the railway station. This lake, a good large one and a very sporting one, drains neither into Lake Michigan nor Lake Huron, so far as my informant can tell me, and yet he says that the muscullunge is not unfrequently taken in these waters, and that one of the local hotel men has the heads of several muscullunge nailed up on trees about his place. My friend thinks that the muscullunge were just left there when the waters of the flood subsided. Perhaps he will find some little creek connecting Gun Lake with some river which connects with something else. As to the authenticity of the muscullunge story, there would seem little doubt, for once there was a *cause célèbre* in regard to a muscullunge which was taken in this very lake. An angler was out fishing before the opening of the muscullunge season, and he caught this fish, not so much of his own motion as of that of the muscullunge itself. The testimony showed that the fish was dead when taken into the boat, but it was not shown that the angler killed the fish. Neither was it shown that he made any attempt to return it to the water after taking it thus against his will. In spite of these facts, and in spite of about \$7,000 spent in pushing the case, the defendant was acquitted by the intelligent jurors of Michigan, who said they thought it was not his fault if the muscullunge fastened itself to any lure which he might perchance be using.

This is the case as it comes to me, but it seems strange law. For the benefit of any who may, without intention, take a fish or other animal at any time or in any manner prohibited by law, I would say that the correct legal thing to do in such case is to restore the fish, bird or beast at once to its original environment.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

Mr. Arthur H. Bellows, secretary of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, issues the following letter of general advice and invitation, covering the long deferred visit of the club to Grand Rapids:

"A cordial invitation is extended to all members of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club to attend the Interstate tournament, to be held at Grand Rapids, Mich., Friday, July 10. After the contests at Grand Rapids, members will participate in fishing trips, to be arranged by the members of the Grand Rapids Club. The fourth club contest scheduled for July 11 has been postponed until July 18, on account of conflicting with the Interstate tournament."

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Seining Buffalo Fish.

A NEW sport of unusual interest at Okoboji is that of watching the men seine for buffalo or seeing the large fellows they bring in. Wednesday Elmer Heushur brought in a big sixty-nine pounder while seining in East Lake. Last fall in one day 7,000 pounds were taken out of Minnewasta. Some days they get almost no fish, but often 1,400 pounds come in. The buffalo seem to have no special bed, as often the barge is seen off South Beach, Miller's Bay, Hayward's Bay, Minnewasta, or Center Lake. They get many small fish and often bring in a forty-pounder. The equipment for catching these large fish is very different from anything we are accustomed to seeing here. The net is from eight to sixteen feet wide and 1,000 feet long. At about two feet apart on one of the long sides there are large egg-shaped floats and on the other side are many sinkers of about a quarter of a pound in weight. The flat boat is some fifteen feet long. Near the stern are two uprights on which are riveted two five-foot solid wood wheels. The net unwinds from these wheels. The barge is towed by the Hiawatha to the ground of action. It takes six men to do the seining. Two hold fast one end on the shore while the others row out in a circle dragging the weighted side of the net as they go. After making this detour the other end of the net comes back to shore almost where the first men were. Then the net is dragged in, drawing all the fish to land. No game fish are allowed to be kept, but must be let free again. A deputy attends each party that goes out and sees that this is done. Large orders are filled each week and shipped away. The buffalo have multiplied many fold in the last year, since the law for seining fish has been in force. But this last winter many pounds of buffalo were captured through the ice. They claim that buffalo eat other fish and perhaps that has much to do with the less amount of game fish caught here. To-day as the Okoboji plowed the waters it divided also a school of large fish, both gar and buffalo. One could see the big fellows turn and glide away.—Des Moines Register and Leader.

The Good Record of Protector Williams.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., July 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The prospects for fish and game in Jefferson were never better than at the present time. Large numbers of wild fowl are nesting. There is a noticeable increase in grouse, and the indications are that the bass fishing will be better than usual. These conditions are the result of the active cooperation of the law abiding citizens, the State commissioner and the protectors, in the enforcement of the laws protecting fish and game. It has been stated in FOREST AND STREAM by myself and others that no protector could do good work in his own immediate vicinity. I wish to retract this statement.

In July last Mr. A. P. Williams, of Mannsville, a lifelong resident of this county, received his appointment. Since then he has had 17 successful prosecutions, the fines amounting to \$468, and has two cases not yet settled. Seven of these were for illegal killing of game, the rest for illegal fishing. During this time he removed from the waters of this county 60 illegal nets and 4,000 feet of set lines, valued at \$387. He also has a collection of 500 snares, which he removed from the grouse covers. All this work was done in Jefferson. In addition to this he assisted Protectors Matteson, Pearsall and Hawn in clearing Oneida Lake of nets, convicting two men for seining, securing the seine and a fine of \$100, also capturing 16 trap nets, which with the seine, were valued at \$595.

All of which goes to prove that a protector can do good work if the parties who are interested will give him information, and active support in the performance of his duties.

W. H. TALLETT,
President J. C. S. A.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

Medal Contests, Series 1903—Saturday, contest No. 8, held at Stow Lake, June 27. Wind, west; weather, fair.

Event No. 1.	Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2.	Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3.		Event No. 4.
				Acc. %	Del. %	Lure Casting %
C. R. Kenniff..	117	88.4	92.8	88.4	90.6	98
C. G. Young..	...	89	92.8	83.4	87.10	89.8
T. Brotherton..	127	90.8	91.4	87.6	89.7	95.6
A. E. Mocker..	104	86.4	91.8	87.6	89.7	...
H. Battu.....	102	87.4	90	85	87.6	84.7
G. C. Edwards..	98	88	90	87.6	88.9	...
T. C. Kierulff..	115	86.4	88.4	85	86.8	77.2
Dr. C. Stephens..	85.4	86.8	71	...
P. J. Tormey..	...	88.8	96.3

Sunday, contest No. 8, held at Stow Lake, June 28; wind, west; weather, fair.

H. Battu.....	115	85.8	87.8	86.8	87.2	92.6
A. M. Blade...	98	64.1	86.4	78.4	82.4	...
Dr. W. Brooks..	106	89.8	86.4	86.8	86.6	...
T. Brotherton..	131	85.4	89.4	93.4	91.4	93.2
H. C. Golcher..	127	89.4	89.4	88.4	88.10	...
F. M. Haight..	99	87	91	77.6	84.3	...
C. Huyek.....	112	87.8	90	75	82.6	...
C. R. Kenniff..	122	92.4	90.8	93.4	92	98
J. B. Kenniff..	123	89.8	91.4	90	90.8	96.8
T. C. Kierulff..	98	90.8	82.8	81.8	82.2	90.1
H. B. Sperry..	97	76.4	88.4	72.6	80.5	...
P. J. Tormey..	...	88.8	91.8
C. G. Young..	...	87.8	87.4	87.6	87.5	88

Judges—T. C. Kierulff and Dr. W. E. Brooks. Referee—C. R. Kenniff. Clerk—T. W. Brotherton.

Not All of Fishing to Fish.

GEORGE HENSHALL, Thomas Henshall, James McGrath, William Thompson, Augustus Hains and Thomas Lyons hired the sloop yacht Florrie B. at Fort Hamilton last Sunday morning for a fishing trip. The boat, an open 30-footer, was caught in a squall off Sandy Hook, and to save themselves the crew had to put out to the open sea. An attempt was made to reach the Atlantic Highlands, but ended in failure. The men managed to get the boat to the pier at Coney Island Thursday morning. According to the men's story they landed at a deserted strip of sand off the Jersey coast on Tuesday, and managed to purchase some raw eggs from a lonely fisherman who lived on the beach. This, together with some bread, was the only thing the men had to eat.—New York Evening Post.

In the New York Aquarium.

THE carp would not commonly be looked upon as a jumper, but rather as a dull and lazy fish more inclined to stay at the bottom; but for all that the carp can jump. There is a carp in the collection that has twice jumped out of its tank. This is a mirror carp, about two feet in length and weighing four or five pounds, that was taken with a smaller mirror carp from the lake in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. The two were placed in a tank on the gallery tier, fresh water side. The smaller of the two was quite comfortable in the tank, the larger one inclined to be restless. Over each of the tanks on this tier there is a screen of galvanized iron wire, with a mesh about like that of a coal sifter, and with an iron rod about an eighth of an inch or more in diameter running around the border to keep the screen in form. The water on this tier of tanks comes up to within eight or ten inches of the screens. The screens keep rats from getting at the fishes in the tank, and are supposed to keep the fishes from jumping out. But the screen over the mirror carp tank wasn't heavy enough to keep the big carp in. That solid and vigorous fish jumped up one day with sufficient force to raise the heavy wire screen high enough to permit it to pass under it, over the edge of the tank, to fall on the floor outside.

In the experience the carp lost out of the upper lobe of its tail fin a section that made in it a right angle notch whose sides were about an inch in length. This piece out of its tail it is supposed to have lost when it went over the side of the tank by the screen's dropping on it; the heavy screen happened to come down on it in the brief instant of time while it was over the edge of the tank, at just the right time and in just the right way to nick that notch out of it.

Back in the tank—the smaller one all the time remaining tranquil as it does—the big carp thrashed about so much that it marred itself in other ways; it knocked off some of its scales and bruised itself so that it was not slightly, and then it was removed to a reserve tank in the corridor at the rear of the exhibition tanks. Here it again distinguished itself by jumping out. The reserve tank is bigger than the exhibition tank from which it was taken. Standing upright on the edge of it all around is a vertical wire screen ten inches or a foot in height. Laid flatwise over the top of the tank, its outer edges resting upon the vertical screening rising from the edges of the tank, is a screen cover made of wire cloth with a frame of wood; this screen lies fifteen or eighteen inches above the surface of the water, but the big carp jumped up against it, raising it by the force of the blow sufficiently, as it had done in the other case, to enable it to jump over the edge. It was picked up again on the floor and once more returned to its tank. A section of plank was then laid lengthwise along the cover, and this is more than the carp can raise; but in its efforts to lift it the carp now and then comes up against it hard.

The big West Indian seal, known at the Aquarium by the attendants as "No. 2," which died recently, was probably the Aquarium's best known exhibit. More persons will remember her and her habit of playing tricks on the spectators than any of the other exhibits. Her tank was always the center of attraction. Notwithstanding the sign which was posted on one end of the tank warning people to keep at the other end if they would not get wet, many were willing to take the chances for the pleasure of watching her. She was discriminating in her choice of subjects for her trick, and showed her intelligence by the subtlety with which she perpetrated it. She would swim about the pool, as if paying no attention to anyone, and, suddenly stopping, turn her head to one side and bark. Her aim was usually good, and the water, about a quart in quantity, reached its mark with startling speed and certainty. It is told of one young man, whose bright necktie became her target, that when the water struck him he was so startled that he fell over backward, and would have fallen to the floor had not an attendant caught him. The seal, seeing him disappear, got up on the ledge of the pool and looked over to see what had become of him.

When the Indians of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, dressed in their native costumes and with painted faces, visited the Aquarium, they were greatly interested in "No. 2." They gathered around the tank and watched her as she swam around it, looking up at them in wonderment. Fearing that their bright colors would become the seal's target, they were warned of her joking propensity through an interpreter. On their guard, they watched her swimming about the tank, but she seemed to have no desire to spoil their complexions.

One morning Mr. Spencer was walking about the upper tier of tanks, when he heard a demon-like roar that seemed to come from beneath him. From time to time he heard it in different parts of the building. It always seemed to come from below. Investigation proved that the seal had put her snout down the big pipe in the bottom of her empty tank and was enjoying herself by roaring into it. As the pipe connected with other pipes radiating all over the building, the roar arose everywhere.

She was said to be the only one of her species in captivity. It is doubtful if the Aquarium will have another, as the species is nearly extinct. Two centuries ago they were caught in the Caribbean Sea in great numbers for their oil. About one hundred and fifty years ago they were nearly exterminated. It is said that when the seals, of which "No. 2" was one, were captured, Captain Martin, of the fishing boat that made the haul, did not know what they were when he first saw them. In his search for Pensacola snappers near the Campeche banks one bright day he saw lying on the sand a group of strange looking animals. Landing with several men he approached the herd, which he found to contain from twenty-five to thirty of these seals. They cautiously drew near, but the seals paid no attention to them beyond raising their heads. A number of the seals were taken alive to Pensacola, where they were kept until early next summer. They were caught in the winter of 1896-'97, and brought to New York in June. Three of the number were taken to the Aquarium, and No. 2 was the last of the trio to survive.

"No. 2," lacking intelligent eyes and wit and joking humor, will be stuffed and placed on exhibition in the Museum of Natural History. Nellie, the harbor seal, is

the only seal at the Aquarium now.

In one of the tanks there are a number of specimens of the curious and interesting little Bermuda fish called four-eyes, from a spot on either side close to the tail which somewhat resembles an eye, so that the fish has the appearance of having four eyes. There is a fish of the same family, but of a different species, taken in these waters and called butterfly, that in some respects resembles the four-eyes, though the markings are different. The spots, for instance, that make the extra pair of eyes are not only different in themselves, but in the butterfly are on the dorsal fin, near the tail, instead of on the body. But when two butterflies taken hereabouts were brought to the Aquarium they were naturally enough put into the tank with their relatives from Bermuda.

The two butterflies came two weeks apart. The first one played by itself, not mixing much with the four-eyes, and it might be thought that it would have welcomed a newcomer of its own kind. They do associate together fraternally now, but they did not reach this happy understanding until after a fight, in which the fish that had been longer in the tank and which was the aggressor, had been whipped.

It is not unusual for a fish to hector and bully other fishes in a tank and to chase them about and bite at them, and when a fish persists in this it is removed to another tank. Sometimes when a new fish is put into a tank the other fishes there may worry it for a while, and this comes at a time when the new fish is least able to withstand it, being tired with travel. That is what happened to the new butterfly when it was put in the tank. It hadn't been there long before the older one began to hustle it.

These small creatures are little bits of chaps, not much more than three inches in length, but off and on they fought for half an hour, running at each other and biting at each other, and scuffling about in the corner that they mostly frequent, with the newcomer finally the victor. Now they live in amity and go about together; but they do not go much with the four-eyes, being in this respect like most fishes whose common habit it is, even in captivity, and though they may move freely about, if there is more than one kind in a tank, they keep by themselves, each with its own kind.

There has been added to the sub-aqueous family in the Aquarium a new and interesting species of crab, known, on account of their similarity to the bridgebuilding, tight rope contemporaries of attic and jungle, as "sea spiders."

It will be necessary for the attendants about the place to exercise great care to prevent the new arrivals from preying on the other fish, crustaceans, vertebrates, and all, if one of the keepers, a man whose veracity has never yet been called in question, tells the truth.

This keeper says that the spider of the sea is as dangerous to his tank mates as his many-legged, many-eyed tellow pirate of the land is to the little innocent fly.

"The sea spider," said the attendant, who has an honest face and is a man of temperate habits, "is the flyest pirate that prowls below water. Why, sir, the first night we had a sea spider in the Aquarium we were a bit cramped for space and so we put the fellow, not thinking he was lively enough to do any harm, in the same tank with a small school of scup.

"Well, sir, when I went to the tank the first thing in the morning, what had that 'ere ten-fingered Jack done but spun a web just like a sieve round and round them scup that had sneaked around some rocks in the bottom and laid low for a night's rest.

"The sea spider had spun a long guy and was ready to do the slide-for-life act and pounce upon the fattest of them scup that couldn't move a little bit, when—"

"Avast there, Otto!" shouted the head keeper, "it's time to draw the water from Nellie's tank and give the dear a drink."

Mr. Spencer tells a story about two hard clams that caught a rat apiece in the feed room of the Aquarium recently. A barrel of clams is kept there constantly. The keepers and attendants in the building heard a tremendous racket composed of squeals and scamperings. On opening the door two rats were discovered, one held motionless with a hind foot between the shells of a clam, and another dashing about with a second bivalve tenaciously embracing its tail.

"Jasper," the heavyweight snapping turtle of the collection, won't bite any more little turtle's tails off for some time. He's been chewing at anything that was snapable for a long time, and the other day he got so bad that they had to put him in solitary confinement. He's now in a tank all by himself, to the great gratification of the twenty odd other turtles, for whom he had been making life miserable and more or less tailless for weeks.

Sometimes he used to get so mad at the rest of his fellows that he wasn't satisfied with a tail or a foot. He would try to kill every turtle in sight. Then there would be the greatest thrashing about in the turtle tank, and Jasper in as hot pursuit as a turtle can ever get. The attendants would have to go to the little chaps' rescue, and they finally got so mad at Jasper they just yanked him out from the rest of them and dumped him down by himself, where he can ruminate over the misfortunes of a bully.

"Of all the difficulties with which the amateur photographer has to contend in his search for novel subjects for his camera," said Mr. Spencer, "that of snapping living fish in the exhibition tanks is about the worst on the list.

"To the unsophisticated," continued he, "it seems an easy matter to make a good picture of the larger fishes as they swim lazily about their tanks. The water appears clear and the light seems all that could be desired, and almost every day some enthusiastic but deluded kodak fiend makes the round of the Aquarium snapping the most desirable groups.

"But it is not always the amateurs who are fooled," went on Mr. Spencer. "Quite recently a reporter on one of the illustrated dailies came here, accompanied by a staff photographer, and asked permission to make some pictures to illustrate a story. Of course permission was granted, and although warned as to the fruitlessness of his undertaking, the photographer proceeded with his work, and departed confident that he had several good views, but I was by no means surprised when shortly afterward a messenger dashed in and inquired if I could not loan it same photographs.

"Now, when we wish photographs, we remove the fish from the exhibition tanks to an aquarium specially constructed for photographing purposes," indicating by a motion a group of long and extremely narrow aquariums resting on a table in the laboratory, "and even under such conditions the results are often disappointing, success only being assured under the strongest light, and when the subject is completely at rest.

"One of our greatest difficulties heretofore has been our inability to photograph the living fish in their natural surroundings, for just so sure as we introduce seaweed, foliage, rocks, or shells into the photographing tank, behind these objects the fish would anchor, and they acted generally as if they knew exactly what was taking place or had personal objections to sitting for their portraits. To overcome this contrariness on the part of the fish, we are having built an aquarium fitted with an inner glass slide, in the rear of which can be placed the 'properties' characteristic of the subject. Thus equipped, we will be better able to carry on the educational work which is now being done in our laboratory."

A death of a noted inmate of the Aquarium not long ago was that of Jake. He was a sturgeon, and his full name was *J. chondrostei scaphirhynchops*, of the illustrious old *Actinopterygii* family, but his friends all called him Jake, and he liked it. He was democratic, Jake was.

Jake first saw the subaqueous light of day four years ago in one of the tanks of the New York State Piscicultural Nursery at Bayside, L. I. He never was small fry. From his earliest moments he was a whopping big fellow, fit to take a leading part in fish stories. And how he could eat! Lettuce, parsley, cresses, seaweed and rockweed disappeared in his cavernous midst in bushels and barrells, and his appetite was still on edge. He throve. He waxed fat. He became mighty.

It was Jake's great size and strength that first attracted the attention of Col. "Jim" Jones, then superintendent of the Aquarium. Jones negotiated and Jake came to New York. The sturgeon then weighed 250 pounds, and he was seven feet long.

They put Jake in a lordly tank and he was monarch of all he surveyed. They gave him armfuls of his favorite grasses and weeds. But he tossed the food disdainfully aside and absolutely refused to eat.

What Jake missed was the company of his brothers and sisters at Bayside. Most of all he felt the absence of a dear little *Miss Scaphirhynchoperina*, whom he hoped some day to make his blushing bride—if subaqueous blushes can be managed. Day by day he pined and visibly shrank. Mr. Spencer guessed he was lonesome and put three little sturgeons in the tank to keep him company. Jake's nostalgia took a fatal form. He killed them all.

Poor Jake grew thinner every day, but he might have survived many months more, if certain tales are to be believed, if an eminent professor of natural history hadn't marched a dozen students up to his tank just when Jake was feeling in a bad way. The professor was noticeable for polysyllables and whiskers.

"The sturgeon," he said—and Jake couldn't help but hear him, 'tis said—"the sturgeon form what may be termed a degenerate specialized series characterized by the absence of ganoid scales, also by the more or less completely persistent notochord, by the inferior and superior supporting ossicles (axosts and baseosts) forming a simple and regular series, and by the presence of a pair of infraclavicular plates in the pectoral girdle."

Jake listened to these awful words. They burned deeply into his tender sensibilities. All night he brooded over them, and at daybreak he rolled fin up and gasped his last. He had shrunk from 250 to 169. His backbone showed plainly through his skin. What was left of him was sent to the Museum of Natural History to be stuffed and mounted.

The Willowemoc.

DEBRUCE, Sullivan County, N. Y., July 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had the pleasure of fishing the Willowemoc to-day for trout, and while it is not the best time of the year for this particular kind of fishing, I had seventy to eighty rises during the day, and succeeded in keeping a goodly number from going back again.

The Willowemoc is the prettiest stream for fly-fishing I have ever seen. It will average twenty-five feet in width with no overhanging boughs, and is singularly clear of brush, the fly-caster can have plenty of room to exercise his enviable talent on the Willowemoc.

The Hearthstone Inn at De Bruce is all that the angler can desire—four o'clock breakfasts, and nine o'clock dinners are served with as unruffled a spirit as at regular hours. Mr. W. F. Royce, the proprietor of the inn, sees to it personally that the angler is made comfortable at all hours.

T. E. B.

Porpoises as a Pest.

CONSUL KIDDER, writing from Algiers, says that among the coast fishermen the question of dealing with porpoises has been a source of anxiety. All the methods of destruction employed—firearms, harpoons, Belot needles, and poisoned baits—have given poor results. The system of giving fishermen an indemnity for the loss of their nets has proved more satisfactory.

The Barefoot Boy.

The barefoot boy is coming, and right now he has the blues. Because his cautious mother will not let him shed his shoes. He's anxious for the freedom of the barefoot boy at dawn, who does not have to bother with the footwear girls put on. He wants to wade in water every morning when he goes to school with other youngsters, and get mud between his toes.

The barefoot boy is coming, and ere long he will be here. With feet as tough and dirty as they could be made, I fear. He'll have stone bruises on them, and will oft be walking lame. And yet you may be certain, he'll be happy just the same. He'll stub a toe quite often, yet a little thing like that Won't faze him for a minute. He'll be Johnny at the bat!

The barefoot boy is coming, and if you were once a boy You know that when we see him we will find him full of joy. He will not mind the bruises! Has not every youngster paid— In injured feet—full value for the chance he got to wade? He will not mind mosquitoes, nor for brier scratches care; And he will sneer at stockings—when his sunburned feet are bare. —J. C. Stewart in Boston Journal.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Oct. 6-9.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society's show.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 9.—Fourteenth annual beagle trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y.

A Bloodhound Episode.

GANSEVOORT, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since mailing my brief article on Bloodhounds and Man-hunting, I have read your editorial under the above heading and it prompts me to extend my remarks on the subject.

The Cuban dogs, which were procured to exterminate the Seminole Indians, and only succeeded in exterminating a lot of calves, were not the true bloodhound. The Cuban hound differs in every essential point from the bloodhound proper. They were derived from various crosses of "Pugnaces," or dogs of war, of which the Great Dane and the mastiffs are examples, while the bloodhound was originally cultivated from the olden races of "Sagaces," i. e., sagacious or intelligent dogs.

The name bloodhound was given the breed during the reign of Henry III. The breed originated from the old talbot hound, which was brought over by William the Conqueror. All authorities agree that the talbot was identical with the St. Hubert hound, a breed from St. Hubert's Abbey in Ardennes, which according to old legends, was imported by St. Hubert from the south of Gaul about the sixth century. This is the condensed history of the breed, and the name bloodhound, when applied to dogs of different descent, is a misnomer.

The bloodhound will not tear, or rend the object of its pursuit. On the contrary, when it overtakes such object it simply evinces joy and gladness. The bloodhound will follow the trail of Indians, or any other living creature which leaves a trail.

In size the bloodhound differs as greatly from the Cuban dog as it does in appearance, disposition and intelligence. It stands from 22 to 25 inches high at the shoulder, and weighs from 70 to 100 pounds, while the Cuban dog measures from 30 to 36 inches at the shoulder and weighs from 150 to 200 pounds. I have heard of their weighing as much as 300 pounds. I can find no evidence to show that the bloodhound was ever bred or used in Cuba for any purpose. They are rare even in England, and this seems strange when we consider their many admirable qualities. However, American fanciers are becoming impressed with the true value of the breed, and such breeders as J. L. Winchell, of Fair Haven, Vt.; Dr. C. A. Lougest, of Boston; Col. Roger D. Williams, of Lexington, Ky., and Dr. J. B. Fulton, of Beatrice, Neb., have already raised the standard of its excellence to a higher level than it has ever reached before.

There is only one class of persons who have any reason to decry the use of bloodhounds in tracking criminals, and that class is the criminals themselves, and they have abundant reason. The trained bloodhound is the criminal's Nemesis.

JOS. W. SHURTER.

Unexpected End of a Fox Hunt.

A FEW days ago Pem McNeill, son of Dr. J. W. McNeill, living at "Ardlussa," on Rockfish Creek, seven miles south of Fayetteville, shouldered his gun and set off down toward the mill, followed by a young hound much given to the sports of that section.

A big yellow perch "brake" in a dark, cool eddy of the creek; the maple and bay buds were bursting in russet and green along the edges of the stream; the pungent smoke of burning new grounds mingled with the smell of the fresh plowed earth; and, from the cedar at the corner of an old tobacco barn, a saucy mockingbird was "guying" a swamp sparrow with a perfect counterfeit of his liquid whistle. Suddenly the hound lifted her head, cocked her silky ears, trod more softly along the leafy woodland path, looked up into her master's face, and then swiftly glided off through the undergrowth.

In a little while she gave tongue a quarter of a mile away, plainly on the track of a fox, and the chase could be clearly followed over the hill, down by the hollow, across a neck of woods, and on to Carver's old field. Then the dog's "music" was shut off, so suddenly that it impressed Pem at first; but it passed out of his mind; and, making his rounds, he returned home.

The hound was not back at dinner time, nor that night; and Dr. McNeill, who values her highly, half jocularly accused his son of shooting at the fox and hitting the dog—a charge denied with the natural indignation of a Cape Fear sportsman, that he should be thought guilty of the unpardonable sin of shooting at a fox. Three days passed, with vain search and inquiries all over the neighborhood for the missing dog; and on the fourth morning Pem McNeill, recalling the fact that the hound ceased her "music" about the Carver old field, set out with a companion for that spot.

There, in a dry well twenty-five feet deep, were both dog and fox, alive and lively. The former was on guard, and the latter was intrenched in a little cave dug out in the side of the well, and whenever the fox ventured out the dog made a dash for it. It was evident that both were stunned when they struck the bottom, and that the fox, recovering first, scratched himself a shelter in the clay wall of the well before his antagonist came to her senses.

A rope lasso was made, and, after some angling, the hound was noosed and drawn out, the fox leaping up and biting and yelping in a frenzy of rage as his enemy was hoisted up. When last heard of, the fox was still in the well, but Dr. McNeill ordered that, when captured, it should have its freedom.—Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

Points and Flashes.

A dog show will be a part of the live stock exhibit at the World's Fair, St. Louis, next year, according to the present intentions of the management.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures for 1903.

Members of race committee will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

JULY.

- 6-8. New York, special races for 90-footers, Newport.
- 9-11. Beverly-Seawanhaka, Beverly cup, Monument Beach.
- 10-11. Mobile, Southern Gulf Coast Y. A., Mobile, Ala.
- 11. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
- 11. Moriches, club.
- 11. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
- 11. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
- 11. Bensonhurst, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
- 11. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, special.
- 11. Corinthian, second championship, Marblehead.
- 11. Eastern, run to Gloucester.
- 11. Eastern, annual, Marblehead.
- 11. Penataquit Corinthian, open, Bay Shore.
- 14. Hempstead Bay, club.
- 15. Eastern, cruise, Marblehead to Vineyard Haven.
- 16. Eastern, cruise, Vineyard Haven to Newport.
- 16. New York, fifty-eighth annual cruise, rendezvous Glen Cove.
- 17. Eastern, cruise, Newport to New London.
- 17-18. Pascagoula, Southern Gulf Coast Y. A., Pascagoula, Miss.
- 18. Beverly, second Corinthian, Monument Beach.
- 18. Keystone, club, Woodmere, L. I.
- 18. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
- 18. South Boston, club, City Point.
- 18. Penataquit Corinthian, special, Bay Shore.
- 18. Indian Harbor, motor boat race, Am. P. B. A., Greenwich.
- 18. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
- 18. Corinthian, third championship, Marblehead.
- 18. Savin Hill, club, Dorchester Bay.
- 18. Canarsie, club.
- 18. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., annual.
- 18. Corinthian of Stamford, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound.
- 18. Corinthian, 3d champ., Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 18. Winthrop, Y. R. A., open, Winthrop.
- 18. Chicago, races for Warrington and Lillienfeld cups.
- 18. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A., skiff races, Toronto.
- 21. Inter-Lake Y. A., open, Put-In-Bay.
- 22. Inter-Lake Y. A., open, yacht and power races, Put-In-Bay.
- 23. Inter-Lake Y. A., squadron sail and auxiliary race, Put-In-Bay.
- 24. Inter-Lake Y. A., open, Put-In-Bay.
- 24-25. Biloxi, Southern Gulf Coast Y. A., Biloxi, Miss.
- 25. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich.
- 25. Beverly, cruise, rendezvous Monument Beach.
- 25. Boston, club, Hull.
- 25. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
- 25. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A., skiff races, Toronto.
- 25. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, special.
- 25. Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
- 25. Hempstead Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
- 25. Bridgeport Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
- 25. Chicago, club, Lake Michigan.
- 25. Penataquit Corinthian, cruise, rendezvous Bay Shore.
- 27. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
- 27-29. New York, Newport series, all classes, Newport.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1903, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

- First prize, \$75.00.
- Second prize, \$50.00.
- Third prize, \$25.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1903.
2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.
3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.
4. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.
5. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.
6. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.
7. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, on or before Nov. 15, 1903.

THE trials between the two Shamrocks have been going on pretty regularly for the past week and the boats have been taken outside as often as the weather permitted. On June 30 the third Shamrock met with her second accident, the first mishap occurring on the other side, when she was dismasted off Weymouth. Fortunately the second misfortune was not of such a serious nature as the first, but nevertheless several days were lost while repairs were being made. The boats had been sent away for a trial spin, starting between Sandy Hook Lightship and Sir Thomas Lipton's steam yacht Erin, but soon after crossing the after traveler for the main sheet carried away on Shamrock III. and she was brought up into the wind quickly and her sails lowered and stowed. She was taken in tow by Erin, and all the boats returned to Sandy Hook Bay. There was a good breeze from the south of about ten knots strength when the accident happened. The day following Shamrock III. was towed to Erie Basin, where repairs were made. The accident was caused by the slatting of the big mainsail as she rolled in the swell. The sudden jerk caused the traveler to give way.

The first real race between the two boats in American waters took place on July 3. The race resulted in an easy victory for Shamrock III. The boats covered a 30

mile windward and leeward course. The compass course was E. S. E. and the wind was W. N. W. of about six knots' strength. On the run out to the leeward mark Shamrock III. gained 3m. 10s., and she won the race by 5m. 20s. On the beat back to the finish line the wind freshened materially and the boats were heeled well down and moved along at a smart clip. When nearing the end of the race the sprit of Shamrock I.'s club topsail broke, and she was brought up into the wind and the sail was taken down on deck. She then followed Shamrock III. on to the finish line. A favorable puff allowed the old boat to lay her course for the finish line and she more than made up the time she lost in stopping to get her topsail down. The summary:

	Start.	Outer Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Shamrock III.	11 05 44	1 18 45	3 32 00	4 26 16
Shamrock I.	11 04 24	1 21 55	3 36 09	4 31 36

On the Fourth of July the two Shamrocks had another test. It proved to be little more than a drifting match, and the wind at no time during the contest was more than three or four miles an hour. The start was made off Sandy Hook Lightship, and the old boat was allowed to start over two minutes ahead of Shamrock III. The wind was S. S. W. and the tug Cruiser logged off fifteen miles in that direction and anchored there, making the weather mark. Shamrock III. started to leeward of Shamrock I., but soon worked into the weather berth. The breeze was so light that the mark boat Cruiser shortened the course from fifteen to eleven miles. The boats made very slow time to the mark, but Shamrock III. continued to get away from the old boat. After the boats rounded the weather mark the race was called off. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Shamrock III.	12 20 40	4 33 40	4 11 00
Shamrock I.	12 20 20	5 02 30	4 42 10

Shamrock III. wins by 31m. 10s.

Columbia Y. C., of Chicago.

CHICAGO, July 6.—The annual open Independence Day regatta of the Columbia Y. C. was sailed to-day in a good yachting breeze. The official score was:

Class 1A.			
	Elapsed.	Allowance.	Corrected.
Vanenna	1 26 15	Scratch.	1 26 15
Vencedor	1 34 45	0 00 21	1 34 24

Vencedor protests, claiming Vanenna fouled at Carter Harrison Crib. Vencedor broke down afterward when in lead by over one minute.

Class 3A.			
Columbia	1 50 42	0 14 50	1 35 52
Widsith	1 53 48	0 11 32	1 42 16
Iris	2 32 30	0 14 13	2 18 17

Thor-Bjorn broke down just before finish line was reached and did not finish.

Class 4A.			
Vision	2 24 16	0 18 34	2 05 42
Eleanor	2 33 33	0 17 26	2 16 12

Saint, Snapshot and others did not finish. Saint capsized.

2ft. Cabin Class.			
Sprite	1 40 38		
La Rita	1 44 00		
Hoosier	1 44 20		
Outlaw	1 54 21		
Privateer	Withdrew.		

Schooners and Yawls.			
Alice	1 36 30	0 02 36	1 33 54
Nomad	1 56 30	0 06 41	1 49 49
Glad Tidings	2 34 10	0 11 08	2 23 02

Class 2B.			
Beatrice	2 02 28	0 06 46	1 55 32
Wizard	2 08 15	0 10 19	1 57 51
Sadie	2 13 20	0 04 00	2 09 20
Zephyrus	2 20 41	0 11 05	2 09 36
Jeannette	2 35 17	0 03 54	2 29 23

Class 3B.			
Kathleen	2 03 47	0 14 27	1 49 20
America	2 22 00	0 11 44	2 10 16

Class 4B.			
Halcyon	2 24 02	0 16 21	2 17 41
Marie	Withdrew.		
Zamona	Withdrew.		

Alice wins Wacker & Birk cup.
Nomad wins international code of signals.
Vanenna wins Pabst cup.
Columbia wins aneroid barometer.
Sprite wins leg on 18ft. to 30ft. L. W. L. cup and 100 points on 1903 championship series.
La Rita wins second prize, a club cap, and 80 points on championship series. Hoosier gets 60 points and Outlaw 40 points on first race.
Beatrice wins John B. Wiggins cup. Wizard wins second prize, Mooney stein set.
Kathleen wins marine glasses, first prize.
Halcyon wins aneroid barometer, first prize.

Afternoon Race—Start 3:30 P. M.

La Rita	5 47 10
Hoosier	5 53 08
Sprite	6 05 43

Light winds, S. W., and heavy fog.

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.,
Saturday, July 4.

The annual race of the Cohasset Y. C. was sailed Saturday, July 4, in a fresh southeast breeze. The cat Edith won the handicap cup offered by Mr. Alanson Bigelow, Jr., beating the record over the club course. Delta won in the 21ft. knockabouts, and Result in the 18ft. knockabouts. The summary:

21ft. Knockabouts.		Elapsed.
Delta, R. B. Williams.		1 34 15
Eleanor, Moore Brothers.		1 35 20
Remora, Courtney Crocker.		1 35 55
Harelda, Alanson Bigelow.		1 36 30

18ft. Knockabouts.		Elapsed.
Result, A. H. Knowles.		1 49 40
Collie		1 50 12
Kanaka, Hugh D. Montgomery.		Withdrew.

Handicap Class.		Elapsed.
Edith, A. Abbot Hastings.		0 53 30
Willie, Harold B. Cousins.		0 55 00
Undine, Gilbert S. Tower.		0 58 20
No Name, Sheldon E. Ripley.		0 58 45
Castrel		1 02 33

New York Y. C. 90-Footers.

NEWPORT, R. I.,

First Race, Monday, June 29.

THE first race for the 90-footers off this port, which was the first of a series of six arranged by the regatta committee of the New York Y. C., was sailed to-day in a fresh easterly breeze and a choppy sea. Before the yachts left Newport harbor it was announced at the club station that the first prize for the series was offered by former Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard, and that Rear Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt would give the second prize. It was expected that this series would be of more than ordinary interest, and a large fleet of steam yachts and several of the larger sailing yachts started out of the harbor with the racing trio. The regatta committee, Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Newbury D. Lawton, and Edward H. Wales, accepted the invitation of Col. R. M. Thompson to sail on the steamer Riviera, and that yacht was the committee boat during the week.

When the Riviera got outside it was found that a windward and leeward course could not be laid from the Brenton's Reef Lightship, and so the signal E was set, meaning that the starting line would be shifted. The Riviera steamed about five miles S. W. of the Lightship and made the line about three miles E. of Point Judith. The course was E. and the distance 15 miles and return. The yachts had medium sized club topsails aloft, and when the preparatory signal was made at noon they began to maneuver for the start. The wind then was blowing about 18 miles an hour, and in sailing about they heeled much more than they have in any former races this year. Reliance and Constitution at times when the wind was abeam showed four strakes of bronze of their underbodies. When the starting signal was made at 12:15, Constitution was heading for the line from the S. She had been a little too soon and had to range along the line to the N. Reliance was on her weather quarter, and Columbia was astern, but to windward of both. They were on the starboard tack and Constitution crossed at 12:15:20, the Reliance at 12:15:24, and Columbia at 12:15:26. As soon as she was over the Constitution made a sharp luff and then bore away under the lee bow of Reliance, giving that yacht a back draught, so that Capt. Barr put the Reliance on the port tack; Columbia was still holding on to the starboard tack, and as the two yachts came together Mr. Morgan was forced to bear away sharply in order to avoid a foul. Reliance at once took the starboard tack and Columbia tacked to get her wind clear. She held the port tack for about three minutes and then she took the starboard tack, and all three were standing in toward the north shore. The tide was running to the west, and they were taking the seas on the weather bow. Constitution was carrying a mainsail she used in her races in 1901. It was a good looking piece of canvas, but the draught was not in the right place. Her gaff slackened off and she could not point with the other two. The yachts held this starboard tack until 12:35, and then Constitution took the port tack and Reliance followed her at once. By this time Reliance had taken a commanding lead, and she crossed the bow of Columbia with plenty to spare, but Constitution had fallen so far to leeward that she went astern of the older boat. Columbia held on until she was well to windward of the wake of Reliance, and at 12:38 she took the port tack, and all three were then heading S. E. Constitution took the starboard tack at 12:41:30, and headed in toward the shore again. Reliance followed at 12:46 and Columbia again to windward of all at 12:47. Each yacht held the inshore tack for exactly ten minutes, and then all came off shore again. They held the port tack for about half an hour, and in that time Reliance worked out to windward of Columbia and across that yacht's bow. Columbia took the starboard tack at 1:25, Reliance tacked a minute later, and Constitution, which was far astern, tacked at 1:26:45. They were then drawing in toward the mouth of the Sakonnet River and getting a fresher breeze, so that they heeled much more than at any time so far during the race. Columbia and Reliance held well in toward West Island Light and at 1:43:15 Reliance took the port tack and almost a minute later Columbia followed. Constitution did not go in so far and tacked at 1:44:31. Columbia and Reliance had to bear off a point in order to clear Sakonnet Point, and then were able to lay their course for the turning mark. Columbia had overstood a little more than Reliance, and Constitution, which was considerably to leeward of the other two, was able to fetch easily.

Passing Sakonnet Point the Reliance led Columbia by about a minute and a half and from there to the turning mark she rapidly increased her lead. They wore and gybed at the mark. Reliance heeled considerably and shot several lengths before Capt. Barr was able to ease off for the run home. Columbia turned like a catboat, swinging round as though she was on a pivot, and Constitution was even harder to handle than Reliance, and she made a much wider turn. The times at this mark and the elapsed times over the fifteen mile turn to windward are shown in the following:

	Start.	Turn.	Elapsed.
Reliance	12 15 24	2 08 35	1 53 11
Columbia	12 15 26	2 10 31	1 55 05
Constitution	12 15 20	2 12 02	1 56 42

On this leg Reliance had beaten Columbia 1m. 54s., and Constitution 3m. 31s. Columbia had beaten Constitution 1m. 37s.

Spinnaker poles were lowered to starboard. Reliance broke her spinnaker out at 2:10:40, Columbia at 2:13:41, and Constitution at 2:14:45. Then the balloon jib topsails were sent up and broken out. On Reliance this big sail was flown at 2:14:20, and the men on Columbia broke that yacht's balloon out at the same time. The balloon on Constitution was broken out at 2:19:20. This shows that the crew of Columbia handled the light sails much smarter than on either of the other yachts. The run down the wind was a fast one, in spite of the fact that all three yachts rolled considerably in the sea. Constitution closed up somewhat on Columbia, but could not pass that yacht. Reliance, as was expected, ran away from both of the others, and she crossed the finishing line at 3:25:17. Columbia crossed at 3:29:28, and Constitution at 3:30:11. Several watches on other boats made Constitution's time a minute later than the committee. The

elapsed times over the last leg of the course were:

	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Reliance	2 08 35	3 25 17	1 16 42
Columbia	2 10 31	3 29 28	1 18 57
Constitution	2 12 02	3 30 11	1 18 09

On the fifteen-mile run the Reliance had beaten Constitution 1m. 27s. and Columbia 2m. 15s. Constitution had beaten Columbia 48s. Reliance had averaged 11.7 miles an hour on the run home. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Reliance	12 15 24	3 25 17	3 09 53
Columbia	12 15 26	3 29 28	3 14 02
Constitution	12 15 20	3 30 11	3 14 51

Reliance had beaten the Columbia 4m. 9s. elapsed time and Constitution 4m. 58s. Columbia wins second prize. She beat Constitution 49s. elapsed time.

Second Race, Tuesday, June 30.

The three yachts were out on time on Tuesday. Constitution had bent on another mainsail and all three had intermediate club topsails aloft. The wind was from the S. W., and was blowing about 12 miles an hour. It was almost high water at the Lightship when the starting gun sounded, and the tide was soon running to the E. There was a short choppy sea in which Constitution seemed to suffer most. The regatta committee on Riviera signalled the course, fifteen miles to windward and return, and then the compass course, S. W. The tugboat Unique logged the course. Fifteen miles S. W. from the Lightship would end on Block Island, so that the course was really a mile short. The preparatory signal sounded at 11:30 o'clock, and the starting gun fifteen minutes later. There was not much fighting for position at the start. The three yachts were to the W. of the Lightship when the gun sounded. Reliance crossed at 11:45:06 on the starboard tack. Columbia was on her weather quarter and crossed at 11:45:09, and Constitution ranged along the line to the committee boat end and crossed at 11:46:01, and then she took the port tack as she went over and Reliance and Columbia tacked at the same time. All were then heading in toward the Narragansett shore to get smooth water and the freshening puffs that always draw off that beach. Constitution at once dropped down to leeward, and she was the first to take the starboard tack, her time being 12:02:25. Columbia tacked five minutes later and Reliance ten seconds after Columbia. Columbia was very close to Reliance and Reliance had been forced to tack when she did. Only a short hitch of two minutes was made and then Columbia and Constitution stood in toward the shore again and Reliance followed thirty seconds after Columbia. She made a sharp luff while the crew got sheets down flat, and then Reliance and Columbia had a battle that was worth going miles to see. At 12:05:25 Columbia and Constitution took the starboard tack and stood off shore. Reliance was on the port tack and Columbia drew up so close to the new boat that she was forced to give way and Columbia, getting a back wind from Reliance, split tacks with her again and stood in shore. Reliance followed the old boat in at 12:08:14, and a few seconds later Columbia took the starboard tack, standing off, and at 12:09:30 forced Reliance about again, and as Reliance took the starboard tack Columbia took the port tack, standing in shore again. Again Reliance went after her, and as the new boat tacked in shore the old boat stood out, and at 12:12 Columbia forced Reliance about for the third time, and both split tacks again, Reliance standing off shore and Columbia in shore. Constitution was not able to look where the other two did, and was being left astern. In less than half a minute after Reliance was forced, Columbia was after her again, and at 12:13:15 Reliance was forced to give way for the fourth time. They came together at 12:14:30, and this time Reliance managed to pinch across Columbia's bow and had her wind clear. It had taken the new yacht about half an hour to shake off the older boat. The yachts continued to work along the shore in short tacks, and Reliance passed Point Judith at 12:30. She made a port tack when clear of the point, and then took the starboard tack and was on top of the Whistling Buoy at 12:37. The tide was then running to the E., and the yachts had it on their bow. There was more wind outside than there had been under the shore, and Reliance changed her small jib topsail for a still smaller one. When she had shaken off Columbia, the new yacht gave a remarkable exhibition of sailing, and rapidly left Columbia astern. Constitution was still going to leeward, and when clear of the Point Capt. Rhodes gave her a full to let her foot, but she would not foot any faster than Columbia. At 1:26 Reliance took the port tack to fetch the mark. Capt. Barr had to pinch to succeed in his object, and Columbia and Constitution, which had tacked with Reliance, each had to make a short hitch. Reliance bore off at the mark at 1:34. She eased her boom off to port for the run home. Columbia turned the mark at 1:38:20, and Constitution at 1:39:54. The elapsed times over the fifteen-mile turn to windward were:

	Start.	Turn.	Elapsed.
Reliance	11 45 06	1 34 00	1 48 54
Columbia	11 45 09	1 38 20	1 53 11
Constitution	11 46 01	1 39 54	1 53 53

Reliance had beaten Columbia 4m. 17s. and Constitution 4m. 59s. Columbia had beaten Constitution 42s.

Spinnaker poles were lowered to starboard. Reliance had her spinnaker drawing 2m. 50s. after rounding, Columbia in 2m. 25s., and Constitution in 1m. 38s. In setting balloon jib topsails, Columbia's men were again the smartest. It took them 5m. 17s. after rounding to get that sail up in stops and broken out. The crew of Reliance took 6m. 25s., and the crew of Constitution 5m. 26s. The yachts rolled much more than they did on the first day, and booms had to be lifted. Reliance used a smaller spinnaker than the other two, and it was kept full better than the larger sails. Constitution's spinnaker was frequently hanging limp without any wind in it at all. Reliance drew away from the other two very easily, and Constitution closed up on Columbia, so that on passing the Whistling Buoy off Point Judith the two were almost on even terms, but after that Columbia stuck to Constitution, and at the finishing line Constitution was only seven seconds ahead of the older boat. Reliance crossed the line at 3:00:44, Constitution at 3:08:41, and Columbia at 3:08:48. The times for the run home are as follows:

	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Reliance	1 34 00	3 00 44	1 38 44
Constitution	1 39 54	3 08 41	1 28 47
Columbia	1 38 20	3 08 48	1 30 28

Reliance had beaten Constitution 2m. 3c. and the Columbia 3m. 44s. Constitution had beaten the Columbia 1m. 41s. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Reliance	11 45 06	3 00 44	3 15 38
Constitution	11 46 01	3 08 41	3 22 40
Columbia	11 45 09	3 08 48	3 23 39

Reliance beat Constitution 7m. 2s. elapsed time and Columbia 8m. 1s. Constitution beat Columbia 59s. elapsed time, but she won second prize on corrected time.

It was thought that Reliance had made a new record for fifteen miles to windward, but the fact that the course was short knocks this out.

Third Race, Wednesday, July 1.

Sir Thomas Lipton, Designer William Fife and Captains Wringe and Bevis arrived early in the morning on the steam yacht Erin to watch the yacht race. Constitution ran up to Bristol early in the morning to get another mainsail, the third used in the week, and she was not on hand when the yachts left the harbor, but as she expected to get back in time to race, the start was postponed. Reliance and Columbia sailed out of the harbor with the same club topsails aloft that had been used in the former races, and when near the Brenton's Reef Lightship, the committee signalled that the starting line would be shifted and steamed off to the E. The line was made about 4 miles E. of the Lightship, and about 3 miles S. of Ochre Point. There was a long wait and about 12:30 o'clock Constitution was sighted. Then the course was signalled S. W. by W. 15 miles. It was 15 miles to windward and return. The preparatory signal was made at 1 o'clock. The wind was then blowing about 12 miles an hour, but it freshened considerably later on. The maneuvering at the start was tame. Constitution crossed the line first on the starboard tack at 1:15:15. Reliance crossed on the port tack at 1:16:12, and Columbia waited until the end of the two minutes and was timed at 1:17. She was on the starboard tack. Constitution took the port tack as Reliance crossed, but both yachts went back on the starboard tack as Columbia went over. Five minutes later all took the port tack and held in toward the Narragansett shore; Constitution was leading and was on the weather bow of Reliance, and Columbia was astern, but was to windward of the wakes of the other two yachts. There was quite a jump on the sea and a thick haze hung over the water through which the sun was trying to shine. At 2:49:25 Constitution took a hitch to the E., and after crossing Columbia took the port tack again. Reliance took the starboard tack at 1:54:20. She crossed Constitution's bow at 1:56, and some seconds later took the port tack again. The yachts worked along the shore as on the former day, and then, after passing Point Judith, they still made short tacks out to the weather mark. When clear of the shore, Columbia took in her baby jib topsail and sailed for about five miles without any sail above her jib. She stuck to Constitution and closed up on that yacht considerably, but could not quite get by. The turning mark was under the Block Island shore, and to get there Reliance made eleven tacks, Columbia fourteen and Constitution twenty. Reliance turned the mark at 3:09:35, Constitution at 3:12:43, and Columbia at 3:13:07. Columbia was right on top of Constitution at the mark, and made a much sharper turn, but in doing so she very nearly ran Constitution down, and in keeping off her boom struck the cone on top of the mark and smashed it. The times of the first leg of the course are:

	Start.	Turn.	Elapsed.
Reliance	1 16 12	3 09 35	1 53 28
Columbia	1 17 00	3 13 07	1 56 07
Constitution	1 15 15	3 12 43	1 57 28

On this leg Reliance had beaten the Columbia 2m. 14s. and Constitution 4m. 5s. Columbia had beaten Constitution 1m. 21s.

Sheets were eased off to starboard for the run home, and the spinnakers were set to port. Columbia had sent up a balloon jib topsail before reaching the mark, and this was broken out as soon as she turned. Reliance's spinnaker was out and drawing 2m. 25s. after turning. On the Constitution it took 2m. 47s. to get the big sail broken out, and on the Columbia it took 4m. 23s. The balloon jib topsail was broken out on Reliance 8m. 10s. after turning the mark, and on Constitution it was 9m. 17s. after turning. The run home was a very fast one. Reliance drew away from Constitution as usual, and Columbia was left by Constitution. Reliance crossed the finishing line at 4:20:39, Constitution at 4:24:12, and Columbia at 4:27:16. The elapsed times over the last leg of the course and the gains are shown as follows:

	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Reliance	3 09 35	4 20 39	1 11 04
Constitution	3 12 43	4 24 12	1 12 29
Columbia	3 13 07	4 27 16	1 14 09

Reliance had beaten Constitution 1m. 25s. and Columbia 3m. 5s. Constitution had beaten the Columbia 1m. 40s. Off the wind Reliance had averaged 12.67 miles an hour or a mile in 4m. 45s. The summary:

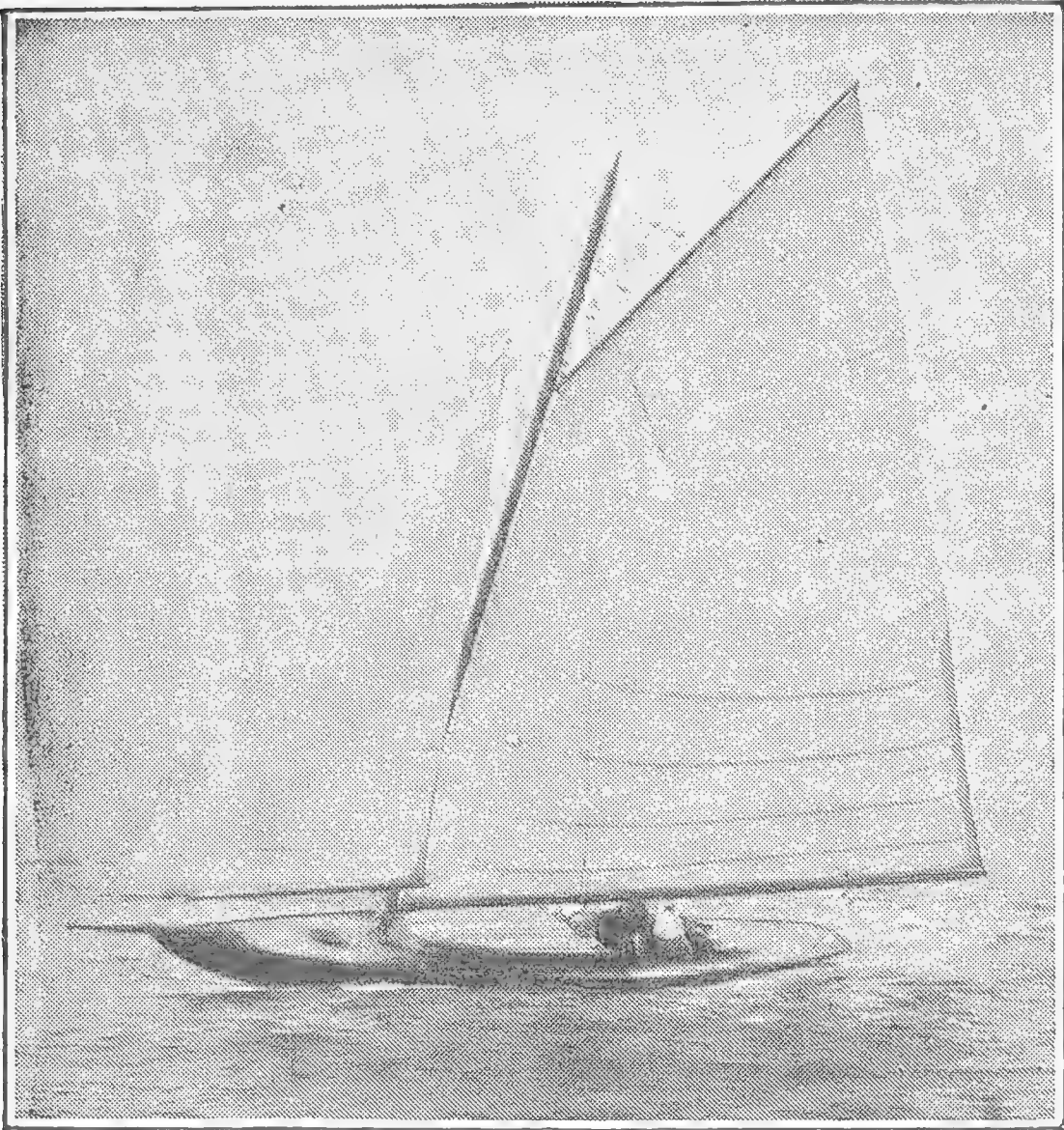
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Reliance	1 16 12	4 20 39	3 04 27
Constitution	1 15 15	4 25 12	3 09 57
Columbia	1 17 00	4 27 16	3 10 16

Reliance had beaten Constitution 5m. 30s. and Columbia 5m. 49s. Constitution beat Columbia 19s. elapsed time and Columbia wins the second prize on corrected time.

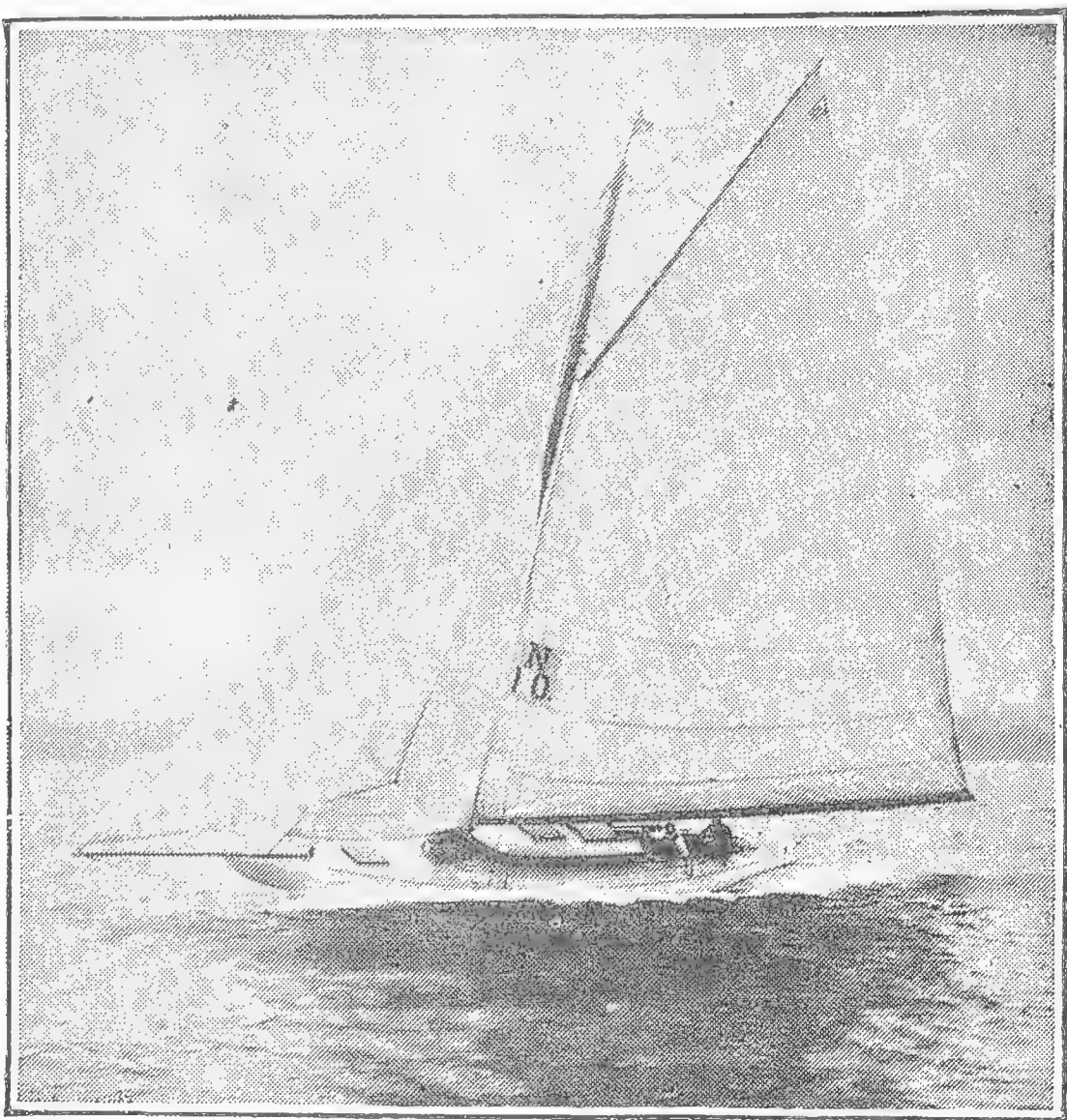
After the race had ended Erin started back for Sandy Hook. Mr. Iselin, when he got back to the harbor, said that he did not care for any more races at present, and that he was satisfied with the Reliance, but he was induced to make one more start the next day.

Fourth Race, Thursday, July 2.

There was a strong wind and a big sea when the yachts left the harbor. They had set small club topsails. The strating line was at the same place as on the previous day, and when the yachts got there the wind had increased in strength so that it was blowing at least 25 miles an hour. The club topsails were sent down just before the preparatory signal was made. The course was triangular. The wind was S. W. by W., and the first leg of the course was 10 miles, S. W. by W.; the second leg



BAGHEERA.



MARION.

DESCRIPTION OF BOATS THAT PARTICIPATED IN THE RACES FOR THE MANHASSET BAY CHALLENGE CUP.

Boat.	Owner.	Club Represented.	Designer.	Builder.	Year.	O. A.	L.W.L.	Breadth.	Draft.	R. L'gth.
Alert	J. W. Alker	Manhasset Bay Y. C.	N. G. Herreshoff	Herreshoff Mfg. Co.	1902	42.2	28.3	9.5	6.5	29.99
Marion	C. P. and T. W. Brigham	Shelter Island Y. C.	T. W. Brigham	Greenport B. and C. Co.	1901	37.	24.8	9.	6.4	28.28
Oiseau	H. L. Maxwell	Indian Harbor Y. C.	N. G. Herreshoff	Herreshoff Mfg. Co.	1899	43.	25.	10.	6.4	29.85
Bobtail	E. F. Luckenback	Bensonhurst Y. C.	N. G. Herreshoff	Herreshoff Mfg. Co.	1902	40.5	26.5	9.4	4.3	29.89
Mimosa	T. L. Park	American Y. C.	B. B. Crowninshield	Swasey, Raymond & Page	1902	39.8	25.8	9.7	6.5	29.80
Enpronzi	R. A. Rainey	Larchmont Y. C.	B. B. Crowninshield	B. F. Wood	1900	38.	25.	10.3	6.6	31.70
Bagheera	Hendon Chubb	Atlantic Y. C.	Clinton H. Crane	B. F. Wood	1902	45.8	29.5	9.6	7.	29.95
Flosshilde	W. D. Hennen	New York A. C.	B. B. Crowninshield	W. B. Smith	1901	43.	25.5	10.4	6.9	31.60

10 miles S. E. by E. ½ E., and the third leg N. ½ W. The preparatory signal was made at 12:15, and the yachts sailed around, keeping out of each other's way, until the starting gun went at 12:30 o'clock. Columbia crossed the line on the starboard tack at 12:30:45, Reliance crossed with the handicap gun at 12:32, and Constitution was twenty-seven seconds later. Columbia and Reliance took the port tack at once, and Constitution held on for a minute after crossing and then she took the port tack. Reliance soon began to overhaul Columbia, but Constitution was doing better than either of the other two. She was footing fast and pointing high, and at 12:40 Reliance took the starboard tack to go after Constitution. Just as Reliance tacked the jaws of the gaff on Constitution broke and then the gaff snapped about twenty feet from the jaws. Reliance and Columbia made a good fight for 40 minutes, and then Reliance crossed her bow and gradually drew away from the old champion. Reliance turned the weather mark at 1:52:20. It had taken her 1 hour 20m. 40s. to make 10 miles to windward. Columbia was then about two minutes astern of her. The gaff topsail on Columbia had been set and men were on the bowsprit sending up a No. 1 jib topsail. The yacht suddenly stuck her bowsprit under a big sea and Carl B. Olsen, the second man on the bowsprit, was washed off and lost. The first man held on and the third and fourth men were washed inboard. A dinghy was lowered at once and a search, which lasted half an hour, made for Olsen, in which several yachts joined, but nothing more was seen of him. He was probably hurt on the martingale and then sucked under the yacht. Capt. Miller said that he never knew the yacht to stick her nose under before.

Reliance set a No. 2 jib topsail for the second leg and she made the 10 miles in 51m. 30s. On the third leg she carried a balloon jib topsail. The wind was lighter and the sea smoother and she made the 10 miles in 47m. 10s. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Reliance	12 32 00	3 31 20	2 59 30
Columbia	12 32 00	Did not finish.	
Constitution	12 30 45	Disabled.	

Reliance pounded hard in the seas, and when she got back to harbor it was found that she had dented two plates under the port bow. The lower strake, which is just above the waterline, was knocked flat, and in the plate above it there was a dent about six feet long, eighteen inches wide, and deep enough for a man to lay his arm in. Mr. Iselin made light of the trouble, and said it could soon be hammered out. He said that he was well satisfied with the yacht and would do no more racing until the cruise. Mr. Morgan said that he did not care to race any more, having lost a man, and so the other races were declared off. Reliance went to Bristol the next morning, and will have two new plates put on in place of the damaged ones.

The schooner Quisetta, owned by Mr. Samuel C. Davis, of St. Louis, has been entirely overhauled and refitted by the Greenport Basin and Construction Company, Greenport, L. I. She will be in charge of Captain George Parker, a well known British racing skipper, and will be run with an English crew.

The newly organized Port Jefferson Y. C., of Port Jefferson, L. I., held a meeting on June 30 and elected the following officers: Com., John E. Overton; Vice-Com., Dr. H. S. Pettit; Sec'y, Charles V. Platt; Treas., George F. Bayles; Regatta Committee—Charles V. Platt, Robert Wilson, Garrie Smith, Fred Huff, Ralph H. Hawkins,

Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup Races.

ONE of the most important of this season's events among the smaller craft was the races for the Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup. The cup was offered by the Manhasset Bay Y. C., and the races were held under the auspices of that club.

The races were an unqualified success in every way, and the racing was of the cleanest sort, for in the three contests in which the boats met, there were no protests, fouls or disqualifications, and the best possible feeling existed between the different crews. The races were admirably managed, and the judges were among the best known in the country. The cup was offered by the members at the suggestion of Mr. Edward M. MacLellan, the club's secretary, and it was through his untiring efforts that the matches were so satisfactory to all concerned.

Com. A. H. Alker loaned his steam yacht Florence to the race committee, and she was used as the judges' boat. The Regatta Committee was made up of Mr. Walter C. Kerr, Seawanbaka-Corinthian Y. C.; Stuyvesant Wainwright, American Y. C., and Louis M. Clark, Eastern Y. C.

The Manhasset Bay Y. C. chartered the steamer Huntington, and she followed the boats over the course each day, so that the members of the different clubs could see the races.

First Race, Monday, June 29.

In the morning the prospects for a race were not good. It was raining very hard, and a strong N. E. wind that had been blowing all night had kicked up a nasty sea outside. As the day wore on the weather improved, and shortly after 1 o'clock the Regatta Committee decided to start the race.

The committee boat anchored to the N. E. of Execution Light, and set course signals. Most of the boats towed out to the starting line in order to keep their sails dry as long as they could. All of the boats entered with the exception of Enpronzi, and that boat was unable to sail as she was short handed.

The course was to windward from the starting line off Execution Light, to and around the Larchmont racing buoy, off Parsonage Point, and back to the starting line. The length of each leg was four and one-eighth nautical miles, and as the course was sailed over twice, the total distance covered was sixteen and one-half nautical miles.

The preparatory was given at 3 o'clock and the boats were sent away ten minutes later. At this time it had stopped raining, and there was a N. E. breeze of over twelve knots' strength blowing, which kicked up a lump of a sea. The tide was running flood. At the time of starting Alert, Bagheera, Marion and Mimosa were reefed, while Oiseau, Bobtail and Flosshilde were swinging full sail.

Mimosa was just on the line when the starting signal was heard, crossing on the starboard tack on the leeward end of the line. The rest of the boats crossed in the following order, all on the port tack. Oiseau, Alert, Marion, Flosshilde, Bobtail and Bagheera. Bagheera was late in crossing, as she had stopped to reef just before the start, and in consequence was the last boat over. The start, as a whole, was a remarkably fine one.

All the boats with the exception of Mimosa, stood

in on the starboard tack toward the New York shore in order to get out of the head tide and also to get into smoother water. Mimosa took a port tack and made a long hitch in under the Long Island beach. Oiseau was leading the bunch in toward Mamaroneck Harbor, but Alert shook out her reef and came up on her rapidly.

When Mimosa took the starboard tack she crossed Marion's bow, which boat had followed her out in the Sound. When on her last hitch for the mark, Oiseau crossed Mimosa's bow and that boat took the starboard tack under Alert's lee. At the weather mark off Parsonage Point the boats were timed as follows:

Oiseau	4 10 08	Flosshilde	4 16 00
Alert	4 11 24	Bobtail	4 17 47
Mimosa	4 12 15	Bagheera	4 20 05
Marion	4 14 10		

Flosshilde lost quite a little on rounding the mark. Oiseau set spinnaker to port and the others followed suit as they rounded. The wind had been gradually dropping since the start, and was getting much lighter. On the run home the boats were strung out in a long line, and all were about the same distance apart. Oiseau took her spinnaker in a long time before reaching the mark, and all the others did the same thing. The times at the end of the first round were:

Oiseau	4 46 40	Flosshilde	4 52 42
Alert	4 47 30	Bobtail	4 55 05
Mimosa	4 49 40	Bagheera	4 57 50
Marion	4 52 03		

After gybing around the mark, all the boats but Bobtail held out into the Sound on the port tack, in order to get a lee bowing tide, for it had turned and was running ebb. Oiseau and Alert held well over to the Long Island shore, and made a good gain on the others, although Oiseau dropped Alert a little. The breeze was losing weight all the time, and it did not have one-third the strength it had at the start. Flosshilde caught Marion and got around the weather mark a couple of seconds ahead of her. At the Parsonage Point mark the boats rounded as follows:

Oiseau	5 42 35	Marion	5 52 32
Alert	5 44 20	Bobtail	5 55 15
Mimosa	5 50 40	Bagheera	5 59 30
Flosshilde	5 52 30		

Spinnakers were set and broken out, but the boats did not move very smartly in the light breeze. Bobtail found the light air to her liking, and worked by Marion. Ballooners were set on most of the boats, as the wind had worked to the eastward a little. When nearly off Glen Cove, Bagheera, which was a long way behind, doused her spinnaker, trimmed sheets and headed in for Glen Cove, withdrawing from the race. The breeze finally worked well around to the north and freshened perceptibly. The boats behind felt the new wind first and closed up on the leaders fast. All gybed over and set spinnakers to starboard. Bobtail passed Flosshilde and took fourth place, and Mimosa came up on Oiseau. Alert led over the finish line by 24s., followed by Oiseau, Mimosa, Bobtail, Flosshilde and Marion.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alert	6 49 02	3 39 02	3 36 15
Oiseau	6 49 26	3 39 26	3 36 23
Marion	6 52 23	3 42 23	3 36 24
Mimosa	6 51 07	3 41 07	3 38 20
Bobtail	6 51 44	3 41 44	3 38 57
Flosshilde	6 52 20	3 42 20	3 39 33
Bagheera	Did not finish.		
Enpronzi	Did not start.		

The summary:

Alert beats Oiseau, 8s. and Marion 9s. corrected time.

Points won were as follows: Alert 7, Oiseau 6, Marion 5, Mimosa 4, Bobtail 3, Flosshilde 2 and Bagheera 0.

Second Race, Tuesday, June 30.

The weather conditions for the second race of the series were quite in contrast with those which prevailed during the previous day's race. When the committee boat Florence anchored off Execution Rock buoy shortly after 1 o'clock, there was a nice S. W. breeze blowing of about ten knots, and there was no sea on. The course was from the starting line E. S. E. three and three eighths miles to and around Red Springs buoy, thence N. N. W. three and one-half miles to and around the spar buoy off Scotch Caps, thence S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ S. two and three-quarter miles to the starting line. A distance of nine and five-eighths miles to be covered twice, making a total distance of nineteen and one-quarter miles.

The preparatory signal was given at 2 o'clock, and ten minutes later the boats were sent away. Mimosa was again the first over, followed by Marion, Flosshilde, Oiseau, Alert, Bagheera, Enpronzi and Bobtail in the order named. It was a reach to the first mark, and balloon jibs were broken out smartly on all the boats except Bobtail. Marion luffed well out on the others, and set balloon staysail. She was the only one of the eight boats with a double head rig. Oiseau swung astern of Marion and Alert. Alert, the best boat in the fleet on reaching, worked away from the bunch. Bobtail dropped Enpronzi and worked ahead of Bagheera, and Flosshilde pulled up on Alert. As the boats drew into the mouth of Hempstead Harbor, the breeze strengthened, and some of them were pretty well laid out under the fresh wind. The boats were timed as they gybed around the Red Spring's mark as follows:

Alert	2 36 20	Mimosa	2 37 32
Flosshilde	2 36 36	Bobtail	2 37 39
Marion	2 37 03	Bagheera	2 37 51
Oiseau	2 37 25	Enpronzi	2 38 00

After gybing, booms were used off to starboard, and as the wind was well aft, a spinnaker was soon set on Oiseau. Spinnakers now appeared on all the boats. Bobtail worked into third place, having passed Marion and Mimosa. Oiseau, Mimosa and Enpronzi overtook Marion and Bagheera. At the mark off Scotch Cap some nice work was seen on the part of Mr. Maxwell. Bobtail was forced to give way to Flosshilde at the mark, and Oiseau neatly slipped inside of both these boats. The times at this mark were:

Alert	3 12 16	Mimosa	3 15 00
Flosshilde	3 14 26	Bagheera	3 15 40
Oiseau	3 14 38	Marion	3 17 00
Bobtail	3 14 40	Enpronzi	3 18 20

The wind was now very light, but still blowing from the S. W. Alert went off on the starboard tack after rounding, standing well out into the Sound. She found a better breeze over toward the Long Island shore, and then took a port tack, holding on toward Execution. The other boats had been working port tacks in on the north shore. Flosshilde crossed Bobtail's bow and Oiseau went about on Flosshilde's weather bow, but she drew through Oiseau's lee. The breeze freshened a little, and the boats moved along at a smart clip. Bobtail drew through to leeward of Flosshilde and Oiseau, and got a good lead on the latter boat. Oiseau pointed very high, but did not seem to foot quite so fast. Mimosa made a long hitch across the Sound into the mouth of Hempstead Harbor. Bagheera's jib came down on the run, and went into the water, but repairs were speedily made, and the sail was soon hoisted again. Oiseau was able to cross Flosshilde's bow when they came together. The times at the end of the first round were:

Alert	3 49 20	Enpronzi	3 55 45
Oiseau	3 52 45	Marion	3 56 05
Mimosa	3 53 35	Bobtail	3 56 10
Flosshilde	3 54 00	Bagheera	3 56 15

Bobtail cut in ahead of Bagheera at the mark. Sheets were eased off for the reach to the next mark. The breeze had freshened again and had hauled more to the southward. Alert continued to get away from the others, and at the Red Spring buoy had a substantial lead. The times at that mark were:

Alert	4 16 37	Enpronzi	4 24 00
Oiseau	4 20 26	Marion	4 24 00
Mimosa	4 21 21	Bobtail	4 24 10
Flosshilde	4 22 30	Bagheera	4 25 19

The breeze had hauled enough to make it a run to Scotch Caps, and spinnakers were set to port on all the boats. Bobtail did better on this leg and passed Enpronzi. Alert was so far ahead that the race was beginning to lose interest. The race lay between the hindmost boats, and Mimosa picked up a little on Oiseau. The boats were timed at the Scotch Caps buoy as follows:

Alert	4 56 30	Marion	5 04 35
Oiseau	5 01 43	Bobtail	5 04 55
Mimosa	5 02 26	Bagheera	5 05 45
Flosshilde	5 04 00	Enpronzi	5 06 48

The breeze was very light at this mark, even lighter than it was on the first round. All the boats were heading in different directions, owing to the different slants of the wind. It was now a beat to the finish, and Oiseau, Mimosa, Flosshilde and Bobtail held in toward the north shore in order to lee bow the tide. The other four boats, Alert, Marion, Bagheera and Enpronzi did the wisest thing, and worked over toward the Long Island shore, where the new breeze was coming from. Alert had two boats to beat, Marion and Oiseau, and it was a question which one to stick to. Marion held much further over to the Long Island shore than Alert did, and greatly benefited thereby. The boats over toward the New York shore were almost becalmed. Alert was first over the finish line, with Marion a good second, with Bagheera third. Enpronzi, Oiseau, Bobtail, Mimosa and Flosshilde followed in the order named. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marion	5 44 41	3 34 41	3 27 30
Alert	5 43 40	3 33 40	3 30 13
Bagheera	5 46 55	3 36 55	3 33 28
Enpronzi	5 48 07	3 38 07	3 38 07

Oiseau	5 56 22	3 46 22	3 42 36
Bobtail	6 02 33	3 53 33	3 50 06
Mimosa	6 06 14	3 56 14	3 52 47
Flosshilde	6 04 34	3 54 34	3 54 22

Marion beat Alert 2m. 43s. and Bagheera 5m. 58s. corrected time.

The standing in points at the end of this race follows: Alert 14, Marion 13, Oiseau 10, Mimosa 6, Bobtail 6, Bagheera 6, Enpronzi 5 and Flosshilde 3.

Third Race, Wednesday, July 3.

All through the morning there was a nice S. W. breeze, and everything was propitious for a good race, so the Regatta Committee decided to start the boats earlier than on the two previous days.

The course signaled from the committee boat Florence was the same as the boats covered on Monday; from the starting line to and around the spar buoy off Parsonage Point, thence back to the starting line. The course to be sailed over twice, making a total distance of sixteen and one-half miles. As the wind was W. S. W. of about eight knots' strength, it was a run to the outer mark and a beat back to the starting line.

The preparatory was given at 1 o'clock, and at 1:10 the starting signal was heard. Mimosa had the best start for the third time. She was followed over the line by Oiseau, Marion, Alert, Flosshilde, Enpronzi, Bagheera and Bobtail in the order given. Bobtail luffed out into the weather berth, and all set spinners. Alert soon pulled into the lead, Marion was next with Mimosa in third place. Flosshilde, Bobtail, Bagheera and Enpronzi were strung out behind. Oiseau had run out of the wind, and her light sails hung limp. The wind was very fluky, and first one boat would have it and then another. Mimosa passed Alert and Bobtail made a big gain by holding inshore, and drew up into second place. The breeze finally came out of the S. W., and all the boats gybed over and reset their spinnakers to starboard. The new breeze reached the leading boats first, a rather unusual thing. Mimosa got into a luffing match with Bobtail, but the latter boat could not get by. The times at the leeward mark off Parsonage Point were:

Mimosa	1 56 49	Flosshilde	1 58 15
Bobtail	1 57 00	Marion	1 59 06
Alert	1 57 14	Enpronzi	2 00 02
Bagheera	1 58 09	Oiseau	2 01 17

After rounding the mark all the boats held starboard tacks over toward Long Island, in order to lee bow the flood tide and get better wind. Oiseau was the first boat to go about, and after making a hitch on the port tack again, tried the starboard tack. Alert pointed high and turned out to windward in fine shape. Bobtail also did well and passed Mimosa. Alert finally took port tack and the rest followed her. Oiseau was the only boat that did not overstand the mark. The times at the end of the first round follow:

Alert	2 54 04	Oiseau	2 57 26
Bobtail	2 54 45	Marion	2 57 37
Mimosa	2 55 32	Bagheera	2 57 46
Flosshilde	2 56 28	Enpronzi	3 00 22

Alert's spinnaker was set very smartly. Bobtail was close behind and pushed her hard for first place. Mimosa had a good lead on Flosshilde. Bobtail finally worked into the lead, and before reaching the mark took in her balloon and set her working jib. The boats were timed at the leeward mark as follows:

Bobtail	3 36 08	Oiseau	3 40 11
Alert	3 36 21	Bagheera	3 41 11
Mimosa	3 38 20	Marion	3 41 20
Flosshilde	3 39 30	Enpronzi	3 44 45

All the boats again took the starboard tack over toward Long Island, except Marion, which boat made a hitch on the port tack, but soon came about and followed the others. Shortly after rounding, Flosshilde met with an accident and withdrew. She broke the jaws of her gaff and was taken in tow by the steamer Huntington. This was the first and only accident that occurred during the series. The breeze had gained strength, and Alert found the breeze to her liking. She went into the lead, and from that time on she was never headed. Bobtail retained second place with Mimosa a good third. The boats finished in the following order: Alert, Bobtail, Mimosa, Oiseau, Marion, Bagheera and Enpronzi.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alert	4 35 16	3 25 16	3 22 19
Bobtail	4 36 26	3 26 26	3 23 29
Marion	4 40 31	3 30 31	3 24 22
Mimosa	4 37 27	3 27 27	3 24 30
Oiseau	4 38 56	3 28 56	3 25 43
Bagheera	4 41 29	3 31 29	3 28 32
Enpronzi	4 46 35	3 36 35	3 36 35
Flosshilde	Disabled.		

The number of points that each boat had to her credit at the end of the series follow: Alert 22, Marion 19, Oiseau 14, Bobtail 13, Mimosa 11, Bagheera 9, Enpronzi 7 and Flosshilde 3.

The races conclusively demonstrated that Alert was the best all around boat of the eight, although Oiseau was very nearly her equal. This boat had the worst of the luck in every race, which accounts for the indifferent showing she made. Bobtail will prove a very dangerous craft in light airs, and when her owner and his crew get better acquainted with her and make some changes in her trim, she will show up to much better advantage. The greatest surprise was the excellent performances made by Marion. She was not considered dangerous, but proved to be a dark horse. Had she been favored with a little more luck she would have carried the cup back to Shelter Island. Flosshilde did not do as well as was expected, and Bagheera and Enpronzi were in rather too fast company.

The American auxiliary Utowana, while proceeding through the North Sea, collided with an unknown steamer during a thick fog when twenty-five miles north of Dunquerque. The yacht is owned by Mr. Allison V. Armour. She was pretty badly damaged, and the hull was stove in forward above the waterline. The accident happened on June 28.

The Regatta Committee of the Indian Harbor Y. C. has awarded the race sailed on June 19 under the auspices of their club to Reliance. A protest was entered by the owner of Constitution, but it was not sustained.

The Canada's Cup Defender.

TORONTO, July 4.—Strathcona has been doing some splendid work of late, and Toronto yachtsmen are beginning to feel confident of a splendid defense of the cup. The yacht has not yet been seen at her best, but she is working out beautifully.

The series of trials with Mr. H. C. McLeod's swift cutter Gloria, proved that Strathcona, although shorter and smaller in every way, was practically the equal of this Mediterranean flyer in light winds. The trials came to an end with Gloria's departure for salt water. Mr. McLeod is no summer afternoon sailor, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence and ocean coast possess many attractions for him. He is a former resident of Halifax. Gloria will spend the summer in her owner's old cruising grounds, winding up at mooring in the Sound in time for Mr. McLeod to attend the America Cup races. She will return to Toronto before the close of navigation on the lakes and canals.

Mr. McLeod's deep interest in the defense of the Canada's Cup led him to postpone his departure for salt water for some time, and Strathcona profited considerably by his generosity. Gloria is, as has been stated before, probably the fastest yacht on fresh water, and the advantages of a comparison with such a flyer are enormous. That Strathcona has come out so well is a high tribute to the new rules, of which she is the first product.

The departure of Gloria did not, however, leave Strathcona without excellent material for trying-out purposes. The Royal Canadian Y. C. fleet has all along been a squadron of flyers, rather than a fleet of cruisers, with one or two racers. The best designers of the old land have contributed to its ranks. Both Fife and Watson are well represented. Such boats as Yama, Zelma and Vreda, of approximately Strathcona's size, represent the old country designers. Merrythought and Ozzie, designed and built by Capt. James Andrews, of Oatsville, are the best of the home product. All of these mentioned are flyers of more than local repute. Merrythought is a particularly interesting craft. Built for a fast cruiser in 1895, she was raced under the name Winnetta and practically abandoned as useless. A couple of years later Mr. Æmilius Jarvis purchased her and re-rigged her from the decks up. The result was marvelous. She began to clean up all the prizes in sight. Being a stiff craft, with nineteen tons of lead, Mr. Jarvis was able to carry on sail, and kept giving her wings, until now she is a cloud of canvas. She races as a cutter and cruises as a yawl, the transformation being completed in a day half a dozen times in the season. It is a great satisfaction to local yachtsmen to see this all-Canadian craft brought up to perfection by an amateur and defeat the products of Fife and Watson, sailed by professionals.

Merrythought is the best trying-out material Strathcona can find, and will give her plenty of racing during the next month.

Strathcona made an excellent showing in the race for that time-honored Lake Ontario trophy, the Queen's Cup, on Dominion Day, July 1. She was not entered in the race, but covered the course with the others in a manner that showed she would have been a sure winner. She was handled by a non-racing skipper with a scratch crew, in all sorts of weather, and slipped around the course in less time than the actual winner.

The race was twice around a fifteen-mile triangle in Lake Ontario, the apex being near Toronto Island, one buoy lying to the southeastward and the other south and west. It was blowing a splendid breeze from the southwest, and three craft, Vreda, Merrythought and Strathcona, went over the line with lee rails awash. Capt. Wm. Bruce, one of the best professional sailors on the lakes, was in Mr. Penchen's yacht Vreda, Com. Jarvis sailed Merrythought, and Mr. Norman Macrae, Strathcona's owner, handled her throughout the race. Although Mr. Macrae is not a racing skipper, he acquitted himself very creditably.

Merrythought and Vreda went over the line within a length of each other, and Strathcona, to give the actual contestants fair play, held back, starting 4m. 10s. after Merrythought. The first leg was a reach with sheets well in, and the racers fled along at steamboat speed. Strathcona was sailed almost close hauled for a long distance, and so covered much more ground at a slower pace. Nevertheless, Merrythought had not quite a 5m. lead at the turn of the easterly buoy.

It was a thrash to the westerly one. Merrythought overstood the buoy in the slight haze, and although she was footing much faster than Vreda, the latter turned the mark first. Strathcona lost time through the tack of her jibtopsail carrying away, but a nimble sailor went out on the luff of the jib, bent on a new tack, and then they bowled it down.

With spinnakers soaring heavenward, until the booms were on end, the yachts tore back to the starting buoy. The sea was rolling high, and Vreda, turning the mark, had to stay rather than gybe. Mr. Jarvis, with magnificent seamanship, gybed over and almost recovered what he had lost in the beat to windward. He was just 55s. astern starting the second round.

The wind came in wicked puffs, and all three shortened down to lower sails at the first buoy. Soon it lightened, and the excellent seamanship aboard Merrythought again told. She showed her kites in short order, and quickly passed Vreda, and increased her lead in the beat to the westerly buoy. Strathcona came along like a flying horse and also passed Vreda, turning the westerly buoy second. The shift in the breeze allowed a broad reach home, and the yachts tore along under club topsails, Merrythought finishing with a comfortable lead. She was only 3m. 30s. ahead of Strathcona, and the latter was leading Vreda by fully 2m. Strathcona, therefore, gained nearly 45s. on Merrythought, and 6m. on Vreda. How the trio compare in actual racing measurements is not known, but it is stated that Merrythought and Vreda would have to give Strathcona at least 5m. time allowance in the thirty miles.

Strathcona went up to Oakville on Friday to complete her cargo of ballast. She took in about a ton and a half of lead pigs, to be placed on her floors. This is necessary to bring her down to her full waterline

length, 40ft. She has been floating 5in. short. Her total inside and outside ballast now weighs 12 tons. Strathcona's English suit of canvas has been bent. Com. Jarvis will take charge of her at the end of the month.

CHARLES H. SNIDER.

archmont Y. C. Race Week.

LARCHMONT, LONG ISLAND SOUND,
Saturday, July 4.

The first day of race week at Larchmont began on Saturday, July 4, and on that day the annual regatta was sailed. The weather conditions were good, and there was a good list of starters.

The wind at the start was S. S. W., but later hauled to W. S. W. The course was a ten and three-quarter mile triangle. The first leg was from the starting line E. N. E., three miles to and around a buoy off Parsonage Point, thence S. three and seven-eighths miles to and around a buoy off Red Springs Point, thence N. W. three and seven-eighths miles back to the starting line. Boats in classes I and J covered this course three times.

The preparatory signal was heard at noon, and at 12:10 sloops in class J were started. Weetamoe had no competitor, and she covered the course and took a sail over prize.

The interest of the day was centered in Aspirant, the new boat Mr. William Gardner designed for the Hanan boys. She was only launched on Thursday last, and on her maiden race beat Mimosa II. over eight minutes elapsed time.

As Aspirant and Mimosa II. were not designed under the Larchmont Y. C. rule, they had to sail in a special class, while Effort and Mira sailed in the regular 43ft. class. However, all four boats started on the same whistle, and Effort beat Mimosa, boat for boat, over the course.

Aspirant was sailed by the Hanan boys, Mimosa II. was handled by her owner, Mr. Trenor L. Park. Mr. A. H. W. Johnson steered Mira, while Mr. Albert B. Hunt had the stick on Effort. Aspirant got the start, with Mimosa II. next. Mira was third over the line, with Effort well behind, but to windward. It was a reach to the first mark and Aspirant was first around. On the second leg, which was a beat, Effort caught and passed Mira, while Mimosa II. got away from Aspirant. Aspirant got the best of a shift of wind and again worked into the lead and was never headed. On the second time around Effort, by setting a spinnaker, caught Mimosa II. at the first mark, and the Crowninshield production could not catch her from that time on, although the boats were only separated by a few seconds at the finish. Unfortunately for Effort, the wind had shifted so that there was no windward work on the second round, otherwise she would have beaten Mimosa II. by a good margin. Beating is her strong point, particularly in a breeze, but it is not expected that she can reach with boats five or six feet longer on the waterline, built three years later with new and larger suits of sails.

In class M there were three starters, Breeze, Leda and Spasm. Leda, the smartest boat of the three, had the worst of the luck, and was the last to finish. Breeze got the race.

In class M yawls, Tern had matters all her own way, and defeated her only competitor with ease.

Oiseau turned tables on Alert in class N, and beat her over a minute elapsed time. No corrected time was given out by the committee, but it is likely that Alert won. Flosshilde withdrew.

Rochelle won in the 25ft. class, although a shift of wind put Chingachgook, which was leading at one time, well behind, and she was third to finish.

The C. F. Herreshoff 25ft. one design boats started at the same time the regular 30-footers did, but they were hopelessly beaten by the latter boats.

Two match races were sailed, one between Isolde and Eelin and the other between Challenge and Hebe. Isolde won easily, beating Eelin by nearly five minutes, while Challenge beat Hebe, which is now in heavy cruising trim, badly.

The summaries follow:

Sloops—Class J—Start, 12:10—Course, 3 1/2 Miles.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Weetamoe, H. L. Lippitt.....	5 00 27	4 50 27	
Sloops—Special Class L—Start, 12:15—Course, 2 1/2 Miles.			
Aspirant, A. & W. Hanan.....	3 46 50	3 31 50	
Mimosa II., T. L. Park.....	3 55 31	3 40 13	
Sloops—Class L—Start, 12:15—Course, 2 1/2 Miles.			
Mira, C. L. Poor.....	4 16 28	4 01 28	
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	3 55 29	3 40 29	
Sloops—Class M—Start, 12:20—Course, 2 1/2 Miles.			
Breeze.....	4 30 29	4 10 29	
Spasm, Edward King.....	4 36 33	4 16 33	
Leda, S. M. Mason.....	4 37 45	4 17 45	
Yawls—Class M—Start, 12:20—Course, 2 1/2 Miles.			
Zenobia, Henry Eaton.....	5 01 27	4 41 27	
Tern, John Hyslop.....	4 42 01	4 22 01	
C. F. Herreshoff 25ft. One-Design Class—Start, 12:25—Course, 2 1/2 Miles.			
Lively.....	4 58 57	4 32 57	
Hope.....	4 48 12	4 23 12	
Spoonbill.....	4 51 37	4 32 37	
Sloops—Class N—Start, 12:25—Course, 2 1/2 Miles.			
Flosshilde, W. D. Hennen.....	Did not finish.		
Oiseau, H. L. Maxwell.....	4 10 24	3 45 24	
Alert, J. W. Alker.....	4 11 41	3 46 41	
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 12:30—Course, 1 3/4 Miles.			
Rochelle, F. J. Gould.....	2 55 43	2 25 43	
Arbeeka, J. B. Walker.....	3 13 09	2 43 09	
Chingachgook, E. A. Stevens.....	3 02 50	2 32 50	
Snapper, F. H. Page.....	3 02 40	2 32 40	
Lucille, P. Williams.....	3 08 24	2 38 24	
Larchmont 21-footers—Start, 12:30—Course, 10 1/4 Miles.			
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer.....	3 03 10	2 33 10	
Houri, J. H. Esser.....	3 03 10	2 33 10	
Dorothy, L. T. Spence.....	2 58 18	2 28 18	
Raceabouts—Start, 12:35—Course, 10 1/4 Miles.			
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	2 53 22	2 18 22	
Rogue, A. B. Alley.....	3 03 00	2 28 00	
Jolly Roger, T. B. Blecker.....	3 00 00	2 25 00	
Howdy, H. L. Merceau.....	2 58 45	2 23 45	
Mavis, G. L. Pirie.....	2 56 10	2 21 10	
Cricket, H. Willets.....	3 05 01	2 30 01	
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins.....	2 58 00	2 23 00	
Grasshopper, Harold Pryer.....	2 54 14	2 19 14	
Jolly Tar, S. Howland.....	2 50 10	2 15 10	
New Rochelle One-Design Class—Start, 12:40—Course, 10 1/4 Miles.			
Alga, Alfred Mestre.....	3 27 48	2 47 48	
Knave, R. N. Bavier.....	3 16 06	2 36 06	
Deuce, N. Lawton.....	3 25 08	2 45 08	
Ace, Anna Bavier.....	3 21 08	2 41 08	
Caper, P. L. Howard.....	3 18 56	2 38 56	

Class O—Start, 12:40—Course, 10 1/4 Miles.			
Jeebi, A. D. R. Brown.....	3 13 36	2 33 36	
Gazabo, H. T. Vulte.....	3 15 21	2 35 21	
Trouble, W. H. Childs.....	3 09 08	2 29 08	
Class R—Start, 12:40—Course, 10 1/4 Miles.			
Flim Flam, A. D. Prince.....	3 14 45	2 31 45	
Cricket, A. B. Whiting.....	3 17 08	2 37 08	
Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start, 12:40—Course, 10 1/4 Miles.			
Arizona, G. A. Corry.....	3 20 48	2 40 48	
Bab, I. R. Hoyt.....	3 22 31	2 42 31	
Lambkin, Stephen W. Roach.....	3 30 23	2 50 23	
Falcon, Cole & Stevens.....	3 29 07	2 49 07	
Horseshoe Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 12:45—Course, 10 1/4 Miles.			
Arrow.....	3 27 16	2 42 16	
Mereain.....	3 35 15	2 50 15	
Rascal.....	3 31 39	2 46 39	
Catboats—Class W—Start, 12:45—Course, 10 1/4 Miles.			
Scud.....	3 25 19	2 40 19	
Wif Waf.....	3 34 36	2 49 36	
Gosling.....	3 24 42	2 39 42	
Why Not.....	3 32 26	2 47 26	
Class I—Match Race—Start, 12:55—Course, 3 1/2 Miles.			
Isolde, F. M. Hoyt.....	6 11 01	5 16 01	
Eelin, F. L. Rodewald.....	6 16 25	5 21 25	
Class L—Match Race—Start, 12:55—Course, 2 1/2 Miles.			
Challenge, W. D. Foote.....	4 29 25	3 34 25	
Hebe, H. Smithers.....	4 41 53	3 46 53	

The winners were: Weetamoe (sail over), Aspirant, Effort, Breeze, Tern, Hope, Alert, Rochelle, Dorothy, Jelly Tar, Knave, Trouble, Flim Flam, Arizona, Arrow, Gosling, Isolde and Challenge.

American Y. C.

MILTON POINT, LONG ISLAND SOUND,
Friday, July 3.

The annual regatta of the American Y. C. was held on Friday, July 3. Twenty-three yachts started, and all but one finished. The day was an ideal one, and a good southerly breeze held throughout the race. All the boats covered triangular courses.

The two sixties, Weetamoe and Neola, were sent away at 12:40, ten minutes after the preparatory. Shortly after crossing the starting line, Neola met with an accident that made it necessary for her to withdraw from the contest. The topmast on Neola was held by a metal casting. There was a flaw in this and it broke when subjected to a strain. The topmast slipped down a few inches, which allowed all the stays to become slack, and when the spar was thus without support snapped and fell off to leeward. The boat was brought up in the wind and the wreckage cleared away. No one was hurt, and she proceeded to City Island to make repairs. Neola has been the unlucky boat in this class, and she has met with several accidents. When Neola withdrew, Weetamoe was without a competitor, and was forced to sail over the course alone.

There were four starters in the 43ft. class. Mimosa II. and Effort had a rather close race, but the former boat won by less than three minutes. Mira beat Hebe by a good margin.

At 12:45 boats in the 30ft. class were sent away. There were only two starters, Flosshilde and Mimosa, and the former boat won by less than two minutes.

In the raceabout class four boats started. Mavis won by less than a minute from Jolly Tar, the second boat.

Houri, one of the Larchmont 21-footers, was disqualified for fouling one of the marks. The summary follows:

Sloops—60ft. Class—Start, 12:40.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippett.....	3 46 53	3 06 53	
Neola, George H. Pynchon.....	Disabled.		
Sloops—43ft. Class—Start, 12:45.			
Mira, C. L. Poor.....	4 28 31	3 43 31	
Mimosa II., T. L. Park.....	4 08 07	3 23 07	
Hebe, H. B. Smithers.....	4 38 50	3 53 50	
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	4 11 03	3 26 03	
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 12:50.			
Flosshilde, W. D. Hennen.....	4 49 45	3 59 45	
Mimosa, T. L. Park.....	4 51 22	4 01 22	
Raceabouts—Start, 12:55.			
Mavis, G. L. Pirie.....	3 13 53	2 18 53	
Indian, J. T. Pirie.....	3 14 30	2 19 53	
Snapper, F. S. Page.....	3 14 58	2 19 58	
Jolly Tar, S. Howland.....	3 14 40	2 19 40	
Special Raceabout Class—Start, 12:55.			
Cricket, H. Willets.....	3 15 26	2 20 26	
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	3 16 29	2 21 29	
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins.....	3 15 13	2 20 13	
Larchmont Y. C. 21ft. Class—Start, 1:00.			
Dorothy, J. G. Spence.....	3 19 07	2 19 07	
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer.....	3 14 43	2 19 43	
Houri, J. H. Esser.....	3 18 50	2 18 50	
Seawanhaka 15ft. One-Design Class—Start, 1:05.			
Bat, J. A. Garland.....	3 08 42	2 03 42	
Bairn, W. J. Matherson.....	2 47 47	1 42 47	
Special 18ft. Class—Start, 1:00.			
Cricket, A. B. Whiting.....	3 27 32	2 27 32	
Lambkin, S. W. Roach.....	3 45 31	2 45 31	
Jeebe, A. D. R. Brown.....	3 26 26	2 26 26	

The winners were: Weetamoe, Mimosa II., Flosshilde, Mavis, Rascal, Dorothy, Bairn and Jeebe.

Unqua-Corinthian Y. C.

AMITYVILLE, LONG ISLAND,
Saturday, July 4.

The annual open regatta of the Unqua-Corinthian Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, July 4. A fresh steady S. W. breeze held throughout the race. The preparatory was given at 2:30 and boats in class A were sent away ten minutes later. The summaries follow:

Class A—Sloops—Course 10 Miles—Start, 2:40.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Eileen, Blecker Brothers.....	5 05 50	2 25 50	
Restless, R. G. Loomis.....	5 16 47	2 36 47	
Don, Mr. Macy.....	5 08 32	2 28 32	
Edice, Delancey Smith.....	5 07 22	2 27 22	
Class B—Catboats—Start, 2:45.			
Dorothy, Southard Brothers.....	5 05 43	2 20 43	
Cecil F. E. P. Foster.....	5 17 14	
Lorna Doone, Duncan Stewart.....	Disabled.		
Sloops—Class C—Start, 2:50.			
Aeolus, Booth & Woodman.....	5 40 53	2 50 53	
Terrapin, Frank Orr.....	Did not finish.		
Toby, H. Havemeyer.....	5 24 45	2 34 45	
Class D—Catboats—Start, 2:55.			
Grace R., J. H. Ruwe.....	5 25 40	2 30 40	
Lizette, R. D. Melick.....	5 32 37	2 37 37	
Skip, C. W. Chichester.....	5 26 20	2 31 20	
Junior, G. H. Dalziel.....	5 30 51	2 35 51	
Lease, W. H. Ketcham.....	5 23 55	2 28 55	
Undine, Bergen Chichester.....	Did not finish.		
Lidabee, W. R. McCune.....	Did not finish.		
Class F—Catboats—Course 6 Miles—Start, 3:00.			
Ruth, Stewart Paterson.....	4 54 46	1 54 46	
Florence, Edgar Ruwe.....	4 40 10	1 46 10	

The winners were Eileen, Dorothy, Toby, Teaser and Florence.

Atlantic Y. C.

SEA GATE, LONG ISLAND,
Saturday, July 4.

The Atlantic Y. C. held open races for classes J and under on the afternoon of July 4 over the usual courses in the lower bay. The regatta was sailed in a light wind, and boats known to be fast in such conditions were generally victorious. Eighteen started the contest, all but one of which finished.

Had the breeze held strong and true throughout the event, a most interesting race would have resulted. Toward the latter part the wind fell from seven knots to not more than four. This made the finishes slow and lacking spirit. Class N boats going outside to West Bank Light and return from the start off Sea Gate were sent over the journey but once. The other boats went twice over a course from the start to marks off Fort Hamilton, Marine and Field Club and Ulmer Park.

Before the race much interest was centered in the competition for the 30-footers Bobtail, Bagheera and Vivian II. In the faint zephyr stirring Bobtail ran away from the others, and when the race was ended after one round of about 5 1/4 miles, led Bagheera by 6m. and Vivian II. by 12m. 10s. These boats had close hauled work out to West Bank Light and a broad reach home.

In class P, Vagabond gave the other boats a bad drubbing, defeating Karma 16m. 4s., Cockatoo 16m. 34s., Ogeemah 17m. 35s., Corona 21m. 35s., and Kate 21m. 50s. Kate was given an allowance of a minute a mile, which made her corrected time the second best of the class.

In class Q, the old rivals Spots, Wraith and Wink met. The latter was poorly handled, and made a weak showing. Spots beat Wraith 5m. 15s., and Wink 22m.

Six 15-footers started, an unusual number for this smallest sloop class. A new creation named Apuka II. sailed her first race on Gravesend Bay and won. Peanut made her initial appearance of the year, but did not finish.

Boats sailing the inside courses had a spinnaker run to Fort Hamilton, a reach to the Marine and Field mark, windward work to Ulmer Park and still more on the leg home to the start off Sea Gate. After the racers had rounded the buoy off the Fort the second time the breeze fell and they had hard work getting home. The summaries follow:

Sloops—Class N—Start, 3:10.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.....	4 42 00	1 32 00	
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb.....	4 48 00	1 38 00	
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon.....	4 54 10	1 44 10	
Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:15.			
Vagabond, T. A. Vernon.....	5 08 00	1 53 00	
Karma, J. C. Erskine.....	5 24 04	2 09 04	
Cockatoo, W. A. Barstow.....	5 24 34	2 04 34	
Ogeemah, Brophy & Mackay.....	5 25 25	2 10 25	
Corona, J. E. Beggs.....	5 29 35	2 14 35	
Kate, yawl, J. S. Negus.....	5 29 50	2 14 50	
Corrected time: Kate, 2:08.50.			
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:20.			
Spots, D. D. Allerton.....	5 30 00	2 10 00	
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins.....	5 35 15	2 15 15	
Wink, M. Grundner.....	5 52 00	2 32 00	
Sloops—Class R—Start, 3:20.			
Apukwa II., E. S. Tefft.....	5 38 38	2 18 38	
Constance, F. D. Prentice.....	5 42 10	2 22 10	
Scalawag, E. S. Ludlow.....	5 43 28	2 23 28	
Eileen, F. J. Havens.....	5 57 50	2 37 50	
Pickaninny, E. H. Low.....	5 58 00	2 38 00	
Peanut, F. L. Wing.....	Did not finish.		

The winners were: Bobtail, Vagabond, Spots, and Apuka II.

Stuyvesant Y. C.

COLLEGE POINT, FLUSHING BAY,
Sunday, June 28.

The Stuyvesant Y. C. held their annual club handicap regatta Sunday, June 28. The course was from a stake boat anchored off the club house, around College Point buoy, thence around buoy at southern end of Riker's Island to stake boat. The breeze was very light from the N. E., and the yachts were called in at the end of the first round, as the tide was too strong and the wind rapidly falling. Summaries are as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Pinochle, J. Babst.....	12 20 00	2 20 08	2 06 08
Teddy, Jr., E. Rae.....	12 20 00	2 05 21	1 45 21
Eleanor, J. McGregor.....	12 15 00	2 05 03	1 50 03	1 43 03
Jack Rabbit, J. Cohen.....	12 10 00	Not timed.		
W. B. Corset, M. L. Moore.....	12 10 00	2 23 45
Buzzard, A. Wais.....	12 10 00	2 28 50	2 18 50	2 00 50
Anna A., J. O. Wright.....	12 10 00	2 40 37	2 30 37	2 12 37
Spray, A. E. Everhard.....	12 10 00	2 24 07	2 14 07	1 53 07
Pearless, J. R. Clift.....	12 10 00	Not timed.		
Auxiliaries.				
Corlett, C. Rothwell.....	12 25 00	1 29 15	1 04 15
Caribou, J. A. Smith.....	12 25 00	Not timed.		
Launches.				
Cadet, J. Moeller.....	12 30 00	1 27 45	0 57 45	0 50 45
Siegrid, H. Ludwig.....	12 30 00	1 36 02	1 06 03	0 46 03
Alva	12 30 00	1 27 45	0 57 45	0 47 43
Bavaria, J. Rasp.....	12 35 00	1 29 50	0 54 50	0 49 59
Jess, C. Hegeman.....	12 35 00	1 35 35	1 00 35	0 55 41

City of Boston.

ANNUAL OPEN, CITY POINT,
Saturday, July 4.

The annual open race of the City of Boston, sailed off City Point, on Saturday, July 4, was one of the most successful in many years. There were in all 43 starters, all but 3 of which finished. At the start there was a light breeze, east-northeast, which hauled to east-southeast and became stronger. For the most part the yachts racing were old-timers that have been out-built by the new racers of the M. Y. R. A., and they made good racing all around. A new feature was the introduction of classes for power boats, sailed under the rules of the American Power Boat Association. There were a number of entries in these classes, and rare sport was furnished. The sailing classes raced under the rules of the Boston Bay Yacht Racing Association.

In the first class were the 25-footer Calypso and the 30-footer Elfreda. Calypso got the best of the start, and in the first few tacks was placed where she could backwind Elfreda every time. They had a close race all over the course, Calypso winning out by 50s. In the second class Ida J. and Owaissa were out ahead at the start, with the rest of the class bunched. Thordis pulled up through the bunch on the windward leg, and came home an easy winner, beating the time of the leader in the first class. The shift and increase of the wind were largely responsible for this. Cleopatra was over the line first at the start of the third class, but in the light air Wawenock walked out ahead and won easily. In the Dorchester Y. C. one-design dories, Vera got the start and led all over the course. In the sailing tender class the Stickney boat got away first and was never headed.

There were three starters in the cabin power boat class. Dorothy got the start and held it to the finish. Hester, a steam launch, withdrew, and Wide Awake took second place. In the open power boat class there was a great start, the little boats going over the line well bunched, churning the water up after them. Dan D. was nicely timed and went over the line with the whistle and led over the course, although Vivace kept her hustling all the time. The ratings of the power boats have not yet been figured out, and there is likely to be changes in the corrected times. The summary:

First Class—30ft. and Over.		Elapsed.
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton.....	1 34 00	
Elfreda, Hall & Johnson.....	1 34 50	
Second Class—25ft. and Under 30ft.		
Thordis, C. A. Heney.....	1 33 00	
Emma C., F. D. Perkins.....	1 36 42	
Eclipse, A. F. Leary.....	1 37 28	
Kit, H. B. Whittier.....	1 37 29	
Awaisa, Walter Kelly.....	1 39 05	
Cricketer, James Raymond.....	1 41 55	
Ida, J., C. C. Collins.....	1 47 34	
Third Class—20ft. and Under 25ft.		
Wavenock, Coombs & Seymour.....	1 25 32	
Usona, A. A. Lincoln.....	1 32 08	
Cleopatra, F. F. Crane.....	1 34 31	
Marvel, A. A. Lincoln.....	1 36 03	
Tacoma, J. F. Ring.....	1 37 25	
Alert, J. R. Hodder.....	1 38 10	
Enigma.....	1 40 08	
Hustler, Whittemore & Robbins.....	1 42 17	
Harriet, C. C. Durgin.....	1 43 08	
Swirl, G. A. Dean.....	1 43 59	
Fantasy, H. W. Dudley.....	1 44 27	
D. Y. C. One-Design Dories.		
Vera, H. Lundberg.....	0 49 57	
Lurline II., J. P. Meade.....	0 50 19	
Hobo, C. H. Rankin.....	0 52 00	
15ft. Tenders.		
H. L. Stickney.....	0 54 41	
J. Trotman.....	0 56 47	
W. L. Colson.....	0 56 57	
F. H. Borden.....	0 57 23	
E. Merrill.....	0 58 02	
E. T. Landers.....	Withdrew.	
V. B. Johnson.....	Withdrew.	
Cabin Power Boats.		
Dorothy, J. F. Turner.....	1 23 23	
Wide-Awake.....	1 39 15	
Hester, H. S. Brown.....	Withdrew.	
Open Power Boats.		
Dan D., Capt. William Daly.....	1 04 57	
Vivace, C. A. J. Smith.....	1 05 28	
Hattie, T. H. Higham.....	1 12 33	
Cochecho, J. H. Cromwell.....	1 16 12	
Gee Whiz.....	1 16 22	
Alma, W. J. Ross.....	1 22 03	
Ha-Ka-Ya, W. M. Ware.....	1 25 28	
Fox, C. E. Cowan.....	1 29 17	
Louise, P. M. Winchenstrum.....	1 35 46	
Spray II., A. L. Kidd.....	1 40 19	

Atlantic Y. C.

OCEAN RACE FOR SCHOONERS,
July 4 to 5.

The second ocean race for schooners under the auspices of the Atlantic Y. C. was a disappointment. An early effort was made to get entries, but only three boats came to the line, all owners seeming unwilling to enter a long event starting on the holiday.

The race, which was to Fire Island Lightship and return, was won by Edward R. Coleman's Hildegard. Commodore Robert E. Tod's flagship Thistle was obliged to withdraw because her owner had made an unbreakable engagement to dine Sir Thomas Lipton at the Sea Gate club house in the evening. J. G. N. Whittaker's Iroquois ran aground on Roamer shoal and put back to the anchorage off Sea Gate as soon as free.

The 86 mile course lay from the start off Sea Gate S. S. W. 3/4 miles to the bell buoy at the entrance of Swash Channel, 2 1/4 miles S. E. by S. to the Red Buoy, 1 mile S. E. by S. 1/2 S. to buoy No. 2, then 36 1/2 miles E. by S. to Fire Island Lightship. The return journey was the same with compass bearings reversed.

The race was started a bit after 6 o'clock A. M. in a four knot breeze E. N. E., which gave the boats a reach to the Swash Channel bell buoy. The preparatory signal was fired at 6 o'clock. Fifteen minutes later the starting gun was sounded. The yachts had five minutes to get over the line before the handicap gun. Hildegard went over 35 seconds after the handicap signal, and Iroquois 1 minute and 22 seconds after. Thistle crossed within the time.

From 9 o'clock to 1 o'clock the breeze fell to almost a flat calm. It strengthened slightly soon afterward and

allowed Hildegard to lay her course to Fire Island Lightship some 26 miles away. She was leading Thistle and Iroquois by three miles when the former withdrew and the latter ran aground.

Hildegard rounded the lightship some time about midnight. She did the whole course of 86 miles in 21 hours 25s. actual time. The next ocean race of the Atlantic Y. C. will be held at the end of the New York Y. C. cruise. The event is open and a good entry is expected. The boats start from Brenton's Reef Lightship on the morning of Monday, July 27, and proceed to Nantucket Shoal Lightship and from there home to Sea Gate, a distance of 297 nautical miles. The summaries of the ocean race July 4 to 5 follow:

	Tonnage.	July 4, A. M.	July 5, A. M.	Elapsed.
Hildegard.....	145.97	6 20 00	3 20 00	21 10 00
Iroquois.....	92.79	6 20 00	Withdrew.	
Thistle.....	235.00	6 19 18	Withdrew.	

Eastern Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.,
Saturday, July 4.

In a good, wholesome southerly breeze, with a lively little chop, there was good sport in the special open race of the Eastern Y. C. on Saturday, July 4. In the 25ft. class Great Haste got the best of the start, but was crossed soon after by Sally VII. and Chewink III. On the way out to the windward mark Sally led Chewink III. Chewink III. carried away her peak halliards and was forced to withdraw. Great Haste, by keeping to the shore, got the better of Sally VII. and turned the windward mark first. On the spinnaker run Sally VII. closed up on Great Haste and turned the second mark in the lead, which she kept to the finish. In the 22ft. class Urchin got the best of the start, while Medric and Opitsah V. were in the middle of the bunch. On the beat to windward Medric pulled out ahead and held the lead to the finish. In the 21ft. class Rooster I had things all her own way. There were 18 starters in the 18ft. knockabout class, and all crossed the starting line within a minute and a half of the whistle. On the windward leg Domino got the lead and held it to the finish. The summary:

25-footers.		Elapsed.
Sally VII., L. F. Percival.....	2 00 28	
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	2 01 27	
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	Disabled.	
22-footers.		
Medrick, Herbert White.....	2 11 11	
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. I.....	2 12 40	
Urchin, J. B. Greenough.....	2 15 30	
Chief, S. C. Winsor.....	2 22 25	
Clotho, C. D. Lanning.....	2 22 58	
21-footers.		
Rooster II., C. F. Adams 2d.....	1 37 29	
Dabster, F. Skinner, Jr.....	1 45 15	
18ft. Knockabouts.		
Question, J. H. Hunt.....	1 44 55	
*Arrow, E. A. Boardman.....	1 47 58	
Domino, C. C. Clapp.....	1 49 05	
Kalmuck, L. Davis.....	1 49 44	
Myrmidon, W. C. Loring, Jr.....	1 50 35	
Miss Modesty, B. S. Permar.....	1 50 53	
Picadilly, C. H. W. Foster.....	1 52 25	
Chance, R. Boardman.....	1 52 29	
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster.....	1 55 35	
Rattler, A. D. Irving.....	1 52 59	
Moslem, C. M. Barker.....	1 53 33	
Humbug, Cole & Bacon.....	1 53 38	
Mirage, J. B. Olmstead.....	1 53 43	
Crow, Lauriate & Hooper.....	1 58 18	
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch.....	1 58 22	
Scraper, C. Loring.....	Withdrew.	
Patrice, A. W. Finley.....	Withdrew.	
Savage, J. Lawrence.....	Withdrew.	

* Subject to protest by Domino.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND,
Saturday, July 4.

The Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. held a race for the raceabouts and the one-design 15-footers on Saturday, July 4. The boats sailed over the inside courses in a light S. W. wind. The summary follows:

Raceabouts—Start, 3:20.		Finish.	Elapsed.
Mystery, Johnston De Forest.....	5 40 43	2 20 43	
Nathalie, F. G. Stewart.....	5 41 10	2 21 10	
Seawanhaka 15ft. One-Design Class—Start, 3:25.			
Sabrina, C. W. Wetmore.....	5 21 39	1 56 39	
Imp, H. H. Landon.....	5 27 06	2 02 06	
We Wean, R. L. Cutlbert.....	5 28 33	2 03 33	
Cayenne, C. F. Hoyt.....	5 35 08	2 10 08	
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart.....	5 40 35	2 15 35	
Brownie, R. W. Gibson.....	5 41 08	2 16 08	
Bairn, W. J. Matheson.....	5 41 09	2 16 09	
Olita, H. C. Rouse.....	5 41 10	2 16 10	
Alys, F. R. Coudert, Jr.....	5 42 26	2 17 26	
Bat, J. A. Garland.....	5 42 34	2 17 34	
Fly, W. E. Roosevelt.....	5 42 39	2 17 39	

The winners were Mystery and Sabrina.

Shelter Island Y. C.

SHELTER ISLAND, L. I.,
Saturday, July 4.

The yachting season of the Shelter Island Y. C. was opened on the afternoon of July 4 with events for classes N and R. There was a light wind blowing W. by S. which drove the boats over the courses in fair time.

In class N, George Trowbridge Hollister's Kalmia won from Otto E. Lohrke's Senta by 1m. 30s. corrected time. For competition in class R this year two cups have been offered, one by Mr. Hollister to be contested for on the point system. The number of victories will determine the winner of the club trophy. The system in use at the Shelter Island Y. C. gives a boat 1 point for entering and finishing a race and 1 additional point for every craft she defeats.

Six craft started in class R. The race was won by the Iris, a new creation built this winter for Gustave Piel, of Manhattan. Theodore Brigham, designer of the one-design class R boats, sailed her. Iris led her nearest competitor, Psi, by 22 seconds.

Three cups have been offered for competition in class R. John W. Webber offers one open to all craft on the point system. A cup given by Dr. G. W. Little is to be sailed for on the same basis, competition, however, being

open to one-design boats only. This shuts out Arrow in the first race. Commodore James Weir, Jr., offers a trophy to be won by the class R boat securing the greatest number of victories. The summaries follow:

Sloops—Class N—Start, 2:10.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Kalmia, G. T. Hollister.....	5 01 57	2 51 57		
Senta, Otto E. Lohrke.....	5 03 11	2 53 11		
Corrected time: Kalmia, 2.51.41.				
Sloops—Class R—Start, 2:15.				
Iris, G. Piel.....	4 09 23	1 54 23		
Psi, Andrew O. Bancker.....	4 09 45	1 54 45		
Arrow, G. H. Keim.....	4 10 11	1 55 11		
Harp, J. N. Lunning.....	4 10 32	1 55 32		
San Toy, Marmon Edson.....	4 11 43	1 56 43		
Snook, Wm. W. Becker.....	4 17 43	2 02 43		
Corrected time: Arrow, 1.54.57; Iris, 1.54.09.				

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.,
Saturday, July 4.

The Fourth of July invitation race of the Corinthian Y. C. was spoiled by nearly all of the yachts starting sailing over the wrong course, through mistaking turning marks. All of the 25-footers sailed the wrong course. Opitsah V. was the only 22-footer to sail the right course. Six boats sailed over the right course in the 18-foot class, the Question getting first place after a good race. Thistle was the only raceabout to sail the right course. This was the case with Narcissus in class A, handicap, and Carmen in class B, handicap. The summary:

25-footers.		Elapsed.
Sally VII., L. F. Percival.....	Sailed wrong course.	
Chewink III., F. Macomber, Jr.....	Sailed wrong course.	
Great Haste, T. R. Lothrop, Jr.....	Sailed wrong course.	
22ft. Restricted Class.		
Opitsah V.....	2 32 09	
Medric, H. H. White.....	Sailed wrong course.	
Urchin, J. B. Greenough.....	Sailed wrong course.	
Clotho, C. D. Lanning.....	Sailed wrong course.	
Chief, T. C. Winsor.....	Sailed wrong course.	
18ft. Knockabouts.		
Question, J. H. Hunt.....	2 31 48	
Humbug, Cole and Bacon.....	2 39 01	
Mirage, J. N. Olmstead.....	2 40 10	
Crow, Lauriate & Hooper.....	2 41 57	
Rattler, A. D. Irving.....	2 47 45	
*Savage, J. Lawrence.....	2 39 15	
Arrow, E. A. Boardman.....	Sailed wrong course.	
Miss Modesty, R. S. Palmer.....	Sailed wrong course.	
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster.....	Sailed wrong course.	
Myrmidon, A. P. Loring.....	Sailed wrong course.	
Moslem, P. B. Baker.....	Sailed wrong course.	
Kalmuck, L. Davis.....	Sailed wrong course.	
Domino, C. C. Clapp.....	Sailed wrong course.	
Patrice, A. Finley.....	Sailed wrong course.	
Picadilly, C. H. W. Foster.....	Sailed wrong course.	
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch.....	Sailed wrong course.	
* Ruled out for not conforming to the restrictions.		
Raceabouts.		
Thistle II., A. P. Mackinnon.....	2 28 22	
Baghera, R. C. Robbins.....	Sailed wrong course.	
Idol, S. Gleason.....	Sailed wrong course.	
Class A—Handicap.		
Narcissus, L. Foss.....	2 46 02	
Setsu, Talbot & Lewis.....	Sailed wrong course.	
Class B—Handicap.		
Carmen, C. Johnson.....	2 38 35	
Susanne, F. Brewster.....	Sailed wrong course.	
Dabster, J. Skinner.....	Sailed wrong course.	
Ruth, H. S. Wheelock.....	Sailed wrong course.	

Beverly Y. C.

BUZZARD'S BAY, MASS.,
Saturday, July 4.

The Corinthian race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed in Buzzards Bay on Saturday, in a light, fickle, north-east breeze. On the spinnaker run down the bay the 30-footers were all bunched. On the beat home Young Miss and Mashnee came out of the bunch and sailed a close race to the finish, Young Miss winning by 15s. The light wind suited the Herreshoff 21-footer Terrapin, and she led her class nearly all the way. Krieker won handily in the fourth class cats, but was protested by Hod for fouling a mark. In the 15-footers Spider was again a winner. The summary:

30-footers.		Elapsed.
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore.....	2 57 09	
Mashnee, R. W. Emmons 2d.....	2 57 24	
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....	2 58 09	
Zingard, E. M. Farnsworth.....	2 58 22	
Gamecock, Louis Bacon.....	2 58 28	
Evelyn, John Hitchcock.....	2 58 30	
Notos, C. H. Taylor, Jr.....	2 58 38	
Pontiac, Philip Beebe.....	2 59 00	
Arabian, Robert Winsor.....	2 59 12	
21-footers.		
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney.....	2 50 51	
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....	2 52 29	
Edith, Clark King.....	2 53 51	
Jack Rabbit, Joshua Crane.....	2 53 53	
Radiant, E. C. Baker.....	2 56 01	
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis.....	2 58 08	
Fourth Class—Cats.		
Krieker, W. H. Jameson.....	2 13 50	
Allison II., S. B. McLeod.....	2 17 45	
Sergius, W. F. Cox.....	2 29 30	
Hod, H. B. Holmes.....	2 29 45	
Viola, E. E. Clapp.....	2 30 29	
Howard, H. O. Miller.....	2 34 57	
Nancy II., David Rill.....	Withdrew.	
15-footers.		
Spider, H. M. Stone.....	2 19 18	
Aralon, F. Ayer, Jr.....	2 20 45	
Teaser, Mrs. R. W. Emmons 2d.....	2 22 12	
Fly, Miss Williams.....	2 24 05	
Fiddler, Misses Dabney.....	2 28 50	
Flickawano, Miss Emmons.....	2 31 35	
Jub Jub, Miss Stockton.....	2 37 10	
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr.....	Withdrew.	

Orient Heights Y. C.

EAST BOSTON, MASS.,
Saturday, July 4.

A club race of the Orient Heights Y. C. was sailed at East Boston on Saturday, July 4, in which there were seven starters. Mollie got first place easily. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mollie, J. S. Donnell.....	1 09 59	1 09 59
Wasp, J. Watson.....	1 26 20	1 11 20
May, J. Peroni.....	1 28 15	1 18 15
Charlotte, E. Watkins.....	1 30 09	1 20 09
Olive, S. Smith.....	1 26 10	1 21 10
Ruth, L. Linnell.....	1 37 11	1 27 11
Belvedere, C. H. Hubbard.....	1 36 39	1 32 39

New York Y. C. Cruise.
FLAGSHIP DELAWARE, NEW YORK, July 1, 1903.
GENERAL ORDERS NO. 2.
The squadron will rendezvous at Glen Cove on July 6, 1903.
Captains will report on board the flagship at 4:30 P. M.
The programme for the cruise, weather permitting, will be as follows:
Friday, July 17, squadron run, Glen Cove to Morris Cove.
Saturday, July 18, squadron run, Morris Cove to New London.
Sunday, July 19, at New London.
Monday, July 20, squadron run, New London to Newport.
Tuesday, July 21, squadron run, Newport to Vineyard Haven.
Wednesday, July 22, squadron run, Vineyard Haven to Newport.
Thursday, July 23, at Newport. The Astor cups.
Friday, July 24, at Newport. The Owl and Game Cock colors. In the evening the squadron will illuminate.
The Regatta Committee will issue instructions for runs from port to port and for all other racing events.
The commodore's cups will be sailed for during the cruise.
Captains are requested to supply their vessels with N. Y. C. night signals.
The captains and their guests will be welcome on board the flagship at any time.
Attention is called to the routine published in the club book.
FREDERICK G. BOURNE,
Commodore N. Y. Y. C.
C. L. F. ROBINSON,
Fleet Captain N. Y. Y. C.

Duxbury Y. C.
SOUTH DUXBURY, MASS.,
Saturday, July 4.
The second race of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed in Duxbury Bay on Saturday, July 4, in a whistlesail, north-east breeze. In the 18ft. class Miladi II. won, but lost on protest of Wink. Challenge won a good race in the handicap class, and Solitaire won easily in the sprint class. The summary:
18ft. Knockabouts.
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.....Elapsed.....0 53 05
Wink, L. B. Goodspeed.....0 54 47
Osprey, A. Train.....0 57 39
Handicap.
Challenge, E. B. Atwood.....0 54 25
As You Like It, W. O. Whitman.....0 56 05
Dix, Hutchins.....1 01 00
Aureolus, H. Kellogg.....1 02 55
Sprint and Gaff Sail.
Solitaire, W. R. Amesbury.....1 11 40
Old Honesty, G. Wadsworth.....1 18 45

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.
For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.
We are indebted to Mr. Everett Paine, secretary of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, and Mr. Lawrence Whitcomb, of the Beverly Y. C., for copies of their club books.

Canoing.
Prizes for Canoeists.
In order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.
The prizes will be as follows:
First, \$50.00.
Second, \$25.00.
Third, \$15.00.
Fourth and Fifth, \$10.00 each.
Sixth to Eighth, \$5.00 each.
I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.
II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.
III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.
IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept, and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.
V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.
VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.
VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.
VIII. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.
IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.
Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, N. Y., on or before December 1, 1903.

A. C. A. Racing Rules.
101 CLARK STREET, Brooklyn, June 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following amendments and changes

in the existing racing regulations of the American Canoe Association are proposed, to be published by you, and voted on by the executive committee after due notice, as provided in Chapter XIII. of the By-laws, and Rule XXIII. of the Racing Regulations:
Rule I.—Amend first paragraph on page 26 of 1902 Year Book to read (substantially) as follows: "All sailing races of the A. C. A., except such races for prizes as are by deed-of-gift defined as prizes for 16ft. by 36in. class, shall be open to both classes of canoe."
Rule II.—Amend first paragraph by the addition of the following: "No applicant for membership in the A. C. A. shall be allowed to race at the regattas of such Association: the participants in such regattas being limited to duly elected members in good standing."
Rule VI.—Amend the second paragraph, fourth line, as follows: "The prizes for any one camp shall be uniform in shape and design, as far as the financial resources of the Association will permit; and in the event of their not being uniform in shape and design, the Regatta Committee shall follow the spirit of this rule as far as it is possible." Also add to this paragraph: "No so-called 'Club' prizes will be awarded where such racing events are recruited, at camp, from members who are not members of such clubs. This to apply to club sailing, club tours, and club war canoe races."
Rule X.—Amend the last paragraph, leaving it to the discretion of the Regatta Committee to determine whether members shall be present in camp two days before racing, by striking out the words, "except in war canoe races."
Rule XIII.—Amend, by striking out the entire second paragraph, relative to disability by capsizing. This rule militates against the newer racing men, and, in view of the limited sail area now prescribed, is unnecessary.
J. K. HAND,
Chairman Regatta Committee.

Rifle Range and Gallery.
Fixtures.
July 6-7.—New Haven, Conn.—South New England Schuetzen Bund annual schuetzenfest, under the auspices of the Independent German Rifle Company. H. C. Young, Sec'y.
Adjustment of Sights.
ELIZABETHPORT, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I suppose that a great many of the brotherhood of sportsmen, who shoot rifles, have at times endeavored to apply a new set of sights to their own guns. Of course, when a new set of sights is purchased, the rifle can be sent away to be sighted; but many of us ourselves would like to put them in, and we try to do so in the orthodox manner by shooting from a rest and tapping the sight to one side or the other as the bullets fly to the right or left of the mark.
It is, of course, absolutely necessary to test the sights by shooting for elevation, but an experiment which I tried a short time ago convinces me that for lining a gun sideways it is not absolutely necessary to fire it at all. I had occasion to put a full set of Lyman sights on a Marlin rifle, and to line them sideways I proceeded as follows: First, I clamped the gun lightly in a vise, padding the jaws to avoid marring it; then I passed a piece of fine silk fishing line through the barrel. This line I passed through the primer hole of an empty shell and knotted it outside. By inserting the shell in the breech and drawing the line tight, I had a straight line from the center of the breech through the barrel, coming out at the muzzle. I now led this line some fifty feet away and moved it to the right or left until I had it coming out of the center of the muzzle, verifying this by measuring with a micrometer gauge. When I got it so that it came exactly out of the center of the muzzle, I made it fast to a tack in a board at a distance of fifty feet away. Then went back to my rifle and set my sights on the tack, using it as a bullseye. After this, I took the rifle out and tested it at a range first of 25yds., and then of 50, shooting with and without a rest, and I found that my side alignment was perfect.
One can usually set for elevation in a very few shots, but it is not always so easy to adjust a front or rear sight sideways, and it appears to me that this method of the string and tack is somewhat of a labor saver.
BUD.

Our Own Rifle Club.
HOBOKEN, N. J.—The weekly meeting of Our Own Rifle Club was held June 30. A handicap contest took place. J. Ostermeier won the medal. The team contest scores follow:
Bauder's Team. L. Bittel's Team.
Bauder117 L. Bittel107
Ostermeier98 J. Mertz86
F. Mertz77 Gabriel111
W. Coley71 N. Mauder64
C. Ebner65 F. Besson105
J. Schneider85-513 G. Prigge79-552
The averages and handicaps in the present medal tournament of Our Own Rifle Club are as follows:
J. BauderA. H. S. S. G. Smith.....A. H. 92 23
W. Watts112 3 J. Ostermeier90 25
J. Gabriel109 6 S. Smith88 27
Freiensehner109 6 W. Greenfield.....85 30
F. Besson108 7 J. Schneider83 32
F. Knothe108 7 G. Coley83 32
L. Bittel101 10 W. Prigge78 37
A. Bittel101 14 W. Herter77 38
J. Mertz100 15 N. Mauder75 40
G. Ferguson99 16 J. Kull75 40
Hawthorne97 18 C. Ebner67 48
F. Mertz95 20
F. Dable94 21

International Revolver Match.
In the International revolver match the American team began its competition on June 30, at Walnut Hill, Mass. The French team shot on July 2, at Paris.
The aggregate of the American team score was 7,889 points, an average of 525 14-15 points.
The conditions of the match are fifteen men on a side, 00 shots per man at 50yds., on the Standard American target, 8in. bullseye, any six-shot revolver; maximum length of barrel, 12½in., maximum weight of barrel, 2¼lbs., minimum trigger pull 3lbs., any open sights, any ammunition. The scores to be shot between 8 A. M. and 6 P. M. Sighting shots allowed before beginning the score.
The scores, which include 515 points made at Paris, and received at Walnut Hill by cable from Dr. Sayre, of New York, who is acting as umpire for the American team, follow: Oscar

I. Olsen, Duluth, Minn., 554; B. F. Wilder, New York, 543; R. S. Hale, Boston, 540; J. A. Dietz, Jr., New York, 534; W. A. Smith, Springfield, 532; C. S. Axtell, Springfield, 530; Louis Bell, Boston, 527; Thomas Anderton, Boston, 523; J. B. Crabtree, Springfield, 519; J. R. Calkins, Springfield, 519; E. E. Patridge, Boston, 517; R. H. Sayre, New York, 515; J. T. Humphrey, Boston, 513; William Amory, 2d, Boston, 512, and C. L. Bouve, Boston, 511; Grand total 7,889.
Mr. C. F. G. Armstrong, of Boston, was selected as a substitute in case that Dr. Sayre, who was in Paris, did not shoot for the American team in that city, as prearranged. Mr. Armstrong shot, scoring 517 points; but as Dr. Sayre had shot in Paris, Mr. Armstrong's score was not available. Mr. Bouve shot once on the wrong target, and made 8, but it was a lost shot, and did not score.
There has been an unaccountable delay in forwarding some of the French scores. Those of MM. Keller, Dorien and Depasses, of Lyons, are the ones yet to be forwarded. The scores indicate that the American team has won by 200 points more or less. The scores received by the Union des Sociétés de Tir made by the French team in the Franco-American revolver match follow: M. Balme 469, M. Caurrette 502; Capt. Chauchat 524; Count de Castelbajac 547; M. Dufloy 541; M. Feugray 509; M. Lecoq 502; M. Leuvier 496; Molinier Paget 526; Capt. Merciaux 529; Adj. Paroche 466; Commandant Py 542, and M. Sartoris 462.

Trapshooting.
If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:
Fixtures.
July 8-9.—Huntsville, Ala.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club. E. R. Matthews, Sec'y.
July 8-10.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's thirteenth annual meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Jonesboro, Ark., Gun Club, of which Matthews is Sec'y-Treas.
July 10.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club sweepstake shoot. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
July 12.—Jersey City, N. J.—Shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. A. L. Hughes, Sec'y.
*July, second week.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club's tournament.
July 14-16.—The Americus, Ga., second annual interstate target tournament. H. S. McCleskey, Sec'y.
July 15.—Charlottesville, Va.—Shoot of the University of Virginia. G. L. Bruffey, Sec'y.
July 18.—Chicago, Ill., Gun Club's tournament. A. A. Walters, Sec'y.
July 20-22.—Winnipeg, Can.—Seventh annual trapshooting tournament of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association. F. W. Heubach, Gen'l Mgr.
*July 21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. W. R. Keeler, Sec'y.
July 30-Aug. 1.—La Crosse, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the La Crosse and Viroqua gun clubs. John M. Moore, Sec'y.
*Aug. 6-6.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament.
Aug. 12-13.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.
Aug. 12-15.—Toronto, Ont.—Annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas., Ottawa, Can.
Aug. 18-20.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Second annual target tournament of the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association of Grand Rapids; \$1,000 added. A. B. Richmond, Sec'y.
Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.
*Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.
Aug. 26-27.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club's annual tournament. Dr. R. E. Dinger, Mgr.
Aug. 25-28.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Annual Indian tournament. Frank C. Riehl, Chief Scribe.
*Sept. 1-2.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.
Sept. 2-3.—Akron, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
Sept. 7.—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
*Sept. 9-10.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament.
*Sept. 15-16.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
Sept. 15-17.—Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club opening or dedication tournament. W. T. Nash, Sec'y.
*Sept. 23-24.—Scottsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
Sept. 23-24.—Scranton, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Scranton Rod and Gun Club. J. D. Mason, Sec'y.
Sept. 28-29.—Louisville, Ky.—First day, State championship at targets; second day, State championship at live birds. J. S. Phelps, Jr., Sec'y.
*Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.
Oct. 8-9.—Dalton, Ohio, Gun Club's fifth annual tournament. H. Santmyer, m'gr.
Oct. 14-17.—West Baden, Ind., Gun Club tournament; \$500 added.
Oct. 23-24.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
Saturdays.—Chicago.—Garfield Gun Club; grounds W. Fifty-second avenue and Monroe street. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.
*Member of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg.
**Members Southern Trapshooters' Game and Fish Protective Association. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y, Vicksburg, Miss.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.
Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.
The daily press recounts that noses, fingers, eyes, etc., do not register powder pressures accurately on July 4.
A ten-man team contest is announced to take place on July 11 between the Lehigh Rod and Gun Club, of the Bethlehems, and the Independent Gun Club, of Easton, Pa.
The Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club has developed a number of very skillful trapshooters, as the scores, published elsewhere in our columns, will show.
The Exeter, N. H., Sportsmen's Association announces a shoot to be held on Labor Day; every one invited.
The receiving teller's department of the National Gun Club is now open for business, and the captains and lieutenants will each receive guerdon if each one sends in the largest number of applications for membership to the president, Mr. John M. Lily, Indianapolis, Ind.

At Lancaster, Pa., on July 1, shooting each at 200 targets, the famous quartet now journeying through Pennsylvania, made scores as follows: W. R. Crosby 191, J. A. R. Elliott 181, E. D. Fulford 174, J. R. Hull 160.

In a match at 100 live birds, on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, Holmesburg Junction, Pa., July 4, Mr. A. J. Felix, of Philadelphia, defeated Mr. A. J. Miller, of Camden, by a score of 90 to 77.

At Pittsfield, Mass., in the contest for the Peters loving cup, July 4, four teams respectively representing Greenfield, North Adams, Dalton and Pittsfield, contested. Pittsfield won by four points.

Mr. W. R. Crosby continued his remarkably high form at Lebanon, Pa., in the competition of the Keystone Gun Club tournament. He was high average for the two days, June 29 and 30, by breaking 335 out of 345 in the programme events. He missed 8 on the first day and 2 out of 175 on the second day. Mr. J. A. R. Elliott was a close second.

In the third of a series of seven handicaps at Darby, Pa., July 4, given by the Clearview Gun Club, Mr. W. H. Downs, a one-armed shooter, won with a score of 55, 10 of which was allowance. At the same shoot, in a five-man team race, 15 targets per man, Armstrong's team defeated Carr's as follows: Armstrong's; Fisher 13, Downs 12, Ball 10, Leicht 10, Armstrong 9; total 54. Carr's team—Anderson 15, Jones 13, Hallowell 11, Ludwig 9, Carr 5; total 53.

The Riverside Shooting Association has fixed upon July 22 for a live-bird shoot, two events, one at 15 birds, \$5 entrance, and one at 10 birds, \$4 entrance, handicaps 26 to 32 yds. Birds extra at 25 cents each. Four moneys, Rose system, 9, 6, 3 and 1. If more than fifteen entries in the 15-bird event, then five moneys, 12, 9, 6, 3 and 1. Additional events at the pleasure of the contestants. The shoot will take place on the Riverside shooting grounds, Hackensack River Bridge and Paterson Plank Road, near Carlstadt, N. J. L. H. Schortemeier, manager.

On Thursday of last week the great thunderstorm which passed over New York, discharging prodigious quantities of rain, hail and lightning, did much damage, a part of which was bestowed on the gun colony. A bolt struck the chimney of 318 Broadway, in which is the business house of Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold. A brick by the shock was hurled across the street through a plate glass window, and a boat just taken out of the store while in process of shipment was so badly smashed by the falling bricks that it was for the time being rendered worthless.

The programme of the Interstate Association's Trapshooting tournament, given for the La Crosse and Viroqua gun clubs, on July 30, 31 and Aug. 1, at La Crosse, Wis., has added money \$360. There are provided ten programme events, alike each day, seven at 15 targets and three at 20 targets; entrance \$1.50 and \$2; to each event, \$5 is added. To manufacturers' agents' high average, three prizes, first, \$25; second, \$20, and third, \$15. Each day to the amateur making high average will be given \$5 to each of the five high guns. To the amateurs shooting through the programme will be given twelve high average prizes, as follows: \$10, \$9, \$8, \$7, \$6, and seven more of \$5 each. Lunch will be served on the grounds. Targets, 2 cents. Rose system, ratios 7, 5, 3 and 2, will govern. Guns and ammunition forwarded to J. E. Willing, La Crosse, will be delivered on the shooting grounds free of charge. Handicap 16 to 22 yds. Handicap committee, Messrs. H. C. Hirsch, I. S. Griffin and Dr. R. W. Baldwin. Mr. Elmer Shaner will manage the tournament. For further information address the secretary, Mr. John Moore.

BERNARD WATERS.

Riverside Shooting Club.

TOPSHAM, Me., July 4.—There were thirty-four shooters in attendance, at the shoot of the Riverside Shooting Club to-day. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	
Whitmore	12	17	10	18	12	17	15	16	14	19	150
Darton	14	19	13	20	15	20	13	19	14	18	165
Maxwell	12	17	10	14	12	16	13	19	11	18	142
Scribner	12	14	12	15	13	13	12	18	11	16	136
Dunning	11	16	7	13	6	14	13	11	16	12	120
Cason	11	16	8	17	52
Pierter	7	9	6	6	28
A. E. Hall	12	18	12	16	12	16	15	11	10	15	137
C. Hall	4	16	11	16	11	15	11	14	12	16	126
Rogers	10	15	11	10	11	15	11	17	13	15	128
I. G. Goud	10	15	10	12	9	17	11	11	9	12	116
E. C. Hall	9	12	10	11	52
S. Strout	11	11	5	9	8	12	8	11	12	15	102
Cushman	14	14	11	16	12	17	11	17	14	18	144
A. O. Goud	13	18	10	14	11	9	11	13	11	15	125
B. Goud	10	12	7	9	11	13	8	10	9	17	106
Moody	12	14	9	12	12	14	73
Dav	11	12	8	14	10	11	10	13	8	15	112
C. Strout	11	12	9	12	17	10	17	13	17	13	130
Snow	14	18	14	13	15	15	12	17	15	18	161
Dennis	10	12	9	12	43
Scott	11	13	5	7	9	15	9	9	10	12	100
Libby	9	11	7	6	11	11	10	13	10	14	102
Childs	13	15	7	15	10	13	12	13	8	17	123
Gerry	12	15	8	10	45
Tebbetts	7	15	11	9	7	11	10	13	11	16	110
Cobb	8	9	3	11	11	12	9	13	7	18	101
Keene	10	10	11	13	44
Hunnell	9	16	11	15	14	20	15	19	13	20	162
Atkinson	11	52
Morse	12	6	12	56
Luce	33
Lancaster	10

Darton, first prize, \$5; Hunnell, second, \$3; Snow, third, \$2; Whitmore, fourth, silk umbrella.

FRED W. ATKINSON, Sec'y.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md.—The Fourth of July shoot of the Baltimore Shooting Association resulted as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	50	50
Henderson, 18	7	14	9	14	10	15	46	48
Lupus, 18	7
Child, 18	9	14	7	14	9	13	39	46
Malone, 18	9	12	8	11	10	14	41	44
Carr, 18	8	13	10	10	10	13	35	38
Boyd, 18	8	10	6	13	7	13	34	36
Preston, 18	9	11	9	12	8	10	39	41
Biddle, 16	8	9	8	13	8	13	37	36
Winchester, 16	7	12	8	12	8	13	37	37
Jory, 16	5	8	6	9
Kesler, 16	6	8
Walker, 16
King, 16	12	7
Levering, 16	8	12

S. T. S. G. and F. P. A. Tournament.

THE twelfth amateur target tournament of the Southern Trapshooters' Game and Fish Protective Association, formerly known as the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' Association, opened in Memphis, Tenn., on Thursday, July 2. There was no regular programme for the first day other than optional sweeps and some merchandise prizes, yet there were 200 targets shot by the most enthusiastic ones. The weather was good, though the sun shone hot, and there was a slight shower during the afternoon.

The best score was made by J. Skannal, the Shreveport champion, being 182 out of 200; Abe Frank was second with 181, with Faurete and Reiersen next with 179. Mercer and Bull, of Shreveport, made 174 and 173, thus putting the Shreveport lads well to the front as a squad.

First Day, Friday, July 3.

Considering that the Kentucky Trapshooters' League had a tournament same day at Louisville, and that next week the Arkansas State shoot comes off at Jonesboro, and also the Interstate shoot at Huntsville, Ala., there was a very large number of shooters faced the traps; in all, seventy men shot more or less during the day.

The weather was hot, though a moderate breeze came from the southwest, which tempered and cooled the sun's rays to a considerable extent.

Manager Abe Frank and his assistants had a busy time of it keeping things moving. As a late start was made, and there were some delays and annoyances at the traps, the last event on the programme was not finished, though some of the last squads shot when it was so dark that targets were scarcely discernible. This was especially hard on W. H. Heer, who traveled all the way from Wabash, Ind., and reached the grounds only in time to get into the last squad. He was called up with others, and shot ahead of his turn, and being dark, lost six out of his last 20, when a straight score would have put him on a tie for high average.

The targets were rather a hard proposition, and it is worth the reader's while to study the scores and see where the best shots went wrong.

The targets were speedy and rather an uneven lot, some high and some low. There were rather annoying, irregular pulling and trapping. It was a "no bang no bird" affair, shooting at pieces scored as results. There was a lack of management and squad hustlers that would have carried the shoot along faster and made it better for all concerned. True, several of the home boys assisted in keeping things moving, yet the secretary was overworked, and Mr. Schmidt, who had charge of the traps, was on the sick list.

The traveling men were numerous, and such fun as they had was a novelty to the uninitiated. Frank Faurete was the leader of absurdities. Shanahan was present, but he did not turn loose any of his pranks, waiting no doubt for the final wind up. The traveling representatives were: Irby Bennett and his lieutenants and privates were numerous. There were Messrs. F. M. Faurete, of Dallas, Tex.; Tom Divine, of Memphis; W. T. Frenz, Little Rock, Ark.; Louis Williams, of Nashville, Tenn., and G. H. Hillman, of same city; Col. J. T. Anthony, of Charlotte, N. C.; W. H. Heer, of Concordia, Kan.; Wm. Long, of Mount Pleasant, Tenn.; Maurice Kauffman and L. I. Wade, two well-known Southern gentlemen; L. Z. Lawrence, C. B. Spicer and Capt. Arthur W. du Bray.

The amateurs were numerous and as follows: John Skannal, C. L. Reiersen, W. Mercer, W. P. Buell, Jr., and John Jenkins, of Shreveport, La.; J. Fletcher, G. Hillman and Lee Moody, Birmingham, Ala.; S. P. North, Bond, Miss.; H. Bonebrake, Weatherford, O. T.; John Rohrer, El Reno, O. T.; C. H. Dixon, Joplin, Mo.; P. C. Ward, Walnut Log, Tenn.; N. P. O'Leary, Little Falls, N. Y.; John Canale, E. Girard, Wm. Yahnke, P. Poston, John Brignadello, W. H. Joyner, Ed. Coe and D. S. Weaver, Memphis, Tenn.; J. R. Duncan, Lewis, Tenn.; M. Starr, W. A. Davis, Mrs. Dr. Davis, Dr. Hansbrough and H. C. Bronough, Paducah, Ky.; Dr. N. C. Wilson, Savannah, Ga.; J. D. Duncan and D. P. Shannahan, Greenville, Miss.; Perry Benedict and Robert Saucier, New Orleans, La.; O. L. O'Connell, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Ed. Brady, Newbern, Tenn.; W. B. Powell, J. B. Coles and E. A. Arnold, Pine Bluff, Ark.; J. D. Proctor, Junction City, Ark.; A. J. Vaughn, G. W. Perry, Clarendon, Ark.; Wm. Brown, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Gordon Matthews, Jonesboro, Ark.; Abe Frank, Memphis, Tenn.; I. Y. Hill, Sheffield, Ala.; J. J. Bradfield, W. J. Fletcher, J. W. Hayes, L. R. Pinkston and W. H. Miller, Vicksburg, Miss.; J. F. Henderson, Woodstock, Tenn.; W. B. Hawkins and C. K. Hawkins, Woodstock, Tenn.; Ed. Baker, Griffin, Ga., and W. J. Hill, Paducah, Ky.

The high score for the day was made by Mr. Fletcher, the crack shot of Birmingham, who shoots well all the time and perspires freely. His total of 184 was very fine under the conditions; then Mercer, of Shreveport, with 182, and Park with 181 and another Memphis lad, Canale, 179. Skannal, 178, was the next high man.

Of the representatives, Heer was high with 178, but considering the circumstances of shooting his squad out of turn when it was too dark to see, he should have had at least 5 more to his credit. Faurete made 177, Kaufman 171 and Wade 168.

The event of the day was the Fabacher cup, and another new man got in the race. Mr. John Canale, of Memphis, made the excellent score of 47 out of 50, and won without a tie. Skannal and Mercer made 46. This brings four men into the shoot-off for the tie, as a different man has won at each of the four meetings for the year.

Owing to delay in the regular events the tie could not be shot the close of the programme, and will be shot first thing to-morrow. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	20	20	25	20	20	20	20	
Lawrence	11	11	14	18	17	22	18	16	19	15	161
Faurete	12	13	19	18	23	19	18	20	16	17	177
Kaufman	14	15	16	18	11	22	22	18	17	18	171
Wade	14	13	18	16	18	23	18	19	17	15	178
Spicer	12	12	16	17	15	19	91
Skannal	13	14	16	19	14	23	23	18	19	19	178
Reiersen	12	12	15	16	15	21	22	17	18	19	167
Mercer	14	14	16	18	19	24	22	19	18	18	182
Buell	11	11	14	18	16	21	16	19	15	20	161
Jenkins	12	13	12	15	14	20	22	17	15	17	151
Fletcher	13	14	19	18	17	24	23	19	18	18	184
Fox Quiller	14	11	14	17	17	18	21	17	16	16	161
Moody	11	13	11	15	16	20	24	17	15	16	158
Divine	12	12	12	16	15	19	14	18	11	10	144
North	12	15	15	19	17	24	20	20	18	18	178
Howard	12	14	16	16	16	23	20	18	18	19	172
Rohrer	12	14	16	18	19	22	22	17	18	18	176
Dixon	14	14	18	17	16	22	17	17	17	17	169
Ward	12	12	13	17	13	23	18	17	18	17	160
O'Leary	9	11	13	13	7	16	69
Canale	11	15	16	16	19	25	22	19	19	17	179
Girard	11	14	17	16	17	22	23	18	15	15	168
Yonke	10	15	16	13	13	22	21	20	19	18	167
Park	14	13	18	18	20	23	22	19	14	19	181
J. Duncan	13	15	17	18	18	20	22	18	17	16	174
Starr	13	12	20	18	17	22	23	16	20	17	178

Davis	9	13	18	15	16	20	18	13	15	16	153
Hansbrough	9	9	14	15	10	15	16	14	16	11	139
Bonaugh	9	11	19	17	16	22	21	18	17	18	168
Dr Wilson	13	14	19	18	17	21	24	18	16	19	179
J D Duncan	12	14	16	15	15	24	21	17	19	..	169
Shanahan	12	9	13	14	13	16	20	16	10	..	123
Benedict	8	10	14	14	13	19	21	15	16	13	143
Saucier	13	11	12	19	18	22	18	15	18	15	157
O'Connell	14	12	9	17	14	22	18	19	18	18	161
Brignadello	10	13	14	12	17	20	22	16	17	11	156
Joyner	8	8	16	16	16	21	23	15	19	18	159
Brady	12	14	17	17	16	21	23	18	17	12	167
Coe	13	11	20	15	16	19	20	17	17	15	163
Weaver	11	9	9	15	16	20	19	13	17	13	142
Powell	12	8	11	16	13	17	20	11	12	..	120
Loyd	9	8	9	12	14	14	20	16	13	..	115
Cole	14	11	19	17	15	24	21	19	16	..	156
Arnold	12	13	15	18	15	17	20	17	17	..	144
Proctor	14	11	16	17	17	23	21	13	17	..	149
Vaughn	5	10	11	10	11	14	17	13	17	..	108
Terry	9	7	11	17	17	14	15	8	13	..	111
Brown	9	10	14	13	15	17	21	16	15	..	144
G Matthews	11	12	15	17	10	22	20	111
Bond	8	7	12	14	14	17	20	18	14	..	124
Frank	14	15	17	17	15	20	22	16	19	19	174
Du Bray	6	10	11	9	10	46
Anthony	11	9	16	18	16	23	22	19	13	15	162
H Y	9	14	17	12	18	20	19	17	120
Bennett	7	10	16	11	19	20	20	16	19	15	153
Bradfield	10	7	19	17	15	17	16	14	115
W J Fletcher	11	13	17	18	16	23	19	17	134
Hayes	9	13	13	17	15	21	18	16	122
Pinkston	9	8	13	15	15	20	22	11	113
Miller	2	11	15	15	53
Henderson	4	9	8	15	14	16	11	..	79
Bradway	13	13	15	16	71
W Hawkins	6	12	13	12	15	10	71
C Hawkins	6	5	11	11	10	59
Heer	14	15	17	19	15	23	23	19	19	14	178
Baker	12	13	14	13	52
Eaker	10	7	16	12	10	45
Hills	11	11	11	9	15	14	7	..	78
Mrs Dr Davis	9	7	16
Nelson	17	16	33
Porter	10	19	20	..	11	60
Edgor	17	12	29

Valley City Tournament.

VALLEY CITY, N. D.—Thirty North Dakota trapshooting enthusiasts met this week at Valley City and participated in a lively programme given by the gun club of that place. The weather was very rough the first day, and nobody shot over an 80 per cent. average. On the second day conditions were more favorable, and much creditable work was done. Agran, Guptill, Evander, Sprague and Dewey filled the points the first day, and Evander, Riehl, Guptill and Hensler the second. A twenty-four man team race after the programme stirred up much local interest, and the winners enjoyed a spread at the expense of the losers. The programme provided 175 targets each day. The scores:

July 2, First Day.														Broke.
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
Mack	8	12	5	6	7	11	11	11	10	11	16	108		
Sprague	10	13	13	10	9	12	14	14	12	13	24	144		
Seymour	13	12	9	9	12	14	9	14	12	15	24	143		
Hall	10	13	11	8	12	14	13	14	9	9	20	133		
Cooper	4	2	5	9	4	8	7	4	8	8	11	70		
Guptill	12	15	9	11	13	13	13	13	14	14	19	146		
Agran	11	13	12	14	13	13	12	15	10	11	23	147		
Dewey	10	12	13	15	12	11	11	10	13	15	22	144		
Stimke	12	12	8	13	10	11	9	12	7	10	19	123		
Gibbs	11	8	6	11	9	10	6	14	8	14	19	117		
Champlin	2	2	2	2	10	9	13	13	7	10	14	74		
Baker	8	9	5	14	8	12	8	7	11	13	20	115		
Marsh	10	11	8	13	11	11	12	10	12	9	14	121		
Moore	9	6	5	11	9	9	12	9	11	8	18	107		
Mobil	10	6	10	9	9	12	9	10	7	13	15	110		
Lord	11	12	11	11	12	14	9	12	12	14	21	139		
Hardy	10	9	5	9	13	11	12	11	9	11	19	119		
Evander	14	13	15	10	13	12	7	15	13	10	24	146		
Riehl	5	12	12	9	13	14	10	12	13	12	23	134		
Hensler	15	12	10	13	13	11	11	10	13	12	23	143		
Fitch	8	10	10	9	13	10	10	12	11	9	17	119		
Halverson	9	10	11	8	11	12	12	9	10	10	17	119		
Moss	11	13	11	11	11	12	11	11	13	10	24	138		
Bartlett	4	2	2	4	4	5	3	4	10	5		
Agars	7	8	5	8	7	7	6	8	9	10	17	92		
Freeman	9	11	12	12	12	12	13	10	8	23	134			
Rand	13	9	10	15	9	13	12	11	8	13	23	136		



BOSTON ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION GUN CLUB HOUSE.

Clark	8	9	10	11	6	9	12	7	8	10	8	98
Nye	11	13	10	10	13	11	11	13	12
Winterer	9	6	5	5	11	10
Burke	10	7	5	7

July 3, Second Day.														Broke.
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
Mack	14	12	12	13	15	13	12	14	11	10	21	147		
Sprague	12	14	14	12	12	12	12	14	14	11	24	151		
Seymour	14	13	10	10	13	15	10	12	14	15	21	147		
Hale	12	8	13	9	11	11	12	15	15	11	21	138		
Cooper	8	8	8	7	7	9	11	13	12	15	17	115		
Guptill	14	14	13	13	15	14	13	10	14	14	24	158		
Agran	14	13	14	12	13	12	10	11	13	13	24	149		
Dewey	13	14	10	13	14	10	12	13	15	14	23	151		
Stimke	13	14	13	13	9	11	7	11	10	13	23	137		
Gibbs	9	14	10	12	10	13	10	12	13	12		
Lord	15	13	14	13	14	13	14	12	13	13	23	157		
Freeman	12	11	11	9	14	11	12	13	14	12	21	140		
Evander	13	12	14	15	14	14	14	13	14	14	24	161		
Riehl	13	13	13	15	14	13	15	14	13	12	24	159		
Hensler	11	14	13	13	15	13	14	14	14	14	23	158		
Moore	10	11	13	10	10	9	11	11	11	11	19	128		
Parker	11	11	14	10	10	13	12	12	12	8	20	132		
Champlin	14	9	11	13	9	15	10	13	9	9	17	129		
Marsh	10	9	12	12	10	12	12	11	10	11	21	120		
Rand	11	11	14	12	10	14	13	14	14	15	20	148		
Fitch	11	11	12	13	10	13	11	14	11	14		
Nye	9	13	7	13	11	14	13	14		
Mobil	7	8	10	10	10		
Clark	7	9	9	9	12		
Baltree	9	14	10		

Averages: Evander 307, Guptill 304, Hensler 301, Lord 296, Sprague 295, Agran 296, Riehl 293, Dewey 295, Mack 255, Seymour 290, Hale 271, Cooper 185, Stimke 260, Freeman 274, Moore 235, Parker 247, Champlin 203, Marsh 251.

Special team race: Seymour team—Seymour 13, Cooper 7, Guptill 14, Agran 15, Freeman 15, Riehl 15, Hensler 13, Moore 13, Parker 15, Marsh 11, Nye 14, Rand 13, Winterer, total 158.

Sprague team: Sprague 12, Mack 13, Hale 13, Dewey 14, Rand 13, Gibbs 12, Lord 12, Evander 13, Champlin 7, Fitch 12, Stimke 15, Clark 13; total 148.

KILLMORE.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Mountainside Gun Club.

West Orange, N. J., July 4.—The scores made at the shoot of the Mountainside Gun Club to-day follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Wethling	15	15	15	15	10	10	20
R Baldwin	13	15	11	13	7	...	19
C Ziegler	14	13	10	14	10	...	18
Hollum	13	9	11	12	9	10	...
McDonough	10	12	14	12	8	7	16
Beagle	12	9	11	13	8	9	17
C Ziegler	11	12	16
N Baldwin	7	7	12	8	15
Clarke	12	11	12
Pratt	8	7	11	15	8

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., July 4.—The local tournament of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club to-day was a success in every way. We had fifteen men shooting, eleven of whom shot through the whole programme. The strife for high gun lay between Tallman, Traver and Hans; Tallman was successful, however, in making highest average for the regular programme by scoring 90 out of the 100. Capt. Traver was a close second with 89 to his credit; Hans was next high with 85.

This was only a "little shoot," but we had some shooters with us to-day who were mighty glad they came.

Our next tournament will be on a larger scale, and then when some of the well-known trapshooters see what a fine ground we have, and how pleasant we can make it for them, they will be glad they came, too.

At the club shoot on Thursday, Smith, scoring 24, won the club cup; and Claymark, with a score of 22, won the Marshall cup:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	25	15	15	10
Marshall	9	10	8	9	11	16	6
Hans	13	14	12	12	13	21	10
Traver	14	13	13	13	13	23	14	15	9
Du Bois	11	15	10	12	9	20	11	...	8
Smith	11	12	13	14	13	16	12	...	5
Tallman	13	14	14	14	12	23	9
Hew	8	7	12	9	9	12	6	13	7
Croslier	8	7	8	6	5	12	9	...	6
Lindly	8	6	12	3
Perkins	8	14	15	12	...	20	14	8	9
Fenn	7	10	13	12	13	19
Briggs	11	5	9	6	11
Radcliff	4	2
Pickenpack	7	7	9
Bonney	6	8	11	3
Claymark	11	10	9	10	10	18	12
Van	11	...	10	10	...	12	...	5	...
*Marshall	13
*Smith	12
Borst	...	8	7	9	9	...	6

* Re-entry.

A new feature was brought out by the introduction of a new way of dividing the sweeps. A shooter could enter for targets only or targets and purse, or targets, purse and sweep. Different shooters could put in different amounts, multiples of 25 cents, in the sweep, and draw out in proportion to their investment. Each 25 cents in the sweep was one share; \$1 was four shares. Each share was counted one point.

The Rose system was used in the regular way to figure the purse, but for the sweep the Rose system points were taken and multiplied by the share points, and the product of the two were used as points to get the value. Thus: if two shooters tied on the score, but one put two shares in the sweep to the other's one, he would win twice as much sweep money. It worked to perfect satisfaction.

The B. A. A.

It was but a short time ago that the writer, while in Boston, received an invitation to visit the Boston Athletic Association's club grounds at Riverside, on the Charles River. To be a guest of the B. A. A. is for the time being to be one of them in good standing. The cordial greetings extended, the most excellent good fellowship existing at all times, are conspicuous among the many other qualities only found in men of their stamp, and which have made the B. A. A. known quite around the globe.

A limited membership of eighteen hundred, an average of four hundred on the waiting list, making it next to impossible to become a B. A. A. inside of four years, would indicate a condition of health inside those delightful portals.

Nature and good judgment combined have fitted this club out as few others can be.

The accompanying photos show the boat house on the banks of the river and the athletic and gun club house on the hill just above it. Happily indeed, are they located. There are field and aquatic sports almost under one roof, and under one management that "knows how."

The writer is greatly indebted to Mr. J. H. Daggett and his fellow members for an afternoon that he is fond of recalling.

T. E. BATTEN.

Exeter Sportsmen's Club.

EXETER, N. H., July 4.—The Exeter Sportsmen's Club held a small shoot at their grounds this afternoon. Mr. Albert S. Langley, captain of the team for five years, presented the club with a silver goblet, to be contested for every two weeks, with sliding handicap, until won consecutively three times by a member of the club.

In the contest for the cup to-day at 25 targets from magautrap, Dr. C. H. Gerrish scored 25, Albert S. Langley 25, Albert E. Moore 25, J. Warren Tilton 24, Chas. H. Bickford 22, Walter S. Carlisle 21.

In shoot-off at 25 targets, Langley broke 21, Gerrish 19, Moore 19.

Dr. Gerrish and Langley then shot at three 10-target matches

for a small purse, Gerrish having one dead target on each event.

First match: Gerrish 10 add 1; Langley 8.

Second match: Gerrish 8 add 1; Langley 10.

Third match: Gerrish 8 add 1; Langley 10.

Mr. Tilton and Mr. Langley then shot a 20-target match, Langley winning by a score of 20 to 15.

Mr. Langley having made a run of 40 straight, was offered a prize to continue for 10 more straight; he failed to make good, missing his 45th and 46th targets.

The club will hold an all-day shoot on Labor Day; everybody invited. Programme of same will be sent later.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., July 4.—The members of the Cincinnati Gun Club enjoyed themselves on the Fourth. The programme seemed to please every one. The purses paid well under the Rose system, 5, 3, 2. Grau carried off high gun honors, also \$33; Davis got second high gun. The events paid as high as \$8 for first and \$3.50 for third money. The one-half cent taken out for each target paid the high guns \$8 and \$6, and the three low guns \$4.50 each. Gambell, assisted by Mrs. Gambell, kept things moving inside and out, and paid off five minutes after the last event; and he also found time to donate a few by shooting through. Corry had the misfortune to break his gun early in the game. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Grau, 18	13	14	13	12	12	13	14	14	14	15	134
Davies, 16	14	13	11	12	12	13	13	14	12	13	127
Faran, 17	12	14	12	11	11	12	14	13	14	12	125
Ahlers, 19	8	11	14	13	15	12	13	12	12	14	124
Gambell, 19	11	12	11	14	12	13	14	14	13	10	124
Van Ness, 17	9	14	11	10	13	11	13	15	12	14	122
Linn, 16	9	9	14	12	14	15	11	13	11	11	119
Herman, 15	11	13	9	12	13	11	12	14	13	11	119
Krehbeil, 15	12	11	8	11	11	12	11	9	12	13	110
Jack, 15	11	10	13	11	10	11	8	14	9	12	109
Williams, 17	11	8	11	7	9	11	13	10	10	8	98
Miles, 16	14	13	12	12	13	12	11	10	13	..	110

For full information apply to Ticket Agents, or Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.—
Adv.

The club has just put in a set of expert traps, Sergeant system,

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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THINGS AS THEY ARE.

WE print another communication upon the subject of preserves, in which the writer suggests that the owners of game parks should sell all that they have and give to the poor. To demand such a course of preserve owners only would manifestly be unfair. If those who have are voluntarily or on compulsion to divide up with those who have not, there are very many other classes of property which should be parceled out before the game preserves are broken up. The general multitude can do without the parks until after a division by the owners of stocks and bonds, bank accounts and cash, farms, horses, live stocks, merchandise, mines, mills and factories, food supplies, and all other possessions and substances and necessities.

But the rule to sell all one has and give to the poor is nowhere recognized as a practical course of conduct of life, unless it be by individuals whom their fellows regard as cranks. A Tolstoi may found a certain cult, but the brutality of a Tolstoi's deprivation of his family does not appeal to our sober sense as something to emulate. If an individual, in the Adirondacks or out of them, were to attempt to give all he had to the poor, a commission would be appointed to inquire into his sanity, and the courts would intervene to protect his wife and children. The writers who advocate the giving all away plan are not themselves so foolish as to attempt to put it into practice.

The communication printed is typical of much of the writing that finds its way into print in these times in discussion of social conditions and economic problems. It illustrates a certain prevalent state of mind; but we are convinced that it is in the end altogether futile. Granted that abuses exist in the acquirement and holding of game parks and fishing preserves, is it reasonable to anticipate that anything will ever come of railing at those who, having the means to gratify their desires, indulge in parks and preserves? Will any owner of lands or waters be persuaded by newspaper exhortations to take down his fences and trespass signs? On the contrary, is it not true that thus to preach a doctrine of share and share alike is only to fire in the air?

This is not to say that there are no mistaken public policies in permitting the woods and the waters to be fenced off; it is not to deny the existence of grave abuses, nor the possibility of devising a better way. We mean only to point out that the better way will never be found by a wholesale indictment of human nature and the social system. Instead of advocating the immediate realization of the millennium, when everybody shall own everything in common, it would be more to the point to devise ways and means to secure to the public a continued enjoyment of the rights and privileges now theirs as to the game and the fish.

We must approach this problem, as all others, with a recognition of the conditions which actually prevail. Things are as they are. Human nature is human nature. We may blame it for what it is, and write columns to prove that it ought to be something else; but in any present practical dealing with it we must take it as it is, and be governed accordingly. So with the existing system as to the holding of property and the recognition of property rights. We may picture an Utopia wherein delectable conditions will prevail, and no one may enrich himself at the expense of others or enjoy himself to their exclusion. But the rule now is that the individual is free to acquire land without limit, to control it as he may see fit, and to enjoy the exclusive right of its occupation and use. There might be a better system, but this is the one which is, and the one with which we must deal.

In a word, we have to do with things as they are.

There are under these conditions certain lines in which effort may reasonably be expended for the purpose of holding public rights. For instance, in waters which are public only in so far as their owners concede public fishing privileges in them. We have recently recorded that in New York certain streams which had been stocked with the State fish at the instance of local anglers had been acquired by new owners who posted them and excluded the public. There are doubtless many other streams as to which this same course of events may follow, unless steps shall be taken to prevent them. A prac-

tical expedient then in every such case would be for the community which is interested to secure from the land-owners, prior to any stocking by the Fish Commission, a ten years' lease of the fishing rights, the lease being in the name of a committee duly appointed to represent the local anglers. Such an instrument might well be made a condition precedent to the stocking of any waters at public expense. Other and better methods may be suggested; but whatever might be done in this way would be of vastly more account than limitless denunciation of the selfishness of those who grab the waters for themselves.

THE AMERICAN VICTORY.

THE victory of the United States rifle team in the international rifle match at Bisley, England, on Saturday of last week, affords just grounds for a feeling of national pride and for an expression of general national gratification.

To have possession of the Palma Trophy, emblematic of the world's championship in the highest forms of rifle competition, is an honor eagerly desired by all the leading nations of the earth. The number of aspirants for the honor is increasing. The recent contest was much broadened in cosmopolitan scope by the entries of nations never before represented in contests for the Palma Trophy. Already Great Britain has signified her intention to retake it in the international competition of 1904, if earnest British effort and talent can compass such undertaking.

The victory of the United States team was decisive. Opposed to it were the best teams of Great Britain, Canada, Norway, Australia, France and Natal. The team of Great Britain was the only one to make a close competition. It led at 800 yards, the first range, by a margin of three points over the United States team. The race at that range was very close, when it is considered that at 800 yards the possible was 600 points per team. At the other two ranges, 900 and 1,000 yards, the United States team made a decisive gain. At 900 yards it gained 11 points; at 1,000 yards it gained 7 more points, thus scoring 18 points over Great Britain at the two longer ranges, and winning by 15 points in the totals of all the ranges. The scores of the three leading teams are: United States, 1,570; Great Britain, 1,555; Canada, 1,518.

This victory is peculiarly complimentary as a testimonial to the energy and resourcefulness of the United States. In 1901 the Americans lost the Palma Trophy to the Canadian team by a score of 1,494 to 1,522. Last year the United States team contested for it at Ottawa, Canada, with Canadian and British teams as opponents, with results as follows: Great Britain, 1,459; United States, 1,447; Canada, 1,373. Since then our long-range riflemen have given the problem of the Palma Trophy much thought. Rifles, ammunition and technical manner of their use have all been given much study, with the resultant splendid performance at Bisley. Thus the American man behind the gun, the gun, and the ammunition were all equal to the exigencies of the situation.

While the victory itself has in it much for national felicitation, the advance in a better understanding among the citizens of the earth and the consequent addition to cosmopolitan comity are of material value in maintaining the peace of the nations. The hearty friendliness manifested between victor and vanquished and toward them by the British people and their visitors, is a phase significant of international good will. With the just feeling of pleasure which flows from the knowledge that the Palma Trophy will return to the land of its origin, there is cause for a still greater feeling of pleasure in the knowledge that with it are associated peaceful victories and a constant broadening of friendship between the nations.

DISCOURAGEMENTS OF PERSEVERANCE.

IF at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Keep everlastingly at it. There is no such word as fail. But what if you are hunting in Nevada? There it is permitted you to try, try, try again, but not another time. The new law takes care of that. "It shall be unlawful for any person to kill, catch, wound or pursue with an attempt to catch, capture, injure or destroy any number of deer or antelope exceeding three for any one season or year." The limitation, be it observed, is not confined to killing, but covers the pursuing. If the hunter shall have followed and lost two deer, he may try for one more, and losing that he may go back to camp, pull up tent pegs, and go home.

In Idaho the discouragement of perseverance is yet more stringent. It is there "unlawful during the open season of each year for any person to hunt, kill or capture more than one elk, two deer, one mountain sheep, one ibex and one mountain goat." Under these circumstances it behooves the Idaho elk or goat or sheep hunter to be a good shot. One unsuccessful stalk to get within rifle range, the bullet sent a trifle out of true, and the hunting for that coveted head is ended for the year.

It is a shooting game of miss and out. And sometimes the stakes run high.

There are men possessed by an ambition to display a mountain sheep's head of their own winning; and who, under the stimulus of that ambition, lay out in railway fares, non-resident hunting license fee, guide hire, pack outfit and provender, hundreds of dollars, travel thousands of miles, undergo no small degree of fatigue and privation, and all for a shot at one single animal. Whether captured or lost, that one single specimen is all the law allows them to hunt.

As human nature is constituted, there is some ground for the suspicion that the average man, made up of the average clay, will not count himself out on one unsuccessful shot, nor on many. He will reason with himself that the Idaho law does not say precisely what the framers of it intended, and he will be likely to persuade himself to another stalk and another shot.

AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO PERSEVERANCE.

IF the Idaho and Nevada big-game limitations discourage perseverance, the Illinois law relating to wildfowl, on the contrary, is a noble stimulus to industry and a direct incentive to big bags of ducks. The law is fearfully and wonderfully made; to parse it would be beyond the average Illinois high school pupil; but its author, though he did not know much about expressing himself in English, did have the courage of his convictions in making obligatory upon every duck shooter the killing of more than fifty ducks in a day. The law reads:

"That it shall be unlawful to kill, entrap, ensnare, or otherwise destroy any of the ducks, geese or brant mentioned in this section at any time for market or other commercial purposes, nor more than fifty by one person in one day."

The "nor" is equivalent to "or not" and the construction then is that it shall be unlawful to kill ducks for market, or not more than fifty by one person in one day. A person must kill more than fifty in a day; the smallest number he may kill in a day without violating the law is fifty-one. If he kills only fifty or any less number he has an unlawful bag, and is liable to a penalty of from \$15 to \$50 for each of the fowl.

While some States are endeavoring to restrain the excessive killing of game birds, Illinois enacts that no wildfowl hunter may stop short of fifty-one to his score. It is possible, however, that in practical operation the nothing-less-than-fifty-one condition may prove to be a powerful discourager of duck shooting, for where fowl are few and the game warden alert, the shooter who is dubious about securing his fifty-one will not dare shoot any, fearful lest he shall not achieve the limit of safety.

In his account of the strenuous and adventurous career of Raven Quiver, the Indian trader, Mr. Schultz has contributed an authentic chapter to the history of the old West. It is a graphic picture of the troubled ways of that régime; and the incidents described are highly suggestive of the large part the white man's baleful alcohol played in the decimation of the native. Raven Quiver and Fort Quiver were not unique; there were many traders and many forts of these types, each an active and far-reaching agency of Indian demoralization and ruin.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Some Old Time Plainsmen.

II.—Raven Quiver, the Trader.

RAVEN QUIVER, as certain Indian tribes called him, was probably the best known and the most successful of all the old time traders. His father was a Canadian, for many years a partisan of the American Fur Company. His mother was a Mandan, the most interesting of all the northwestern tribes. Although members of the great Sioux family, as shown by their language, they had otherwise nothing in common with the other tribes of that stock. Their religion was different, they lived in villages, raised crops of various vegetables and corn and manufactured pottery and colored beads. It may be that they were part Sioux and part of some other stock.

From his earliest youth Raven Quiver was an employe of the American Fur Company in one capacity or another, until the great firm, in 1865, wound up its affairs and sold out. His first employment was as errand boy and horse herder at Fort Benton, in charge of partisan or factor Dawson, a rough, burly, but kind-hearted old Scotchman. Dawson took a great interest in the youth, and one fall sent him on one of the company's batteaus to St. Charles, Mo., to attend school. Some time before, Raven Quiver's father had severed his connection with the company, and was then living on his fine farm in that State. When the holiday vacation came the lad set out to visit him. After several days' journey he approached the place which had been pointed out to him as his father's residence, and met him on the road. The old man was surprised and delighted, embraced his son and asked anxiously for news of his mother and old friends in the far-away Northwest. The evening was warm, and they sat for a long time on the rail fence bordering the road, talking of western matters. At last dusk came, the air grew chilly, and the old man shivered.

"My boy," he said, falteringly, "in yonder house lives a woman who considers that she is my wife, and two children of whom I am the father. I have not the heart to break the peace and contentment which there reigns; so, in taking you there I must introduce you as a friend from the West. But remember this: You are my favorite, my best loved child. Come, if you love me, and help me conceal the events of my western life, of which they know nothing."

Twice during many years of intimate acquaintance with Raven Quiver he reverted to this incident as the bitterest moment of his whole life. But such was his love for his father, and so perfect his control of his emotions, that he bore the ordeal of being introduced as a stranger into the home that was rightly his without showing in the least his real feelings. He met a pleasant faced, cheerful woman, who was very kind to him. He met a boy and girl who made friends with him at once, and insisted on his going shooting and fishing with them, and sharing all their childish pastimes. For ten days he remained there, having many long and intimate talks with his father, and then he returned to school, never to visit the place again. In after years the old gentleman lived a part of the time with him in the west, and when he died the greater part of his little fortune was found to be willed to the half-blood, who in all truth had been his favorite son.

Raven Quiver remained two years at school, and by diligent application learned to read, write and figure, and then he returned to Fort Benton. When the company sold out he scouted for the army several years, and led the expedition under Col. Baker which massacred eighty lodges of the Piegan Blackfeet on the Marias River, in January, 1869. He did this unwillingly, for he had many friends among the Piegans. But he had sworn to defend the flag, and, moreover, Col. Baker detailed two soldiers to keep close behind him and shoot him should he fail in any respect to carry out his orders. Baker was after Black Weasel's band for the murder of a settler named Clark, and for various depredations, but instead Heavy Runner's camp was struck just at the dawn of a bitterly cold morning. A terrible massacre ensued, men, women, and children being indiscriminately killed, and then burned on piles of their lodges and household effects. For his share in this the Piegans swore they would have Raven Quiver's life, and for some time he avoided meeting them, going on a prospecting expedition to the far north, until their anger in a measure cooled. But they never wholly forgave him, and for many years afterward, especially when drunk, made attempts to take his life. Raven Quiver eventually married a daughter of Heavy Runner, yet her brother, Red Eyes, was his worst enemy, and every time he got drunk would try to kill him. Raven Quiver bore all his abuse with more patience than could have been expected, foiling every attempt he made.

I must confess that I had not so much patience. He had taken a notion to pot me, too. One night he was howling around outside the post, carrying a Henry rifle and swearing that he would kill us if he had to watch two days for us to come out. "This thing has got to end," I said. "It's wearing on my nerves and I can't stand it any longer." I picked up a rifle and started for the door, but Raven Quiver stopped me. "Don't!" he said. "He ought to be killed all right, damn him! But there's my wife, you know; she thinks a lot of him; for her sake let's put up with it this time, and to-morrow, when he is sober, she'll give him a lecture."

So things went on for years, and it was mere luck that Red Eyes didn't get one or the other of us. I think if I had had my way, there would be fewer gray hairs in my head than there are. Yet Raven Quiver's way was the best. Red Eyes is a ranchman now of staid demeanor. He lives in a two-story house, owns a fine bunch of cattle and horses, has cut his hair, and wears the clothes of civilization. Twenty years ago who could have believed that the wild buffalo hunter of the plains would become civilized!

Soon after the Baker massacre, Raven Quiver gave up the army and joined a prospecting expedition. The members of it were mostly employes of the American Fur Company, and were well outfitted for the undertaking. Besides saddle and pack horses they had several wagons,

Raven Quiver himself owning and driving a three-yoke team of bulls. They used Indian lodges for shelter, and were prepared for anything that might happen, from a bad storm to an Indian fight. They struck the eastern foothills of the Rockies about forty miles from the Missouri, and traveled northward, keeping as near the mountains as possible. Every stream they came to was prospected for placer gold, but only a few colors were found, and late in the fall they finally arrived at Fort Saskatchewan, the Hudson Bay Co.'s post on the river of that name. Here the prospectors built several log houses and prepared to pass the winter. The endless forests and muskegs of the far north had a depressing effect upon Raven Quiver, the plainsman; he became homesick, longing to traverse again the high, dry, sunny prairies of the Missouri. It was a long distance from there to Fort Benton, five hundred miles and more. The snow lay two feet deep on the muskegs, and the weather was bitterly cold. Yet Raven Quiver, in spite of the remonstrances and warnings of his friends, started forth one morning on the long journey, accompanied by a French Canadian, who had also tired of life in the north. Each man rode a good horse. Strapped to their saddles were a couple of blankets, a few pounds of pemmican, and, except their rifles and ammunition, this was about all they carried for the long trip. They were several days passing the timber country, and when they finally came out of the deep snow on to the rolling plains, their scant store of food was gone. The weather continued cold, but still and clear. They expected to find plenty of buffalo and other game, but not a living thing was to be seen except an occasional wolf, coyote, or fox, and these kept well out of range. Raven Quiver had a vial of strychnine in his war sack, and nightly they put some of it in the manure of their horses, hoping that a hungry fox or coyote might eat it in that way and furnish them meat; but the baits were never touched. The further south they traveled the less snow they found, but still there was no sign of game, not even on the Bow or the Red Deer River.

On the morning of the sixth day after their food had given out, the Frenchman seemed to have lost his mind. Before, he had been continually praying to the Bon Dieu and the Virgin to show them the buffalo and preserve them from starvation. But now he babbled of his far away home, and the incidents of his childhood. His rifle, which he had tossed away, Raven Quiver picked up; he looked at it absently and refused to lay it across his saddle again. Finally he would not even guide his horse, and his companion was obliged to lead it. The young man's thoughts were sad. These plains were bare of life, yet they should have been dotted with buffalo. His companion had gone crazy; he himself was faint and weak from hunger; he had tightened his belt to the last possible notch. To-morrow—why to-morrow he also might lose his mind, and then both would perish. He felt that he could no longer defer killing one of their horses, yet he was loath to do so, for with but one animal they would be at the mercy of any wandering party of Indians. And again, the distances between the different streams was great; if they should be overtaken by a blizzard far from one of the timbered valleys, they would surely freeze to death.

Just when their situation seemed to be almost hopeless, the clouds suddenly broke away. In the head of a coulee near Belly River, Raven Quiver discovered a lone buffalo bull quietly feeding. By making a circle he succeeded in approaching the animal, still leading his companion's horse, and shot it. And then he hurriedly dismounted and began to cut it up. He gave the Frenchman a morsel or two from the nose, a bit of liver and tripe, a slice of kidney, which the poor fellow devoured ravenously, and he ate a little himself. Then, loading the two horses with the choicest parts of the animal, they went on down to the river and unsaddled on an island, where there was a great pile of driftwood handy for fuel. That night they passed chiefly in roasting and eating meat, and, strange to say, the Frenchman recovered his wits almost as quickly as he had lost them.

From there on to Fort Benton, more than two hundred miles, they were never out of sight of the buffalo, and killed meat whenever they needed it. At the Goosebill, a butte between the Marias and Teton rivers, a party of Blood Indians chased them. But they had taken great care of their horses, and were finally enabled to get away, although for a time they were in great danger, as the bullets of the enemy whizzed all around them. They returned the fire to the best of their ability, and succeeded in tumbling one Indian from his horse. That evening they arrived at Fort Benton, twenty days after leaving the Saskatchewan. Probably no men ever more thoroughly enjoyed the comfort of a warm log house and bright fire than they did that night. Their journey was one of the longest and most hazardous ever undertaken in the West in the winter time, and Raven Quiver's friend listened attentively to the story he told them before the blazing fire in the wide mud hearth.

After the American Fur Company sold out, the Indian trade was carried on by several firms in Fort Benton, and by a number of other traders who, getting outfits from these firms, would make short trips to the Indian camps, wherever they might be. The Indians eagerly exchanged their buffalo robes and furs for sugar, coffee, bright clothes, red paint, beads, firearms, ammunition and tobacco, paying enormous prices for them. Above all else, however, they prized the white man's liquor. At this time the trading of whisky was a dangerous business, for a United States marshal was anxious to catch anyone in the Indian country with liquor in his possession. He was authorized to confiscate the whole outfit of anyone so caught—teams, wagons, robes, liquor and all. From what was realized by the sale of all these, the Government retained only a small share, the officer getting all the rest, besides his salary and mileage.

In 1869 the international line between Canada and the western United States had not been surveyed, but near the Rockies the northern boundary of Montana, the 49th parallel was thought to be Milk River. Beyond that a trader was safe from the marshal. Reasoning thus, the firm of Healy and Hamilton, with a very large outfit of goods and liquors, went north in the summer of 1869 and built a bastioned fort at the junction of the St. Mary's and Belly rivers, a few miles above the place where the town of Lethbridge, Province of Alberta, now stands. In

their haste to cross the Indian country between Fort Benton and Canada and avoid an interview with the marshal, they had, in Western parlance, "whooped 'em up;" that is, they had urged on their teams with all possible dispatch, and hence they named their post Fort Whoop-up. It was fitly named, for they whooped things up there also, doing an immense trade that winter with the Blood, Blackfeet, and North Piegan Indians.

The following summer Raven Quiver determined to go into the trade himself, despite the fact that these northern Indians were related to the band Col. Baker had massacred, and so had no good will for the trader. He had a few hundred dollars, enough to purchase several wagons and teams, and his credit was good; he could obtain all the goods he wanted. The main thing was to get across the line without being caught by Charles Hard, the marshal, who was extremely vigilant. His headquarters were in Helena, but he had the habit of turning up at Fort Benton or Sun River crossing, a point midway between these two places, when least expected or wanted. The young trader easily found a few men to join him, all old time plainsmen, and ready for anything, from a squaw dance to a battle. One of these, Po-kah-ni-kap-i, or Child-old-man (I do not give the English names of these men for obvious reasons), was his full partner, the others employes.

The necessary outfit of provisions, trade goods and liquor were purchased at Fort Benton, loaded into the wagons, and everything made ready for an early start in the morning, when who should appear in town but Hard the marshal. Raven Quiver never lost sight of him from the time he struck town until he went to bed, and then he got the teams hitched up and the outfit pulled out for the north as fast as the heavy loads would permit, he alone remaining behind to keep an eye on the marshal. The wagons, after being loaded, had fortunately been drawn into a stable yard before the marshal arrived, and he had not seen them. Almost every man in the little frontier place was directly or indirectly interested in the Indian trade, and it was not likely that anyone would inform him of what was going on. For two days the trader remained at the fort, and the marshal loafed around, seemingly having nothing more important to do than to smoke his pipe. Satisfied that he had not learned that his outfit had pulled out, Raven Quiver mounted his horse just forty-eight hours behind them, and overtook the train the next evening when they were camped on the Marias River, eighty miles on the way to their destination; all was well.

The next night they camped at the foot of Rocky Spring Ridge, and on the following day, as they approached Milk River, something happened. Away back in the distance a dark object was seen rapidly coming on their trail. Raven Quiver was at once suspicious, and ordered his men to force the teams into a trot. Nearer came the object, and it was seen to be a team and light wagon, driven furiously by a single man. "The marshal!" cried the teamsters, and whipped their horses into a swinging lope; Milk River was still several miles away. Raven Quiver finally saw that the marshal would overtake them before they could reach it, so he and Po-kah-ni-kap-i, both mounted, dropped back to intercept him. There are few men who will not stop when coming face to face with a couple of rifles in determined hands. Hard was as brave a man as ever rode the plains, but he didn't attempt to pass those guns; instead, he tried to run a bluff.

"Well, boys," he said, "I've got you; been a hot chase; left the fort just two an' a half days ago, but I've caught you at last."

"It looks to me," said Raven Quiver, as if we had caught you. We've crossed the line and will not turn back. And if you make us any trouble, or attempt to arrest us, just understand at once that you've got to do a lot of shooting."

"What! Do you defy me? Me—a United States officer?"

"You're no officer here; this is Canada. If it isn't, just show us the line. That's where we've got you, Hard, and you may as well stop bluffing. If we can't prove that this particular place is in Canada, you can't prove that it isn't. If you arrested and took us back, our case would be thrown out of court, and you know it."

Hard gave in, but with no very good grace.

"Well," he said, surlily, "I'll turn back. You will be sneaking more whisky out this way, and I'll be on hand; I'll catch you yet." And without another word he turned around and took the back trail.

As soon as the teamsters saw that Hard had stopped, they eased up on their teams and drove on slowly. The whole outfit was in good spirits that night around the camp-fire; they had stood off the marshal, and there was no further trouble to be apprehended.

The traders chose a broad, open bottom on the north side of Belly River, several miles above its junction with the Kootenay, for their trading post, and in commemoration of their experience with the marshal, named it Fort Stand-off. It was built of large logs cut and hauled from the timber bordering the river, was mud-chinked, dirt-roofed, fire and bullet proof. It was a fairly good location, and a number of robes were traded for that winter. But it was found that they would have done better had they built further east, the Indians preferring to winter in the broader and more heavily timbered bottoms of the larger streams below. Their rivals at Fort Whoop-up had done a much greater business. Stand-off was abandoned in the spring, and after taking the result of their trade to Fort Benton, Raven Quiver and his partner returned north and built the fort which was named Fort Quiver. It stood at the junction of the Old Man's and Belly rivers, a few miles above Whoop-up.

Hard kept his word, and it was with great difficulty thereafter that the northern traders eluded his vigilance and escaped into Canada with their contraband cargoes. Once Raven Quiver was obliged to go to Helena for spirits, as none was to be had in Fort Benton. Hard was there and followed him about wherever he went. The trader spent some days trying to figure out a plan to elude his vigilance, but he finally hit upon one which succeeded admirably. Having purchased twenty cases of alcohol, a hundred gallons, he had the dealer quietly haul it to the banks of the Missouri, several miles below town. Hard wasn't watching the town teams; he kept an eye on the trader's wagon and horses at the feed stables. So long as they were in sight he felt easy. The alcohol safely carted to the river, Raven Quiver purchased a lot of trade goods,

enough to partly load his two wagons, and had his teamsters leave town with apparent secrecy late in the evening. Hard had been watching, and followed them. As soon as he also took the trail for the north, the trader went to the river, made a raft of his cases of alcohol, and, with a few provisions, pushed out into the current. Without much difficulty he arrived at the mouth of Sun River several days later, and cached the spirits, burying the cases in the sand. In the meantime Hard had followed the teams, and when they reached the Indian country he swooped down upon them one morning with a satisfied grin. But that soon changed to one of consternation and anger, for a careful search of the contents of the wagons revealed not even a flask of anything contraband.

"Where's Raven Quiver?" he demanded.

It was the teamsters' turn to grin. "I guess," said one of them, "he's back in Helena—t any rate we left him there."

The marshal saw at once that he had been led a wild goose chase, and back he went toward Helena, as fast as he could drive.

After he had been gone an hour or two, the men loaded all the trade goods into one wagon, and one of them drove the empty one to the mouth of Sun River, where he found Raven Quiver waiting for him. Three days later the outfit arrived safely in Canadian territory, and the laugh was again on the marshal.

Fort Quiver consisted of a series of log houses forming three sides of a square. There was a cook room, living rooms, trade and store rooms. The windows of these were high, so one could not look in through them from the ground. Broad fire-places of mud-plastered stone furnished the necessary heat. While the men were building it the Bloods and other Indians often appeared and fired a few shots at them at long range. But Raven Quiver had a .50 caliber Sharps rifle, and a few bullets from it plowing up the dirt near them always sent them away faster than they had come. When the fort was finished, however, skirmishing ceased, and the Indians came readily enough to trade, knowing that their furs and robes were wanted, and that they would not be harmed so long as they behaved themselves. It was an ideal place for a trading post. The broad, richly grassed plateaus lying between the St. Mary's, Belly, Kootenay and Old Man rivers were a favorite feeding ground for the buffalo, which swarmed over them in countless thousands, and there were three tribes of Indians—Blackfeet, Bloods, and North Piegiens—camped along the streams and slaughtering the animals. The women could not convert the hides into soft tanned robes so fast as their lords and masters could furnish them.

The trade room of the fort had a high, bullet-proof counter extending clear across it, so high that only the trader's head and shoulders were visible above it. Behind the counter were a few shelves, where tobacco, red and blue cloth, and various other articles were kept. Adjoining this room, and communicating with it by passageways cut in the partitions behind the counter, were, on the one side, a store room for the robes, on the other the room where liquor and various bulky goods were kept. All across both of these partitions were small loop holes, where, in case the Indians should get ugly, the traders could shoot through at them without any danger to themselves. When the room was thronged with them, several men were generally stationed behind these partitions, and the Indians knew it. They seldom made any disturbance inside, but sometimes a drunken crowd of them would shoot at the buildings under cover of the night, just for the fun of the thing.

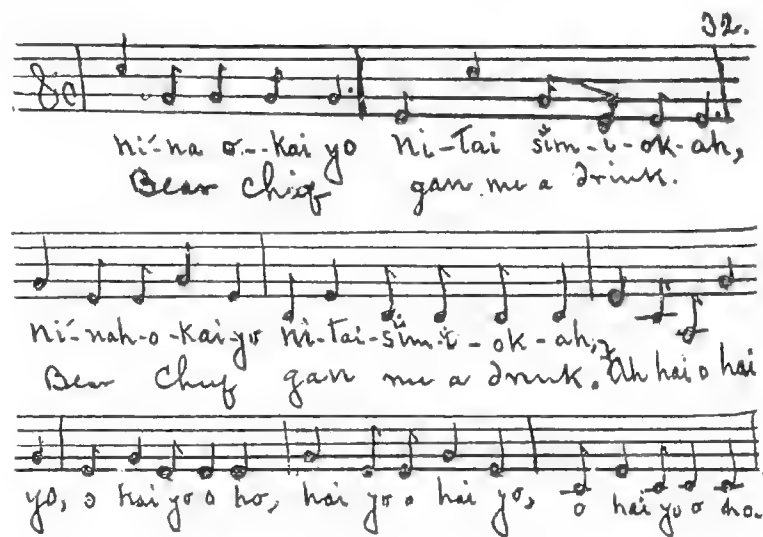
Although some whisky was used in the Indian trade, the greater part of the spirits sold was alcohol, properly diluted with water, the amount of the latter depending upon the condition of the purchaser. If he was sober, he got four parts of water to one of the spirits; if partly drunk the proportion was six to one, and if wholly drunk it was eight or ten to one. To the alcohol and water a small amount of burnt sugar and oil of bourbon was added to give it a whisky color and flavor. Really, it wasn't a bad drink—much better for the consumer, in fact, than cheap whisky. During the days of the northern trade, four good head and tail buffalo robes were the price of a four-to-one gallon, and the robes were worth about six dollars each. The value of one gallon of alcohol, which cost about \$6 was therefore twenty robes, worth \$120. There was some profit in the Indian trade!

The Indians were wont to come to the trading post at all times of the day and night; sometimes singly, more often in parties of from three or four up to fifty or more. Bottles were scarce and they were required to bring a keg or some receptacle for the liquors. Some times they staid at the post, or, if the weather permitted, built a fire in the nearby timber to have out their orgy. But more often they carried the liquor back to camp with them.

I would like to know why all uncivilized races, as soon as they get their first drink of liquor, acquire an insatiable desire for more, and will barter their most valued possessions, even their wives, for it. The Blackfoot word for drunk is *ah-wat-si*, which means crazy-brave. It is said that in the very earliest history of the trade, when the American Fur Company occasionally let the chiefs have a little liquor, they got merrily full and were more kind and docile than ever. My own observations are that liquor made the Indians, as their word aptly expresses it, crazy-brave; they fought with one another frequently, and it was generally a duel to the death. Yet I cannot say that they quarreled nearly as much or as seriously as so many white men would have done. One winter on the Missouri, when we had all of the Crees and Blackfeet of the north about us, there were only three deaths due to drunken fights. Some of the antics of the Indians when drunk were extremely ludicrous, and not infrequently pathetic. I once saw a brave, whom his wives were trying to catch in order to tie him, climb to the top of a lodge by means of a travoi resting against it, and heedlessly seat himself in the forks of the poles over the smoke holes, laughing and jeering at his pursuers. One of the women promptly threw an armful of dry grass upon the fire inside, and as the flame struck him—he had on nothing but a breech-clout—he gave a yell and leaped out, coming "catflop" to the ground. In an instant the women were upon him, securely bound his wrists and ankles, and carried him to his couch, where he soon dropped asleep.

Others again, when under the influence, became exceedingly depressed, and would cry for hours, mourning for

their dead. Like their white brothers, whisky made them sing; they had a number of "drinking songs," nearly all songs without words. Some of them, especially when sung by both men and women, were extremely expressive of various emotions of love, hate, recklessness and sorrow. I remember one which was a favorite with the women. It was a simple little thing, yet the expression and gestures with which they rendered it would have done credit to an actor. Here it is, as nearly as our musical notation can express it:



This, of course, was a drinking song, for the women also drank, but not to such a great extent as the men; and upon them liquor had the effect of making them extremely good natured.

It was inevitable that Fort Quiver should be the scene of several tragedies. Some Indians were killed in the trade room during quarrels among themselves, and Pokah-ni-kap-i, Raven Quiver's partner, had a narrow escape; an arrow intended for him killed an Indian beside whom he was standing. It was here that Calf Shirt, chief of the Bloods, met his fate. He was a man of powerful physique, very brave, and very brutal. Five or six men of his tribe had been killed by him for no cause whatever, except that it pleased him to murder them. He was greatly feared by all the tribes with whom he was at war, as well as by his own people. One day when Raven Quiver was in the trade room alone, he came in quite drunk and demanded some liquor, which was refused him unless he produced something to pay for it.

"I have nothing," said Calf Shirt, "but I am going to have some liquor, just the same, for I am the chief; yes, the chief of this country. I'll just kill you, young man, and take what I want."

Whereupon he whipped out an old powder and ball revolver and raised it to aim at the trader. Raven Quiver had been expecting some such move, and had picked up one of the loaded revolvers always kept behind the counter. Quicker than the chief, he raised his weapon and fired point blank at the Indian's bosom. The chief staggered slightly, lowering his weapon, and turning, walked slowly out of the room and started across the courtyard. Raven Quiver followed as far as the door and had another shot at him. In one of the living rooms the employes and several wolfers, who were visiting the fort, were playing a game of poker. As soon as the first shot was fired, they rushed outside, saw the chief leave the trade room revolver in hand, and promptly opened fire on him, too. Calf Shirt never looked at them, but kept walking slowly and steadily ahead, out through the courtyard and away from the fort. And the men of the fort kept shooting until they had emptied their revolvers, and then they looked at each other in surprise. Did the old fellow bear a charmed life, they wondered. About one hundred yards from the fort was a deep excavation where the earth had been taken with which to cover the roofs of the buildings. Calf Shirt had kept walking straight toward it, and at its brink stepped forward as if he did not see it. Down he tumbled, and the traders, cautiously approaching it, found him dead, the revolver still firmly gripped in his hand. There were sixteen bullet holes in his body, every one of them a fatal shot; he had evidently possessed the vitality of a grizzly bear.

The traders carried the body to the river and shoved it through a hole in the ice as the easiest way to get rid of it. Some Bloods, coming to the fort to trade, witnessed the closing scene, and expressed the greatest satisfaction over the death of their chief. None mourned for him except his wives. Calf Shirt had always told them that in case of his death, from any cause whatever, they should not bury him, for he would come to life on the fourth day after his demise. The day after he was shot his body was found cast up against a pile of driftwood, where there was an open place in the river caused by a large spring. His wives immediately carried it to the camp, and faithfully made medicine over it as he had told them to do for four days; they were surprised that he did not come to life again. They claimed that he did groan and move slightly once, and said that if they could have obtained possession of the body before it was cast into the river, they would surely have succeeded in reviving him.

Besides the traders of Forts Quiver and Whoop-up, there were quite a number of wolves and camp traders in the country. Coming and going all the time, with no buildings of any kind to shelter themselves from the attacks of the Indians with whom they traded, they led an exceedingly hazardous life. Their method of trading was to go into a camp, barter their liquor for what robes they could get in a short time, and then pull out before the Indians had time to get drunk and ugly. They finally formed an association, derisively called by outsiders the Spitzee Cavalry, and notified all the established traders in Montana and the north that they must not sell the Indians any more ammunition under penalty of being burned out. The reply of Henry Kennedy, a trader on Badger Creek, Montana, to the delegation which notified him of their intentions, was short and to the point: "I shall keep on selling ammunition," he said, "so just turn yourselves loose when you get ready. There are not many of us here, but we'll try to make things interesting for you while you're doing the burning."

They never attempted to carry out their threats; they had "put up a large bluff," but it didn't "go" with the class of men they had tried to work it on.

In the summer of 1873 the Canadian Crees stole some

horses from the Spitzee Cavalry, and the outfit followed them to the Cypress Hills, where they killed a large number of the Indians, men, women, and children. It was another Baker massacre on a small scale, and, as it proved, was also wholly unjustifiable, for the camp they attacked had not taken their horses. This affair, together with the large liquor traffic the Americans were carrying on, was reported to the Canadian Government by the Hudson Bay Company, with a demand for protection. The various tribes of the Blackfeet no longer traded at their posts; and they were losing a large amount of furs and buffalo robes, to which their charter entitled them. It will be remembered that they had a monopoly of the fur business in Canada. The following spring, 1874, the Government started a large force of mounted police westward from Winnipeg to stop all this lawlessness. They had no guides, no one knew the country, and it was by luck more than anything else that they struck the posts of the American traders on Belly River. They were out of provisions and all other supplies, and, although they had traveled through a country teeming with buffalo and other game, had no meat! A hunting party of Indians discovered their approach and warned some of the traders that a lot of red-coated men with cannon and wagons were coming. Raven Quiver and the Whoop-up traders cached their liquors, and, although the police searched their outfits, not a drop was to be found, to their great disappointment. But they were more fortunate further up the river, catching a trader named Weatherwax red handed. They confiscated his whole outfit, worth several thousand dollars, and fined him \$300 besides.

Thus ended the whisky trade in the north. It was a good thing for the Indians, for they were practically broken and demoralized. Nearly everything they possessed had gone for liquor—robes, furs and horses—and they were almost naked, and had scarcely enough energy left to go out and hunt for their daily meat.

From this time on, until the buffalo were finally exterminated, Raven Quiver traded in different parts of Montana, one year in one place, the next season somewhere else, wherever the buffalo and Indians were. He built posts on Badger and Dupuyer creeks, near the foot of the Rockies. In 1878 the buffalo left the Province of Alberta, Canada, and the plains adjacent to the Rockies in Montana, as far south as the Missouri, never to return, moving east and southward. The winter of '78-'79 Raven Quiver traded with the Piegiens at the foot of the Bear's Paw Mountains. In '79 and '80 he had a post on the Judith River, near its confluence with Warm Spring Creek, and did a good business there, though he traded no liquor that year. The buffalo were still working eastward, and the Piegiens who were camped near the post were obliged to go to Armells Creek and the foot of the Moccasin Mountains to hunt. In '79 and '80 Raven Quiver rebuilt Carrol, on the Missouri, two hundred miles below Fort Benton. The Blackfeet, Bloods and Crees were there from the north and he got from them 4,000 robes and 3,000 deer, antelope, elk and beaver skins. The succeeding season the trade fell to 2,400 robes. The next winter, '82-'83, although he had two trading posts, Carrol and another at the Round Butte further down the river, less than one hundred robes were taken in; the buffalo had been exterminated, almost the last remnants of the great herds being killed on the plains adjacent to the Musselshell River. A very few bulls and cows, perhaps fifty or sixty in all, escaped and for some years roamed in the almost impassable bad lands of the Missouri east of the Musselshell, but the French-Cree halfbreeds at last got them.

So ended the buffalo trade, a most exciting and profitable business. Of all the traders who succeeded the American Fur Company, Raven Quiver was undoubtedly the most successful, because he best understood the Indians and had the enviable gift of getting them to do what he wanted. In the fall of 1879, for instance, the Piegiens moved down on the Missouri, to winter near a trader at the mouth of the Judith. But Raven Quiver built a place seventy-five miles up the latter stream, and when he was ready rode down and induced them to move up to his place. In his time he handled about 50,000 robes, and nearly as many skins of the wolf, deer, elk, antelope and beaver.

J. W. SCHULTZ.

Natural History.

Birds by the River.

THE river bridge near my home extends considerably beyond the water, over low ground, to a hill running parallel with the stream. A long stairway takes one more directly from the bridge to the water's edge, and descending it I strolled down through the intervening flat. The river here dashes over a stony bed, nearing the end of a mile of rapids which required a portage in the early navigation. Large trees, more or less undermined, lean over the rushing current and invite the passer to seat himself on their roots and see the foaming water come down, first at the distant falls, then over the nearer dam and the slope below. Declining the invitation this time I kept the trail that marked the way to "the old swimmin' hole" and other attractions. Beside it spear-mint was sprouting freshly, and a nibble took me back to boyhood in no time, by the magic that sometimes lurks in tastes and smells. In a bush a yellow warbler was busily hunting insects among the leaves. This is not the "yellow bird" known to all who notice birds. The latter, however, better named goldfinch, I found not far off, shining in its spring suit of canary and masked with its jetty frontlet. When it has assumed the subdued tints of the colder seasons there is more excuse for confounding the two. The warbler seen at a little distance seems of an old gold color. Closer observation shows darker markings on the back and dull reddish streaks on the breast. Low trees and shrubs are its favorite haunts, and it is as likely to be found in town as on the farms. It flits restlessly among the boughs, repeating a quick, nervous little song.

Here on the flat also was the dolorous phoebe, contrasting with its yellow neighbor. This and some others of the flycatchers seem to the beginner in ornithology more discouragingly alike than even the sparrows. The wood pewee differs from the phoebe in having the lower mandi-

ble yellow instead of both black and the wing more distinctly barred with white. The least flycatcher is a trifle smaller and its bill is not black. Fortunately they have some other distinctions. The last named may be known by its repeatedly jerking out a couple of syllables that have been likened to "chebec," and this word is used as one name for the species. The bird throws the accent heavily upon the last syllable, and imparts a metallic clink to the utterance which is not rendered in the spelling. This flycatcher has no prejudice against human neighbors. I have found it building in a shade tree beside a park walk, in a fork of limbs, about twenty feet from the ground. The familiar kingbird, or tyrant flycatcher, likely to be found in any of these fields, is about twice as large, and is easily recognized when in flight by the white band displayed across the tip of the tail. The great crested flycatcher, of similar size, is a bird of the woods, and rather rare in this district. It utters a loud whistle, somewhat like a quail's, and when seen may be known by the pale yellow of its under parts.

At the foot of the rapids the river spread itself against the higher ground and forced the path up upon a little bluff, where it was separated from the water by a fringe of trees and saplings interlaced by vines which in summer cover all the bank with a luxuriant screen. Now the still surface of the river reflected the sky between the leafless streams. Cutting across lots in a curve of the river I came to a pasture conspicuous for a gravel knoll thirty or forty feet high; so regularly conical that it is easily fancied to be artificial. Standing in the bend it gave a fine outlook upon the river and miles of beautiful slopes putting on the fresh buff and green plaid of plowing time. Just below, crow-blackbirds and redwings were piping among some trees standing in a damp spot. In one of these trees were the abandoned diggings of a woodpecker, and a pair of white-bellied swallows had taken possession. One looked out of the porthole of the nest and the other mounted guard close by. These birds are easily identified—clear white below, black above, with a blue luster on head and neck. On a neighboring tree was another swallow, perching on a dead limb. To the average citizen the swallow is a swallow—the long-tailed bird that builds under barn eaves and gave a nickname to the dress coat. But that is the only long-tailed species; and the sooty swift, which the aforementioned citizen would inevitably call a swallow, in spite of the ornithologists, is about as nearly destitute of tail as any feathered creature. We are permitted to call it the chimney swallow on sufferance. The bird that I left clinging to the limb was recognized by the spot on its otherwise buff breast as the cliff swallow, one of the kind that used to build mud nests under the projecting shingles of the barns, this species finishing out its structure with a neck like a jug's, while the barn swallow was content with a more open cup. Where do these species live now? It is years since I have seen their mud houses sticking like parasites to man's larger buildings. Why did they lose such a characteristic habit of life?

And where do the thronging swifts roost and nest that swarm over the village in the evening twilight, "while glow the heavens with the last steps of day?" And what is this performance of theirs just above the tree tops, when they mingle in flight and trace their intersecting arcs on the rosy sky? Do they find insects specially plenty then and there, or is it all fun, a carnival of flight, a game of tag, a show of aerial gymnastics? Now one darts here and there, zigzagging like a bat, then sets its wings rigidly curving backward, and by its momentum cleaves the air in a symmetrical curve like the stroke of a scimeter. They keep it up as long as I can see them, but they must stop some time in the evening, and then where do they stow themselves? The village cannot offer unused chimneys enough for them. They have been known to crowd into hollow trees, and perhaps these find some such shelter. But where are their nests? They do not build exclusively in chimneys. I found one in a barn—a slight bracket of coarse bits of hay, fastened together and to the boarding with the glue which the bird secretes.

I begin to doubt whether I know the regular dwelling places of either kind, but the bank swallows, which I can see any day in their season plunging into little burrows in the face of a sand pit. Their distinguishing mark is a band of color across the white breast. Bank and hand are words near enough alike to keep this mark in mind in connection with this species. About the same sand bank I have seen a kingfisher hovering, and perching here and there on neighboring trees, although the place is something like a half mile from any fishing water. I could not find that it had a nest here, but it makes one like the bank swallow's, only larger. With other boys I once took the young kingfishers from such a burrow, to which our parents ordered us to restore them. These big, showy blue and white birds, with their harsh, clattering call and their appetite for game fish, hardly deserve our tenderest regards.

Reaching the water's edge at a point where I had caught fish myself in other days, it seemed like neglecting an opportunity to turn away without fishing; so I baited hook, threw out line and seated myself comfortably on the grass. He who called fishing the contemplative man's recreation must have had this style in mind; certainly not the soul-absorbing practice of fly-casting or the busy employment of dredging weeds with a trolling spoon. Nothing occurred to interrupt my enjoyment of the beautiful scene. A bush could do this sort of fishing as well as a man. Tying the line to a twig, I strolled along the beach, and was lucky enough to set eyes on an animal that I had read of as the mud puppy, but had never happened to find. Swimming languidly near the shore was a lizard-like creature, eight or nine inches long, dark brown, with darker spots. It settled stupidly among the stones so near the edge that I whisked it out upon the ground with a stick for a closer look. It showed an injury that perhaps accounted for its lethargy, though I should not expect it to be a very lively animal at the best.

This was the end of the trip. On the way back I had a good chance to observe a species of wader that had attracted my attention before, but kept themselves too far away, always seeing me first and flying off low over the water with a cry like "weet, weet, weet!" consisting of a whistled syllable repeated several times at the rate of two or three times per second. It was easy to guess they were sandpipers, but I wanted to deter-

mine their species. A low island lay about a gunshot out from the bank, and some of these birds were exploring its margin after the manner of their kind, occasionally flying from point to point and piping their shrill calls. My chance came when two or three crossed to a muddy bit of an islet very near the main shore. Remaining motionless, I watched them through my glass with great interest. They showed a dark color above and white below. While they went peering about in the mud or shallow water, among the stones and weeds, poking their long bills into any likely foraging spot, they kept up a teetering motion, as if their bodies were unstably balanced on their slim stilt-like legs. They seemed to be birds of neat and gentle manners, happy in each others company, and made a very pleasing impression. One of them, standing in an inch or two of water beside a boulder, where a tiny cataract poured round from the other side, made a picture such as Audubon liked to draw. Their darker color matched their surroundings so that they were easily lost to sight, except when standing so as to show the white lower parts. When they faced toward me I could just see the round, dark spots that cluster so thickly on the breast as to blend at a little distance, and then I knew them to be the spotted sandpiper. Thinking of them as spending their life at the water level, or but a few inches above it, and feeding on aquatic creatures, I was rather surprised later to see one a little further up stream posing in a different character, standing on a flat-topped fence post, back from the water, catching insects that could be seen flying thickly and throwing themselves into his mouth with a readiness and frequency that ought to have been satisfactory. Soon, however, like many another grasping biped, he toppled himself off his base by clutching too eagerly. He fluttered to another post, and though it was but two or three fence lengths away, did not forget to sound the "weet, weet, weet!" which they utter on taking flight. Next this bird settled in the field, as did another that I saw; but they seemed less at home than a pair that sprang from the water's edge just after, and flew out till their white feathers were lost among the tossing foam crests of the rapids.

BRISTOL HILL.

Man and the Brute.

In discussing animal intelligence I fear your contributors do not all go back to first principles. They do not recognize the relationship which exists between men and animals according to the divine plan of creation: any more, perhaps, than many recognize or admit the relationship which obtains between themselves and their Maker.

The basis of all is love, trust, confidence.

The more we cultivate the acquaintance of animals the more their brute instinct seems to expand into a reasoning faculty. They at least learn to deliberate before they act, and to study causes and consequences. They read the purport of the eye, and are quick to discern the meaning of signs and sounds, and articulate words, often evincing a capacity equal to human. All animals have a limited vocabulary of their own. Men and animals by intercourse learn each other's language. If the brutes are silent it does not follow that they do not understand. Words, or the number used, are not the measure of intelligence, brute or human. There are other media of expression or perception. Deficiency in parts of speech is compensated by the possession of occult faculties which biologists endeavor in vain to explain. So it is not within the scope of man to declare the limit of animal intelligence.

Few farmers attempt to make the acquaintance of their live stock: any more than the slave driver makes the acquaintance of his human serfs. If these inferior beings have any brains or sensibilities above their daily tasks, they never have opportunity or encouragement to display them. Their masters never draw them out, and the unfortunates are afraid to utter. Some farmers never speak softly to their live stock, never caress them, never catch a reciprocal glance of the eye, never open their mouths to them except in curses or commands! The cattle of such men are wild; the horses are vicious, the cows don't give down their milk; the cats flee in terror, and the hens flinch when the feed is thrown to them. This is because of man's delegated sovereignty. Fear and an innate sense of inferiority smother their intellect and its manifestations.

Whenever we happen upon an intelligent dog or an intelligent dog with a cheerful mien, we will discover that he has a kind master. We will discover that he not only has the habit of caressing and talking kindly to him, but as he gets more and better acquainted, of expressing his passing thoughts aloud, of asking advice, and imparting his confidence, just, for example, as a negro talks to a mule. That is better than muttering to one's self, as many are apt to do. And in course of time the animal actually learns the purport of many words, and is eager to respond. "Cap!" I heard his mistress say to the terrier under the table, "take that bone out into the yard." This order, given without manual sign or inflection of voice. "Cap! go up stairs and lie down!" "Cap! get up into that chair and stay there until I tell you to get down!" And that dog can hardly be made to get down until he receives the mistress' order.

Surely crude instinct plays a very insignificant part in this little melodrama!

Observe how much pains animal trainers take to ingratiate themselves into the good will of their pupils! Not to startle them by coming on them unawares, as the dunce of a boy does to his big sister; or to speak harshly to them unless they err; always to win them by love and a lump of sugar!

Now, love is the basis of all intercourse between men and animals, men and their neighbors, and men and their Maker. Show me a man who is kind to animals and I will show you a good neighbor. Show me a man who treats his neighbor as he would like to be treated, and I will show you a follower of the divine Master.

One trait about animals is that they seem incapable of more than one idea at a time. No animal could emulate Paul Morphy, who played twenty games of chess simultaneously. Fear is dominant as a means of self-preservation. This makes them wild. In order to tame them we

must remove fear and beget trust. With fear absent, intelligence unfolds and faculties develop. The closer a man's relations are to his Maker, the more intelligence he can discover in the brutes; and the attitude of brutes to man is analogous with man's attitude to the Creator. The man or beast who is self-contained and oblique will never rise above the lower level himself, nor see anything good or brilliant in the creatures around or above him. Life is a blank, and the future opaque. If a man is to hold dominion over the beasts of the field, they must at least have sense enough to be dominated.

In a former treatise on the "Super-sense of Animals," which was printed in the FOREST AND STREAM some twenty years ago, I referred to the homing instinct which is inherent in many animals, especially dogs, cats, bees, and pigeons, and has always been a puzzle to psychologists. And has not man often had to depend on this super-sense of his dog or horse to extricate him out of a dilemma when he has lost his way, or been enveloped by darkness, or hemmed in by fire, flood, or blizzard? "Thou, O Lord, shalt save both man and beast" is the divine apostrophe (Ps. 36:7). Does not this forecast contain an implication that men and animals are nearly enough on the same intellectual plane to be included in the same category and involved in the same ultimate fate? That there is an innate intelligence in the animals which will make them as fit companions for man in the "new earth" as they are in the one existent? CHARLES HALLOCK.

Mammals of Mt. Katahdin, Me.

BY B. H. DUTCHER.

From the Proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington.

In the summer of 1902 I spent from July 10 to September 5 in an attempt to determine the mammalian fauna, and in general the faunal zones of Mt. Katahdin in north central Maine. This mountain was chosen because, as far as I know, no mammal work had ever been done in its vicinity, and because of its height and isolated position.

The old idea of Katahdin, printed even in geographies, was that of an extinct volcano, an assumption very excusable in those whose views of the mountain were from a distance, for the "basins" or heads of the old glacial valleys on the eastern side, with their wide encircling walls on the north and south, give the appearance of a great crater blown out on one side. A closer examination reveals the fact that the mountain is in reality a granite ridge of very irregular outline with its major axis lying north and south, flanked by precipitous buttresses, the glacial retaining walls, that project out to the east, west, and north, and drop rapidly away in slopes of high degree on face and point. On the east, north, and west are a number of smaller ridges, timber-covered, nestling under the shelter of the greater mountain, and separated from it by valleys and basins. These minor ridges, Hunter Mountain, Traveler Mountain and the Four Brothers, vary from about 2,000 feet to 3,000 feet in height. Katahdin itself reaches 5,200 feet.

The rainfall is so great on the mountain top that its entire surface is moist at all times, and there are at least four perennial seepage springs on the tableland. Two of these are in the fir scrub, which has been cleared for a short distance around them by the gathering of animals to drink in times gone by. The water does not flow out on the surface, but is found subterraneously in little depressions among moss-covered rocks.

Trapping was done at various localities from the base camp, at the union of the Wissataquoick and East Branch Penobscot rivers, at 450 feet, to the tableland, at 4,500 feet. The following thirty-six species of mammals are recorded from Mt. Katahdin.

WOODLAND CARIBOU.—The caribou is an animal of the past in the Katahdin region. To-day all that remains is its bones in the porcupine dens. From accounts received, there have been two migrations of caribou from northern Maine within the memory of inhabitants now living. The last of these occurred about six years ago.

Unfortunately the awakening of public sentiment in regard to the importance of game preservation did not take place while the animals were still abundant, and their absence now can in part at least be attributed to wanton destruction.

MOOSE.—The recent protective legislation has, in the opinion of the natives, resulted in allowing a very considerable increase in the numbers of moose. Judging by the sign observed, they are comparatively abundant on the base of and near the mountain. They range up to timber line in favorable localities. Man is practically the moose's sole destructor, and if the killing in defiance of law that takes place to feed the lumber camps were prevented, there would be a still greater increase. It is very difficult to secure evidence against these malefactors. The lumber camps are so isolated that all the persons in them, and in their vicinity, are to a certain extent beneficiaries directly or indirectly, from the fresh meat secured, and are hence *particeps criminis*. The danger of detection in a camp of sixty men, where one animal can be entirely consumed in a short time, is very small, and evidence is not easily obtained.

NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEER.—Deer are really abundant in the Katahdin region. It was not unusual to see as many as five in the course of an afternoon's walk. They sometimes prove a nuisance by destroying unfenced gardens. One was seen near Chimney Pond, at an altitude of about 3,000 feet. They are not common at this altitude, however. In spite of the illegal hunting that takes place they appear to be on the increase.

SOUTHEASTERN RED SQUIRREL.—Red squirrels are abundant throughout the region, extending even to the treeless tableland of the mountain, where I saw one at close range August 28. Another was seen by one of our cooks in the same locality. At Chimney Pond camp, altitude 3,000 feet, they were abundant.

NORTHEASTERN CHIPMUNK.—Chipmunks were common on the hardwood ridges of the low ground, but I saw none at the higher elevations where the deciduous trees were not so abundant.

One specimen taken at 500 feet altitude is typical *lysteri*.

WOODCHUCK.—Fairly common on the lowlands.

CANADIAN FLYING SQUIRREL.—A living specimen was kept in the lower camp. These squirrels are common on

the hard wood ridges. As usual, however, unless trapping for fur, one does not secure them.

BEAVER.—The beaver is now protected during all seasons in Maine. I heard of a few colonies, on rather poor authority, but the animal no doubt exists in secluded localities.

MICE.—House mouse, common in dwellings. Canadian white-footed mouse. Cooper lemming mouse. Preble lemming mouse. Meadow mouse. Redbacked mouse. Meadow jumping mouse. Woodland jumping mouse.

MUSKRAT.—Exceedingly abundant. While canoeing one day I paddled up within a few feet of one asleep at the water's edge. While we were watching him he half opened his eyes, apparently looking directly at me, and leaning down lapped the water at his feet, then closed his eyes and relapsed into slumber. If his eyes had seen, his cerebrum had not interpreted, and he did not recognize his dangerous position. A slight noise sent him to the bottom like a flash.

CANADA PORCUPINE.—Very common from the river to the summit of Katahdin. Their dens in the fir scrub and rock heaps were filled with caribou bones that were deeply chiseled by their incisors.

SOUTHERN VARYING HARE.—The varying hare occurs on the tableland, where I trapped one in an old caribou trail in July.

CANADA LYNX.—Rather a common animal, if the accounts of guides are correct.

RED FOX.—Quite common throughout the lower parts of the region, where they are often seen on roads.

OTTER.—Quite common along the lower streams and ponds where fish abound.

WOLVERINE.—The trappers all denied having seen or heard of the wolverine in the region, though they were acquainted with the animal by repute.

FISHER.—From the accounts of our cooks the fisher is one of the commonest and most valuable of their furbearing catch.

The Deer's Scent.

NILWOOD, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In June 6 issue I note Mr. Carney's experience with antelope and his impression as to their power of scent. I have never hunted antelope, but have put in a few days each fall since 1890 hunting deer and moose, and have often wondered if the power of scent in these two kinds of wild animals was so well developed and so much depended on as was supposed.

Several times have I killed deer and moose while going with the wind, and each time the conviction that they do not always scent a man, and understand that danger follows the scent, was more deeply impressed on my mind.

My brother hunted with me on several occasions, and he noticed the same thing, and one day, when we were ready to start and finding the wind in the wrong direction for us to hunt the place we had intended, he remarked, "It does not make any difference, they don't scent a fellow so easy as some people think."

We got one deer that morning, a large buck standing and directly in the path our scent should have taken if the wind blew straight. The fact that he was standing still and not over 100 yards away, shows that he either did not scent us or did not know what the scent stood for. The same thing happened last fall. In company with a friend I was hunting with the wind and got a yearling doe.

My friend remarked that morning, just before we started, that he thought it did not make any difference which way we went, with or against the wind, and the result proves he was correct on that occasion. One morning, in the summer of '94, two moose bulls came within two rods of my shanty. I was on the porch in front, and with me was a young spaniel pup, both of us in plain sight, and from the first appearance of the moose the pup kept up a constant barking, which did not in the least worry the moose. They spent at least 15 minutes nosing round in the open, then walked away. My camera was just inside the door, and if it had been just outside I would have been able to have reached it and thus been able to give you a picture of those fine fellows to prove my statement.

J. P. B.

Illinois Game and Song Birds.

A CORRESPONDENT known as "Farmer S," writes about matters and things in his part of the world, which is at Dixon, just west of Chicago, in what was originally one of the best upland shooting countries of this State.

"I have four Hutchins, three snow, and two laughing or speckled belly geese. What I want to know is, will they breed in captivity? Will some one rise up and give his experience?"

"My geese have a blue grass pasture of one and a half acres. They tame easier and sooner than ducks. I have tamed a number of species of ducks, but a pair of pintails were so wild I finally mounted them and put them in my case of ducks.

"One mallard hen that my wife winged we kept seven years until it got killed by the cattle.

"I saw an account of a great northern shrike in some Eastern city making the sparrows go into hiding until some misguided person shot it. That was the wrong thing to do. The shrike kills a great many sparrows. It is quite destructive to small birds, but nature seems to keep a pretty good balance when let alone. To import English sparrows is 'dead agin nater.'

"One of the most valuable birds to the farmer is now extinct in this part of the country; one or two pairs put in their appearance each season, build a nest that is promptly taken by the sparrow. Where a few years ago over a herd of cattle you saw hundreds of the common barn swallow, now you see none. Flies have increased accordingly, and it means the loss of flesh to cattle that have to fight flies all day and feed at night. Few farmers realize what this big loss means. The sparrow can be poisoned or shot in winter, but for every one man that would get rid of the pest there are fifty who will do nothing.

"The bluebirds are in very small numbers, but I do not know whether the sparrow is to blame for that or not. They surely have possession of the bluebird and martin

boxes before they come in the spring; but I have seen more bluebirds this spring than I did last year.

"The heavy rains of late will be bad for the first hatch of chickens, and I do not see how the early nests can escape the crows before the grass grows up to hide the nests. There are fifty crows to one that was here twenty-five years ago.

"The striped gopher went missing, or most of him did. Some think they were drowned out last season. I'm afraid my staying home from meeting last season accounts for four hundred of them."

E. HOUGH.

Squirrels for City Parks.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* W. P. Davidson inquires as to the best variety of squirrels to use in stocking city parks. I lived in Madison, Wisconsin, several years ago and the capitol grounds there have been stocked with gray squirrels. The ground keepers scatter nuts around the grounds regularly, besides visitors take pleasure in feeding them, and many squirrels will take nuts from strangers' hands, and seem to be perfectly tame and fearless. The squirrels show no disposition to leave, but as they have increased from year to year they are now plentiful throughout the city. No one harms them and dogs are not allowed to bark at or chase them. Small houses have been placed in various trees in the capitol grounds for their homes. I think that if the squirrels were tamed before liberated, and provided with food and small houses built for them it would be an easy matter to stock a park, and in time, with the exception of winter, would require but little feeding. The visitors and neighbors will do that.

DIXMONT.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in **FOREST AND STREAM.**

His First Deer.

It was an afternoon late in July. The little pond nestling in the heart of the Adirondack hills glistened under the rays of the mid-summer sun like a gem "of purest ray serene," a sparkling jewel of wondrous beauty. From its unbroken shores the forest rose, spreading from hill to hill in billows of living green, until it seemed to reach to heaven itself. This was indeed the "forest primeval," for as yet the lumberman in his search for riches had not found his way to it, and the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks" were as yet untouched and unscarred by his devastating ax. The surface of the pond was as smooth as a mirror except as some trout rose after an elusive miller, more in sport than from hunger, for the afternoon breeze was so faint it did not cause even the faintest ripple to disturb its glassy depths. There was not a sound beyond beyond the song of a robin in a nearby tree, or the lazy croak of a frog in his marshy home, to break the peaceful stillness of this secluded spot. The very air seemed full of that peace such as one finds only when close to the heart of nature. Away beyond yonder mountain tops there was a world of strife and discord, of evil and sin, but here in the midst of the mighty forest, under the shadow of the eternal hills, there was something akin to that "peace which passeth understanding, which fadeth not away."

There was no sign about this quiet spot of the presence of man, for the little pond lay off the beaten trails frequented by the sportsmen, and was seldom visited by those in search of health or game. None but the denizens of the wood, nature's humbler children, lived here, and seldom had the crack of rifle or click of reel caused them to know fear or pain, or disturb the peace and quiet of their haunts.

On this particular afternoon the place seemed unusually quiet and still, and there was no suspicion of the presence of aught to disturb the peaceful scene, when suddenly there appeared on the shore of the pond two persons, a man and a boy.

The man was tall and straight as an arrow. His swarthy skin, his piercing eye, his manner, his every movement betokened one in whose veins ran the blood of the stealthy, crafty Indian. A long line of savage ancestry, chiefs of the St. Francis tribe, had left its mark upon him, giving him a grace and dignity of expression, while the blood of the white woman who had borne him, coming as it did from the strong race of the Dutch, had given him nobility of character and of mind. He was a fit subject for a painter's skill as he stood there, his keen eyes alert to catch every movement about the pond.

The boy was but a little lad. His fair skin and light hair showed plainly he was of different origin from the man beside him. The seal and stamp of the city had been set upon him, just as the Huguenot blood that ran in his veins marked him from the man of savage lineage. He was but twelve years old, but by his manner showed he had at that early age learned something of woodcraft, for he unconsciously imitated the cautious, stealthy manner of the older hunter. Hugged close to his breast he held a rifle, while in his belt he had a hunting knife, suspiciously new.

The two stood for some moments carefully scanning the shores of the pond in search of any deer that might be feeding upon the lilies growing upon the marshes. Having satisfied himself there was no game in sight, the man drew from the bushes where he had concealed it a light cedar skiff, and pushing it into the water bade the boy get in it. With careful tread the latter crept to the bow of the boat and sat down with his rifle across his knees. In a moment the boat was afloat and the man, with a few strokes sent it flying out into the middle of the pond.

For some time the boat was allowed to drift while the two hunters listened for the slightest sound which should warn them of the approach of the game they were seeking.

As they listened, the boy thought of the camp across the long trail, and of the mother who had kissed him good-by and told him to "bring home a big buck." The

others in the camp had rather laughed at the little hunter as he set out, as if it were a joke for such a "kid" to expect to kill his first deer, for some of the older ones knew what it meant to have "buck fever" and to get rattled at the sight of one. He had felt very proud to be sent off all alone with "Isaac," his father's guide, to get meat for camp, and he meant to show them that he was entitled to a place among the hunters of the camp. And now as he sat there listening with eagerness for the sound of a deer's step, though his heart seemed to beat so hard he was afraid "Isaac" would hear it, he felt very brave and cool, and felt certain he was going to shoot straight and true if he had the chance.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by the sound of a stick being broken on the side of a hill just across the pond from the boat. The man shook the boat and the boy nodded his head to show he understood what it meant. Similar sounds showed the approach of a deer, for such it was, until finally there stepped out from the bushes upon the marsh a fine buck. For a moment, "like crested leader, proud and high" he "tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky" and gazed out across the water at the strange object floating there, then stepping out bent his head and began to drink. As soon as his head went down the man swung the boat toward the shore, and began to paddle with noiseless skill, bringing it with every stroke nearer to the unsuspecting deer. The latter raised his head and again looked long and hard at this unfamiliar sight, but as he did so, the man stopped every movement, his raised arm seemingly turned into stone. The boy sat motionless, his eyes fixed upon the game in front of him, his fingers tightly gripping the rifle upon his knee.

Again the deer dropped his head and began to eat the yellow lily buds, seemingly satisfied there was no reason to fear the strange object on the water. As he did so the man stopped the boat, which by this time was quite near the shore, at the same time shaking it to warn the boy to get ready to shoot. In response came the click of the hammer as the trembling fingers of the boy drew it back. At the sound the deer threw his head up and began to walk toward the bank, his suspicions apparently aroused by the faint noise from the boat.

"Shoot," the man whispered.

Slowly and carefully the boy drew the rifle to his shoulder, and after taking steady aim fired. As the sharp crack of the gun broke the stillness the buck sprang into the air and went plunging into the brush. For a few moments there was the sound of breaking twigs, and then all was still again.

"You've got him," the man said, for his quick eye had noticed the dropping of the deer's tail, a sure sign he was hit. He pushed the boat in to the shore and the boy, all eagerness, sprang out and ran into the woods. The man following him found him standing beside the dead buck, a grand one with five prongs on each horn. Patting the youngster on the shoulder, he complimented him on his good work. The boy's eyes glistened at the words of praise from one who was known to be one of the best hunters among the guides of that region, and he was filled with exultant pride as he gazed at the noble prize that had fallen before his sure aim. Now, indeed, he could prove to those who had laughed at him in the camp that he was entitled to a place among the hunters, for he had shown his ability at the very first time he was tested.

Soon the man had dressed the deer, and it was ready to be carried to the camp. Pushed by the strong arm of the man, the little boat was soon flying across the pond, and in a few moments the hunters were at the end of the carry leading to the distant camp. Hiding the boat again in the brush, the man picked up the deer, and, followed by the boy, was soon lost to sight in the shadows of the forest.

As they are lost to view, peace seems to settle once more upon the little pond, and there is naught to mar the calm stillness which they had so rudely broken. The setting sun sheds a soft glow upon the surrounding hills and glistening water, while the pines sing their evening hymn in response to a gentle breeze that faintly stirs their stately tops. The robin sleeps in his leafy home in yonder tree, and the lazy frog sits silent on the marsh, while the trout has sought the seclusion of some deep pool. A timid doe and her fawn feed quietly upon the shore, undisturbed and unalarmed. There is no trace of the tragedy of an hour ago as the shadows of the evening fall, and softly now the light of day fades away into the calm and peace of the quiet night.

Many years have come and gone since that July day. The boy has grown to man's estate and many deer have fallen before his aim. He has learned to love the woods, as one must do who has spent any days in the "Adirondack Wilderness." To the man whose nerves are jaded by the rush and whirl of city life, who is wearied from the strife and struggle of business, sick at heart or ill in body, there is nothing so refreshing, so restful, so healthful for mind and body as a sojourn in camp or cabin in the forest. Close to the great heart of nature, away from the sordid things of the great world of strife for gain and pleasure, in the fresh sweet air, the simple life of the woods, there is healing for all "those ills which flesh is heir to." On the sparkling waters of the little pond, under the shadow of the eternal hills, or by the crackling fire in that good fellowship such as one finds only in camp, in sunny day or starry night, the aching heart, the wearied nerve, the tired body will each find rest and peace.

What pleasures can we find to compare with the simple pleasures of the woods? Who would not exchange a dozen nights amid the electric lights of Broadway for one star-lit night in camp, or the gayest party of "the season" for a quiet hour by the camp-fire with one or two congenial souls? Can any of Mr. Grau's singers make music half so sweet as the click of a reel or the crack of a gun, or did any orchestra ever play symphonies to compare with those played by the wind upon the pines?

Surely the man who has once tasted the joys of a life in the woods can never forget them, and never cease to enjoy them.

So to the man who was a boy that July day there will ever come knocking at memory's door the thought of that great day when he stood in boyish pride beside his first deer.

MORRIS JESUP DURYEA.

Game Preserves and Adirondack Ruin.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, and the waters on the face of the earth, and commanded that the earth bring forth grass, and herb, and fruit-bearing tree, and fowl that may fly above the earth, and beast of the earth, and that the waters bring forth abundantly of life. And he saw that all which he had created was good. Lastly he created man, and gave to man dominion over all the other things which he had created. The word "dominion," as here used, clearly means control, use and enjoyment. He gave this dominion to "man," not to a man, or to a class of men, neither did he give to any man or to any class of men the right to deprive other men of this dominion.

Man is naturally the most selfish of animals. Most animals are satisfied with enough to make them comfortable and happy, but man is never satisfied. Ever since Adam gave the first exhibition of human greed in the garden of Eden man has sought to get more than that which is justly his own, and to aid him in satisfying his greed he has set up false standards of right and wrong which he has named law. I cannot believe that this is in accordance with the divine will. I cannot believe that it is the divine will that the wealthy class shall corner all the good things of this life for its own benefit regardless of the rights and well-being of the poorer classes. Christ did not tell the rich young man to buy a game preserve and exclude the poor from it. On the contrary, he told this young man that if he wished to do right to sell his goods and give the proceeds of the sale to the poor, which is a radically different way of using wealth and treating the poor.

The almost irresistible temptation of the wealthy to use their wealth for the gratification of their own selfish desires regardless of the rights of others, and the wrongfulness of this use of wealth, is no doubt what prompted our Savior to say, "It is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." And then to define just how hard it is for the rich to resist this temptation he added, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than it is for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

Now I believe our Creator ordered everything for the greatest happiness of mankind. I believe the divine law is better than our human law, and that if we try to enforce a human law that antagonizes the divine law it will sooner or later get us into serious trouble. It is not my intention to preach a sermon, but I do wish to call attention to a few fundamental truths which some people seem to have lost sight of in their desire to prove that the rich can do no wrong.

Selfishness begets selfishness, and hate begets hate just as surely as good-will begets good-will, and love begets love.

We should not sow the wind if we do not wish to reap the whirlwind, and it is the people of wealth who should heed these maxims most, as they have the most at stake as well as the greatest power at their command for good or evil.

The history of a little lake, which I have in mind, shows how the good gifts of God may be converted into a curse by the selfishness of man. This lake lies embosomed among hills and mirrors in its clear depths both forest crowned mountain and pleasant groves.

During my childhood and early manhood it served as a playground for the inhabitants of the surrounding country. Its waters furnished sport for those who delight in fishing, and the fish taken from it were usually made into chowders. The leafy arcades of the groves on its shores furnished the dining halls in which these chowders were eaten, and also furnished arenas in which games and sports of many kinds were enjoyed. Here the young and the old, the rich and the poor, met on a common level, and were taught in this school of friendship and brotherly love to know each other better, to become better men and women, and better citizens of their country. The lake was an educator for good, and who shall say that in thus furnishing an opportunity for relaxation and enjoyment to several hundred people, it was not fulfilling the destiny for which it was created.

About a score of years ago a person with money and inclination to put an end to this happy state of affairs, came, saw, and "lawfully" appropriated the little lake for his own use, and thereby converted it into a teacher of envy and hate. Now this is dangerous teaching. It is of the sort that develops the highwayman, the anarchist, the firebug and other types of criminals. It is of the sort that caused the guillotine to drip with blood during the Reign of Terror in France. We can only hope that the seed this person is sowing will be killed by good influences before it shall produce its terrible crop. Or better still, that it may fall on uncongenial soil, where it will never germinate. Indeed this is a subject on which every good citizen has abundant reason to "feel strongly."

I have been a frequent visitor to the Adirondacks, and have witnessed the arrogance of the preserve owners, and heard the mutterings of the gathering storm of wrath which has culminated in fire and destruction. Great and deplorable as is the ruin which has been wrought, I fear that even greater will be witnessed in the future if a better understanding and a better feeling cannot be cultivated between those whose interests are involved.

The "Mailed Hand" is powerless in this case. As well might one try to crupper the whirlwind as to try to prevent the work of the fire fiend in this vast domain with police or military power.

I believe the best remedy for this deplorable condition of affairs is a compliance with the divine law, "Give to the poor." I believe that a compliance with this law would be a sovereign remedy for most of the troubles and evils of this life.

If those who are rich in money, rich in knowledge, rich in opportunities for enjoyment, rich in friendship and good-will, rich in anything which has power to elevate and make better, would give freely of their riches to the poor, i. e., those who lack such riches, I

believe that even the detested firebug, who, it must be admitted, is one of the poorest creatures that curse this earth, would be transformed into a good citizen.

When the poor of the earth had been made rich with these good gifts they in turn would become givers, then would this earth become a heaven of happiness, and the givers would receive their reward.

JOS. W. SHURTER.

CANSEVOORT, July 10.

Maine Association.

BANGOR, Me., July 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The week just ending has been an interesting one for Maine sportsmen in many ways, since this was the date of the annual mid-summer outing of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association at Kineo, when piscatorial interests and politics get well mixed, and the policy of the Association in the way of future legislation begins to assert itself, or those in charge endeavor to mold it as they think best. There was a big gathering at Kineo, some going the Fourth and remaining until Monday next, the large number doing this being a constant proof of the beauties of Moosehead, which can draw and hold so many people for as long as they can spare. The outing proper lasted Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and during that time there were public meetings, informal discussions on the broad veranda and in the office, contests on water and land by the guides, fishing contests by the members, and excursions to points of interest about the great lake.

The central feature of the outing was the public meeting of Monday evening, when the gathering discussed, through speakers called upon by the chair, the advisability of prohibiting the killing entirely of doe deer and fawns, or the limiting of the number of does to be killed by one person, and the forbidding entirely of the carrying of firearms into the woods in close season. President C. A. Judkins, of Kineo, presided, and there were several speakers, several of them sportsmen, and still several others owners of wild lands, the general opinion being that it would be impossible to secure the passage of either proposition in the Maine Legislature at this time, although the speakers were about evenly divided as to the advisability of either measure. It was admitted by several of the speakers that there is a great number of deer in Maine at the present time, in fact, almost more than the natural conditions will support, and that, aside from sentiment, there is no good reason for protecting does more than bucks at present.

Two of the most influential speakers came out flatly against the proposition to prohibit the carrying of firearms into the woods in close season, one speaker urging that in his opinion it abridged unlawfully the right of every citizen to bear arms, while the other suggested that, having gone to the limit in the enactment of last winter's law licensing non-resident hunters, it was now a good time to stop and wait for developments and see how the present laws work before continuing an agitation that could but create a feeling of unrest and insecurity upon the part of the thousands of visitors who come to Maine to spend their money. The representative of the guides also objected strongly to the propositions, and saw no need for either, although admitting that the guides are not perfect, but on the whole willing to see the spirit of the present laws upheld, if not more restrictions are imposed. "The passage of the license law last winter was bad enough," said he, "it seems to us like rubbing it in pretty hard to attempt to saddle the game laws with more innovations that would curtail the guiding business, already hurt considerably by the recent work of the Legislature." So emphatic and strong was the opposition, that Secretary Farrington felt called upon to state, at the close, the reasons for naming the questions for discussion, as he had in making up the programme, which, he said, "are bound to be burning questions with us in a few years, and it is well to thoroughly consider these important points before they are forced to our attention by a great need."

There were batteau, canoe and other races between the guides on Tuesday, and some very interesting contests were carried out. In the afternoon twenty-five guides shot at a wooden deer for a rifle and gun case as first and second prizes, and of the guides entering, only four made scores of 20 and above out of a possible 25. Frank Tomah, a Greenville guide, made a score of 24, with E. E. Harlow 23, and E. J. Masterman 22, all of Greenville. The scores of the majority of the contestants would not indicate that the deer are in great danger from their marksmanship, either in close or open season.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

Meadowlark and Robin.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Coahoma did not quite get my idea in regard to shooting meadowlarks and robins. I did not make a very strong point in reference to shooting meadowlarks for sport, but I do insist that there should be no degree of sportsmanship attached to the shooting of robins.

Audubon may have considered meadowlarks as legitimate objects of sport, but there were many things done in his day in the pursuit of game which would be considered as highly unsportsmanlike in our day. A correspondent in last week's issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* writes that meadowlarks are protected in Kentucky, the Rev. Craig's State, as they are also protected in the State in which he was arrested for violating the law, and if he was any kind of a sportsman he would not hunt without first making himself acquainted with the game laws in the State in which he was hunting.

And this is why we protested against Coahoma defending a lawbreaker, and putting his article in such a way that the game warden appeared as doing something underhanded in arresting him and the Rev. Craig being put to personal inconvenience to which he should not have been subjected.

If the point of view in Mississippi admits of such sport, we will grant that it is a proper thing to do; but if the point of view in Nebraska considers that a man is breaking the law in shooting these birds, Coahoma must permit us to arrest and fine such lawbreakers, and ought to be in sympathy with such action.

I was interested in reading what he had to say about shooting robins in the South. It seems, nevertheless, that

the South has enough of legitimate game birds so that it ought not to be necessary to try one's gun on song birds. While the robin may not sing in Mississippi in the winter, nevertheless he does sing in certain times of the year in the North, and he is a song bird. I have read many of Coahoma's articles with much interest, and feel that he is a good sportsman, and I hope that I may enjoy many more of them in the future, but I hope to see the time when he will be arrayed against shooting these birds, and be for their protection. We may have to bring him North to do it. I have lived in many of the Southern States, though, and never learned to regard robins as game birds.

DIXMONT.

California "Sooners."

SAN FRANCISCO, July 8.—Chief Deputy Vogelsang, of the Fish Commission, is very much pleased over the capture of several game law violators who chose to go hunting on Independence Day, instead of celebrating in the usual manner. The offenders all appeared in various courts of the State yesterday.

Antonio Smith, of this city, was caught with crabs in his possession by Deputy L. N. Kerchival. Judge Fritz separated Smith from \$20.

Deputy W. P. Heustis came upon Eugene Emerson with deer in his possession in the wilds of Humboldt county and haled him before Justice of the Peace Digham, of Scotia, who sentenced the offender to pay \$35.

Deputy A. F. Lee apprehended Oscar Hobard and Harry Mentz with three quail in their possession in the western part of Lake county. The first named offender is the proprietor of a resort in the vicinity of the capture, and his companion, whose home is in San Francisco, was his guest. They were taken to Kelseyville, where Justice of the Peace Hunt imposed an aggregate fine of \$65 and ordered the three quail confiscated.

Nebraska Bounties.

AS THE last Legislature of Nebraska abrogated the wolf and coyote bounty law, the stockman's association have fixed upon a bounty of \$7.50 for each gray wolf slaughtered regardless of sex, and \$15 for a female gray wolf over two years of age. The bounty on cubs is \$2, and on coyotes the same.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Canoe and Camp Life Along the Delaware River.

XVI.—The Canoe.—Some Musings.

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine, in his lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank,
Where the shadows are heavy the whole day through,
Lies at its moorings the old canoe.

THE above lines, quoted from memory, have appealed to many a reader, bringing back not only the life along shore after he became an adept with the paddle, but his life as a child, when he watched from the top of the high bank the old birch-bark canoe as it teetered, swayed, and swung, the key of its fastened lock and the coveted paddle both hidden by cautious father or big brother. How he longed for a ride in that canoe all alone; braving the flogging promised to him if he so much as went near it! He remembers the glad morning when he was permitted to sit on its bottom while his brother paddled; and the afternoon when he slowly entered it alone, first peering about to make sure no one saw him, and then pushed it out to the length of the old chain, and nearly tipped it over—a great fright. But it seemed almost a privilege to be drowned by a spill from the charmed, buoyant craft that made him summon visions of feather-decorated Indians, and solemn, blanketed squaws with papposes tied on their backs.

There she floats on the deep pool in the river summoned by memory—tied to a dingy stake or half-decayed log—the old canoe, leaky perhaps, or half filled with rain-water, but also saturated, like the wood of a violin, with water music, leaf music, bird music, wind music. It has its being in a kingdom to be traversed and explored and joyed in when he becomes a man. And then, as Jo Gargery would say, "Wot larks!"

The boy dreams of guiding her over rapids and through cascades, of sailing her on long, still reaches of deep water, and of having the small, specially liked miss, the sunshine of the country school-house a mile away, share those trips with him, to see how well he can wield the paddle. But now the boat is "locked up," her patched and tarred sides dipping and rising into the bar of sunlight that streams through a wide cranny in the overhanging foliage.

"And dizzily out and in again,
It floats the length of its rusty chain."

Even when she is condemned and left to moulder, submerged, on the bottom of that pool, he watches her dim outlines, far down through the slowly passing current. Now his hopes cluster about the new boat being constructed by his father in the woodshed. But even there the stern order of "Keep away" chills and saddens him.

He studies the withes, pieces of bark, overlaps and ribs as the boat slowly takes form. He follows her, fascinated, and dancing his joy, as his big brother lifts it, bottom upward, gets under it, and goes off toward the river—only a swaying pair of straining legs to be seen under a long, gigantic, sky-pointing hat! How easily that canoe is launched. How lightly she floats. And what a puzzle the whole family struggles with in finding a name good enough for her.

Trivial incidents, but vital to that boy; for they make

life precious to him, and stimulate and form tastes and longings that will sway him during his whole life.

Reaching manhood and toil in the whirligig world, his rebellion and longing for escape to the river and a boat will dominate and direct him. He plans a long cruising trip. He studies designs for his little boat, and cons pictures and notes prices furnished by several canoe dealers, talks of the boats which have greatest strength, durability, lightness, tightness, speed and easy paddling and storage room. Cedar skin and ribs, varnished, canvas covering, shellac finish, all well ironed, with a final coat of waterproof green paint or yellow staining! Light planking, shapely thwarts and inside gunwales of "natural wood," copper-tipped paddles, cane seats and well tufted, hair-filled lazy-backs—how he talks and dreams of these details of his craft. He tells of smooth finish, carvel construction, blind caulking, inwales, mast, sails, stay-booms and anchors, meanwhile consulting railroad time-tables, overhauling old clothes, and dodging into shops where tiny tents and cooking utensils are sold. Half the enjoyment is in these incidents of anticipation and "getting ready." He consults with the former miss of the school-house, now his wife, about skillet and tiny kettles, tin plates and cups, rough knives, forks and spoons. He gets one or two water-tight bags to hold "supplies," and fills

Maker." But occasional visits only to scenes of greatest natural beauty will bring these best results most quickly. "We should not always be with nature in her redundant, ceaseless loveliness, else the faculties will be paralyzed by the abundance, and cease to be capable of excitement and best perception. Too much and lasting beauty deadens the senses, for we know little except by contrast." And we should take advantage of that feeling "natural to the human heart, of fixing itself in hope quite as much as in present possession; so subtle is the charm which the imagination casts over what is distant or denied." Besides, the sportsman finds a great happiness in the longing, soon to be satisfied, as he lists his articles needed for the river outing. This is especially true as he handles the paddle beside the canoe in his city home. What revelations the two will bring to him; what nooks it will make accessible, what new meanings his sight will bear to him as all spring and summer are abroad in the world, the life of sunlight upon it with its woods and pacing brooks, kind winds and rains, billows of mountains, and knobs of hills.

And now the voyage closes. Down through the Benekill at the Gap for the last time this year, through the rapids just below, past the islands and into the deep, still water over which tower Mounts Minsi and Tammany. The bow touches the Pennsylvania shore at the ferry

codfish put their heads out of the water to within half an inch or less of their gills, and took the food with a joyful but ill-bred gulp. If the fisherman threw the food far out, the race was to the swift; if he handed it by the edge, the battle was to the strong. There were codfish, haddock and other rovers of the sea, all thriving, fat and happy. They took no notice of us, simply because we showed no anxiety to handle their food, but they were in no way disturbed by our presence or scrutiny. The cod were, perhaps, the boldest; the haddocks, being smaller and less able to thrive in the struggle for existence, swam at the back of their companions and took their chance when food was thrown well beyond the edge. Then they raced, swallowed it, and returned to their accustomed place with a melancholy air apparently intended to deceive the codfish, who might be able to make life unpleasant for them did they so desire. For half an hour we watched these curious fish, until the basket was empty and the fish were tired of swimming to the edge of the water, and saying, through the medium of the gasping noise I have referred to: "We have not had half enough." If some ichthyologist would do for these fish what Professor Garner has done for apes, I am sure that our knowledge would be greatly increased. As no professor was at hand, I turned to the laconic fisherman. "They are a remarkable family," I said encouragingly. "Ah!" he replied, in the tone of a man who has heard a remark before; and then added: "I'm told Barnum's got tame seals." In a moment I realized why the worthy fisherman looked so sad. Barnum and Bailey had been at Stranraer on the previous day, and all the countryside for miles round had been to the greatest noise—I mean, greatest show—on earth. When the quiet lives of the country folk suffer from such an excitement as a circus, there is a violent upheaval of the regular mode of life, and for days it is difficult to settle down into the old routine. The custodian of the tame fish had seen clowns and elephants, and bearded ladies and riders of the haute école, and other strange animals after their kind; he had heard more noise in an hour than he is accustomed to hear in a year; and now all the pageantry had passed, his life, so flamboyant for a few brief hours, had resumed its drab monotony.

Carefully restraining my own feelings about Barnum and Bailey in particular, and all circuses in general, I led the fisherman to talk of the performing seals, and punctuated his discourse with notes of exclamation and admiration, until he came out of his shell and readily told me the history of the pool and its inhabitants.

He pointed out some writing on the stone wall facing the steps. It was the record of a bygone Laird of Logan, who had the pool hollowed in the rock one hundred years ago. There was a natural depression in those days, of which the builder took advantage, and a long period of hard work had made the place as it is to-day. On one side, as I have said, there is access for the rising tide, and as the outlet is cross-barred, the fish cannot escape with the ebb of the waters. There is no need to suppose they would escape if they could. If several generations of the family have passed, the fish have not survived them; the present inhabitants have only been in the pool for a few years. Now and again, at long intervals, the tide does not reach the pool, and the fish mope and die; in seasons of storm it rises far above the ordinary level; the steps have been submerged, and the water has come within a short distance of the cottage level, and then the fish suffer; but the weather that affects the fish pond comes rarely, and the captives live long. The fisherman told me that to the best of his knowledge there have always been one or two tame fish in the water, and they have helped to tame the newcomers. In addition to being an attraction, the pond serves as a store at times, when fish is desirable and the storms forbid fishermen to leave the shore. When it needs replenishing, the fishermen go out and cast their nets. A tank in one of the boats serves to bring the newly caught fish safely to shore, and they are carried to the pool. The taming is not an easy matter. For more than a year the captives are wild and sullen; some do not thrive at all. However, time works wonders; and as visitors must be few and far between, it is hardly surprising to learn that the example of the tame fish is slowly followed, and the wild ones learn to respond to the whistle of the fisherman when he comes down the stone steps carrying provisions. The most curious and incredible action is the rising from the water. That the fish should come to the edge of the pool is not surprising; but until one has seen them, it is hard to believe that they raise themselves right out of the water and snap at the food like half-trained dogs.

From what the fisherman said, I am disposed to believe that only the thick-gilled fish can thrive there, and only these would try to get out of the water to reach their food. The angler knows that a carp taken from the water will live much longer than a trout, that herrings and mackerel die quickly after leaving the water, while eels and cod remain alive for some time. It is likely that these gilled and gregarious fish would not live in the fish pond; while the sturdy species, that travel singly and can remain out of water for some little time, would live and be tamed.

The fisherman's duties are not quite in the nature of a sinecure. To be sure, the ebb and flow of the tide make cleaning operations unnecessary; but the food supply must be constant, and entails a long search over the rocks for mussels, limpets, whelks and other things whose apparent justification for existence is to be found in the favor with which fish regard them. If, as is likely, the extremely cold weather freezes the pool, and the fisherman in charge has to serve it as a decoyman serves his pipes and pond, then the winter at the fish pond must make up in hard labor for what it lacks in variety.

In the summer the fish pond attracts a large number of visitors, considering the extreme remoteness of the place from all large towns, while winter and summer alike it may be seen without fee. The fish do not appear to quarrel, though the newcomers keep as far away as they can from the oldest inhabitants; the big ones do not prey upon the rest, a fact that the regular



THE BENEKILL.
Courtesy of Mr. Joseph H. Graves.

a couple of small bottles with matches and corks them tightly. Then he overhauls rods, reels, lines, leaders and flies, and gets interested in little sleeping mattresses and blankets, cigars, a pocket knife and small hatchet, and a camera. Then he "assembles" his purchases in his den or bedroom, for they are too precious to be left in the kitchen. And he wakes in early morning to find his dream they have been destroyed or burned *was* a dream, and looks and gloats over them as he counts the slow days. He develops interest in personal purchases of sugar, bacon, a ham, beans, and a few cans of fruits. And he puts all these belongings on the drape under his own eye, to make sure nothing is missing. His "women folks" say good-by to him; or maybe his wife braves the coming "hardships" and goes with him, to be astonished, as she is queen of his river camp, to find herself saying that she is having the best time of her life. The two did not enjoy themselves so well even when they were off on that wedding trip, ten years ago. What fun it is to pitch the little tent, hang up the skillet, fix the crotches for holding the suspended kettle and coffee pot over the back log of the camp-fire. How charming the island studded with solemn pines, and how surprisingly good the shelter of the tent.

Then begins the real nature-study—endless and bewildering earth-scrolls and sky-scrolls, infinitely varying music and color. There are thunder-storms to dodge, rapids to shun or brave as they are "shot," fish to catch, pictures to take, meals to be cooked and eaten, dishes to wash, wood to gather, camp-fires to kindle, replenish, watch and love, faces and hands to cover with sunburn and then with tan, every square inch of which is prized.

He has some side trip too difficult or transient for his wife to accompany him, and sleeps under the canoe, gets wet and dries his clothes "on him" in the warm air. They get a personal acquaintance with all manner of native wild birds and animals, studying them through the pair of opera glasses; and storing up a great surplus of health and courage. The all too swiftly passing days are counted as a miser does his dollars. Finally they live the outing over again in town after the "things" are stored for next year's outing, and as they develop and show the photographs. Blessed days of sport, glad nights of real sleep, tired in the body and not in the head. What appetites they bring back with them! And often publications like FOREST AND STREAM will contain attempts to tell others of those joys, although the writer, if sincere, will always lament the inability to shake off self-consciousness, and its consequent attitude of special knowledge of nature, that blighting condition which taints even the poems of such men as Wordsworth, that made even Wagner say as he pointed to his already dug grave: "Even so great a man as I am must die," and that caused a world-famous artist to say before his easel in the heart of the Aude: "How fortunate for mankind that I see all this beauty and sublimity, else no one would have known of it."

Outings like those along the Delaware River charm especially on account of their novelty to the city canocist and camper. It is a piquant life, and certainly should exclude influences for evil, and bring delight in what is noble, refining and pure. This is of vital importance. "From cultivation of love of nature, not in levity and ignorance, but in earnestness and as a duty, will spring results of an importance at present inconceivable, and lights arise which for the first time in man's history will reveal to him the true nature of his life, the true field of his energies, and the true relation between him and his

landing, and this time the tent is not removed to be pitched. We leave the outfit to be loaded and carted to a storage room,

"and from the stream we turn away,
But hear it many an after day."

L. F. BROWN.

The Tame Fish of Logan.

From the Windsor Magazine.

WHEN a friend told me there was a fish pond in Scotland holding tame salt water fish that came half out of the water to be fed, I pretended to believe him, for my tendency is to be courteous to all men. I said no word to indicate a doubt, I did not even follow the example of the skeptical sacristan in one of the Ingoldsby Legends. Tame carp I have seen—at Versailles, in the grounds of the Penha Castle at Cintra, and elsewhere; sea-water fish, I thought, could only be domesticated in the sense that flying fish and dolphins or sharks may be deemed domesticated, because they follow ships. Moreover, travelers' tales are amusing. I could tell many a strange story of animals I have seen in far-off lands. I do not, because they are true tales and would not be believed. The fish story I set down in the category of travelers' tales, only thinking the tame fish should have been located in some less accessible spot than Galloway, for the sake of the story. Some months later than the telling of the tale, I was in Wigtonshire with my friend, and on a fine afternoon in early autumn, he said: "Shall we go to see the tame fish I told you about?" Not liking to take advantage of the man, I said that I would not press the matter, and then he began to see that I had certain doubts.

We left the village on our left and made our way to a small white cottage with outbuildings lying at the eastern point of the bay. A burly fisherman, whose red beard did not match his blue jersey, came out of the cottage and took our measure silently. Then he turned to the little door by the side of the cottage and briefly remarked: "This way." He had divided two words between the pair of us—not without an effort. The door opened suddenly on to a flight of stone steps leading to what looked like a well hewn out of the solid rock, with edges made smooth by the ebb and flow of countless tides. There was an opening low down on one side, through which the sea came and went, keeping the waters of the pool fresh and clean. The laconic fisherman took up a basket containing many unappetizing curios, doubtless dear to fish, but reminding me of the goods purveyed on barrows at street corners in the heart of a London slum on a Saturday night, when vendors, whom no careful man would touch with the far end of a forty-foot pole, persuade the proletariat to buy the dainties in "ha'porths" and "penn'orths," and mercifully disguise the flavor with strong pepper and vinegar. Our guide reached the lowest step, waved his basket, and whistled.

Never came trout to May fly so readily as a score of unmistakable sea-fish came from all parts of the pool, scrambling and jostling against one another as though they had been playing football under association rules. They came to the edge of the step, and there they rested until their guardian took some of the nasty delicacies and offered them. Straightway certain of the

and sufficient supply of food for all may perhaps explain. Apparently no one of the owners of the fish pond has turned his curious possession to account for the purpose of studying the habits of sea-fish; it may be that many interesting discoveries would have been the outcome of sustained observation. I have endeavored to learn something about the habits of fish in every part of the world where sport has been obtainable, and particularly in the Mediterranean Sea, where very many and varied species of fish are to be found. Aristotle knew more than a hundred species of fish inhabiting the Aegean Sea, and he wrote more than 2,000 years ago. From whalers down to salmon poachers I have gone in search of fish lore, only to find that no man has learned more than is absolutely necessary for him to secure the best possible catch in the shortest possible time. It is reasonable to believe that more was known about fish three or four thousand years ago than is known to-day. I will put forward a single justification for this assertion. We all know that the Mosaic Code forbids the eating of certain fish—all, in fact, that lack fins and scales. Modern research has not done much in the study of ichthyology, but has demonstrated that the fish lacking fins and scales are the scavengers of the ocean, that they live upon its impurities. This, with many another truth whose value we are beginning tardily to recognize, was known to Moses and probably to the Egyptians. Observation must have been careful and prolonged, even though most traces of it are lost. It cannot be carried on with much success in an aquarium, for all the surroundings are artificial; in such a place as the Logan fish pond the ways of certain classes of fish could be studied at leisure.

The Logan Pond has served at least to show that fish can be kept in a half wild condition and can be trained to an extent that permits sustained observation. A fish pond established in some spot equally quiet, and withal more readily accessible, would give a valuable chance to ichthyologists. There would be no difficulty about keeping it stocked and supplied with food; and so long as the tide had free and regular ingress and egress, the fish would remain in their natural state. Every species of strong, thick-gilled fish could be studied in turn, and the result of putting one class with another accurately noted. The great difficulty hitherto attendant upon research has been the inability of pelagic fishes to endure any change of water. Sea-water may be the same to the taste all the world over; fish know the difference and are exceedingly sensitive to it. Such a pond would not be of great scientific value, since it would deal with very few of the innumerable varieties of fish, and would leave many classes quite untouched; but it would avail to add largely to our general knowledge. If ponds could be established in the five great zones that embrace the varied classes of fish we know something about—say, for example, in the Behring Straits, the Mediterranean, the South Sea Islands, Tasmania, and the Falkland Islands, the results of careful observation would probably repay the trouble and expense.

S. R. LEWISON.

The Brook Fever.

It occurs to me that the brook fever is both infectious and contagious, as well as a disease easily obtained by induction via the "fly" route. It is incurable, and lasts twelve months in the year. It reaches a magnificent type April 15 each year, and is only brought under control four months later, and even then the graceful rods and bewitching flies are often brought from cover in the den, when the lamp shades are endangered by the swishing in the air as it is related. My, oh, my, will I ever forget it? It was the third attempt, and this time successful. I got them placed just back of a big rock under the boughs of some overhanging willows where the water was swirling in every direction. They had just touched the water when he struck, and then the battle. He instantly broke water—the rushes, the plunges, my fear that I should lose him, the limited space to work him through, my backward plunge, the slippery rocks, the rushing water, my strained leader, the victory, the reaction! "My dear, won't you ventilate this room? It seems insufferably warm here." "Well, it's just twelve weeks from next Tuesday that the trout fishing season opens, and I'm just wondering if the moths have gotten into my flies."

Is this imaginary—is it real? Look back through those precious glades of life where best we love to tread; go over the incidents most inclined to hit your nature in its most tender spots; dig into the cavities of almost forgotten time, only to find that the unwritten history of your life's pleasures should be called "my days with rod and flies;" and envy only the man who has made more casts than you have.

It was Friday, June 27, that I met Mr. Robert B. Lawrence at Broadway and Chambers street, New York, and told him I was leaving for Sullivan county, New York, trout fishing, the following Monday; that Mr. Russell W. Woodward, of Elizabeth, N. J., was at De Bruce, and was writing me of good conditions for sport, and I asked him to go along. He flushed with the fever, hit his pipe a few extra puffs, and said, "I'll go." The meeting for the train was arranged.

On Monday morning, the 29th, it rained as it never had rained before. I could see nothing but flooded streams and disappointment, and abandoned my part of the journey until further notice. Not so with this man of grit and go, this veteran of the rod, this angler that knows how. He waded West street ankle-deep to the ferry and went alone. That unquenchable fire was not to be put out by cloud bursts; that six feet of bone and muscle was not to be daunted by floods. I followed twenty-four hours later, and found my friends behind their pipes, weary but untamed.

The following morning we fished the Mongaup with indifferent success, but willingly. A pretty line of shades and sunbeams seemed to always beckon us on. Then, too, we had in view one Christopher Whipple, who a few years ago dammed off a stream and made a trout pond; this pond is open to the public for anglers who will pay 50 cents per pound for all trout taken there; a great many

dollar trout have been taken, and we have every reason to believe that many more expensive ones remain. We, however, didn't need our pocketbooks. Mr. Lawrence whipped it unmercifully at noon; I thrashed it at five P. M., and Mr. Woodward and I "wormed" it from seven till eight. Often as "the shades of night" intensified the mirror-like appearance of the pond, a big fellow would rise and plunge near us like the drowning of a dog. "So near and yet so far." We moved our boat, made of three boards; then would come a plunge where we had been, and a thousand frogs made merry over our disappointment. We pushed ashore as darkness settled over us with a boat full of tired folks and regrets and a few angle worms, but no fish. Only a few evenings before eight trout that weighed eight pounds had been taken there. Such is the perverseness of things.

Mr. Lawrence's duties called him home that night. Thursday morning Mr. Woodward determined that he would lay up for repairs and take plenty of time for packing up while I fished the Willowemoc, it being our intention to leave for home at 3:30 P. M.

Mr. Royce, of the Hearthstone Inn, sent me to the little hamlet of Willowemoc, three miles from the inn, with instructions to fish the stream down to the next bridge below, a distance of about two miles, believing I would reach there between twelve and one o'clock, when his team would meet me and carry me in to dinner and give me time to pack for the journey home. Surely an arrangement very much to my liking, excepting the fact that my day should be cut so in two.

The pretty spots on the first trout that I ever caught are still bright and distinct in my memory, and always will be, intensified, perhaps, by those taken since; yet each seem different, brightening moods diversifying the time and place, changing somewhat conditions, yet always beautiful; sometimes the day is pleasanter or the brook more bewitching, the water clearer, the shades more brightening to be sure, yet always and under all conditions the speckled little fellows are fascinating. So it was when I waded to the center of the Willowemoc that perfect morning only ten days ago.

This stream is quite different from others that I have fished; it is wider, the waters are more uniformly of one depth, the banks are green with scrub willows, with very few overhanging boughs, with an average of twenty to thirty feet in width, laughing waters of gold and silver framed in green velvet.

At eight o'clock with a "good luck" and "I'll be at the bridge at one," my driver left me. I adjusted my flies, weighted them by immersion and started drawing on my surplus of line, and sending it through the guides, using the shallowest and fastest water for this purpose. The third cast is successfully made with twenty feet of active line and leader and drawn along at a goodly pace, when, with a rush from somewhere in those ripples, a trout darts, and, with an accuracy and speed predestined to carry them through falls and up rapids with a velocity almost beyond our imagination, catches my plain little coachman. My surprise is so great and feelings intense that I'm most carried off my feet, only balancing myself perfectly when that seven-inch trout strikes the water thirty feet back of me. I don't question that trout's dexterity in the water, but I'll warrant his aerial flight broke all former records. Of course he got away, and I have often wondered what sort of a fly he thought it was that caught him and jarred him so, and if he hasn't grown suspicious of all kinds of flies since.

My limped leader and flies drift down to my boots, and tangle themselves in disgust around my staff, while I examine the spot more carefully where that trout broke, and again where he run. It is said that there are times in all our lives when "we wish to be alone." Washington was known to wade through the snow into the woods while at Valley Forge to kneel and pray; and at the battle of Monmouth it is said a lone apple tree received his opinion of Lee.

Boxers and trout fishermen should be endowed with quick recovery, allowing chagrin only to arm them with firmer steps and surer impulses. With the angler, however, the battle is not to the strongest, but to the gentlest. My touch was anything but gentle; that seven-inch trout looked a yard long as it passed before my gaze. The fever, however, was on, and it was with a far more measured sweep of the forearm that I put those flies in motion; with a gentle motion they skimmed along that broken surface of water, with only the wrist muscles in play, when my queen-of-the-water was grabbed by one of those innocent and unsuspecting trout. The fish was coaxingly nursed along through the rapids to my landing net, and flavored my creel. It was then that I wanted company. One hates to get "chesty" and not be where someone else cannot hear the strain on one's braces. Thus we must sometimes suffer alone, and, worse still, in silence.

All of this time I had stood in the one place and thanked heaven I had two solid miles of trout ahead of me, and began blaming myself for carrying only a twelve-inch creel. What would I do with the surplus? Time would tell. I cast by the margin of the stream and again nearer the center, and on across to the other side. Then moved my staff (a young tree) and myself just ten paces (and seven slides) down stream. The margin is reached for and so are my flies. I take one trout and one trout takes one of my flies. I put on another one and have three "nips" while "combing" across that brook. Again I move forward and secure a rise and a fall. Both hold good; the trout to the hook and me to the staff; the trout got the worst of it. Expectancy, thou tyrant, thou leadest me over slippery ways. I see a ripple ahead; I cast near it and feel a jerk; the suddenly loosened flies cast a tiny shadow as they go sailing backward through the air, urged on by the graceful contortions of my rod.

I shall ever be thankful to those who are responsible for my being here that in the days of extreme youth I was allowed to be left handed, because later in life the right hand asserted itself in a firm desire to do half my work, and still performs that duty. In fly-casting I always have a reserve battery and work as near as I can from the middle of the stream and need less rest than my less awkward friends. Yet there came a time on this memorable day when a few more arms would have come in handy. I was having too many rises to rest. My weariness I could only attribute to a bunch of years with none missing. I sat on a rock and lighted my pipe while

my flies drifted away. But there was no peace; a fool trout grabbed one of those flies and held on, and I took him in, and then waded on, my rod moving slower and the burden on my staff increasing. I grew hungry, something very unusual while hunting or fishing; Indian fashion I tighten my belt, get down and drink from the brook, but continue to keep those flies going, each ripple looking more likely, each pool more certain; all of them producing life, each of them proclaiming animation, with now and again a fish for my creel.

My watch had been left at the hotel (it isn't waterproof); I looked at the sun; it told me nothing, except of its warmth. I looked ahead for our meeting place, the bridge, and plunged on, only I found myself changing hands from necessity not from location; I stumble to a grassy bank and sit down, reload my pipe, take another reef in my belt, fill the remaining space in me with water, and settle back on my elbow to dream, become conscious of something behind me, twist around just in time to see a snake uncoiling to make more room for me, swing my staff over my head and put him *hors de combat*, with that creepy sensation that comes to us all in the presence of mother Eve's enemy dead or alive. I move on, casting from the bank. Catch a trout and sit down and begin to count my misspent years, those that we would remodel if we could, and introduce them into the present time, bringing vigor and strength to our middle life. To only fish from four to five hours and play out this way was saddening and disquieting. A creaking rod will not stand the strain. I again take to the stream with the avowed purpose of pushing forward with each cast and resting at the bridge until my driver should come. My twenty trout were weighing thirty pounds and my creel was so in the way that it seemed like a two-footer. Yet with each rise it would assume its natural proportions.

As I came to the bridge, a short while after Mr. Woodward and the driver arrived, it occurred to me what a timely meeting. Mr. Woodward asked me if I "had just arrived there." I assured him that I had, and that I didn't know just what part of me would fall apart first. He then wanted to know "if I was going home to-day." I told him I certainly was, and wanted a sleeping car; then he asked me "if I knew what time it was." To which I replied, "I suppose about one o'clock." He laughingly showed me his watch. It was just five minutes of five. My misspent years instantly dimmed in their importance, and my time of life seemed but natural. For nine solid hours I had fished that stream, thoroughly unconscious of the passing of time. This is the brook fever. My driver had called at one and again at three, and in both instances reported me missing. Mr. Woodward, in his anxiety, came for the purpose of searching the stream. I assured him that I had done that.

T. E. BATTEN.

Nebraska July Fishing.

This is July and the Elkhorn's bottom is dense with full-grown leafage. The early summer flowers are rapidly hiding their bright faces, and the clover, the herdsgrass, and the oxeyed daisy, as well as the rye and the wheat, are falling before the mower. The broad pastures have begun to catch the color of the sun and the growing corn rustles its great green swords in tune with the passing wind. The Elkhorn has fallen to a mere rivulet, and instead of the raucous clamor it kept up all through May and June, the channel cat fisher now only hears a subdued whimper. The killdeer tilts languidly along the wet places just as if her babies were not scurrying in among the tussocks and into the cattle tracks as you advance her way. The buzzard winds round and round in the cool airs beneath the blue dome, above the sheep pasture all the day long. A few more nights and the upland plover's silvery tinkle will fall from the starry skies, and once more the gunner will rejoice, though but briefly. He is poor when he first comes in, but a few days' diet on our fat grasshoppers and he is incased in rolls of fat that even depreciate his gastronomic attractiveness. He lingers here for all too short a time. With the first intimation of cool mornings and evenings he will spread his abnormally long pointed wings, and, with that far reaching and ever thrilling "tur-wheelie! tur-wheelie!" will sail away for the sunny plateaus of New Mexico and Texas. But ere he does I will at least spend one day with him. Then let him go, I say, to offer his best to other sportsmen not so well favored as we. Won't we soon have chicken and quail, and geese and ducks, and jack snipe, too, in myriads and hordes, and can't we put in our time while we are waiting for them quarreling with the black bass and croppie under the umbrageous cottonwoods and maples? Isn't it better to tap the cool veins of bass or pike, pickerel or sunfish, these burning dog days, than the hot arteries of rankly fat plover and fledgling doves?

Get out your fishing box and corduroys and hie yourself up to fair Washington's charming shores; Pat Sheehan at the Red Squirrel's Nest will treat you, just right, and then, when the days begin to shorten in earnest, and that master of the brush, Jack Frost, begins to dab the sumach leaves with blood, and the maples with topaz and scarlet, get down your Parker and look it over for days on the yellowing marsh and mouldering field.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

JULY, 1903.

Mrs. Burger's Big Fish.

RANGELEY LAKES, Me., July 8.—The biggest catch of the season occurred to-day in the waters of the Mooselookmegantic Lake, the largest of the chain of the Rangeley lakes, and to the chagrin of all the male fishermen it was accomplished by a woman. Mrs. Henry P. Burger, of New York, caught within half an hour the two biggest land-locked salmon taken out this season, each of them tipping the scales at 8 pounds, and landed them without aid or guide.

W. E. PACKARD.

Mixed Metaphors.

A minister, winding up a special meeting, said in his prayer: "And if any spark of grace has been kindled by these exercises, we pray Thee water that spark!" And this recalls the remark made by another minister at a welcome service: "And with the new pastor at the helm, the church will soon occupy the ground."—Richmond, Va., Religious Herald.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Western Salmon Anglers.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 10.—Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, is just back from his annual trip to the Cascapedia and reports rather an unsuccessful season thus far, his personal advice being as below:

"Tom Harvey, Billy Jr. and I returned from the Cascapedia last Thursday afternoon. We had 14 days on the river and did not do very well. We took seven salmon among us, the largest being 39 lbs. We got a few large trout also; I got one weighing 5½ lbs. and another 3½ and Billy, my 14 year old son, took one weighing 4½ lbs. on a little 6-ounce rod with a small fly. The fish put up a splendid fight and the youngster handled it like an expert. Mr. Harvey also took a 4½-pounder.

"Nearly every river was in the dumps for salmon fishing this year; I did not hear of any one who really thought they had big luck. Mr. R. W. Paterson of New York who is joint owner with me in the fishing on the Cascapedia got down there early. I did not arrive until the 15th so he had been there two weeks before and took 20 fish up to the time of our arrival. He took 7 while we were there, making 34 taken from our waters this year. There possibly was an early run of fish that went up on the spring freshet the last of May, but there was no intermediate run that we usually get the first two weeks of June. By the time we arrived, the water was so low and clear, it was very hard to get a rise and there were very few fish in the river. But the last week of June a good many fish came in; we could see ten or twelve in the pools and nearly every pool has fish, but it was out of the question to get them to take the fly. We fished early and we fished late; we fished with a small line and a fine fly and did everything we knew of to coax them, but it was no use.

"The sea trout were also late in coming and it was counted a poor year all the way through. The natives said there were large numbers of sea trout going down the river in the early spring on their way to the sea but they were lean, thin and nearly all head. The few we met on their pilgrimage up stream the week we came away were great, fat, lusty fellows.

"Waldo Avery and his friend, Keena, of Detroit, rented the Barnes waters for July on the Cascapedia. Avery is always lucky. The day he arrived a big rain storm came in, something we had waited two weeks for and did not get a drop. The river rose and the salmon began to take, so his wife took one and he two on the day following the rain. Keena had four trout weighing 17 lbs. They were certainly in luck.

"Walls Humphrey of this city got home yesterday. He has had two weeks with Charlie Davis on the Little Pabos and they took 32 salmon. The salmon there, though, run small. They reported excellent trout fishing as well but had to limit themselves owing to their inability to do anything with their fish. Mr. Tanner of this city has now gone to join Mr. Davis, who will remain two weeks longer."

Western Trout Fishers.

The party of Chicago anglers, as finally made up for the Grand Rapids trip, consists of Messrs. Peet, Smith, Church, Chadwick, Letterman, Brown and Hascall, of Chicago, who left by boat Thursday night for Holland, Michigan. These gentlemen were to have spent to-day, Friday, in Grand Rapids, and should leave to-night for a short camping trip which will undoubtedly be on the Pine River, and not upon the Pere Marquette, as was the original intention. They will be accompanied by Mr. John Waddell, of Grand Rapids, and by Mr. Avery, the well-known railroad man of that city. The Pine River is reported to be in fairly good condition at this writing and there should be offered at least some morning and evening fishing, although the season is now well advanced and the days have of late been exceptionally warm. One or two graylings have been taken in the Pine this summer.

Members of Kinne Creek Club of Wingleton, Mich., most of whom are residents of Saginaw and Detroit, have had better luck than usual on their recent trips to the club stream, and have taken numbers of fine fish.

The Pine of Wisconsin.

Every district in the Rocky Mountains has an "Old Baldy" mountain and every western State has a "Pine River." The Pine River of Wisconsin is indeed somewhat multifold. I have often mentioned the Pine River of Waushara county, which is preserved by Mr. B. K. Miller, of Milwaukee. On the Fourth of July Mr. Miller, his associate, Mr. John D. McLeod, and myself, took a turn at this beautiful little river. The weather was very hot and the three rods in two days, after hard work, took only 98 fish. Among these were several beautiful specimens for this part of the world. On the last evening's fishing Mr. McLeod, using a No. 6 professor, killed five trout, any one of which would have gone over a pound. Mr. Miller had one or two specimens of similar weights. The fishing was extremely difficult. The trout are numerous, but at this time of the year in this clear water they become very shy, so that one needs to strike as soon as he sees the movement of a fish in the water. Mr. McLeod stuck to the professor. Mr. Miller found coachman as his best steady fly.

How to Cure a Poacher.

The most persistent poacher on the Pine River is a Danish woman, wife of a neighboring farmer, who does not speak English, but who delights in night fishing for trout. She has worn nearly bare a big place on the grassy front of one of the best trout pools on the stream, and nothing that William Wood, the keeper, could say to her has thus far served to teach her to mend her ways. Had it been a man the matter would have been simple for the husky William, but it being a woman his natural sense of gallantry gave the situation additional difficulty. Under these circumstances, he sent down to Mr. Miller for a dark lantern, and last week, one dark night, he crept up to the clump of trees near which the old lady does most of her fishing. She was there as usual. William turned the

light of the dark lantern full upon her and for the time thought he would have to do some life saving, as she came near jumping into the creek. Gathering her skirts about her and abandoning her fishing rod, she started home on a gallop. William did not disclose himself, but kept the full light of the bullseye turned upon her as she crossed the bridge and headed over the meadow. The next day there were rumors in all the countryside to the effect that a luminous-eyed ghost was walking the Pine and that it was no longer safe for a lady to catch a few trout for breakfast, even on the darkest night.

Wrinkles.

The prettiest fly book I ever saw was that made for Mr. B. K. Miller by Mr. McLeod, whom I have often mentioned as a very successful amateur artist in fly fishing material. Mr. Miller's fly book is so arranged that all the leaves are easily detachable and can be spread out on a table like a map, although when in place and bound by the metal clip at the back, which constitutes the main feature of this book, the fly book as a whole is square, solid and durable. On the leather surface of the front and back of this book Mr. McLeod has engraved, very skillfully, diagrams of the most useful knots used by anglers in fly fishing, so that he who runs may be able to read. All the book is the product of his own labor and is so beautifully and artistically done that it is very much worth mention.

The adherents of the Woodpile school ("The Woodpile" being the name of Mr. Miller's fishing lodge on the Pine River), are at present gone over to the cult of the detachable butt piece for fly rods. Mr. Miller, when ordering his last fly rod, instructed the builder to make it in three pieces, the middle and top joints and the short butt piece, into which the second joint fits by means of a long and strong ferule. He became converted to this notion through his friend, Mr. McLeod, who altered a six-ounce Leonard fly rod to these dimensions not long ago. Mr. McLeod also changed his own pet fly rod to this style and has built butts for several of his friends. The beauty of it is that one may have three or four rods, that is to say, the middle piece and tips of so many rods, all carried in a screwtop piece of bicycle tubing, water proof, wagon proof and boat proof. To handle so many rods he needs but one or at the outside two of these detachable butts. The butt is short enough to carry in a valise. The hang of the rod is not altered in any way, and these gentlemen and their friends at least believe that this is the only true theory of rod equipment.

Divers other Western anglers are rapidly swinging to the notion that the day of the snelled fly is short and soon to come to an end. The eyed hook is having a great boom in this part of the world at present. There are many things in its favor, and not a few against the snelled hook of our fathers. The main trouble with the latter is that it is apt to snap off at the head of the hook. Another great detriment is that one can hardly buy two sets of hooks mounted on the same thickness of gut, or the same color. When one looks through his book of snelled flies he finds all sorts and conditions, and rarely any fly so mounted that it matches perfectly with the leader which he purposes to use. With the eyed hook one can build his leader to suit himself and so insure uniformity in his scheme. If there be anything different in the color or thickness of gut then certainly there is something desirable in having one's leader, clear down to the head of his fly, of the same color and general appearance. It is a little more troublesome to attach eyed flies in ordinary fishing, but this is something to which one soon becomes used, and it tends toward that very desirable form of sport, fishing with the single fly, which is neater, cleaner and perhaps fully as deadly as using two or more flies on the cast. The single fly and the eyed fly are both coming into very rapid favor here.

The Bass Anglers.

A party, between 20 or 30 in number, left for Bass Lake, Ind., to-day, taking advantage of a good excursion rate. This lake was formerly known as Cedar Lake, but the name conflicted with Cedar Lake on the Monon, and was changed to Bass Lake. The fish have been rising well there for a week or so, mostly in the evening.

The Lauderdale chain of Wisconsin reports good bass catches this week, fog in the evening being the key thereto.

For the Coast.

Dr. R. B. Miller starts to-day for a long trip in California and Washington, rainbow trout being his reason therefor.

Tip for Trout.

The mouth of the Batchewan River, via Laurel, from Sault Ste. Marie, is a good trip for big brook trout. Mr. Marriott, of the Park Hotel, at the Soo, will make proper camping arrangements. One party just in showed a dozen trout, 3 lbs. up to 4½, and the sport is thought to be fine.

E. HOUGH.

The Crescent Moon.

AMONG the various things which children ought to learn is the art of seeing. It is astonishing how much we see without really being able to report what we have seen. We are very familiar with objects and scenes which we recognize when they come again under our eye, but which we could not describe when they are out of sight. Let me illustrate by reference to one of the most familiar of all sights—the phases of the moon. I have often taken pains to inquire of young children, say, of 10 years of age, what they have observed about the moon, with the result that, while they have noticed that it changes its apparent form, they not only could not explain the cause of the change, but never even had had the question, why the changes take place, suggested to their minds. And, not only that, but they will seldom be found to have noticed any law in the changes. If asked, for example, at what time of the day, and in what part of the sky the new

moon is to be seen, they will seldom, if ever, be able to tell. If the new moon should suddenly begin to appear at evening in the east, and the full moon in the west, I venture to conjecture that few children would think that anything strange had happened. And I should not wonder if it should in such a case turn out that a very large proportion of adults also would fail to observe the miracle.

More particularly, how many, whether children or adults, could tell, except when they are looking at it, what position the horns of the crescent moon hold with reference to the sun or to the earth's horizon? Here again I venture to guess that, if, from now on, the concave side of the crescent should be directed toward the sun, the great majority of men would never notice the abnormality, unless their attention were called to it by the more intelligent observers. If this seems to any one a questionable suspicion, I may fortify my opinion by the fact that even many artists have actually represented the new moon as standing in this impossible fashion. And artists surely, of all men, should be those who accurately observe the things which they try to reproduce on the canvas. Not to indulge merely in generalities, I may remark that in the large window of the new Old South Church in Boston, in the picture of the Nativity, may be seen the new moon with its horns pointing downward. This is bad enough in itself; but this is not all that is questionable respecting the phenomena. For doubtless the artist meant to represent the song of the angels as taking place by night, probably about midnight; certainly not during the evening twilight. But at midnight no new moon was ever yet seen; and what motive can the artist have had for introducing such an impossibility into a work of art, whose only legitimate object can be to represent what has been, or might have been, a fact? Doubtless he had no idea that it was an impossibility, and had never observed that the new moon is seen only in the evening, and is never seen with its convex side turned away from the sun. If there is any comfort to be derived from having distinguished companions in his ignorance, the artist can get it by learning that even Walter Scott shared it; for in his "Bridal of Triermain" (canto III., stanza V.) he says:

And now the moon her orb has hid,
And dwindled to a silver thread;
Dim seen in middle heaven;
While o'er its curve careering fast,
Before the fury of the blast,
The midnight clouds are driven.

This is said, it is true, not of the new moon, but of the old moon, after it has "dwindled" from a "full orb" to a "silver thread." But the blunder is essentially the same; for the old moon, when it has dwindled to this extent, can be seen distinctly only in the early morning before sunrise, not at midnight. It is to be found "in middle heaven" only a little before midday. It cannot be supposed that Scott is here indulging in poetic license; there is no poetic gain in thus distorting the facts of nature. Minute and accurate as he was in his observation in general, we must assume that in this case he was misled by "ignorance, pure ignorance." Should an apologist of the artist of the Old South picture imagine that he intended to represent the angelic song as sung in the morning twilight, when the old moon might have been seen in its slender form, it can only be said that this suggestion, improbable in itself, still does not justify making the horns point downward—a representation as needlessly false to fact as it would be to picture the sun as square instead of round.—C. M. Mead in Springfield Republican.

The Everglades.

Florida Letter in Chicago Advance.

As you look out over the everglades there is no limit but the horizon. They stretch from ocean to gulf. There are 4,000 square miles of them. In every direction they seem the same open spaces filled with sawgrass or pools of water, clumps of small trees; more sawgrass, more water, more clumps of trees—hammocks they call them. Thus they spread, so I am told, from ocean to gulf, and from the great Lake Okeechobee down to the tip end of the State. The everglades are one of nature's peculiar experiments in Florida—for there was much experimenting here countless ages before men and women from the North began to scatter superfluous wealth in this direction. In those ages when nature was long on time, it had an old sea where the everglades now are, and for some reason it tired of the old thing and concluded to fill it up and make something else. So it turned to and dumped into it all the refuse of the watersheds or tablelands further north, the drift, alluvium, sand, leaves, logs, grass, muck, faded lilies, worn-out alligators, frogs, etc. And this filling up process was possible, because of the peculiar formation of the basin. Set a saucer on a table and consider the east side of the saucer the Atlantic Ocean and the west side the Gulf of Mexico, and you will have a figure of the old basin which was turned into the everglades. The bottom is higher than the surface of the ocean and the gulf, and the rim of the saucer, which is composed of coralline limestone, kept the water within until the flood of deposits coming from the higher land of the great lake region of the State filled it up and forced it over the sides. In seeking outlets the overflowing water made such rivers as the Miami, Snook, Arch, Shark, and others.

Instead, therefore, of being a very low swamp, the everglades are some 15 or 20 feet higher than the Atlantic. This feature makes drainage quite possible. It is a matter of money, and the Government seems to be aching to put a lot of money into ditches. Once drained there would be lands there with the richest soil this side of Egypt, lands which would produce vast crops of sugar and early vegetables for all northern markets. It was during the first days of March that I visited the fields which have been reclaimed by drainage, and I found sweet corn in ear and tomatoes and other vegetables ripe. Of the 3,000,000 acres of land covered by the everglades, it is thought that at least one-third might readily be turned into the most valuable of farms.

The only people now in the everglades are the Seminoles.

Indians; and they are there for the same reason that wild deer are in the deepest recess of the forest, because they have been hunted to their last hole—a sadly significant reminder of the way in which the white man has borne his burden. The official who was sent among these Seminoles to take the census three years ago found only 339 persons. But Bishop Gray, who knows them better, perhaps, than any other man in Florida, tells me that there are about 450 of them, and that they are increasing instead of decreasing, as is so commonly asserted. They live by trapping otter and other game; and alligator skins also bring them some money. But the Florida alligator is being hard pushed by white hunters, and even this scaly dependence is likely to be taken from the Seminole. Mr. Flagler also has it in mind to run a branch road over in to Big Cypress Swamp to tap that great cypress forest, and when this is done there will be more white man and less Indian. Already at the jumping off place, the Seminole will then be between "the devil and the deep sea." Above all things he seems to dread deportation to Indian Territory. However, as a last resort, he might take to civilization, roll up his sleeves, roll down his pantaloons, and go to work. But from this the older ones are averse, so the bishop says, and only the younger ones are accessible to religious teachers, or other civilizing influences.

The specimens of the tribe which I saw at Fort Lauderdale, a point which they often visit, were handsome, healthy looking men. Their ideas of dress are so peculiar that at first glance it is not easy to tell whether the person who stands before you is some new woman come to town, or some old man who has borrowed his wife's clothes to decorate the upper part of his body and left the lower limbs to the play of the breezes and the whisk of the mosquito's wing. But they are picturesque and interesting.

Fishing in Roger Williams Park.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fishing at the lake at Roger Williams Park opened on July 1, as was expected, but up to date nothing unusual in size has been caught. The largest pickerel so far is given at 3¾ pounds. I saw one caught which weighed over 6 pounds. An eel of 30 inches was caught July 4, but no angler envies anyone all the 30-inch eels he wants to catch.

The number of pounds allowed is as follows: One person, 8 pounds; two persons, 15 pounds; and three persons, 20 pounds; this refers to parties in boats.

This limit has been reached, but the fish, except as above stated, have all been of ordinary size.

No bass have been heard from yet, although they were planted there about eight years ago. (Bass fishermen wanted.)

White perch will probably be the best fishing to be had, and some nice ones of one pound and 1½ pounds have been caught, which is all right for this species.

The price of boats has been changed from 50 cents per hour to 25 cents per hour, and 25 cents per man in each boat, which is not unreasonable for good sport.

All kinds of tackle are used, from the birch and alder poles cut from nearby woods to the natural reed poles 16 feet long. (Imagine fishing from a boat with a pole 16 feet long!) Of course, the up-to-date angler is there with his light split bamboo rod and other tackle to match, but it is surprising how many "old time rod" men are to be found in this city where there are so many lakes and rivers of easy access by trolley and several first-class tackle stores where the right goods can be bought.

The writer will leave the amount required on deposit and give boat price for the privilege of fishing from the banks, as there is scarcely any part of this 100 acres of lakes where a bait-caster cannot reach the middle from land. The sport is growing more popular each day, and many ladies are availing themselves of the opportunity to fish here, while the open season is on, which will probably last till cold weather sets in. SELDOM.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

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SOME few weeks ago A. E. Levy, of 529 Broadway, went fishing down at the Fishing Banks. His luck was not exceptionally good, but when he reached home and the catch had been cleaned he found that he had broken the record. In the stomach of a cod was found a ten-dollar gold piece, with two diamonds set on one side and the initials "P. C. E." on the other. Mr. Levy was so amazed that he sent the story to the papers, and it was copied throughout the country. This he thought would be the end of it, and the matter slipped from his mind and was forgotten. But yesterday he received a letter from Patrick C. Evans, residing in Kansas, who claims the ten-dollar piece as his own, and Mr. Levy will surrender it to him. Mr. Evans in his letter tells the following story:

"I some days ago saw in a St. Louis paper an item about your catching a codfish which when you opened it gave up a ten-dollar gold piece, on one side of which was a couple of diamonds and on the other the letters 'P. C. E.' The coin is my property, Mr. Levy. The coin is valuable to me, for the following reason: I was fool enough about five years ago to go into a 'wildcat' gold mining scheme in Colorado. I paid the piper to the tune of about \$4,000 before I found out what I was up against. The only thing I got out of the enterprise was this same ten-dollar piece, which I borrowed from the president of the company, a man named Harris Colby, at Leadville, Col., having only a check in my pocket at the time, and being shy of ready money. As it happened, I did not change it, and the next day the mine busted up. So I said I would keep the coin as a warning to me not to be played as a sucker by any man or men who owned gold mines. Frank H. Wells, a jeweler, of Denver, Col., put two diamonds in the piece, and also put my initials on the date side, charging me \$30 for the job, and I guess the transaction is still on his books if you wish to verify my statement.

"I wore the coin some years, and it made good when-

ever I was tempted to go into some scheme that promised a bunch of money for next to nothing invested. I was in New York on May 4, and remained over for some time with friends. We went blackfishing in the lower bay, and I was hauling in a fish, when somehow or other the chain to which the coin was fastened got caught in the rigging of our sloop, which just then rolled, the chain snapped, and away went the coin. You can prove the truth of this if you will write me, when I will write and send you the addresses of witnesses of the accident. I will also give you references of good men here and in New York, who will vouch for my business and moral character. I am interested in the salt industry of this town, and have also mining and ranch interests."—New York Times, July 8.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures for 1903.

Members of race committee will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

America's Cup Races, Aug. 20 and alternate days.

JULY.

15. Eastern, cruise, Marblehead to Vineyard Haven.
16. Eastern, cruise, Vineyard Haven to Newport.
16. New York, fifty-eighth annual cruise, rendezvous Glen Cove.
17. Eastern, cruise, Newport to New London.
- 17-18. Pascagoula, Southern Gulf Coast Y. A., Pascagoula, Miss.
18. Beverly, second Corinthian, Monument Beach.
18. Keystone, club, Woodmere, L. I.
18. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
18. South Boston, club, City Point.
18. Penataquit Corinthian, special, Bay Shore.
18. Indian Harbor, motor boat race, Am. P. B. A., Greenwich.
18. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
18. Corinthian, third championship, Marblehead.
18. Savin Hill, club, Dorchester Bay.
18. Canarsie, club.
18. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., annual.
18. Corinthian of Stamford, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound.
18. Corinthian, 3d champ., Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
18. Winthrop, Y. R. A., open, Winthrop.
18. Chicago, races for Warrington and Lillienfeld cups.
18. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A., skiff races, Toronto.
21. Inter-Lake Y. A., open, Put-In-Bay.
22. Inter-Lake Y. A., open, yacht and power races, Put-In-Bay.
23. Inter-Lake Y. A., squadron sail and auxiliary race, Put-In-Bay.
24. Inter-Lake Y. A., open, Put-In-Bay.
- 24-25. Biloxi, Southern Gulf Coast Y. A., Biloxi, Miss.
25. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich.
25. Beverly, cruise, rendezvous Monument Beach.
25. Boston, club, Hull.
25. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
25. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A., skiff races, Toronto.
25. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, special.
25. Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
25. Hempstead Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
25. Bridgeport Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
25. Chicago, club, Lake Michigan.
25. Penataquit Corinthian, cruise, rendezvous Bay Shore.
27. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
- 27-29. New York, Newport series, all classes, Newport.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1903, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, \$75.00.

Second prize, \$50.00.

Third prize, \$25.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1903.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

5. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

6. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

7. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, on or before Nov. 15, 1903.

SHAMROCK III. established a new record over the thirty-mile windward and return course off Sandy Hook on July 6. She covered the course in 2h. 58m. 37s., and beat Shamrock I. 6m. 18s. The race was sailed in a breeze that varied in strength from five to ten knots an hour. Course signals were set on Erin at 12:10, and the two boats were sent away five minutes later. Both crossed on the port tack with the new boat ahead and to windward. Sheets were eased well off and the boats followed in the wake of the tug Cruiser that was logging off the course. Shamrock III. carried a balloon jib topsail while a baby jib topsail was broken out on the old boat. This sail was replaced with a No. 1 jib topsail and a balloon staysail was also set. Shamrock III. dropped Shamrock I. very fast. The wind was W. N. W. at the time of the start, but it shifted after the boats gybed around the outer mark, and the boats were able to lay their course

back to the finish line at the lightship. At the outer mark the challenger led Shamrock I. by about four minutes. The breeze increased a good deal so that on the reach to the finish line the boats moved along at a smart clip. The old boat was a long distance astern when Shamrock III. swept over the finish line. The summary follows:

	Start.	Outer Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Shamrock III.	12 15 13	1 44 25	3 13 50	2 58 37
Shamrock I.	12 15 32	1 48 50	3 20 27	3 04 55

On the broad reach to the outer mark the challenger beat Shamrock I. 4m. 6s., and over the entire course she beat her 6m. 18s.

On July 8 the two boats again met off the Hook. The challenger did not make a very creditable showing, and only beat the old boat by a small margin. Shamrock III. carried her biggest club topsail. The start and finish were made off Sandy Hook lightship. At the time of the start the wind had a strength of about six knots and was a little to the W. of N. The course was a windward and leeward one, and it was logged off by the tug Cruiser. It was a down the wind start, and the old boat had a little the best of it. The challenger luffed across the stern of Shamrock I., and both set spinnaker and balloon jibs. The wind had shifted to W. by S. Shamrock III. opened up quite a gap on the old boat, and she rounded the outer mark over a minute ahead. Baby jib topsails were set on both boats for the windward work. They were able to lay their course for the finish line after making three tacks, as the wind had hauled around to W. N. W. The old boat did splendid work in the stronger breeze. The summary:

	Start.	Outer Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Shamrock III.	11 56 19	1 19 00	3 18 59	3 22 40
Shamrock I.	11 56 14	1 20 05	3 23 03	3 26 49

Shamrock III. wins by 4m. 9s.

Sir Thomas Lipton was not entirely satisfied with the showing made in this race; so on the day following the challenger was docked in Erie Basin, and after cleaning her bottom a fresh coat of enamel was applied. Before going in the dock the mast Shamrock III. had been using was unstepped and the spar she used in her later trials abroad was put in its place. This spar is some four feet longer than the one that was removed.

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP, MASS.,

Saturday, July 11.

The regular class handicap race of the Winthrop Y. C. was sailed off the club house Saturday, July 11, in an unsteady S. E. breeze. In the 25ft. class, Idalia led all over the course and won on both elapsed and corrected times. In the 21ft. class Opechee led easily around the course, but lost on corrected time to Rhubena. In the 18ft. class there was a close race. Louise and Zetes II. had a hot scrap all over the course, Louise finishing four seconds ahead. First place, however, went to Mentor, the third boat to finish, on corrected time. Eva finished first in the 15ft. class, but lost to Dot by one second on corrected time. The summary:

25ft. Class.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Idalia, J. E. Lester.....	1 49 30	1 44 30	
Eclipse, F. Jenkins.....	1 55 34	1 45 34	
Kit, H. B. Whittier.....	1 54 00	1 48 00	
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton.....	1 50 31	1 50 31	

21ft. Class.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Rhubena, J. J. Wilde.....	2 23 33	2 05 33	
Opechee, Mr. Gilmore.....	2 19 20	2 09 20	

18ft. Class.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Mentor, Cobb and Brainerd.....	1 15 54	1 11 54	
Louise, W. D. Allen.....	1 14 43	1 12 43	
Zetes II., J. A. McKie.....	1 14 47	1 14 47	
Marion, C. A. Newarch.....	1 23 26	1 15 26	
Sioux, G. J. Buchanan.....	1 35 08	1 22 08	
Helen, W. E. Fraiser.....	1 33 13	1 23 13	
Martha, W. Jenkins.....	1 33 01	1 24 01	
Omene, Mr. McDowell.....	1 33 45	1 24 45	
Henrietta, J. J. McCloskey.....	Did not finish.		

15ft. Class.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Dot, Dr. Maynard.....	1 30 52	1 20 52	
Eva, H. G. Flinn.....	1 28 53	1 20 53	

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.,

Saturday, July 11.

The last race in the first series of the Cohasset Y. C. was sailed Saturday, July 11, in a fluky S. E. breeze. In each of the classes the wins were by about the same margin. In the 21ft. class, Eleanor won. Result won in the 18-footers, and Willie in the handicap class. The summary:

21ft. Knockabouts.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Eleanor, Moore Bros.....	1 50 50	1 50 50	
Delta, Ralph E. Williams.....	1 53 18	1 53 18	
Eleanor, Alanson Bigelow, Jr.....	1 53 54	1 53 54	
Remora, Courtney Crocker.....	1 54 35	1 54 35	

18ft. Knockabouts.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Result, A. H. Knowles.....	2 00 00	2 00 00	
Sabrina, H. W. Hyde.....	2 03 03	2 03 03	
Kanaka, Hugh Montgomery.....	2 03 20	2 03 20	

Handicap Class.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Willie, H. B. Cousens.....	1 07 40	1 07 40	
Katrik, J. R. Chapin.....	1 10 18	1 10 18	
Undine, Gilbert S. Tower.....	1 13 15	1 13 15	
Olympia, Sheldon L. Ripley.....	1 15 18	1 15 18	
Castrel, Curtis Parker.....	Withdrew.		

Mattapoisett One-Design Class.

MATTAPOISETT, MASS.,

Saturday, July 11.

The one-design class of 15-footers, designed by Messrs. Burgess and Packard, were raced off Mattapoisett on Saturday, July 11, in a whole sail S. W. wind with a choppy sea. They were bunched pretty well all over the course, No. 8 winning by 35s. The summary:

Start, 3:30.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
No. 8, Edward Stone (Marion).....	4 54 00	1 24 00	
No. 1, S. D. Warren, Jr.....	4 54 35	1 24 35	
No. 3, J. L. Stackpole, Jr.....	4 54 40	1 24 40	
No. 2, Mr. Lothrop.....	4 55 07	1 25 07	
No. 6, J. R. Maury (Coot).....	4 55 36	1 25 36	
No. 10, Miss Means.....	5 09 00	1 39 00	

We are indebted to Mr. William Avery Cary, secretary of the Boston Y. C., for a copy of the club book.

Larchmont Y. C. Race Week.

LARCHMONT, LONG ISLAND SOUND,
Monday, July 6.

On Monday the second of the series races was held at Larchmont, and thirty-six boats started in the different classes. It proved to be a very unsatisfactory racing day, for the wind was light and variable. There was a nice S. W. breeze at the time of the start, but before the boats had finished the first round it had veered around to N. W. From this time on it was very light and fluky, and before the boats finished it was back to S. W. again.

The preparatory was given promptly at 11:30, and five minutes later boats in classes I and J were started. They sailed twice over a fifteen-mile triangle. Weetamoe had all the luck, and at the end of the first round Neola was so far behind that she was withdrawn. The bronze boats Neola and Weetamoe were sailing against the English boats Eelin and Isolde. On the second round Weetamoe got becalmed and was passed by both Eelin and Isolde. Eelin won from Isolde by less than three minutes.

Aspirant and Mimosa II. met again in the special class. The latter boat stood too far in toward Matinicock Point and went aground. She was towed off, and on examination was found to be uninjured. The race committee stopped Aspirant at the end of the first round, as she had no competitor.

In the regular 43ft. class, Effort won again easily from Mira and Challenge. Hebe, the fourth starter in this class, withdrew.

Flosshilde had no competitor, so she went up a class and sailed against Spasm and Anoatok. Flosshilde did not finish, and Anoatok won with ease. This boat is sailing in great form this year, and is sweeping everything before her.

Three of the Larchmont 21ft. one-design boats started, and Dorothy won, Houri finishing second.

Hope beat Spoonbill and Lively in the C. F. Herreshoff one-design class. Spoonbill got second money.

There was a good list of starters in the raceabout class, some eight boats crossing the line. Hobo won and Jolly Tar was second.

Arizona and Bob had a close race in the Manhasset one-design class, and the latter won by a narrow margin. The summary follows:

Sloops—Classes I and J—Start, 11:35—Course 30 Miles.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Weetamoe, Henry F. Lippitt.....	6 25 04	6 50 04	
Neola, George Pynchon.....	Did not finish.		
Isolde, F. M. Hoyt.....	6 05 27	5 30 27	
Eelin, F. L. Rodewald.....	6 02 35	5 27 35	
Sloops—Class L—Start, 11:40—Course, 22 Miles.			
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	5 13 20	5 33 20	
Mira, C. L. Poor.....	5 30 31	5 50 31	
Challenge, Wallace T. Foote.....	5 35 22	5 55 22	
Hebe, H. Smithers.....	Did not finish.		
Sloops—Special L Class—Start, 11:40—Course, 22 Miles.			
Aspirant, H. W. and A. H. Hanan.....	2 40 35	3 00 35	
Mimosa II., T. L. Park.....	Did not finish.		
Sloops—Class M—Start, 11:45—Course, 22 Miles.			
Flosshilde, W. D. Hennen.....	Did not finish.		
Spasm, J. Berre King.....	5 56 39	6 11 39	
Anoatok, W. G. Brokaw.....	5 33 08	5 48 08	
Larchmont—21ft. Class—Start, 11:50—Course, 11 Miles.			
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer.....	4 22 06	4 32 06	
Houri, J. H. Esser.....	4 05 03	4 15 03	
Dorothy, L. T. Spence.....	4 02 17	4 12 17	
Charles Herreshoff One-Design Class—Start, 11:55—Course 11 Miles.			
Spoonbill, August Belmont, Jr.....	7 27 11	7 32 11	
Hope, Adrian Iselin.....	7 26 26	7 31 26	
Lively, C. O'D. Iselin.....	7 41 39	7 46 39	
Raceabouts—21ft. Class—Start, 11:55—Course, 11 Miles.			
Rogue, A. B. Alley.....	4 24 29	4 29 29	
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	3 29 06	3 34 06	
Grasshopper, Harold Pryer.....	4 08 16	4 13 16	
Mavis, G. L. Pirie.....	3 41 57	3 46 57	
Rascal, S. Hopkins.....	3 49 52	3 54 52	
Indian, J. T. Pirie.....	3 42 53	3 47 53	
Crickit, H. Willets.....	4 25 41	4 30 41	
Jolly Tar, S. Slocum.....	3 32 19	3 37 19	
Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start, 12:00—Course, 11 Miles.			
Arizona, G. A. Corey.....	5 31 45	5 31 45	
Bob, J. R. Hoyt.....	5 31 16	5 31 16	
Falcon, Stevens and Cole.....	6 00 58	6 00 58	
Lambkin, S. W. Roach.....	5 35 38	5 35 38	
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 12:05—Course, 11 Miles.			
Lucille, P. Williams.....	5 38 16	5 33 16	
Chingachcook, E. A. Stevens.....	4 40 56	4 35 56	
Snapper, F. H. Page.....	4 24 27	4 19 27	

The winners were: Weetamoe, Eelin, Aspirant, Anoatok, Dorothy, Hope, Hobo, Bob and Snapper.

Tuesday, July 7.

On Tuesday the launch, gig and dinghy races were held. There was also a match race between Effort and Challenge, the two 43-footers. These boats were to sail twice over a triangular course, but the race was called off at the end of the first round owing to the lack of breeze. The race will be resailed after the New York Y. C. cruise.

The day was an ideal one for the small boat races, there being but little wind and the water was quite smooth. The launch belonging to the schooner Atlantic won the race for boats over 21ft. long. The gig belonging to the schooner Sachem won the race for the Hen and Chickens colors. The schooner Crusader's gig won the Dauntless colors, and the yawl Paladin's gig won the Executive colors. The summaries:

Series A—Naphtha Launches—Course, 2 Miles.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Corona.....	2 15 12	2 47 03	31 51
Montauk.....	2 15 10	2 47 42	32 32
Atlantic.....	2 15 20	2 46 33	31 13
Sedonya.....	2 15 12	2 47 27	32 15
Series B—Naphtha Launches—Course, 2 Miles.			
Dolauradora.....	3 00 17	3 33 31	33 14
Comanche.....	3 00 16	3 35 45	35 29
Zenobia.....	3 00 18	3 35 57	35 39
Series A—Gasolene Launches—Course, 2 Miles.			
Cachalot.....	2 15 24	2 44 38	29 14
Idalia.....	2 15 26	2 45 47	30 21
Doris.....	2 15 08	2 42 31	27 23
Series B—Gasolene Launches—Course, 2 Miles.			
Paladin.....	3 00 36	3 38 48	38 12
Four-Oared Gigs for "Hen-and-Chicken" Colors—Course, 2 Miles.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Sachem.....	4 05 15	23 19	
Crusader.....	4 05 29	23 35	
Atlantic.....	4 05 35	23 39	
Katrina.....	4 06 01	24 06	
Pair-Oared Gigs for "Dauntless" Colors—Course, 1½ Miles.			
Crusader.....	4 25 02	17 04	
Montauk.....	4 25 38	17 20	
Isolde.....	4 26 14	17 56	
Idalia.....	4 26 20	18 02	
Atlantic.....	4 26 46	18 28	
Clara.....	4 27 13	18 55	
Dolauradora.....	4 27 31	19 13	

Dingies—For "Execution" Colors—Course, 1 Mile.			
Paladin.....	4 40 49	10 08	
Mira.....	4 40 51	10 10	
Cornelia.....	4 40 49	10 18	
Corona.....	4 41 27	10 46	
Rodona.....	4 41 43	10 58	
Rosalind.....	4 41 45	11 04	
Trochilus.....	4 42 48	12 07	
Katrina.....	4 42 54	12 13	
Whitby.....	4 42 56	12 15	
Isolde.....	4 43 15	12 34	
Mimosa II.....	4 43 31	12 50	
Flosshilde.....	4 43 53	10 58	

The winners were: Atlantic, Dolauradora, Doris, Paladin, Sachem, Crusader and Paladin.

There were also swimming and tub races and tilting contests.

Wednesday, July 9.

The race on Wednesday was marked by a fairly good list of starters, but the breeze was almost too light to make the racing interesting. The breeze was so light at 11:30 that the regatta committee decided to postpone the start until noon. At this time there was a little air from the west, but soon worked around to W. S. W., and remained in that quarter the balance of the day. The boats in class I. sailed twice over a fifteen-mile triangle. The rest of the boats covered an eleven-mile triangle, the largest of them going around twice.

Weetamoe got the start and again defeated Neola handily. The latter boat had trouble with her steering gear and was forced to substitute a tiller for a wheel. The bronze boats Weetamoe and Neola had no trouble beating the English boats Isolde and Eelin in the light breeze, and Eelin beat Isolde.

Effort, sailed by Mr. Hazen Morse, had things her own way as the only competitor that is at all dangerous, Challenge broke her throat halliards and withdrew.

Owing to her sails being in bad shape Aspirant came very near losing her first race to Mimosa II. The Crown-inshield production did better than the Gardner boat on all points of sailing on the first round, and she had a lead of 2m. 5s. On the second round some changes were made in Aspirant's sails under direction of Mr. Wm. Gardner, her designer, who was on board, and she then outsailed Mimosa II. handily. The first leg of the course was a spinnaker run, and Aspirant cut down Mimosa's lead and established an overlap before reaching the mark. Mimosa II. had to give room at the mark, and Aspirant rounded inside of her and from that time on she continued to get away from her, and finished a winner by 3m. 58s.

In class M Anoatok scored another decisive victory. She beat Spasm, the second boat, by 12m. 33s. Leda was beaten by Breeze, one of the Newport special thirties.

Tern beat Sakana, her only rival in the yawl class, with the greatest ease.

Alert had matters all her own way in class N, and she beat Flosshilde without difficulty.

Hope again took a first prize in the C. F. Herreshoff one-design class. Lively was second and Spoonbill was last.

In class P. Chingachcook finished first by nearly 8m., but lost on corrected time to Snapper.

Dorothy proved too smart for Houri in the Larchmont 21ft. one-design class and won easily.

Eight boats started in the raceabout class, and all finished. Hobo finished an easy winner with Jolly Tar second.

There were only two starters in class Q, and Montauk beat Gazabo by 12m. 12s.

Three of the New Rochelle one-design boats came to the line. Miss Anne Bavier's Ace beat Knave 5m. 27s.

Bab beat the other three competitors in the Manhasset Bay one-design class.

Pandora was alone in class R, and she sailed over the course alone.

Gosling beat Scud in the Hempstead Harbor class, and Ripple beat Arrow in the Horseshoe Harbor one-design class.

Six of the Pelham Bay Larks started and all but one finished. Flirt beat Skidoo 1m. 40s. These boats covered a five and one-half mile triangle. The summaries:

Sloops—Class I, 60 to 70ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:05—Course, 30 Miles.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt.....	4 54 25	4 49 25	
Neola, G. M. Pynchon.....	4 59 24	4 54 24	
Isolde, F. M. Hoyt.....	5 24 11	5 19 11	
Eelin, F. L. Rodewald.....	5 18 43	5 13 43	
Sloops—Class L, 36 to 43ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:10—Course, 22 Miles.			
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	4 03 55	3 53 55	
Challenge, W. T. Foote.....	4 15 57	4 05 57	
Mira, C. L. Poor.....	4 22 26	4 12 26	
Sloops—Class L, Special—Start, 12:10—Course, 22 Miles.			
Aspirant, H. W. and A. H. Hanan.....	3 57 33	3 47 33	
Mimosa II., T. L. Park.....	4 01 31	3 51 31	
Sloops—Class M, 30 to 36ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:15—Course, 22 Miles.			
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.....	4 48 55	4 33 55	
Leda, S. H. Mason.....	4 49 19	4 34 19	
Anoatok, W. G. Brokaw.....	4 30 30	4 15 30	
Spasm, E. Berre King.....	4 32 02	4 28 02	
Yawls—Class M, 30 to 36ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:15—Course, 22 Miles.			
Tern, John Hyslop.....	4 58 02	4 43 02	
Sakana, A. B. McCreary.....	5 17 08	5 02 08	
Sloops—Class N, 25 to 30ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:20—Course, 22 Miles.			
Alert, J. W. Alker.....	5 00 53	4 40 53	
Alert, J. W. Alker.....	5 00 53	4 40 53	
Little Peter, F. M. Weeks.....	5 19 06	4 59 06	
Flosshilde, S. W. Hennen.....	5 10 22	4 50 22	
Alerion, A. H. Alker.....	5 28 07	5 08 07	
C. F. Herreshoff 25ft. One-Design Class—Start, 12:20—Course, 22 Miles.			
Hope, C. Adrian Iselin.....	5 21 29	5 01 29	
Lively, C. O'D. Iselin.....	5 23 03	5 03 03	
Spoonbill, August Belmont, Jr.....	5 29 31	5 09 31	
Larchmont 21-Footers—Start, 12:25—Course, 11 Miles.			
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer.....	3 51 59	3 06 59	
Houri, J. H. Esser.....	3 55 34	3 10 34	
Dorothy, L. G. Spence.....	3 27 23	3 02 23	
Sloops—Class P—21 to 25ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:25—Course, 11 Miles.			
Snapper, F. H. Page.....	3 14 04	2 49 04	
Lucille, P. Williams.....	3 29 40	3 04 40	
Chingachcook, E. A. Stevens.....	3 06 10	2 41 10	
Raceabouts—Start, 12:30—Course, 11 Miles.			
Jolly Tar, S. Slocum.....	3 18 39	2 48 39	
Rascal, S. Hopkins.....	3 21 19	2 51 19	
Crickit, H. Willets.....	3 26 50	2 56 50	
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	3 16 31	2 46 31	
Mavis, G. L. Pirie.....	3 25 54	2 55 54	
Maryola, C. W. Allen.....	3 28 38	2 58 38	

Grasshopper, H. Pryer.....	3 23 54	2 53 54
Rogue, A. B. Alley.....	3 25 46	2 55 46
Sloops—Class Q—18 to 21ft.—Start, 12:35—Course, 11 Miles.		
Gazabo, H. T. Vulte.....	4 03 40	3 28 40
Montauk, G. P. Sheldon.....	3 51 29	3 16 29
Sloops—Class R—Under 18ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:35—Course, 11 Miles.		
Pandora, Stevens and Towle.....	4 15 04	3 40 04
New Rochelle One-Design Class—Start, 12:35—Course, 11 Miles.		
Knave, R. N. Bavier.....	4 25 19	3 50 19
Deuce, N. D. Lawton.....	4 32 41	3 57 41
Ace, A. Bavier.....	4 19 52	3 44 52
Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start, 12:35—Course, 11 Miles.		
Lambkin, S. W. Roach.....	4 20 03	3 45 03
Falcon, Stevens and Cole.....	4 11 33	3 36 33
Bab, J. R. Hoyt.....	4 02 30	3 27 30
Arizona, G. A. Correy.....	4 12 11	3 37 11
Hempstead Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 12:40—Course, 11 Miles.		
Wif Waf, H. E. Sayer.....	4 34 19	3 54 19
Gosling, M. and T. Pratt.....	4 12 12	3 32 12
Scud, D. B. Abbott.....	4 20 17	3 40 17
Horseshoe Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 12:40—Course, 11 Miles.		
Arrow, J. Miller.....	Did not finish.	
Ripple, T. D. Downing.....	4 11 52	3 31 52
Pelham Bay Class—Start, 12:40—Course, 5½ Miles.		
Gloria, J. B. Mott.....	2 45 41	2 05 41
Skidoo, M. St. G. Davies.....	2 44 21	2 04 21
Streak, E. P. Cunningham.....	3 00 16	2 20 16
Flirt, David Caril.....	2 44 01	2 04 01
Chop Suey, Fred Mills.....	Did not finish.	
Yellow Jacket, G. B. Robinson, Jr.....	2 46 24	2 06 24

The winners were: Weetamoe, Eelin, Effort, Aspirant, Anoatok, Tern, Alert, Hope, Dorothy, Snapper, Hobo, Montauk, Pandora (sail over), Ace, Bab, Gosling, Ripple and Flirt.

Thursday, July 9.

The racing on Thursday proved to be most unsatisfactory and the boats that won were in almost every instance favored by the wind, what little there was of it. The race committee was forced to stop the boats at the end of the first round, as there was not air enough to send the boats around twice. The start was delayed an hour, and at 12:30 the boats were sent away. At this time there was a very light W. N. W. breeze, but this dropped when the boats were on the second leg of the course, and from that time on the boats worked their way around the course by the aid of light puffs that drew off the Long Island shore.

The course was from the starting line to and around the spar buoy off Parsonage Point, thence to and around the spar buoy off Red Springs Point and back to the finish line.

Weetamoe got the start in her class and she finally beat Neola by 14m. 11s. Neola and Eelin got pocketed under the Long Island shore when near the Red Spring mark, and were a very long time in rounding.

Challenge won in her class, beating Effort 4m. 36s., but Mr. Hazen Morse, who sailed Effort, protested Challenge for fouling Effort when nearing the Red Spring buoy. The race committee disqualified Challenge.

Aspirant, splendidly handled, again distinguished herself not only by beating Mimosa II., but by finishing ahead of every boat in the fleet that sailed the ten and three-quarter mile triangle.

Anoatok beat Spasm by only 1m. 55s., but the latter boat had the best of the luck.

Flosshilde had only one competitor in class N, and she gets the race, as Little Peter withdrew.

The three boats in the C. F. Herreshoff one-design class were the last boats to finish. Lively won easily.

Snapper gave Chingachcook a good beating in class P. Houri fouled Dorothy at the start in the Larchmont 21ft. one-design class, and the former boat was disqualified. Adelaide won in this class.

Grasshopper got her first race in the raceabout class. She beat Indian, the second boat, 11m. 42s. Grasshopper was the first boat to finish among those who covered the short course.

Lambkin won in the Manhasset Bay one-design class, beating Bab 1m. 23s. The summary:

Manhasset Bay one-design class, beating Bab 1m. 23s. The summary:			
Class, I, 60 to 70ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:35—Course, 21½ Miles.			
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt	4 46 46	4 11 46	
Neola, G. M. Pynchon	5 00 57	4 25 57	
Isolde, F. M. Hoyt	4 51 05	4 16 05	
Eelin, F. L. Rodewald	5 27 50	4 52 50	
Class L—36 to 43ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:40—Course, 10¾ Miles.			
Effort, F. M. Smith	5 00 06	4 20 06	
Challenge, W. T. Foote	4 55 09	4 15 09	
Mira, C. L. Poor	5 23 20	4 43 20	
Hebe, H. B. Smithers	Did not finish.		
Class L, Special—Start, 12:40—Course, 10¾ Miles.			
Aspirant, H. W. and A. H. Hanan	4 25 55	3 45 55	
Mimosa II., T. L. Park	5 12 15	4 32 15	
Class M, 30 to 36ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:45—Course, 10¾ Miles.			
Anoatok, W. G. Brokaw	6 09 18	5 24 18	
Spasm, E. D. King	6 11 13	5 26 13	
Class N, 25 to 30ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:45—Course, 10¾ Miles.			
Flosshilde, W. D. Hennen	6 15 18	5 30 18	
Little Peter, F. M. Weeks	Did not finish.		
Charles Herreshoff 25ft. One-Design Class—Start, 12:45—Course, 5¾ Miles.			
Hope, A. Iselin	7 22 45	6 37 45	
Lively, C. O'D. Iselin	6 10 28	5 25 28	
Spoonbill, August Belmont	6 56 48	6 11 48	
Larchmont 21ft. One-Design Class—Start, 12:50—Course, 5¾ Miles.			
Dorothy, L. D. Spence	4 10 22	3 15 22	
Houri, J. H. Esser	3 54 15	Disq.	
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	3 58 46	3 03 46	
Class P, 21 to 25ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:50—Course, 5¾ Miles.			
Snapper, F. H. Page	3 10 20	2 20 20	
Chingachcook, E. A. Stevens	3 52 35	3 02 35	
Raceabouts—Start, 12:55—Course, 5¾ Miles.			
Hobo, T. L. Park	3 50 16	2 55 16	
Mavis, G. L. Pirie	3 36 59	2 41 59	
Maryola, C. W. Allen	4 04 24	3 09 24	
Rascal, S. Hopkins	3 54 17	2 59 17	
Cricketer, H. Willets	3 57 54	3 02 54	
Grasshopper, H. Fryer	2 55 18	2 00 18	
Jolly Tar, S. Slocum	3 18 46	2 23 46	
Indian, A. Pirie	3 09 36	2 14 36	
Rogue, A. B. Alley	3 16 55	2 21 55	
Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start, 1 O'Clock—Course, 5¾ Miles.			
Bab, J. R. Hoyt	4 19 03	3 19 03	
Arizona, G. A. Correy	4 19 06	3 19 06	
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	4 17 37	3 17 37	
Falcon, Stevens and Cole	4 33 03	3 33 03	

Friday, July 10.

The race on Friday proved to be the best of the series. The race committee postponed the start a half an hour and when the boats were sent away just after noon there was a good sailing breeze from the S. W. which held pretty true all through the race. The boats in class I. sailed twice over a fifteen-mile triangle, and the rest of the boats covered an eleven-mile triangle, the bigger classes covering it twice.

At 12:05 Weetamoc, Neola, Eelin and Isolde started, and they crossed in the order named, all within ten seconds of one another. Weetamoc had the best of the start, and again beat Neola by 4m. Eelin scored another victory over Isolde, winning by 8m. 55s.

Effort made a remarkable showing, not only beating all the boats in her class easily, but also beating Mimosa II. by 11s.

Aspirant, sailed by one of her owners, Mr. Addison Hanan, again defeated Mimosa II. by 1m. 29s. This was the closest and most conclusive race that these two boats have sailed, and Mimosa was fairly beaten. Mimosa II. moved very fast, and pushed Aspirant hard for first place, and she crossed the Gardner boat's bow once on the windward work. Effort made an excellent showing against these two new boats, but it was mainly because she held well in under the Long Island shore, where she got a stronger and more favorable breeze.

Anoatok defeated Spasm and Breeze again. The showing this boat is making is really remarkable.

Fine racing was seen in the raceabout class, and only nine minutes separated the first and last boat at the finish. Cricket worked into first place after the start and led the fleet at the end of the first round. She won 29s. from Hobo, the second boat.

Dorothy defeated Hourly and Adelaide again. Flosshilde had a special race on with Little Peter, but the latter boat carried away her jib stay and withdrew.

Hope led the other two boats in the C. F. Herreshoff one-design class at the end of the first round, but on the second round Lively worked into first place on the windward work and finished a winner. Spoonbill also passed Hope and finished in second place.

In the Manhasset Bay one-design class Bab beat Arizona 5m. 18s. The summary:

Slops—Class I—60 to 70ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:05—Course, 30 Miles.		
Weetamoc, H. F. Lippitt	5 05 29	5 00 29
Neola, G. M. Pyncheon	5 09 29	5 04 29
Eelin, F. L. Rodewald	5 23 02	5 18 02
Isolde, F. M. Hoyt	5 31 57	5 26 57
Sloops, Class L—36 to 43ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:10—Course, 22 Miles.		
Effort, F. M. Smith	4 03 27	3 56 27
Challenge, W. T. Foote	4 21 58	4 11 58
Mira, C. L. Poor	4 24 46	4 14 46
Hebe, H. B. Smithers	4 25 55	4 16 55
Special, Class L—Start, 12:10—Course, 22 Miles.		
Aspirant, A. W. Hanan	4 05 09	3 55 09
Mimosa II., T. L. Park	4 06 38	3 56 38
Sloops, Class M—30 to 36ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:15—Course, 22 Miles.		
Anoatok, W. G. Brokaw	5 00 22	4 45 22
Spasm, E. Berre King	5 08 30	4 53 30
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	5 10 38	4 55 38
Sloops, Class N—25 to 30ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:15—Course, 22 Miles.		
Flosshilde, W. D. Hennen	5 18 53	5 03 53
Little Peter, F. M. Weeks	Did not finish.	
Charles Herreshoff One-Design Class—Start, 12:15—Course, 11 Miles.		
Hope, A. Iselin	5 38 16	5 23 16
Lively, C. O'D. Iselin	5 31 44	5 16 44
Spoonbill, August Belmont, Jr.	5 36 22	5 21 22
Raceabout Class—Start, 12:25—Course, 11 Miles.		
Hobo, T. L. Park	3 23 56	2 58 56
Cricket, H. Willetts	3 23 27	2 58 27
Mavis, G. L. Pirie	3 32 33	3 07 33
Indian, A. Pirie	3 27 59	3 02 59
Rascal, S. Hopkins	3 25 10	3 00 10
Grasshopper, H. Pryer	3 31 32	3 06 32
Jolly Tar, S. Howland	3 27 03	3 02 03
Kogue, A. B. Alley	3 29 13	3 04 13
Larchmont 21ft. One-Design Class—Start, 12:20—Course, 11 Miles.		
Dorothy, L. D. Spence	3 35 01	3 15 01
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	3 37 36	3 17 36
Hourly, J. M. Esser	3 37 49	3 17 49
Manhasset Bay Y. C. One-Design Class—Start, 12:30—Course, 11 Miles.		
Bab, J. R. Hoyt	4 16 46	3 46 46
Arizona, G. A. Corry	4 22 04	3 52 04
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	4 25 13	3 55 13
Falcon, Stevens and Cole	Did not finish.	

The winners were: Weetamoc, Eelin, Effort, Aspirant, Anoatok, Flosshilde, Lively, Cricket, Dorothy and Bab.

Saturday, July 11.

A calm and a thunder squall spoiled the racing on Saturday. There was a fine list of starters, some sixty-two boats coming to the line. The preparatory was given promptly at 11:30 and at that time there was a fresh N. W. breeze blowing, and there was good promise for a fine day's sport. The course for the larger boats was to and around the buoy off Parsonage Point, thence to and around the buoy of Red Springs Point and back to the starting line, to be covered twice.

Neola crossed the line before the signal and was disqualified. Her owner was very much disappointed, as he beat Weetamoc for the first time this season. Weetamoc gets the race, as she beat Eelin and Isolde, and also the series prize offered by Commodore Adams.

Eelin and Isolde had a hot race on the last leg of the second round, and after luffing way off their course, Eelin crossed the line a winner by a very narrow margin. Eelin also wins the series prize.

In the 43ft. class, Effort won again, beating Challenge 7m. 28s. Effort also gets the series prize.

Aspirant had Mimosa II. so badly beaten that the latter boat withdrew before the squall struck. Aspirant was two legs ahead of Mimosa II. when she withdrew. This makes six wins for Aspirant out of six starts—a very clean record for a new boat. Aspirant came very near colliding with Isolde during the height of the squall. Isolde came driving down for the mark at Red Springs, and Aspirant was under her lee. At a critical moment Aspirant's tiller cracked and nearly broke in two. Isolde kept clear, and as soon as she blanketed Aspirant the latter boat was able to keep off and go clear.

Anoatok won her sixth consecutive victory in her class. She beat Spasm 36m. 30s. Leda withdrew.

Sakana won in the M class for yawls. Tern withdrew. In class N Alert beat Flosshilde 28m. 52s. Little Peter did not finish.

Hope won in the C. F. Herreshoff one-design class by

4m. 21s. from Lively. This gives Hope the series prize.

In class P, Spinster won, beating Lucille 2m. 52s. Chingachgook did not finish.

Hourly got a big jump on the other two boats in her class and finished over an hour ahead of them.

Jolly Roger won in the raceabout class. The raceabout Indian was dismasted during the squall, and a man tumbled overboard from Hobo, but he was picked up by the raceabout Cricket, on which boat he finished the race. Grasshopper was disqualified.

Lambkin won in the Manhasset Bay one-design class. Bab was leading all the way to the finish, but when the wind dropped the tide swept her away from the starting line, and Lambkin was able to cross and get first prize.

In the New Rochelle one-design class, Caper beat Ace 4m. 51s. Knave and Deuce were disqualified.

Cricket won in class R, beating Plover and Pandora easily.

Scud beat Gosling in the Hempstead Harbor one-design class. Why Not capsized in the squall, and her crew was picked up by the yawl Andax. Wif Waf did not finish.

Arrow beat Ripple in the Horseshoe Harbor one-design class, and Streak won in the Pelham Bay Lark class. Louise Bell had a sail over in class W. The summary:

Class I—60 to 70ft. Racing Length—Course, 2 1/2 Miles—Start, 11:35.		Finish.	Elapsed.
Weetamoc, H. F. Lippitt	4 36 03	5 01 03	
*Neola, G. M. Pyncheon	4 35 01	5 00 01	
Eelin, F. L. Rodewald	4 42 25	5 07 25	
Isolde, F. M. Hoyt	4 42 55	5 07 55	
Class L—36 to 43ft. Racing Length—Course, 2 1/2 Miles—Start, 11:40.			
Effort, F. M. Smith	4 42 19	5 02 19	
Challenge, W. T. Foote	4 49 47	5 09 47	
Mira, C. L. Poor	5 21 27	5 41 27	
Hebe, H. B. Smithers	Did not finish.		
Class L—Special—Course, 2 1/2 Miles—Start, 11:40.			
Aspirant, H. W. and A. H. Hanan	4 45 12	5 05 12	
Mimosa II., T. L. Park	Did not finish.		
Class M—30 to 36ft. Racing Length—Course, 2 1/2 Miles—Start, 11:45.			
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	7 00 49	7 15 49	
Leda, S. H. Mason	Did not finish.		
Anoatok, W. G. Brokaw	6 02 34	6 17 34	
Spasm, E. Berre King	6 39 14	6 54 14	
Class M—Yawls—Course, 2 1/2 Miles—Start, 11:45.			
Tern, John Hyslop	Did not finish.		
Escape, G. Matthews	7 33 41	7 48 41	
Sakana, A. B. McCreery	7 22 32	7 37 32	
Class N—25 to 30ft. Length—Course, 2 1/2 Miles—Start, 11:50.			
Alert, J. W. Alker	6 46 57	6 56 57	
Flosshilde, W. D. Hennen	7 15 49	7 25 49	
Little Peter, F. M. Weeks	Did not finish.		
Charles Herreshoff 25ft. One-Design Class—Course, 2 1/2 Miles—Start, 11:50.			
Hope, A. Iselin	7 14 43	7 24 43	
Lively, C. O'D. Iselin	7 19 04	7 29 04	
Spoonbill, August Belmont, Jr.	Did not finish.		
Class P—21 to 25ft. Racing Length—Course, 10 1/2 Miles—Start, 11:55.			
Lucille, P. Williams	3 33 55	3 38 55	
Chingachgook, E. A. Stevens	Did not finish.		
Spinster, Miss M. R. Babbitt	3 31 03	3 36 03	
Larchmont 21ft. One-Design Class—Course, 10 1/2 Miles—Start, 11:55.			
Dorothy, L. D. Spence	4 32 36	4 37 36	
Hourly, J. M. Esser	3 04 58	3 09 58	
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	4 11 28	4 16 28	
Raceabout Class—Course, 10 1/2 Miles—Start, 12.			
*Rogue, A. B. Alley	3 17 50	3 17 50	
Indian, A. Pirie	Disqualified.		
Hobo, T. L. Park	3 32 43	3 32 43	
Maryola, C. W. Allen	3 30 28	3 30 28	
Grasshopper, H. Pryer	Disqualified.		
Rascal, S. Hopkins	3 29 55	3 29 55	
Mavis, G. L. Pirie	3 33 16	3 33 16	
Jolly Tar, S. Howland	3 29 21	3 29 21	
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleecker	3 28 05	3 28 05	
Cricket, H. Willetts	3 46 45	3 46 45	
Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Course, 10 1/2 Miles—Start, 12:05.			
Bab, J. R. Hoyt	5 14 35	5 09 35	
Arizona, G. A. Corry	5 00 23	4 55 23	
Falcon, Stevens and Cole	5 17 17	5 12 17	
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	5 00 17	4 55 17	
New Rochelle One-Design Class—Course, 10 1/2 Miles—Start, 12:05.			
Caper, P. L. Howard	4 46 49	4 41 49	
Knave, R. N. Bavier	Disqualified.		
Deuce, N. D. Lawton	Disqualified.		
Ace, A. Bavier	4 51 40	4 46 40	
Class R—18 to 21ft. Racing Length—Course, 10 1/2 Miles—Start, 12:05.			
Pandora, Stevenson Towle	5 18 19	5 13 19	
Plover, H. Place	5 17 49	5 12 49	
Cricket, B. Whitney	4 11 26	4 06 26	
Hempstead Harbor One-Design Class—Course, 10 1/2 Miles—Start, 12:10.			
Wif Waf, H. E. Sayer	Did not finish.		
Why Not, W. Murdock	Disqualified.		
Scud, D. B. Abbott	4 49 08	4 39 08	
Gosling, M. and T. Pratt	4 54 27	4 44 27	
Horseshoe Harbor One-Design Class—Course, 10 1/2 Miles—Start, 12:10.			
Ripple, T. D. Downey	5 09 07	4 59 07	
Arrow, J. Miller	5 10 51	5 00 51	
Pelham Bay Larks—Course, 5 1/4 Miles—Start, 12:10.			
Streak, E. P. Cunningham	2 36 32	2 26 32	
Gloria, G. B. Mott	2 46 21	2 36 21	
Skidoo, M. St. G. Davis	2 38 52	2 28 52	
Yellow Jacket, G. B. Robinson	2 47 43	2 37 43	
Phrit, David Carl	Did not finish.		
Tom Boy, F. and N. Halpin	2 57 20	2 47 20	
San Toy, V. R. Lamia	2 59 45	2 49 45	
Class W—Course, 5 1/4 Miles—Start, 12:10.			
Louise Bell, J. M. Williams	2 20 05	2 10 05	
*Started before the gun.			

The winners were: Weetamoc, Eelin, Effort, Aspirant, Anoatok, Sakana, Alert, Hope, Spinster, Hourly, Jolly Roger, Lambkin, Caper, Cricket, Scud, Arrow, Streak and Louise Bell (sail over).

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.,
Saturday, July 11.

A club race of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed Saturday, July 11, in a fluky E. breeze. In the 18ft. knockabouts Aspirinquin II. and Wink led on the first leg. Aspirinquin II. was passed by both Kittiwake and Miladi II., but on the last leg Aspirinquin II. went up again and crossed the finish line in the lead. As You Like It had an easy win in the handicap class. The summary:

18ft. Knockabouts.		Elapsed.
Aspirinquin II., C. M. Foster	1 17 00	
Miladi II., Russell Adams	1 18 02	
Osprey, G. Train	1 19 10	
Kittiwake, H. M. Jones	1 19 12	
Wink, L. B. Goodspeed	1 21 30	
Handicaps.		
As You Like It, W. T. Whitman	1 16 35	
Aureolus, H. Kellogg	1 20 48	
Solitaire, Dr. Amesbury	1 23 30	

Bensonhurst Y. C.

GRAVESEND BAY, LONG ISLAND,
Saturday, July 11.

Twenty-eight craft started and finished the first open regatta of the Bensonhurst Y. C., held on the afternoon of Saturday, July 11. A race of the Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, originally scheduled for that day, was postponed until July 18 because of the absence of Brooklyn Y. C. craft on the annual cruise of that organization.

The start of the race was to be at 3 o'clock. At this hour, however, a bad thunder and rain squall broke over the bay and a postponement was necessary until this had spent itself. The preparatory signal was sounded at 4:15. Reverse courses were to be sailed, leaving all marks on the port hand.

Classes M and N got away at 4:18, and the others at intervals of three minutes. The breeze at the start was very light from the S. W. A strong flood tide was running, which greatly handicapped those boats to the leeward of the line in making the start.

Many crossed long after the signal for their class. The breeze fell shortly after the start, however, and returning carried the sternmost boats up toward the leaders. In the light wind a practical knowledge of the local tides was of great benefit.

Classes M and N went the outside Association course. They had a broad reach to Craven Shoal buoy, close hauled work to Red Buoy No. 2 off Coney Island Point, and a spinnaker run home. The rest of the fleet covering the inside journey had a broad reach to the mark off the Marine and Field Club, a reach to the Fort Hamilton buoy, another reach to the stake boat off Sea Gate, and a run home.

It was the original intention to have all classes cover their respective courses twice. The light wind, however, made it advisable to end the journey of classes M and N at the end of the first round. Vivian II. led Bobtail at the finish of the 30-footers by 18s., the latter winning on time allowance. Vivian II. led Bagheera 2m. 35s., and Marion 23m. 3s.

On the second round of the inside course the smaller boats had a better breeze, and faster times were possible. In most instances, however, the order in which the boats found themselves after the calm of the early stages of the race, was the one in which they ended the contest.

The yawl Kate was 12m. 28s. ahead of Caribou at the finish. Caribou was sailing her first race under yawl rig. Kate led Zara 4m. 51s. Cockatoo led Vagabond 3m. 20s., Karma 5m. 57s., Corona 12m. 32s.

Wraith led Mary (ex-Wink) 2m. 52s., Eileen 9m. 4s. Step Lively II. led Rosalie 16m. 50s. Sand Piper, a newcomer in Gravesend Bay, led Apukwa II. 3m. 44s., Pickinny 23m. 23s. Martha M. led Rascal 2m. 45s. Lelia B. led Ruth 10m. 14s. Esperance led Stinger 8m. 17s. Kelpie 1m. 45s., Vixen 17m. 36s. The summary:

Sloops—Class M—Start, 4:18.		Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothy, C. L. Dinges	5 53 17	1 35 17	
Sloops—Class N—Start, 4:18.			
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	5 48 20	1 30 20	
Bobtail, E. H. Luckenbach	5 48 38	1 30 38	
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb	5 51 18	1 33 18	
Marion, T. J. Frame	6 11 23	1 53 23	
Yawls—Class P—Start, 4:21.			
Kate, J. S. Negus	6 27 16	2 06 16	
Caribou, J. E. Nicholson	6 39 44	2 18 44	
Zara, George F. Cook	6 42 07	2 21 07	
Sloops—Class P—Start, 4:21.			
Cockatoo, W. A. Barstow	6 10 38	1 49 38	
Vagabond, T. A. Vernon	6 13 58	1 52 58	
Karma, J. C. Erskine	6 16 35	1 55 35	
Corona, J. E. Beggs	6 23 10	2 02 10	
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 4:24.			
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins	6 30 39	2 06 39	
Mary, Max Grundner	6 33 31	2 09 31	
Eileen, F. J. Havens	6 39 43	2 15 43	
Catboats—Class T—Start, 4:27.			
Step Lively II., F. M. Randall	6 18 18	1 51 18	
Rosalie, F. A. Bolles	6 35 08	2 08 08	
Sloops—Class R—Start, 4:30.			
Sand Piper, W. W. Redfern	6 31 14	2 01 14	
Apukwa II., E. S. Tefft	6 34 58	2 04 58	
Pickinny, E. H. Low	6 54 37	2 24 37	
Catboats—Class V—Start, 4:33.			
Martha M., Richard Moore	6 23 32	1 59 32	
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock	6 26 17	1 53 17	
Catboats—Class W—Start, 4:33.			
Lelia B., J. B. Barnes	6 49 04	2 16 04	
Ruth, W. F. Remney	6 59 18	2 26 18	
Marine and Field Class—Start, 4:36.			
Esperance, T. A. Hamilton	6 36 55	2 00 55	
Stinger, A. P. Clapp	6 45 12	2 09 12	
Kelpie, W. K. Brown	6 48 40	2 12 40	
Vixen, D. J. Mahoney	6 54 31	2 18 31	

The winners were: Bobtail, Cockatoo, Wraith, Step Lively II., Martha M., Lelia B., and Esperance. Other winners to be determined when time allowances are figured out; Dorothy scored a sail over.

Portsmouth Y. C.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.,
Saturday, July 4.

The annual race of the Portsmouth Y. C. was sailed off the lower harbor on Saturday, July 4, in a whole-sail southeast breeze. Solus won in the first class and Echo in the second class. The summary:

First Class.		Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Æolus, Holman	10 54 50	12 28 35	1 33 45	
Nixey, Colby.....	10 54 20	12 31 12	1 36 52	
Jeannett, Frazier.....	10 54 02	12 32 10	1 38 08	
Adlofid, Humphreys	10 55 10	12 39 29	1 44 20	
Josie M., Pope.....	10 54 30	12 40 08	1 55 38	
Euphemia, Ducker.....	10 55 10	12 55 10	2 00 00	
Second Class.				
Echo, Adams	10 59 14	12 25 50	1 26 36	
Why Not, Phinney	10 59 02	12 39 10	1 40 08	
Myth, Hennessey	10 59 45	12 41 11	1 41 26	
Molly, Montgomery.....	10 39 11	Did not finish.		

The Canada's Cup Defender.

TORONTO, July 11.—Commodore Æmilius Jarvis has practically taken charge of Strathcona, and from now on preparations for the great international contest will be under his personal direction.

In securing the services of Mr. Jarvis, both the Royal Canadian Y. C. and Mr. Norman Macrae, the patriotic owner of Strathcona, are to be congratulated. The defense of the cup is now in the best possible hands. Mr. Jarvis is the best yacht skipper, professional or amateur, that Lake Ontario or the chain of lakes has produced. His experience ranges from Seavanhaka cup skimming fishes to deep draft cutters like Strathcona or Merrythought. Mr. Jarvis won the cup originally with Canada at Toledo in 1896. In 1899 he defended it with Beaver and lost, owing to a succession of light weather races. The same circumstance was in his favor, however, in 1901, when he brought back the cup from Chicago with Invader.

Commodore Jarvis started to familiarize himself with his latest craft this week. Strathcona has been well sailed and brought up to racing pitch by Mr. Norman Macrae and Mr. G. E. Macrae, his brother, an experienced racing yachtsman. Mr. Jarvis' work is not so extensive as on some former occasions, though at the same time there is always room for alterations and improvement, and the whole period, prior to the first race on the eighth of August, will be spent in bringing the defender up to her best possible sailing trim.

Strathcona proved plenty stiff enough when she first donned her whole suit of canvas, but her ballast has been increased. The extra lead was put in for various reasons. She was found to be eighteen inches short on the waterline. This of itself might not have been serious. Strathcona would probably be as fast if she only measured 38ft. 6in. as if she measured 40ft., the limit. But the new yachts are built not under formula but under restrictions. The laws of the modern Medes and Persians, which alter not until the next revision, say that the forty-footer shall have a minimum beam of 12ft. 6in. at the waterline, and nothing less. Strathcona, being a boat of easy bilges and flaring sides, has to come down fully to her calculated waterline before she gets the required beam. Hence the extra ballast.

A ton and a half of lead in pigs was put aboard at Oakville and brought back to Toronto, the whole operation being accomplished the same day. Part of the lead has been cast in patterns to lie alongside the keelson between the frames. Part was left in pig form for trimming purposes. Strathcona's tendency to dip her dolphin striker when off the wind has already been noted in these columns, and it was finally discovered that she was five and a half inches by the head. This was remedied by placing the additional ballast well aft.

Strathcona went on the dry dock on Thursday to scrape and tune up for the Lorne cup race on Saturday. This is the first docking the yacht has received since her launching, and she was naturally rather foul. Before launching her bottom was painted with a thin, hard finished preparation of tar, which has some antifouling qualities and, properly treated, takes a very hard, smooth surface. It has been tried in previous Canada's cup defenders and challengers. The first coat left the grain of the wood showing, although the unevenness was more apparent to the eyes than to the fingers. This coat will be rubbed down until very little of it remains. Then another will be applied, to meet with the same fate, and so on. Docking is what the new boat wants, Mr. Jarvis says, and it is probable that her bottom will be scraped and polished half a dozen times in the next four weeks, so that it will have a good finish for the races.

Mr. Jarvis expected to sail his own boat, Merrythought, in the Lorne cup race. It is a club race, and as such Merrythought should be sailed, on account of the pennant for averages at the end of the season. Other competitors with Strathcona entered in the race for this trophy were Canada, Vreda and Yama. The contest was known as a cruising race. Olcott, N. Y., about sixty miles from Toronto, on the south shore, being the objective.

The defender's white topsides and great freeboard make her look a trifle chunky, and her short topmast increases the impression. It is quite possible, however, that this appearance will be entirely eliminated by the time the races take place. It is a fact worth remembering that no Canadian defender or challenger for the Canada's cup has been white. The original Canada had black topsides and a white bottom. Beaver was black, with a silver stripe at the waterline. Invader went away in that guise, although she was blackleaded to the sheer ribbon when she reached Chicago. It is altogether probable that Strathcona will retain her broad aluminum stripe, and dress herself in black enamel. Or she may be potleaded.

The contest promises to be a whole sail one as far as Canadians are concerned. Strathcona's English mainsail, which is her best, has three lines of reef eyelets but no reef points, and Mr. Jarvis says he is not going to put them in. Points will be carried, of course, for emergencies, but they will be kept in a bag and served out to the reefing crew when necessary.

A hollow mast is ready for Strathcona, but it is not likely she will use it. Her center of gravity is a little too low now, and an effort will be made to get it higher, so that she will list more easily in light breezes.

Strathcona's crew for her trials has been chosen, but the final crew has not been picked. It will consist of nine men, only two, and these sailors before the mast, being professionals.

CHARLES H. SNIDER.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.,
Saturday, July 11.

The second championship race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead Saturday, July 11, in a light S. E. breeze. At one time during the race the wind backed to the E., but hauled again and held generally about S. E. When the 25-footers started there was some strength to the breeze, but it flattened later to almost a calm.

There were two starters in the 25ft. class, Chewink III. and Great Haste. Chewink III. was over the starting line first, with Great Haste in the weather berth. Chewink III. gained from the start to the finish, having more than

five minutes to spare at the end of the race. In the 22-footers, Opitsah V. was again first across the starting line, and she led all over the course, although Medric put up a good race. They finished only 26 seconds apart. In the 21ft. class, Dabster had things all to herself, as Ruth withdrew. A shift of wind gave the 18-footers a beat to the first mark. The class went over the starting line well bunched, but Arrow pulled away soon after and led all over the course, finishing nearly to seconds to the good. The contest for second place in this class between Myrmidon and Piccadilly was very close, only one second separating them at the finish. The summary:

25-Footers.		Elapsed.
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 50 38
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 56 12
22-Footers.		
Opitsah V., S. H. and H. I. Foster	1 57 15
Medric, Herbert White	1 57 41
Handicap Knockabouts.		
Dabster, F. Skinner, Jr.	2 23 11
Ruth, H. S. Wheelock	Withdrew.
18ft. Knockabouts.		
Arrow, E. A. Boardman	2 21 53
Myrmidon, A. P. Loring	2 31 19
Piccadilly, C. H. W. Foster	2 31 20
Chance, R. Boardman	Withdrew.
Moslem, B. D. Barker	Withdrew.
Milillian II., F. G. Woods	Withdrew.
Rattler, A. D. Irving	Withdrew.
Kalmuck, L. Davis	Withdrew.

Penataquit-Corinthian Y. C.

BAY SHORE, LONG ISLAND,
Saturday, July 11.

There were twenty-one starters in the race given by the Penataquit-Corinthian Y. C., on Saturday, July 11. At the time of the start there was a fresh N. W. breeze, but later in the day the wind worked around to the S. W. A hard thunder squall broke just as the boats were finishing, and it made matters very lively and exciting for a time. The boats in class N sailed their first race for the Lighthouse cup. Flight won the race. Electra, the boat that won the cup last year, was entered but did not start. The boats covered a twelve-mile triangle. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class N—Start, 1:05.			Elapsed.	Corrected.
Flight, Horace Havemeyer	2 26 45	2 26 37	
Arrow, F. P. Macy	2 35 30	2 35 30	
Pinkie, Allan Pinkerton	2 41 36	2 41 04	
Special Sloops—Start, 1:10.				
Cornelia, Thomas J. Cousins	2 45 45	2 42 02	
Mindah, C. O. O'Donough	2 51 38	2 51 38	
Restless, B. F. Loomis	Did not finish.		
Sloops—Class P—Start, 1:10.				
Edice, DeLancey T. Smith	2 50 44	2 50 37	
Elma, A. B. Williams	2 52 27	2 52 27	
Ellen, E. B. Bleeken	Did not finish.		
Class Q—Start, 1:15.				
Dolph, W. K. Dick	2 25 00	
Minnow, J. R. Gibb	2 51 02	
Kinkie, C. E. Coddington	2 49 15	
Decision on corrected time reserved.				
Sloop—Class V—Start, 1:20.				
Grace R., J. T. Ruive	2 20 03	2 11 03	
Lizette, R. Mellick	2 26 10	2 16 52	
Cecil F., E. P. Foster	2 20 11	2 20 11	
Sloops—Class X—Start, 1:25.				
Teaser, Wilbur Ketchum	2 20 12	2 19 14	
Junior, W. H. Dalzell	2 23 18	2 23 18	
Class W—Start, 1:30.				
Dorothy, T. E. Hardenberg	2 20 45	
Scudd, J. V. S. Willey	2 58 36	
Helen, W. H. Wray	3 15 00	
Echo, F. E. Ballard	3 44 40	
Decision on corrected time reserved.				

The winners were Flight, Cornelia, Edice, Grace R., Teaser and Dorothy.

Bar Harbor Y. C.

BAR HARBOR, MAINE,
Saturday, July 11.

Nine of the thirteen new one-design Herreshoff boats started in the race sailed on Saturday, July 11. The boats sailed twice over a six mile triangle. A good breeze held throughout the race, and the boats encountered a sharp S. W. squall during the contest. Joker got the best start, but was followed over the line closely by Bat. Joker led nearly all over the first round, but was finally overtaken by Bat. On the second round Bat increased her lead and won easily, beating Astrild three minutes. Joker was the fourth boat to finish. She had trouble with her balloon jib on the last leg of the first round, and this mishap cost her the race. The summary:

Start, 2:35.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Bat, Edgar Scott	4 22 00	4 22 00	1 47 00
Astrild, H. L. Eno	4 25 00	4 25 00	1 50 00
Curlew, R. H. Gallatin	4 28 30	4 28 30	1 53 30
Joker, H. M. Sears	4 31 30	4 31 30	1 56 30
Ben, A. Y. Steward	4 38 45	4 38 45	2 03 45
Scud, A. J. Cassatt	4 39 20	4 39 20	2 04 20
Pappoose III., V. E. Macy	4 40 00	4 40 00	2 05 00
Kawuna, J. B. Trevelyan	4 41 00	4 41 00	2 06 00
Sara, J. M. Sears	4 41 02	4 41 02	2 06 02

Erie Y. C.

ERIE, Pa.—Editor Forest and Stream:—The first race of the season by the Erie Y. C. was sailed on July 4 at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Under the new starting rules (at least they are new here) they were required to start from the anchorage with all canvas down, anchors either weighed or shipped; most of them were shipped. The course was a triangle about seven miles in length. The 10-knot breeze. The yachts starting were the Iroquois, Mingo, Girvanto, Marvel, Una, Miriam, Imp, Zephyr, Phyllis, Viking, Kingfisher and Julia.

They finished in the order named, all except the Julia, which ran on a sand bar and staid there. Several others did not get started. Some of them might have done better than the ones that did, had they ran. 1 hour 19m. 17s. was the winner's corrected time.

Starters: E. A. Davis, J. B. Boyd, and J. P. Smart.

The next race will be on Saturday, July 11, and every other Saturday through the season after this. For these races there will be three pennants given, one for 25ft. boats, one for 30ft. and one for 35-footers. We have no longer ones here.

CABIA BLANCO.

Rochester Y. C. and Genesee Y. R. A.

CHARLOTTE, LAKE ERIE,
Saturday, July 4.

On the Fourth of July the Rochester Y. C. and the Genesee Yacht Racing Association held special races off Charlotte. The boats covered a six-mile triangular course, each leg being two miles.

Iris made the best time over the course, and Naomi II. finished only a minute behind Iris. Most of the boats were entered in the races of both clubs and the same classes were sent away at the same time. The summaries follow:

ROCHESTER Y. C.			
25-30-ft. Class—Start 10:30.			
	First Leg.	Second Leg.	Finish.
Iris	10 59 00	11 16 35	11 38 54
Kee Lox	11 00 30	11 20 20	11 42 08
Chitta	10 59 30	11 19 50	11 43 30
Pedro	10 59 20	11 19 23	11 42 55
20-ft. Class—Start 10:35.			
Naomi II	11 03 00	11 23 00	11 44 50
Juanita	11 05 10	11 25 10	11 45 58
Anoatok	11 04 30	11 24 25	11 46 17
Joker	11 06 40	11 27 00	11 47 25
16-ft. Class—Start 10:40.			
Bub	Finish.	Elapsed.
		12 05 50	1 25 50
GENESEE Y. R. A.			
30-ft. Class—Start 10:30.			
	First Leg.	Second Leg.	Finish.
Iris	10 59 00	11 16 35	11 38 54
Kee Lox	11 00 30	11 20 20	11 42 08
Chitta	10 59 30	11 19 50	11 43 30
25-ft. Class—Start 10:30.			
*Carita	11 03 40	11 26 00	11 47 00
Pedro	10 59 20	11 19 22	11 42 55
20-ft. Class—Start 10:35.			
Naomi II	11 03 00	11 23 00	11 44 50
Juanita	11 05 10	11 25 10	11 45 58
Anoatok	11 04 30	11 24 25	11 46 17
Joker	11 05 40	11 27 00	11 47 25
16-ft. Class—Start 10:40.			
Elfin	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bub	12 05 50	1 25 50
Spray	12 15 00	1 35 00
Deuce	12 17 54	1 37 54

*WGA on corrected time.

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND,
Tuesday, July 7.

A good whole sail S. W. breeze held throughout the race sailed by the 30-footers on Tuesday. The boats covered a triangular course which was laid out in the bay. Barbara was first over the starting line, but Carolina overtook her on the first leg. Vaquero III. worked into first place on the last leg of the course and finished a winner by the narrow margin of 13s. Carolina protested Vaquero III. for fouling her at the start. The protest was sustained, and the race was given to Carolina. The summary:

Start 3:40.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Vaquero III., Payne Whitney	5 18 38	1 38 38	
Carolina, C. L. F. Robinson	5 18 51	1 38 51	
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherford	5 21 01	1 41 51	

Wednesday, July 8.

The 30-footers covered a twelve-mile triangular course in Wednesday's race. The breeze was strong from the S. W. Vaquero III. led over the line and remained ahead until the last leg, which was a beat to windward. Carolina took the lead on this leg and won by less than a minute. The summary:

Start 3:45.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Carolina, C. L. F. Robinson	5 17 54	1 39 54	
Vaquero III., P. Whitney	5 18 43	1 41 43	
Barbara, W. Rutherford	5 21 37	1 44 37	

Friday, July 10.

The sweepstake race sailed on Friday was won handily by Carolina. The course was from Brenton's Cove to a buoy in Coddington Cove, rounding the Jamestown mark going out and returning. The wind was again strong from the S. W. Carolina was first over the line and was never headed. The summary:

Start 3:56.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Carolina, C. L. F. Robinson	5 21 48	1 40 48	
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherford	5 23 17	1 42 17	
Vaquero III., Payne Whitney	5 24 00	1 43 00	

Saturday, July 11.

Only three of the 30-footers came to the line for Saturday's race. There was a good sailing breeze from the S. W. Vaquero III. led over the line, but she got in a luffing match with Carolina, and while this was going on Barbara worked into the lead and finished a winner by over two minutes. The summary:

Start 3:38.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Barbara, W. Rutherford	5 20 01	1 42 01	
Carolina, C. L. F. Robinson	5 22 17	1 44 17	
Vaquero III., Payne Whitney	5 23 46	1 45 46	

Shelter Island Y. C.

SHELTER ISLAND, LONG ISLAND,
Saturday, July 11.

The second race of the Shelter Island Y. C. was sailed on the afternoon of Saturday, July 11, over courses in Deering Harbor. A light westerly wind blew throughout the contest. Kalmia won a signal victory in class N, defeating Oiseau and Senta. Harp won in the competition for class R craft. In sub class R, Ria carried off the laurels. The summaries follow:

Class N—Sloops—Start 2:10.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Kalmia, G. T. Hollister	4 53 34	2 43 34	
Oiseau, H. L. Maxwell	4 54 06	2 44 06	
Senta, O. E. Lohrke	4 55 59	2 45 59	
Class R—Sloops—Start 2:15.			
Harp, J. N. Lunning	4 07 30	1 52 30	
Iris, G. Piel	4 08 51	1 53 51	
Psi, A. O. Bancker	4 09 40	1 54 40	
San Toy, M. Edson	4 10 18	1 55 18	
Snook, W. W. Becker	4 10 09	1 55 09	
Arrow, G. H. Keim	4 15 39	2 00 39	
Sub Class R—Start 2:15.			
Ria	4 20 02	2 05 02	
Belskin, J. L. Hutchison	4 28 06	2 13 06	
Duchess, Carl Pickardt	4 41 01	2 26 01	

Philadelphia-Corinthian Y. C. Cruise.

The following general orders have been issued by Mr. Charles H. Brock, fleet captain of the Philadelphia-Corinthian Y. C.:

The fleet of the Corinthian Y. C. will rendezvous for the annual cruise at Glen Cove, Long Island, N. Y., on the afternoon of Friday, July 24, 1903.

A meeting of captains will be held on board the flagship at 8:30 P. M.

Prizes have been offered for port to port runs for yachts in cruising trim, and when four or more start, a second prize to be awarded. The commodore has offered a cup to the yacht in each class winning on corrected time the greatest number of runs.

Saturday, July 25—Glen Cove to Oyster Bay.

Sunday, July 26—Fleet to remain at anchor at Oyster Bay.

Monday, July 27—Oyster Bay to Morris Cove.

Tuesday, July 28—Morris Cove to Shelter Island.

Wednesday, July 29—Shelter Island to New London.

Thursday, July 30—Fleet to remain at anchor. Gig and dinghy races for yachts' crews, and races for small boats belonging to yachts of the fleet, will be held in the afternoon. Entries to be made to the fleet captain.

Friday, July 31—New London to Jamestown, R. I.

Saturday, August 1—Disband.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

Saturday, July 11.

The one-design 15-footers sailed the fourth race for the Center Island cup on Saturday afternoon, July 11. The boats covered a triangular course, the first leg of which was a reach, the second a beat and the third a reach. Fight boats started and Bobs won by 56s. The breeze was light from the south. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart.....	6 39 54	2 19 54
Cayenne, Colgate Hoyt.....	6 40 50	2 20 50
Wee Wean, R. L. Cuthbert.....	6 41 47	2 21 47
Imp, H. H. Landon.....	6 42 26	2 22 26
Brownie, R. W. Gibson.....	6 44 54	2 24 54
Fly, W. E. Roosevelt.....	6 47 30	2 27 30
Olita, H. C. Rouse.....	6 48 56	6 48 56
Nit, J. R. Burnet & F. D. Pavey.....	Did not finish.	

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Mr. Hollis Burgess reports the following transfers: Chartered (in conjunction with Gardner & Cox), the 125ft. steam yacht Nydia, owned by F. J. Lisman of New York to Charles N. Shaw of Boston.

Chartered, the 45ft. sloop Hesper, owned by Ralph Forbes of Boston to H. A. de Windt of Chicago.

Sold, the 25ft. sloop Margaret, owned by James L. Paine of Boston to Geo. C. Vaughn of Salem, Mass.

Sold, the 24ft. racing sloop Kit, owned by Com. T. H. McDonald of the Bridgeport Y. C., to H. B. Whit-tier of Boston.

Sold, the 21ft. knockabout Gosling, owned by Louis M. Clark of Dorchester, Mass., to Bancel La Farge of Beverly, Mass.

Sold, the 21ft. knockabout Paloma, owned by J. Malcolm Forbes of Boston to Thos. B. Eaton of Worcester, Mass.

Sold, the raceabout Hazard, owned by Chas. O. Dexter of Hamilton, Ont., to Messrs. C. E. and J. P. Loud of Boston.

Sold, the naphtha launch Enid, owned by Chas. O. Miller of Braintree, Mass., to E. L. Woodard of Norfolk, Va.

Sold, an 18ft. gasoline launch, owned by John O. Bicknell of Weymouth, Mass., to E. B. Holmes, of Hull, Mass.

Sold, the 19ft. catboat Ruby, owned by I. H. Packard of Watertown, Mass., to F. G. Jackson of Cambridge, Mass.

The Associated Press of this city have chartered the steam yacht Chetolah for the Cup Races, through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman. She is to be equipped with a Marconi wireless outfit by the Morse Iron Works, So. Brooklyn, N. Y.

The same office has also sold the auxiliary sloop Marion to Mr. J. H. Fernier, Pavonia Y. C., Jersey City, N. J.

The Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C. have issued the following regarding the steam yacht race for the Lysistrata Cup. The event will take place off Newport on July 24:

"The Lysistrata Cup, Newport, R. I., July 24, 1903.

"A \$2,500 cup, with \$2,500 added for the winner in the first competition.

"A challenge cup presented by former Commodore James Gordon Bennett, N. Y. Y. C., for steam yachts belonging to the New York Y. C., and for steam yachts properly enrolled in any foreign yacht club, and limited to yachts above 150 net tons in size, American yacht measurement (net registered tonnage).

"The course will be triangular, sixty nautical miles in length, starting off Brenton's Reef Lightship.

"The signal for the start will be made at half-past one P. M.

"Entries must be made in writing, addressed to the committee, and will be received at the Newport Station up to three P. M., July 23.

"Detailed sailing directions and chart of the course will be issued later."

The steam yacht White Heather, owned by Mr. Harrison I. Drummond, has been chartered through the agency of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane to Mr. Edmund Randolph.

At a meeting of the New York Y. C. held on June 25, the following were elected members: Arthur Olatt Howard, John C. Tatum, E. P. McMurtry, George B. Post, Jr., Captain Duncan Kennedy, U. S. N.; Walter S. Gurney, Frederick P. Scudder, Lieutenant Charles P. Nelson, U. S. N.; George Lauder, J. Horace Hard-

ing, John Kensett Olyphant, William Howard Barnard, Buckingham Lockwood, James Douglass Sparkman, Henry B. Lothrop, Clarence E. Burke, Lieutenant Spencer S. Wood, U. S. N.; Frank J. Logan, Leonard Jacob, Jr., William Ross Proctor, Frederick W. Herring, Rev. George Alexander Strong, Lieutenant E. W. Kittelle, U. S. N., and Franklin Q. Brown.

Irondequoit, the challenger for the Canada's Cup, arrived at Charlotte on Saturday, July 11. She will be thoroughly overhauled and put in racing trim at once.

Lloyds' Yacht Register.

FOR twenty-six years Lloyds' Register of British and Foreign Shipping has published the Yacht Register, and it is hardly necessary to say that the work has always been superbly done. The register is issued on May 1, and the volume for 1903 is now ready for delivery. It includes, as usual, the most authoritative information, and is invaluable to all yachtsmen as a work of reference. It contains the names, particulars and characters of yachts classed by the Society; also, in an appendix, a list of the different yacht and sailing clubs and illustrations of their respective flags; an illustrated list of the flags of yachts; an index of signal letters; a list of yachts which have had their names changed; a list of builders and designers with the names of yachts built or designed by them (a most valuable feature of the book); an alphabetical list of the names and addresses of yacht owners, with the clubs to which they belong, and much other important information.

The volume is beautifully bound in green and gold, and we cordially commend it to every American yachtsman. The New York office of Lloyds' Register is at 15 Whitehall street, and their telephone number is 1699 Broad.

Hope's Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.

To the amateur builder who may wish to construct his own boat, or make a successful hobby of small yacht building this book will prove a valuable instructor, and no one with reasonably fair skill in the use of tools and average patience and perseverance in taking this book as a guide need long be without an excellent boat—superior, perhaps, to much of the cheap work turned out by small firms. It contains 177 pages in all, with upward of 30 full-page diagrams and designs showing the progress of construction from the laying of the keel to the final rigging of the sails.

The author's introduction is modest in the extreme, and the reader will find that he rather underestimates the value of a work that must prove interesting even to those who may not design building a boat. He says that the designs shown are taken, not so much as being ideal boats in any way, but chiefly as representing popular types of sailing boats and small yachts now in general use, and suitable for an amateur to build.

Printed on excellent paper, with strong linen binding and a cover pocket for carrying plans, maps, or designs, it can without fear of injury be made a companion of the work shop, where its excellent suggestions about the use and care of tools, its pages on materials, and encouraging and useful hints along the lines of general work may help to fill in a restful hour during the progress of construction.—Claude King in Sports Afield.

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

IN order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First, \$50.00.

Second, \$25.00.

Third, \$15.00.

Fourth and Fifth, \$10.00 each.

Sixth to Eighth, \$5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept, and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, N. Y., on or before December 1, 1903.

A. C. A. Racing Regulations.

101 CLARK STREET, Brooklyn, July 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Referring to the proposed changes in the racing regulations of the American Canoe Association, I beg to add to my previous letter that these changes will be submitted to the newly elected members of the Racing Board of the A. C. A., and will be passed upon by them, as well as by the members of the Executive Committee. The Eastern, Northern, and Central Divisions have had their meetings, and the latter has elected Mr. H. M. Stewart, of Rochester, as its representative on the Racing Board. The Western Division will doubtless elect its representative at the forthcoming camp at Ballast Island, and the Atlantic Division will do so at Sugar Island in August.

For the information of Atlantic Division members, I quote letter received from Mr. W. S. Elliott, the giver of the Atlantic Division sailing trophy, as follows: "As I understand the sailing rules of the A. C. A. are to undergo some change, I suggest that they be applied to govern the competition for the Elliott trophy, which was originally donated to the Atlantic Division for competition by members of that Division."

This, in my opinion, renders the race in question open to all classes which are eligible to race for the A. C. A. trophy, and other races.

J. K. HAND,

Chairman Regatta Committee.

New York C. C.

BENSONHURST, L. I.,

Saturday, July 11.

The second record sailing events of the New York Canoe Club were held on the afternoon of Saturday, July 11, over courses on Gravesend Bay. The breeze was so light that the canoes were sent over a one and one-half mile journey but once. The feature of the regatta was the large entry in the class for open sailing canoes. The summaries follow:

Decked Canoes—Start, 4:40.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
W. H. Fales.....	5 25 20	0 43 20
Canoe Yawls—Start, 4:30.		
H. Fales.....	3 29 55	0 59 55
D. B. Goodsell.....	5 40 00	1 10 00
Open Canoes—Start, 4:37.		
H. R. Steven.....	6 23 35	1 46 35
W. Carmalt.....	6 26 18	1 49 18
R. S. Foster.....	6 27 38	1 50 38
F. A. Plummer.....	6 32 03	1 55 03
E. J. Wright.....	6 34 00	1 57 00
W. Yelland.....	6 41 20	2 04 20
F. Speidel.....	6 43 45	2 06 45
R. D. Bayley.....	6 45 45	2 08 45
W. B. Jennings.....	6 51 40	2 14 40
A. M. Pool.....	Withdrew.	

The winners were H. Fales and H. R. Steven. W. H. Fales scored a sailover.

American Canoe Association.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I beg to inform you that the following were elected life members of the A. C. A. since last publication: E. H. Barney, Springfield, Mass.; Paul Butler, Lowell, Mass.; Irving Rouce, Rochester, N. Y.; B. I. Rouce, Rochester, N. Y.; C. V. Winne, Albany, N. Y.

ROBERT J. WILKIN,

President Board of Governors A. C. A.

A. C. A. Membership.

The following have been proposed for membership to the Eastern Division of the A. C. A.: Thomas J. Darcey, Boston, Mass.; C. M. Baker, Robert T. Little, Jas. B. Fitch, Manchester, N. H.; Geo. W. Creelman, Alfred B. Hill, Lakeville, Conn.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The International Rifle Contest.

The Palma trophy returns to America. In the great International rifle contest for its possession, between teams representing the United States, Great Britain, Canada, Norway, France, Australia and Natal, held at Bisley, England, July 11, the United States team achieved a decisive victory. The real contest, so far as a test of skill is concerned, narrowed quickly to the teams of the United States, Great Britain and Canada, which, in turn, narrowed down to the United States and Great Britain, the other teams being so far in the rear toward the close that their defeat was a foregone conclusion.

The totals of the different teams are as follows:

United States.....	1,570
Great Britain.....	1,555
Canada.....	1,518
Australia.....	1,501
Natal.....	1,399
France.....	1,240
Norway.....	1,240

Thus, the United States defeated Great Britain, its closest competitor, by 15 points.

The individual scores of the United States team are as follows:

	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	Total.
Sergt. J. H. Keough, 6th Mass.....	73	69	64	206
Corp. C. E. Winder, 6th Ohio.....	71	53	59	193
Lt. K. K. V. Casey, 71st N. Y.....	67	68	60	195
Sergt. Geo. Doyle, 71st N. Y.....	66	66	59	191
Lt. Thos. Holcomb, U. S. M. C.....	66	61	67	194
Pr. Geo. Cook, 1st D. C.....	74	63	68	205
Lt. A. E. Wells, 71st N. Y.....	65	59	68	192
Corp. W. B. Short, 7th N. Y.....	69	66	59	194
Totals.....	551	515	504	1,570

The possible, per man, at each range was 75, or 225 at the three ranges of 800, 900 and 1000 yards.

The conditions were as follows: For the championship of the world: open to the riflemen of all countries; each team to consist of eight men; any military rifle; minimum pull of trigger, 4½ pounds; 800, 900 and 1000 yards, 15 shots per man at each range by each contestant; any position without artificial rest.

The teams shot in two divisions, four men completing their scores before the remaining four began.

The weather conditions at the beginning were a clear light, a strong sunlight, and a calm atmosphere; favorable conditions for good work. The American team was first to finish at the 800 yard range, taking one hour and 15 minutes, well within the time limitation of one hour and three-quarters.

At the finish of the competition at 800 yards the British team was in the lead of all, and three points ahead of its closest competitor, the United States team. The scores of each team at 800 yards were: Great Britain, 554; United States, 551; Canada, 536; Australia, 518; Natal, 513; Norway, 447; France, 441.

The individual scores of the members of the United States team were:

Private George Cook.....	74
Sergeant J. H. Keough.....	73
Corporal C. E. Winder.....	71
Corporal W. B. Short.....	69
Lieutenant K. K. V. Casey.....	67
Sergeant George Doyle.....	66
Lieutenant Thos. Holcombe, Jr.....	66
Lieutenant A. E. Wells.....	65

When the competition began at 900 yards the weather conditions

had become more difficult, a puffy wind having set in, hence correct allowances for it were extremely difficult. All the scores fell off in consequence, yet the United States team shot best, and took the lead over the British team at this range by 11 points. Deducting the 3 points lost by the United States team at 800 yards, this left them with 8 points in the lead.

The scores of the teams at the 900-yard range were: America 515, Great Britain 504, Canada 494, Australia 492, Natal 447, Norway 408, France 404.

The individual scores of the United States team were: Keough 69, Casey 68, Doyle 66, Short 66 Cook 63, Winder 63, Holcombe 61, Wells 69.

The aggregate scores for the two ranges were: America 1066, Great Britain 1058, Canada 1030, Australia 1010, Natal 960, Norway 855, and France 845.

At the 1000-yard range the British team felt hopeful that they would retrieve their lost ground. The general interest was keen. The leaders were so close together that the situation was far from decisive. It was a juncture which required perfect team work. Had one man lost his nerve or skill the lapse would easily have brought defeat. But the nerve, the skill, the guns and the ammunition were all there, working steadily and accurately according to their wont and their reputation.

The teams at the last range drew lots for position, hence any possibility of collusion between shooters and scorers was entirely guarded against. The United States team was on the extreme right next to the Norway team, and on its left successively were the French, Natal and England. The summary of the scores at this range are presented hereinbefore.

The French marksmen explained that they never before had shot on a 1000 yard range and had contested more with a purpose to learn than an expectation to win. In the afternoon there was a large assemblage of spectators, many of whom were distinguished. Ambassador Choate was accompanied by Capt. Stockton, the Naval Attache of the Embassy, Mrs. Choate and Sir Aubrey Fletcher, president of the Army Rifle Association.

The target was that of the National Rifle Association. Its dimensions were 12x6 ft. Bullseye, 3 ft. in diameter. Center, 4½ ft. in diameter. Inner, 6 ft. square, surrounding the bullseye and center. Outer, the remainder of the target, that is to say, the two ends, each 3x6 ft. An inner shot is sometimes designated as a magpie. The values of the different parts of the target are as follows: Bullseye, 5; center, 4; inner or magpie, 3; outer, 2. Thus the maximum possible in 15 shots is 75.

After the conclusion of the match The Palma trophy was presented by Maj.-Gen. Lord Cheylesmore to the American team in the presence of their friends, and he congratulated them freely and heartily on their grand pluck, skill and success. He hoped that an English team would be sent to the United States next year, and that then the attempt would be made to recover it. The sending of the team next year was later definitely and accordingly decided upon.

The victory was celebrated by a banquet, at which the Duke of Cambridge, President of the Army Rifle Association, presided. There was the most cordial fraternizing amongst the guests. The victors were toasted, their rifles and ammunition were praised, and their marksmanship was superlative. In replying for the American team Col. Leslie C. Bruce admitted that it required the best eight men in the United States to win the victory. He expressed his thanks and appreciation of fairness and courtesies extended.

Thus ended another international competition, resulting in success to American skill, firearms, ammunition, and discipline.

With the reawakened interest in long range rifle shooting, with the knowledge that the most earnest effort is essential to the possession of the trophy, and with the excellent team material available in the United States for this great international contest, the capture of it in the future will be a task of greater difficulty than it ever has been in the past.

Last year, 1902, the Palma trophy was contested for at Ottawa, Canada, between three teams, with results as follows: British team, 1,459; American team, 1,447; Canadian team, 1,373.

The history of the Palma trophy holds a conspicuous place in matters of international competition of which the United States are a part. Yet, considering its importance there have been but few contests for it.

The first contest took place at Creedmoor in 1876, Centennial year. Then Scotland, Ireland, Australia, Canada and the United States competed for its possession. The American team was victorious with a total of 3,126 points. The other contestants scored as follows: Ireland, 3,104; Scotland, 3,063; Australia, 3,062; Canada, 2,923. Thirty shots per man at each range then was a condition.

The riflemen of Great Britain made a determined effort to capture it in 1877, at Creedmoor, but were defeated by the score of 3,334 to 3,242. There were in 1878 some differences of opinion concerning the trophy between the team of 1877 and the directors of the National Rifle Association, to determine which the team shot a walkover match, rather hurried in its preliminary arrangements and abrupt in its conclusion. A storm interrupted the walkover. C. E. Dwight had three shots at the 1000 yards unfinished owing to a disabled rifle, and H. T. Rockwell had 14 unfinished owing to the interposition of the severe storm. The Palma trophy then for many years remained in possession of the N. R. A. unchallenged. After a time it was deposited in the Museum of Military Service at Governor's Island, where it remained till the recent American-Spanish war. It was then stored in New York City. In 1900 the United States team had another walkover, thirty shots per man. Score, 2,755. In 1901, at Sea Girt, teams of the United States and Canada contested for it under changed conditions. The scores, 15 shots per man, were: Canada, 1,522; United States, 1,494.

Franco-American Revolver Match.

As mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM last week the complete scores of the French team were tardy in arriving. The complete scores are herewith presented:

M. Louvier, Paris, 496 points; M. Recocq, Paris, 502; M. Fen-gray, Paris, 509; M. Sartori, Paris, 462; M. Balme, Paris, 469; M. Caurette, Ham, 502; M. Dufloy, Marseilles, 541; M. Molinie Paget, Dieppe, 562; Captain Chauchat, Versailles, 524; Commandant Py, Saint Omer, 542; Captain Moreaux, Rennes, 629; Comte de Castellajae, Libourne, 547; Adjudant Paroche, Rennes, 466; M. Keller Korian, Lyons, 522; M. Depassis, Lyons, 503; total 7,640.

The totals were: Americans, 7,859; French, 7,640. Thus the American team won by a margin of 249 points.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—At the annual election on July 5, the officers of the preceding year were re-elected unanimously. The list follows: President, C. H. Roberts; Vice-President, J. Strickmeier; Secretary, A. Drube; Treasurer, H. H. Uckotter; Captain, Mat. Gindele; Lieutenant, L. O. Odell.

At the regular meeting of this Association on June 21, the following scores were made. As the majority of the shooters were attending the St. Louis tournament, the attendance was slim:

Roberts223 217 215 212 206
Strickmeier219 218 217 215 215

At the July 5 meeting a larger number participated, M. Gindele being champion for the day with 224. Mr. Payne was supposed to score 235, according to the dream of one of the members, but it failed to materialize. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, German ring target:

	224	215	214	211	211	Honor.
Gindele	224	215	214	211	211	61
Payne	222	217	216	212	210	65
Roberts	222	213	213	208	203	57
Nestler	217	211	210	208	205	60
Lux	219	200	198	198	196	65
Hofman	215	219	208	205	201	57
Odell	207	206	206	196	192	49
Bruns	205	204	195	192	185	53
Freitag	202	200	199	198	193	56
Hofer	200	196	196	188	187	50
Trounstone	197	194	180	168	167	46
Drube	197	187	186	161

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

July 15.—Charlottesville, Va.—Shoot of the University of Virginia. G. L. Bruftey, Sec'y.

July 18.—Chicago, Ill., Gun Club's tournament. A. A. Walters, Sec'y.

July 20-22.—Winnipeg, Can.—Seventh annual trapshooting tournament of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association. F. W. Heubach, Gen'l Mgr.

*July 21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. W. R. Keefer, Sec'y.

July 22.—Carlstadt, N. J.—Live-bird shoot on Riverside Shooting grounds. Hackensack River Bridge and Paterson Plank Road. L. H. Schortemeier, Sec'y, 201 Pearl street, New York.

July 22-23.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Limited Gun Club midsummer amateur target tournament. Bert B. Adams, Sec'y.

July 28-29.—Shamokin, Pa.—Shamokin Gun Club target tournament. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.

July 28-29.—Charlotte, N. C., Gun Club two-day target tournament. A. Burwell, Jr., Sec'y.

July 30-Aug. 1.—La Crosse, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the La Crosse and Viroqua gun clubs. John M. Moore, sec'y.

Aug. 5-6.—Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club two-day tournament.

Aug. 5-6.—Millport, Pa.—Oswayo Valley Rod and Gun Club's two-day tournament. M. S. Dodge, Sec'y.

*Aug. 5-6.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

Aug. 12-13.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.

Aug. 12-15.—Toronto, Ont.—Annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas., Ottawa, Can.

Aug. 18-20.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Second annual target tournament of the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association of Grand Rapids; \$1,000 added. A. B. Richmond, Sec'y.

Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.

Aug. 18-21.—Ocean City, Md.—J. R. Malone's ninth annual summer tournament; open to all; \$100 added money. J. R. Malone, manager, 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore.

*Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.

Aug. 26-27.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club's annual tournament. Dr. R. E. Dinger, Mgr.

Aug. 25-28.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Annual Indian tournament. Frank C. Riehl, Chief Scribe.

*Sept. 1-2.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-3.—Akron, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.

Sept. 7.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club all-day tournament; special handicap. Central New York championship for trophy. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.

Sept. 7.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club annual Labor Day shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

Sept. 7.—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

*Sept. 9-10.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament.

*Sept. 15-16.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-17.—Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club opening or dedication tournament. W. T. Nash, Sec'y.

*Sept. 23-24.—Scottdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.

Sept. 23-24.—Scranton, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Scranton Rod and Gun Club. J. D. Mason, Sec'y.

Sept. 28-29.—Louisville, Ky.—First day, State championship at targets; second day, State championship at live birds. J. S. Phelps, Jr., Sec'y.

Sept. 30.—Dover, N. H., Sportsmen's Association annual field day. D. W. Hallam, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Austerlitz, Ky.—Two-day live pigeon tournament of the Hill Top Gun Club. Geo. W. Clay, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Des Moines, Ia.—Two-day shoot of Messrs. Whitney & Milner.

*Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.

Oct. 8-9.—Dalton, Ohio, Gun Club's fifth annual tournament. H. Santmyer, m'gr.

Oct. 14-17.—West Baden, Ind., Gun Club tournament; \$500 added.

Oct. 23-24.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.

Saturdays.—Chicago.—Garfield Gun Club; grounds W. Fifty-second avenue and Monroe street. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

*Member of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 607 Wood street, Pittsburg.

**Members Southern Trapshooters' Game and Fish Protective Association. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y, Vicksburg, Miss.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club has fixed upon August 5 and 6 for a two-days' tournament.

Messrs. Whitney and Milner have fixed upon Oct. 1-2 for a tournament at Des Moines, Ia.

Mr. C. G. Blandford informs us that the Ossining Gun Club, of which he is captain, will hold its annual shoot on Labor Day.

The next annual shoot of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association will be held at Little Rock. Non-residents may shoot for targets only.

The Dover, N. H., Sportsmen's Association have announced Sept. 30 as the date for their annual field day. Mr. D. W. Hallam is the secretary.

The Secretary, E. J. Loughlin, writes us that "the Riverside Gun Club of Utica, N. Y., claims the date Sept. 7, Labor Day, for an all-day target tournament."

At the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association tournament, July 6 and 7, Mr. C. Parker, of Minot, won the State championship. Minot was fixed upon for the next year's State tournament.

Mr. Chas. G. Grubb, Pittsburg, Pa., writes us as follows: "Kindly take notice that the tournament advertised to take place July 21 and 22, at Beaver Falls, Pa., has been canceled and will either be held later in th season or not at all."

Mr. Dale Bumstead, of Denver, Colo., representative of the Lafin & Rand Powder Co., was a visitor in New York last week. He journeyed homeward last Saturday, after passing a few pleasant hours with two of Lafin & Rand's demure young men, Messrs. J. T. Skelly and W. J. Lyon.

Secretary M. S. Dodge, of Millport, Pa., writes us that "the Oswayo Valley Rod and Gun Club will hold a two-day tournament at inanimate targets, Aug. 5 and 6. The programme consists of 185 targets each day, with \$18.50 entrance money. Thirty dollars will be given in average money each day."

At the Interstate Association tournament, given under the auspices of the Huntsville, Ala., Gun Club, July 8 and 9, of the professionals, Mr. Chas. G. Spencer, 172 out of 185, was high gun on the first day. Baker with 164, was second, and Heikes and Lawrence tied on 163 for third. The amateur high averages were: Baker 88.8, Frazer 85.9, Newman 83.8. On the second day Heikes was first with 177, Baker second, 172; Spencer third, 169. For the two days, Spencer 341, Heikes 340, Baker 336.

The programme of the two-day tournament, to be held at Shamokin, Pa., on July 28 and 29, provides fifteen events each day, two of which are extra on the first day and one on the second day. All the events are at 10 and 15 targets, alternately, excepting No. 7, on the first day, which is a team contest at 25 targets. Targets, 2 cents. A magautrap will be used. Manufacturers' agents, targets only. Guns and ammunition forwarded to Dr. A. B. Longshore will be delivered free on the ground. Mr. S. C. Yocum is the secretary.

Mr. James R. Malone, 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore, Md., has fixed upon August 18-21 for his ninth annual summer tournament, open to all. Added money, \$100. Concerning it Mr. Malone informs us as follows: "Two days will be devoted to target shooting, one day to live-bird shooting, and one day to beach-bird shooting. A yachting party has been arranged for a trip to Chincoteague Island, about 30 miles below Ocean City, where there is ample opportunity to enjoy bay bird shooting—yellowleg plover, eurlaw, willet and other species of bay birds.

The programme of the Limited Gun Club midsummer amateur target tournament, fixed to take place on July 22-23, at Indianapolis, Ind., provides twelve events each day, a total of 200 targets, \$20 entrance, subdivided into 10, 15 and 20 target events; \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance. Targets, 2 cents. Moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10. Manufacturers' agents invited to shoot for targets only. Make shipments to the secretary, B. B. Adams, care Lehman's Transfer Co. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Lunch served on the grounds. A feature of each day will be the contest between C. O. Le Compte, of Eminence, Ky., and H. M. Clark, of Wabash, Ind.

The Nashville American states "it has been decided by the Hermitage Gun Club that on the third Saturday in July there will be a prize shoot in which all gun clubs in this neighborhood will be invited to participate. Among the clubs to be invited are those of Gallatin, Franklin, Ewell Station, Bowling Green, Huntsville, Columbia and Hopkinsville. Numerous merchandise prizes are to be offered for the winners, and in addition a loving cup will be offered by the Hermitage Gun Club for the marksman making the highest score. It is the intention to make this a notable shoot, as it will bring together many of Tennessee's most skillful marksmen."

The programme of the Charlotte, N. C., Gun Club tournament, fixed to take place on July 28 and 29, at Latta Park, has like events each day, five at 15, five at 20 and one at 25 targets, entrance based on ten cents per target. Added money each day, \$100 targets 2 cents. Manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets only. Moneys divided on the percentage system, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. A silver trophy will be presented to high average man each day. Guns and ammunition, prepaid and marked in owner's name, forwarded to A. Burwell, Jr., Secretary, Charlotte, N. C., will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock each day. Two magautraps will serve for a battery. The members of the handicap committee are: Col. Thomas Martin, Bluffton, S. C.; Dr. J. S. Johnson, Raleigh, N. C.; Dr. F. C. Wilson, Savannah, Ga.; Messrs. F. Stearns, Richmond, Va.; and D. H. McCullough, Charlotte, N. C. The following is of special importance to visitors: "Special railroad rates, one and one-third fare on the certificate plan, from all points south of the Potomac and Ohio Rivers, and east of the Mississippi river, including Washington, Cincinnati and St. Louis. Write Secretary A. Burwell, Jr., advising him of your intention to be present at the tournament and he will send you certificate to use; otherwise see that agent from whom you purchase ticket issues you the customary certificate." Shooters attending this tournament can easily make it convenient to attend the target and live-bird shoot at Anderson, S. C., first week in August.

BERNARD WATERS.

The Wanderers have arranged dates as follows: Rutherford, N. J., July 11; Brooklyn, July, 18; Frog Inn, on Jamaica Bay, July 25; South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., Aug. 1. All will be for the L. C. Smith gun, except the Frog Inn shoot.

The programme of the Interstate Association's trapshooting tournament, given for the Rainmakers' Gun Club, Aug. 12 and 13, at Ottawa, Ill., is now ready for distribution. The events for each day are alike, alternately 15 and 20 targets, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance. Lunch and shells obtainable on the grounds. Targets 2 cents. Practice day, Aug. 11. Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock. The Interstate Association secretary-manager will manage the tournament. The secretary is Mr. Charles Scherzer. Guns and ammunition, prepaid and marked in owner's name forwarded to Jos. L. Boissenin, Ottawa, Ill., will be delivered on the shooting grounds free of charge. Purses divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Ottawa is on the lines of the C., B. & Q., and C., R. I. & P., eighty-two miles west of Chicago.

S. T. S. G. and F. P. A. Tournament.

DURING the Memphis, Tenn., tournament, July 3 and 4, Mr. A. B. Pickett, of the Daily Scimitar, made a proposition to present to Mr. Frank, for the Memphis Club, a valuable and handsome silver cup, to be known as the Scimitar cup, and to be shot for by amateurs. Conditions, 100 targets; entrance, the price of the targets; cup to remain the property of the donors until one contestant wins it three times. To be contested for annually only at the League shoots in Memphis. The holder at the time of the next succeeding shoot to be paid \$25 by the Memphis Gun Club.

The contest was held late in the afternoon, when many had left the grounds; and when others saw that the shoot must be of as brief a nature as possible, in order that the same be finished before darkness, a conditional sweep of \$10 was made up among the shooters, and sixteen men shot in the race. If there had been opportunity there would have been fifty shooters. None of the traveling men shot for targets even, owing to the proximity of darkness. Result: Skannal 92, Fletcher 92, Starr 91, T. Quintral 91, Howard 90, Livingston 89, Rierson 89, Price 87, Canale 85, Mercer 84, Frank 82, Buell 81, Moody 80, Wilson 79, North 76, Ferry 72.

Many were the trials and disappointments. There was Starr, of Paducah, who ran his third 25 straight and had 71 out of 75 to his credit, and then he lost 3 out of 4, and 5 out of the 25, and finished with 91, just one less than the winner. Quintral shot well, after trying the quick style of shooting. During the day he dropped to steady, careful style, and came near winning out. This caused some of the observing to say, "that for some reason these were the targets that required steady, careful aiming, and not the quick, slam-bang." If that was so, most of the contestants were too long finding out the same, for their own good.

When it became good and dark John Skannal and J. Fletcher came up for the final contest, after a tie was made by Fletcher missing his last target. To the surprise of John and all, he made the best score of the day—for him—24 out of 25, while Fletcher could get but 20. Thus Mr. Skannal must be set down as the champion for the year 1903, having won all the cups and prizes put up this year. Had he not had the bad luck to miss 4 targets out of 25 in the team race, he would have assisted his team to capture the team prize, and then all in sight would have gone to Shreveport.

Abe Frank was a glad and tired man when the shoot was all over. I doubt very much if he will attempt to run another shoot, as he did this one, almost single-handed.

There are many good people connected with the club here, but all are business men who have little time to assist in getting up and looking after details of a shooting tournament.

Yet all went away expressing themselves as having had one of the very best times of their lives.

The Memphis boys all say, "Come again; next year we will have a bigger one."

If the shoot had been advertised more and the programmes gotten out earlier, and the dates had been fixed and not changed, no doubt 150 shooters would have been in attendance.

Memphis club grounds can accommodate three or four sets of traps, and no doubt they will be in position next year.

League Meeting.

The annual meeting was held in the parlors of the Gayoso Hotel, at which delegates were present as follows: City Park Gun Club, New Orleans, M. Kauffman; Greenville, Miss., J. B. Duncan; Vicksburg, Miss., Club, J. J. Bradfield; Woodville, Miss., Club, J. J. Bradfield, proxy; Memphis, Tenn., Club, Irby Bennett; Laurel, Miss., Club, S. E. North; Caddo Gun Club, Shreveport, John Skannal.

Election of officers resulted as follows: John A. Skannal, of Shreveport, La., President; J. J. Bradfield, of Vicksburg, Miss., Vice-President; John Jenkins, of Shreveport, La., Secretary and Treasurer. Directors: Irby Bennett, Memphis, Tenn.; R. E. Saucier, New Orleans, La.; J. W. Hays, Vicksburg, Miss.; C. W. Walton, Natchez, Miss.; D. P. Shanahan, Greenville, Miss. Tournament Committee: J. J. Bradfield, Vicksburg; A. H. Frank, Memphis; R. E. Saucier, New Orleans.

Much enthusiasm was shown in the question of promoting target shooting and for the protection of the fish and game that are fast being depleted throughout the South. The Board of Directors was voted full power to act as to the best plan to work upon, and empowered to raise such amount of funds as would be necessary to carry on the work connected therewith.

Tournament committee was given full power to arrange tournaments for the next season.

A hearty vote of thanks was extended to the outgoing officers, P. C. Pepper, president, and J. J. Bradfield, secretary, for their services.

Never in the history of trapshooting can a league point to such a large and enthusiastic gathering of shooters as that of the four meetings of this League, held at New Orleans, Vicksburg, Shreveport and Memphis.

To the betterment and enlargement of the scope of usefulness of the League, and that it may be a power when tackling legislative bodies, all the clubs and game protective societies of the South are invited to join this Southern League and help the good work along. A fee of \$5 per year will be charged. Prompt attendance is desired, and all communications on this subject should be addressed to John Jenkins, Shreveport, La.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., July 11.—A few nice prizes were shot for on the grounds of the Ossining Gun Club to-day. What was lacking in attendance to-day on account of the rain was more than compensated for by interest manifested in novelty competition, and the several prizes divided among three shooters.

Event 1 was at 10 bluerocks, 16yds. rise; event 2 was at 5 bluerocks, 16yds. rise, shooters standing on one leg shooting with one arm only. No. 3, at 16yds., gun lying on platform to the left of the shooter at the word "Pull." No 4, regularly at 21yds. rise. No. 5, shooter seated at 23yds., rise gun in lap, not to be raised till target was in sight. Nos. 5, 6 and 7 were distance handicap prize events.

Blandford 21 and 22yds., Bedell 20 and 21, Hubbell 17 and 16. To-day's prizes were Manhattan watch, solid silver spoon, two China cups and saucers, and a fine pocketknife.

These prize shoots will be held every second and fourth Saturday during the summer months. Members only can shoot for prizes, though visitors are always welcome to shoot along:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	5	5	10	5	15	15
G B Hubbell	7	2	1	8	0	8	10
C G Blandford	9	4	3	8	4	14	12
A Bedell	9	1	0

C. G. B.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., July 8.—The third last serial prize shoot of the Boston Gun Club was held at Wellington to-day, the fine weather conditions bringing forth a fine attendance, though the two steadies, Woodruff and Bell, failed to put in an appearance, which was much regretted by all. Dr. Gleason was right on his mettle to-day, and showed a clean pair of heels to all on average for the afternoon, though Spencer shot well enough to tie him on the prize match. Frank started in in his old form to-day, breaking straight in first two events, though hurrying to shoot a raft of them later made holes in the break column.

Just one lady shooter was present, and while results at first were a trifle unsatisfactory, a 15 out of 20 made up for that, and now the little 2drs. and 1oz. gun shooter is ready for the next shoot.

Allen and Hatch were welcome shooters, the latter's first appearance on these grounds, and just a few more times would be certain to put him back 2 or 3yds. if he kept up the good work.

Other scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	15	5p	10	15	5p	10	10	15	25	15
Frank, 18	10	10	14	6	6	11	5
Allen, 16	7	9	13	5	8	12	6	7	10	11	..	12
Hatch, 16	9	9	12	7	8	11	8	9	6	11	22	15
Barry, 16	7	7	8	5	6	13	7	8
Lee, 16	6	7	9	7	8	10	5
Hills, 16	3	5	1
Smith, 16	5	3	8
M E K, 14	4	3	6	3	2	3	8	7
Kirkwood, 18	9	6	13	6	10	12	7	7	8	12	23	..
J R Adams, 16	6	4	5	8	3	10	9	11
Greives, 16	7	7	4	3	2
J T Adams, 16	6	5	6
Gleason, 18	8	10	..	10	..	13	9	8	7	15	23	..
Spencer, 18	14	8	7	7
Spencer, 18	11	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
Gleason, 18	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
Barry, 16	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
Hatch, 16	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
Kirkwood, 18	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
Allen, 16	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
Frank, 18	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
Lee, 16	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
Adams, 16	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
Amesbury, 16	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22

July 12.—The regular weekly shoot of the Boston Gun Club was held at Wellington to-day, the light attendance probably being due to the close proximity of the holiday. Good shooting, however was in order, Woodruff and Wood leading, though Spencer and Barry were not far behind. Other scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	5p	15	10	15	5p	10	10	15	10	10
Frank, 18	7	13	7	13	7	10	..	9
Lee, 16	4	9	4	6	6	12	8	7	9
Barry, 16	7	9	7	9	8	13	8	5
Woodruff, 17	8	14	4	14	8	14	8	9	9
Wood, 16	7	12	..	10	8	13	9	10	9
Verrill, 16	4	13	..	11	8	13	6	5
Williams, 16	4	7	..	9	8	8	6	..	8
M E K, 14	3	4	..	5	5	9	6	4	4
Corson, 16	..	6	7	7	13	6
Gleason, 18	..	9	..	8	13	6	10	10	14	8	9	..
Spencer, 18	..	12	8	8	7	14	10	9
Bell, 18	10	6	7	10
Woodruff, 17	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
Wood, 16	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
Spencer, 18	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
Barry, 16	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
Frank, 18	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
Lee, 16	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
Verrill, 16	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
Gleason, 18	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
Corson, 16	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
Bell, 18	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
M E K, 14	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
Williams, 16	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22

Pine Bluff (Ark.) Tournament.

JULY 7 was the day; very hot was the sun, they all say; not only hot on the shooting grounds, but so hot at night that the visitors could not sleep. Well, it must be hot, you know, when a Kansas man could not sleep—that is, we had Heer with us. The Dallas expert was put on "de bum" also, and a local man well used to surrounding grounds and all climatic conditions won the high average. Yet one young man, Wade, from that unspellable town, came well to the front. There is a tree back-ground here that makes the targets hard to see. A magautrap is used, and a bluerock target of course.

The attendance was small considering that there was \$100 added money. It was found, as might have been expected, that the State shoot coming off at Jonesboro the following day, was the attraction, and that the shooters were going to Jonesboro.

The Pine Bluff club is composed of the best shooters in the State, and they are genial, good souls, and when they hold a shoot on dates somewhat remote from any other tournament there will be a large attendance.

Mr. Coles, of the home club, was high man, with 188 out of 200. Then came the well-known Southern expert with 186, and Bill Heer with 185. None others were in the 90 class. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	20	15	25	15	15	20	15	20	25	175
Arnold	14	11	18	12	22	15	14	20	12	16	21	167
Wright	11	13	19	13	23	13	11	17	13	16	18	164
Cook	14	14	13	10	18	10	12	12	12	18	17	164
Coles	14	14	18	12	22	15	15	18	15	19	23	188
Porter	7	12	14	12	16	11	13	15	14	15	21	151
Morgan	14	11	15	12	20	13	13	14	14	19	22	167
Knott	15	15	19	13	19	14	12	17	13	16	22	175
Clements	13	14	17	14	22	14	12	15	12	17	18	168
Hopson	10	12	15	12	22	13	12	17	11	125
Howell	13	13	19	14	21	11	11	17	12	18	21	169
Faurete	14	14	18	10	20	12	13	19	11	19	23	173
Wade	15	14	18	15	23	14	12	15	15	17	22	186
Heer	14	13	20	14	24	12	12	17	15	19	25	185
Lloyd	10	11	11	8	17	14	10	15	8	18	14	123
Williams	10	12	15	10	11	10	68
Cowley	..	18	15	23	9	11	13	89
Cook	12	13	..	12	18	17	..	72
Inman	16	23	39

Medal contest, 50 targets: Knott 48, Coles 47, Powell 45, Morgan 45, Wright 45, Clements 44, Inman 42, Proctor 40.

Nebraska Trap.

OMAHA, Neb.—In a gun club shoot down at Lincoln the other day, they think they broke the world's record; but they have another think coming. In a team race, five men, 25 targets, they broke them all. The team was composed of Game Warden Carter, ex-Warden Simpkins, J. C. Hindmarsh, W. Bills, and Dick Linderman.

At the Dickey Bird trap meet, July 4, President George Toozer was high gun, with 118 targets out of 150. Game Warden Carter was second and Dan Bray and Gus Schroeder following. The shoot for the Dickey Bird cup, emblematic of the State's championship, and held by W. D. Townsend, was postponed on account of darkness. On the whole, the shooting was way below the standard, the traps were in bad working order, and the men out of form generally.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, L. I., July 11.—Mr. John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, has been very busy of late preparing his new grounds for trapshooting.

The grounds and their equipment are a vast improvement on the old grounds. The surface is incomparably more level, the background is much better, a broader platform and more ground afford much more room than there was in the old cramped quarters. Mr. Wright contemplates having every detail in perfect order for his shoot on Saturday of this week, a feature of which will be a visit of the Wanderers. To reach the grounds take Kings County "L" to Crescent street, where vehicles will be in readiness for visitors.

At the shoot to-day, Mr. H. S. Welles was easily the best performer. He made several straight scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	10	10	15	5p
Welles	10	15	9	15	10	15	9	9	..	12	7
Dryer	6	10	5	10	8	9	5	5	6	10	6
Wright	6	9	7	10	6	12	6	7	..	13	..
Hitchcock	6	9	6	12	6	11	5	7
Waters	10	14	..	13	9
Osterhout	3	4	5	..	5	..	2	5

Pittsfield Rod and Gun Club.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., July 6.—The day of sport which was anticipated by the trapshooters of the League of Berkshire County was fully realized July 4. The weather was fine. Shooters from the different towns were brought out, consisting of teams from Greenfield, North Adams, Dalton and Pittsfield. Adams was the only team of the League that failed to make its appearance, thus barring itself from competing for the Peters loving cup.

North Adams won the first shoot of the series for the Peters cup trophy by 11 points over all competing teams.

The match between North Adams and Pittsfield for loving cup was won by the home team by 4 points.

GEO. W. CLAY.

Arkansas Tournament.

FOR the thirteenth time the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association has met for the purpose of holding a tournament. This time the town of Jonesboro was selected as the proper place, and though it was the thirteenth gathering, it did not prove an unlucky one, as the attendance was larger than any previous one by far, there being fifty shooters on the opening day.

That all-important matter, the weather, was not altogether the best, being hot and dry for part of the day; then, about noon, there was a heavy rain that caused an adjournment, and made the grounds muddy and nasty underfoot. The shelter provided was very meager, and there was a difficult matter to keep out of the wet.

The club would have prepared beforehand for the wants of the shooters. There should have been a large tent of some kind erected, where they could sit and be comfortable.

After the rain the steam from the wet ground made the atmosphere very hot; and yet this is the weather for cotton, and the rain was much needed.

The arrangements of the traps were fair, there being two sets of traps, set to throw north. The ground is level, and would be a good place to shoot if it was not for the trees for a background. Many low scores were made, and the trouble lies mostly in the background, the dark, low-flying targets, and the excess of speed with which they were thrown.

The best shot for the day was Starr, of Kentucky, who lost but 8 out of 160 shot at. William Heer came next with 147, closely followed by Akard with 146, Abe Frank and H. Dixon, 143; D. G. Timberlake 142, G. B. Timberlake 141, Brady, Powell and Coles 140 each.

At the closing of the Memphis shoot there were a few of the shooters took a trip to Pine Bluff for the shoot there. The three Bluff boys, Faurete, Heer, Proctor and some others, were awfully shy on sleep, having had little for the past two nights. Mr. Faurete especially was knocked out; and thus the shooting of these gentlemen fell away perceptibly.

The Missouri and Kansas contingent were quite well up. Paul Litzke, as secretary, was quite busy.

The office was in charge of G. H. Hillman, the expert accountant, one of the Winchester missionaries. It is a matter of the number of expert office cashiers the Winchester men have in their employ, and how well they understand handling a lot of shooters without the least bit of friction.

Thursday, July 9.

The morning opened up bright and warm, and another hot day as experienced. There was little wind, and the trapping was much better. The scores were an improvement by far over those of the first day.

The points did not pay so well, as there were more in the money. The Memphis delegation, consisting of Joyner, Poston and Girard, came over, and with Frank and Brady, made the hot squad of the day, all getting in the money good and plenty. Frank and Poston each made a score that was out of the money, and that was all for the squad during the day. Frank and Brady each made 147, Joyner 146, Girard 142 and Poston 140.

The Kansas-Missouri combination fell away, Ackard going far below his average. Timberlake only showed up at the top, losing but 12. He has to keep busy to beat out the boy who came strong with 144.

No. 2 squad was a hot one, with Heer 153, Starr 149, Ward 145, Faurete 144 and Coe 139. Yesterday Starr was 5 ahead of Heer, and the race to-day was an exciting one. Heer bumped up against some of the unbreakable kind and lost 3 out of his second cent, and then lost but 2 out of next 100, and closed with but 1 lost for the day. Starr dropped one or two in all save the last of first event, and altogether lost 11, and thus Heer gained 4, and at the end of the second day Starr is one to the good.

The attendance remains good, as there were fifty-four who shot all or part of the events. The scores:

First Day, July 8.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	at.	Broke.
Proctor	14	14	16	14	15	12	12	15	12	12	160	136
Matthews	10	15	17	12	13	13	13	16	12	13	160	135
Little	11	11	16	12	13	9	10	12	13	8	160	115
Ambrose	9	10	14	9	12	14	12	16	9	10	160	115
Heer	14	14	18	14	13	14	14	18	13	15	160	147
Wman	13	12	11	9	11	14	13	15	3	13	160	120
Faurete	14	11	14	13	13	14	12	19	13	14	160	138
Frank	14	15	20	13	13	13	13	18	10	14	160	143
Immer	8	13	13	10	12	11	17	17	12	12	160	118
Williams	10	11	15	9	12	13	11	16	10	8	160	117
Baptist	13	13	15	13	12	13	12	17	11	15	160	134
Miller	12	12	14	14	13	10	9				110	84
Thiebault	11	13	19	12	12	9	14	19	13	14	160	136
Levy	10	11	14	12	11	10	7	13	9	13	160	111
Clark	10	12	14	12	10	11	11	17	10	12	160	119
Litzke	10	7	10	7	15	9	10	11	11	16	160	111
Younts	12	9	12	12	10						95	65
Hobbs	12	9	11	8	11	10					95	61
Poston	12	13	16	13	12	10	14	16	11	13	160	130
Faurete	11	11	15	10	12	12					95	71
D. Timberlake	13	13	20	14	13	13	12	18	15	13	160	141
Ward	10	15	10	15	16	12	13	19	14	13	160	140
Brady	15	15	18	14	15	13	13	20	14	15	160	152
Starr	12	13	17	13	12	11	14	17	13	14	160	137
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ements	14	12	18	13	10	14	13	15	14	12	160	135
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shers	13	12	13	12	17	12	9	10			95	73
Wk	11	9	9	9	9	10	15	10	9		160	103
dsay	11	13	12	14	10	14	10	12			130	98
Wern	7	10	8	11							80	45
W Timberlake	13	11	15	10	3	6	11	15			130	84
dy	13	12	18	13	12	15	13	19	14	13	160	142
rr	12	13	18	13	12	14	13	18	15	14	160	143
rd	12	13	17	13	12	11	14	17	13	14	160	137
well	11	14	19	13	11	12	10	16	13	12	160	131
well	12	12	18	14	10	14	16	16	13	14	160	138
well	12	15	17	14	13	12	11	18	13	15	160	140
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shers	13	12	13	12	17	12	9	10			95	73
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The America Co., Rockford, Ill., have a reel made especially for bait casting. It is a take-down and full ball-bearing.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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CONCERNING TECHNICAL LANGUAGE.

THE whole trip was marred, complained a disappointed mountain sheep hunter, by the profanity and vulgarity of the guides. They swore at the horses packed and unpacked, and cursed them on the trail and off of it, by day and by night; and this was exceedingly aggravating to mild-mannered citizens, who, as a rule, are used to no harsher language than that employed by elevated railway guards. The complaint was feelingly made, but there was no good reason for it, because the profanity of the guides might have been suppressed on the start if the employer did not like it. As the head of the expedition he had the option of deciding whether or no the trail should be lined with oaths, and if he elected that it should not be, all he had to do was to say so.

The time to say this is on the start. If the guide is a reasonable man, and most guides are reasonable, he will cheerfully defer to his employer's feeling about profanity, even though he may mentally deride it as foolish squeamishness, and he will readily undertake not to swear more than is absolutely necessary. The packer of a Rocky Mountain pack train and the mild-mannered tenderfoot from the East may differ as to the necessity of swearing at all; and however well-intentioned the packer may be, there is always a likelihood that in the course of the trip some exigency will arise which will appear to him to demand the use of certain technical terms. The employer, under such circumstances, if he, too, be a reasonable man, will look upon this occasional strong language evoked by the strenuousness of circumstances as something quite different in its nature from the continuous, needless and frivolous profanity in which many navigators of pack trains are accustomed to indulge. For common and constant swearing on the trail and in camp there is absolutely no excuse, the employer is under no obligation whatever to bear with it, and he may put an end to it before it has had a beginning.

LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE.

ONE and one make two. The man who leads a double life gets twice as much out of life. That is the mathematics of it. The principle is demonstrated in thousands of examples.

As a peculiar searcher out of men's lives the FOREST AND STREAM has cognizance of a host of individuals whose leading of a double life is not fully appreciated by their fellows, and indeed in some instances is hardly suspected. They are the average men who make up the community, toilers in various branches of work, engaged in trades, professions and business. The world knows them as workers, the FOREST AND STREAM knows them as players; for their double life is that of the outdoor world, the stubble, the trout stream, the bass lake, the quail cover, the moose country.

While they may be of many callings and stations in the life that is seen of all men, in the double life, that is to say, the play life, they find themselves more nearly on a level. In camp the distinctions which prevail in home surroundings are largely ignored. As men get back to nature they draw more closely together. The artificial gradations and distinctions are forgotten, just as the most conventional man of affairs at home may in the woods be the one who looks most like a tramp.

To repeat the proposition, he who leads a double life gets a double portion of the good there is in life. Be his hobby the rod or the gun, the paddle or the tiller, he has in it a resource which yields rich returns.

The two lives are not to be measured and compared by the relative proportions of time devoted to each. One may apply himself to work for all but a scanty fortnight or week, yet shall the brief play spell, counting anticipation and retrospection, make up much also of the months not actually surrendered to it.

The business or professional man who is most devoted to his work and most strenuous in his prosecution of it is very likely to be the most absorbed in his sport when he turns to that, the most eager and devoted fisherman on the stream, the most tireless cruiser, the most persevering hunter. The qualities of industry, application, singleness of purpose, energy, enthusiasm and perseverance, which make for success in the home life, are also present and active and controlling in the double life—the play life. These are the compelling forces which make one tote duffle on a carry until he drops from sheer inability to go another step; which make one buck against

the tide until the point has been rounded at the expenditure of the last ounce of pull in the rower's arms.

ENGINEERING AND FISHING.

OUR frequent contributor, Mr. J. A. L. Waddell, of Kansas City, Mo., is known to the readers of our angling columns as a successful tarpon fisherman and angler for other big game fish. Mr. Waddell is one of the most distinguished bridge engineers of the United States, and has undertaken enterprises also in Mexico, Cuba, Canada and Japan; for his work in Japan he has been decorated by the Mikado. Engaged in important work in bridge building in various parts of the country, he enjoys the rare good fortune of finding opportunities of indulging in his favorite recreation in connection with his professional duties. His engineering enterprises in Mexico have borne fruit for tarpon fishermen in the series of articles on tarpon fishing written out of his experiences there. On the way to and from British Columbia, Mr. Waddell has found opportunity to test the rainbow trout; and while on professional visits to Nova Scotia he has drawn attention to the possibilities of the sport of tuna fishing in Atlantic waters. Mr. Waddell is the author of several authoritative works on bridge engineering, and, as might be expected, his fishing papers are intensely practical. They have less of the poetry of angling and more of the useful, instructive and definite description of tackle and modes of fishing.

It need not be added that Mr. Waddell is a strong advocate of the value of field sports from a purely business and professional point of view. He believes in play as a necessary complement of work; and not only does he practice the doctrine, but on occasion he preaches it and urges it upon the younger men in the profession. We have before us an address delivered by Mr. Waddell to the graduating class at this year's commencement of the Rose Polytechnic School. The burden of the address is to celebrate industry, application, study and work as the essentials of professional advancement and success; but with all these the value of recreation from toil is not forgotten. One of the concluding paragraphs may well be quoted as having application to other professions than that of the engineer:

By this time you all have probably come to the conclusion that you have been listening for the last half hour or more to an old fogey, who thinks that there is nothing in life worthy of consideration but work, work, work, and who can talk on nothing but technical subjects. If this be so, I by no means blame you, for you would seem to have reason on your side; nevertheless, you would be entirely in the wrong, because I am a firm believer in legitimate relaxation of every kind, and in a man's getting all the pleasure he can out of life. Perhaps, too, I could talk of things that are far from technical, such as hunting the great game of the Rocky Mountains, canoeing on lake and stream, the shooting of rapids, travels in foreign countries, gunning for wildfowl in the marshes, sports afield with dogs and gun, fly-fishing for trout in the streams of the far North, and struggling with the gallant tarpon on the waters of the Gulf of Mexico; but it was not to discuss such subjects as these that your president brought me here, so I shall desist, only remarking that the more you mix these things and other sports and amusements in with your work, the better will it be for you both physically and mentally, the longer will you live, the more will you accomplish, the more satisfactory will be the results of your work, the better men and citizens will you become, and the more interesting and agreeable will you prove to all with whom you are thrown in contact.

WAR and hunting occupied a large part of the life of early man, and much of the literature of the earliest times is devoted to these two subjects. Examples of this occur so frequently that it is hardly necessary to specify those which are more familiar, but it is interesting to note that the very earliest written chronicles had to do with subjects which concern FOREST AND STREAM. The British Museum has recently published the "Annals of the Kings of Assyria." These are translations of the cuneiform texts and have to do with the lives of the Assyrian monarchs, some of whom lived more than a thousand years before the birth of Christ. They are largely records of wars and victories, and of the renewing of the lands laid waste by the incursions of enemies, but incidentally there are stories of hunting. For example, we are told that Tiglath-pileser I., one of the first of the Assyrian kings to reach the Mediterranean, went sailing for a pleasure trip from Arvad, in a Phœnician ship, and during his sail slew a great dolphin. The reigning monarch of Egypt at that time, who may be supposed to have been one of the immediate successors of Rameses III. of the twentieth dynasty, sent to this same Tiglath-pileser I. a crocodile

and also a great animal called *pagutu*, which seemed to be unidentified. We may suppose that these animals may have been sent alive, or if dead, they must have been embalmed for the long journey with the art for which the Egyptians were so famous.

CERTAIN sportsmen of Memphis, Tenn., who own club houses in Arkansas, have undertaken to test the validity of the new Arkansas non-resident shooting and fishing law, which, by depriving them of the use of their property for the purpose to which it is devoted, has virtually confiscated it. In a suit brought by Mr. W. B. Mallory, of Memphis, recently decided, Judge Allen Hughes, of the Circuit Court at Marion, held that the non-resident prohibition is unconstitutional. He said: "The right to acquire, hold, and enjoy real property in this State is one of the privileges guaranteed to the citizens of any State by Article 4, Section 2 of the Constitution of the United States, which provides that the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States, as well as the provisions of the fourteenth amendment, which guarantees to all persons within the State the equal protection of the laws."

The real estate principle here involved introduces an element more complicated than the simple right of hunting and fishing. The cited provision of the Constitution has frequently been brought forward as applicable to the overthrow of non-resident shooting and fishing laws, but this interpretation of it has not received the sanction of the courts. The point that to forbid the non-resident owners of a shooting lodge to shoot is thus to render his property valueless to him, is one which, we believe, has hitherto not been passed upon.

A WASHINGTON woman was sitting in her yard at home one day last fall, when a wolf, which had escaped from the National Zoological Gardens, jumped over the fence and bit her. She has now brought suit for damages in \$300 against Dr. Baker, of the Smithsonian Institution, who is the curator of the Zoo. The case will be tried in the District Superior Court. It would appear that Dr. Baker had a good defense in the simple plea that the wolf was not his, and he was not responsible for it. The familiar principle in cases like this is that when a wild animal escapes from the control of one holding it in confinement, it thereupon at once ceases to belong to him; resumes its status as *feræ naturæ*, and is the property of no one until recaptured, when it becomes his who takes it. At the time when this wolf bit this woman, it was not the property of this man. As a wild animal at large its ownership was in the State; that is to say, in the District of Columbia; and the woman's suit should be brought against the District authorities. Dr. Baker's defense is better than an alibi.

AMONG the innovations in the Adirondacks this year is a traveling gospel wagon, carrying an evangelist, an organ and a stock of song books and Bibles into the isolated sections. The outfit is sent into the woods by the Baptist organizations, and the plan of campaign extends through the summer and autumn into the winter. Outdoor meetings will be held in remote places, and sportsmen camping in the vicinity will be given a cordial invitation to attend. The Adirondack enterprise is not unlike the traveling gospel wagons sent out into the mountains of the South from Berea College.

How vitally the interests of Adirondack hotels are connected with the forests, and what forest fires mean to those interests, is well illustrated by the action of hotel men this year who have been at much expense to disseminate published statements that the stories of fires were exaggerated, and that the scenery and forests about them were unscarred. The destruction of the surrounding forest would be a hotel calamity little short of the burning of the hotel itself; indeed, in some cases the owner, if given his choice, would lose the building rather than the woods; one could be replaced, the other not.

THE reports that certain of the North Woods fires were of incendiary origin have been proved true in court. At Glens Falls last week two men accused of having set fire to the Adirondack forests in May, were convicted and sent to prison, one to Dannemora for not more than four years, and the other to the Elmira Reformatory.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Climbing Mount Aetna.

We print herewith the third letter descriptive of Mount Aetna, from the pen of Maj. Albert Woodcock, then United States Consul, Catania, Sicily. Letters descriptive of earlier ascents were published in our issues of May 30 and June 27. These accounts are all the more valued and interesting because possessing the qualities of familiar correspondence.

THIS is your birthday. In remembrance I will write you about my last ascent of Mount Aetna. At 3 o'clock A. M. of August 14 last (1886), a large carriage, drawn by two stout horses, with a company of excursionists, left Catania to make the ascent of the volcano and the descent into Val del Bove. The party consisted of Mr. Wallace S. Jones, U. S. Consul of Messina, and his sister, Miss Jones; Mr. Peter Aelig and Mr. Ritter, Swiss gentlemen (merchants of Catania); Mr. Charles R. Worthington, an English gentleman, and the writer.

A hammock beneath the carriage and a boot at the rear contained blankets, rugs, overcoats and rations for a two days' campaign. The party was a merry one. They were enthusiastic and elated at the thought of climbing into the heavens above the clouds. The horses seemed to catch the spirit of the party and ascended the slope rapidly. We were soon looking down upon Catania with its thousands of lights, and upon the beautiful sea.

The moon was at its full. Its silvery light flashed and sparkled upon the sea. It flooded the valleys. It made more beautiful the orange groves. It robbed the great rocks and lava ridges by the wayside of their hideousness and gave them pleasing and romantic forms. As we ascended the air grew fresher and more bracing. It was uncomfortably warm in Catania when we left. We were ascending through a highly cultivated region. Orchards of orange, lemon, almond and fig and vineyards of grape grow luxuriantly upon the slopes. The Fichi d' India (prickly pear), like grim sentinels, stood out upon the rocks and cliffs. Beautiful villas of the Catanese nobility nestled upon the hillsides. The whole landscape, subdued and softened by the light of the full moon, presented a scene of inexpressible loveliness. In an hour and a half we had ascended to Gravina, an unimportant village of low, lava-constructed houses. Two miles higher up we reached the quaint old town of Mascalucia. Perched high up on the side of Mount Aetna, it commands fine views of the sea and landscape below. One of its old churches, San Antonio, was erected in 1300.

There twilight commenced to steal upon us, and the morning star that had glowed with unusual brilliancy above the Calabrian peaks, began to pale. Still higher up we reached the lava village of Torredi Grifo. We were now above the orange belt. In this high altitude in winter are heavy frosts and frequent snows. The vine, however, flourishes luxuriantly. We now entered upon a barren waste of lava bed, which marks the eruption of 1527. A tough wiry shrub of a bright green color was scattered over the dreary waste. It is called broom (*Genista ctenensis*). It is rich in carbon and produces an intense heat when burned.

We arrived at Nicolosi, 2,265 feet above the sea, at 6 o'clock A. M. The eastern sky was flecked with gold, and the mountains seemed islands in a golden sea, as the sun showed his radiant face above their peaks. Nicolosi is an earthquake-riven town, and has several times been shaken to the ground. The lava flood of May last approached within a thousand feet of it. It there stands a black, hideous mass, still hot and sending off sulphurous vapors. We rested at Nicolosi for an hour, refreshing ourselves with cold coffee, bread and cheese.

Signori Orazio Silvestri, professor of chemistry, geology and mineralogy of the Royal University of Catania, is a ripe scholar, and has won an honorable name among scientists. He has made Aetna a study, and has given to the world his scientific researches of this wonderful volcano and its eruptions in several valuable works. Andrea, the servant of Professor Silvestri, had preceded us the day before, and had made all arrangements for our cavalcade. Casa Inglese (English House), at the foot of the great cone, the resting place of excursionists, had lately been injured by an earthquake, and was undergoing repairs, so that it could not be occupied. The professor courteously tendered us the use of the observatory, and also his servant Andrea, an athletic, intelligent, young Sicilian. Andrea had made many excursions to Mt. Aetna with the professor, and was well posted. He soon paraded before us our steeds and guides. These consisted of nine mules, two guides and three muleteers. In the chief guide, Antonio Mazzalia, I recognized my old guide of 1884. On that excursion I was ascending in the night. Antonio approached too close to the rear of my mule, who kicked viciously with both hind feet, striking him in the breast and laying him out upon the sharp lava rocks. You will remember that I wrote you at the time that his head was badly cut and bled profusely; that he was picked up partially insensible; that we were obliged to leave him at Casa del Bosco, where on our return we found him able to ride back to Nicolosi. He said that *il Diavolo* had been disgraced by being condemned to hard labor in the lava quarries, but that he was glad to state that the mule was not dead. I was sorry, for barring his vicious qualities, *il Diavolo* was a noble animal. Antonio, a splendid and most faithful guide, is stalwart in frame, a little over six feet high, and knows much about Mt. Aetna, to which he seems devotedly attached. Vincenzo Carbonaro, his assistant, is also faithful, reliable and an intelligent guide. Our rations and duffle were packed on three mules. The other six were formed in line before us. The order was given:

"Prepare to mount! Mount!" and we mounted and away we went on a trot, Miss Jones leading. The populace about us were calling on the saints to bless the signori and signorina, and the dogs joined in with a barking chorus. The direct road of ascent is covered

by the lava flood of May last from twenty to a hundred feet deep. We were obliged to make a detour around this hideous field of black desolation. We flanked Mont Rossi (the Red mountains) on the south. These are twin mountains that were thrown up by the eruption of 1669. From them came the great river of lava that flooded the country, destroyed 14 villages, and rolled into the sea by the Catania Lighthouse, destroying a portion of that city. It covered a surface of forty square miles. The Monti Rossi have altitude of 3,110 feet above the sea. A large number of cones are clustered about upon the slopes of the great volcano. This is a wonderful and interesting feature of Mount Aetna. Nearly all of these cones are the extinct volcanic craters of the past ages, and range in altitude from 200 to 899 feet above their base. Their number is estimated at 300. We counted 30 of them between us, and the great cone of the volcano.

Soon after leaving the Red Mountains, we came to a spur of the lava bed of May last. It was insufferably hot. Our mules quickened their pace in crossing it. We had left the cultivated region at Nicolosi and were now entering the wooded belt. The trees were mostly of a young growth of chestnuts. Wood being in great demand, the trees are cut before they reach the ordinary size. In this same wooded region, however, on the west side of Mount Aetna, there are several monarchs of the forest that have escaped the woodman's ax. They are said to be the oldest trees living, and are without doubt 1,000 years old. They are named respectively, *Il Castagno di cento Cavalli* (the chestnut of 100 horses), *La Nave* (The ship), *L'Imperio* (The empire), and *Il Castagno della Galea* (the chestnut of Galea). The first mentioned derives its name from the incident that one of the queens of Arragon, with her troop of 100 horsemen, found shelter beneath its branches from an Aetna storm. The accumulated soil of centuries has submerged its trunk, its branches above the surface, each being a large tree. In 1884 myself and six others found shelter from a rain storm in the hollow of one of these branches. A road passes through them. The trunk of *Il Castagno di cento Cavalli* is said to be 180 feet in circumference, and the diameter over 50 feet. The circumference of the others averages about 75 feet. They are gnarled, ragged and gray and begin to show signs of approaching dissolution. The Government protects them.

Our ascent was very slow and tiresome to the mules. The last May eruption had covered the ground with volcanic sand. The trees seemed to rise from a black sandy desert, there being no green thing visible but their ramage. We reached Casa del Bosco (House of the Woods) at 10 o'clock A. M., tired and voraciously hungry. We were now at an altitude of 4,216 feet above the sea. Casa del Bosco is the last resting place before the final climb to the summit. It is a low one-story building with two rooms, in one of which is a large, open fireplace. We had the deal table of the Casa set beneath the wide spreading boughs of a chestnut. Our seats had been constructed from the crotches of trees and were beautifully rustic. Our friends of the Alps (Aellig and Ritter), and Worthington (my English chum), set the table with fine taste and elegance, Chickens, boiled ham, tongue, eggs, cheese, bread, fruit, coffee, vino del bosco and ice to cool our drinks were before us. What a meal for an epicure! We set to with a will. Food never tasted better. Birds twittered in the trees above us. Zephyrs made music on their Aetolian harps. The joke went around, and mirth prevailed. According to ancient writers, this region is the home of the Cyclops giants, and here the beautiful wood nymphs are wont to move with sprightly grace in the joyous dance in these sequestered bowers, while the god Pan pipes his pastoral lays. We, however, saw no Cyclops, no Pan, no nymphs save the American one, who sat with us at the table.

Our breakfast over, the mules having munched their grain and taken in draught at the cistern, we mounted at 12 o'clock, and were away again on the climb. In our winding way upward we passed many of the mountain craters, among which were San Iso, Rinazza, Elici Concilio, Sona, Ardizza, Grasso, Capriolo and Nero. We were now at an altitude of 6,000 feet. The views of sea and landscape were indescribably grand. The rich valley of the Simeto lay like a great chart outstretched at our feet. The valley, in the time of the Cæsars, was the granary of Imperial Rome. We looked down upon a vast number of villages that dotted the valley. Aderno, Paterno and Motta, with their old Norman castles, seemed unusually near. Centuripe (a town founded centuries before Christ), upon a high mountain crest beyond the valley, was sharply defined against the sky. We could see the river Simeto meandering on its way through the valley, a shining, silver thread from its source to its mouth. We looked down into the great black throat of the new crater Gemmellaro, that was thrown up in May last. The new lava fields lie below us, stretching away from Gemmellaro to Nicolosi. They presented a horrid scene of rough, blackened desolation about five miles in length. The superincumbent lava is from 20 to 100 feet thick. This new crater, when in its most active eruption, vomited forth incandescent lava at the rate of 131 to 196 cubic feet per second. Near the crater the great stream of liquid lava flowed at the rate of 150 to 200 feet each minute.

The ascent now became steeper and more difficult. We wound around the east side of Mount Castello and ascended between Monti Agnuolo and Frumento. We were above the habitable zone. All appearances of vegetation had ceased. No bird fluttered by us, no cricket chirped. There were no signs of animal or insect life. All about us was black desolation. Sun-lit clouds were hanging upon the crests below us. Our way was over black volcanic sand and loose boulders of lava. We were soon upon Piano del Lago (the plains of the lake). Piano del Lago was formerly a lake fed by the melting snows of the great cone. Lava floods have filled it, and it has ceased to be a lake. Our mules acted as if they wished to lie down, but thwak! thwak!! thwak!!! went the whips of the drivers. Poor mules! I felt sorry for them. They are certainly the most patient, the most enduring and the

most abused of the horse kind. Casa Inglese seemed very near, but O how far away. We finally reached it at half past 3 P. M. Our mules were puffing and panting, and we were tired enough.

Casa Inglese is 9,652 feet above the sea. It is situated at the base of the great cone. It was erected in 1811 by some officers of the British Army. The English at that time occupied Sicily. Napoleon was in possession of Italy, and was in the height of his glory. It is a low, one-story building, constructed of lava rock. It stands east and west. In one of the three rooms is a fireplace. This building is the refuge of excursionists to Aetna. Its furniture consists of a deal table, a few chairs, and several rough board berths, similar to those in a ship. A little straw in each berth comprises the bed. Brydone, an Irish traveler, who visited Aetna 110 years ago, in his sprightly book, exclaimed:

"What a glorious situation for an observatory!" The observatory has become a reality. It is a low two-story building surmounted by a dome. It is built of lava rocks, the walls being of unusual thickness, to withstand the frequent shocks of earthquake. It is joined to Casa Inglese, the latter being a lean-to on the south to the former. A telescope and all other instruments requisite for making observations in astronomy, meteorology, etc., have been purchased and will soon be mounted in the building. Owing to the kindness of Professor Silvestri (as before stated) we were in possession of the observatory. Here we found beds, bedding, table, chairs, etc., designed for the use of the scientists. These, for the time being, were ours, and we were supremely comfortable.

After an hour's rest our company mustered for the ascent of the great cone. It towered into the heavens 1,200 feet above us, its sides being very steep.

"But Aetna with his voice of fear
In weltering chaos thunders near;
Now pitchy clouds he belches forth
Of cinders red and vapors swarth;
And from his caverns lifts on high
Live balls of flame that lick the sky;
Now with more dire convulsion flings
Dispolled rocks, his heart's rent string,
And lava torrents hurls to day
A burning gulf of fiery spray."

We crossed several great cracks or fissures in the ground, made by the late earthquake, that injured Casa Inglese. We climbed upward diagonally across the western slope of the crater, which is less steep. Our friends of the Alps and my chum Charley made a bold strike for the highest point of the crater, climbing up straightaway on all fours. This was too ignoble a position for American Consuls and an American lady to assume, so we parted company. An immense snow field was in the way, rendered dangerous by melting. This we flanked. Volcanic sand, scoria, ashes and loose boulders made the ascent very difficult and wearisome. Every step we would slide back, losing a third or half of the step made.

We finally reached the north rim of the crater. O! what a wonderful scene burst upon our vision! The grand old sea and the Calabrian peaks lie outstretched before us. Sun-lit clouds in great billows were floating below us. These, though wonderfully beautiful, dyed in the rich colors of the declining sun, shut off the greater portion of the island from our view. On my visit to Aetna in May, 1884, the atmosphere was much clearer. We could see the greater part of the island. The entire east coast was outstretched below us. The billows of the sea breaking upon the rocky coast, gave it a silver edging. Two cities and a vast number of villages and hamlets incrustated the seashore, dotted the valleys and nestled on the hillsides. The Sicilian mountain chains rose about us in great irregular ridges, crest peeping over crest. Stromboli to the north (seemingly but a stone's throw away), protruded his rocky head and shoulders above the sea. This little giant appeared to be striving to outdo his great monarch Aetna. He was throwing a dense column of black smoke thousands of feet into the heavens. Adjacent was the little island volcano throwing upward white puffs of clouds. Mount Aetna at the same time was shooting upward an immense column of sulphurous steam, rendering it impossible to see much of the interior of the crater. An inky black cloud hung below us at the west. From it came zig-zag chains of lightning flashes and thunder peals. We looked down upon the storm. It was raining below us. We were in the sunshine above.

When the heavens are free of clouds, from the rim of the crater the whole island with its innumerable mountain peaks is visible. With a glass the waves of the sea may be seen breaking in foam upon the rocky coast of the entire island. Malta is visible in the south, Stromboli and the Lipari Islands to the north, the Aegadian Islands to the west, and the three great seas of the Mediterranean, the Ionian, the African and the Tyrrhian. Brydon says:

"Description must ever fall short, for no imagination has dared to form an idea of so glorious, and so magnificent a scene. Neither is there upon the surface of this globe any one point that unites so many awful and most sublime objects." We threaded our way along the narrow rim, crossing several white bands consisting of ammonia salts. Sulphurous acid gas more or less impregnated the atmosphere. The crater is oval in form, its rim, as before stated, is about three miles in circumference. Since the eruption of last May the crater has been generally quiescent. No smoke was issuing from it. At certain points of the rim and interior sides, small jets of sulphurous steam were issuing. We crawled up to the edge of the rim, lie down and with heads extended over it gazed down into (what many of the superstitious people here believe to be) the mouth of hell.

Upon the highest point of the rim to the west, were our friends beckoning to us. They looked like pigmies. We sauntered back toward the west to see the sun set. The ground was warm to our feet. Mr. Jones took a seat upon a boulder, and I upon another. He declared that his was red hot. Mine was uncomfortably warm. A little jet of steam issuing from a hole

not half an inch in diameter by my side, struck my hand, nearly scalding it. Miss Jones defied the fatigue that prompted the Consul and myself to accept the hot seats tendered us by Aetna and remained standing. The sun was low down in the west. He seemed to swim in a sea of glory. A stratus of clouds lie low in the heavens shutting off all view from the west. The stratus did not resemble clouds, but looked like a vast sea flecked with gold by the setting sun. As the sun neared the western horizon, it cast a great purple shadow of Aetna against the eastern sky. It was triangular shaped and seemed to hang vertically in the heavens. For a time the rising moon shone with its silver light in the very apex of the purple pyramid. It was the strangest and most beautiful scene my eyes ever beheld. Mr. Jones and I held the fort upon our bowlders until the sun disappeared. Then came the descent, which was easy enough. For every three steps made we gained one by sliding. We were but half an hour in making the descent. While descending the Consul and myself engaged in a snowball battle. He, though reared in a country where they have no snow, was the victor.

When assembled about the dinner table in the evening, tired and weary though we were, each one was full of stories about the wonders of Aetna. Our dinner dispatched, we were soon in bed, dreaming of climbing inaccessible heights, or falling into yawning sulphurous gulfs, that is to say, I suppose the others of the party so dreamed, but I slept like a log, and was perfectly unconscious until 3 o'clock A. M. of Aug. 15, when the Alpine horn sounded reveille.

ALBERT WOODCOCK.

Natural History.

Our Batrachians and Reptiles.—V.

PERHAPS it began with the sad experience of our earliest ancestors with the serpent in the Garden of Eden, but however much dependence we can put in that story, it is certain that from time immemorial snakes have played an important part in the affairs of mankind. Among all peoples and in all times they have been regarded with horror or veneration. They have formed the basis of hundreds of myths and fables and have left their impress on literature and art. At the present day it is only among savage races that they are worshipped and given credit for great wisdom and cunning, but among civilized people they are surrounded by a wall of misconception and superstition through which the naturalist tries almost in vain to break.

The reason for these exaggerated ideas can readily be understood. The method of locomotion, the manner of securing and swallowing the prey, and the whole appearance of the snakes is unusual and almost unique among vertebrate animals. They are usually silent, but may give vent to a startling blowing or hissing sound, and their lidless eyes seem always to be on the alert. Their colors, although often brilliant, are such as to harmonize in the most perfect manner with their surroundings. Their movements are often exceedingly rapid and are apparently controlled by an intelligence too subtle for our comprehension. Add to these the facts that a goodly number of snakes are venomous, and that the dangerous ones are often distinguished from the harmless ones with some difficulty, and it is easy to see that all snakes have come to be regarded with suspicion and horror.

To the minds of most people this condition of affairs does not seem to be undesirable, nevertheless it is unreasonable, for a careful study of the serpent fauna of the world has shown that the great majority of these animals are not only harmless, but useful, and as exterminators of vermin deserve our protection. In the United States about 170 species of snakes are known to occur. Of these, perhaps 20, including two coral snakes, the copperhead, the water moccasin, and twelve kinds of rattlesnakes are known to be venomous. The remaining 150 are non-venomous, and, as far as their bite is concerned, are to be regarded as harmless.

With the exception of thirteen species all of our harmless snakes belong to a single family known to zoologists as the *Colubridæ*. The members of this group are characterized by having both jaws fully provided with teeth which are sharp, recurved, and conical, but not in any case specially enlarged and grooved or perforated (as are the fangs of all venomous species). The top and sides of the head are covered with large shields, the back is protected by medium sized, overlapping scales, and the belly, from the throat to the vent is covered with broad, band-like plates. The tail is conical and tapering, and the plates which cover its lower surface are, almost always, arranged in two alternating rows. Within the family the genera and species are distinguished by the modifications of the above characters. The arrangement and number of the head shields, the number of rows of scales around the body, the number of plates on the belly, and lastly by the color and size.

So far as the habits and habits are concerned these animals present the greatest variety. The little worm snakes seem to spend almost the whole of their time beneath the stones and decaying vegetation of the forests, while the beautiful green grass snakes are very perfectly fitted for a life among the growing vegetation, and are often found coiled up in some low tree or are seen slipping about among its leaves. In the large blacksnakes, house snakes, and garter snakes we find species which move about a good deal in the daylight, pursuing their prey wherever it may happen to be and relying upon their own swiftness to carry them out of danger. The water snakes, as their name indicates, live in the neighborhood of water, where they find the frogs and fish which constitute their food and into which they can retreat on the approach of an enemy.

Of these snakes probably the best known, certainly the most frequently mentioned in the newspaper stories, is the blacksnake (*Bascanion constrictor*). It is one of our largest species, and perhaps the swiftest and most graceful. It is a long, slender animal, with a distinctly

marked head, and a slender, whip-like tail, which constitutes about one-fourth of the entire length. In color it varies among the adults according to locality, from a lustrous black to lead color or yellowish olive, the darker varieties being found in the Eastern States and the yellowish ones in the Southwest. The young differ greatly from the adults. With them the ground color is grayish or greenish-brown relieved by a series of brown, black-bordered blotches on the back and numerous small, scattered specks on the sides and the head. Their color beneath is greenish-white, with three or four dark specks on each scale. They begin to assume the appearance of the adult when about 18 inches in length.

It cannot be denied that the blacksnake is a bold and saucy animal, full of curiosity, and not at all reluctant to fight viciously if cornered. The reports of its powers,

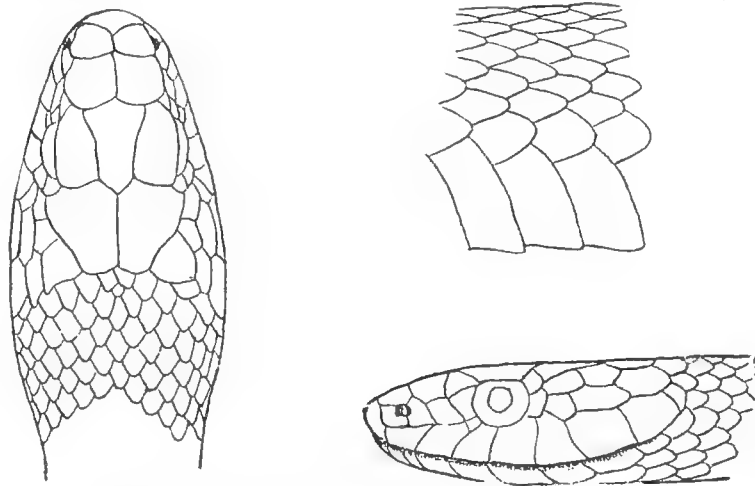


Fig. 1.—The Blacksnake (*Bascanion constrictor*).

however, are so often grossly exaggerated that it has come to be much more feared than it deserves to be. The common belief that it will pursue a fleeing person who has aroused its anger may be based on fact, but the stories of its having caused death by squeezing have never been authenticated. Its antipathy to the rattlesnake is vouched for by several competent observers, and they all aver that in a fair fight the blacksnake is more than a match for its venomous adversary. Dr. Elliott Coues, in describing such an encounter, says that the blacksnake threw several coils of its body behind the rattlesnake's head and several more further back and then, by a powerful muscular effort, tore the rattler in two. A family living in Mississippi once saw a blacksnake come crawling up the steps of their veranda, as if in search of some-

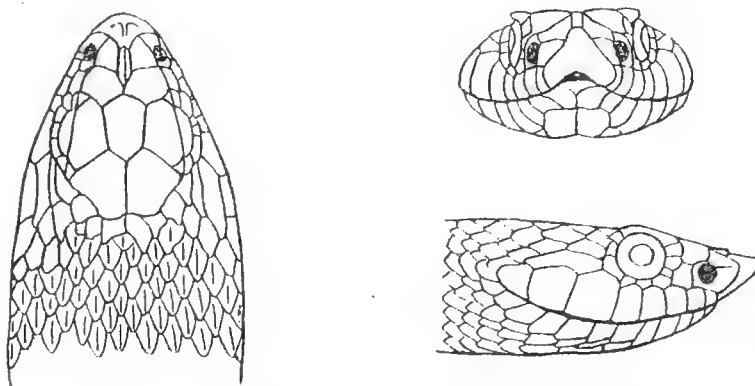


Fig. 2.—The Hognose Snake (*Heterodon platyrhinos*).

thing. Curious to know what it was after, they did not disturb it, but followed it quietly. The reptile went from room to room examining all the corners. At length it reached one of the bedrooms, and almost immediately there was heard the humming of a rattlesnake, which had by some means entered the house and secreted itself under the bed. Without a moment's hesitation a fight began, which did not end until the rattlesnake lay dead on the floor. It is needless to say that the blacksnake was allowed to go about its business with the best wishes of those who witnessed the encounter. Prof. A. E. Verrill, of Yale University, states that one of his students once caught a large blacksnake, which, on being choked, vomited a copperhead two feet long, and a few minutes later a large frog was disgorged.

The ordinary food of this creature consists largely of small mammals, such as rats, mice, and ground squirrels, but it is also a great destroyer of birds, climbing to their

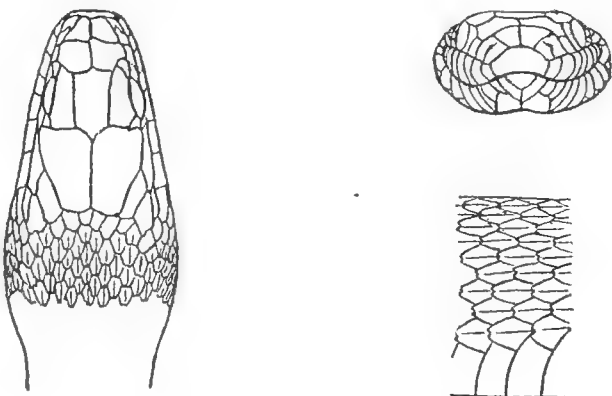


Fig. 3.—The Watersnake (*Natrix fasciata*).

nests and swallowing eggs or the young. The wild antics of the parent birds when their home is invaded has probably given rise to the notion that this snake has the power to charm the animals which it wishes to devour, and thus to deprive them of the power to escape.

The ability to swallow morsels of the most disproportionate size is as markedly a characteristic of the blacksnake as it is of any other species. This is made possible by the extremely loose structure of the jaws, all the bones being held together by ligaments instead of firm sutures, so that when occasion arises the gap of the mouth can be stretched far beyond its ordinary size. The teeth are like recurved hooks, and by reaching forward alternately with the lower and upper jaws the prey is worked down the snake's throat. No previous lubrication is necessary, the idea that the snake first covers its victim with saliva being erroneous.

On the approach of cold weather the blacksnake begins to search for some secure hiding place in which to lie torpid during the winter months, and as sometimes many

individuals select the same place, entwining together for warmth, "balls of snakes" are formed, the finding and destruction of which are widely published in the newspapers.

Sometime during the summer, the exact time being unknown, the eggs are laid. These are about an inch and a half long and are covered with a white, tough parchment-like skin. When first hatched the young are nearly a foot in length. It is not known whether they are cared for by the parent or are left to shift for themselves.

On the whole the blacksnake is a useful reptile, and by those who are able to let their knowledge of its value outweigh their antipathy to snakes in general, is encouraged to remain about the premises. The presence of a single one in a stable or corn crib will do more toward ridding the place of rats and mice than will half a dozen cats.

One of the most interesting members of this group of harmless snakes, and a very common one in the Eastern States, is the hog-nose snake. It is also known locally as the dry land moccasin, blowing viper and spreading adder, all three names referring to its supposed venomous qualities. It is a snake of medium size, rarely exceeding three feet in length, and in color varies from almost uniform black in some specimens, to light yellowish-brown in others. The lighter colored individuals are always strongly marked with dark spots and irregular bars. It may always be easily recognized, however, by its nose, which bears a large scale, triangularly pointed and up-curved, so as to give the head a most peculiar appearance when seen either from above or in profile.

When this snake is undisturbed it does not differ greatly in its general appearance from several other species, except that its body is rather short and clumsy, but let it be suddenly surprised by another animal and it begins a performance which one has but to witness to understand why it has been given its local names. It will flatten out its body until it is twice or thrice the ordinary width, and with violent blowings and hissings throw itself into a coil ready to strike. If the enemy is not frightened away by this demonstration the snake will lunge forward and appear to make every effort to bite.

It seems to work itself into a frenzy and no animal could appear more dangerous, but if the investigator has courage enough to continue his experiments he will discover that this snake is the greatest "bluffer" in the animal kingdom. The author has repeatedly tried to get the hog-nose to bite him, but so far has been unsuccessful. The mad lunges seem to be delivered with a closed mouth, and even if a finger is purposely forced in among the teeth, the snake will not close the jaws.

As a last resort the animal pretends to be dead, rolls over on its back, becomes nearly rigid, and with open mouth and protruding tongue lies motionless. It is amusing to notice that if turned right side up again it will quickly turn over, seeming to realize that a really dead snake must lie on its back. It will remain in this condition as long as danger threatens, but as soon as safety seems assured will slyly creep away. This habit of feigning death has been observed many times, but it is possible that it is not practiced by every individual. Out of a lot of eighteen young, just hatched, three were observed to perform this act with all the ability of the adults, but the others could not be induced to try it.

The hog-nose snake is most often found in dry and dusty fields, but is at times discovered in the neighborhood of the water. It feeds on frogs, toads, insects and probably various small mammals. We do not know as yet what use is made of the curious scale on the snout, but the theory has been advanced that it is employed in rooting up the ground in search of food. The eggs are laid during the spring or summer and hatch in the early fall. Various observers differ greatly in recording the number of eggs which may be laid, some testifying to over 80 and others to less than 25. Others state that the snake gives birth to living young, but this is to be doubted. When the young emerge from the eggs they are about 8 inches long and for a time they seem to be cared for by the adults. It is reported that when danger threatens such a brood the mother will seek to protect her babies by letting them run down her throat, an act seemingly very improbable, but one which in the case of certain other snakes at least, is now accepted as quite well authenticated.

Even at the risk of tiring the reader, the author cannot close this brief account of the harmless snakes without mention of the group of watersnakes belonging to the genus *Natrix*. About twelve species are known from the United States, most of them occurring in the eastern and southern half of the country in the neighborhood of water. They are rather thick bodied and clumsy snakes, and are usually more or less blotched or striped with blackish on a ground color of dark brown. In several of the species the head is rather large, flattish, and quite well marked off from the body. They are vicious animals and when discovered and attacked on land flatten out their bodies and do not hesitate to bite. Their appearance and habits are so similar to the true water moccasin (*Agkistrodon piscivorus*) that the name "moccasin" has come to be very generally applied to them, a fact which has undoubtedly led to much confusion among those who are not familiar enough with snakes to detect the mistake. As the next chapter will be devoted exclusively to the venomous snakes, it is not necessary here to enter into discussion of the differences between the harmless watersnake and the dangerous water moccasin, but it cannot be out of place to say that the great majority of water moccasin stories in the newspapers are, beyond the shadow of a doubt, based on the watersnake.

In addition to the family *Colubridæ* three other families of undoubted harmless snakes are represented in our country. In the extreme south and southwest an occasional specimen of blind snake (family *Glauconidæ*) is collected. They are all burrowing species of small size and have the eyes almost completely hidden by the head shields. The boas (family *Boidæ*), so well known from the great boa constrictor and anaconda of the tropics, are represented in our fauna by two species which occur in the States along the Mexican border. They attain a length of four or five feet and may be known by the absence of the large head shields and by the vertical pupil of the eye.

Two species of blunt-tailed snakes (family *Charinidæ*),

are found, one in Southern California and Arizona, and the other from Central California to Washington. They are snakes of medium size and may be recognized by their short blunt tail and vertical pupil.

Still another family, which may be known as the groove-toothed snakes (family *Dipsadidae*), should perhaps be included here as in spite of the fact that they are provided with enlarged grooved teeth, and are closely related to species which are known to be venomous, they themselves are apparently harmless. Six species of this group are known to occur in the Southern and South-western States.

In the foregoing account it has not been possible to more than touch upon the commonly accepted superstitions regarding the harmless snakes; a volume might be written on this subject alone, but it is the belief of the author that if these creatures are carefully observed, enough can be learned to convince any one that they have been greatly misunderstood and grossly maligned. Most snakes are harmless, many are extremely useful, and because there are in the world some venomous snakes the innocent ones should not be made to suffer. Our efforts should be to separate the dangerous from the harmless kinds, to exterminate the ones and to secure to the others the life and freedom which are as much their birthright as they are our own.

Some Midsummer Notes.

MIDSUMMER, as all picnickers and campers-out know, is an excellent time for studying the nature and habits of insects and creeping things. All creation now seems to be on the go. Midges fall into the lemonade, ants run over the sandwiches, flies fight for their share of the sweets. Crawling creatures of a hundred varieties, all equally loathsome, take the measure of our garments. But few persons stop long enough to observe carefully the appearance and habits of these small intruders; the only feeling is one of hostility to their presence, and a desire to get rid of them. Yet the humblest fly or the most disgusting worm is a creature worth observing—wonderful in construction, often exquisite in color, and evidently designed to fill some purpose in the economy of nature.

Recently I noticed a little ant running along the ground carrying a crumb of bread much larger and heavier than itself. Its strength, in proportion to its size, was immense. It was, I should think, at least as though a man of 120 pounds' weight should attempt to carry a barrel of flour through a thicket of trees and underbrush. Yet in spite of the bulk and weight of its burden, the tiny creature proceeded with great rapidity and apparent ease. All sorts of obstacles were in its way, pebbles and bits of sticks, which must have seemed formidable to a creature so minute, but over these or around them it made its way without hesitation. Thoreau's Indian Joe carrying his canoe through the Maine woods was nothing to this achievement.

At one point in its path lay a pebble as great in bulk as a boy's marble; it was many times higher than the creature's head, and was insurmountable. Around this huge boulder the ant was compelled to make its way; but on the other side of the rock an enemy lay in wait—another ant. As soon as the first ant came into sight this second ant rushed upon it and attempted to take its precious burden from it. It was a regular attempt at a "hold-up," such as we used to read in books were practiced by Claude Duval and Sixteen-String Jack on Hounslow Heath and Shooter's Hill, but which now, alas! are everyday affairs in every part of our own country. The laborious ant at once dropped his burden, but not to run away; he promptly engaged tooth and nail with the footpad. The contest was long and doubtful, but I had the satisfaction of seeing the villain put to flight, when the ant took up his crumb again and resumed his way. I had no time to watch him further, but I presume he got safe home with his burden. I measured the ground that the creature had gone over, and I found he had traveled about 15 feet inside of five minutes. To do this I calculated he had taken at least a thousand strides, and was about the same thing as if a man should walk through the thicket with his barrel of flour at the rate of 12 miles an hour. It was a wonderful exhibition of physical power in so small a creature.

Caterpillars are not usually thought to be attractive, especially the hairless variety; but I was interested one day for a few minutes in one of the latter. I noticed one letting himself down from a moderate height by means of a thread, which he was spinning as he descended. When he approached the ground I took hold of the thread near the creature and held it aloft; he continued to spin his thread and descend; again I lifted him up, and he kept on spinning for a while, when he stopped. He had evidently exhausted the material of which he made the thread. I found that in all he had spun a length of 15 or 16 feet at the rate of about 5 feet in a minute. This seems to me a very rapid rate of production, if, indeed, anything in the way of production were done more than to allow the mass of gluten within the caterpillar to be drawn out by the weight of the descending body.

Perhaps no one has ever determined the physical strength of an insect as shown by the length of time that it may continue on the wing, yet I made a little observation one afternoon that interested me. I was in a skiff fishing on Lake Michigan just off the mouth of Black River, a quarter of a mile from the shore, when I noticed a small yellow butterfly winging its way across the water. It came almost straight toward me. It passed close by my boat, and I thought it meant to stop with me, but it went on, and I wondered how far it could fly. However, it went but a few rods further when its flight became feeble, and soon it fell upon the surface, only to be snapped up by a hungry fish. I presume the insect had been fluttering about all that summer day, but resting much of the time on the flowers. I doubt if it could fly a mile at one effort.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Game Bag and Gun.

The Antelope's Sight.

In your paper of June 6 you express a hope that those who have made observations about antelope will give their opinions as to the power of scent possessed by those animals.

Judging from my own experience, and that published by other sportsmen, I believe that the species of antelope which have for ages lived on open plains, have acquired the habit of trusting for safety to their eyes, and either have feeble powers of smell or else pay no attention to the scent of their enemies.

The species which live either in thick jungles or on mountains where the inequalities of the ground enable their enemies to creep close to them, possess a good power of scenting—but also depend greatly upon sight, their vision being remarkably acute.

When stalking the black buck antelope (*A. bezoartica*) I am certain, from the experience of some years, that no trouble need be taken by the hunter to prevent them smelling him, but in places where they have often been shot at, everyone must be taken to avoid being seen, even when they are hundreds of yards distant.

I have observed the same facts with regard to the *Gazella bennetti*. Although the writer of "A Manual of Indian Sport" states that gazelles have a "very keen sense of smell," I have lain behind a bush or rock within 100 yards of a herd, when a gentle breeze was blowing directly toward them, and they have taken no notice whatever. On the other hand, I have seen them watching me from a distance of 700 or 800 yards, and they have run away the instant I have turned in their direction.

The four-horned antelope (*Tetraceras quadricornis*) always lives in thick jungle, and has, I believe, a good sense of smell as well as sight, but trusts very much to evade his enemies by lying hidden, and is usually killed by snapshots when rushing through bushes within 20 or 30 yards.

The nilgao (*Portax pictus*) has excellent sight, and in places where he is hunted, becomes very wary. I cannot speak from experience as to his power of smelling, because at the time when I shot some I imagined that it was like that of the deer tribe, so was always careful to approach up wind. Probably it is good, for Sir Samuel Baker states that he found them more difficult to stalk than Sambhur deer, which will scent a man half a mile away.

Mr. Baillie Grohman, who has had great experience in hunting chamois, describes them as having remarkably acute smell as well as sight. During the late discussion in FOREST AND STREAM about protective coloring, I do not think that attention was drawn to the fact of this being chiefly adapted to the times and places where it is most needed. The cheetah deer, for instance, (*Axis maculatus*) is easily seen in open places, where he can also see and smell his enemies; but when feeding, as is his common habit, in bushy jungle, the coat blends so exactly with the bright light upon the leaves, and the dark shadows under them, that I have looked intently from a distance of about thirty yards, at a place where I knew two or three deer were standing, and have been unable to distinguish them from the foliage until they ran away.

When resting during the heat of the day these animals usually lie down in grass so thick and tall that they cannot be seen, even from the back of an elephant, until almost trodden upon.

The zebra generally frequents open plains where protective coloring is not needed in the day time, but is in danger chiefly at night, when approaching pools of water to drink.

Mr. Francis Galton, in the account of his journey to Damaraland, says: "No more conspicuous animal can well be conceived, according to common ideas, than a zebra, but on a bright starlight night the breathing of one may be heard close by you and yet you will be positively unable to see the animal. If the black stripes were more numerous, he would be seen as a black mass; if the white, as a white one; but their proportion is such as exactly to match the pale tint which arid ground possesses by moonlight."

It would naturally be thought that such a large animal as a giraffe can be easily seen, but Gordon Cumming stated that they are "invariably met with among venerable forests, where innumerable blasted and weather-beaten trunks occur," and adds that he frequently could not distinguish them without the help of a telescope; both his savage attendants and himself being liable to mistake a trunk of a dead tree for a giraffe, or vice versa.

Siberian Arms.

It would greatly interest the numerous readers of FOREST AND STREAM, who are devoted to woodcraft, if your correspondent, L. Lodian, would kindly add to his very instructive descriptions of Siberia, some account of the guns and methods of trapping employed by the hunters of that great country. The rifles used there during the first half of the nineteenth century appear to have resembled, in many respects, those of the early backwoodsmen in America, being heavy in the barrel, but still smaller in the bore, owing to the high cost of ammunition and difficulty of carrying sufficient for a long residence in the forests. I have read of fur-hunters at the annual fair of Nijni Novgorod, whose rifles carried balls weighing only 400 to the pound. In a book called "Recollections of Siberia in 1840-41," by an Englishman named Cottrell, the following description is given: "The common rifle barrels are made at Tobolsk, are very heavy and have a very small bore. The grooves are round, instead of perpendicular, and the ball, which is cut instead of cast, is forced in, and the edges rounded off in ramming down. The lock is large and awkward-looking, the springs on the outside, that of the cock clumsy and not tempered. The whole machine works so slowly that you may see the trigger stop and move on again during the progress of the cock toward the pan. The charge does not contain 50 grains of powder. In the event of a spring breaking, the chasseur readily replaces it by one of wood, generally of larch, which answers his purpose equally well, and he is thus independent of the gunmaker. With all these imperfections, as we have said be-

fore, they rarely or never miss, and always hit an animal whose fur is precious through the muzzle. Rifles of this sort cost here twenty-five roubles; powder is five roubles a pound, and lead is also dear."

Within a few years afterward the flint lock was replaced in Siberia, by the percussion, the rifles maintaining their high character for accuracy. An English artist named Atkinson, who had traveled there, wrote a work called "Oriental and Western Siberia," published in 1858. He there states "The barrels are bored out of the solid metal and rifled with five grooves, having one and a quarter turn in the length of the barrel; they are usually made very heavy. The stocks are of birchwood, the locks obtained from Nijni Novgorod and are exceedingly rough; nevertheless this is a most deadly weapon. No rifle made by Purdey will carry its ball with more certainty than these. Each is sold for 31s. 8d. Two were manufactured especially for me by order of the director, with more care than is usually bestowed on them, and the barrels were made lighter and better stocked. One was a small bore, carrying balls, 64 to the pound; this was for feathered game and small animals; the other was a large bore, carrying 32 to the pound, for deer, stags, elks, wolves, bears or even the tiger. With both of these I could shoot with perfect accuracy, and I seldom failed procuring game for a dinner when once within range of bird or beast. These rifles cost complete, with cases and all the necessary apparatus, £4 15s.

Doubtless, breechloaders have long since been adopted, but as the necessity for economizing ammunition must still exist among the fur-hunters, a few details about the size of bore and charges of powder and lead would be interesting and also of service to those who intend exploring wild countries. Dr. Nansen, during his expedition toward the North Pole, used composite guns, having a .20 bore shot barrel and .36 rifle, which proved very effective.

J. J. MEYRICK.

DEVONSHIRE, England.

Preserves and Wild Lands.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The observations and contentions of Didymus and Mr. Raymond S. Spears, and the editorial in FOREST AND STREAM of July 4 about the game preserve deal with some matters that ought to be settled after while.

The property right in land cannot be questioned or meddled with without attacking the most fundamental privileges upheld by common law and the sentiments of civilized society. There cannot be much disagreement between doctors upon this subject, and FOREST AND STREAM's editorial, to be sound, had necessarily to trim the logic of two of its popular contributors.

An individual, a club, a company, or a corporation, without any doubt, may own property. The ownership of land can no more be questioned or interfered with than any most simple and clear right of man under the laws most universally sanctioned by society.

If an individual, a club or a corporation obtains legal title to a mountain or any other lot of land, trespassers upon that property are, and should be, subject to the same provisions that protect men in the occupation and use of any other private possession.

Men buy, fence, improve, and occupy wild land with the object of securing for their own whatever they find upon it of value. They often seek title to it for no other advantages than its natural features. It is often secured legitimately and honestly for its woods and streams, and for whatever exists in them, particularly the fish and game. In this land of freedom there is no law limiting the acquisition of property.

I agree with Didymus that no man or set of men should own more than 5,000 acres of wild, or any other kind of land, for that matter. I further agree with him, if he thinks so, that no man, or set of men, should own the railroads or more than a million dollars or so. If the latter provision could be arranged and legally enforced we would all have access to almost any place of recreation in the world.

With our constitutional rights and privileges as they are now, and as they have been since 1776, I am in favor of all the private preserves of wild land, and all the Government reservation of such land possible. When there is a better method of protecting some of the natural wilderness, and the fish and game of our country, I will be in favor of that.

In the region I am most familiar with, I have noticed that the wild land (and much of it is as wild as any in this country) is very much in need of private preservation or some other kind. With the vandalism of skin and pot-hunters and fishers, prospectors, miners, lumber and mill men, stockmen and campers upon Government lands, there is left upon them little susceptible of removal or destruction. A domain open to everybody is denuded of everything of value upon it just in proportion to the number of people that find it profitable to raid it. An area of wild or public land is denuded of its timber, its waters, and, of course, of its fish and game, just as soon as enough people have access to it.

State game, fish and forest protection, in thickly settled localities, may retard, but it does not prevent, the ultimate denudation of all the accessible public land and the diversion of all available waters. In thinly settled and remote localities game, fish and forest protection is rarely effected by State officials. California has a fish and game commission appointed by the Governor. Once in a while, it is alleged, it accomplishes the transplanting of some fish, or that it achieves the arrest of some conspicuous violator of the game laws in the cities. None of the waters of the State ever yield new fish, or an increased supply of native fishes, as far as is generally known; except that the lower portion of the Sacramento River and its sloughs have been enlivened with worthless carp and diminutive catfish not native to those waters.

The best streams in this region are diverted, dammed and dynamited whenever and wherever people find it profitable or convenient to do these things. A few weeks ago men were arrested for "dynamiting" fish in the Sacramento River near Redding. According to the local press the culprits were discharged from custody because the State had no funds at the disposal of the county for their prosecution.

The longest stream of this county has forty miles of its length cut off from the Sacramento into which it empties, by a dam that diverts all its waters in the late

summer months to a Chinese vegetable garden. The dam is impassable for fish at all seasons, clearly illegal, and a public nuisance, but it has been maintained for twenty years or more.

In this county of Shasta thousands of acres of timber and are burned over every summer by fires set by vandals of one kind or another, square miles of forest have been and are being denuded by smelting operations. Mining claims are located, the timber upon them cut and sold, and then the claims abandoned and others taken for the same purpose. There is no local power or any other to protest or prevent. If a few millionaires had some reserves in this region and fortified them against trespassers and vandals, I believe they would be a comparative blessing, and that the next generation would be thankful that they existed.

As I write a forest fire is burning in this vicinity. It has already burned for several miles over wild public lands. It is supposed to have started at a coal pit upon a mining claim. It followed a ridge along which there runs a ditch belonging to a mine that has been idle for years. Fearing a flume might take fire, a ditch-tender "backfired" and "let it get away," as is usually the case in the woods. It is safe to say that the fire has burned timber of more value than the two mines and all the flumes in the county, and it will doubtless continue burning for weeks, possibly for months. But forest fires in California on public lands attract little notice or attention. Nobody loses but the people.

As soon as a system of forest reservation was proposed for the Pacific Coast a small army of men that want everything wide open and free for all began active opposition to the measure. Stockmen want all the land wide open and free. Prospectors and mineral land locators want it open. All the small towns and communities want what the stockmen and miners want. A number of counties sent their attorneys to Washington at the expense of their citizens to work and protest against Government reserves. The mosquito fleet of country newspapers heralded the cry that the land was being reserved for timber grabbers, railroads and lumbermen.

As to private preserves and property rights in wild lands and woods, the man or men owning them should be commended for preserving some wilderness and its fish and game if they can. From my "point of view" they are entitled to their property, and I know of no reason why they should be delighted to have the public prey upon it any more than the people of our cities and towns delight in entertaining visiting strangers freely and without charge. There are things of value in a city street. Let a vandal help himself to a loaf of bread or a flower from a dooryard and he will at once realize the sacredness of private ownership. Are bread and flowers any more susceptible to ownership than land? If Didymus and Mr. Spears are too poor to own wild land and pine for want, some others of us, poor mortals that we are, may say we are too poor to own anything else! If we do have rightful, legal possession of wild land we hope and believe we are entitled to it. We grieve to pay taxes and build fences on public property.

From my "point of view" I am almost ready to begin to believe I think that it will be well to give the millionaires all the land. If we could only get them stuck with a few square miles of it for each one of them it would keep them so busy that others of us might get some of the other things they have. I will swap several hundred acres of mine for a yacht, and will let some of them fish and hunt and chop trees if they will let me in on tame city preserves. This is a fair proposal.

I believe sportsmen and lovers of the wilds are sometimes retrogressive in their tendencies, for they want to get back to conditions that no longer exist. They ought to be glad to hear of all sorts of game preserves and protection, parks, clubs, forest reserves, and anything but wide open public land. If there were more private reserves in the vicinity of our cities many people would be thankful if they could walk or ride through them, even though trespass signs were plentiful along the way. If that great cornfield, Illinois, had a wilderness of a hundred square miles in the middle of it full of bears and Indians it would be almost as beneficial to people as Chicago.

And so, with regret for the retrogressive tendencies of Didymus and Mr. Spears, I send you this breeze from the Sierras.

CHARLES L. PAIGE.

SHASTA, Cal., July.

Still Heathen.

DR. EUGENE P. DUNLAP, the oldest missionary in service in Siam, has recently visited the Province of Nakawn. The people were still heathen, as the following incident will show: A tiger had killed a buffalo and left his half eaten carcass in the jungle. The natives feared to slay the tiger, lest his spirit should punish them. So, as they said, "they made the tiger commit suicide." A path was cut to the jungle where lay the half eaten body. Stakes were driven on either side of the path, and two old-fashioned flint muskets were securely fastened to the stakes with the muzzles pointing across the path. A tight cord was drawn across from musket to musket and tied to the triggers. In the morning there was a dead tiger, and the natives cut his flesh for food to make them strong and to use as a preventive against smallpox, and crushed his bones to secure a powder as efficacious as the best patent medicine so freely advertised by the press in this land. The veteran missionary pleaded with the people to renounce such follies, but in vain.—New York Observer.

Blue Mountain Park.

MEMBERS of the family of the late Austin Corbin, of New York, have decided to practice forestry on the Blue Mountain Forest Park, near Newport, in Sullivan county, N. H., and have asked that a working plan for the management of the timber lands be prepared by the Bureau of Forestry. Alfred Akerman, an instructor in the Yale Forest School, with eight men, will be employed on the work during the summer.

The Blue Mountain Forest Park contains 25,000 acres, and is stocked with a variety of wild animals, including what is said to be the largest herd of pure-bred buffalo in this country. There are 128 head of the animals. Besides the buffalo, the park contains wild boar from Germany, elk, moose, and deer of several kinds.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

On the New Jersey Coast.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is extremely doubtful if the New Jersey coast has ever had so poor a season for striped bass as the present one; and it is regarded as practically over with the ending of June. While in ordinary seasons a few fish are taken from time to time during August and September, still June is always the prolific month, and with the craft little endeavor is made after that month, save when heavy easterly weather is on. I think twenty fish will cover the entire number taken at all the favorite points, which is a most remarkably poor showing.

One of 31¼ pounds is the record fish, to the credit of Uncle Billy Brumaker, who deserves the prize, as it is safe to assert that he has fished a day for each pound of fish.

Kingfish are fairly plentiful, and are fine in size—much above the average—but are biting but little, except early in the morning.

Weakfish are beginning to take the hook, and bite almost exclusively at night. As yet, however, they are quite small, the larger ones are not yet feeding inshore.

A cheering indication of what we have in store is the myriads of sand eels crowding in along the beach. If they continue with us we know that all varieties of fish will soon be present, as they are the bait fish par excellence, and are eagerly sought by all our fishes. Plaice, too, are unusually scarce, and those that do favor us with their presence are very small. In the streams where last year, and, in fact, for many years, I have taken 20 to 30 at a tide of the finest size, a couple, or, at most, 4 small fish, are the usual result. Why this is so, it is difficult to understand. Their food is abundant and tidal conditions are good; but the fish are absent. A most remarkable thing in relation to the weakfish has come to light, of the thousands that I have taken from the ocean and the different waters of this and other States, I never before took spawn-bearing fish. Of a catch I made a few evenings since 3 contained spawn. While the ova was far from mature, still it was well advanced in growth, and a friend, who was with me, tells me that two of his fish were in the same condition. It is just another "new thing" under the sun. Blackfish are unusually abundant, and some very large ones of 10 to 18 pounds have been taken from the beach south of Long Branch, at the outlet of Pakannasse Lake. They are hard, heavy fighters, but are not a strictly game fish. Some schools of bluefish have appeared along the beach at remote intervals, but not close enough in to be within the reach of rod and reel. The boatmen, however, have secured some, and they readily sell for 15 cents per pound when fresh from the water.

LEONARD HULIT.

Chat and Criticism.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., July 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The hot weather precludes physical exercise and reduces the mental activity to the amount necessary to read the papers, and make comments on their contents, and the last number of FOREST AND STREAM affords me an opportunity to "put in my oar" in one or two of the verbal contests which its contributors are always inviting.

In the first place the mysterious monster, to which your Seattle correspondent calls our attention, has, nothing mysterious about him, he is simply the well-known "thrasher," otherwise the fox shark *Carcharias vulpes*, mentioned in all books on ichthyology, and often by Arctic navigators. I read of him 70 years ago, I think in "Scoresby's Voyages," and have often seen him described. His tail is about half his whole length, and the upper lobe of it is very thick and heavy, and he uses this as a club, with which to attack the whales.

The second point which strikes me is the grammatical error in the title of the very interesting article heading, "Visits With Apes and Monkeys." You can pay a visit to an ape or monkey, or one of them might go with you to visit some other person, but visit means to go to see, and not examination or conversation, for the latter of which it has been often used lately by western writers, and the corruption is, I think, a "Chicagoism," as I note writers of that enterprising city speak of visiting with a person when they simply mean talking with them. The Latin origin of the word merely means "to see," as a doctor visits his patient, or a general the army posts under his command, but the preposition with is wrong.

The third point which has struck me lately, is the discussion now going on in your columns relating to game preserves, and here I am much inclined to take the side of the preserve owners. It is all very fine to rave about monopoly and exclusiveness, but we have got to remember that this continent is not very different from the rest of the world, and that the laws and customs which time has brought about in other countries, must be adopted here, as the growth of population and civilization fill up the once waste lands. When this country was first settled by the whites it was mainly an unbroken forest, and deer, turkeys, grouse and other game abounded everywhere, they formed the chief supply of animal food to the newcomers, and every one was free to kill them at his pleasure.

As the country became settled, the game was exterminated, and protective laws were passed, more than 100 years ago, but the habit still remained among the mass of the people, of shooting and fishing at their will, regardless of place or time.

The rapid disappearance of the game has led to more stringent laws in the last century, governing the times at which game may be taken, and the continued increase

of population, renders it necessary to put some restriction on places as well.

The old maxim, that "every man's house is his castle," covers the right to protect and preserve his property, and it is coming to be understood that the game raised on a man's land is as much his property as any of his other crops. The right of everybody to kill game everywhere has become extinct, as the land came into private ownership, and while it may seem undemocratic or unrepugnant, for any one person to own or control 20,000 or 30,000 acres of land, it must be considered that it is in most cases land unsuited for profitable agriculture, while eminently fitted for the shelter and support of wild animals, and that the "overflow" of those preserved on it will naturally stock quite a large neighborhood with sufficient game for reasonable sport.

I quite agree with Mr. Avis in his answer to Mr. Spears, and I do not agree with Mr. Spears that his woodsmen have any rights at all, beyond the property they own. It is merely the survival of the free and easy customs of the days when nobody owned the land, and it was, of course, open to all. Time and growth have changed the conditions, and altered the question, and the sooner we make up our minds to the inevitable the better for all concerned. While, as the learned judge says in the decision in the case you print, the game on the land of any man cannot be considered as his property until he reduces it to his possession, and it may leave his property at its will, for that of some one else, by fencing his land, he reduces that to his possession, with the game on it, as long as it remains there, and any entrance on that property in pursuit of it, is clearly an act of trespass, and may be so treated.

Now to another question. Your correspondent, Mr. Shurter, identifies the bloodhound with the old Talbot, in which I do not agree with him. I may be wrong, but I have always understood the Talbot to be the old English mastiff, and that the family of that name, which bore his semblance on their escutcheon, were so named from their tenacity "to grip and hold on" in the old fighting days of the Plantagenet Kings of England. Which came first and gave the name, I cannot say, "whether dog wagged the tail or the tail wagged the dog." Perhaps your Washington correspondent, Mr. Henry Talbot, may throw some light on this question.

Finally, and to close my growlings for this, I will go back a few months to a letter from Mr. Lodian, in which he claims that he discovered the process of making silk worm gut, and that he was sent to Spain by Mr. Marston for that purpose. Now he may have picked up a few minor details, as to the strength of the vinegar used, or the length of time of the immersion, but I have known generally how the gut was prepared ever since I first used it, nearly 70 years ago. I do not remember whether I got the information from Sir Humphrey Davy's "Salmonia," or Dr. Ure's dictionary of Arts and Manufactures, but I knew that the worm, when ripe and ready to spin, was immersed for a time in strong vinegar, then broken open, the silk bag taken out, and stretched on a board to dry, and the first gut I ever used, in the hank, as imported, showed the spiral curls at each end, where it had been wound round the pins, which kept it in place. Enough for to-day!

VON W.

Sacramento Trout.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last year I gave you a short account of my annual outing on the upper Sacramento River at La Moine, Shasta county. I again visited this lovely spot and my stay of ten days was replete with similar scenes. The grand old river was just as enticing, the rainbow and brown trout were as plentiful, and my short vacation came to an end too soon.

On my arrival I was met at the station by familiar faces. The genial landlord, Cliff Coggins, welcomed me most heartily, and the housekeeper, Mrs. Anderson, who loves to cater to the hungry fishermen, gave me a right royal good handshake and bade me welcome. I must not forget to mention Tom Kemper, known as "Missouri Tom," who is a character in himself, a whole-souled fellow, always ready to act as your guide. When he is engaged by other anglers he will honestly tell you the best pools and riffles and the flies he finds most successful. He is an all-right good fellow and knows the river like a book from Delta to Sims.

The best fly-fishing on this river is to be had from 5 to 8:30 evening, while fishermen who use a spoon, may have good fishing morning, noon and night. It is well, however, to rest in midday, and it is generally the time which anglers devote to writing to their wives, friends and sweethearts—and sportsmen always have some one to wish them luck and a safe return.

The manager of the lumber camp frequently invites his guests to go up to Camp No. 1, six miles distant, which is a most enjoyable trip. It is most interesting to see the monster logs shoot down the hill side, half a mile in half a minute. The active lumbermen handle the logs as they drop into the pond, and when a jam occurs it is wonderful to see how quickly they break it.

Colonel W. Kelichor was my fishing companion for my first trip, a sportsman of the old school, a thorough gentleman, and an angler of long and large experience. When leaving the hotel I was informed that the Onion Patch Pool was alive with quinnat salmon. I therefore took my casting rod along, hoping to hook on to a salmon, which I did on the second cast, and he proved to be a monster in size, the largest fish I ever hooked. My 7-ounce rod was worked as it never had been worked before, and for an hour and a half, under the careful supervision of the Colonel, I enjoyed the grandest sport it was ever my good fortune to get. The fish broke water a dozen times, and at no time during the first hour did he let up once, and I had from one to two hundred feet of line out. All things come to an end, and I got him, as I thought, completely under control, and was about to bring him to gaff when he gave one final effort to get away, and within ten feet of the shore threw himself on a rock and the hook broke. He had the utmost difficulty to get out of the shallow water back to the deep pool again. I might have attempted to take him with my hands, he was in such a weakened condition, but he put up such a great fight that I took my hat off to him and

said good-by. The Colonel was heart-broken at the loss of such a fighter as this fish had proven himself to be. He evidently communicated to his mates his miraculous escape, as I did not get another strike from a salmon in that pool. I had, however, excellent sport during the rest of my stay, principally fly-fishing, the trout ranging from a half pounder to one and three-quarters and one six pounder.

Slate Creek, which empties into the Sacramento River at this point, is a very prolific little stream and an ideal home for trout, with its high bluffs and immense boulders studded here and there continuously from its headwaters to its outlet. In the early part of the season when the Sacramento River is high and at times somewhat discolored, this creek affords excellent sport to the sturdy young angler, who cares not for the many impediments which beset him. A good creel is always obtainable. It is very swift and the fish taken are of good size, strong and great fighters.

There are always amusing incidents occurring when out on fishing trips, one of which will bear chronicling. A lady angler, wife of a well-known fisherman, was whipping in a sportsmanlike manner the rattle at the head of the Onion Patch Pool (by the way this particular pool was reserved for women and old men, being of easy access and only five minutes' walk from the hotel), when suddenly she stopped, and from where I stood, probably a hundred yards off, I saw that she had hooked a fish of goodly proportions, the largest she said she had ever hooked, and she has landed many a fish. But in this particular instance she unfortunately lost her usual presence of mind and essayed to hold the fish without allowing him to make a dash for liberty; of course her tackle gave way, and when I reached her she was in tears. Between her sobs she remarked, "If Will had only been here I would not have lost the fish." Will is one of our most successful fishermen with either spoon or fly; he is a great worker and never fails to fill his basket. Will and his wife spend their vacations at La Moine, and the many baskets of fish which he ships to his friends in the city testify to his prowess as an angler.

La Moine bids fair to become one of the principal resorts in California for anglers who want good fishing and good accommodations.

My stay was most pleasurable, and I again look forward to a similar outing in 1904.

JAMES WATT.

Fish and Fishing.

Salmon Fishermen Returning.

MANY of the American and Canadian salmon fishermen who were early upon their rivers have returned home, and notwithstanding the indifferent opening of the season most of them report satisfactory sport. There are still many fishermen on their streams at present writing, and the parties who take the second half of the fishing in certain waters have only recently gone into camp.

Messrs. Ivers Adams and Walter M. Brackett are still, at this date, upon their rivers, the Moisie and Ste. Marguerite, respectively, where the sport is yet at its height. The Restigouche and Cascapedia Salmon Clubs report a number of members still upon the pools. Some of them will go to Lake St. John for the ouananiche fishing, before returning home, and others will stay over for a time at Murray Bay, but the majority return directly home from the rivers. Mr. R. E. Plumb has already gone from the Natashquan, where his party enjoyed good sport, and the Messrs. Adams, Jr., of Boston, and Mr. Sampson, who was their guest, from the Moisie. Mr. Morton Paton of New York passed through Quebec on the 7th inst., from the Trinity, which he fished in company with Messrs. Edson Fitch and Vesey Boswell. This party has 109 fish to its record for the season. The sea trout were rather late this season at Trinity, so that the fishing for them was scarcely at its best when the party left the river. Trinity Bay offers about the best sea trout fishing to be found anywhere.

The Godbout is being fished by Messrs. John Manuel and nephew of Ottawa and Col. Whitehead and Mr. Law of Montreal. This remarkable river had yielded 348 salmon to four rods this year up to the 10th inst., and is still being fished. I recalled some of the remarkable scores made on the Godbout, when reading the boast made a few days ago by an English sportsman in Chambers' Journal. In this publication Mr. W. A. Sommerville reports the killing of 53 salmon by him in one week on the Corrib River in Galway. I was conversing with Mr. Napoleon Comeau, the well-known occasional correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM the other day, on the subject of scores, and he referred me to the fact that some years ago he had made the record catch of 57 salmon in one day on the Godbout. In three days of that season nearly 400 fish were killed by three rods in the river. Of course this fishing was merely to establish a record. The river is now practically swarming with fish. The early run this season made a good average in size. The present run yields an average of about ten pounds.

Speaking of numbers it is interesting to note that the yield of the nets at the mouth of the Moisie for one day this season was eight hundred fish. These nets have been so judiciously employed for the last half century or so that the angling in the Moisie now is as good as ever it was, thus illustrating what may be accomplished by a wise understanding between angling and netting interests and the close observance of prudent legislation, coupled with some scientific knowledge of the subject. It should be noted, too, that the Messrs. Holliday, who succeeded to their father's interests in the netting privilege of the Moisie many years ago, still maintain a hatchery on the river. I am forwarding this letter from the establishment at the mouth of the Moisie, which I hope to ascend to-day, returning with some practical experience at the "Anglers' Camp," eighteen miles up the river.

I find that besides shipping enormous quantities of fresh salmon from this and other North Shore streams to the American and Canadian markets, the Messrs. Holliday send large quantities of the split and salted

fish to Europe where the salt is partially extracted and the fish smoked ready for consumption. The process of preparing the fish for this market is a very interesting one, and Captain Sands of Denmark, an old ship captain, who has charge of it, tells me that the product of Scotch, Norwegian and other European rivers is now very far from sufficient to supply the German and Danish demands for salmon, and that the Copenhagen firm represented by him imports immense quantities of Pacific Coast as well as Atlantic Coast salmon for their European trade.

The Hollidays are not limited to the Moisie for their supply of salmon, but employ the iron coasting steamship "King Edward" in collecting the supply of fish netted at the mouths of the other North Shore streams. As this ship also carries the anglers who fish these northern waters, it may readily be imagined that its atmosphere is laden to overflowing with fishing stories. Its commander, Captain Picken, has sailed in every sea and has a good fund of his own.

Fishing for Swordfish.

One of Captain Picken's most interesting experiences was fishing for swordfish off the coast of Peru. The small craft used are birch-bark canoes, very much like those used by the North American Indians, but of larger size. The canoemen are also of Aztec or Indian origin. The fishing tackle consists of a harpoon four feet long, attached to about 130 fathoms of line. The fish float lazily on the surface of the warm placid water, apparently asleep, for the canoemen approach quite close to them before hurling the harpoon into them. Then the excitement begins. The fish darts down, but finding no relief, commences a series of wild rushes and giddy gyrations, now switching the boat sharply around and around, and now towing it with frightful velocity. Some hours are frequently occupied in killing one of these fish. That described by Captain Picken measured 19 feet in length.

The captain had naturally heard a great deal from the American anglers traveling on his ship of the sport afforded by the Lake St. John ouananiche, some of which seemed very much more incredible to him than many of his own stories. Yet none of them are unfamiliar to frequenters of those northern waters. So much stranger do the experiences of others appear to us than those of our own!

Messrs. Bayard Dominick and Dr. Smith and son of New York have gone home after enjoying excellent sport on the Mistassini, notwithstanding that they arrived on the river very late. This Mistassini, which is a salmon river on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, must not be confounded with the famous ouananiche river of the same name flowing into Lake St. John.

Pollution of Rivers.

There is very much cause for alarm in Canada over the subject of river pollution. The increased demand for pulp has led to a very large increase in the number of saw and pulp mills in the backwoods of the Dominion, and these are, very unfortunately, erected in many cases upon the banks of some of the best salmon and trout streams, and with an utter disregard of the law prohibiting the pollution of rivers. I know of salmon rivers which have been completely ruined in this manner. As an illustration of the extent to which this evil has grown, it is only necessary to refer to the last annual report of the late Mr. L. Z. Joncas, Government Superintendent of Fish and Game, addressed to the Minister at the head of the department. He states that upon the occasion of an official trip into the country north of Montreal for the purpose of observing how the law was obeyed, he found a very alarming state of things with reference to the future of the fisheries in that part of the Province. During the trip he visited thirty-nine mills and found that not only was there not a single one with a fishway, as required by law, but that all the mill owners deliberately threw the sawdust and other refuse from their mills into the discharges of the lakes and into the rivers, a condition of affairs which is bound to work the total ruin of the fisheries unless the proper remedy is at once applied.

[We have in hand and shall publish in our next issue a valuable report on certain investigations into the effects of sawdust on fish.]

Fishing Stories.

The present season's crop of fishing stories in this country promises to be outdone by that from the other side of the water. The Mr. Sommerville, whose experience in the Corrib River has been already referred to, tells of two salmon rising to him at the same time, and claims that he hooked them both.

An angler who was fishing the Avon, near Tomintoul, with a trout fly recently, says that he hooked a trout about three inches long which was instantly killed by a grilse of four pounds. Feeling an unexpected strain, and not aware of the incident, he worked gently to the side, and secured the grilse in his landing-net. Then the grilse let go its hold of the trout, which was still on the hook.

I was shown at Moisie, yesterday, a salmon fly with part of a broken cast attached, which had been taken out of a net in which salmon were captured, and was told that on previous occasions a salmon fly has been found attached to the mouth of netted salmon, all of which tends to prove that even so apparently slight an injury as a hook in the mouth sends the fish straight back to its hospital in salt water.

Last night I watched Mr. Holliday's men taking the salmon out of a net. Almost the third part of a fish of over twenty pounds weight was missing. It had been bitten clean away by a seal, while entangled in the meshes of the net.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

A consignment of 20,000 rainbow trout ova are en voyage from the hatchery of Mr. Moreton Frewen, Inishannon, County Cork, to Japan for exhibition at the Japan exhibition at Tokio in the coming summer. The ova were fertilized and then spread on muslin troughs covered with two inches of damp moss, the whole being hermetically sealed in a can. By the time the can completes its voyage, some 11,000 miles, the ova will be almost hatched out.—London Fishing Gazette.

Canoe and Camp Life Along the Delaware River.

XVII.—A Side Trip to a Trout Stream.—Fly-Casting a Saw Creek, Pennsylvania.

I'm just a jolly little trout!
Darting, flashing, leaping out
From my home beneath the bank,
Where the ferns grow tall and rank!
Ripples, shadows, dance and play
Through my pool both night and day.
King am I in this my nook;
Joyous in my forest brook.

—Soliloquy of the Brook Trout.

It is the mountain to the sea
That makes a messenger of me;
And lest I loiter on the way,
And lose what I am sent to say,
It sets my music to a song,
And bids me sing it all day long.
Farewell, for here the stream is slow,
And I have many a mile to go.

—Monologue of the Trout Brook.

My comrade has at last grown weary of the river. He sits here under the shadow of Mt. Minsi, and looks listlessly at the marvelous play of light through and under all the lines of silver palaces made by drifting cloud-masses, and at their shadows over the league-long hill-ranges, and their reflections in the deep, still water just where the Delaware breaks through the Water Gap. Yet he sees nothing, and voices his lack of interest:

"All very well; but I have had this sort of thing for



UNFENCED NATURE.

many weeks. I would not care to hear the finest orchestra forever. I am ashamed to fish any more for these bass. Had more than my share a month ago. I must go to town, or get further away from folks. Want it tamer or wilder."

"Where are your eyes and ears, man? All these wooded hills freshly washed, and a rainbow with one end vivid, and—"

"Ain't wild enough to suit me. Reef that smile; that widow is in Boston now; so I'm not going back to Narrowsburg. Going to town, unless you will go to Saw Creek with me at daylight to-morrow."

Useless to argue when his mind is "sot!" I know that the long-continued dry weather means only half the usual volume of water in the trout stream from which I brought away nearly two hundred beauties two years ago. The fish will see us and hide; the season is far advanced, the water too warm, and the trout are at the mouths of the spring rivulets. But I realize that the stream and its woods are singularly wild and attractive. And I should miss my comrade.

Five o'clock the next morning finds us leaving the Gap in a double-seated surrey behind fast steppers provided by host Johnson, of the Glenwood House at the Gap.



AFTER LUNCHEON.

We pass through that famous region of high hills and winding river, and on to Shoemaker, about twelve miles from the Gap. There we turn to the left, cross the Big Bushkill River, drive four miles into woods, and are at the Decker cottage on the bank of Saw Creek. Here is where the whippoorwill, male and female, sat on the fence two years ago and the female sang the well-known notes for five minutes, as mentioned in a former number of this series. The stream is roaring down through the woods, not ten rods back of the house. The feverish longing to hasten the jointing of the rods and the actual casting of flies, is strong upon us. We drive a half mile



READY FOR THE CAST.

further, to where "Bill" Counterman, the best fly-fisherman along this stream, sits on the doorstep of his tiny mountain dwelling, and regards us with a sarcastic grin. "Howdy! Ye don't say ye kum fur fish? No use; no water; they see ye!"

Then he talks of the land-owners along the creek having told him to keep off fishermen, to warn them of direful things if they cast flies here. For the first wish with him is to impress visitors with a sense of his importance. He has fished this brook, man and boy, during forty years of actual residence on its banks.

After what he considers a due amount of persuasion, he is induced, as he meant to be from the start, to fish for us, so we may not return to the Gap with not even one trout; for with his long, special knowledge of the haunts of the trout here, he can catch three of them while even a skillful angler who is a stranger to the stream, would get one.

He is shown our fly-books; and after finding fault with all the flies, and saying it is foolishness to use even the gray-drake and fox, which he praised at the same season two years ago, he selects a dozen of the best, and uses them in preference to his own, which he had announced were "specially made for me in Bosting, and the only fly 'at takes trout hyar."

This man is indeed a character, and we give him a picture. His hard, often almost destitute mountain life, has not shaken his courage, his faith in himself, his garrulous egotism. In his tiny house I have seen ten dollars' worth of fried trout piled high on his table to feed his nine children and himself and wife. He cuts hoop-poles and cord-wood in fall and winter, hauling them to Stroudsburg, twelve miles distant, and starting at four o'clock the coldest mornings. He raises a few bushels of buckwheat from a stony field. But his principal income is from summer trout-fishing for men who cannot catch trout themselves, or wish more trout than they are likely to get.



WATER-BREAK MADE BY A TROUT THAT HAS MISSED THE FLY.

A mixture of shrewdness and backwoods philosophy, easy in old clothes and rubber wading boots, full of reminiscence, knowing every rock along this stony and difficult brook, drawing a very long bow, and making a brave fight for himself and a great family, he is a picturesque backwoodsman, and a study for the most expert fly-casters. He fishes with one fly, and nearly always up stream.

"Fly acts more nat'ral; an' ther mud an' stuff ye stir up ain't goin' down under yer flies an' scarin' ther fish."

Long, long plodding through wildest woods where the boulders stick up through brown of fallen leaves and pine-needles and among laurel and rhododendron bushes, and we are at the cabin built by a fisherman of Philadel-

phia, who, with Mr. E. D. Hemingway, of that city, owns a fishing privilege along a mile or two of the stream. Here is a picture of our party at the cabin.

Flies were cast in vain. The writer lost four beauties during the day because they were hooked where it was impossible to secure them. Scarcely a foot of that whole rocky bed but has its pitfalls and difficulties of boulders, and submerged, fractured, sharp-edged rock—upended, sidewise, sloping—presenting a most treacherous and generally unseen foothold. Every step must be taken carefully—felt for. You go over a flat-rock three feet under the rushing water, feel its edge, and cautiously step off into water a foot deeper, where sloping edges of more rocks invite slipping and possible fracture of an ankle, and where the green water-algae add to the danger of a bad fall. And yet to wade in that stream is a great pleasure, for it is very beautiful, and contains exceptionally large trout. You do not know what moment you may be fastened to a large one, and have your work cut out for you. Glance at the accompanying illustration of just one vista along that brook, and you will understand. At the right stage of water it affords excellent trout fishing. Each pool and rapid is a picture. There is a delicious sense of real wildness. A single morning wade there will show you dozens of real wild birds, and not a single sparrow.

One of the Philadelphians who owns fishing rights there, is a rare combination of hard-headed business sense and enthusiastic nature-love. It is a great pleasure to hear him tell of his life along Saw Creek. He calls it "up there." I give the substance of one such talk; but I cannot reproduce the face and eyes lighted up with his love of it all:

"The camp-fire up there is a solace and a joy—the ally of dreams. The quails and thrushes and grouse all take you by surprise; swallows swimming in the wind, or a thornbush in blossom around a bend and holding nests of bluebirds and warblers. There the three joy-calls of the whippoorwill, and the 'passion of midsummer' in the throbbing boom of the nightjar, come unexpectedly in the



"BILL" COUNTERMAN.

windless, moonlighted silence. The whole thing is to me a kind of wild love-rainbow on a background of green. I know those brook-voices mighty well—sturdy at the falls, low-voiced medleys of song on rapids; and the woods are a harp of sighing under brave mountain winds. I wonder if you will understand when I say the stream's beauty and music are cousins to the beauty of the west wind in the emerald haze of the woods. I am a dreamer up there; but dreams are quite as much realities as rocks. I have known that whole region from boyhood. My early summers and springs were sweet with it; and they are lived over again when I get there. Those pines and hemlocks are my brothers and sisters. I know every note of the water. Even over in Philadelphia I sometimes hear it calling to me. Just last week I was up there in a glorious day; and the stream was one winding, moving dazzle, and dancing leaf-shadows. In that water and its music is the beauty of sorrow, the beauty of love and of life in the forest, the beauty of wildness, and of faith, and of wanderings and cadences of the harp, and there is friendship in the wind and wild flowers, and in the very pathless ways of the wild bees.

"That, sir, is what I call seeing. Now let me tell you about taking a blind man up there, a chap with eyes that could not see, and a heart that did not know. I had often told him what good times I had up there, even when I did not get a single trout. He is a prominent business man in a great city, a bank director, and with a keen eye for a dollar; but he cannot see a wild flower.

"Well, I drove that man up Saw Creek, all the way to the cabin. He had an idea that to catch trout, one merely had to sit on the bank and the trout would come and hook themselves; and that you could fill a creel that way in twenty minutes. I left him sitting on the bank, and went off to try for a fish or two, and came back with three small trout, and told him. His disgust at the poor fishing was immense. We had an excellent luncheon in that glorious, wild dining-room, after which he wanted to 'go home.'

"I went into the cabin and found that he had written in pencil over the doorway 'Nothing in Inferno can equal Saw Creek.' And I came out and looked across the valley to the mountain range where I had often been so happy with my gun and bird-dog. There was a fine summer wind, and the woods over there were roaring with pleasure, and cloud-shadows and sunshine were playing hide and seek over miles on miles of that long hillside. And I heard a red squirrel chickareeing on

top of the cabin, and went around and looked up at him; and he just jerked his tail and body, and said to me: 'Old man, you and I understand this thing up here; but that fellow is not one of us!' And before I thought I answered back right out loud: 'Right you are, little chap! and when I come up here next week he will not be along; but I shall bring you a quart of chestnuts, and I hope you will lunch with me!' And that fellow looked at me as if he thought I was crazy, and asked: 'What are you talking to?' And I drove that blind man out, and on the road I stopped where a quail was whistling on the fence; and this fellow asked: 'What are you stopping for, and what is that making a noise?' And over in Philadelphia at a club, he drank his coffee and smoked, and used his napkin and finger-bowl, and said to me: 'I look back on that god-forsaken country and wonder what under the heavens takes you there!' And I remembered the fifteen inch trout that I hooked in rapid water; the one that ran between my legs; and what a royal fight he gave me, and how handsome he was! I recalled the pool shown you now in this picture. See the ripple there—the splash in the water where a trout rose and missed my fly? And I mentally asked that city clubman: 'Which is the more god-forsaken, this club, or that stream and forest?' He will not go there with me again, for I now understand and shall remember that a fine adjunct on a pleasant trip up there is a congenial companion who is not blind and deaf."

Our party spent the day on the stream, and three rods secured only fourteen trout. But we caught and brought away much that we could not show, and that will attract us to the stream again. I want a photograph of the trespass sign three miles above, staring out from a thicket right beside the brook:

"No fishinher
Tresperzpersikotid."

There are about five miles of good fishing water that is open to the public below that sign. Dark flies like the brown-hackle, gray-drake and fox are the favorites.

How the pen lingers, trying to escape the closing of this series. The very last entries are made in our fishing journal.

Next week the final article of this series will mention some of the Indian history and tradition of the Delaware Valley. L. F. BROWN.

The Nepigon, Its Beauty and Its Trout.

O priceless memories! peerless days!
Pinioned with flowers; O forest life!
Oft will my lyre in gladness raise
Song to those shades with rapture rife,
Far from the world's wild, weary strife!
—Street.

THE halo of romance and mystery that once upon a time hovered about the North Shore of Lake Superior, has vanished before the dawn of civilization.

The whistle of the steamer re-echoes now from its lofty cliffs and caverns, once sacred to the voices of the winds and waves. The charm of Silver Island has faded away like the mirage of the lost islets, since it has been despoiled of its hidden treasure. Giant waves from off the angry lake still seek refuge within the cavern of the Grand Portal and clash against its rocky dome, mingling their thunderous reverberations with the awful voice of the storm. The Pictured Rocks, that often conceal their treacherous features beneath a veil of fog, the shroud of many a gallant sailor and his craft, still retain all their pristine beauty. But gone forever is the wild weird charm that once enveloped them. That dread demon of the Chippewas, Keeweenaw, who thrusts his giant arm seventy miles out into Gitchee Gammee, has been shorn of his mystery and copper. Relics of a hoary past have been unearthed, showing that elfins or mound builders delved beneath its surface ages ago. The air throbs to the music of falling waters. Pre-eminent among its beautiful cascades is Silver, that leaps from a dizzy precipice into the willing embrace of Superior. Lovely trout still disport in its fairy caverns, safe from the prying eyes of the Indian netter, who robs the north shore of its finny treasures, to tickle the palates of the gourmands of the Lake cities. Fly-fishing in the rivers and off the rocks is not what it used to be, despite the efforts of interested parties to re-vamp its waning glories.

Among the multitude of streams and rivers that empty into the lake are many that contain trout. Take the Steel, Jack Pine, Michipioten, the Indian water way to Hudson's Bay, all were once the chosen haunt of great speckled trout. To-day not one of them can live up to its past reputation. But there is one river that still presents a defiant front to the destructive forces that have swept into oblivion many a lovely trout water; this is the noble Nepigon, the peer of them all. The speckled trout of this incomparable river attain such monstrous proportions as to completely overshadow the product of such waters as the Steel, Mink, Gravel and others. Long ago when the Canadian Pacific was but as the vague dream of an enthusiast, when an occasional steamer or sailing craft was the only link that bound the North Shore to civilization, a few choice angling spiritss drifted in to Red Rock, then a lonely Hudson's Bay post at the mouth of the river.

As the few scattered rain drops heralded the storm, so these early pioneers proved to be the forerunners of a mighty host. How they must have reveled in this region of enchanting delights. The Nepigon, like an untutored child of nature, was easily beguiled of its treasures. The wildest dreams of the angler could be realized in those halcyon days when every pool and rapids was thronged with huge primitive trout that sprang aloft, again and again, in their eagerness to seize the gaudy cheat. The pool near the railroad bridge, now silent and deserted, was the chosen resort of a select coterie of anglers, whose hearts sang with boyish delight as they cast their flies upon its troubled waters and landed trout that rivaled the giants of the Rangeleys. The fame of the wonderful river soon spread like wild fire throughout Canada and the States, causing many to make the pilgrimage to the Promised Land, eager to secure the cream of the sport. At that

time the Rangeleys and many of the old-time resorts were on the wane. This helped recruit the ranks of the elect and deplete the lower river. This led many adventurous anglers to desert the old places, and seek happier regions above. Anglers from far and near now began to invade this fly-fishers' paradise. They fell upon the choicest places, between Lake Helen and the landing, and lo! they were not. The river above Alexandria Bay still continued to honor the drafts made upon it, while the rapids far below chanted the sad refrain of departed glory. The resources of the noble river were soon to be severely taxed, like a sinuous serpent; the railroad entered this Eden of trout, bringing an overwhelming army of anglers in its train. All that saved it now from utter annihilation was its two mighty feeders, Lakes Nepigon and Superior. The merciless flogging the river now received from the forest of rods that were turned loose upon it soon began to have effect. The larger trout gradually became suspicious of the clever imitations of insect life that drifted about on the surface. The fly-fishing was now at its best, from an expert's point of view. The smaller fish of two pounds or better could still be taken in reasonable numbers, but to deceive one of these giants of the flood with the mocking imitation of a dying insect was a feat that any angler could refer to with honorable pride. Comparatively few can do the trick at this late day. These cold northern waters are apt to warm up a trifle under the ardent gaze of that fiery luminary, who reigns triumphant during the brief Canadian summer, scorching sportsmen and vegetation alike. Occasional showers offset his fervid rays and cool the waters to a delightful temperature, presenting the watchful angler with golden opportunities to score the last half of June, and from August 10 to September 15 represent the pick of the season. The sportsman who comes here in July must chance it on passing showers for fish to fill up his creel. It is an off month everywhere for trout.

Many anglers came utterly unprepared to cope with the changed conditions that confront them, often equipped with tackle that is pie to these monsters of the deep pools and rapids, particularly fly-rods that their owners lack the ingenuity to convert to bait purposes. It is useless to apply to the Indian guides, as most of them know little or nothing about the ways of the scientific angler, and care less. He is the only man that has a fighting chance to conquer these finny giants, not the native fisher, with his primitive methods that worked well enough in the past, when half the catch could be lost, yet enough saved for present needs. There is no such comfortable margin of luck now on the river. Off days occur quite frequently, when for some unknown reason the trout refuse the most tempting offers. Therefore it behooves the expert angler to be ever on the watch and play the game for all it is worth, otherwise he is likely to retire to camp, accompanied by the proverbial fisherman's luck. Scientific angling is the best and only way to success with large trout, so here goes to enlighten the tyro, who is willing to adopt the up-to-date methods that prevail on the Nepigon and other places resorted to by knowing ones.

Tackle that is good enough for the Adirondacks and the greater portion of the Maine woods will not answer here. Split bamboo is elegant material for a rod, but is too costly and frail for the tyro's use, lancewood, Bethabara and greenheart will stand far more rough treatment than split bamboo. I have had considerable experience with Bethabara and strongly recommend it. A fly-rod of this material, weighing from 8 to 9 ounces and about 10½ feet in length, is the thing for the Nepigon, or wherever the trout run large. It should have a spare tip 3 or 4 inches in length to fit into the upper point; this converts your fly-rod into a serviceable bait-rod. You can utilize a broken fly-tip for this purpose, by trimming it down and replacing the ring tip. If the ring is round, heat it a trifle and press it to a pear shape. This will allow the line to slip off instead of catching below the top. A good multiplier is not amiss, but the feather light or expert reel, with back sliding click, will take up line very fast, and can be relied on to meet every emergency. Use fly-hooks, not coarse cheap ones. Cheap hooks, flies and rods are a snare and a delusion on the Nepigon; 4-0 Shaughnessy or 6 Sproat will give you an idea of the size. Salmon leaders and flies will give superb service, but are very expensive. A six-foot leader, mist-colored, adapted for heavy black bass, is strong enough for most situations. Have several sizes of ringed sinkers. The most useful is about the size of a .32 caliber bullet. Split shot often come handy. A good way to rig up is to fasten one end of the sinker to the reel line, the other ring to a three-foot leader, or you can divide a six-foot leader and attach the ends to the ringed sinker; it's practically the same. In either case use swivel sinkers or snelled hooks, swivels for trolling are likely to strip, avoid them; the best plan is to use flatted or knobbed hooks. Four or five half hitches of gut well soaked in warm water, make a fastening that defies removal, and is easily renewed when the gut gets worn at the head of the hook. Flies tied in the old style are apt to strip, particularly if old. When worn by frequent casting the gut cannot be replaced. I tie my own flies on flatted hooks. It is impossible to strip them; they are tied to use with a sliding loop. Worn gut can be cut out and loop renewed in one minute, insuring a sound leader. I have used this fastening on the Nepigon, in the Big Fish Lake region and other parts of eastern and northwest Maine. It never fails. It will send in a full account of it if sufficient interest is manifested. A tapered or level fly-line rather heavy, of braided silk or linen, at least 50 yards, better 65; and a large ringed landing net, say 30 inches deep, with a mesh fine enough to entertain minnows. A creel is handy, but not indispensable, as your guide will take care of your catch.

Now for a brief chat about flies, dark ones are of little use on account of the depth of water. Large, light-colored flies are more apt to be seen—variations of yellow, green and red, with plenty of white or light yellow in the wings. Parmachenee-belle, royal-coachman, orange and white moths are all good examples. Small flies are best for brook fishing. Flies on flatted hooks are not on sale, the next best are flies on needle-eyed hooks.

The would-be angler is now pretty well equipped with everything necessary save experience; he will get that fast enough when he appears on the river, especially the bit-tr sweet variety. The reader who desires to know more about this romantic region, its beauty and its trout, will

find much to interest him in a trip I made to the Nepigon last season, about the middle of August.

At the little Nepigon station I met the genial fishery overseer, William McKirdy. The village boasts of two stores, a country hotel and a church. McKirdy furnishes complete outfits. I found Joe Salt, the head guide, busy packing up. After making a few purchases, including license, we departed for the landing, followed by the curious gaze of the natives. Here we found the canoe in charge of the younger guide. It was getting toward sunset when the birch glided out on to Lake Helen. The next morning we entered the sluggish current of the river. Clearings show up on both banks. At frequent intervals a few half-breed families have settled down, striving to wrest a rather precarious living by raising hay, potatoes, and a few hardy vegetables from the stony soil. We passed by a very comfortable cabin deserted by its owner on account of its lonely situation. Frequently the troubled waters suggested trout, but probably harbored pike and togue. As we drew near Alexandria Bay, a lovely cascade sprang from the dense forest on the left bank, laughing in silvery tones as it leaped from rock to rock. The brook above contains trout; its source is a pond stocked with black bass; it is seldom visited, and no doubt harbors some heavy weights. As the sweet voice of this wild woods beauty died away in the distance, the white water of Long Rapids shot into view, finding a resting place on the broad bosom of Alexandria Bay. This beautiful bay and rapids are embalmed in the blessed memory that hovers about the good old Nepigon days. The swift water between Lake Jessie and the bay holds many a three-pounder, but the giants that used to disport in Long Rapids have vanished forever. The pool at the foot of the upper rapids is one of the best stands on the river for fly-fishing; it holds many trout of two pounds or better. Cameron's Pool, a little further down, is a "has been" now, but was once a famous rallying place for the old timers. The little rivulet that races across the portage road shelters many trout.

Here the guides deposited the canoe and camp stuff and awaited the coming of the team. It would be a charming place to camp for a few days, and pry into the secrets of the brook, late in the season, when insect life is on the wane. I shall never forget the old angler that I met by the brook side; he used a cane to prop his failing strength; time had withered his countenance but failed to touch the boyish heart. He crowed forth a hilarious welcome to Pat, the eccentric driver of the carry team, as he rushed down the steep incline, surrounded by a halo of black flies. This merry disciple of Walton was one of a little band of anglers who interested me greatly, as, with one exception, they were all graybeards. They assured me of a good time ahead, provided I did not encounter a run of hard luck. Black flies swarmed in multitudinous numbers on the carry; it is a fly purgatory in August, and no mistake. Pat must exist in a chronic state of martyrdom most of the season. Let us draw a veil over the scene.

Early next morning our canoe glided out on to the placid surface of the lake that mirrored only the passing clouds and voyageurs. This is one of five sister lakes that, like a string of pearls, connect Lake Nepigon with Lake Superior. Here the tortured waters of the chute gains a brief respite before joining in the wild strife below. Immense pike lurk in its depths, occasionally leaving them to foray in the troubled waters where trout abound. Comparatively few anglers take advantage of the good run of smaller sized fish that abound in Long Rapids, and the Narrows that connect Lake Jessie with Lake Maria. Many-knights of the fly rod go further and fare worse. This haven of dreamy rest and peace is soon exchanged for the turbulent strife of contending waters. At Split Rock the mad flight of the river is checked between lofty cliffs of basalt. This portage and island a short distance above are trilling, but every carry necessitates unloading the birch to the ribs. The guides then carry it across and bestow it with the greatest care in the water. Sometimes evergreen boughs are placed at the landing to prevent chafing. Leaks are a constant source of trouble, particularly with old canoes. The carries are the life of the river; here people of every grade of society are encountered. The blasé frequenter of fashionable resorts joins forces with the bored millionaire in the search for a new sensation. Here the young tyro, to whom mere existence is a joy, rubs elbows with old veterans wise in fish lore, who often condescend to give points to the tenderfoot that stand him in good stead when he flashes his maiden rod on the pools above. I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of an old timer on one of these thoroughfares who had camped on the river in the palmy days of fly-fishing. He drew a mournful contrast between the present and the past, and lamented the decadence of fly-fishing at Virgin Falls. The experienced anglers could be easily singled out from among the motley crowd who jostled one another for precedence on the river, by the way they handled their tools; many of them had grown gray in the pursuit. The fly-rod often worked wonders in such hands, bringing captive to the net many a trout of such noble proportions as to be worthy of the attentions of the half-breed artists. The knowing ones work the best places for all they are worth by using both flies and minnows. Occasionally an inveterate fly crank puts in an appearance. These followers of old Izaak (a long way off) detest the ways of the bait-fisher, and spurn his advice. They are often appropriately rewarded with a light creel and a heavy heart.

A few miles above Island Portage we drew near to a famous collection of pools, among which Hamilton's is prominent. Avoiding the wild output from Hamilton's Pool, we fetched up at the foot of Pine Portage, and pitched out tent about midway on the carry, where the river broadens out into an immense pool that holds many a goodly trout. Here I whiled away many a happy hour casting into some whirling eddy, or where, amidst thunder and foam, lurked giant trout. Flies that would have scored in northeast Maine failed to draw except among the smaller sizes. At times I spiced my life with excitement and danger by running the wild Robinson Rapids; with a good head of water on it roars like some monster, threatening to crush the frail birch between its rocky jaws, while great masses of water leap upward from impact with the rocks and fall with a thunderous slap, like the tails of a thousand beavers. The canoe soon feels the

mighty suction of the torrent and quickens its pace. The Indians gaze about with an air of grim confidence, and carefully take their bearings, knowing that sharp rocks lie in wait ambushed in foam or masked beneath the treacherous surface. A broken paddle staff or a marked deviation from the slippery route is to court destruction to the birch and its occupants. The canoe hesitates tremblingly on the verge, then, abandoning itself to the irresistible force of the current, like an arrow shot from the bow flies down the watery slope, the shouts of the guides smothered in the appalling din of clashing forces. I often took these risky chances to gain a coveted fly-pocket between the upper and lower rapids. Here in this sheltered spot I cast the gaudy fly, but failed to meet with any marked success, while scarce a hand's breadth away the lower rapids tossed their white arms aloft, the only exit to the pool below. Stately forests of pine and hardwood encroached on the river, softening the hard contours of rocks, resplendent in the warm glow of the setting sun. They present a smiling contrast to the grim face of the granite cliffs.

Life at Pine Portage is a merry round of piscatorial pleasure, and backwoods comfort. The wrinkled front of care relaxes before the boyish pranks and jests that are wafted about the camp-fire, often as irresponsible as the sparks that fly upward. Here all are boys again, though many have heads as white as foam. Occasionally a smart Alec struts upon the scene, thereby adding to the gaiety of the situation. He speedily becomes the butt of the camp, and a victim to all sorts of practical jokes on land and water. He jeers at scientific bait-fishing and gazes with contempt on the whippy fly-rod and delicate leader; he proposes to use strong tackle and accomplish his purpose as the Irishman played on the fiddle—by main strength. Deaf to well meant advice, but primed with brazen assurance, fooled by conceit, he embarks for some happy haunt of the anglers, armed with a rod about as resilient as a poker, amid the ill-concealed merriment of the elect, who see his finish. His braided line is fine and strong, the hook about the right size, the rig will pass muster in rough water, and would render good service in master hands, barring the rod. Presently his guide points out a likely spot. Ker-slosh! goes minnow and sinker, and quickly disappears beneath the surface. The bait is fresh and tempting and soon attracts the attention of a magnificent fish. There is a slight pull on the tautened line, his strike is quickly responded to by a jerk that nearly plucks the rod from his grasp and sends the line flying back in his face, minus the business end of the hook. He gazes at the faithless steel with a rueful cast of countenance and soon hitches fast another. But 'tis not a cheap one. He braces up and makes another bid for piscatorial honors and finds an easy mark in a two-pounder. This hard-hooked lightweight is quickly disposed of. A larger one that would have fallen an easy victim to the fly-rod, jerked loose. This beggarly showing caused him no little alarm, as twilight was about due. The evening's entertainment was wound up by an encounter between this know-it-all and an old hook jaw. The minnow in its travels invaded the territory of an old battle-scarred vet, wise in fly lore, but ready to immolate himself on a hook deftly concealed in minnow or angle-worm. After a careful inspection he closed with the tempting offer, and promptly put up the fight of his life. Warned by past failures, the excited fisherman made an effort to ease off his furious rushes by surrendering line. But playing a monstrous trout is an art in itself that requires considerable practice and skill. The old fellow got any quantity of slack line and dead pull, but it availed him not. Jerks and wild plunges that lashed the water into foam failed to free him from his tormentor. He now allowed himself to be towed within a few yards of the waiting net; the fisherman smiles in anticipatory triumph, and grasps his reel firmly, not gingerly like an experienced angler. It looks to be all over, except the shouting. But there's many a slip betwixt the net and the fish. Suddenly, without an instant's warning, six pounds of fin and fury cleaves the air, his mad flight arrested by the rigid rod and line, a cruel jerk that rends delicate ligaments, sends the hook flying from his lacerated jaw; he strikes the surface and before the horrified gaze of the chump disappears with a sound like a rock cast into the water. Darkness precludes any further attempts. Mournfully the fisherman returns to camp to receive the mock condolences of some, sour looks from others, whose sport he has helped spoil by his crude methods.

This flight of fancy is founded on fact, as witness the following: One of my Indians fastened to four trout at Long Rapids and lost them all by jerking off, despite the assistance of a steel fly-rod. Instead of giving line he depended on the spring of the rod. They were hooked well and good, and could probably all have been saved if properly played. Occasionally a big one is hooked hard on strong tackle, his capture then becomes a certainty unless the hook breaks or tears out. But many escape with torn and lacerated mouths and bodies to become so suspicious and cunning as often to balk the best efforts of the most skillful anglers. This cruel and wasteful method of angling should be prohibited, as it often reduces the sport to a minimum on many of the best pools. The angler that flies to the other extreme and banks on a featherweight rod and cobweb leader will have his hopes and tackle demolished at one fell swoop.

Crowds of men, women and children, along with guides loaded down with camp paraphernalia, come and go at Pine Portage, the liveliest place on the river. The amount of baggage and style that some parties unload on the Nepigon is ridiculous. The chill air of exclusiveness that pervades the camp repels comradery. These worthies soon discover that the worship of Mammon and that of woodland beauty are incompatible. Their gold helps smooth their path, but fails to gain them access to the inner court of nature; eyes they have, and they see not; ears, and they hear not; the sweet song of the rivulet receives no encore. Beautiful wild flowers that peep shyly out at them from the crevices of the rocks exist unnoticed or else are trampled remorselessly beneath their feet in their aimless wanderings. They preempt the best pools, and between them and their army of guides kill and mutilate any quantity of trout. They often spoil the joy of the true angler without adding to their own. The novelty of the situation soon evaporates. They linger for a while in a state of elegant boredom, and then depart to more congenial climes. This class of pleasure seekers

and drones is most heartily detested by the faithful followers of old Izaak, among whom may be numbered many of the shining lights of art, literature and science. These wise men avoid the pretentious resorts of fashion and folly, and repair to camp beneath the woodland's shade, where they revel in flannel, trout, and the care-free life of the forest, to emerge in a month or so ruddy with health and vigor.

W. C. SQUIER.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Fishing on the Michigan Pine.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 18.—Mr. Wm. T. Church, who was of a party of Chicago anglers who last week made a camping trip on the Pine River of Michigan, is kind enough to send me the following account of the proceedings. Others of the party show confirmatory enthusiasm, and the feeling seems to be among the Chicago visitors that this beautiful river is one very much worth revisiting. It is a typical Michigan sand-bottomed stream with deep water and big fish, and regarding it, Mr. Church goes on to say:

"Ten miles from the station of Tustin, under the leadership of John Waddell, ably seconded by Col. E. C. Fox and Mr. Shelby, all of Grand Rapids, the party went into camp on the banks of as beautiful a trout stream as ever flowed. That so large a number of anglers could find fishing waters within reach of a fixed camp may occasion surprise. But the Pine River is so tortuous in its windings that many miles of water may be fished within walking distance of any chosen point. By dividing the party one-half to the waters up stream and the other down stream from camp, and having the fishermen enter the river at different points, each found ample space.

"The fontinalis predominate in this stream; a very few grayling are still found there; and the rainbows, which have been introduced, are taken in varying numbers on every day. During the first three days of the outing the fish were rising slowly under a bright, clear sky and warm sun. Enough fell to every rod, however, to more than supply the camp, and on the fourth day some very fine catches were made. Up-stream, from the camp, the river flows through green timber, over-arching the waters so as to almost exclude the sun, then through a broad meadow, where the fly may be cast from either bank. The bottom is sandy, with but few gravelly riffles, and with many clay holes. These latter are of a peculiar formation. The hard, white, slippery clay, which supports the sandhills, has been laid bare, and by the action of the waters dug out, leaving deep, shelving pools, favorite hiding places for the old lunkers, but full of danger to the wading fly-caster. Mr. Chadwick, of the Chicago contingent, had the idea that he could go through these holes with his waders on, and had opportunity to demonstrate his ability. A sloping boulder at the upper edge of one hole pitched him head first into a deep blue pool framed in smooth white clay. He did not tarry to measure its depth, but clutching his rod and net ploughed through the cold current 75 feet to shallow water. When overtaken by his fishing partner, he was bailing out his waders, and calling for something warmer than sunshine.

"Our camp was located near a bridge in a little used road. For seven miles down stream the river is one succession of rocky riffles and sandy-bottomed pools. There are no long runs, but bend follows bend with a high sand bluff on one side and a low wooded point on the other. At the July stage of the water this portion of the river is ideal.

The river is fed by springs and spring brooks from its source to its mouth. In places groups of three to six large springs may be found. Good camping sites abound. Running the river in a light boat is exciting and pleasurable. Throughout its entire course the water is sufficiently free to afford easy casting. The large fish are there to invite patience and skill, while some of the smaller fontinalis are colored as brilliantly as Mexican opals. A few of this species have learned from the rainbow to leap from the water as well as to fight in it.

"The writer's experience on this river began in 1896, when with a single companion he drifted it from Luther to its mouth. These days on its head waters have confirmed the impressions then formed that spite of its rapids and dangerous holes it is a delightful stream for fly-fishing.

"The members of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, who had the good fortune to enjoy the late trip, were Fred. N. Peet, H. G. Hascall, I. H. Bellows, A. C. Smith, Chas. Antoine, C. H. Chadwick and Wm. T. Church. Mr. Hascall was so much pleased with the stream that he chose to remain after the camp broke up, and he is there for a large part of his vacation. John Waddell has again shown himself a master in conducting a party as well as in the tournament, and on the stream. It is a pleasure to record of him that he had the largest catch, the largest individual trout and the biggest bunch of gratitude of any man of the party."

Mr. Waddell's largest fontinalis was 13½ pounds, others had several fish over 1 pound. All these trout are of bright green back color, and very silvery beneath. In these cold waters they fight very hard. The Chicago men think the Pine of Michigan a very sporting water.

Chicago Bass Fishers.

Among good catches of recent date is that made by Mr. H. Bush, Chas. Sweeter and their friends, Messrs. Hull and Brooks, who took 100 bass in their late trip to Burlington, Wis. They did not fish in Brown Lake, which is near that town, but visited Wind Lake and Long Lake. Wind Lake is a sandy-shored proposition, without much cover for bass, and they did not do much in this water, but caught most of their fish in Long Lake. They describe their treatment at their Burlington stopping place as very kind, and intend to go back there at an early date. This Long Lake near

Burlington, Wis., is not to be confused with Long Lake, Ill., which is another water much patronized by Chicago bass fishermen.

On his last week end trip Mr. W. J. Benson, of this city, fishing in the old and very much hammered water known as Cedar Lake, near Lake Villa, Ill., caught the big-mouths on the run, and landed 26 fine ones during one afternoon. This is one of the best individual catches of the season.

Mr. Chas. Lawrence of this city, with one friend, this week fished Como Lake, on the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, and in one-half day's fishing they took an even 50 bass between them. Theirs was one of the most fortunate boats on any bass water in this vicinity during the present summer.

Mr. S. O. Wade, of Chillicothe, Ill., fishing with some friends on the Illinois River last week, took some two or three dozen nice bass, and Mr. Wade says that that part of the country is much overlooked by Chicago bass fishermen, who might do very much worse than explore the prolific waters of the Illinois River and its adjacent lakes and bayous.

Mr. H. W. Perce and party of this city leaves this afternoon for Long Lake, Ill., where they have a tip which they think is going to be interesting.

Mr. H. A. Bowman, also of Chicago, leaves to-day with a friend or two for Fox Lake, Ill., for two or three days' fishing.

Tarpon Talk.

There are apparently few Chicago anglers who know a great deal about tarpon fishing, hence considerable interest attached to the mounted specimens of tarpon brought to town this week by Messrs. Oswald Von Lengerke and C. H. Lester, whose trip to Aransas Pass received earlier mention in these columns. Both of these fish show a small dark hole through the lower jaw, where the hook bit through. Mr. Von Lengerke, speaking to-day of his experience in tarpon fishing, said that it was nearly always the case that a fish striking with the point of the hook against the bony part of the upper jaw would be pretty sure to get away. The lower jaw hold is much the safest of any, and a fish hooked in this jaw with the point and barb going on through, is pretty safe to be landed. Mr. Von Lengerke showed several hooks of the strongest bronze twisted, broken and bent by the jaws of this giant herring. The upper jaw of the tarpon is very blunt and is covered by the strong and projecting lower jaw. A man who hits one of these big fellows on a trolling line and hooks him fair, has got his own business cut out for him. The fish brought up by Mr. Lester and Mr. Von Lengerke are not record fish in the sense of being extraordinarily large. I think they were not weighed, but they approach the 6-foot mark, and both fish are very thick, stocky and well shaped, there being a great difference in the specimens taken in the Aransas Pass country. Mr. Von Lengerke thinks that this sport is bound to meet with greater and greater favor among Western fishers and is anxious to try it again himself.

Light and Dark Muscallunge Waters.

Judge H. W. Lincoln, of Ottawa, Ill., is a muscallunge fisher of wide experience, and every season takes an extended trip to some part of Wisconsin. In conversation with Judge Lincoln this week he mentioned a few points on muscallunge fishing which I do not hear commonly spoken of among our anglers.

"I go very much into the Minocqua country of Wisconsin for my muscallunge fishing," said he, "and as you know, this is not very far from the Flambeau Indian Reservation. Now the Indians do not fish for bass very much, nor do they angle even by trolling for muscallunge to any great extent. Their favorite way of taking the muscallunge is with the spear, and as they have practiced this little game for a generation or so up there, they have thinned out these fish in a great many of the better lakes. I don't need to point out that in a clear-water lake a spearsman can work to a great deal better advantage than in a dark or stained water. As you know, a great many of these Wisconsin waters are nearly copper color with the stain of the tamarack roots. The Turtle Lake waters, for instance, are very dark. At the same time a great many muscallunge are taken in the Turtle Lake country. Now when I want to get a muscallunge, I don't go to one of the sandy or clear lakes. I hunt up a dark-water lake, and here, when the weather conditions are right, I nearly always succeed in taking a good muscallunge. Last year I found a little lake about thirty miles from the railroad, and was lucky enough to take a 34-pound muscallunge there, with several others over 20 pounds. If you want to get muscallunge don't go to the clear-water lakes, and, of course, don't go to the much-fished waters and to those which are easily accessible from the railroads."

"It is the same way in regard to bass fishing," said Judge Lincoln, though not for the same reason. "If you want to get small-mouth bass don't go to the dark or stained waters. Keep to the bright lakes, those with sandy bottoms. Here is where you will get your fly-fishing for small-mouth bass. As an instance, I would mention Swamp Lake, some dozen miles or so northwest of Minocqua, where I have had very good fishing for small-mouth bass. On the other hand, if I wanted to take big-mouth bass I would stick to the dark-colored waters with mud bottoms, and water lilies and the like growing around the edges. For myself I troll for bass with a little single hook spoon and a bait. Some of my friends cast for muscallunge with a sucker or other large bait, but my own fishing has been mostly done by trolling."

There is much of apparent reason in what Judge Lincoln says, and in any case his advice is the expression of an angler of many years' experience. This distinction between the bright and stained waters might save a man quite a trip over a wilderness road into a country with which one's guide is not fully acquainted.

After 'Lunge.

Mr. John O'Neill, of the City Hall, and a party of

his veteran friends, leave to-morrow for another muscallunge trip in the vicinity of Minocqua, Wis. This is the same party with whom Mayor Harrison frequently goes for muscallunge, but I understand the Mayor is not to be with them on this trip. They nearly always have good luck with the 'lunge.

Back From Vacation.

I presume there are few busier men in this country or in the entire world than Mr. James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railroad and a national figure in many other great enterprises. In spite of his many colossal interests Mr. Hill finds time to take his vacation every summer like any good American, and even makes it longer than the conventional two weeks. Yesterday he returned from a stay of a month on the New England and Northeastern Canadian coast, where he has been engaged in yachting and fishing. Mr. Hill has a salmon river and knows how to enjoy that and other opportunities for out-door sport.

E. HOUGH.

ASHLAND BLOCK, Chicago, Ill.

That Mysterious Monster.

ST. JOHN'S, Newfoundland.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Col. H. Barkdull, in *FOREST AND STREAM* of July 11, describes a mysterious monster that he saw attacking a whale near Admiralty Island, Alaska. His description is very like that of the thrasher, familiar to all Newfoundland fishermen. It is a common sight on this coast to see a whale attacked by a thrasher in conjunction with his ally, the swordfish. The latter gets under the whale and keeps him on the surface by prodding him with his formidable "sword," the thrasher meantime thrashes him with a large fan-like fin, and the noise can be heard for miles. If the whale can elude the swordfish and sink beneath the surface he is safe, if not he often perishes from the results of the attack.

This is such a common sight on our coast that I hesitate to advance it as a solution of the mystery surrounding Mr. Barkdull's monster, but from his description I am almost sure it is the same.

However, I advance this explanation till a better one is forthcoming.

NEWFOUNDLANDER.

THE description of "the mysterious monster" might appear to fit that of the thrasher shark (*Alopias vulpes*), but the authorities say that the thrasher does not attack the whale. Says the *Standard Natural History*: "It is a migratory shark, but its migrations are dependent upon the shoals of mackerel, menhaden, herring or other fish on which it feeds. When feeding it uses the long tail in splashing the surface of the water, while it swims in gradually decreasing circles round a shoal of fishes which are thus kept crowded together, falling an easy prey to their enemy. Statements that it has been seen to attack whales and other large cetaceans rest upon erroneous observations."

In the Fisheries and Fishery Industries of the United States, *Natural History of Aquatic Animals*, Dr. G. Brown Goode wrote: "The tales which are current regarding the ferocious attacks of these sharks upon whales are apparently without foundation."

In the same volume is given the following account of the killer whale or orcas; which may be the creature about which Mr. Barkdull wrote:

The killer whales are known the world over by their destructive and savage habits. Although their strength and speed render it almost impossible to capture them, they are of importance to the fisherman as enemies of all large sea animals, often putting them to flight at inconvenient times. The Atlantic species, *Orca gladiator* (Bonnaterre) Gill, was first brought to notice in 1671 in Martens' "Voyage to Spitzbergen." It is often seen on the New England coast in summer, driving before it schools of the blackfish or other small whales; it is a special enemy of the tunny or horse mackerel. Captain Atwood tells of the consternation shown by these enormous fishes when a number of them have gathered in Provincetown Harbor and the killers come in. They are a great annoyance to the Cape Cod people when they are trying to drive a school of blackfish ashore, and on the other hand often drive these ashore when they would not be accessible to the fishermen. They prey largely, too, upon the white whale in northern seas. In the Pacific there are two species at least, the low-finned killer, *Orca atra* Cope, and the high-finned killer, *Orca rectipinna*. The latter, though rarely more than twenty feet long, has an enormous dagger-shaped fin, six feet high, upon its back, which towers above the surface when the animal swims high. In fact the killer whales all have these high back-fins, by which they may be recognized at any distance.

Captain Scammon, in his "Marine Mammals of the Northwestern Coast," gives a long account of their habits, and of their fierce attacks upon the largest whales. The stories of the combats of the swordfish and the thrasher shark upon whales have probably originated in such combats as these, witnessed at a distance and imperfectly understood. Captain Scammon writes: "The attacks of these wolves of the ocean upon their gigantic prey may be likened in some respects to a pack of hounds holding the stricken deer at bay. They cluster about the animal's head, some of their number breaching over it while others seize it by the lips and haul the bleeding monster under water; and when captured, should the mouth be open, they eat out its tongue. We saw an attack made by three killers upon a cow whale and her calf in a lagoon on the coast of Lower California, in the spring of 1858. The whale was of the California gray species, and her young was grown to three times the bulk of the largest killers engaged in the contest, which lasted for an hour or more. They made alternate assaults upon the old whale and her offspring, finally killing the latter, which sunk to the bottom, where the water was five fathoms deep. During the struggle, the mother became nearly exhausted, having received several deep wounds about the throat and lips. As soon as their prize had settled to the bottom, the three orcas descended, bringing up large pieces of flesh in their mouths, which they devoured after coming to the surface. While gorging themselves in this

wise the old whale made her escape, leaving a track of gory water behind."

Instances are given where whales which had been killed by whalers and were being towed to the ship have been forcibly carried away by bands of killers. They are also obnoxious as destroyers of the young fur seal, and often remain for a long time in the vicinity of the seal islands. Eschricht says that thirteen porpoises and fourteen seals were found in the stomach of an Atlantic killer, sixteen feet in length. They are particularly abundant in the bays and sounds of British Columbia and Alaska, in search of seals and porpoises feeding there upon small fish. They even attack the full-grown walrus and rob it of its young.

A Good Catch.

Theresa, N. Y., July 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I saw a good string of fish last Monday, when oarsman Dave Tyler (who had been rowing Mr. Justus O'Hara, of Syracuse, on Indian River and Red Lake) dropped the catch on the sidewalk in front of the Getman House. There were eleven black bass and, I think, seven or eight pickerel (pike). I did not count the latter, as I do not consider them worth counting. Afterward I saw the whole string on the scales and noticed that they weighed 65 pounds. I asked the oarsman to remove the bass from the chain and weigh them separate. He did so, and I saw that they weighed 34 pounds. There were ten large-mouth and one small-mouth, the latter not over two pounds.

I arrived here a week ago last Tuesday evening. The next evening at 8 o'clock a party of six young people (of which I was one) started down the river for Red Lake. It was moonlight, cool and pleasant after the hot day spent in the village. There were three boats. I rowed one, and was the first to enter the lake, and when about the middle we waited twenty minutes for the others, as we did not have the key to the cottage, which is about seven miles from the village by water and about half that distance by land, but ninety-nine times more rough even in a good strong wind.

We spent three delightful days on the lake, and did not know there was any hot weather in New York until we read it in Saturday's paper. We left the cottage at 7 o'clock Saturday evening. As we were about going into the outlet we passed Mr. O'Hara, the angler who caught the bass I saw on Monday, between that time and Monday noon.

Since writing the above, our next door neighbor showed me a catch of 35 brook trout taken this morning at Newton Falls, which is three hours' ride from here by railroad.

J. L. DAVISON.

Wire for Tarpon Snells.

KANSAS CITY, July 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For some time I have been promising your readers to find and notify them concerning an ideal wire for tarpon snells, and now I think I have discovered one. It is phosphor-bronze No. 55 of the brown and short drill gauge. It is half-hard, and it takes eight feet to make one ounce. I have received a supply of this wire and have made one snell. It works nicely under the pliers, and is of just the right weight and diameter. It is said that salt water has no injurious effects upon it, so I think it is exactly what I have been looking for so long.

Unfortunately, I shall be unable to do any tarpon fishing this summer, as my work will take me soon to British Columbia, where, by the way, I expect to repeat my last summer's experience with the rainbow trout and to catch still bigger ones and more of them, as I am now acquainted with the locality. On this account I have sent a snell and some extra wires to my friend, the Rev. Father O'Dwyer, of Kansas City, who is now at Aransas Pass, and have asked him to give the wire a thorough trial and report the result to me. As soon as I hear from him I shall notify you. The only possibility of failure for this wire, in my opinion, is by breakage in the bends, but I do not anticipate this.

J. A. L. WADDELL.

Nebraska Fishermen.

OMAHA, Neb.—United States Judge W. H. Munger and Clerk George H. Thummell are at the Red Squirrel's Nest, Lake Washington, and report fine bass casting. The Judge landed a beauty weighing 6½ pounds, and Thummell one a half pound less. Will Webber has returned from Lake Winnibegoshish and enviroing region, where he has been muscallunge hunting for three weeks. He made a great catch, including a 32-pound great northern pike. Wilber Fawcett and bride are encamped for the summer in the woods on the shores of Webb Lake, Minn., the greatest black bass waters in the country. Mr. Fawcett has leased the deer hunters' log cabin belonging to Guide Edward Kapp, and fitted it up in charming style. He and Mrs. Fawcett will remain in the woods until October, and expect to canoe and tramp over a large portion of that wild country before the leaves begin to fall. In September Judge Charles Ogden and S. G. V. Griswold will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett for several days. W. D. Townsend, the gun store man, has received an order for 45,000 loaded shells for the Big Injun shoot at Lake Okoboji, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the last week in August.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Delaware River Bass Fishing.

AFTER a visit to Narrowsburg, N. Y., in quest of bass, one can easily understand the necessity that caused the New York Legislature a few years ago to pass a law regulating the number of bass to be taken in one day by one boat. My recent experience at Narrowsburg was to put in the time on the water and take care not to break the law. The taking of 24 small-mouthed black bass to the rod, or 36 to the boat, will not work anyone overtime. The bass are there, and they make a pretty fight in that fast, clear water. Riffles, eddies, pools and rapids all yield up these gamy treasures. Fly-rods, bait-rods, boat-rods and bean poles are used, as well as good balance and good sense in shooting the rapids.

Mr. J. G. Guthrie, of the Arlington Hotel, will furnish the angler with bait, boat and guides.

Narrowsburg is in Sullivan county, New York, and is reached by the Erie.

T. E. BATTEN.

The Texas Tarpon Record.

Mr. W. B. Young, of New York, sends us the following scores of tarpon fishing at Tarpon, Texas, for two days, June 20 and 21. As will be noted, the total for the two days taken by Mr. Wainwright makes an extraordinary catch. The scores are:

Saturday, June 20—J. R. Wainwright, Pittsburg, 11; W. B. Leach, Palestine, 5; R. H. Foot, Weatherford, 2; B. M. Rich, Houston, 1; Otto Taub, Houston, 1; E. A. Black, Temple, 8; Mrs. E. A. Black, Temple, 1; Mrs. E. D. Staggs, Palestine, 1; E. D. Staggs, Palestine, 2. Total, 32.

Saturday, June 21—J. R. Wainwright, Pittsburg, 14; E. A. Black, Temple, 7; R. H. Foot, Weatherford, 5; E. D. Staggs, Palestine, 14; W. B. Leach, Palestine, 6; B. M. Rich, Houston, 1; Otto Taub, Houston, 1; H. M. Greene, Dallas, 1; J. E. Cotter, Tarpon, 18. Total, 67.

It is an unwritten law, a gentlemen's agreement, here that all fish shall be beached and then returned alive. The scores here then do not represent fish killed; many of the fish thus taken and released at Tarpon have been tagged with the metal tags supplied by Mr. Young, reading: "Report to FOREST AND STREAM."

Sullivan County Black Bass.

At White Lake, Sullivan county, N. Y., on July 11, Mr. Chas. Monroe took a black bass of 7 pounds 2 ounces. The fish was caught at 10:30 P. M. near the Kauneonga Inn at last end of lake.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Oct. 6-9.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society's show.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 9.—Fourteenth annual beagle trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y.

The Bloodhound.

THE following excerpts, taken from "Modern Dogs," by Mr. Rawdon B. Lee, the famous English authority on all breeds of dogs, is of special interest in itself, and when considered in connection with the discussion on bloodhounds, which has recently been held in our columns. Mr. Lee states that:

The origin of the bloodhound cannot be traced with any degree of satisfaction, but we believe that no modern breed of dog is so like that progenitor of his that may have lived three or four hundred years ago, as is this well-favored variety. Although repeatedly used as a cross to improve the olfactory organs, and the size and strength of other hounds, especially of the otterhound, he has always had admirers, who kept him for his own sake—because of his handsome and noble appearance, because he was a good watch and guard, and because he bore a vulgar character for ferocity not attained by any other dog.

The name "bloodhound," or sleuth hound, had something to do with this, and he always bore the reputation of being able to find a man, be he thief or otherwise, by scent, and either run him to ground, as it were, or bring him to bay in such a manner as to make his capture speedy. He does this without biting or worrying his "human chase" in the manner writers have often told us he was in the habit of doing.

The natural instinct of this hound is rather to hunt man than beast. As a puppy he may put his nose to the ground and fumble out the line of any pedestrian who has just passed along the road. Other dogs will, as a rule, commence by hunting their master, the bloodhound finds his nose by hunting a stranger. There are old records of his being repeatedly used for the latter purpose, whether the quarry to be found were a murderer or poacher, or maybe only some poor gentleman or nobleman whose politics or religion was not quite in conformity with that of those bigots who happened to be placed over him.

Early in the seventeenth century, when the Moss-troopers (but a polite name for Scottish robbers) invested the border counties of Cumberland, Northumberland and Westmoreland, it was found that the ordinary means of arrest and punishment were insufficient to stop the raids of the thieves, so special provision was made that should, if possible, put an end to their depredations. The Scots were fleet of foot and active, and it was believed that the employment of bloodhounds would strike terror into the hearts of the marauders. The latter were to be pursued "with hot fragrant delect, with red hand (as the Scots termed it), with hound, and horn, and voice." Surely such a hunt as this would be exciting enough, and the hard-visaged borderers would have little compunction in allowing their hounds to give full vent to their savagery.

Dame Juliana Berners, writing in her "Book of St. Albans," published in 1486, does not appear to mention the bloodhound, or sleuth hound, but the Lemor or Lymer is no doubt the same dog, and so called because it ran the line of scent, and not, as it has been asserted, because it was the custom to run it in a leash. Dr. Keyes (1570) mentions them as having lips of large size, and ears of no small length. The learned doctor tells us how these hounds ought to be chained up in the daytime in dark places, so that they become bolder and more courageous in following the felon in the "solitary hours of darkness." He likewise describes them as being run in a leash which is held in the hand of the man in charge of the dogs. This was to enable the huntsman, shall I call him, to be up with the hounds when his services would be required. It seems from the same writer, that, in addition to hunting the footsteps of the felon, these dogs were also trained to hunt the cattle that might have been stolen, a purpose for which he says they were much used on the borders. This may have been so or not, most likely the latter, for a drove of stolen cattle would be easy enough to track without the aid of a keen scenting "slough dog," though he might be able to be of

assistance, should the thief be ambitious to try the strength and powers of his would-be captor.

From that period down to the present time, the bloodhound was mostly kept as a companion, and only occasionally has he been trained to "man-hunting," to the terror of the poacher and the evil-doer. For the latter purpose, he has repeatedly proved of great service, and many stories are told of the extraordinary power a skillful hound may possess, in its faculty for sticking to the old scent, however it may have been crossed and re-crossed by either man or beast. Colonel Huldman mentions the capture of some poachers through the instrumentality of bloodhounds, who hunted the men fully for five miles from the plantation in which they were committing their depredations. Another case is mentioned, where a sheep-stealer was discovered by similar means, though the hound was not laid on the man's track until his scent was at least six hours old. Another hound is said to have hunted for twenty miles a fellow who was suspected of having cut off the ears of one of his former master's horses, and the scoundrel was captured and treated according to his deserts.

Captain Powell, writing in 1892 on the convicts of Florida (London: Gay and Bird), gives some interesting information as to the dogs used there in tracking such criminals as may attempt to escape. He says that, although bloodhounds were first used, they were found quite useless, and at the present time foxhounds were used for man-hunting in all the southern convict camps. These hounds are trained when young to follow the track of a man who is sent to run a few miles through the woods; and there is no difficulty whatever in so training them. Indeed, the author tells us that he has had hounds that were "natural man-hunters." He gives an instance where some puppies he was carrying at the time a convict tried to escape were put on his trail, and followed it until he was captured. Captain Powell corroborates what I have already written, that it is a popular error to suppose that hounds attack a prisoner when they run up upon him. When once the man is brought to bay, they are a great deal too wary to venture close enough to their chase to run the risk of a blow; in fact, they merely act as guides to the men who follow closely on horseback.

Some six years or so ago, at Warwick, in 1886, an attempt was made to hold trials of bloodhounds in connection with the dog show held there. These were, however, a failure, excepting so far as they afforded an inducement to owners of the variety to give a little time and trouble to working their favorites, which hitherto had only been kept for fancy purposes. A little later, similar meetings were held at Dublin, in the grounds of the Alexandra Palace, London, and elsewhere, but in no case could they be called very successful.

I had the good fortune to be present at two particularly interesting gatherings, that took place during the wintry weather of January, 1889, and, maybe, the following particulars, written at the time, give a better idea of the modern capabilities of bloodhounds than could be written now. It must be noted that the hounds mentioned were of the so-called prize strains, were "show dogs" in the modern acceptance of the term, and, excepting perhaps in ferocity, they would no doubt compare favorably with any hounds of the kind that lived fifty, a hundred, or more years ago.

Readers will no doubt be aware that, about 1889 and a little earlier, considerable commotion had been caused in the metropolis by the perpetration of some terrible crimes. The police arrangements were quite futile, and the murderers still remain at large. The attention of the authorities was drawn to the fact, that bloodhounds might be of use to them in such a case. Mr. Hood Wright offered the loan of his hound Hector, but, owing to the fact that he required some indemnity in case his dog was killed or injured, Hector remained at home.

Mr. E. Brough was then communicated with, and he brought from Scarborough to London a couple of his hounds, when they had several "rehearsals" in St. James's Park, where they acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of the Chief Commissioner of Police; but it may be said, that, though repeatedly the line of scent was crossed by a strange foot, without throwing off the hound, when the same was done in the streets and on the pavement, hounds were quite at fault. Indeed, to be useful in tracking criminals in a town, very special training would be needed, and, personally, I believe that bloodhounds, even with that training, would be useless in our large centers for police purposes.

Under fair conditions any bloodhound will, in a few lessons, run the trail of a man a mile or two, or more, whose start may vary from ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, or longer. Some of the more practiced hounds can hunt the scent even though it be an hour old, and we know that a couple of Mr. Brough's bloodhounds, early one summer's morning, hunted for a considerable distance the footsteps of a man who had gone along the road eight hours before.

This is, of course, exceptional, but, with a proper course of training during three or four generations, there is no reason to doubt that bloodhounds would be able to reliably make out the trail of a man who had gone three or four hours previously—so long, of course, as his footsteps have not been crossed and recrossed by others, or foiled in any other way.

That hounds will ever be got to track a criminal, or anyone else, on the cold, damp flags continually passed over by pedestrians, as in the streets of London and other large towns, no one who understands them will believe. Such work they never have done, and never will do; nor do the owners themselves aspire to such excellence for their favorites. In country districts they may be of aid, but in towns, so far as appearances are at present, the apprehension of criminals must be left to the mental sagacity of the official biped.

Bloodhounds might be of use in smelling out any secreted article or a man in hiding; but an equally well-trained retriever, or even terrier or poodle, would do this description of work equally well.

The bloodhound stands alone among all the canine race in his fondness for hunting the footsteps of a

stranger; any dog will hunt those of his master or of someone he knows, and of a stranger, probably, whose shoes are soaked in some stinking preparation to leave a scent behind. The bloodhound requires nothing but the so-called "clean shoe," and, once lay him on the track, he hunts it as a foxhound would the fox, or the harrier or beagle the hare.

To proceed with the following description of man-hunting with bloodhounds:

The storm of Sunday had passed, and how deep the snow lay in the streets and in the country places on the Monday, are now a matter of history. The air was keen and sharp, made so by a brisk north wind which blew on the Monday morning, when we left Euston Station for Boxmoor, where we were to see two couples of Mr. Brough's bloodhounds run in the open country without assistance of any kind, and under any conditions which might prevail at the time. Surely the surroundings could not well have been more unfavorable unless a rapid thaw, immediately following the snow, had made them so. At Boxmoor the country was thoroughly white. The snow lay on the ground to an uniform depth of about eight inches; where it had drifted, occasionally we were almost up to our knees. For a time the sky was fairly bright, but later a blinding shower of snow fell, which happily cleared off in about an hour's time. At our terminus we were joined by Mr. Holmes Pegler, who brought with him a dog hound named Danger, by Maltravers out of Blossom. This hound a few generations back can claim some of the old southern hound blood; but he shows not the slightest trace of this, being a good-looking black and tan animal, though not in the best of form, so far as health is concerned. He had very little preliminary training, and thus afforded fair evidence of what a bloodhound will do under adverse circumstances. Our small party—which included, in addition to the gentlemen already mentioned, three ladies in a sleigh, Dr. Philpot, and Mr. W. K. Taunton—made the best way along the lanes to the Downs, and, ascended them, on to the Sheep Hanger Common. Toward the summit we found ourselves on one side of a pretty valley, which even under its wintry garb looked quite charming, and afforded some idea of the beauty of the locality when summer blooms. However, before quite reaching the hilltop it was decided to give Danger a trial.

A man was selected for the purpose, and the course he had to run was pointed out to him. The thickly lying snow made locomotion very difficult, and as even now there came a recurrence of the storm, a comparatively short start was given. In seven minutes from the time the man had set off, Danger was laid on his track, and, picking up the line in an instant, went away at a quick rate along the hillside. We tried to run with the hound, but to do this in the deep snow and keep Danger in sight was impossible. After following him some 600 yards or so, we had to make our way to the tiny knot of spectators on the hilltop, and once there saw that he had lost the line, after running it well for something less than half a mile. In making a cast around, he unfortunately struck the wind of the spectators, and came back to them. Nor did he seem very persevering in attempting to regain the scent, giving us the idea that in previous trials he had not been allowed to depend upon his own exertions to recover a lost trail.

Mr. Brough's hounds included Barnaby (one of the couple brought to London at the instance of the late Commissioner of Police), and Beeswing, with Belhus and Blueberry, their offspring. The two first named are well-known hounds on the show bench. Barnaby had run at the Warwick trials; the younger animals are fairly good looking, and their work was quite satisfactory. Blueberry was afforded the next trial, a stranger to him acting as the quarry, taking a course down the hill over sundry fences, making one side of a circle, a distance of about a mile. After eight minutes' law the hound was unleashed, and had no difficulty in hitting the line, though snow was falling heavily. She carried it along at a good pace, quite mute, and, a little at a loss at one fence in the hollow, cast well around, refound the line, and, without more ado, ran it up to the man.

At one portion of this trial a laborer crossed the track, but the bitch stuck to her line, and was not thrown out for a moment. Without resting, the two couples of the Scarborough hounds had a quarry provided in Dr. Philpot. For some distance he made his way along the hillside, through scrub and stunted bushes, down to a hedge at the foot of the vale. Here there was a road, and, crossing this and a fence, the quarry made up a bare field to a plantation. Skirting the wood for 300 yards, another fence was reached, across this, along some bare ground, by the side of another hedge, to the foot of the hill where we stood. No better view of such a trial could be had. This course was quite a mile. As the four hounds were to start, they were slipped ten minutes after their quarry had gone. Barnaby, a little slow in commencing, was not long behind, and, with a fresh and cheerful burst of music, the little pack raced along at an extraordinary pace, considering the depth of the snow. A little hesitancy in the bottom, and Barnaby cast forward a little, had "it" again, "his wife and children" flew to his note, and away they rattled up to the plantation.

The old dog's size and strength were useful in this deep going, and he led the way; but scent must have been good, for, without losing it again, they raced down the hill, and fairly caught their man before he re-ascended from the valley. A good trial in every way.

Possibly the prettiest hunt of the day was afforded by Beeswing and Danger, with Master Pegler to be hunted, and a ten minutes' start given him. These hounds did not at the first hit off the line, but, when fairly on the track, went through the scrub, down the hill to the foot road, and over the fence without a check. Some nice work was done in the bare field, especially where the quarry struck off at a sharp angle, and along by the fence of the plantation. They had no difficulty in making out the whole of the course, which we would take to be about three-quarters of a mile.

The final trial was run by the entire two couples and

a half of hounds, and, with fifteen minutes' law to the quarry. Now that the snow had ceased, the pack quickly went along the right line down the hill and over the first fence. In the middle of the second field, some quarter of a mile from the start, Danger seemed at a loss, and, turning back to his owner, who was following as fast as the deep snow would admit, somewhat disconcerted the other hounds, as they turned round to the voice of Mr. Pegler, who called his hound up. Higher up the field Beeswing appeared to be the one that struck the scent again, her voice attracting her kennel companions, who rattled along the correct track up to a hedge which lay to the left. The quarry had skirted this boundary line, and made his way down hill to a couple of hay stacks, or, at any rate, stacks of some kind. He had doubled along the road here, but hounds found him without the slightest difficulty.

As all hunting and shooting men know, scent is one of the mysteries of nature. Here we were out on a day when one might reasonably expect that hounds would be unable to run a hundred yards without a check. Still, all these bloodhounds, with their quarry given from seven to fifteen minutes' start, hit the line, and took it along at a "racing pace," it may be called, when the ten or eight inches of snow are taken into consideration. The keen north wind, too, must have been against scent, and one of the best trials of all was run in a blinding snowstorm. Surely, then, these bloodhounds have olfactory powers of more than average excellence; at any rate, that Monday they proved to us their possession of such. The men who acted as quarry had no knowledge of these hounds, no strongly smelling concoctions were smeared over their boots; and, indeed, they had been standing over the shoe tops in snow during the whole of the time the trials were taking place. So the "clean shoe" must in the end have been sadly water soaked. These bloodhounds did all we expected them to do, even more, and we are quite prepared to see the same hounds, under more favorable circumstances, hunt a man's trail or footsteps, though they be two hours old. Running singly, each hound was mute; together they gave tongue, and their voices were very fine. It may be interesting to state that, in their earlier training, all Mr. Brough's hounds ran silently, whether hunting together or separately; but, working them with a noisy basset, they were tempted or encouraged to throw their voices, as they now do when hunting in company.

The trials arranged by the Kennel Club were advertised to take place on the race course adjoining the Alexandra Palace, on Wednesday morning, at 10:30. As it happened, when that hour was reached, the only one of the three judges present was Colonel Starkie, who a little later was joined by Lord Alfred Fitzroy. Then snow began to fall, few of the stewards were in the dog show, and the prospects seemed to favor an abandonment of the trials altogether. Up to 11:30 o'clock nothing had been decided upon, so Mr. Craven, with his couple of entered hounds, went home. Next it was officially stated that a decision would be come to at twenty minutes to one, when it was resolved to hold the trials. The snow had by this time given place to rain; a cold, chilly wind blew from the southwest; and these combinations, with the addition of the wet, damp ground, upon which old snow lay three inches or more in depth, made the surroundings of these trials as unfavorable as they well could be.

Mr. Lindsay Hogg, in addition to the gentlemen already named, judged, but the duties were almost sinecures. Several tracks had been marked out by small flags, and, although these courses were said to be 600 yards in length, they appeared considerably more—probably that distance straight away, with the run home additional. Each hound was allowed a track of his own, which extended along the race course for several hundred yards on the flat, over sundry lots of railings, winding round in the direction of a small plantation. The hounds had to pass this, and then enter the road on the run home.

The latter portion of the track was along the same line by each man who acted as the quarry, thus making the trials more difficult tests for the hound; though those that ran first must necessarily have had the advantage, as the latter part of the road was less foiled by one or two men than it would have been by half a dozen. Two stakes were provided, the one for the "clean boot," the other for the "not clean boot." The latter in this instance meant that the shoe soles of the man acting as quarry had been rubbed with horse flesh, the only material at hand for the purpose. As a fact, the second stake never ought to have been arranged, and it is by no means to the credit of a bloodhound that he should require such assistance; the status of the trials was thus reduced to the commonplace "hound dog" trials, so popular in the rural districts of the North of England. As matters progressed, the bloodhounds actually hunted the clean boot better than they did the soiled one, and we would suggest that in future, when the "not clean boot" is to be run, terriers rather than bloodhounds should be utilized for the work.

However, in due course one of the keepers out of the show was despatched as quarry, with a start of ten minutes, during which time he traversed more than three-fourths of the course. Then the first hound, Mr. B. C. Knowles's Koodoo, was slipped. He struck the line immediately, but lost it after going about a hundred yards, and, casting round, struck the wind of some of the spectators, and, failing to persevere, was called up.

Mr. W. J. Scott's Hebe III., a smart bitch, likewise picked up the line quickly, and, running it a little too much to windward, was at a loss for a moment. She cast well, and without assistance struck the scent, and kept it until she turned the corner at the plantation and out of sight of the spectators. For a time Hebe tried to regain the lost line, and looked like doing so until catching the wind of a laborer, and rather startling him by making his passing acquaintance. She failed to finish her task.

Mr. R. Hood Wright's well-known Hector II., who had performed well at the trials in the grounds of Warwick Castle two years before, and now nearly eight years old, was, after the stipulated five minutes, put upon the line. He did not start with so much dash as

the bitch had done, carried his head nearer the ground, and ran the exact line the quarry had taken. This he did well, and the manner in which he leaped those railings the man had climbed, and ran under those he had crept through, interested the spectators not a little. There was no mistake as to the correctness of his nose up to the plantation; but here, where the quarry had turned, the hound was at fault. He cast about till striking the line again, and was hard on the track of the man on turning into the road home. This he stuck to until near the goal, when he became somewhat disconcerted, no doubt striking the wind of the crowd as he approached them. His trial was very well run.

Mrs. Danger's Jaff was absent, and Mr. E. Brough's Blueberry strangely refused to run, though what we saw of her work on Monday proves her an excellent bitch, and her owner considered her about his best. Mr. Brough's Barnaby, mentioned earlier on, went quicker along the line the runner had taken than Hector had done, and, like him, cleared or went under the railings according to the mode the quarry had adopted. Just before reaching the plantation Barnaby lost the scent, but cast to the right and left until it was struck again. He, too, was a considerable time out of sight behind the plantation, but on reappearing in the road he was running the line of the man, which he continued much as Mr. Wright's hound had done, failing to quite come up to the winning post for similar reasons.

Dr. Hales Parry's Primate was absent, so the end of the stake was reached, there being four of the nine entries that failed to meet their engagement. The judges awarded the prizes as follows: First, Mr. R. H. Wright's Hector II.; second, Mr. E. Brough's Barnaby; third, Mr. W. J. Scott's Hebe III.; the fourth, of course, being withheld. There was little to choose between the first two, for both ran excellent trials, considering the unfavorable surroundings, and afforded ample proof, even to the incredulous, that the bloodhound will hunt a man without even smelling any part of his person or clothes until laid on the track of his footsteps.

The second stake is of no account whatever, being that already alluded to, where the men acting as quarry had their shoe soles smeared with raw horseflesh. It was, however, thought that three competitors of the five entries would run well, so the time was taken, and Koodoo, who did badly on the "clean boot," now ran a brilliant course at a good pace, going the distance, including a check behind the wood, in five minutes. Hebe III. and Hector II. both began well, but, losing the line at about three-fourths the distance, failed to regain it, and were called up. They were awarded equal seconds, Mr. Knowles's Koodoo taking premier honors.

So much for the bloodhound trials; and now, when writing in 1892, they appear to have been entirely discontinued, at any rate so far as public exhibitions of them are concerned.

Here mention must be made of the pack of bloodhounds, kept about sixteen years ago, by the late Lord Wolverton, who hunted the "carted" deer with them in Dorsetshire and in the Blackmore Vale country. They were sold by him to Lord Carrington, who had them but a single season, during which he showed sport in Buckinghamshire. From here they went into the kennels of Count Couteux de Canteleu, in France, where they have been useful in hunting both wild deer and wild boar.

Prior to this Mr. Selby Lowndes had several couples of bloodhounds, in Whaddon Chase, where occasionally they had a run after deer. One of his hounds, named Gamester, bore a great reputation as a man-hunter, and on more than one occasion was useful in capturing thieves. This hound appears to have been a waif from some other kennel, for he was purchased from a hawk, for ten pounds, the latter using him as a protection, and to run under his van.

Then it is said, bloodhounds have been owned by the verderers in connection with the New Forest in Hampshire, but they were known as Talbots, and most of these hounds were smaller than our modern hounds. Mr. T. Nevil had a small pack at Chillend, near Winchester, dark-colored hounds—black St. Huberts they were called; a well-known writer in Bailey's Magazine, gives a long description of them, which, he says, were descendants of the pack of which William Rufus was master. It was said they would hunt anything, from "the jackal and the lordly stag, to the water-rat and such 'small deer.'" At the present time there is no pack of bloodhounds kept in this country for hunting purposes, still, with the many admirers of the race, there is little fear of the strain being allowed to become of the past.

As already hinted, our bloodhound has, in reality, suffered less from a craze to breed for certain exaggerated features, than some other dogs have done. He is still a fairly powerful and large hound, with great thickness of bone, well sprung ribs and considerable power behind. I rather fancy that, like most large-sized dogs, he fails more in his loins and hind legs than elsewhere, nor does he, as a rule, carry so much muscle as a foxhound. No doubt in head and ears he has much improved since the time he was kept for the public good at the expense of the inhabitants of the Scottish borders.

Mr. Brough, writing in the Century Magazine, about three years ago, goes at considerable length into the training of bloodhounds, which is best done by allowing the hound to hunt the "clean boot," rather than one smeared with blood or anything else. He says:

Hounds work better when entered to one particular scent and kept to that only, Mr. Brough never allows his hounds to hunt anything but the clean boot, but begins to take his pups to exercise on the roads when three or four months old, and a very short time suffices to get them under good command. You can begin scarcely too early to teach pups to hunt the clean boot. For the first few times it is best to let them run some one they know; afterward it does not matter how often the runner is changed. He should caress and make much of the pups and then let them see him start, but get out of their sight as quickly as possible and run in a straight line, say 200 yards up wind on grass-land, and then hide himself. The man who hunts

the pups should know the exact line taken, and take the pups over it, trying to encourage them to hunt until they get to their man, who should reward them with a bit of meat. This may have to be repeated several times before they really get their heads down; but when they have once begun to hunt they improve rapidly and take great delight in the quest. Everything should be made as easy as possible at first and the difficulties increased very gradually. This may be done by having the line crossed by others, by increasing the time before the pups are laid on, or by crossing roads, etc. When the pups get old enough they should be taught to jump boldly and to swim brooks where necessary. When young hounds have begun to run fairly well it will be found very useful to let the runner carry a bundle of sticks two feet or two feet six inches long, pointed at one end and with a piece of white paper in a cleft at the other end. When he makes a turn or crosses a fence he should put one of these sticks down and incline it in the direction he is going to take next. This will give the person hunting the hounds some idea of the correctness of their work, though the best hounds do not always run the nearest to the line. On a good scenting day I have seen hounds running hard fifty yards or more to leeward of the line taken. These sticks should be taken up when done with, or they may be found misleading on some other occasion. The hounds will soon learn to cast themselves or try back if they overrun the line, and should never receive any assistance so long as they continue working on their own account. It is most important that they should become self-reliant. The line should be varied as much as possible. It is not well to run hounds over exactly the same course they have been hunted on some previous occasion. If some hounds are much slower than the rest it is best to hunt them by themselves, or they may get to "score to cry," as the old writers say, instead of patiently working out the line for themselves.

It is a great advantage to get hounds accustomed to strange sights and noises. If a hound is intended to be brought to a pitch of excellence that shall enable him to be used in thoroughfares, he should be brought up in a town and see as much bustle as possible. If he is only intended to be used in open country, with occasional bits of road work, this is not necessary. Bloodhounds give tongue freely when hunting any wild animal, but many hounds run perfectly mute when hunting man. This is, however, very much a matter of breeding. Some strains run man without giving tongue at all; others are very musical.

The Story of a Dog.

MASTER FRISKY, by Clarence Hawks, "the blind poet of New England," is one of those charming nature books of modern structure which are doing good work in teaching kindness to animals, and encouraging us humans to cultivate their acquaintance by interesting us in their lovable traits; for really there is much that is interesting in the brute creation if we can only draw it out. Rudyard Kipling and Seton Thompson have taught us this, and so have numerous other writers of their class and cult.

As long ago as our childhood nurses and mothers would tell us animal stories in baby language; and back of that good Esop of old went so far as to invest those stories with instructive moral points whereby we might build up character on the ideographs presented and be convinced that animals in their wild or domesticated state are something more than mere dumb beasts to be hunted and tortured for sport, eaten for food, worked and overworked, and beaten when incapable. It is the novel sensation of kindled love in the marble heart that makes these books so attractive to old and young, and can invest with glamour the story of an intelligent collie dog.

Master Frisky is an ideal pup, through whose medium we find novelty, as well as pleasure, in extending our acquaintance into the animal kingdom. Under tutelage we can now see new beauties where all was once a barren waste. What we once saw with half an eye we now behold with a stereoscopic view; for Hawks not only describes the antics, caprices and temperaments of his canine friend and his companions, but their social games, predilections, modes of communicating with each other and making their wants known to men by voice and sign, attributing motives, designs and calculation, giving striking instances of heroism, sympathy and self-denial, not only for their own but other species, which disclose a high grade of intelligence. Crowell & Co., of this city, are the publishers of the book, and the price is 50 cents.

It is a blessed thing to have astute animal interpreters, for few of us have learned their language, and most animals are as shy of strangers as the wayside rustic who gazes at a salutation and is dumb: apparently but little above their own intellectual plane.

Indian folk-lore teaches that animals are not lower than man, but different in mental organism and caliber, as well as physical structure, speaking a different language and having different viewpoints. The souls of their deceased ancestors are inanimate in the animals they hunt, and they treat them always with profound respect, as the Siberians do their reindeer, never killing one without apologizing. The Indians wear the symbols of the bear, wolf and beaver as totems from infancy, and use them for tribal designations and for grave watchers and guardians, allotting to them a future place in the immortal life.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Nebraska Trials.

OMAHA, Neb.—With the approach of Nebraska's second annual meet of the State Field Trial Association, the interest on all hands is intensifying. The trials will open Tuesday, August 18, and continue for three days. The entries have closed and the lists show 300 dogs, from all parts of the country, and including many of the best specimens of valuable bird dogs in the United States. Among these are J. H. McPharlin, of O'Neill, with 20 head; A. B. Caldwell, of Allidonia, Ohio, 11; Nat B. Nesbitt, Chesterville, Miss., 10; W. D. Gilchrist, Courtland, Ala., 20; Asher Cody, Holland, Mich., 20; George McLinn, Mexico, Mo., 10; W. W. Henry, Butler, Mo., 8; E.

R. Shelley, Clair, Mich., 20; W. J. Wilson, Sparta, Ill., 12; E. S. Munger, Clyde, O., 15; Charles Tucker, Staunton Depot, Tenn., 15; J. A. Gude, Bruceville, Ind., 12; Ed. Garr, Louisville, Ky., 12; W. B. Stafford, Trenton, Tenn., 15; Chas. Askins, Marion, Ill., 12; J. H. Johnson, Carlisle, Ind., 15; W. W. Updike, Robinson, Ill., 15; W. E. Utterbach, Nebraska City, 8; W. D. Hardin, Omaha, 4; W. D. Townsend, Omaha, 1; Dr. Summers, Omaha, 10; H. A. Schubillia, Tracey, Minn., 4; Wilber Fawcett, Omaha, 1. The purses will consist of a derby and all-age stake. In each there will be five cash prizes. There will be \$750 in each stake, and they will be divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent., and there will be no division of any of the cash prizes.

The board of governors, Dr. J. E. Summers, Jr.; Sandy Griswold, Mayor Frank E. Moores, Omaha; W. D. Hardin, Council Bluffs; P. J. McManus, O'Neill; W. H. Livingston, Sioux City; J. L. Gray, Fort Collins, Col.; J. F. O'Donnell, O'Neill; H. A. Staunton, O'Neill; Roy Johnson, Peoria, Ill.; T. J. Foley, Omaha, and R. Deb Smith, Anaconda, Mont., are now busy at work perfecting their plans to make Nebraska's second annual field trials the greatest trials on chicken ever held in the United States.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Points and Flushes.

We acknowledge the receipt of Vol. III of the Field Dog Stud Book, published by the American Field Publishing Co., for Mrs. Dr. N. Rowe, Chicago. It contains registrations from No. 2046 to No. 3905. Besides the registrations, it contains a list of the field trials and the winners, setters, pointers, beagles and fox hounds of 1902. It is well and tastefully bound, typographically excellent and profusely illustrated.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures for 1903.

Members of race committee will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

America's Cup Races, Aug. 20 and alternate days. JULY.

- 22. Inter-Lake Y. A., open, yacht and power races, Put-In-Bay.
- 23. Inter-Lake Y. A., squadron sail and auxiliary race, Put-In-Bay.
- 24. Inter-Lake Y. A., open, Put-In-Bay.
- 24-25. Biloxi, Southern Gulf Coast Y. A., Biloxi, Miss.
- 25. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich.
- 25. Beverly, cruise, rendezvous Monument Beach.
- 25. Boston, club, Hull.
- 25. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
- 25. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A., skiff races, Toronto.
- 25. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, special.
- 25. Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
- 25. Hempstead Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
- 25. Bridgeport Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
- 25. Chicago, club, Lake Michigan.
- 25. Penataquit Corinthian, cruise, rendezvous Bay Shore.
- 27. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
- 27-29. New York, Newport series, all classes, Newport.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1903, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

- First prize, \$75.00.
- Second prize, \$50.00.
- Third prize, \$25.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1903.
2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.
3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.
4. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.
5. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.
6. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.
7. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, on or before Nov. 15, 1903.

A Cruise on the Sound.

Story Submitted in "Forest and Stream" Cruising Competition.

BY GERALD CURRAN, NEW YORK CITY.

THIS summer while trying to decide by myself the best and cheapest way of enjoying my vacation, I happened to run across an old friend of mine, Tom —

We both got talking about vacations, and he suggested that if I liked the water so much, why not try a trip on

a Gloucester fishing sloop. This did not strike me at all, in fact fell far short of its mark; but in the end we compromised by deciding to cruise on the Sound for a couple of weeks or longer if we could steal the time.

The next thing to be done was to procure a boat. Now this is no easy task. We both worked like dogs, canvassing every yacht agency and scouring all of the papers for advertisements, even putting one in ourselves. By the tenth of July we had tried everything we could think of, with no tangible results. As a last hope, Tom said he would try in New Haven. If we were going at all we must start by the eighteenth, so he got busy and really succeeded in his attempt. This done, we laid in a stock of goods, wet and dry, and shipped them up to the boat, and on the eighteenth packed our grips and arrived safely in New Haven.

The boat was not much to look at, and so I told Tom, but to keep me in good spirits, he said to wait until I saw her sail before I became too deeply prejudiced.

She was moored to the dock, a sloop 30 ft. waterline, 8 ft. beam, drawing 4½ ft., a keel boat and carried a mainsail, stay sail and jib. The owner was unable to find the top-sail, so we had to leave it behind. On entering the cabin it gave a look of roominess, a bunk on either side, ice-box under the cock-pit (and an exceptionally hard one to get at) small oil stove forward, and cooking utensils stacked around on nails. The boat originally carried a centerboard, but for some untold reason the owner took the board out and put a keel on her. He must have been born and bred in the Great Sahara, anyway he was no authority on boat building. The keel was at least two feet too short and consequently on every tack we lost about one-quarter of the distance. She was not much on pointing, as we afterwards found out. The boat leaked considerably and the bilge water kept coming through the cabin floor whenever she heeled at all.

That night when everything was aboard, we both decided that it was easily the best stunt to get down to Morris Cove, then get a good early start the next morning. The night was warm and sultry, with only a faint breath now and then. We hoisted the mainsail and jib, but did not move. I then got into the dinghy and Tom cast me a line to the great derision of a number of small boys on the bank. At last we got her towed out beyond the pier and caught a faint breeze. Five miles to southward we saw the lights of the New Haven breakwater, and keeping in the channel, made out with wind and tide. We anchored off Morris Cove about 12. Everything was in order by this time and we got into bed, or rather wrapped ourselves up in blankets, in very short order, not, however, forgetting our mid-night swim.

It was the first time I had been in salt water for nearly a year, and it immediately brought me back to the time I used to spend all my summers that way; making me envious of all who did not have to slave; and at last dropped into a light slumber. Sleep was not for us that night, however. Every steamcraft or auxiliary going by would wake us up with a start, and when the Richard Peck went out-bound for New York, our language was not fit to print. By dint of much will power, however, we managed to "tear off a few yards." At 4:45 the next morning we were both up and making preparations to get away. Tom was for cooking breakfast first, but this time I had my way, so we got up sail and started while Tom cooked breakfast.

The Sound looked very ugly indeed, dark with lots of white-caps and a strong east wind blowing, bringing with it enough rain and fog to make a record wheat crop in the whole United States.

Breakfast consisted of poached eggs, fried sausages and coffee. It was fine for Tom, who ate in the cabin, but am afraid I did not enjoy it as much being outside sailing. Rain was pattering down on the eggs and sausages in a continuous stream, and it was pretty tough work to get everything inside of me before it was drenched. Still nothing daunted we kept along. Stood out on port tack for about three miles; wind began to freshen here however, so we decided to tie in a reef and make for Branford Point, which stood about six miles away. I brought her up into the wind and Tom started to get the sail down, but here our troubles began. The peak halyard caught between the jaws of the gaff and the mast, and try as we might we could not budge it. Here indeed was a dilemma for two amateurs. To add to our discomfort the sausages were beginning to show their indigestible facilities. The boat was now bobbing up and down and all around, there being quite a sea on. I bravely volunteered to climb the mast and loosen up the halyard, but here the sausages got to work again with renewed vigor, so slipped down again. Tom then tried it and, happy to say, succeeded. We tied the reef in and Tom put one in the jib also and we were off again. One reef point in the jib was left untied and the first puff of wind that struck us tore a big rent in it. This was discouraging, but nevertheless took in the jib and got the staysail up and kept at it.

Just about this time I very inconsiderately fell asleep in the cabin. Tom took charge, and when I woke up two hours later, found us one mile from shore and two miles east of Branford Point. We went close to shore now, dropped anchor and had some lunch. After our repast of canned beef, beer and crackers, patched up the jib with some duck trousers and started off again, it being about 2.30 P. M. to try for Sachem's Head, eight miles to eastward. We failed in the attempt and put into the Thimble, two miles this side. We anchored here in a very good harbor just off Money Island. This is so called because it is supposed to have been one of the hiding places Captain Kidd used to store his ill-gotten gains. We were both tuckered out at this, our first day's experience, and lay down and slept like logs until 6.30 P. M. We were awakened by a man bumping into us in a small boat. We stuck our heads out of the cabin and found three natives in boats. At our appearance they immediately set up an awful din. We found out at last that they were regular runners in for the three hotels on the Island. Each one offered us a dinner for less than the other till it really seemed as if we would get one for nothing if we waited much longer. We found out afterward that there was much rivalry, and that each hotel keeper tried to draw the trade of the other by this means. We at last decided to try a shore dinner at the Money Island Hotel at 50 cents a head; this closed the bargain, and

getting dressed, went ashore and found a really very good meal awaiting us. We were not nearly rested yet so went back to the boat to straighten things out, and by 9.30 were asleep once more. The next morning (Sunday) we found the weather much the same as the day before, strong east wind, big sea running with every chance of its coming on thick before long, so we decided to rest ourselves till afternoon anyway. Had breakfast and loafed around the boat reading a morning paper a boatman threw us as he passed. We were very well satisfied now and began to look forward to some good weather on the morrow. Had some lunch about one o'clock, and in the afternoon the weather still being bad, went over to Pine Orchard, a two-mile row, getting back to Money Island about six for dinner. We found this a very picturesque place, not over an acre of ground, just filled with small cottages. It can be reached from the east or the southeast, and is a very good place to lie, except for a southerly blow. On Monday morning we got up, had a breakfast of eggs, bacon and coffee, and on looking at the weather made up our minds to get out or bust. The wind was a light one from the east and no sea, so immediately after breakfast we got up sail. (We washed our dishes just before our meals instead of just after). Were trying for Saybrook breakwater to-day, at the mouth of the Connecticut River, and further if possible. It was a beat all the way. The New Haven Yacht Club and the Sachem's Head Yacht Club were starting on a cruise together, and the way they all showed us their name plates was not only thoughtful of them, but was also very discouraging to us, for we now realized what a slow old tub we had. We plunged on however, and about noon were off Falkner's Island. At three we picked up little Duck Island and went inside the breakwater. This we found a very good harbor for all craft, about half way between New Haven and New London. Cornfield Point was passed about 4.30, and we saw if the wind held we would make Saybrook. It held all right, but when about two miles west of there a dense fog blew in and we could not see 100 feet away. This was a fine pickle for us to be in as we had no chart, our compass was out of order, and our boat an awfully poor one in a blow. We kept on just the same, being guided by the lighthouse fog signals, which were audible to us here. About a mile from the breakwater a small sloop loomed up just ahead. We luffed up and she just got by us. They were coming from the eastward making for Saybrook and had missed it completely. We told them to follow us, and also got them to look up the harbor entrance on their chart. This they did, and about 7.30 rounded the breakwater and stood in. We kindly allowed them to go first, which turned out to be very lucky as they stood in too close to the breakwater and went hard aground. We luffed up just in time and waited to see if we could be of any assistance, but there was nothing to be done, so started on. Just at this point the wind dropped completely, and here Tom showed his cleverness. He called for me to get the sail down and dropped anchor P. D. Q. This I managed to do as quickly as possible, and none too soon, for just as the peak struck the boom a squall struck us. It was a dandy and blew so hard we started for the other anchor. By the time we got it over, it was raining pitchforks and blowing hard enough to almost take us off the boat. Got into the cabin and started to cook dinner, considering ourselves extremely lucky to have gotten into port the time we did, as it would have been more than disagreeable to have been caught outside in such weather. The dinner, with the help of a few glasses of that Kentucky beverage, set us on our feet again, and we dropped off to sleep, with nothing but the swash of the water against the boat and the rain pattering on the cabin roof to disturb our well-earned slumbers.

Tuesday was a raw day indeed, with lots of fog and no wind, also found we were aground. Everything was in disorder and we were pretty well disgusted, so got dressed and rowed over to the Hartford Yacht Club for breakfast. We made a good meal here and walked up to Fenwick Hall, a summer hotel and lounged around there all the morning, and about one o'clock we sauntered down to the boat to put things in order. The weather now seemed more propitious, the fog having lifted, and a fair wind coming from the east, so decided to strike across the Sound for Plum Gut. I forgot to mention that the boat had drifted off with the tide. We calculated on one long leg to the Gut and a broad reach to Shelter Island, but when we reached the middle of the Sound the wind veered around to southeast, so it was a dead beat again. We struck Plum Gut at six o'clock. The tide we had depended upon to take us through had turned, and to add to our discomfort the wind was dropping and a squall was making up in the northwest and was coming right towards us. There was absolutely no place to go however, so stuck to it and at last got around to the south shore of Plum Island. Did not dare to risk trying for Shelter Island, as we would surely have been carried out in the Sound again by the tide. We anchored here, the boat bobbing around like a cork. The squall blew off to the northeast, but as it was so late we did not start out again. Cooked up a fine dinner of soup, steak, corn and coffee and went to sleep to the accompaniment of a fife and drum corps on Plum Island. Any noise was welcome here as it was decidedly lonesome. Next morning we reached Shelter Island without much excitement. Anchored off the Shelter Island Yacht Club about noon and went ashore for lunch. We fooled around here all day stocking up, also took a journey to Greenpoint and tried to have our compass repaired, but finding this impossible, purchased a small dory compass. Thursday we started for Sag Harbor, making our course around to westward of the Island. This we found a very pleasant sail indeed. Just a good sailing breeze from the southeast and made it nicely. Sag Harbor we found nearly as slow as the play of that name that I saw in New York two winters before. A quiet old town, the activity being the mills. A peculiar custom was in vogue there at the time, one that we considered decidedly unique. At the previous election the Prohibitionists had won, so there was supposed to be no traffic in liquor. Tom and I needed an appetizer for dinner, so asked the man behind the lemonade (?) counter for two Martinis. He looked fiercely at us for a minute and said that no intoxicating liquors were sold there, but if we wanted a good rasp-

berry vinegar he was just the man to give it to us. We were in doubt at first, but on being reassured that if we did not like it, we would not have to pay for it, we told him to go ahead. We drank them down, and lo and behold, we had a perfect Martini. This is the way they got around the law, and as the sheriff was a friend of all traffickers in lemonade (?), they seemed practically immune from molestation. After dinner we drove to Sagaponack, four miles away, on the south side of Long Island. Tom had friends there, and by the time they showed us, I concluded were very staunch friends indeed. We were wine and feted for three hours at least, and arrived back at the boat in a very fair frame of mind. Sag was a fine old place and will always hold a tender spot in my memory. If those frank good-hearted Westerners we met there treat everybody as they treated us, there would never have been any necessity for the translocation of the Golden Rule.

Next morning we pulled out of Sag; am afraid neither of us wanted to go, but we made no confessions, and said no things except about our chances for the day's run. The wind was still east. Really I am getting tired of that phrase, but my weariness is nothing compared with the language each morning on making a forecast. It had never varied at all with the exception of Tuesday, and that was the only day so far that we had wanted it still east. We had no special port in mind at the start, but purposed to beat along the shore and get as far as possible. Fort Pond Bay was the nearest place to Montauk that we could anchor with any safety, and we had no hopes of Block Island unless the wind changed. Spent most of the day beating and about 5.30 reached a place called Napeague Bay. We had had enough sailing, so decided to put in here rather than try for Fort Pond Bay, eight miles further east. The Coast Pilot said this was good enough when once in, but had a very difficult channel and was unfit for strangers. Nevertheless we made up our minds to try it, so put in, and as might have been expected went hard and fast aground. The air at once grew thick with many varied and highly original oaths. We both stripped and tried to push her off, but there was nothing doing. Tom got into the dinghy and rowed around for twenty minutes, and at last said he had found the channel, and that we would put in when the tide took us off. It was now about six o'clock, and we had to wait for two or three hours before we would float, so sat around for a while and then cooked a rattling good dinner. Soup, steak, corn, stewed tomatoes, beer and coffee. After this we were in much better humor. Got things ship-shape. (I really never saw such a sloppy boat as ours was). Never anything where we could find it, and clothes, towels and cooking utensils lying around everywhere. The wind was freshening up a bit, so got up sail. I took the wheel, hauled the sheet in close and Tom tried to haul her off. Nothing doing. I got tired holding the sheet just about this time, however, and let her go. Just at this time a puff of wind struck us, and I grabbed the sheet just in time. She gave a mighty tug and we were off. This was sooner than we had expected. Tom said the channel was just ahead (we were heading west now), so I kept at the wheel, waiting for Tom to give the word to steer in. I got it in a minute and put the wheel to starboard, but just then we struck again. I immediately eased the sheet out and we slid off. In the dark must have missed the channel entirely. Well, it looked as if we were in for a night of it. Had to go by compass and chart entirely, as it was very black and no lights around there to guide us. Montauk was not visible from there, land intervening. We made out a fixed white light to northward, but did not know whether it was Little Gull Island or Watch Hill Point. We laid our course N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. Tom got up forward to look out for any signs of land while I took the wheel. Now, I had never sailed by a compass before, and it was decidedly confusing. Tom kept yelling, "Keep her up, keep her off," until I did not know what I was doing. He soon came back and found we were sailing northwest instead of northeast. Here we again expressed ourselves freely. He then showed me how to keep the needle pointed N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., and which way to turn the wheel when she went off. We began to get along now. Stood on the starboard tack for about four miles, then took a tack in toward shore. We went about again and at 1.30 A. M. saw a light about two miles to southeast of us. We did not know what it was, but decided to trust to luck as we figured we must be off Fort Pond Bay by this time. It was a beat in, Tom took the wheel and became the lookout. We kept at it and anchored near the light, which we found out to be a menhaden fisherman's boat at anchor. There were about ten other craft anchored all around, but this was the only one that had a light out. It saved our lives that night, and we eternally blessed that chap for his thoughtfulness. We were due for an all-night game but for this little incident, although it was then 2 A. M. We got to sleep very soon without much trouble, not forgetting, however, to hang out *our* anchor light. Next morning, Saturday, we made up our minds to try for Block Island, about eighteen miles to eastward. The sun was out all day to-day. I mention this as it was a very agreeable surprise indeed. The wind still held from the east, blowing about four knots. Had a fine breakfast of bacon, eggs and coffee, then got up sail. It was a beat all the way. This, as you see, was the rule. Got started at 8 A. M. with the wind growing lighter every minute. Stood well out toward Watch Hill Point, and on nearing Fisher's Island, stood about to avoid the tide as much as possible. On this tack we just cleared Montauk. We then went about and thought to relieve the tedium by a little fishing. Got out a heavy line and shiner and heaved it astern to troll for bluefish. We kept on going all the morning this way, but no fish rose to our bait. Saw many black duck and could have gotten some if we had had a gun. About twelve o'clock we began to get hungry, and were beginning to talk to ourselves and also the bluefish for not getting the buoy. Just then we heard the familiar thug of an auxiliary. We saw it was a fisherman, so we went about and stood over near him. He had been more successful than we, so hailed him thusly: "Will you sell us a quarter's worth of fish?" "Yes." "What will you give us?" At this he said nothing, but held up an enormous fish of some kind, big enough to have kept us in grub for three days. "Too big, too big,"

we cried. We were very close then, so told him to throw us a couple of porgies. He threw them in the boat as we passed, and I threw him a quarter wrapped in a piece of newspaper. He seemed doubtful about getting the money at first, but succeeded in reassuring him. They were fine big ones still alive. Tom cleaned them and in twenty minutes each had a fine fried porgy. We stood on for Block Island, hoping to get there in time for dinner. Said porgy did not agree with Tom, and about 2.30 he worked up a dandy grouch. I felt somewhat that way myself, went below for a sleep. Woke up 5.30. Dead calm. We could make out Watch Hill off to northwest. Fisher's Island also and Block Island to southeast, but could not move a foot. Then and there we both cursed our luck, the boat, weather and ourselves. We saw Block Island was out of the question that day, and we knew we could never get to Newport. As Watch Hill seemed nearer than any other place, decided to put in there. We cooked a can of tomatoes, got out the black bottle and tried to feel better, if this were possible. Tom was tired, so went down and tried to sleep, but there was quite a ground swell on, and this kept the gaff creaking so that sleep was impossible. There we stayed until 11.30 watching the Sound steamers go by all lighted up like floating palaces. Just about then, however, a little breeze sprung up from the northwest. I eased out the sheet and stood in a northerly direction to the Rhode Island shore. The tide was against us and were afraid of being carried through the Race. This only lasted for a short time, however, and then another calm. About 1.30 A. M. got a faint breeze from the northeast, put about and headed for Watch Hill light, five miles to westward. This wind kept blowing up stronger, and we went along finely, sighting the Stonington breakwater lights at about three, one flashing red and one fixed red on the end of each breakwater. Without much more excitement we anchored just inside at 4 A. M. We were both done up and felt pretty sore, but succeeded in getting a fine dinner, or should I call it a breakfast, of soup, steak, potatoes, corn and coffee. We then dropped asleep. The next day being Sunday, slept late and started in about 1.30 P. M. to make Watch Hill Harbor. I had been in a number of times before and knew the channel. Tom took the chart and tried to bluff me into thinking he was the navigator. We passed the folly successfully, and on nearing the Westerly River, had a difference of opinion as to our course. Tom told me to keep up to the eastward, while I wanted to sail northeast in the channel. We split the difference. A friend of mine once took out a sailing party, and was getting on finely, when some one asked him if he knew the harbor was full of rocks. The chap said, "Yes, I know every rock in this harbor." Just then, bang! they struck one. He then laconically remarked, "And this is one of them." That was our case exactly. We struck a big one, and the boat seemed to jump right out of the water, hesitate, and then luck was with us this time, we slid over. No damage done, and Tom threw the hook overboard in about fifteen feet of water, just off the Plimpton Rock. We spent three days here, not leaving until Wednesday A. M. There were many genial souls around, and they made us feel perfectly at home. We succeeded in forgetting our troubles, and between our friends and black bottles, managed to pass our time most enjoyably. As I look back on it, have come to the conclusion that it was just as well for us that we decided to start then. If we had waited much longer, would not have gotten away at all, as I afterward learned that an officer of the law came down to the Plimpton Dock twenty minutes after we had started with a warrant for our arrest. Nothing doing, the birds had flown. Got away safely, this being the turning point of the noble Cypress. We headed her back to New Haven. With a fine northeast wind behind us, we passed Stonington breakwater at a good clip, and kept well out to Latimer's Reef. This we left to port and left Ram Island Light vessel to starboard. Reached New London between 2 and 3 P. M. The rest of the afternoon was spent in fixing up ship and rowing around the harbor looking at the yachts. The Philadelphia Yacht Club had just arrived and the harbor presented a fine appearance. Went ashore about six o'clock and had a fine meal at the Crocker House. Watch Hill had pretty well tired us out, so went down and got asleep in short order. Thursday morning we determined to try for New Haven. A good wind of about six knots was blowing from the northeast, the tide being against us. Had breakfast and started out leaving the beacon to port, making our course near Sarah's ledge, and inside of the Bartlett Reef light vessel. The wind was dying out now, and as the tide was taking us back, dropped the hook overboard off Two Tree Island, and luckily it caught. Stayed here for about an hour and with a little more wind started on. Passed Saybrook at a good pace, the tide now being with us. Such a contrast to the last time we had been there that we could not help but remark on it. Falkner's Island hove in sight and about now we had lunch. Toward the end of the afternoon the wind dropped almost entirely and we just succeeded in drifting into Sachem's Head Harbor, before the tide turned. This harbor is very small, but affords good protection, except from a south-west blow. To get in, keep one-half mile below Sachem's Head, then steer for Joshua Point until the harbor opens up. The sailing direction for entering is E.N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. Dropped anchor and prepared dinner. Had a steak that we had purchased at Watch Hill. No ice all day though, and when I tasted the first mouthful my face must have been a study in curves and angles. Tom thought it was fine though and ate it all. That night we had to put a pail and a cushion over it (Tom would not hear of throwing overboard what was left), not only to prevent the smell, but to keep it from crawling away. The mosquitoes here were awful, as one facetious youth in a boat nearby remarked: "This is sometimes called Scratchem's Head."

Next morning went ashore and got some milk and eggs, having breakfast of those ingredients. Got the sail up and started for New Haven with a very light wind behind us. Tide was against us and we made very slow work of it. Passed inside of Branford Beacon and Nigger Head buoy. At 4.30 reached New Haven after an uneventful day and a very eventful trip.

Now, this may seem like a long, hard luck story to the reader, but have only tried to give the facts just as they

happened, and how they appeared to us. From this evidence it seems impossible for anyone not to enjoy a cruise, for under these most trying circumstances, can safely say that I don't know of a more genial and healthful twelve days spent on the water. Of course we had poor weather, but (maybe I am *too* enthusiastic), under the worst of circumstances I can't imagine a more delightful way of spending one's vacation, and sincerely hope that this story may be the means of some one attempting the best and only way of bringing health and happiness to himself and his friends.

The Canada's Cup Defender.

TORONTO, July 18.—The contest for the great international trophy on fresh water is just three weeks away, but everybody is guessing just as much as they were when the challenge was given.

The Rochester boat has given some very encouraging performances against the cutter *Cinderella*, but she is as yet an unknown quantity to Canadians. The Toronto boat has given some very encouraging performances against the cutter *Merrythought*, but she is as yet an unknown quantity to Americans. Both *Cinderella* and *Merrythought* are well known flyers on Lake Ontario, but it is doubtful if they have ever come together in a race, although they have often been in the same port. *Cinderella* is the larger, and, I believe, the older boat, but the two are considered fairly well matched. Some years ago, when a race between the Toronto schooner *Clorita* and *Cinderella* was proposed, Canadians did not jump at the offer, but they would have been willing to send *Merrythought* as a substitute for the schooner. The proposed race was to be for the Fisher cup. It didn't come off.

The Canadians, however, go into the present *Strathcona-Irondequoit* contest with no misgivings about not having the best available defender. In 1901 there was doubt as to whether *Beaver* or *Invader* should be sent after the cup, and in 1899 there was doubt as to whether *Beaver* or *Minota* should defend it. This year there is no hesitation about using the defender *Strathcona*. Of course, she is the only boat that will fit the class; but, apart from that, she is showing herself the fastest cutter in the Royal Canadian Y. C. fleet.

Strathcona sailed a splendid race on Saturday, July 11. It was the first club contest she had entered, and she came out with flying colors.

Every year the larger craft of the Royal Canadian Y. C. fleet race for what is known as the Lorne cup, a handsome trophy presented for perpetual competition by the Marquis of Lorne. The race on Saturday was across Lake Ontario to Olcott, N. Y., a distance of 39 miles. The course is southeast half east from Toronto. There was a light breeze, a smooth sea, plenty of sunshine, and a good fleet of contestants, the entries being *Strathcona*, *Merrythought*, *Canada*, *Yama*, and *Dinah*. *Strathcona* was handled by Mr. G. E. Macrae, brother of the owner, Mr. Norman Macrae. Commodore Jarvis sailed *Merrythought*. She was the scratch boat, being the biggest in the fleet.

The wind was light and variable, from the west and south, and the yachts had many varieties of sailing with started sheets, sometimes even getting spinnakers to draw. *Merrythought* got a lead before they had cleared Toronto Bay, and *Strathcona* found the stern chase the usual long one. When the wind would freshen she would pull up, and when it dropped *Merrythought*, with 700 feet more of canvas, slipped ahead. Her greatest lead was about three-quarters of a mile.

Merrythought and *Strathcona* were sailed to windward of their course, so as to get the benefit of the land breeze off the south shore, but the other boats, by cutting off the corner, made nearly as good time. *Merrythought* was first in, with *Strathcona* two minutes and a half astern, and well within her time allowance. The others were well strung out, *Canada* coming in third, *Yama* fourth, and *Dinah* last. Corrected time gives *Strathcona* first place by 6m. 27s. over *Merrythought*, with *Canada* in second place and *Merrythought* third.

In the return to Toronto on the following Sunday, *Strathcona* did even better. Closehailed on a west and southwesterly wind she and *Merrythought* led the fleet, but the windward work was exactly to *Strathcona's* liking, and there was no holding her. She was at her moorings in Toronto fully half an hour before *Merrythought*. This big gain was in part due to the fact that *Merrythought* sailed around Toronto Island and came in the Western Gap, while *Strathcona* took the shorter passage, via the eastern piers. But Mr. Jarvis says that even had they covered exactly the same ground *Strathcona* would have beaten *Merrythought* by from twelve to fifteen minutes. It is, therefore, safe to say that in a whole sail breeze and moderate sea *Strathcona* is twenty seconds faster than *Merrythought* in the mile, exclusive of her time allowance.

Commodore Jarvis took charge of *Strathcona* this week, and the first official trial was sailed on the afternoon of Tuesday, July 14. Mr. J. Wilton Morse was placed in charge of *Merrythought*. He is a skilled amateur skipper and designer, and sailed Toronto, a Duggan designed centerboarder, in the trial races for the selection of a Canada's cup defender in 1899. Mr. Jarvis took charge of *Strathcona* with a good crew. They may not all sail in the actual cup contest, but they were all good men and are ready for the job. The official trial was sailed around Toronto Island, from the town club of the R. C. Y. C., in a fitful but fairly strong north-breeze. The two contestants went over the line together, but the advantage was with *Merrythought*. Skipper Jarvis came down about a second too soon, and had to luff *Strathcona* to keep her from going over the line ahead of time. Consequently, although he crossed practically on gun-fire, he was at a disadvantage compared with Skipper Morse, who brought *Merrythought* over the lee end of the line under full way. The difference was at once apparent, for *Merrythought* was a couple of lengths ahead before the yachts were a hundred yards from the starting point, and although she was to leeward she was far enough away to escape a blanket. *Strathcona* carried an enormous jib topsail, reaching from truck to bowsprit end, and cut comparatively low in the clew. *Merrythought's* topsail was much smaller, her owner never having been partial to big kites of this variety. In other respects the boats

were canvassed equally, No. 2 club topsails being carried aloft on account of the puffs.

Notwithstanding her extra head canvas, *Strathcona* could not gain anything on *Merrythought* in the run to the eastern gap. With the wind over the quarter the older boat's greater total sail area was sure to count. Going out the eastern piers *Merrythought* had a lead of fifty-five seconds.

The yachts had the wind abeam in the long stretch up the south shore of the island, and *Strathcona* did somewhat better, cutting down her opponent's lead by fifteen seconds in two miles. Once they turned the can buoy at the southwest point of the island, however, the new boat shot ahead. The thresh into the western gap was decidedly to her liking. She rapidly worked ahead of *Merrythought* and had a lead of a minute by the time they had gone a mile.

Once the piers were entered and the yachts were heading back for the finish buoy with started sheets, it was expected that *Merrythought* would retrieve some of her loss, but *Strathcona* appeared to benefit by all the puffs, and came tearing over the line with a lead of a minute and a half. The official time was:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
<i>Strathcona</i>	4 10 00	5 13 45	1 03 45
<i>Merrythought</i>	4 10 00	5 15 15	1 05 15

The course is about seven miles around. Adding two minutes' time allowance (unofficial); *Strathcona* won by 3m. 30s.

Commodore Jarvis has his crew out every day drilling, and as they are all good sailors they will know their work thoroughly by the time of the races.

CHARLES H. SNIDER.

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP, MASS.,

Saturday, July 18.

The Y. R. A. open race of the Winthrop Y. C. was sailed off Winthrop on Saturday, July 18, in a whole sail southerly breeze. In the 25ft. class were the old champion *Calypso* and the new Burgess designed *Early Dawn III*. Both yachts went over the starting line together, with *Early Dawn III* in the weather berth. *Calypso*, however, soon pulled out ahead on the windward leg and kept her lead to the finish. *Early Dawn III* made some gains on the reaches, but she was in no condition to race, having been rigged only the day before, and was also leaking. She withdrew on the first leg of the second round. In the 22-footers, *Medric* had the best of the start, and was leading in a hot contest on the windward leg, when her bobstay parted and she withdrew, leaving *Opitsah V.* to finish it out alone. In the 18-footers the boats went over the starting line in a bunch, *Miss Modesty* to leeward, going over in the lead. *Domino* worked out into the lead on the windward leg and was never headed. In the first handicap class *Eclipse* led the class over the finish line and drew a dead heat with *Noturus* on corrected time. In the second handicap *Zetes II.* led by a big margin in, but lost to *Louise* on corrected time. The summary:

Class D—25ft. Cabin Yachts.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
<i>Calypso</i> , A. W. Chesterton.....	1 32 44	
<i>Early Dawn III</i> , J. E. Doherty.....	Withdrew.	
Class E—22ft. Cabin Yachts.			
<i>Opitsah V.</i> , S. H. & H. L. Foster.....	1 42 37	
<i>Medric</i> , Herbert White.....	Disabled.	
Class I.—18ft. Knockabouts.			
<i>Domino</i> , C. C. Clapp.....	1 50 48	
<i>Gertrude</i> , H. E. Lynch.....	1 51 12	
<i>Mirage</i> , J. B. Olmstead.....	1 51 48	
<i>Miss Modesty</i> , B. S. Permar.....	1 52 55	
<i>Patrice</i> , A. W. Finlay.....	1 55 03	
<i>Question</i> , J. H. Hunt.....	1 57 13	
<i>Humbug</i> , Cole & Bacon.....	1 57 33	
<i>Yo San</i> , R. J. Randolph, Jr.....	2 02 22	
<i>Crow</i> , Lauriat & Hooper.....	Withdrew.	
First Handicap Class.			
<i>Eclipse</i> , F. Jenkins.....	1 41 25	1 31 25	
<i>Noturus</i> , C. O. Whitney.....	1 48 25	1 31 25	
<i>Thordis</i> , C. A. Heney.....	1 38 45	1 32 45	
<i>L'Aiglon</i> , C. W. Hodgdon.....	1 38 55	1 32 55	
<i>Thetis</i> , Bert Freeman.....	1 46 04	1 35 04	
<i>Harriet Bird</i> , Byron & Tewksbury.....	1 45 30	1 36 30	
<i>Helen</i> , C. A. Young.....	1 54 53	1 36 53	
<i>Alert</i> , J. R. Holder.....	1 55 32	1 43 32	
<i>Idalia</i> , J. D. Lester.....	Disabled.	
<i>Kit</i> , H. B. Whittier.....	Disabled.	
<i>Rhubena</i> , J. J. Wilde.....	Withdrew.	
Second Handicap Class.			
<i>Louise</i>	0 47 15	0 33 15	
<i>Sioux</i> , G. J. Buchanan.....	0 48 38	0 35 38	
<i>Flash</i> , W. H. Mirich.....	0 48 45	0 36 12	
<i>Marion</i> , A. W. Newmarch.....	0 44 56	0 36 56	
<i>Helen</i> , W. E. Traiser.....	0 47 38	0 37 38	
<i>Rosalie</i> , J. B. Whittemore.....	0 47 45	0 37 45	
<i>Henrietta</i> , J. McCluskey.....	0 53 28	0 39 28	
<i>Eva</i> , H. B. Flynn.....	0 51 42	0 39 42	
<i>Mentor</i> , Cobb & Brainard.....	0 43 47	0 39 47	
<i>Ellie M.</i> , D. F. Murphy.....	0 50 40	0 40 40	
<i>Martha</i> , H. N. Jenkins.....	0 51 12	0 41 12	
<i>Omeme</i>	0 43 27	0 41 27	
<i>Louise</i> , W. D. Allan.....	0 43 27	0 41 27	
<i>Bloomfield</i>	0 55 04	0 51 04	
<i>Zetes II.</i> , J. A. McKee.....	0 43 07	0 43 07	
<i>Smith</i>	0 56 34	0 46 34	
<i>Stroller</i> , C. C. Ehrman.....	Did not finish.	

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.,

Saturday, July 18.

The first of the second series of races of the Cohasset Y. C. was sailed in a stiff southwest wind. The race in the 21ft. class was close, *Remora* winning by less than a minute. Result won easily in the 18ft. knockabouts. In the special class were two of Mr. C. W. Barron's knockabouts, *Fly* beating *Fancy*. *Selma* finished first in the handicap class, but lost on allowance. The summary:

21ft. Knockabouts.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
<i>Remora</i> , Courtney Crocker.....	1 32 56	
<i>Harelda</i> , Alanson Bigelow, Jr.....	1 33 35	
<i>Eleanor</i> , Moore Brothers.....	1 34 31	
<i>Delta</i> , Ralph B. Williams.....	1 34 50	
18ft. Knockabouts.			
<i>Result</i> , A. H. Knowles.....	1 44 30	
<i>Sabrina III</i> , H. W. Hyde.....	1 49 01	
Special Class Knockabouts.			
<i>Fly</i> , C. W. Barron.....	1 31 10	
<i>Fancy</i> , C. W. Barron.....	1 32 55	
Handicap Class.			
<i>Undine</i> , Gilbert S. Tower.....	0 48 51	0 45 51	
<i>Selma</i> , Harold B. Cousens.....	0 48 38	0 48 34	

Beverly Y. C.

BUZZARD'S BAY, MASS.

Saturday, July 18.

A race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed in Buzzard's Bay on Saturday, July 18, in a whole sail southwest breeze. The 30-footers were well bunched on the beat to windward, but on the run home *Pontiac* and *Mashnee* opened out. These two sailed a hot race, *Pontiac* winning by 21s. The closest race of the season was sailed in the 21ft. class, *Radiant* and *Edith* sailing a dead heat. *Allison II.* won in the fourth class. *Fiddler* won in the 15-footers, and *Darlinger* in the special class. The summary:

30-footers.		Elapsed.
<i>Pontiac</i> , Philip Beebe.....	1 58 50
<i>Mashnee</i> , R. W. Emmons, 2d.....	1 59 11
<i>Young Miss</i> , D. L. Whittemore.....	2 00 09
<i>Evelyn</i> , John Hitchcock.....	2 00 42
<i>Arabian</i> , Alfred Winsor.....	2 00 26
<i>Quakeress</i> , W. F. Harrison.....	2 04 49
<i>Zingara</i> , E. N. Farnsworth.....	2 06 30
<i>Gamecock</i> , Louis Bacon.....	2 06 30
21-footers.		Elapsed.
<i>Radiant</i> , Mrs. C. M. Baker.....	2 12 29
<i>Edith</i> , Charles King.....	2 12 29
<i>Barnacle</i> , W. E. C. Eustice.....	2 12 39
<i>Jack Rabbit</i> , Joshua Crane, Jr.....	2 12 42
<i>Terrapin</i> , L. S. Dabney.....	2 23 20
Fourth Class Cats.		Elapsed.
<i>Allison II.</i> , S. B. McLeod.....	1 32 56
<i>Kucker</i> , W. S. Jameson.....	1 34 21
<i>Howard</i> , H. O. Miller.....	1 36 39
<i>Hod</i> , H. B. Holmes.....	1 41 52
15-footers.		Elapsed.
<i>Fiddler</i> , Miss Dabney.....	1 14 51
<i>Teaser</i> , Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d.....	1 17 02
<i>Catspaw</i> , S. D. Warren.....	1 18 05
<i>Spider</i> , H. M. Stone.....	1 19 10
<i>Avalon</i> , F. Ayer.....	1 19 44
<i>Vim</i> , F. W. Sargent.....	1 20 00
<i>Ranzo</i> , M. H. Richardson, Sr.....	1 20 32
<i>Flickamano</i> , E. B. Emmons.....	1 20 50
Special Class.		Elapsed.
<i>Darlinger</i> , Mr. Curtis.....	1 20 51
<i>No. 7</i> , Mr. Gardner.....	1 23 36
<i>No. 11</i> , Dr. Monks.....	1 29 40

Quincy Y. C.

QUINCY, MASS.,

Saturday, July 18.

A club race of the Quincy Y. C. was sailed at Quincy on Saturday, July 18, in a light southwest breeze. In the first class *Marvel* took the start and led the class all over the course. In the second class *Gaycap* won handily, but the feature of this race was the work of *Clover*. Just before the start she carried away her headstay. This was patched up, but soon after the start her mast cracked. She continued the race and finished second. In the special class *Omeme* won easily, and in the one-design class *Betty B.* finished alone. The summary:

First Class.			Elapsed.	Corrected.
<i>Marvel</i> , A. A. Lincoln.....	2 01 37	1 20 57
<i>Hustler</i> , Whittemore & Robbins.....	2 06 29	1 24 43
<i>Nesona</i> , A. L. Lincoln.....	2 03 05	1 24 55
<i>Argester</i> , G. H. Wilkins.....	2 03 54	1 25 38
<i>Alma</i> , Mr. Pond.....	Not measured.
<i>Strideaway</i> , Mr. Snow.....	Not measured.
<i>Stay King</i> , Mr. Laird.....	Not measured.
Second Class.			Elapsed.	Corrected.
<i>Gaycap</i> , F. White.....	1 24 41	0 56 27
<i>Clover</i> , John Woods.....	1 33 25	1 01 16
<i>Dabchick</i> , H. B. Brayer.....	1 54 13	1 22 32
Special Class.			Elapsed.	Corrected.
<i>Omeme</i> , W. P. Barker.....	1 18 08
<i>Cleopatra</i> , F. F. Crane.....	1 20 03
<i>Enigma</i> , W. Sargeant.....	1 23 25
Special One-Design Class.			Elapsed.	Corrected.
<i>Betty B.</i> , R. B. Bowler.....	0 49 10
<i>Marjory</i> , Bennett C. Adams.....	Withdrew.
<i>Ethel S.</i> , George Swift.....	Withdrew.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.,

Saturday, July 18.

The third championship race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on Saturday, July 18, in a light to strong southwest breeze. In the second class *Chewink III* got the start and led all over the course. In the handicap class *Dabster* won easily. *Arrow* got the start in the 18ft. knockabouts and was never headed. The summary:

Second Class.			Elapsed.	Corrected.
<i>Chewink III</i> , F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	2 08 58
<i>Great Haste</i> , T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	2 11 50
Class B—Handicap.			Elapsed.	Corrected.
<i>Dabster</i> , F. Skinner, Jr.....	1 31 25	1 31 25
<i>Ruth</i> , H. S. Wheeler.....	1 35 18	1 33 28
18ft. Knockabouts.			Elapsed.	Corrected.
<i>Arrow</i> , E. A. Boardman.....	1 27 09
<i>Chance</i> , R. Boardman.....	1 30 13
<i>Myrmidon</i> , A. P. Loring.....	1 30 40
<i>Rattler</i> , L. D. Irving.....	1 31 58
<i>Mailian II</i> , F. L. Woods.....	1 32 19
<i>Moslem</i> , B. D. Barker.....	1 34 21
<i>Scrappier</i> , A. P. Loring.....	1 48 40

The judges were W. W. Keith, G. H. Mayo and H. S. Goodwin.

Columbia Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.,

Saturday, July 18.

The third race of the Columbia Y. C. was sailed in Dorchester Bay on Saturday, July 18, in a stiff southerly breeze. In the first class *Wapiti* won easily on both elapsed and corrected times. In the second class *Acme* finished first, but lost to *Guide* on allowance. In the third class *Osceola* won easily. The summary:

First Class.			Elapsed.	Corrected.
<i>Wapiti</i> , E. J. Powers.....	1 48 21	1 36 21
<i>Nelka</i> , George Coye.....	1 52 38	1 42 38
<i>Unome</i> ,	1 56 57	1 44 57
Second Class.			Elapsed.	Corrected.
<i>Guide</i> , John Hunt.....	1 49 43	1 40 43
<i>Acme</i> , H. Patterson.....	1 46 08	1 44 08
<i>No Name</i> , Charles Stream.....	1 53 25	1 53 25
<i>Werl</i> , William LePetrie.....	Withdrew.
Third Class.			Elapsed.	Corrected.
<i>Osceola</i> , E. Garron.....	1 19 23	1 18 53
<i>T. A. G.</i> , T. E. Shepard.....	1 22 55	1 20 55
<i>Superior</i> , M. Hanna.....	1 25 00	1 24 30
<i>Magnet</i> , R. Graham.....	1 28 20	1 28 20
<i>Hinkee Dee</i> , George Cobb.....	Withdrew.

New York Y. C. Cruise.

RENDEZVOUS, GLEN COVE, L. I.

Thursday, July 16.

One had only to run into Glen Cove on the afternoon of Thursday, July 16, to see that the prosperity of the country and the interest taken in the coming races for America's Cup have made this a banner yachting year. The fleet of steam and sailing craft at anchor there in preparation for the first day's run of the fifty-eighth annual cruise of the New York Y. C. on the morrow, was the best in both branches that the world can produce. English and American designers were represented by their most successful creations.

The 90-footers—Reliance, Constitution and Columbia—were the object of admiration, even from those who had seen them over and over again in the trials thus far held to select a defender. They looked as fit as hard work and wealth could make them, and promised unexcelled sport during the days to follow.

At four o'clock in the afternoon Commodore Frederick G. Bourne's flagship Delaware steamed into the harbor. A salute from the big imported steamer was answered from the throats of a hundred cannon on board the different boats riding at anchor.

Signals were soon run up on the Delaware by order of Fleet Captain Robinson calling a meeting of the captains on board the flagship. Gigs and launches were soon pointed toward the commodore's ship, and in a short time the meeting was in session.

It was the third general meeting of the club. Among other business transacted was the election of members, which included the following:

John Murray Watts, John W. Keogh, Rufus L. Patterson, Robert C. McKinney, William M. Crombie, Charles R. Crane, Ensign J. W. Timmons, U. S. N.; Ensign F. O. Branch, U. S. N.; Gerald Holsman, W. H. McCarter, Robert E. Robinson, John Hewitt Booth, L. C. Hanna, Lieutenant W. M. Falconer, U. S. N.; Horace E. Hooper, Frederick W. Clarke and Andrew W. Rose.

The meeting was later adjourned until Aug. 17.

The next business in order was the discussion of the plans for the cruise. It was decided that the harbor start should be signaled at 8:30 o'clock the next morning from the flagship, and that the regatta committee should send the boats away from the start off Matinecock Point an hour later.

A number of the squadron had not been measured under the new rule of the club. It was decided to allow them to compete in the different runs subject to measurement before prizes would be awarded. An innovation on the flagship was a bugler who was to blow all calls at the different ceremonies of the day in the manner of a man of war.

The steam yacht Riviera was to act as judges' boat, the regatta committee being the guests of Col. R. M. Thompson. Among the yachts seen in the harbor were the following:

Steam Yachts.—Delaware, Commodore F. G. Bourne; Corsair, J. Pierpont Morgan; Niagara, Howard Gould; Narada, Vice-Commodore Henry Walters; Roamer, N. G. Herreshoff; Noma, William B. Leeds; Riviera, Colonel R. M. Thompson; Rambler, L. Cass Ledyard; Katrina, L. F. Heublein; Lagonda, Edward Browning; Corinthia, J. A. Mollenhauer; Carmen, C. A. Starbuck; Sagamore, W. H. Barnard; Florence, A. H. Alker; Nirvana, W. R. Sands; Artemis, F. G. Bourne; Coranto, Arthur E. Austin; Parthenia, Morton F. Plant; Cayuga, Thomas W. Slocum; Embra, John T. Williams; Surf, C. K. G. Billings; Duquesne, James G. Butler; Zoradya, Miss Atala W. Thayer; Scout, August Belmont; Admiral, George R. Sheldon; Kismet, F. S. Smithers; Margaret, Isaac E. Emerson; Elsa, Miss Eloise L. Breese; Tuscarora, Walter Jennings; Aria, Edward H. Blake; Varuna, George F. Dominick; Duchess, Leonard J. Busby; Virginia, Isaac Stern; White Heather, Edmund Randolph; Sultana, Arnold Thayer; Belemere, Samuel T. Shaw; Trionyx, Charles McLaughlin; Saghaya, Howard C. Smith; Layrock, W. J. Matheson; Adrienne, Adrian Iselin; Inia, H. S. F. Davis; Privateer, R. A. C. Smith; Surf, Adrian Iselin, Jr.; Neckan, Henry W. Bates; Viva, Edward Eyre; Reba, Nathaniel Witherell; Aileen, Edwin Gould; Oneida, E. C. Benedict.

Schooners.—Southern Cross, Edward F. Cole; Kiwassa, Henry A. Rusch; Chanticleer, George W. Weld; Hildegard, Edw. R. Coleman; Elmina, F. F. Brewster; Valmere, John M. Richmond; Quissetta, Samuel C. Davis; Ingomar, Morton F. Plant; Latona, Henry C. Eno; Columbia, W. Gould Brokaw; Emerald, William E. Iselin; Corona, Arthur F. Luke; Clytie, Henry C. Ward; Esperanza, F. F. Olney; Viking, James B. Smith; Idler, Henry T. Sloane.

Sloops.—Reliance, C. Oliver Iselin, et al.; Constitution, August Belmont, et al.; Columbia, E. D. Morgan, et al.; Vigilant (yaw), F. Lothrop Ames; Senta, Thomas M. McKee; Spalpeen, Robert M. Riddle; Mimosa II, Trenor L. Park; Xara, George W. Scott; Isolde, F. M. Hoyt; Queen Mab, Lucius H. Smith; Eelin, F. L. Rodewald; Khama, Seymour J. Hyde; Aspirant, Hanan Bros.

Friday, July 17.

SQUADRON RUN.

Glen Cove to Morris Cove—37 Miles.

The first day's run from Glen Cove to Morris Cove, at the entrance of New Haven Harbor, was one to test the patience of a saint, and as a means of deciding the relative merits of any two boats was of absolutely no worth. The breeze on Long Island Sound was shifting from one point to the other, coming off shore in favorable puffs and then falling flat altogether. Yawing around on the glassy surface of the water in the broiling sun was not a condition to make the skipper in the doldrums at all good natured.

In these conditions Reliance suffered her first defeat, victory going to Constitution on time allowance. The latest Herreshoff creation finished off South Ledge 59 seconds ahead of Constitution and 7m.21s. ahead of Columbia. The time allowance that Reliance concedes the Belmont boat has not been made public. It is approximately 2 minutes, however, a sufficiently large one to give the ill-fated creation of 1901 her first victory over Reliance.

Commodore Bourne signaled the harbor start at 8:30

o'clock. At this time there was hardly a breath of air stirring. The boats were a long time getting out to the line off Matinecock Point, where the race committee boat had anchored. The preparatory signal for the first of the fleet to get away was not sounded until 10:45, although the start was scheduled for 9:30.

The sloops and schooners started first and then the 90-footers. The first signal was sounded at 11:15. The warning came ten minutes later. The starting gun was at 11:30. All of the boats took more than the two minutes' handicap time, and crossed separated by seconds only. The wind was S. S. W. at about 4 knots. The course was E. N. E.

The 90-footers carried balloon jib topsails, and booms were eased off to port. Columbia got out into the Sound and benefited by the tide running eastward. She sailed away from the other boats and not for over two hours and a half after the start did Reliance pass her.

Sails were changed several times on the long journey, each skipper endeavoring to get all possible out of his charge. At half past one the wind freshened a bit and hauled into the S. S. E. Baby jib topsails were then sent up and jibs and forestaysails, which were run down when carrying the big balloons, were reset.

At 1:30 Reliance passed to windward of Columbia, and thereafter was never headed. The Iselin boat was then off Eaton's Neck. The wind lightened and the big sloops set larger jib topsails. Not until 4 o'clock did those watching the race think that Constitution would be within winning distance of Reliance.

Reliance was then north of the Middle Ground. The breeze was ruffling the water perceptibly, and came S. by E. The boats had set balloon jib topsails and were moving along at a good gait. Columbia was falling astern fast, while Constitution appeared to be gaining on Reliance.

With the finish line only a mile away, Barr ordered Reliance's spinnaker set to starboard. Captain Rhodes, on Constitution, immediately followed suit. Still Constitution gained. Reliance finished at 5:13:14, Constitution at 5:14:13, and Columbia at 5:20:35. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Reliance	11 32 00	5 13 14	5 41 14
Constitution	11 32 00	5 14 13	5 42 13
Columbia	11 32 00	5 20 35	5 48 35

The other boats were doing well. In the regular classes the winners were the schooners Ingomar and Elmina, the yawl Vigilant (sail over), and the sloops Neola and Aspirant. In the special classes the winning boats were the schooners Hildegard and Katrina, and the sloop Eelin. The summary:

Schooners—Class B.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ingomar	11 12 00	5 30 47	6 18 47	6 18 47
*Emerald	11 12 00	6 02 30	6 52 06	6 36 42
Ariel	11 12 00	6 21 13	7 09 13	6 53 14
Corona	11 12 00	6 10 38	6 58 38
Idler	11 12 00	Did not finish.
Hildegard	11 12 00	6 03 08	6 51 08
Chanticleer	11 12 00	6 06 15	6 54 15
Schooners—Class C.				
Elmina	11 07 00	5 06 34	5 59 34	5 59 34
Latona	11 07 00	6 57 05	7 50 06	7 39 07
Katrina	11 07 00	6 19 20	7 12 20	6 59 52
Quissetta	11 07 00	5 41 24	6 34 24
Yawls—Class G.				
Vigilant	11 02 00	5 54 49	6 52 49
Sloops—Class H.				
Neola	11 02 00	5 42 34	6 40 34	6 40 43
Weetamoe	10 57 00	Disqualified.
Sloops—Class I.				
Queen Mab	10 57 00	6 39 57	7 42 57	7 42 57
Eelin	10 57 00	6 32 25	7 35 25	7 34 02
Isolde	10 57 00	6 55 57	7 58 57	7 51 05
Effort	10 56 06	5 41 14	6 45 08	6 25 12
Aspirant	10 57 00	5 39 03	6 41 53	6 23 57
Senta	10 57 00	6 53 26	7 56 26
Schooners—Class A—Special.				
Hildegard	11 12 00	6 03 08	6 51 08
*Emerald	11 10 24	6 02 30	6 52 06
Chanticleer	11 12 00	6 06 15	6 54 15
Schooners—Class B—Special.				
Latona	11 07 00	6 57 06	7 50 06	7 50 05
Katrina	11 07 00	6 19 20	7 12 20	7 48 51
Seneca	11 07 00	6 51 32	7 44 32
Crusader	11 07 00
Sloops—Class I—Special.				
Queen Mab	10 57 00	6 30 57	7 42 57	7 42 57
Eelin	10 57 00	6 32 25	7 35 25	7 32 02
Isolde	10 57 00	6 55 57	7 58 57	7 51 05
Senta	10 57 00	6 53 26	7 56 26
Khama	10 57 00	6 50 00	7 53 48

Saturday, July 18.

SQUADRON RUN.

Morris Cove to New London—39 Miles.

The second run of the cruise from Morris Cove to New London was much more enjoyable and animated than that of the first day. The breeze blew from the south at a good clip, making the 39-mile journey to New London a reach. The wind was of a ten knot strength. The sky was overcast, and there were many signs of rain. The heavens did not unburden themselves, however, until after the yachts had been started some time.

The day was a good one for Reliance, and she finished the journey a winner over Constitution by 6m. 29s. elapsed time. Reliance beat Columbia 16m. 24s. The run was a fast one. Reliance did the 39 miles in 3h. 18m. 28s.

The harbor start was signaled at 8:30 o'clock from the flagship Delaware. One hour later the preparatory signal from the fleet was given from the committee boat Riviera. Twenty-seven boats got away.

The 90-footers were sent away at 10:15 A. M. The yachts had a favorable tide. The wind was six miles an hour blowing S. S. E. Reliance went over the line on the starboard tack 15 seconds after the gun. Columbia to windward crossed at 10:15:40, while Constitution took her handicap time and went over at 10:17.

The Cup boats carried large club topsails. Reliance and Constitution were up to windward well enough to easily make the first mark, Faulkner's Island, twelve miles away. Reliance was abeam of Faulkner's at 11:15. She then led Constitution by 5m. and Columbia by 7m.

Cornfield Lightship was the next point on the journey. This was twelve and a half miles away, and was to be left on the port hand. The old Cup defender Vigilant, now rigged as a yawl, was leading the fleet as this point was passed. She started some distance ahead of the Cup boats. Reliance passed the lightship at 12:17:10, Constitution at 12:20:50, and Columbia at 12:22:25. Up to this stage of the contest Constitution had held Reliance well.

The next mark in the eastward journey was Bartlett's

Reef Lightship, and the distance was twelve miles. The wind hauled slightly toward the southward, making it possible to ease sheets slightly. The Cup yachts changed their jib topsails for larger ones. They were timed at Bartlett's Reef as follows: Reliance, 1:16:45; Constitution, 1:24:57; Columbia, 1:31:25.

The wind was now S. by E. It was 2½ miles E. N. E. to Sarah's Ledge, the next point in the journey, and the finish of the race. Reliance gained constantly in the last miles of the run, and passed by the committee boat anchored off the bell buoy at 1:38:48. Constitution was timed at 1:41:57, and Columbia at 1:50:37. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Reliance	10 15 20	1 33 48	3 18 28
Constitution	10 17 00	1 41 57	3 24 57
Columbia	10 15 45	1 50 37	3 34 52

In the other classes the schooner Hildegard and the yawl Vigilant got sail overs. Neola scored her first victory of the year over Weetamoe, while Queen Mab gave Aspirant her initial defeat. The other winners in the regular classes were the schooners Ingomar and Latona, and the sloop Hebe. In the special classes the victorious craft were the schooners Chanticleer and Latona and the sloop Queen Mab.

The Eastern Y. C. arrived during the afternoon. Commodore Minot was on board the flagship Hope Leslie. Courtesies were exchanged between the two clubs. In the run of the day from Newport of Eastern Y. C. boats, Puritan beat Hoosier, Hope Leslie beat Mavis, Rondina and Undercliff. In the sloop class Cossack won from Heron, Notos, Katonah, Louise and Katherine. The summary of the second day's run of the New York Y. C. cruise follows:

Schooners—Class A.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
*Hildegard	9 57 00	2 25 58	4 28 58
Schooners—Class B.				
*Ingomar	9 57 00	2 02 16	4 05 16	4 05 16
*Emerald	9 57 00	2 24 34	4 27 34	4 11 20
*Ariel	9 57 00	2 25 41	4 28 41	4 17 51
*Corona	9 57 00	2 26 12	4 29 12
*Chanticleer	9 57 00	2 22 58	4 25 58
Schooners—Class C.				
Elmina	9 51 04	2 25 35	4 34 34	4 34 34
*Esperanza	9 52 00	2 45 03	4 53 03	4 41 39
*Latona	9 52 00	2 24 59	4 42 59	4 31 24
Katrina	9 51 50	2 40 36	4 48 36	4 36 40
*Quickstep	9 52 00	Did not finish.
*Quissetta	9 52 00	Did not finish.
*Seneca	9 52 00	2 43 16	4 51 15
Valmere	9 51 19	2 55 07	5 03 48	4 47 25
Yawls—Class G.				
Vigilant	9 46 55	1 50 03	4 04 08
Sloops—Class H.				
Neola	9 45 31	2 47 19	5 02 48
*Weetamoe	9 46 00	2 51 06	5 04 05	5 03 22
Sloops—Class I.				
Queen Mab	9 42 00	2 48 06	5 06 38	5 06 38
*Eelin	9 42 00	3 03 12	5 11 12	5 19 44
*Isolde	9 42 00	2 59 27	5 17 27	5 09 10
Isolita	9 41 16	3 29 21	5 47 21	5 32 04
Aspirant	9 41 14	3 08 38	5 27 24	5 08 30
Effort	9 41 16	3 21 44	5 40 28	5 19 27
Senta	9 41 58	2 55 36	5 13 38
*Khama	9 42 00	3 03 29	5 21 29
Mimosa II	9 40 57	3 26 26	5 47 29
Sloops—Class J.				
Challenge	9 41 49	3 35 42	5 53 53	5 53 53
Hebe	9 41 43	4 10 39	6 28 56	6 22 32
Schooners—Class A—Special.				
Hildegard	9 57 00	2 25 58	4 28 58
*Emerald	9 57 00	2 24 34	4 27 34
Chanticleer	9 57 00	2 22 58	4 25 58
Schooners—Class C—Special.				
Latona	9 52 00	2 34 59	4 42 59	4 42 00
Katrina	9 50 24	2 40 36	4 48 36	4 48 00
Seneca	9 52 00	2 43 15	4 51 15
Quickstep	9 52 00	Did not finish.
Sloops—Class I—Special.				
Queen Mab	9 42 00	2 48 06	5 06 38	5 06 38
Eelin	9 42 00	3 03 12	5 21 12	5 19 44
Isolde	9 42 00	2 59 27	5 17 27	5 09 10
Senta	9 41 58	2 55 36	5 13 38
Khama	9 42 00	3 03 29	5 21 29
* Handicapped.				

Sunday, July 19.

AT ANCHOR, NEW LONDON.

Members of the squadron were relieved when Sunday morning came. New London harbor was crowded with yachts, and during the height of the heavy wind which broke over the fleet on Saturday night it looked as if serious results might be inevitable. Many craft dragged anchors and swung about. No accidents of a serious nature were reported.

The greater part of Sunday was lowery, the sun not showing its face until late afternoon. A meeting of the committee on America's Cup challenge was held on board ex-Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan's steam yacht Corsair. Several matters of business were transacted, the most important of which was arranging the dates for the official trial races off Newport, after which a defender to meet Shamrock III, will be selected. These trials were originally scheduled to be held over the Brenton's Reef courses beginning July 30.

According to the new arrangement three races will be sailed instead of five as first intended. They will occur on Monday, July 27, Wednesday, July 29, and Saturday, August 1. On Tuesday, July 28, and the following Thursday will occur the Newport series for all classes. These events are open to the Cup boats and they may start.

The regatta committee gave out the way in which the special trophies offered by different members of the club were to be disposed of. These are in addition to the regular prizes for which the yachts race each day.

Vice-Commodore Henry Walters gave a cup to the winner of the first day's run from Glen Cove to Morris Cove, all yachts racing as one class with full allowance for rig according to rules. Rear-Commodore Vanderbilt gave a cup for the second run, which was from Morris Cove to New London. Conditions for this trophy were the same as those for the Walters cup.

For the run from New London to Newport on Monday, Rear-Commodore Vanderbilt gave two cups, one for schooners all in one class, and the other for sloops, cutters and yawls. On the run from Newport to Vineyard Haven on Tuesday, Vice-Commodore Walters offered a special cup for all yachts racing in one class on regular time allowance. He also offered two cups for the return run to the former Rhode Island capital, one for sloops and the other for schooners, and a fine trophy to go to the 90-footer which wins the most runs during the cruise.

Commodore Frederick G. Bourne offered two cups, one

for the schooner winning the most squadron runs, all sailing in one class, and one for single masted vessels and yawls under the same conditions.

On Sunday evening the Commodore gave a dinner on board the flagship to the members of the syndicate which stood the expense of building Reliance, the owners of Constitution and Columbia, the regatta committee and the guests on board Delaware. Included among those at the dinner were: James J. Hill, Henry Walters, W. B. Leeds, P. A. B. Widener, J. Pierpont Morgan, S. Nicholson Kane, Newbury D. Lawton, Edward H. Wales, August Belmont, C. Oliver Iselin, W. B. Duncan, Jr., and E. D. Morgan.

Shamrock Trials.

SANDY HOOK COURSES,
July 13-18.

Shamrock III. had two good trials during the week of July 13, in which she again demonstrated a marked superiority over Shamrock I. The latest Fife creation was in the new rig fitted at Erie Basin. A loftier mainmast made greater sail area possible.

The boats were towed down to Sandy Hook Bay on Monday morning. A drizzling rain fell throughout the day, however, and the wind was light. The Lipton 90-footers remained at anchor. On Tuesday a fifteen-knot breeze was blowing, which gave promise of a fine trial over the 30-mile course. Designer Fife and Sailmaker George Ratsey did not like the set of the new mainsail on Shamrock III., and most of the time underway was spent in trying to better it.

At 12:30 the boats were sent off on a broad reach from Scotland Lightship to Sandy Hook Lightship. They turned the latter and had gotten well back toward Scotland when a masthead runner block on the challenger gave way, and the trial was abandoned for the day. At the time of the accident Shamrock III. had gained a minute and a half in 8 miles of sailing.

The big single stickers were out again on Wednesday. Shamrock III. was in a new suit of canvas, and the spin turned out to be merely for stretching purposes. There was a good breeze blowing at times with prospects of rain and wind squalls, which, however, passed beyond Sandy Hook.

The first real trial occurred on Thursday. The course was a leeward and windward one and aggregated about 40 miles. At the finish Shamrock III. led the first Fife boat by 6m. 30s. Shamrock I. got the better wind in part of the struggle, and this undoubtedly gained minutes for her on the new boat. The course was 10 miles to leeward and return from Sandy Hook Lightship and was covered twice. The breeze at the start was blowing 9 knots, but at the finish had flattened to about three. The summary:

	Start.	1st turn.	2d turn.	3d turn.	Finish.	El'ps'd.
Shamrock III.	11 20 18	12 34 05	2 08 03	3 24 35	4 53 04	5 32 46
Shamrock I.	11 20 33	12 36 14	2 13 48	3 27 23	4 59 34	5 39 01

On Friday the boats sailed 15 miles to windward and return. Shamrock III. appeared to be in much better trim than in the trial the day before, and easily out-pointed Shamrock I. on all sailing. At the finish of the contest she won by 11m. 44s. elapsed time. In beating to windward 7m. 38s. were gained, and on the run home the new boat was 4m. 6s. faster. The summary:

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Shamrock III.	11 35 30	2 21 57	4 14 40	4 39 10
Shamrock I.	11 35 19	2 29 24	4 26 13	4 50 54

The rain and wind of Saturday kept the Lipton fleet in Sandy Hook Bay. The daily spins of the cup challenger and her trial boat are giving Captains Wringe and Bevis an excellent knowledge of conditions encountered off Sandy Hook.

Atlantic Y. C.

SEA GATE, LONG ISLAND,
Saturday, July 18.

In a twenty-five knot breeze from the southeast, an attempt was made to start the race of the Atlantic Y. C. for classes M and under on the afternoon of Saturday, July 18. There was a heavy sea running and a blinding rainstorm. The boats were to cover the short inside courses with marks at Fort Hamilton, Ulmer Park and the start off Sea Gate.

Five craft started, including the yawl Kate, owned by J. S. Negus, and the sloops Cockatoo, W. A. Barstow; Vagabond, T. A. Vernon; Eileen, F. J. Havens; Apuka II., E. S. Tefft, and Pickinenny, E. H. Low. All were double reefed.

Just before reaching the Fort Hamilton mark Pickinenny capsized. Her owner, Mr. Low, and two boys in the crew were thrown into the water. They clung to the bottom of the overturned craft until the yawl Kate came to the rescue. The boys were taken off in safety, and a rope was thrown to Mr. Low, which he grabbed. A particularly heavy sea, however, made the craft lurch. Mr. Low lost his hold and disappeared. He was not seen again. He was popular with all yachtsmen on Gravesend Bay and well-known in the business world. Mr. Low was in his 45th year. He leaves a widow.

After the accident the race was called off. The drowning of Mr. Low was the first fatal accident which has occurred among Gravesend Bay Corinthians for years and has cast a gloom over all.

Lynn Y. C.

LYNN, MASS.,
Saturday, July 18.

A club race of the Lynn Y. C. was sailed in Lynn harbor Saturday, July 18, in a stiff southerly breeze. Winnahdin won handily on both elapsed and corrected times. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Winnahdin, James Spratt	1 07 39	1 07 39
Odd Fellow, G. G. S. Buttrick	1 14 05	1 08 05
Surge, D. Lannon	1 14 15	1 09 15
Spurt, R. P. Badger	1 15 27	1 09 27
Isabelle, C. E. Hodgden	1 16 41	1 10 41
Alice L., Urban Horgan	1 20 31	1 12 31

Newport 30-Footers.

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND,
Tuesday, July 14.

Vaquero III., owned by Payne Whitney, and sailed by Harry Payne Whitney, won the race for the Newport 30-footers on Tuesday, July 14. The course was to Dyer's Island and return, a total distance of 18 miles. It was a run out and a beat home. John R. Drexel's Raccoon made her initial start, but did not finish. Vaquero III. soon got the lead and was never headed. The summary, start, 4:04:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., P. Whitney	6 31 16	2 27 16
Carolina, C. L. F. Robinson	6 38 58	2 34 58
Barbara, W. Rutherford	6 40 47	2 36 47
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel	Did not finish.	

Wednesday, July 14.

Carolina scored a lucky victory in the contest of Wednesday. Vaquero III. repeated her good work of the day before, and led the fleet during the greater part of the race. A shift in the wind, however, gave Carolina a big lift and she won the contest by 2m. 4s. A strong breeze blew throughout. The summary, start 3:46:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, C. L. F. Robinson	5 27 52	1 41 52
Vaquero III., P. Whitney	5 29 56	1 43 56
Barbara, W. Rutherford	5 32 23	1 46 23
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel	Did not finish.	

Thursday, July 16.

Harry Payne Whitney continued his good work in Vaquero III. on Thursday, and won a signal victory from the other 30-footers. The course was 6 miles to leeward and return. Vaquero III. led from start to finish. The summary, start, 3:53:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., P. Whitney	5 16 06	1 23 06
Barbara, W. Rutherford	5 16 55	1 23 53
Carolina, C. L. F. Robinson	5 17 04	1 24 04
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel	5 20 48	1 27 48

Friday, July 17.

As if to make her record of the week a clean one, Vaquero III., in the hands of Harry Payne Whitney, again scored victory in the sweepstake race of the 30-footers on Friday. The event was one of the best sailed this season. A strong southwest breeze was blowing, and all of the starters finished within 30s. of one another. The course was 6 miles to leeward and return. The summary, start 3:50:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., P. Whitney	5 13 51	1 23 51
Carolina, C. L. F. Robinson	5 14 18	1 24 18
Barbara, W. Rutherford	5 14 27	1 24 27

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH, CONN.,
Saturday, July 18.

Out of an entry of twenty, seven power boats came to the line in a southeast gale and rainstorm for the races of the Indian Harbor Y. C. on the afternoon of Saturday, July 18. The starters were as follows: Fifty-foot class, Allure, A. Stein; 40ft. class, Isabel, R. M. Haddock; Queen Bess, R. H. Sterns; Tycoon, E. Norton; Alitus, R. C. Fisher; 26ft. class, Genevieve, John Wilson; Dick, B. Goldfinger.

A 10-mile course was covered. Isabel withdrew at the end of the first round. Queen Bess won in the corrected time of 1:05:30. Alitus was second, with 1:31:39, and Tycoon third, with 1:33:13. Water sports were also held.

Shelter Island Y. C.

SHELTER ISLAND, L. I.,
Saturday, July 18.

In the special races for Shelter Island Y. C. on the afternoon of Saturday, July 18, George Trowbridge Hollister's class N boat Kalmia, defeated Otto E. Lohrke's Senta by 1m. 5s. In class R Howard Keims's Arrow was victorious. The other starters in this class were Snook, W. W. Decker; Flash, N. Schickel; Harp, Ralph Peverly, and Iris, G. Piel. Psi, Andrew Bancker, withdrew. The race was sailed in a wholensail breeze from the southwest, and a smooth sea, over the regular club course in Gardner's Bay. Rain fell throughout the race, but the wind was not heavy until late in the afternoon, when it blew almost a gale. Sub-class R did not start.

Erie Y. C.

THE yachts of the Erie Club sailed their first of a series of five races that have been arranged by the regatta committee on Saturday, July 11. There was no wind and it turned out to be a drifting match.

30ft. Class—Start, 2:35.		Finish.
Una	5 16 40	Viking 5 36 40
King Fisher	5 22 05	
25ft. Class—Start, 2:40.		
Mingo	5 09 50	Marvel 5 19 33
20ft. Class—Start, 2:45.		
Turtle	5 18 55	Zephyr Withdrew.

Course the usual inside triangular 7 miles. The small dinghys did not start through some mistake in the time. They will be sent out in the next race though on Saturday, July 25.

CABIA BLANCO.

South Boston Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.,
Saturday, July 18.

A race of sailing tenders of the South Boston Y. C. was sailed Saturday, July 18, in a stiff southwest breeze, the Merrill tender winning. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Merrill	0 40 04	0 39 19
Stickney	0 42 04	0 41 40
Colson	0 43 26	0 43 26
Trotman	0 46 02	0 43 56
Weinman	0 50 11	0 45 11

Riverside Y. C.

RIVERSIDE, CONN.,
Saturday, July 18.

Despite a heavy wind and downpour of rain, twenty-five yachts were at the starting line for the fifteenth annual regatta of the Riverside Y. C. on the afternoon of Saturday, July 18. At the time the yachts were sent away the breeze was blowing across Long Island Sound from the southeast at a 25-mile velocity.

There were two accidents during the day, one of which might have proved serious. During the second leg of the 9-mile course covered by the smaller craft, A. F. Gotthold's 21-footer Ibis was totally dismasted. She was towed ashore by the committee boat Union. In making fast a hawser to her a deckhand on the steamer was washed overboard. He was rescued in an exhausted condition. The Seawanhaka knockabout Lucille carried away her rudder, but managed to finish without assistance.

The winners in the different classes were Spasm, Alert, Sis, Firefly, Jeebi, Plover, Ace and Lambkin. The larger yachts were sent around a triangle of 18 nautical miles. The raceabouts had a journey of 14½ miles, while the other yachts sailed a 9-mile triangle. The start and finish of all classes was a point to the eastward of the gas buoy off Little Captain's Island. With the breeze in the southeast the boats had a beat to the first mark, a reach to the second and a run home. The summary:

Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 1:35.		Finish.	Elapsed.
Anoatok, W. G. Brokaw	4 03 00	2 28 00	
Spasm, E. D. King	3 58 52	2 25 52	
Spasm allows Anoatok 2m. 43s.			
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 1:40.			
Alert, J. W. Alker	4 10 20	2 30 20	
Flosshilde, W. D. Hennen	Did not finish.		
Raceabouts—Start, 1:50.			
Jolly Roger, E. Bluecher	4 06 28	2 16 28	
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins	4 05 28	2 15 28	
Maryola, C. Walker	4 05 22	2 15 22	
Cricket, H. Willets	4 05 00	2 15 00	
Grasshopper, H. Pryer	4 07 25	2 17 25	
Mavis, G. L. Pirie	4 05 53	2 15 53	
Jolly Tar, S. Howland	4 03 27	2 13 27	
Sis, F. T. Bedford	4 02 48	2 12 48	
Hobo, T. L. Park	4 04 11	2 14 11	
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 1:55.			
Firefly	4 07 40	2 12 40	
Chingachgook	4 00 37	2 05 37	
Lucille, T. Johnson	Disabled.		
Firefly received 7m. 26s.			
Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 2:00.			
Ibis, A. F. Gotthold	Disabled.		
Jeebi, A. W. R. Brown	3 40 54	1 40 54	
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 2:00.			
Cricket, B. Whiting	3 23 28	1 22 28	
Plover, Howard Place	3 32 31	1 32 31	
Cricket allows Plover 11m. 13s.			
New Rochelle Y. C. Raceabouts—Start, 2:05.			
Caper, P. Howard	3 33 09	1 23 09	
Knave, R. N. Bavier	3 32 50	1 27 50	
Deuce, N. D. Lawton	3 34 10	1 29 10	
Ace, A. Bavier	3 32 40	1 27 40	
Manhasset Bay Y. C. Raceabouts—Start, 2:05.			
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	4 10 26	2 05 26	

Beverly, Seawanhaka-Corinthian.

SERIES 1903.

First Race, Thursday, July 9.—Start, 2:05 P. M. Wind, light wholensail breeze from the southwest. Twelve miles windward and return.

	Windward Mark.	Finish.
Quakeress	3 28 10	4 18 00
Lanai	3 28 17	4 18 05
Terrapin	3 29 05	4 16 31
Merrywing	3 29 15	4 16 15
Mystery	3 35 20	4 25 58
Radiant	3 35 50	4 25 58

Second Race, Friday, July 10.—Start, 2:15 P. M. Wind, southwest, fresh, decreasing to light wholensail breeze at finish. Six miles triangle, twice around.

First Round.		First Mark.	Second Mark.	Finish.
Radiant	2 52 02	3 09 07	3 26 05	
Lanai	2 53 32	3 09 36	3 26 07	
Merrywing	2 53 46	3 09 50	3 27 50	
Quakeress	2 54 45	3 10 43	3 29 31	
Second Round.				
Lanai	4 01 44	4 17 54	4 41 58	
Radiant	4 01 03	4 17 30	4 42 11	
Merrywing	4 01 39	4 18 01	4 38 31	
Quakeress	4 02 29	4 18 39	4 42 07	

Third Race, July 11.—Start, 2:05 P. M.—Wind, southwest, wholensail breeze. Six miles windward and return, twice around.

	First Mark.	Sec'nd Mark.	Third Mark.	Finish.
Lanai	2 53 22	3 21 27	4 09 48	4 37 49
Radiant	2 54 59	3 23 32	4 12 43	4 40 54
Merrywing	2 56 07	3 24 53	4 16 58	4 44 35
Quakeress	2 56 27	3 25 25	4 16 29	4 43 56
Terrapin	2 56 45	3 26 07	4 17 56	4 44 36
Mystery	2 57 25	3 25 56	4 19 21	4 46 02

Beverly wins race and match.

Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.,
Saturday, July 18.

The first handicap race of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. was sailed in Dorchester Bay, Saturday, July 18, in a stiff southerly breeze. The starts were good in each class. In the first class Alcyone won handily and Thistle won in the second class by over 2m. The summary:

First Class.		Corrected.
Alcyone, F. W. Coombs	1 26 23	1 26 23
Eleanor, H. K. McSweeney	1 32 25	1 32 25
Sentinel, N. C. Robinson	1 35 24	1 35 24
Aida, C. P. Mooney	1 36 34	1 36 34
Egeria	1 43 35	1 43 35
Second Class.		
Thistle, C. R. Small	1 49 15	1 49 15
Albatross, George Carson	1 51 37	1 51 37

Regatta Postponed.

Regattas scheduled to take place at the Bensonhurst Y. C. on Gravesend Bay and at the Penataquit-Corinthian Y. C. at Bay Shore, L. I., on Saturday, July 18, were postponed because of the heavy wind and rainstorm raging.

Philadelphia-Corinthian Y. C.

PHILADELPHIA, July 16.—The Race Committee announces the following squadron runs during the annual club cruise. When the commodore has ordered the squadron underweigh, the committee will establish the start and finish lines, which will be between a white flag on the committee boat and the points indicated below:

Saturday, July 25.—Glen Cove to Oyster Bay.
Sunday, July 26.—The fleet will remain at anchor at Oyster Bay.
Monday, July 27.—Oyster Bay to Morris Cove.
Tuesday, July 28.—Morris Cove to Shelter Island.
Wednesday, July 29.—Shelter Island to New London.
Thursday, July 30.—Races at New London for gigs, dinghys, launches and small sail boats belonging to yachts of the squadron.
Friday, July 31.—New London to Newport.

Racing Signals.—8:55 A. M. Preparatory signal—Blue Peter. 9 A. M. White Ball—Start for classes G, H, J, K, L, M, of sloops, cutters and yawls. 9:10 A. M. Red Ball—Start for class F of schooners. 9:20 A. M. Blue Ball—Start for classes A, B, C, D, of schooners.

For more specific details reference should be had to the racing rules of the club.

Rendezvous (July 24).—The John Nichols, ocean-going tug, will leave Adams Express Co.'s Wharf, Pennsylvania Railroad, Jersey City, after the arrival of the train leaving Philadelphia at 1 o'clock, via Pennsylvania Railroad. Yacht owners (and guests) wishing to reach the rendezvous with the purpose of making the cruise, may avail themselves of her privileges, notifying their gigs to board her on reaching Glen Cove.

The John Nichols will serve as the Committee Boat during the cruise. Members (and guests) wishing to use her for runs from port to port, will notify the committee, who will be on board on the evening preceding the run.

ADDISON F. BANCROFT, Chairman;
HARVEY J. MITCHELL,
JOHN A. INGLIS, Race Committee.

Sales and Charters.

The following sales have recently been made through the agency of Hollis Burgess, of this city:

The 46ft. waterline auxiliary yawl Alborak, owned by W. Starling Burgess, of Boston, to the Hon. Frank W. Rollins, of Concord, N. H., ex-Governor of New Hampshire.

The 30ft. waterline yawl Katharine, owned by the Hon. Frank W. Rollins, of Concord, N. H., ex-Governor of New Hampshire, to W. Starling Burgess, of Boston.

The Bar Harbor 25-footer Redwing, owned by T. G. Condon, of New York, to Dr. Chas. H. Frazier, of Philadelphia.

The 21ft. knockabout Bogie, owned by Howard Whitcomb, of Boston, to E. W. Judd, of Hebron, Maine.

The 21ft. raceabout Scapegoat, owned by C. H. W. Foster, vice-commodore of the Eastern Y. C., to Walter P. Keyes, of Hull, Mass.

The 18ft. knockabout Ayaya, owned by Walter P. Keyes, of Hull, Mass., to Henry D. Sharpe, of Providence, R. I.

The 30ft. waterline yawl Katharine, owned by W. Starling Burgess, of Boston, has been chartered through the same agency, to George L. Batchelder, of Boston.

Mr. Thomas A. St. Johnston, of this city, has chartered for Mr. George W. Childs Drexel, of Philadelphia, his steam yacht Alcedo to Senator John F. Dryden, of New Jersey. This yacht measures 200ft. over all, 174ft. waterline, 24ft. 6in. beam, 13ft. depth and 11ft. 6in. draft. It was built of steel in 1897 by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company, of Wilmington, Del., for Mr. Drexel. It has triple expansion engines by the same company, and four Almy water tube boilers. Signal letters K. N. C. R.

The following sales, charters, etc., have been effected through the office of B. B. Crowninshield, of Boston:

Design of 50-ton fishing schooner for the Mobile Fish & Oyster Co., of Mobile, Ala. This vessel will be called the Virginia Lyons, and will be very similar to the schooner Stranger, which was recently built and launched for Mr. Crowninshield, et al, and will be one of a fleet that will be built and launched for this company for use in the Gulf of Mexico.

The 21-footer Bohemia, for Eliot Wadsworth, to Francis Parker.

An order for a design for an 18ft. knockabout, to comply with the 18ft. Knockabout Association rules, for F. D. Bowden.

The 60ft. launch Kiwi, sold to A. J. Van Nostrand, of New London, Conn.

The 30ft. sloop Tsatsawassa, sold for O. B. Cole, of Boston, to William Borden, of Chicago.

Chartered the schooner Adrienne for Mr. Harry Smith to Mr. M. J. Markham.

18ft. Class.

Aspinquid, C. M. Foster.....	Elapsed.
Osprey, A. Train.....	1 07 52
Wink, Goodspeed Bros.....	1 08 55
Miladi, F. A. Adams.....	1 09 10
Miladi, F. A. Adams.....	1 09 30

Handicap Class.

As You Like It, W. T. Whitman.....	1 03 10
Solitaire, Dr. Amesbury.....	1 03 25
Aureolus, H. Kellogg.....	1 12 45
Jonathan, A. B. Holmes.....	Disabled.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Savin Hill Y. C.

DORCHESTER, MASS.,
Saturday, July 18.

A handicap race of power boats was given by the Savin Hill Y. C. on Saturday, July 18, in which Vivace easily led the fleet. The summaries:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vivace, J. A. J. Smith.....	0 50 45	0 50 45
Wide Awake, J. H. Ricker.....	1 15 09	0 51 30
Alma, W. J. Ross.....	1 07 27	0 55 51
Dorothy, J. H. Turner.....	1 08 29	0 56 57
Spray II., A. L. Kidd.....	1 22 40	0 58 17
Aikane, A. A. Swallow.....	1 40 50	1 03 50
Nad, E. L. Skinner.....	1 40 15	1 04 15
Helen, A. O. Bradford.....	1 47 28	1 07 28
Geisha, E. E. Carr.....	1 23 45	1 08 45
Harriett, C. E. Durgin.....	1 26 12	1 14 12

Mattapoisett Y. C.

MATTAPOISETT, MASS.,
Saturday, July 18.

The Mattapoisett one-design class of 15-footers were given a try out in a strong southwest breeze with a choppy sea on Saturday, July 18. There were eight starters, and less than three minutes separated the first and last boats at the finish. The race was close throughout, No. 3 winning by 32s. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
No. 3, J. L. Stackpole, Jr.....	5 05 00	1 32 00
No. 2, W. S. Lathrop.....	5 05 32	1 32 32
No. 1, S. D. Warren, Jr.....	5 06 00	1 33 00
No. 5, C. A. King.....	5 06 28	1 33 28
No. 8, Edward S. Stone.....	5 06 39	1 33 39
No. 10, Cecil Barnes.....	5 07 13	1 34 13
No. 6, A. G. Maury.....	5 07 15	1 34 15
No. 4, William Swan.....	5 07 33	1 34 33

Canoeing.

A. C. A. Amendments.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 17.—Editor Forest and Stream: The following amendments to the Constitution and By-laws of the American Canoe Association are proposed, to be published for the specified time, and then acted upon by the American Canoe Association and by its Executive Committee at the annual camp at Sugar Island, Aug. 7 to 21, 1903, as per Article XII. of the Constitution and Chapter XIV. of the By-laws. The references hereafter to pages and to lines on said pages are according to the Year Book for 1902.

ROBERT J. WILKIN,
A. C. A., No. 47

Constitution.

Article III. Amend fourth line by substituting "Treasurer" for "Division Purser."

Article V., Sec. 1, in second line, substitute "a Secretary and a Treasurer" for "a Secretary-Treasurer."

Sec. 2, in first line, put "and the Secretary and the Treasurer" for "and the Secretary-Treasurer." Strike out all after the word "Committee" in third line, to and including the word "elected" in eighth line, and substitute therefor: "The term of office of the Commodore shall be for one year from the first day of October in the year in which he is elected, and the terms of office of the Secretary and of the Treasurer shall end when their successors are elected."

Article VI. Strike out all after the word "Division" in fifth line of Sec. 1, to and including "Association" in seventh line, and substitute "The officers of the Association, and the Division Vice-Commodores and Pursers shall constitute the Executive Committee of the Association." In ninth line of Sec. 1, substitute "a Secretary and a Treasurer" for "and Secretary-Treasurer."

In Sec. 2, substitute "five" for "seven" in first line.

Section 5, substitute "Treasurer" for "Secretary-Treasurer" in fifth line.

Strike out the word "Secretary" in amendment passed last fall, relative to Life Membership (not published in 1902 book).

Article VII, in twenty-second line, substitute "the Secretary's and the Treasurer's" for "the Secretary-Treasurer's."

Article IX, Sec. 1, strike out the word "Treasurer" in first and second lines, also, all after "Book" on fifth line, and substitute a new Sec. 2, as follows: "It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all moneys due the Association from every source, to pay all proper bills on the written approval of the Commodore, and to make an annual report of the finances."

Substitute new Section 3 for present Section 2.

Amend new Section 3 by inserting after the word "receive" on the first line, the words "from the Treasurer."

In the third line, strike out "from the members" and substitute "their Divisions."

In the fourth and sixth lines strike out the word "Treasurer."

Strike out all the section after the word "Division" in the eighth line.

Strike out the word "after" in seventh line of that section and substitute therefor, "prior too."

By-Laws.

Chapter I, Sec. 1, strike out "Division Pursers" in second line, and "Purser" in fifth line, and insert "Treasurer" in each case.

In sixth line of same chapter, strike out the word "Vice."

In Section 2, second line, after the words "January 1st," add "to the Treasurer." In third line, add, after "if not paid," the words "by February 15th." In fourth and seventh lines, substitute "Treasurer" for "Purser." In seventh and ninth lines, strike out the word "Vice." In eleventh line, substitute "Treasurer" for "Purser."

Section 2, first line on page 22, strike out all on first and second lines after the word "year," and substitute all of the "note" now at the end of Chapter I, commencing: "The receipts for the Division in which," etc. In sixth line, page 22, strike out "and Secretary-Treasurer."

Chapter V, seventh line, strike out the word "Treasurer," and add: "that of the Treasurer to be blue, with

the same device in white." In fourth line of same chapter, strike out "a star," and insert "three stars."

Chapter VII, strike out the word "Treasurer" in first line. In second line, strike out "after each annual meeting of the Executive Committee" and substitute: "each year, as soon after April 15th as may be possible." In sixth line, add, after "and shall send," the words: "a sufficient number of copies to the Pursers of each Division for distribution to the members thereof; the postage to be paid by said Divisions." Add to Chapter VII, the following: "The Secretary shall publish, each year, not later than July 1st, a "prospectus" of the forthcoming annual camp, with all requisite data from the Camp-site, Transportation and Regatta Committees, and shall mail a copy to each member of the Association.

Chapter VIII, third line, page 23, strike out the word "Treasurer."

Chapter IX, twenty-eighth line, strike out "Treasurer." In twenty-ninth line, add: "and a detailed report of the expenses of such regatta, with accompanying vouchers to the Treasurer."

Chapter X, sixth line, strike out the word "Treasurer." In seventh line, add: "And of the Treasurer, the letters A. C. A. in silver, supported by a quill in gold."

Chapter XI, substitute "Secretary" for "Librarian-Custodian" in first line.

Chapter XII, eighth line, strike out the word "Treasurer."

A. C. A. Membership.

The following have applied for membership to the A. C. A:

Atlantic Division—F. M. Crispin, Paul McMichael.
EDWARD MULLER, Purser.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The United States Revolver Association.

NEW YORK, N. Y., July 15.—Herewith I send you the scores of the second Franco-American revolver match; also the details of the new revolver record made by Dr. William H. Luckett, of this city.

A. L. A. HIMMELWRIGHT.

The American team shot their scores at the Walnut Hill range of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, near Boston, Mass.; the French team shot at Paris, France. The total scores of each team to be cabled to the other.

Scores of the American team:

O I Olsen.....	53 58 57 54 54 53 58 54 58 55—551
B F Wilder.....	51 54 56 55 54 56 58 52 54 53—543
R S Hale.....	51 54 56 53 55 59 57 49 50 56—540
J A Dietz.....	54 57 50 50 50 57 50 57 55 54—534
W A Smith.....	52 53 55 48 58 52 52 54 50 53—532
C S Axtell.....	50 49 55 57 58 53 52 54 50 52—530
L Bell.....	49 49 51 55 56 53 53 50 54 57—527
T Anderton.....	51 53 55 53 54 54 53 52 48 56—523
J B Crabtree.....	50 51 49 50 50 55 50 53 56 55—519
J R Calkins.....	53 53 48 53 50 52 52 48 56 54—519
E E Patridge.....	51 49 59 52 53 51 53 49 50 50—517
R H Sayre, Paris.....	54 54 45 54 52 49 48 54 54—515
J T Humphrey.....	56 54 43 53 52 51 54 56 51 49—513
Wm Amory, 2d.....	46 47 54 51 51 52 53 52 56 50—512
C L Bouve.....	46 49 41 57 49 54 51 53 53 58—511—7889

A. L. A. Himmelwright, captain.

Substitutes: C. F. C. Armstrong, A. R. Whittier, Wm. H. Luckett.

Umpires representing the French team: Elmore A. Pierce, of the Associated Press, and W. F. Spencer, statistical officer of the Massachusetts Rifle Association.

French team, total scores: M. Balme 469, M. Gaurrette 502, Capt. Chauchat 524, Count de Chastellajae 547, M. Dutfoy 541, M. Feugray 509, M. Recoq 502, M. Louvier 496, Molinier Paget 526, Capt. Moreaux 529, Adj. Paroche 466, Commandant Py 542, M. Sartori 462, M. Dorien 522, M. Despasses 503; total 7640.

Programmes giving the conditions of these matches may be obtained by addressing H. W. Ott, Box 162, New York city.

The score and other details of the new 50-shot revolver record at 20yds., shot by Wm. H. Luckett, at the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association gallery at 2628 Broadway, on June 11, 1903, follow:

W H Luckett.....	7 8 8 9 9 10 10 10 10—91
	8 8 9 9 9 10 10 10 10—93
	8 8 8 8 9 10 10 10 10—91
	8 8 9 9 10 10 10 10—93
	8 9 9 10 10 10 10 10—96—464

The shooting was done on the regulation Standard American target, reduced for 20yd. shooting, with a Smith & Wesson .44cal. revolver, with an 8in. barrel and a trigger pull of 2½lbs. Plain open sights; reloaded smokeless gallery ammunition, with round ball. The first shot of the score was fired at 10:45 P. M., and the last shot at 11:31 P. M. The shooting was witnessed by Joseph E. Silliman, treasurer of the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association, and Mr. B. F. Wilder. This score was fired strictly in accordance with the rules and regulations of the United States Revolver Association, and is recognized as the 50-shot revolver record.

The annual championship matches of the United States Revolver Association will be held simultaneously with the annual meeting of the National Rifle Association of America, from Sept. 2 to 11, inclusive. These matches will be shot at the Sea Girt range of the New Jersey Rifle Association, at Sea Girt, N. J.; at the Walnut Hill range of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, Woburn, Mass., near Boston; at Chicago, Ill., under the auspices of the Chicago Sharpshooters' Association; at St. Louis, Mo., under the auspices of the St. Louis Sharpshooters' Association, and at San Francisco, Cal., at the Shell Mound range of the Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club. These matches are open to all.

Rock Island Club.

ROCK ISLAND, ILL., June 16.—The club will hold at its Elm street range a class shoot with .22cal rifles, 100 shots. The contest will begin Saturday afternoon, July 4, will continue on Saturday afternoons for twelve weeks, and is open to all members in good standing.

This shoot will be known as "the Stevens Rifle Contest," and the principal prize will be a fine rifle, donated by the J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co.

The Standard American target, reduced to 100yds., will be used in this match. There will be no individual targets, but the marking will be careful and scores will be verified by one of the following committee: Mitchell, Reidy, Harms, Junge and Helpenstell.

Each contestant may fire, on any regular day, as many shots,

Distance 100 yds.; caliber rifle .22; Standard American target.
C. W. DURHAM, Sec.

Fixtures.

Mr. Wm. Dutcher writes us as follows: "The Jackson Park Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J., is preparing a programme for an all-day shoot, to take place on Saturday, Aug. 8, beginning at 10 A. M. An attractive programme will be provided for all those taking part in the day's sport. The Wanderers' Club will be the guest of the Jackson Park Gun Club on that day, and the boys are looking forward to a great day at the traps, and a pleasant outing for all those who may be so fortunate as to be with us on that day. Everything will be well looked after, so that there shall be nothing found wanting after the day is done. The Wanderers' handicap will be one of the features of the programme, and lunch will be served on the grounds. Shells can be obtained on the grounds. Take electric cars at City Hall. Singac cars for Jackson Park every fifteen minutes will land you at grounds in ten minutes."

Dr. Burst, 8	0	10	11	12	30	30
Gorham	7				15	7

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot:	
Targets:	10	10	15	10	25	25	25	15	at.	Broke
Traver, 1.....	8	11	..	22	24	..	13	..	76	76
Du Bois	8	8	12	..	16	70	44
Hans	7	6	12	..	21	..	7	..	65	53
Briggs, 5	7	5	3	..	14	60	24
Hew, 3	5	..	2	17	..	16	..	70	37
Claymark, 2.....	..	7	8	19	50	32
Klein, 9	6	4	22	23	75	37
Reichert	5	4	19	50	28
Marshall, 3	12	7	16	..	17	9	..	90	58
Hadden	2	5	11	2	..	80	39
Dr Borst, 8	5	..	19	..	11	12	..	80	39
Gorham	7	..	15	7

W. P. T. S. L. at Ligonier.

LIGONIER, Pa.—The eighth tournament held at Ligonier, Pa., under the auspices of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League, was a grand success. Sixty-eight shooters faced the traps the first day. The weather was fine, and the whole affair was simply grand. "Pap" Denny held his end up fine, and occasionally smoked a coffin tack, and looked around among the "bunch" and chuckled quietly to himself, saying, "What a lovely bunch of boys I have under my care."

In the evening the crowd was entertained by the city band, and every shooter, as well as the town folks, formed two abreast and marched around the band stand, which was situated in the Park, headed by Frank Butler and Charley Grubb. Elliott was high professional, with Crosby as a close second. Watson was high amateur, with Atkinson and Garland as close seconds.

Six teams entered the race for the League trophy; Ruffsedale won. The Ligonier Rod and Gun Club extend their hearty thanks to Messrs. Frank Lawrence, Howard Sargent and Chas. Grubb, who acted so ably as squad hustlers, and Mr. Louis Lautenslager as cashier, and Mr. Bill McCrickart, assistant and score compiler.

The trade was represented by Louis Lautenslager, L. J. Squier, Frank Lawrence, Elliott, Billy Crosby, Howard Sergeant, Harry Stevens, Frank Butler, Ed Fulford, Charles G. Grubb, Neaf Apgar, Jack Hull and Gus Greiff.

On the third day squad No. 1—Elliott, Fulford, Apgar, Crosby and Stevens—in event No. 1, broke 75 targets straight. The score, on one of Grubb's new patent score sheets, now ornaments the club house.

The Ruffsedale Gun Club won the team event.

First day, professional high guns: Apgar 171, Elliott 168. Second day, Crosby first, Elliott second. Third day, Elliott first, 134 out of 135; Crosby, second, 133.

Amateur high guns, first day: Lutz, first, 167; Atkinson, Watson and Joe tied and divided second on 159. Second day, Watson 166, Joe 161. Third day, Cochran 132, out of 135, Watson 131.

Following are the scores:

July 7, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Elliott	14	17	15	20	15	20	14	19	14	20
Fulford	15	19	13	17	14	20	15	19	14	18
Apgar	14	20	15	20	15	20	15	18	15	19
Crosby	14	18	14	19	14	17	15	19	14	20
Stevens	14	16	15	16	14	17	15	20	15	16
Hull	11	17	13	17	14	17	11	18	10	18
Shaner	13	18	14	18	13	18	14	18	15	17
Atkinson	12	19	13	17	15	17	15	17	15	19
Fleming	13	19	15	19	11	16	15	17	14	18
Watson	12	18	14	19	15	20	13	17	14	17
Brown	11	10	14	14	15	16	15	18	11	19
Pontefract	12	16	14	15	12	18	13	16	15	19
Runk	12	18	11	19	13	19	12	17	12	13
Elder	15	18	10	16	12	17	12	18	15	16
Best	9	15	11	15	10	18	12	15	13	10
Talbot	15	18	12	15	11	17	11	18	13	13
Whiterow	13	16	12	19	11	18	10	17	11	17
Kuntz	11	14	7	17	14	17	5	14	7	15
Myers	12	11	12	17	11	15	14	17	9	17
Stewart	8	15	12	19	10	17	11	18	14	16
Holly	12	15	12	13	13	12	14	14	11	18
Smith	11	11	10	9	10	13	10	13	12	10
Hackett	11	15	5	16	12	16	12	8	11	16
Yealy	12	10	11	11
J Denny	9	10	8	7	9	13	11	14	11	13
Irwin	13	17	13	16	14	16	11	17	13	16
Nitrow	14	17	13	14	11	15	12	17	12	14
Streams	14	14	8	15	15	13	9	19	10	15
W Smith	12	17	14	16	15	15	13	20	12	16
Knole	11	18	15	16	19	20	15	18	12	19
Bessemmer	13	19	14	15	13	20	11	18	10	18
Squier	10	11	7	12	11	13	12	11	11	14
Hazelwood	12	17	12	16	14	15	12	14	10	17
Edwards	13	18	11	18	12	17	11	18	10	17
Lutz	14	19	14	19	15	19	14	20	15	18
J Volk	9	9	9	14	..	16	8	15	11	11
Zimmerman	9	15	8	16	..	17	11	15
R Loughrey	13	17	11	17	10	17	11	16	13	15
King	12	16	11	17	15	18	13	17	11	..
Bennett	13	13	14	18	7	20	10	18	11	..
R Crawford	14	17	14	17	..	17	12	19	11	19
West	11	17	15	17	11	16	13	18	8	17
Daugherty	13	13	12	14	9	15	10	15	10	15
J T C.	13	19	14	19	11	11	12	17	14	16
Joe	13	18	15	13	13	18	14	19	13	18
Thompson	10	15	12	13	15	19	12	17	15	13
B Crawford	12	15	11	18	10	16	14	16	11	16
Swearer	13	18	14	19	12	18	12	16	13	15
Nelson	14	16	11	18	10	18	11	19	10	17
Trego	12	16	14	19	10	17	10	14	12	19
Low	14	16	19	12	11	15	11	15	13	13
Roach	14	18	12	18	12	18	15	16	13	15
James	12	13	7	16	12	8	9	13	10	15
Schutte	11	17	10	12	10	16	13

Thirteen others competed in a less number of events than six.

July 8, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Elliott	13	20	14	19	15	18	15	19	14	20
Fulford	14	19	11	18	13	19	14	18	14	20
Apgar	13	18	13	20	14	19	15	19	15	18
Crosby	15	19	15	19	13	15	20	15	19	15
Stevens	15	18	15	18	13	13	19	15	20	15
Hull	12	15	14	18	12	16	14	17	14	16
Shaner	12	17	15	18	10	18	11	19	14	18
Atkinson	13	19	14	20	12	17	15	19	14	16
Fleming	13	17	13	20	11	18	14	17	14	20
Watson	13	20	15	20	15	18	14	18	15	18
Brown	13	18	12	18	13	18	9	16	10	18
Whiterow	12	16	10	17	13	18	13	19	12	15
Pontefract	12	18	13	18	12	19	12	18	11	15
Runk	11	17	11	17	11	17	15
Elder	11	20	15	17	12	19	13	19	14	17
Denniker	14	18	14	20	14	18	14	17	15	18
W P Smith	15	16	14	13	11	19	15	20	13	20
Pool	12	17	14	18	14	18	14	20	15	16
Nitely	11	17	14	17	14	17	13	20	15	16
Trego	10	18	13	16	17	15	13
Greiff	14	15	13	18	10	15	13	17	12	18
Knole	13	19	13	19	12	19	13	15	14	10
Andrews	12	17	17	17	14	12	18	14	13	15
Joe	13	19	11	19	15	19	13	19	14	19
Hickey	14	18	14	19	15	17	12	18	13	10
Luty	14	18	15	19	15	20	13	16	13	..
Bessemmer	14	17	14	19	13	15	13	17	14	17
Edwards	7	18	11	19	9	18	13	20	11	17
Low	10	17	14	14	13	14	17	14	18	18
S Lowry	11	16	12	15	13	15	14	16	11	12
E Lowry	10	17	14	14	13	16	12	18	10	18
Crawford	13	20	12	19	12	18	14	17	10	..
Daugherty	14	13	13	16	12	16	12	15	11	..
J T Reed	13	17	12	15	14	19	15	17	13	..
Nitrow	14	19	10	17	13	16	13	17	12	17
Nelson	13	18	12	18	14	19	13	14	14	..
Ramsey	13	17	12	18	11	16	12	16	15	18
Squier	11	16	14	17	13	17	17	14	18	14
Hazelwood	11	19	14	17	15	17	15	20	12	12

Other shooters were in the contest and made fair records, though not up to those mentioned.

July 9, Third Day.

Sixty-eight were entered. Elliott, out of 135 shots, missed but one. The prizes were awarded to-day. The winners were Bessemmer, \$50; Pontefract, \$15; Fleming, \$20, and many others smaller

articles, such as shooting jackets and vests, leggings, gun cleaners, etc. To-day's best scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Elliott	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	14
Fulford	15	14	14	13	14	15	15	15	13
Apgar	15	15	15	13	15	14	13	15	15
Crosby	15	15	15	15	15	15	14	14	15
Stevens	15	15	15	14	14	13	14	15	11
Hull	15	13	15	14	13	14	14	13	12
Shaner	13	15	14	13	14	13	14	13	11
Atkinson	15	13	14	14	14	15	14	15	11
Frost	14	15	13	12	14	15	15	13	14
Fleming	15	13	14	14	14	15	14	15	11
Watson	14	13	15	14	15	15	15	15	15
Broff	13	15	12	11	14	13	11	10	11
Witherow	13	13	13	11	11	12	8	11	12
Pontefract	12	9	14	15	12	13	14	13	12
Squier	11	14	14	12	13	14	15	14	15
Elder	13	13	13	11	12	12	11	13	13
Denniker	15	14	14	15	15	12	14	11	11
W S Smith	13	12	14	13	13	11	13	14	15
Pool	14	15	13	15	14	13	12	13	10
Nitely	12	11	11	12	13	10	14	13	11
Cochran	15	15	15	15	15	13	15	15	14
Greiff	13	12	14	14	13	13	12	13	..
Knole	15	12	15	14	13	11	13	14	15
Andrews	11	13	11	8	11	11	14	11	11
Joe	14	14	13	11	15	15	15	13	14
Hickey	15	12	12	15	15	13	15	11	15
C Loughrey	11	13	15	11	15	12	15	12	13
Bessemmer	11	12	15	12	15	15	15	15	14
Edwards	13	14	6	14	15	14	14	14	14
Phillips	13	15	14	12	12	14	14	14	12
Low	12	13	14	9	15	12	12	12	12
Irwin	9	11	12	15	13	12	13	14	11
Best	10	11	12	13	12	13	14	14	12
West	14	11	11	11	10	14	14	12	15
Miller	11	12	12	13	10	11	15	12	12
Jeff	14	12	7	14	14	13	13	14	13
J Denny	12	11	12	8	9	10	11	14	14
F H Denny	12	9	12	12	15	13	15	13	12
Bennett	12	12	14	14	11	11	12	11	..

Bonesteel Gun Club.

BONESTEEL, S. D.—The midsummer shoot of the Bonesteel Gun Club, which was pulled off on July 14, was a perfect success, despite the fact that it was a jumped up affair, with only three days' notice, and really given in honor of Mr. Le Roy Leach, of Woodlake, Neb., who is on a visit to his brother, Mr. W. A. Leach, cashier of the Citizens' Bank of Bonesteel.

The programme consisted of seven 15-target events, \$1 entrance each; four moneys, Rose system, 5, 4, 3, 2; and the championship of Gregory county for the Peters Cartridge Company's trophy between Cliff Law, challenger, and E. E. Jones, holder, winding up with an exhibition of fancy rifle shooting by Mr. Le Roy Leach, of Woodlake. The entire programme was carried out in five hours.

The following gentlemen were in attendance: Messrs. T. J. Thompson, Carl Porter, Orion Porter, Geo. Baker, E. L. Cantwell, of the Fairfax Gun Club; B. A. Roberts, of the Albion, Neb., Gun Club; Le Roy Leach, of the Woodlake Gun Club, and W. A. Leach, C. Law, W. W. Law, E. E. Jones, S. F. Lucas, W. S. McLain, of the Bonesteel Gun Club. With the exception of the Messrs. Law, who arrived too late for the first event, the entire party shot through the entire programme, except Mr. McLain, who is a beginner.

Mr. Le Roy Leach took about everything in sight, making high average on 94 out of 105 shot at, or 90 per cent., the nearest man to him being 11 birds behind. He also made the highest consecutive run ever made on the grounds of the Bonesteel Gun Club. Beginning with bird No. 4 in event No. 3, he never made a skip until the fifteenth bird in event No. 5, or a straight run of 41, which was all the more remarkable when it is considered that a stiff wind was blowing all day in the shooters' faces, and that the targets were thrown 60 to 65yds. on a ground that is naturally difficult.

Mr. Leach followed this up by hitting 70 out of 75 2in. wooden blocks, and then proceeded to make souvenirs for his friends by shooting pennies tossed into the air with single bullets, and which, such of them as could be found, were carried off by the spectators for pocket pieces.

Second high average went to Thompson and C. Porter, of the Fairfax Gun Club jointly.

Fourth high average went to Mr. Geo. Baker, and as this was that gentleman's maiden effort at the traps in competition he must be considered a comer, as he made some of the

WESTERN TRAP.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, July 18.—The appended scores were made to-day on our grounds on the occasion of the sixth trophy shoot of the second series. Dr. Meek carried off the honors in Class A on 22. F. H. Wolff won Class B on 23, while McKinnon won Class C on 17. The day was an unusually fine one for trapshooting. Temperature just right, and just enough breeze to make it pleasant. Attendance was only fair, considering the conditions, eighteen shooters only showing up for the sport:

Johnson	11100111011111010001011	17
P. McGowan	11111111110101110001101	20
Dr. Meek	1111101111111101111101	22
Thomas	0010110101101111111111	17
McDonald	11011111100100011111111	19
Stone	0011111111111101010010	17
Keck	1011101100111111111110	20
Eaton	1100110111111111111111	21
Wilson	00110011001000100001001	10
Weydell	00101010111111100000010	12
Kehl	10110000110101110101101	15
F. Wolff	11011111111111111111011	23
Snyder	01010001101011111101001	15
McKinnon	1000110011011111110101	17
A. McGowan	1111100110111111010011	19
Ford	1110101111111101111119	20
Cummings	0101101111010110110011	17
Ed Eaton	10001101000011110010001	11

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Johnson	7	10	9	9	7	9	8	..
P. McGowan	9	7	4	7	7	6	7	10
Dr. Meek	9	9	8	9	7	10	9	8
Thomas	10	7	7	8	7	8	8	7
McDonald	8	9	8	6	6	9	10	..
Stone	8	9	8	7	5	7	7	..
Keck	7	7	8	..	7
Eaton	6	7	9	10	7	9	9	5
Wilson	7	5	..	4	5	2	6	..
Weydell	6	6	5	2	0	3	6	..
Kehl	5	8	4	3	5	2
F. Wolff	8	7	6	8	7	9	7	..
Snyder	8	6	5	4	5	9	8	9
McKinnon	..	7	3	2	5	7	7	7
A. McGowan	..	8	7	4	7
Ford	3	5	8	9	8	..
Cummings	7	6	6	6
E. Eaton	3

Nos. 4 and 5 were at 5 pairs.

The Ashdown Gun Club.

WINNIPEG, Man., July 15.—We attach herewith cutting from one of our daily papers, which we think might interest some of your readers for the novelty of it. In this Northern Land our evenings are much longer than in the South, as you will notice by the time at which we stopped shooting.

The Ashdown Gun Club last night inaugurated a novel way of enjoying trapshooting, by lashing a scow to the port bow of the steamer Alexandra and affixing expert traps to the front of the scow from which clay birds were thrown. This is without doubt the first time that trapshooting has been undertaken in such an interesting way, and the Ashdown Club purpose repeating the trips throughout the season.

The boat left the foot of Lombard street at 7:30, and proceeded down the river. After Louise bridge had been passed, the first trap was sprung by Mrs. J. A. Lindsay, wife of the president of the club. Mr. Lindsay fired at and broke the bird, and from then until 9:30 the traps were kept at work. Two full hours of shooting after half-past seven at night is also rather novel, but that is a feature of Manitoba. The birds were thrown well forward, thus eliminating any danger whatever of the shot reaching shore.

The trip was as far as St. Paul's Industrial School, and Wingston's orchestra enlivened the trip down. There were 375 passengers on board, a large number of whom were ladies, and dancing was indulged in on the return trip. Two shooting squads were formed, one of which shot at 15 birds, and the other at 10, and the following scores were made:

Ten birds: D. Nimmons 10, F. Gates 9, R. J. McKay 8, G. A. Britton 8, C. Holden 8, G. Edgar 7, J. Wilson 7, G. McKenzie 6, B. Sinclair 6, R. W. Holland 6, J. Reeves 6, L. Mabb 6, C. Lightley 5, J. H. Thompson 5, J. Peters 5, J. Smith 4.

Fifteen birds: F. Cadham 14, M. J. Miller 13, C. Rutley 13, L. H. Hamilton 12, R. Girdlestone 12, S. Tait 12, P. Turner 11, L. Burtch 11, W. Gates 11, G. Hargrave 10, J. Drew 10, A. G. Carter 10, J. Bourgouin 9, W. Hall 9, H. Scott 9, G. Wilson 9, Bell 8, H. Beliveau 8.

THE ASHDOWN GUN CLUB.

Duluth Gun Club.

DULUTH, Minn., July 13.—Inclosed please find tabulated scores made on the Duluth Gun Club grounds, July 11-12. Saturday was a matinee complimentary to visiting trade representatives, and Sunday the boys held their semi-monthly contest for club medals:

Scores July 11:

Riehl	25	23	21	23	—92	Jackson	24	15	18	13	—70
Lord	22	22	23	21	—88	Cop	20	20	21	22	—83
Frank	18	20	22	—81	Jake	10	11
Joe	15	17	20	11	—63	Storey	24	22
Nelson	19	20	20

Scores July 12:

Lord	24	24	22	23	—93	Williams	13	12	13	11	—49
Riehl	21	22	23	25	—91	Jackson	20	19	21
Storey	20	24	23	24	—91	Glenn	20	17	14
Nelson	23	22	24	20	—89	Abbott	17	13
Cop	22	21	22	21	—86	Max	15	18
Majack	25	19	17	24	—85	Blackadder	15	19
New	20	21	21	21	—83	Kennedy	20	21
Fulton	20	21	21	21	—82	Berry	..	19
Frank	19	20	19	19	—77	Janes	..	18
Duchess	18	18	17	18	—77	Salter	..	18
Vandiberg	17	19	14	16	—66	Beyer	..	22
Bob	18	18	17	15	—68	Falke	..	11
Hugh	16	16	17	16	—65	Anderson	..	14

Binghamton Rod and Gun Club.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., July 10.—In our team shoot to-day over forty shooters participated, all of the home club. What club can beat this for attendance?

We shall give a one-day tournament the day following the Interstate at Scranton, Pa., making our tournament come on Sept. 25.

Team shoot, eighteen men on a side, 25 targets per man; Brown's team won by 24 points:

Brown (Captain)—Church 22, Heller 21, Fowler 19, Tripp 19, Haddell 18, G. Moffatt 17, Sawyer 17, Beardsley 16, Bromley 16, Cole 16, Everett 16, Kendall 15, Wagner 13, Lillie 12, Clark 11, Best 10, Faatz 8; total 287.

J. Legge (Captain)—Slatter 19, C. Moffatt 18, Weslar 18, Bowen 17, Quick 16, Parker 16, Callahan 15, Chaffee 16, Edison 14, Nash 14, Perry 14, A. Legg 13, Mosher 13, Aldrich 12, Cronin 10, Barton 10, Stewart 7; total 263.

H. W. BROWN.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., July 11.—The small attendance was caused by the extreme heat. Many members being out of town, those present more than made up for lack of numbers by shooting five extra events.

The twenty-sixth contest for the Troisdorf medals resulted as follows: Harris (16) 44, Williams (18) 42, Medico (18) 42, Gambell (21) 41, Ahlers (21) 41, Jack (16) 41, Falk (18) 40, Herman (16) 39, J. B. (18) 37, Corry (16) 37.

Team race, 50 singles:

Medico (Captain) 43, Herman 42, McB. 39, Williams 38, Harris 38; total 200.

Ahlers (Captain) 35, Gambell 45, J. B. 44, Jack 38, Corry 31; total 193.

Team race, 30 singles and 10 pairs:

	Singles.	D'bles.		Singles.	D'bles.
Medico	30	15	Gambell	26	14
Ahlers	24	15	Faran	26	12
	54	34—84		52	26—78

Van Ness 27 17
Grace 25 13
..... 52 30—82

Thirty singles and ten pairs, two high men out:

	Singles.	D'bles.		Singles.	D'bles.
Gambell	29	16—45	Ahlers	23	16—39
Van Ness	27	17—44	Faran	25	13—38
Medico	28	15—43			

Fifty singles, high man out: Medico 48, Faran 46, Gambell 44, Davies 43, Van Ness 42, Ahlers 39.

Team race, 12 pairs:

Gambell 15, Harris 14; total 29.

Medico 16, Williams 13; total 29.

Shoot-off at 3 pairs: Gambell 6, Harris 3; total 9.

Medico 3, Williams 3; total 6.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., July 15.—The second last shoot of the Boston Gun Club was held at Wellington to-day, the fine weather conditions bringing out a nice attendance. The scores as a rule ran higher than usual on these grounds, and the match contained some very creditable scores.

Frank, Spencer, and Gleason each tied for first place, though only one target to the rear was Lee, just now seeming to strike his gait, which is quite a satisfaction, as Lee has not been shooting in proper form for some time. The old pump gun, however, seems to have overcome the obstacles in its path, and now Lee proposes to make others hustle. Other scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	15	5p	10	15	5p	10	10	15
Frank, 18	6	8	11	9	8	13	8
Lee, 16	8	8	11	7	8	13	7
Williams, 16	9	8	6	5	12	6	8	8
Muldown, 16	7	6	10	7	8	6	11	..
Lawler, 16	8	3	5	11	4	3	7	10
Gleason, 18	4	5	12	10	9	13	8	10	10	..
Adams, 16	10	..	4	5	6
Prior, 16	6	14	5	8	6	9	..
Bell, 18	6	12	7	9	6	11	..
Spencer, 18	9	12	8	7	7	10	..
Frederick, 16	12

Merchandise match:

Frank, 18	11	11	11	11	10	11	11	11	11	—21
Spencer, 18	11	11	10	11	11	10	11	11	11	—21
Gleason, 18	11	10	11	11	11	11	10	11	11	—21
Lee, 16	11	11	11	10	11	11	11	10	11	—20
Bell, 18	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	10	11	—19
Prior, 18	11	11	10	11	11	11	11	10	10	—19
Williams, 16	11	11	11	11	10	11	11	10	11	—18
Muldown, 16	11	11	10	11	11	11	11	10	11	—17
Lawler, 16	11	11	10	11	11	11	11	10	11	—15

Berkshire County Trapshooters' League.

DALTON, Mass., July 18.—The five-man team contest for the Peters Cartridge Company's trophy, at the shoot of the Berkshire County Trapshooters' League was won by the Pittsfield team with a score of 93. Each man shot at 25 targets. The scores follow:

	Pittsfield.		North Adams.
Sidway	15	Pratt	17
Shearer	20	Adams	10
Henry	18	McHale	19
Woodruff	22	Stebbins	22
Gamewell	18—93	Spencer	19—77
	Dalton.		Greenfield.
Flansburgh	15	H. Patnode	20
Grosebeck	13	Wells	10
Sibernal	18	W. Reid	16
Stedd	17	Bronson	14—60
Messenger	17—80		

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	15	15	10	10	25
A. Patnode	12
Sidway	6	7	10	..	9
Flansburgh	5
Wells	11
Pratt	8	6
Adams	5	7	9	..	19
W. Reed	..	5	4
Grosebeck	..	7	6
F. Bronson	9	4
N. Apgar	10	10	14	14	10	10	24
Henry	8	7	..	13	..	10	..

Charleston Tournament.

CHARLESTON, Ill.—The central eastern part of Illinois has a number of good cities in which are flourishing gun clubs; yet for lack of proper advertising or for something wrong with the programme there was rather a small attendance at the Charleston, Ill., shoot, July 15.

The events were mostly 10 targets, and those present shot through only in part. Mr. Sharff was the high man, while Miss King, the St. Louis champion, made a fine showing. Mr. Smart was high for the home boys, though busy with the management.

Leslie J. Standish was on hand, and made himself generally useful. The Illinois tournament would be void of at least one attraction should Leslie fail to reach any of them with his big grip full of advertising matter. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	12	15	10	10	10	12	10	10	10
Dikobb	7	6	11	9	7	..	11	7	6	7	71
Shoaff	9	10	11	14	10	10	10	10	8	10	110
Barnes	7	6	8	10	9	6	9	11	8	7	76
Smart	8	9	12	9	8	10	9	8	9	7	97
Biggs	7	10	..	9	7	33
Stevens	8	4	9	12	8	5	9	10	8	7	87
Williams	8	5	6	6	..	6	..	5	6	3	45
Muchmore	8	7	10	14	7	8	10	10	6	6	94
Kessler	9	7	8	10	6	10	6	10	6	..	70
Miss King	7	9	11	11	9	9	12	10	87
Whittemore	..	5	..	9	6	8	4	..	32
Franklin	8	9	8	33
McGurty	3	6	8	9	4	7	37
McCarty	4	..	5	..	6	15

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THE HIGHER ANGLING.

THE signs of modern times, in a fishing way, seem to indicate the decadence of the higher angling; for there are two kinds of angling in practice—one of which is devoted to the actual catching of the fish, and therefore is largely physical; the other to the embellishment of the fish and the ethical technicalities of their actual catching, and therefore the higher angling is a matter largely existing in the mind of the catcher.

The fishy idea may justly be termed the higher angling, and is the part of it which seems to have reached a stage of decadence. Or it may be that the fish, alas! are not the same that they were in the good old days.

Where now do we read of the spirited struggles between man and fish? Where now is the giant brook trout or bass, which, with the strength of an ox, the speed of a greyhound, the cunning of a fox, and the endurance of a tax collector, swirled about the bank or boat in concentric circles till dizziness supervened and jeopardized its occupants; or which sulked sturdily at the bottom of the river or lake, defying all angling attempts whether gentle or rude; or which shot swiftly directly at the angler, thereby making yards of slack line, and disconnecting and rattling everything mental and physical in the angling combination?

Of the higher angling, where now is the hiss of the hot line as it cut its smoky way through the water; the furious war song of the reel; and where is that masterpiece of angling strategy, the "giving him the butt;" all to be crowned, at last, when victory was all but in hand, by the fish breaking away?

And, in the higher angling, the trout then was such a whale! There may be as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, but there are no fish in the waters equal to those which were caught if they had not broken away.

Alas, it is regrettable that the higher angling seems to be in its decadence. The beauties and benefits of it were not limited to the times and places of the actual happenings. They were universal and continuous. It was the true highest mountain peak of sport.

There are many other sportive arts of civilization and savagery which owe their origin and existence to man's craving for a test of his personal prowess against that of his fellows, or against the force and craft, relatively inferior, of the wild animals of earth, air and water. The manner of contest has many forms. Some, as football, baseball, polo, etc., are mimetic of wars, strategy and on-slaughter. However, all athletic sports, properly conducted, are of priceless value in developing the powers of the body with a corresponding benefit to the powers of the mind. Still, they are not the superlative of true sport. Or they were not till the decadence of the higher angling.

Of all the sports in times past, none could compare with the ancient, gentle higher art. Of it, one may truly aver that the sun never sets, never has set and never will set on its devotees. Men may come and men may go, but the gentle art stays with us, notwithstanding the embellished higher angling may be a lost art. If lost, it is irreparable. It combined within itself all the essential virtues of all the other arts. It possessed the best elements of what was recreative, developmental and contemplative, thus beneficially affecting both mind and body of man.

While, as he was comfortably seated, a man's eyes were dreamily gazing into the water, when enjoying the higher angling, his mind might be climbing the clouds. No one in the higher angling was immune from its benefits.

If the veriest dullard sallied forth a-angling, and thereafter hiked back, he was a dullard no longer. He then had swarms of nimble thoughts; his mind took exalted and all-seeing flights pitched in a key noble, grand, majestic; his visions were intermingled with poetry and music; his style of expression was changed from the commonplace to the exaltations of hyperbole, and the details of his speech were ramiflorous, prismatic and ample.

To all men, the higher angling, when properly acquired, brought greater mental horizons—an uplifting out of themselves into the full brotherhood of mankind. Any true devotee of the higher angling, if he did not tell where his favorite fish pool was situate, would delight all listeners by telling how the fish were caught. The length and breadth of the narrative were measured only by the amount of time which the audi-

ence could spare, or by its powers of physical endurance.

So either the higher angling is in decadence or the fish are no longer what they were in the good old days. The swirls, the crimson sunsets, the screeching reels, the bent rods, the hissing lines, the demon fish, good old compounds all, these seem to have belonged to a stream of angling literature which has been fished out.

MAIZE THIEVES.

AN early and observant traveler in North America was Peter Kalm, a Swedish botanist and a friend of the great naturalist, Linnæus, whose name was used to characterize the American laurel. Kalm journeyed in America in the years 1748-1751, having been sent here to collect specimens of plants and their seeds, with which to carry on experiments in the acclimatization of various species in Sweden. It was not only for plants that Kalm had a keen eye. In his work, "Travels in North America," published at Stockholm on his return to Sweden, he set down a mass of observations on many subjects, but especially on natural history. Among these items, interesting in themselves as well as for the quaintness with which they are set forth, are many on the birds, and because he was a friend of Linnæus, Kalm had in many cases a very clear idea of the birds which he saw, and of their systematic position in the ornithology of the day. In a recent number of the Auk, Mr. Spencer Trotter has called attention to Kalm's ornithological observations as given in the first English edition of his work, which was translated from the Swedish by John R. Foster, an English naturalist.

If it is true, as suggested by Mr. Trotter, that Peter Kalm's observations have little value at the present day, it is also true that their freshness makes them interesting to all lovers of nature and of outdoor life. His accounts of certain birds were used by Linnæus, the tenth edition of whose great work was published in 1758, the date of the twelfth edition being 1766.

It is interesting to note that at the time when Kalm visited America, it was already seen that the coming of the white people had greatly reduced the number of the birds. While sailing up New York harbor between Staten Island and the town of New York, he saw wild ducks on the water in immense quantities, yet in another place he says: "But since the arrival of great crowds of Europeans things are greatly changed: the country is well peopled and the woods are cut down; the people increasing in this country, they have, by hunting and shooting, in part extirpated the birds, in part scared them away; in the spring the people still take both eggs, mothers and young indifferently, because no regulations are made to the contrary. And if any had been made, the spirit of freedom which prevails in the country would not suffer them to be obeyed." Again, speaking of cranes, and writing from a point in New Jersey a few miles below Philadelphia, and almost opposite the city of Chester, he says: "Certain old Swedes have told me that in their younger years, as the country was not yet much cultivated, an incredible number of cranes were here every spring; but at present they are not so numerous. Several people who have settled here eat their flesh when they can shoot them." These were perhaps whooping cranes.

In those days the wild turkey was abundant along the Atlantic Coast. Their eggs were found in the woods and often hatched under domestic turkeys, giving a larger and far more palatable table bird. Kalm tells us that the Indians tamed wild turkeys and kept them near their homes.

Not a little is said as to the damage done to crops by the various woodpeckers, the crows, and the blackbirds, called by the Swedish settlers "maize thieves." These maize thieves were the red-winged blackbird, the purple grackle, and even the bobolink, which Kalm calls the white-backed maize thief. He tells how the people of New England almost extirpated these birds because of their destruction of the Indian corn, and how, after this had been done, "in the summer of the year 1749 an immense quantity of worms appeared in the meadows which devoured the grass and did great damage," so that the people "abated their enmity against the maize thieves; for they thought they had observed that those birds lived chiefly on these worms before the maize is ripe, and consequently extirpated them, or at least prevented their spreading too much. They seemed, therefore, to be en-

titled, as it were, to a reward for their troubles. But after these enemies and destroyers of the worms (the maize thieves) were extirpated, the worms were at liberty to multiply; and therefore they grew so numerous that they did more mischief now than the birds did before. In the summer of 1749 the worms left so little hay in *New England* that the inhabitants were forced to get hay from *Pennsylvania* and even from *Old England*."

From which it appears that even in the good old times there was an unfortunate and expensive misapprehension of the office of the birds in their relation to agriculture; and out of the ancient books of travel we may draw examples to illustrate the lessons of bird protection we are so strenuously teaching to-day.

PUBLIC FISH IN PRIVATE WATERS.

OUR correspondent, X. Y. Z., who writes of the abuse of stocking private waters with fish from the public hatcheries, is entitled to consideration, because he represents a class of anglers who have substantial reason for feeling aggrieved. They have assisted in the planting of trout fry in streams which were at the time open to the public for fishing, only to see the stocked waters subsequently posted and forbidden to them. A transaction of this character savors of sharp practice on the part of the individual patriot who is the beneficiary. But human nature is so prone to get something for nothing, and the average man is so willing to enrich himself at the expense of the public treasury, that even United States Senators have been known to stock their own private fish ponds from the car of the United States Fish Commission. Such statesmen look upon the fish as a part of their "graft;" and after all, it may be said for them that there is little perceptible difference in principle between the distribution of free seeds at public expense to their constituents and the distribution of free fish to their own private ponds. The seed gifts, it is true, are sanctioned by law, and are free from the taint of swindling which attaches to the fish "graft." But is there any good reason for either?

To repeat what has been said as to the planting of public fish in private waters: The statute provides that when any waters have been stocked with State fish they may not be set aside as private parks with the special penalty for trespass. That is to say, the owner of such waters may maintain action for common law trespass damage, but may not sue for the added exemplary damages which are awarded by statute to the owners of private parks.

The statute forbids the planting of State fish in private waters. If fish are so planted, the act is in violation of law. The fish so obtained have been obtained by fraud. Presumably the remedy would be to institute a suit by the State to recover the value of the fish, on the ground that they had been obtained under false pretense. The possible recovery of this sum by the State might not be considered of great moment by the defendant, but the average citizen would shrink from the moral stigma put upon him by the accusation of fraud.

On Monday of this week the Legislature of Georgia put that State in line with the numerous others which have adopted the so-called Audubon bird bill. This is a measure prepared by the A. O. U. Committee on Bird Protection in association with the Audubon Society. It classifies certain species as game birds and certain others as vermin, and puts all others under absolute protection at all times. The general adoption of the law over the country means a new era in bird protection. The success of the movement to secure uniform legislation is due in large measure to the personal activity of Mr. Wm. Dutcher, chairman of the committee, who has for years made the cause his own.

DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL, Superintendent of the United States Fish Commission hatchery at Bozeman, Montana, reports continued and growing success in grayling propagation. The fry have been shipped in large numbers to widely separated parts of the country, and the promise is that grayling fishing will not become a lost art, but one in which, as the years go by, constantly increasing numbers of anglers may have part. Only time can reveal whether Dr. Henshall will be remembered most lovingly as the apostle of the black bass or the father of artificial grayling culture.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Tristan D' Acunha.

I HAPPENED to pick up a copy of the Philadelphia Ledger the other day, and the first article I noticed in it was one under the caption of Tristan D' Acunha, and after reading it through I sat for a while in a brown study. I had heard of this island before. This article proved to be one that had been copied from the London Times, and the Times had taken it from a British "Blue Book," a Government report.

It carried me back more than fifty years to the time when as a schoolboy I would put in hours studying the maps hunting for islands. It was then I first met with this one; then went to the book out of which I got all my information to get some about this, but got very little about it. The island seemed to be but little known then, and it is not much better known to-day. Tristan lies in the South Atlantic, about half way between the Cape of Good Hope and the coast of South America; it is in latitude 38 degrees south and longitude 12 west, as near as I can remember now.

It resembles Pitcairn Island, which I afterward found out all about in more ways than one. Both belong to England and both are really republics. They are of about the same size and the inhabitants of each are white; but here all resemblance ends. While the Pitcairn Islanders are well educated, those on Tristan have no education whatever.

I had wanted to go and see this island, but never got a chance to do it. All my exploration of islands happened to be on the other side of the globe. But I heard all about it years after I had first found it on the map. A man who had been, as he called it, marooned on it, told me about Tristan. He had been left on it in much the same way as was Selkirk on his island, though neither of them were really marooned. I had known this man many years before he was marooned. He and I were born and raised in the same ward, and were playmates when we were boys. His name was Charles Wells.

When he was 13 years old and I 15 we formed the partnership of Wells & Co., one summer and took a contract gathering paving stone. Charley named the company while I furnished the capital, a flat-bottomed scow that I built for just this purpose. It measured 15 feet over all, was 4 feet beam and had a depth of 1 foot.

We would take the scow out into the Allegheny River, when the water was low enough to work, then getting out, one of us on each side would hold on to the sides while we found the cobble stones with our feet; then loaded them on the scow, and bringing them ashore, piled them out where a team could get at them to haul them away.

Our piles were at the foot of Craig Street, and we kept them marked "Wells & Co.," so that the contractor would know whom to credit his load to, then pay us on Saturday.

They had just begun to pave the streets in our city for the first time then, and some of the first stone that was ever put down on the streets of Allegheny were furnished by Wells & Co.

We kept at work finding them from the middle of May up to the first of October; then the cold weather stopped us, and the firm of Wells & Co. was dissolved. The junior partner (taking Charley's way of placing us) quit gathering stone, then Charley kept it up the next summer, but I went West to "fight Indians."

We cleared on an average \$1 a day each, while we were at this, which was doing very well for boys; most of them when they are the age we then were cannot do as well now.

Once in a while a high river would stop us for a day or two. When it did we put in our time catching drift with a skiff that I owned. We caught some that paid us even better than the stone did; it was part of a board raft; two platforms, that had broken loose up the river somewhere. Charley and I caught it, then towing it in tied it up at our landing to hold it for salvage, and the owner afterward paid us \$15 to release it. He was an up-river lumberman, and at first, when he found that only boys had his raft, he was not going to pay us anything, he said.

I had been expecting this to happen, and was on hand with my shotgun, holding the raft, and telling Charley to go and bring the ward constable, I kept on holding it. The man changed his mind then, and calling Charley back paid me the \$15, at the same time telling me that we town boys were "too blamed smart for him"; if this had happened up at home, "I would just take my raft and pay nothing."

"Yes, sir," I told him, "We are smart enough to risk our lives saving your property, then let you cheat us out of our pay. The law gives me \$20 for your raft, I only asked you for \$15."

When the War of the Rebellion began in 1861, Charley and I both took a hand in it, and I did not see him again for 22 years, and had almost forgotten him.

In the summer of 1883 the cavalry troop I belonged to was at Fort Cummins, New Mexico, and here I found Charley again and heard all about Tristan D' Acunha. The first night after we had got a squad of new recruits, when the roll was called, I heard a man answer "here" to the name of Wells; and on questioning him I found Charley. Then we put in part of the night and all next day in each other's company giving accounts of what each of us had done in the past twenty-two years.

When Charley left the army in 1865, he went to Philadelphia, he wanted to be a sailor, and shipped there on a vessel bound for New York; here he shipped again for Boston, and next went to New Bedford, and there shipped on a whaler bound for the Pacific.

After leaving New Bedford they only met one whale north of the equator and took him. Charley began to tell me how he was taken, "You can omit that part of it," I told him, "since Wells & Co. dissolved I have taken whales myself. I know how to do it now."

He said that from the time they left home the first mate

seemed to have taken a dislike to him, and never missed a chance to run him; and the mate had struck him, and he had promptly knocked the mate down, then had been put in irons for it. Charley was very good-natured, but was quick tempered, and quite handy with his fists. The boys at home had given him the nick name of "Bruiser Wells." I was one of the few boys who never had had a fight with him, though I was as quick tempered as he was, and about as quick to fight as he. He would need to know how to use his fists if he attempted to knock down a whale ship's mate. I can think of several mates on the ship that I put my time in whom he would not knock down; but then he would not have to try it, those mates were gentlemen.

Charley appealed to the captain, but got no satisfaction from him, and was still in irons when the ship touched at Tristan. Here the captain told him that he had better leave the ship; "I am not going to put you ashore here unless you say so, but there is bad blood between you and the mate now and I must stand by my mate, so I think you had better leave us here. If you and that mate quarrel again he may shoot you."

Charley was more than willing to leave; in fact, had he not been in irons now he would have deserted, he said, and he told the captain that if he paid him off he would go. It would depend on how they made out on the voyage whether he would have anything due him or not, even if he stayed. This crew had shipped on a "lay," that is, they would be paid for their share of the oil that was taken. But the captain paid Charley some money and put him ashore, going with him himself and turning him over to the "king." Then one of the families took him in, and he remained for nine years. He need not have stayed so long though; there had been plenty of chances for him to leave sooner. Quite a number of ships called in that time, and three times during that nine years English naval vessels called and took off any who wanted to leave. But he stayed on and finally left on a merchant vessel that took him to Rio, and from there he went to New York, then left the sea and went to the regular army. He had been in it now ten years before he came to us, and I left him in it; he was in it still during the Spanish War, was wounded in Cuba, and if still alive he may be in the regular army home at Washington now; that is where I would expect to find him; he was a good soldier.

When he landed on Tristan, there were about 200 people on it, all except three being natives of the island. While he lived there he taught the children to read and write. None of the grown people could do either.

The chief calls himself the king, but he has very little authority. Every adult male is a member of his council and they make a law when they need one, then execute it themselves. They never held any kind of a church service; but he said that while he was on the island he had never heard a native use an oath. There were more women than men; and the king, when he saw that Charley meant to remain, offered to give him a wife, but Charley did not take her; he did not know how long he would stay and did not want to take one and then leave her. The king both married his subjects and buried them when they died, but the services were crude and very short, until Charley found a prayer book on the island, and after that he read the service while the king looked on.

"Why did you not appoint yourself chaplain?" I asked, "then hold church on Sunday?"

"Oh, they get along well enough without any church, and I did not want to make a burlesque out of it, I would look well acting chaplain, would I not? Besides, we never knew when Sunday came, anyhow."

The men are tall and thin, and most of them are very ordinary looking; but the women were all good looking; every family had a small farm, a flock of sheep, a few cows and hogs, and they raised plenty to eat.

Charley said that he saw some of the finest potatoes there he had ever seen anywhere. When he was there they had a plague of rats. They overran the whole island and destroyed a good deal of the crops, and it seems that they never have been got rid of since, for this late report from the island says that the rats are so bad there now that they are likely to drive what few people still remain off the island. There are only seventy-six inhabitants now, four of them being foreigners, two Italians and the other two Spanish. One of the Italians seems to have taken Charley's place; he is reported as being the only well educated man on the island now.

The children still there were reported to be fat and remarkably healthy and very well dressed.

Shipwrecked men often make this island; they are well taken care of until they get a chance to leave; some never leave. The first men to come after Charley's arrival were a mate and two men from a whaler that had been burned at sea. The mate had left his ship with seven men; five of them had died short of the island. These three men afterward left on a merchantman, the mate going before the mast along with his men. In the next six years before Charley left, no less than fourteen men made this island at different times, the high mountain on Tristan can be seen a long distance at sea, and it no doubt has helped many a man to find this island.

The island is not much larger than Pitcairn's Island, but has a chain of mountains running clear across it. This high peak is said to be 8,000 feet high, and has, on top, a lake of fresh water, which rises and falls when the tide does. Why it remains fresh, if it has a sea outlet, as it must have, has never been found out. The people were always afraid that some day this lake would break its walls and sweep them all into the sea. Charley examined it and told them that unless an earthquake broke it there was no danger of it ever hurting them. He said he thought the lake occupied the crater of an extinct volcano.

The Thrush, the English vessel that last visited them, took them supplies of books and clothes, and offered to take off all the people and land them at Cape Town, but they did not want to go and leave their stock here. They, however, sent presents to their friend in Cape Colony, those who had left and had gone there years ago, saying that if they did not then they would not get any more clothing from these people.

CABIA BLANCO.

Breaking the Chain.

I, OF course, never let the editorial page of FOREST AND STREAM escape my notice, but sometimes it cuts deep to read it; for instance, "Spring—Time to Go a Fishing," and "Vacation Time," seemed to aggravate me for the time being. So I broke away for a few days and visited the scenes of my earlier days in old Massachusetts. I landed at the seat of Hampshire county about sundown, tired and dusty. The next morning I started for the center of the town and was surprised to see the number of electric cars with the signs on them denoting that they went in all directions. I had read of all this, but to stand and see it all was different. I saw a car marked "Mt. Tom, Holyoke-Springfield." That was my car. I wanted to get around in the vicinity of Mt. Tom. I told the motorman to let me get off at a certain place, but he forgot me, and let me off about a half mile further on. It was all right, as far as I was concerned, but he looked meek.

I got off where a famous trout brook runs under the railroad tracks. It is a long culvert that carries the water under the roadbed, and I remembered the place well, although it must be thirty years since I had been in that particular spot. Phoebe used to build their nests in the culvert on the high arch, and they do yet. I heard the same familiar call of the phoebe that I heard when I was a boy; I do not think it was the same bird. I crawled and slid down the railroad bank and looked in; then I stepped from stone to stone and got inside the culvert. There I stood and thought how we used to whistle and hear the echo; so I whistled and the same sound of years ago came to my ears. Then I gave a sharp yell; it sounded just as it used to when we went to school near by, in the old red school house which was torn down long ago. Well, I stood there and felt ashamed of myself for whistling and shouting; I thought someone might have heard me and would send word to the State lunatic asylum not four miles distant that some of their charges had broken loose. I went on up the brook until I came to the location of the old sawmill; there I had to stop and do some more thinking. That was long ago when the sawmill was running, but I used to ride back and forth on the log carriage and watch the old "up and down" saw do its work that helped deprive a good part of Mt. Tom of its virgin forests. Here I used to stand and watch the trout come out from under the mill and catch flies and angleworms that we would throw in to the deep pool. There is nothing left there to tell that a sawmill ever existed in that locality. From there I moved on to the stone dam and read a sign, "No Fishing in this Pond." If I had had the tools with me I should have fished in those waters, not believing the sign was put there for me.

Up over the hill I wandered to an old farm; went to the front door and rapped, and the same genial countenance came to the door as of yore; but the absence of intent or motive on my part was withheld. I was not known; I was a stranger; and it seemed evident I would be asked what my business was, so I broke the ice. "Well, well, I should not have known you. How you have grown; I remember you when you were a boy and used to come up here tramping around with a gun over your shoulder larger than yourself." After a good handshake and a talk of events past and gone, I could see a moisture in her pleasant blue eyes. I said good-by and started on, as my collar button seemed to be growing large.

I knew my next stopping place would be the old cemetery; so I picked a few wild flowers and left them where I thought it would be appropriate.

I followed the foot of the mountain on toward the Holyoke line for nearly a mile; then made a break for the hills. Mountain pastures were here and dry as a bone now. Then I came to a small patch of woods, and the grass around these places was green and sweet. Even these small patches of timber would have been cut down if the rocks among them had not been in such evidence that the farmer was afraid to wield his ax. Why farmers do not leave more shade trees in the pastures I do not know, but that to-day the majority of trees left standing are worth more than to be cut down is the growing feeling in that part of the country. I was now on top of what we used to call the "little" mountain. I felt tired and sat down on a large boulder and had a good smoke; then went on down the other side of the little mountain. On my way down I saw a blacksnake all of six feet long run into a juniper bush. I tried to chase him out, but could not; he knew his business. I went on down to the trout brook and looked for the places where I used to catch trout; but all had changed; in some places the brook had a new course, and in others the alders and trees were cut down from the side of the brook and the banks had caved in. It was a sorry place to look for trout, but I saw a few small ones. I followed the brook for nearly half a mile and saw but few signs of life in it. But when Mt. Tom is set aside for a State forest reservation, then the brook will grow again and fishing such as it was thirty-five or forty years ago can again be had with proper protection. I am afraid a Mt. Tom reservation is a good way off. There are a few dollars in taxes every year that some people in Northampton would miss awfully.

I left the brook and started over the hills to the place where I had left the trolley cars in the morning. As I neared the board "lean to" or trolley station, I saw a woodchuck, but he saw me first, and he started for the station and got there first; but he went in on the ground floor, and just as his tail was going out of sight under the floor he whistled. I didn't. I walked around inside the station a while (it was about 4½ by 5 feet) reading autographs of people who thought they were prominent in life. As I was four miles from town I thought I would start, and the cars might overtake me. After I had walked about two miles, one did, and I jumped on and returned to town, highly satisfied with my day's tramp, which brought recollections of long ago. The chain is mended now and seems stronger than ever.

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

Camp-Fire Stories from Canadian Woods.

IX.—The Husking Bee and the Bear Hunt.

THE Old Homestead was situated about five miles from the site of the present city of Belleville, upon the highlands running westerly nearly across the whole township, the country gradually sloping to the south. To the south and east a view extending over farms dotted with woodlands with the blue waters of the Bay of Quinte and the high Prince Edward shore in the distance. To the southwest, in summer, rich pastures, glowing meadows, and fields of waving grain gladdened the view until the eye rested upon the hills of Northumberland away in the distant haze.

On the north of the farm a strip of woodland crowned the highest point of the ridge, and here, reclining in the shade, one enjoyed a veritable panorama. Here one's view was enlarged until the eye rested upon Presq' Isle on Lake Ontario, some twenty miles away, overlooking one of the fairest portions of the country on the one side, on the other, to the north, over hill and valley until the horizon was lined with the Oak Hill range, a ridge of highland commencing on the Niagara frontier and running around the north of Lake Ontario until lost in the Laurentian Mountains.

As late as the early fifties large tracts of woodlands and swamp were a prominent feature in these frontier townships, and game was still very plentiful. Clouds of wild pigeons settled down upon the stubble fields; black and gray squirrels with their plumed tails graced the woodlands or scampered out of cornfields. Partridges were more than abundant; acorns, beechnuts and all kinds of "shack" were plentiful, and bruin was in evidence. Hares scurried from the pathways and roadsides whenever one passed through cedar thickets. Now and then a deer could be seen in the pasture lands feeding among the cattle or gracefully bounding away. Talk about hunting! The ordinary boy with an old Indian fowling piece secured more game during a single autumn than now falls to the lot of all the sports of the township. The boys always looked forward to the time when

"The sumptuous days of autumn came,
The saddest of the year,"

for there were in prospect apple-cuts and husking bees, and a chance of shooting of mornings and evenings and on rainy days.

As all farmers grew corn, the husking bee was quite an institution. The plan was that the boys and girls, and sometimes the older ones, would pair off and baskets of equal measure placed before each. The pair that filled the larger number of baskets during the evening received a prize. Great was the strife, and sometimes the rule was every red ear a kiss, although frequently the boy failed to secure it. At ten o'clock or so all adjourned to the spacious homestead for supper, then a violin was brought and a dance finished up the evening.

The bee was usually held in the barn or large drive house. It happened, on one occasion on the old farm, while hands were busy within the building, a bear, though not an invited guest, was enjoying a little husking by himself out in the cornfield. A dog belonging to one of the parties somehow got advised of the presence of the bear in the field, and commenced growling, barking, and making himself otherwise disagreeable. Upon being let out, away he sped for the corn. The field was some distance from the farm buildings and adjoined a piece of woodland. The owner of the dog and a couple of the boys followed. The dog was famous for 'coons, and they anticipated some sport. The night was one of Egyptian darkness, but they were guided by the sound of the barking into the piece of woods. They soon located the tree which the dog was guarding. Collecting brush and sticks a fire was kindled, and in the red glow of this instead of a 'coon a large bear was discovered perched in the crotch of a giant elm. Word went to the people of the bee, and messengers sent forth to procure a rifle. The old Indian fowling piece, though good with ball at short range, could not be relied upon to put a bear out of business, and rifles were scarce in those days. The whole crowd flocked to the scene of the dog's exploit. Fires were kept up until the messengers should arrive with rifles.

The bear became annoyed at the noise and confusion below, and made up his mind to come down. Now, when a bear makes up his mind to come down, in instances like this one, he does come down very suddenly, and, without a moment's warning, down came the bear in the midst of the unsuspecting crowd. With shrieks and yells the whole party tumbled pell mell in every direction, and such a mingling of arms, legs, heads and heels was never before seen. The bear started off, passing through the frantic people, paying attention to none, bent only upon his own escape. The dog seemed to consider that he had a reputation at stake, for no sooner did the bear start off than the dog commenced a rear attack. As often as the bear wheeled to face the dog, so often did the dog spring behind and nip the hind legs at every chance. The crowd, partially recovered from their first fright, shouted to encourage the dog. The bear could not long stand the din as well as the dog's persistent attacks, and went up another tree.

The neighborhood had been scoured for a rifle, but only one messenger succeeded in obtaining one, and this, alas! was loaded with the last ball cartridge. The rifle was entrusted to the hands of the oldest and most experienced hunter. With bated breath the anxious crowd awaited, but the hunter did not disappoint their expectations; at the crack of the gun down came the bear, the bullet having entered his brain.

The scene of exultation which followed equaled an Indian orgy around the torture fire of a victim. The bear was taken home on a sled and the consensus of opinion was that he would weigh about 500 pounds.

In this neighborhood many bear hunts had taken place, both before and since, but this one afforded the most comment and the most striking story of them all.

* * * * *

In settled localities the 'coon, the skunk, and the fox, it seems, become more plentiful than in the natural wilds.

'Coons usually lurk in the shade of towering elms which surround almost every pond, and, in the hollow limbs and trunks of which they make their home. A good 'coon hunt will afford exciting sport to the average boy. The writer has very good reasons to remember his last 'coon hunt, which is, perhaps, worth relating. The 'coon, when disturbed in a cornfield, usually returns on the next and following evenings about an hour later than the ones on which they have been disturbed. The plan was to visit the various cornfields and after the hunt was over make a log heap and roast green corn by the burning logs. After hours of hard tramping and considerable excitement and with fair success, no banquet was more relished than the feed of corn roasted by the glowing log fire which rounded up almost every 'coon hunt. On this special occasion the 'coons had been often disturbed, so a late start was made for the neighboring cornfields. The tactics of the hunt were to cautiously place ourselves outside and surrounding the corn while one went in with the dog. On this occasion we reserved the field on the old farm to be the last one visited. We arrived at the place at about the darkest hour before dawn and stationed ourselves so as to intercept the 'coons on coming out. One of the party went in with the dog whose uneasiness to get away denoted the presence of game. After the dog had beaten the field for some time we heard a tussle mingled with deep growls. Four or five of us rushed in, each striving to get there first. We all made good time and arrived about together on the scene. To our amazement and disgust, instead of 'coons, the dog had tackled an old skunk and her half-grown litter of young ones, and we were right in the midst of them. With a whoop and a spring we scattered. I tripped in a pumpkin vine and landed down hill many feet away on my head and shoulders. I do not know how the other boys got out, but when we got together the five of us were in a sorry plight, and had to endure the chaffing of the rest of the party. We silently stole away to our respective homes and waited in an outbuilding until daylight and some member of the family should bring a change of clothes.

The poor old dog—a famous 'coon hunter—driven from the house, felt that his reputation was entirely gone, and for a month or more went about crestfallen, and was so disgusted that when spoken to would scarcely wag his tail.

This was my last 'coon hunt.

E. B. FRALECK.

Natural History.

Notes on Reptiles.

SOME years ago, while crossing the Blue Ridge, Va., by Ashby's Gap, in company with a relative of the famous leader of the Black Horse Cavalry, I had a singular experience in testing the hunting skill of our common blacksnake. We had just reached the foot of rather a steep ascent, where the road passed up between two high banks, when a toad slipped through the fence; on the summit of one of them, and in its hurry rolled down into the roadway. My companion suddenly caught hold on the reins of my steed and checking its advance, said: "Hold on! There's a blacksnake after that fellow." But a few seconds passed before the reptile's head was thrust between the lower fence rails, and on detecting our presence, it was immediately withdrawn. My friend dismounted, and passing the bridle reins to myself, started in pursuit of the toad, which he soon captured and carried some ten or twelve paces, when it was given its freedom. It started up the road in great haste, while my friend returned and proposed that we should retrace our steps a short distance. We did so; dismounted, secreted ourselves and kept a sharp lookout for the toad's pursuer. We had but a short time to wait, before the reptile again appeared, and after carefully reconnoitering its surroundings, apparently concluded that all danger had passed, and slowly crawled down the slope, following the toad's trail until it arrived at the spot where it had been picked up and carried for a short distance. After trailing about for a short time, it began to circle about and act precisely as a dog will do, when it loses a trail. It increased the diameter of its circles until it reached the spot where the toad had been liberated, when it started off on the direct trail, which it had followed but a short way, when it was overtaken and killed by my friend, who had hastily pursued and clubbed the life out of it. On resuming our way he told me of three other similar instances which had fallen under his notice.

While at the Zoological Gardens, Cincinnati, a fine specimen of the Gila monster was acquired by the society. Very naturally I used every expedient to prevent its escape, in having its exhibition quarters constructed. On account of its reputation of possessing potent poisonous powers, it attracted a great deal of attention; but the visitors contented themselves with examining it at a decent distance from its glass-fronted cage, and I congratulated myself on the success of my devices for its safe keeping. All went well until one Saturday afternoon, when the newsboys of the city were given free entry to the Gardens by the Board of Directors. I felt some qualms as to the result of the affair, and gave stringent orders to the entire staff of employes to be on the *qui vive* until the last visitor had left the premises. Everything seemingly passed off well, until just as the gates were being closed, when I was startled by a report that the heavy plate glass in front of the monster's den was smashed and the reptile was missing. An immediate search was made, and every portion of the reptile house and its surroundings were closely examined, without detecting any traces of the reptile. I am free to confess that I passed an uncomfortable night, nor did I experience any relief the next morning when a farther search failed to reveal any indications of the monster's presence. A short time subsequent, I was giving some directions to a blatant Irishman, who had charge of the pony track, an appendage for the amusement of the youngsters, when I was startled by the appearance of a neighbor carelessly swinging the monster by its tail. Instantly fearing a warning cry from the Hibernian, I made a cautionary

sign and sharply ordered him to bring an empty sack. He had but a few steps to make before reaching one, which was quickly passed to myself, when I held it with the mouth opened, in front of my neighbor, who nonchalantly dropped the reptile within without realizing in the slightest degree the peril he had undergone. On questioning him, he informed me that on investigating the cause of an unusual row in his hen house, he had captured the monster, and naturally concluding that it had escaped from the Gardens, he had returned it. I heartily thanked him, but was careful not to inform him of the risk he had undergone.

While living in Natal, South Africa, I endeavored to make a collection of the skins of the birds of that region, and in skinning and arranging them I was much annoyed by the flies. I made vain efforts to get rid of them, and finally gave up the task in despair. A short time subsequent, while seated in front of my shanty, enjoying an afternoon pipe, my attention was attracted by the artifices of a couple of chameleons on a neighboring shrub in trying to make a meal of my pests. The idea struck me that they might be used for my benefit, whereupon I immediately captured and placed them on a small bough, hung by a fine wire, immediately over the center of my small dissecting table, and soon experienced a decided relief from the nuisance. Whenever it happened that I did not make use of the table, half a dozen flies thrown on the leaves of the branch sufficed to keep my prisoners quiet. Little did I imagine that a far more beneficial use of the idea would soon come under my notice. On my arrival in Batavia, Java, I found almost every available place of concealment in my bed room was used by those cunning little reptiles, the geckos, for hiding places during the day, from which they would issue as soon as darkness set in, to make war on the clouds of mosquitoes and other insects which sadly interfered with sound slumber. I was very much diverted on being awakened one morning by a humming sound in the immediate proximity of my head, and when fairly aroused was pleased to discover that the noise was caused by a pair of huge dragon flies that my attendant had captured and placed under the mosquito net, so that they might prey on any intruders which might get underneath. During my stay at Buitenzorg, I managed to make pets of a couple of geckos, which came down the pillars of the porch in front of my room, regularly every evening in order to feast on the flies which I would catch and give to them. While on my journey to the interior, I found that the inhabitants protected them and used every inducement to get them to remain in their houses. During this trip I discovered a singular superstition of the natives in attributing good fortune to the ownership of a pair of doves and found a pair caged in a large majority of the houses; particularly in those of newly married couples.

While residing in Durban, Natal, I received a note one morning from the harbor master, requesting my immediate presence down at the port, as a large python had boarded and taken possession of a newly arrived barge, and the entire crew had deserted her and come ashore. Calling one of my keepers, I hurried off down to the beach, and on my arrival found quite a crowd collected. On questioning the captain, I concluded that in swimming across the harbor during the night the serpent had evidently struck the vessel's hawser, which served as a medium for climbing on board, and had been discovered in the morning coiled around the capstan while the crew were washing the decks. Mischievously the nozzle of the hose had been directed toward it when, with a loud hiss, it ascended the shrouds to the foretop, from which it projected its head in such a belligerent manner that the crew deserted the vessel and hurriedly pulled ashore. Making up my mind as to my mode of capture, I secured a large, empty wool sack, and on requesting the panic-stricken sailors to pull off and put myself and keeper on board, was met with a direct refusal. I then applied to the harbor master, who, after much solicitation, managed to persuade two of his men to man a dinghy and pull myself and keeper off to the deserted vessel. Just as we were starting, the captain requested that I would rescue a favorite terrier, which had been forgotten in their panicky flight. As we neared the vessel I could see the python, with its head hanging over the edge of the foretop, which encouraged me to follow out the plan I had conceived for its capture. My keeper and I clambered over the rail well aft, while the dinghy was pulled off a short distance, in order to give its crew a full view of our work. After a short search I managed to find a coil of small rope and a corresponding pulley. Ascending to the main top, I slung the pulley underneath, put the rope through it and passed one end down to the keeper. Descending with the other end, I fashioned a slip noose and made it fast, with about three feet of play, to the end of a pole, which I picked up on deck. Then going forward and climbing up the shrouds until I could reach the python's head with the noose at the end of the pole, I began to annoy it with successive thrusts, until by a lucky stroke I managed to get the noose over the reptile's head. Thereupon the keeper hauled taut with his end of the line, while the python coiled his tail around the lap of the foremast and foretopmast. Hastily climbing up on to the top, I quickly loosened the pole and uncoiled the python's tail, when by a speedy pull the keeper had it suspended under the main top. Hurriedly descending, I picked up the wool sack and holding it with the mouth wide open, the choking reptile was lowered into it until its head was reached, when an expeditious cut with my pocket knife severed the noose, upon which the bag was quickly closed, and its mouth firmly tied. In comparatively a short time, from the vibrations of the bag, we knew that our prisoner had recovered its wind, when the dinghy was called alongside and we and our captive were taken ashore. On landing and lifting the sack out of the boat, it was carefully shunned by the crowd, and the skipper anxiously inquired if we had seen anything of his pet, and on my answering that I had not, but that I had noticed an enlargement of the abdomen of the python, which I supposed was caused by a hearty supper, taken on the previous night, a shout of laughter went up from the assemblage, and I hurried off with my booty.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

The Senses of Deer and Antelope.

SCOTCH LAKE, Canada, July 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In July 18 issue of FOREST AND STREAM, J. P. B. has an article on the deer's scent, and mentions Mr. Carney's experience with antelope.

Now, I believe that although they seem to differ on certain animals' power of scent, that yet they are both right, and that the conditions make the difference.

On open ground, such as antelope use, the air moves freely and without obstruction, and it would be useless to try to approach them down wind, as the wind would be moving much faster than the hunter possibly could, and the scent would be carried far ahead and the game alarmed, while yet the hunter would be far away.

These conditions apply to moose and deer when you hunt on lakes or open water of any kind; but in the deep heavily timbered country where much of the moose and deer hunting is done, the conditions are entirely different. In hunting on such ground you may travel with the wind on your back if you keep moving at a good sharp walk and don't stop any, you will be ahead of your scent, as the wind moves very slow in the woods. But when you think you are getting close to game, it is all important to keep moving ahead or the scent will pass you and reach the game before you get a shot, in which case your chances are small indeed.

Then again, there are conditions when the scent will spread a considerable distance against the wind, as anyone would see who has watched game feeding when the wind was light, and the air damp, so the scent would hang low. Under such conditions a moose will scent a man easily a hundred yards distant, and I have known them to get the scent at 250 yards, and a light air from the moose to the man, but it would take several minutes for the scent to spread.

Then again, game will act different in different places. Deer that live in the settlements don't care as much for the scent as deer that live in the woods away from any scent of men. Deer that live away back in the deep woods are much more afraid of the scent than deer that see and smell men nearly every day.

The conditions in hunting amount to about this: If you are hunting on open ground where the wind has a clear sweep, by all means be careful to hunt up wind; but if you are hunting in heavy timber it makes very little difference, if you keep moving at a good smart gait. I have learned this by my own practical experience, and have proved it many times.

There is a great difference in the weather conditions about scent spreading, as any man with a keen nose can tell for himself. Some days a man can smell a camp-fire easily half a mile down wind and quite a distance up wind; while with different conditions he could not smell it more than a few yards; and just so with the game. Some days they will get your scent before you can get near them, other days they can't seem to smell you at all.

ADAM MOORE.

Where Were the Warblers.

THERESA, N. Y., July 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was bird observing many times during the month of May, and was surprised at the scarcity of the usual migration of the warblers. On the fourth and eleventh of the month I visited Delaware avenue park in Buffalo and saw only three species, the yellow, myrtle, and black-throated blue each day. The yellow warbler is a summer resident and the other two species are usually early migrants, while the bulk of the other twenty to twenty-five species generally pass through western New York between the 10th and 20th of May.

On the 15th I was out near Lockport (where in former years on the 17th and 18th I usually saw at least a dozen species), and did not see a warbler; it was an ideal afternoon for observing birds, and I was so surprised that I went again the next morning and with the same success. Up to the 25th of the month I visited the woods six times without seeing a warbler.

In the meantime I spent a day in Buffalo, and was relating my experience to a young friend who is also a close observer of birds, and I was not much surprised to learn that his experience was the same as mine, as out of 32 species that he had seen at Fort Erie in past years, he had seen only the two species myrtle and black-throated. Other parties in Buffalo reported the same to me. We had very cold dry weather all through May and into June, but I can hardly think that it could affect the migration of the warblers to such an extent.

I would like to learn the experiences of observers in other sections.

J. L. DAVISON.

Swallows and Swifts.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On folio 44 FOREST AND STREAM of July 18, Bristol Hill, in his "Birds on the River," asks: "I begin to doubt whether I know the regular dwelling place of either kind [swifts and swallows]. Where do these species live now? It is years since I have seen their mud houses sticking like parasites to man's larger buildings. Why did they lose such a characteristic habit of life?" I have observed the same here around Pittsburg and Allegheny. Some fifteen years ago hundreds of them could be seen skimming the surface of the Allegheny, Monongahela and Ohio rivers in search of insects the livelong day; and many a delightful hour have I passed observing the beautiful gyrations high up in the sky of the swifts, especially before a storm. They are all gone now, and all lovers of bird life miss them.

E. Hough in the same number, page 45, says of the common barn swallows: "One or two pairs put in their appearance each year and build a nest that is promptly taken by the sparrows." That may be, and I believe is, the explanation. One more sin to put before the door of the English sparrow; they have driven other native birds from our parks and woods, why not the swallows?

JULIAN THE FOX HUNTER.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Days with the Upland Plover.

WHILE lolling in one of the big rustic rockers out on my lawn last Sunday night, I caught for the first time this season, the first tinkling cry of the upland plover floating down from high in the midnight sky like a ripple of liquid music.

Of all the notes of our many game birds, none affects me so joyously as that of this deliciously little sandpiper. Not in the startled quack of the mallard, the autumn call of Bob White, the strident skeape of the jacksnipe, or even the resounding auh unk of the wild goose, is there such magic, such resistless power as in the tinkling triplet of the upland plover. It is marvelous how a sound so light can be so far reaching or a tone so ineffably sweet traverse the air for such an incredible distance and at the same time lose none of its mystic charm. I honestly believe that the rippling alarm of this queer little habitué of our big hay fields, as he leaves the close-cropped verdure and bounds into space can be heard on a favorable day, for a stretch of a mile or more. All surroundings lose their enchantment for me when I first detect that tiny film of gray trailing over the mid-summer sky and catch those pearls of sound that only one little speckled throat can drop.

But so it is with most sportsmen. Next to the quail and the little russet-colored jack, the upland plover comes first in their affections, and, in fact, during his open season, he ranks way above any feathered game.

He comes here to our broad hay and newly plowed fields from his breeding grounds just a few miles—say a hundred or so—to the north at a time in the year when all his congeners, save the almost ever present turtle dove are reveling in the more salubrious climes of the farther north, and furnishes a sport that few lovers of the hammerless care to deny themselves. And now that the alarm has been sounded in the nocturnal skies, the picturesque habiliments of the field will be hauled forth, and ardent forays made upon the big pasture, hay and plowed fields, which stretched away in oceanic undulations for countless miles in every direction west of this favored city.

The arrival of this little mottled beauty is always the signal for a renewal of activity among the gunners. From the dawning of July they are on the lookout. They know his punctuality of character and that he will be here on time, and regularly in the evening the strained hearing is turned heavenward for that plaintive sound, that apprises them that the plover are moving and that it is time to go afield. And when the old sportsman does catch its first note what a thrill it sends through, for as I asserted before, there is nothing so sweet to the hunter's ears as the whistle of the upland plover in the evenings of mid-July.

The plover's call is a melting, trickling lilt of melody, a subtle music difficult to imitate but always of sufficient force to halt a sportsman when he hears it for the first time falling through the air. And then when he crawls through the barb wire fence and plants his hobnailed foot on the short grass of the wide pasture, he is the gladder man on earth.

"Tur-wheetle! tur-wheetle! tur-wheetle!" Those are the dulcet notes, as nearly as I can reproduce them orthographically, that vibrates the dancing air when the flight is on till the tinge of carmine in the western skies deepens into the thickening veil of midnight.

The upland plover are strictly nocturnal in their migrating habits, and do all their traveling and exercising after the riant but blistering Phoebus has immersed himself behind the western horizon, and but seldom sound their sweet carrillon save when upon the wing. They will, however, on the approach of danger, emit a single, sharp, warning cry and ply their light, slender, greenish legs with remarkable velocity as they run through the straggling rag weeds and scared sun-flowers and away. When wing broken and running from the ruthless gunner, they are apt to betray their whereabouts at every fresh start by whistling once or twice, and at such times there is a touching melancholy in the birds' notes.

When I first came to Nebraska upland plover were so plentiful all over the big grazing lands of the State and so easily approached and shot down that there was but little incentive to hunt them. But there have been many sad changes in game life during the past decade, and while the uplands are never more encountered in such numbers as they were in the early days, they are by no means scarce. They are much wilder and more wary, however, and it requires the refinement on the part of the sportsman, unless he hunts in a wagon or on horseback, to get within only long range shot of them. This, however, but enhances the keen enjoyment of their pursuit. In the days of their plentifulness they were but indifferently rated for their table qualifications, but now, like the terrapin of the East, when they are not to be had for the asking, they are much sought after by our epicures and high-livers. I remember in my reportorial days in Washington when a dollar greenback would buy a cartload of terrapin, but to-day in any of the gay capital's swell cafés a single plate would cost five or six times the sum. A dozen years ago upland plover would not bring 50 cents a dozen in the Omaha market, but now, if they could be purchased at all, they would readily bring from \$3 to \$4.

Many, many rare days have I enjoyed out here with this beautiful little courser of the skies, and Wednesday last was not the least of them all, aye an oasis in the monotony of the waning days of a sportsman on the down grade. I heard the tinkling of passing birds the Sunday night previous, and on Monday and Tuesday evenings these plaintive messages from the realms above, dropped with the most thrilling frequency, and you can imagine what that meant. I had some trouble, strange as it may seem, rounding up a comrade for the case, but finally found the Barrister, an old and beloved companion of forest, field and stream, and an hour later, behind old "Molly," we were bowling along the quiet coun-

try road through God's own country beyond Benson. The day was a lovely one despite the sun's fierce rays, for a refreshing breeze came singing up from the northwest, and great masses of billowy clouds kept the earth about half the time immersed in soothing shadow, and Bill and I would have had a glorious time had we not bagged a feather.

As we rolled along I could not help living over the enchantment of all the past years on that very same errand. Year after year, when the bluegloss had spread its delicate azure across the pastures and the pink of the wild rose blended with the yellow of the moccasin and the sunflower, and the fluffy topaz of the golden rod and sensitive plant, when the air was redolent with the multi-various odors of the summer time, the newly cut wheat and oats, the tasseling corn, the heavy fragrance of the sweet clover, the blossoming thistle and speckled disc of the wild poppy; when the mutterings of the thunder came from the storm that had circled us on the north, and silvery-tipped clouds thrust their glistening peaks, like fagged crags, above the horizon—when a softer quiet lingered over our great pasture lands, and a milder radiance played along the distant sandhills—those were the days that I put in with the uplands, year after year, until it would seem that I should have had a surfeit.

Well, instead I lived them all over again on Wednesday last, and while the Barrister and I did not compass such a plethora bag as marked some of our past experiences, we did kill seventeen uplands and that was enough to make us both contented and happy. The aim of the sportsman to-day is not to outstrip the kills of ancient times. With the increasing scarcity of game he has grown to rest satisfied with the benefits of such an outing, to glory in the beauties of nature as they are revealed to him. He is ennobled and bettered by the inspiration he finds in the woods and fields and by the lakes and streams, and profits by the tidings brought to him by the winds through the cottonwoods, the songs sung by the gurgling Platte, the roaring Niobrara, intoned by the mighty voice of all outdoors.

It was 10 o'clock when we reached the big rolling pasture field on Farmer Platt's beautiful ranch. We had neither seen or heard the sign of a plover along the whole way out, but I knew if they were anywhere they would be here, for not once in the past ten or twelve years had I been disappointed on finding them there on my first visit. We had hardly hitched old Molly and passed through the big gate when we were startled by that thrilling tur-wheetle! tur-wheetle! and a single bird flushed from the dusty cattle path and sailed away against the background sky like a thread of cobweb.

"Look out, Bill," I admonished, "there is apt to be another near here—they seldom remain long alone."

We were both, of course, keenly alive to the situation. We knew the birds were there, and we were both ambitious to make the first kill of the season.

Carefully we strolled along where the folded white and purple globes of the wild morning glory twined over the deep gold of the cinquefoil, and where the iron weed's tall lavender stems, laden with dust, stood like slim sentinels in the quivering air.

Suddenly, just as we were about giving up hope of flushing another bird, we were electrified by a very chorus of shrill tur-wheetles to our left, on Bill's side, from out the hot shade of a veritable copse of ragweeds. Simeral was the first to shoot; in fact, I had no opportunity, and I was a little bit nettled to see him neatly cut down the first bird. I hadn't long to nurse my envy, however, for a bird had circled in the air, and turning, was coming back quartering on my side. He was on the down wind and I shot behind him with my first barrel, but caught him hard enough with the second to push him up several yards higher in the air. He soon began to sag, and the next moment I was overjoyed to see him start slantingly for the dusty sward with greater momentum than ever, bobbing badly from side to side, until, suddenly, with a faint thud his blood-stained and mottled body struck with a bound the short-browed grass along the cattle path. It proved to be a fine young cock in a brilliant new coat, and I was extremely proud of my first kill.

It was too hot for the birds to remain long in the air and by the time I had rejoined the Barrister, there wasn't a feather to be seen, or a sound, save the never ceasing drone of the cicade to be heard.

"What became of them?" I inquired.

"They are way off there over that plowed field—I watched several of them and saw them go down there. Let us work down to the end of this and then go over there."

This we did without jumping another bird, and then we went off and explored the upturned field over which Bill had last marked the disappearing bits of gray, but without success. We were now thirsty and panting with the heat like a couple of hard-pushed pointers, but our ardor had by no means cooled, and we slowly returned to the Platt pasture. We had almost reached the big lower gate when that well-known triplet of liquid music, which must have fallen from incalculable heights, struck our hearing, and at the same instant we saw a wisp of gray and white flitting over some low sunflowers down the fence not an hundred yards away. This was not the bird whose cry we had heard, however, he was up in the zenith somewhere.

In his impatience Simeral up and blazed away, but, of course, produced no effect at such a distance, other than to frighten three other birds out of the ragweeds near by.

With a chorus of frantic cries they took wing, and we both got down a bird, mine a hard, swift overhead shot, and Bill's a straightaway. The third bird went up into space at a rapid rate, crying out in fright as he climbed, but making no headway at leaving the vicinity. We watched him eagerly as he circled round and round above us, and was about to give him up and move on when suddenly he gave a sidewise pitch in space and came tumbling toward the earth at a rapid rate, righting himself as he got nearer, and finally alighting dudishly not a hundred paces from where we stood. Billy got it between him and the scanty line of sunflowers, and made a sneak that would have done credit to an Apache Indian, killing the plover as he stood, high and alert on his gray-pillard feet, in the very tracks where he had alighted.

We were still animadverting humorously on this bit of luck, when an old cock, silent as a thistle down, came

floating over the waving corn and undertook to pass us, skimming low down over the pasture. We both saw the bird at the same time and each determining not to be outdone, we jerked up our Parkers together and pulled the triggers. I had the exquisite pleasure of seeing the Barrister's load as it tore through the straggling ragweeds behind the old cock, and exceeding exasperation at my own, which went off through space three feet above the horrified sandpiper. We had both been too previous and both scored a miss, and then we laughed, each blaming the other, but we knew we had scared the bird half to death from the way he was beating tanbark up the aerial way. He had heard the report of our good Ideal shells and felt the wind of the whizzing shot, but that was all. His gray coat had not had a thread ruffled, and, we stood there watching him, as on the wings of his silvery song, he disappeared off toward the masses of vapor in the coloring west.

But there were plenty of birds left and we knew it, and to avoid any further provoking contretemps of this sort, we agreed to separate, and as I worked back along the edge of the corn, Bill strode off cat-a-cornered across the pasture.

We had hardly separated when two birds flushed in front of the Barrister. They were at a trifle long range, but he turned the first one over with nice skill and dusted the tops of the rag weeds around the second. He ran to retrieve his fallen bird, which proved to be wing-broken, and as it led him off through the patches of mullein, rag weed and purpling lobelia, he flushed at least a score of birds that had been lying in the thin shade out of the heat of the sun. All of these birds took to the corn, dropping down here and there and everywhere, scattering, in fact, just right to insure a big killing, and I made it, too. When I found Bill an hour later down by the old bars, I had seven plover, all full-grown birds and in fine condition.

But lack-a-day, like all of the good things of life, our sport came to as sudden a close as it had begun. The birds simply got up finally and quit the neighborhood. As we stood by the roadside and lamented, we saw once or twice a streak of drab scudding across the azure of the sky, miles away it seemed, and merge with the clouds, while now and then, coming from where we could not tell, came that mystic, far-reaching tinkle, then all was quiet, save the insects in the grass by the roadside, the call of the meadowlark and the chuck! chuck! chuck! of the crossing blackbirds overhead.

With feelings of supreme content we piled in the old phaeton, took a long pull—on our cigars—and drove home through the glimmer of the gloaming.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

A Comedy of Errors.

It does seem incredible that a man with considerable experience in hunting should have made as many mistakes in one day as did I.

But from making three great blunders, I learned three great truths: First, that a deer and a pack of hounds may go by while one slumbers, so conducive to sleep is the atmosphere of the pine woods. Second, that a deer is not necessarily dead because some one along his runway has fired a gun. Third, that a deer "tucks" his tail if hit and does not "flop" it. How I have fretted and worried over the cost of learning those three plain facts of the chase! How I have wished that I could get the chance to do it all over again! I would now have the respect of an old man, who though I may never see him again, stands out in my memory of humiliations like Mars at perihelion. But, as Artemus Ward said when the seventeen Mormon girls asked him to marry them, "It cannot was." My dear old hero, Slicker Harris, of Clark county, Arkansas: If you be yet among the living, accept this confession as the final and prayerful unloading of a burdened, penitent, and gloriously punished tenderfoot. You suspected it all then, didn't you? Ah, I knew you did; but I was younger then and youth knows nothing of the joy of honest confession. That was in 1893. Slicker, and ten years—well ten years is a long time when, as in my case, it makes the difference between raven locks and those mixed with gray. And then, you will not forget, my dear old patient and generous soul, that at the start you made too much of me because I was the tenderfoot and because, too, that I had the Spencer repeating shotgun, the like of which you had not seen, and with which, as my companions told you, I was able to do mighty things. You will not forget all that now after these years, and you will, no doubt, be better able with the aid of the perspective that time gives, to be charitable. Really you may get some enjoyment out of that day's occurrences as you view them in the added light of my confession, though at the time, and in spite of that air of credulity with which you listened to all my explanations, you must have felt like losing me in the bush. Ah, you old rascal! what a courteous son of the South you proved yourself to be!

Do you remember, of course you do, when your darkey put me upon that stand early in the morning? It was a "stand" that promised all but a certainty if a deer should be started. When your man had gone—now Mr. Harris, please do not tell anyone of this—I waited very patiently for a long time. It seems that way to me now, though I would not testify under oath that it was over half an hour, for time does go awful slow under such circumstances. I say I waited patiently for something to turn up. But nothing turned. Then I began whiling away the time in the good old fashion, having a bunch of cigars in my pocket. But, my dear sir, there is nothing so conducive to the spirit of game preservation in the heart of the tenderfoot as the utter loneliness of a vast wood. How insignificant does a deer, dead or alive, then seem to be! I soon sank into a condition in complete harmony with mother nature. Tossing my cigar away I dropped upon a seductive bed of leaves at the side of a log—do, please, never repeat this—and was soon fast asleep. So now you can understand how it was, when you and your troop of "hoss" came dashing through the wood an hour afterward, that I was telling the truth when I responded to your excited query why I did not shoot that I had seen no deer to shoot at. O, I'll never forget your look of disgust! Nor will I ever forgive myself the folly of trying to deceive you. You thought I had gone from the

stand, didn't you? You did not dream that I had committed the unpardonable offense of going to sleep at my post.

But you, grand old fellow! I learned then most emphatically that it does not take scholastic acquirements and fine clothes to make the gentleman. You seemed to take no note of my humiliation, though you must have guessed it. And while you relieved the strain by renewing your questioning interest in my repeating shotgun, you hardly guessed how great a solace to me were your assurances given in that hearty way of yours that you'd give me a fine chance before the day was over.

Then you'll remember, too, the next stand upon which you placed me? It was about a mile and a half west of the cotton gin. Ah, my dear friend, it was there that I determined to redeem myself with you. And "Slicker," I did stand for two long hours at my post hardly batting an eye, while I listened to the coming and the going of the baying of your old dog Boss, and his companions. I kept my gaze intently upon the point in the bush what wreathed that knoll about where you had told me the deer would first come in sight toward me. It would have been all right, too, if you had not shot and yelled as you were driving the deer toward me. Really, it seems to me you should have known that the shot might have the effect of misleading me. You remember that the deer astonished you by turning to the north and away from his usual course just immediately after you had shot and hallooed? Well—I'm ashamed to tell it, but here goes—the fact is that thinking you had killed the deer, I left my stand at a dead run right down through the bush toward you. The deer found it out, though you did not. The ways and customs of the game which you had learned from fifty years of hunting were all changed and broken that day, weren't they? No doubt if I had stood my ground I would have gotten a good shot at that deer. But how was I to know? You had not told me when you found him coming directly into my net that you would fire your gun that I might be notified.

I remember most vividly your disappointment mixed with something of chagrin, but you will never be able to realize how heavy was my heart. Two magnificent opportunities missed! And just to think of it! Opportunities that I had been praying for years that I might have!

I thought it was all "off" then. I fully expected you to abandon all effort to make a kill. But the day was but partly spent, and like the true, big-hearted, generous, courtly and most hospitable gentleman that you were, you were gladly giving the day to the enjoyment of our company.

I recall with a feeling not unmixed with pain, how you got off your mule and walked with me up through the woods in the direction the deer had taken, and how you chatted with me in your quaint and most entertaining way. Do you not remember telling me so proudly—and I was proud for you—of the daughter that was away at school and of the letters that she wrote back to you—letters that "only jist teched the high pints?" And do you not remember the clump of persimmon trees we came upon? Trees that grew fruit that had no seeds—great, big, luscious bites that were waiting for us in bushels? And how you chided me for trying to "overdo a good thing?"

Then how good those hard-boiled eggs tasted as we sat at the roots of those pines at lunch hour! Then the cigars as their aroma mixed with the aroma of the woods! And then you do not forget how old Boss, who had been quietly dozing just a little distance away, got up, and nosing about, opened upon a trail just at the edge of the thicket of undergrowth, that was just to the north of us? Though you may have forgotten it, I have not, for it aroused in me an enthusiasm that had died with the second mistake I had made that morning. All at once I saw visions of leaping bucks and scented again the chance of getting a shot. And, oh, to redeem myself! That I fully determined on at once. And as I started around the thicket in response to your suggestion to make "tracks" for the point that jutted out to the northwest, where you assured me excitedly that the deer would come out, I almost bit my lips and crushed my gun in my grim and most resolute determination to make up for the past if only the opportunity should come to me. What music was the baying of old Boss as he trailed around through that thicket on the wake of that buck! I knew it was a deer, for you had said so when first you heard the dog open on the trail. And what a thrill it sent through me to hear you calling, "Whoop 'em up, Boss; whoop 'em up," when finally I had reached a point of the thicket which, in my tired and worn condition, from the hurried run I had been glad to accept as the one you had had in mind when directing me. And what a picturesque sight you presented to me, as just with your head and shoulders above the bush, I saw you forcing your mule through that thicket in the effort to follow the dog! There was no danger of sleep then. Nor was I going to leave my position, no difference what allurements were offered. How excited I became and yet how eagerly determined as the bay of the dog came closer and closer. Soon he was coming right in my direction, and I could see you, not over one hundred yards from me, and the dog between us. At every moment I expected the deer to bound in sight. But he did not, and it was a puzzling query that presented itself to my mind when, at the mouth of an opening in the bush and not over fifty yards away, the dog, nose to ground, came in plain view, then turned to the northeast still trailing. Do you suppose that the deer had been at that opening, too, and had been turned by my presence and without my having seen him? It was certainly without my seeing him if, in fact, he were there, but I'm sure now that it must have been that way, else why did old reliable Boss come that way? Really, now, "Slicker," was that another opportunity missed that a practiced deer hunter would not have overlooked? Turning about just at this time my delighted eyes fell upon the deer, just as he had come out of the bush a little further up, and was cutting across my path in eager haste to the southwest. And then it was that my repeater began to talk. Ah, that was the wildest moment of my life! After every discharge of that gun I fully expected to see that buck "toss his beamed frontlet" to the ground. Do you not remember how the bark flew from the pine trees among which he ran and into which I poured

the leaden hail? You don't? Well, you were some distance away. That's true. But you were coming some, weren't you? Ah, I can see you now, old fellow, as you belabored that old mule with your hat in the effort to be in at the death, all the while shouting to me, after I had unloaded my gun, to "Run! Run! Run!" as if you had a notion that I might catch a live deer in a pine wood. And you will remember that I ran, too, just as hard as I could in the direction the deer had taken, even though he then was out of my sight in the brush, until you came up with me and yelled down into my ear that bewildering question, "Did he flop it or tuck it? Did he flop it or tuck it?" Oh, Slicker! that was an unfair advantage you took of me. Did you think I had been paying any attention to whether he had flopped it or tucked it? to say nothing of my lack of knowledge of the significance of a deer "flopping or tucking" it when determining he was wounded. Yes, I am free to admit that under the necessity to make quick answer, I did say that he "flopped it," but I will never quit believing that that deer was hard hit, and that he became the meat of wolves and that we might have had him had we followed on his trail. But after my word had gone out, how was I to admit that I did not appreciate the significance of your question? and once I had declared that he had "flopped it" how was I afterward to say that he had "tucked it?" For all that was ten years ago, and my hair was not then streaked with gray as it is now. But, ah, my dear friend, how often have I wished that he had "tucked it!"

WM. J. BECK.

COLUMBUS, Ind.

Meadowlark and Robin.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It seems that I can never get into a mild sort of controversy in your pages without danger of wearing a subject threadbare, perhaps to the wearying of your readers. Nevertheless, I feel constrained to make reply to friend Dixmont's latest remarks about the Meadowlark and Robin.

In the first place I wish to say that I am an advocate for the enforcement of all laws. If laws are not to be enforced they should be expunged from the statute books. The greatest evil that now rests upon our free and democratic country is that the principle of individual liberty is carried too far, as a result of the non-enforcement of law.

I have no quarrel with the State of Nebraska for enforcing her game law, nor with the game warden for arresting and prosecuting violators thereof.

The prime object of the article that excited Dixmont's indignation was to rebuke a preacher for holding up another preacher, in a public manner, as a moral monster because he shot some meadowlarks; and incidentally to justify preacher number two for "regretting the inconvenience he was subjected to," which was one of the offenses charged against him; and which inconvenience appeared to have been aggravated by the manner in which the game warden performed his office, in which performance he might have been less invidious and uncandid if he had been so minded.

I failed to note the statement cited by Dixmont, that the meadowlark is protected by law in Kentucky; but suspected that he is protected, as in Mississippi, as a "game bird," and not as a "song bird."

I do not know where the Rev. Craig hails from, but have learned that Mississippi was the State of his adoption a few years ago.

I wish to take issue with Dixmont in his statement that "there were many things done in his (Audubon's) day in the pursuit of game which would be considered as highly unsportsmanlike in our day." On the contrary, I believe a high standard of sportsmanship was recognized in Audubon's time.

So much for the meadowlark. Now for the robin.

I wish to impress Dixmont by reiterating the statement, that robins are not regarded as "game birds" by Southern sportsmen, any more than the Northern angler considers the oyster as a game fish. Dixmont, and I presume all Northern residents who possess a commendable degree of sentiment in their mental furnishing, has invested the robin with a sort of sentimental sacredness that makes it difficult or impossible for him, or them, to view the question under discussion except in its sentimental aspect as presented to his and their minds. But let us endeavor to take a rational view of the subject.

I believe it must be conceded as a general proposition that man is at liberty to, and in fact does, use all of the lower creatures in animated nature, in any manner that may afford him the greatest benefit or gratification in the aggregate. If in one geographical division of the world, the inhabitants, by force of circumstances, use any particular creature in the only manner that it can be made to contribute to their benefit, and in another geographical division the inhabitants utilize the same creature in a different manner, but in the only way that it can be made to serve their uses, can either one of these parties make legitimate objection to the manner in which the other party utilizes this particular creature?

If there was conflict of interests between the parties, then another question would be involved. The North might say, "The robin is our song bird." The South might, with equal right, say, "The robin is our table bird." An impartial umpire would say, "The robin belongs to the North when in the North, and belongs to the South when in the South; neither has any rights in him when he is in the other's domain; but each is at liberty to use him as occasion affords."

But it has not been suggested that there is any real conflict of interests involved. There has been no complaint so far as I am aware, that eating robins in the South has appreciably diminished the supply of songsters in the North. If that were true, then a legitimate inquiry might be raised as to the comparative rights of the two parties, each to employ its particular mode of utilizing the robin. Such inquiry might be made on a higher plane as to which mode of using the robin should appeal to the more elevated sensibilities of those using him in their respective manner.

If the issue were presented in that form, that is, that eating robins by Southerners deprived Northerners of

their favorite song bird, then I should consider that Dixmont's deprecation of shooting robins in the South would be entirely justified, and I should cheerfully vote for the preservation of the songster for Northern gardens rather than see him sacrificed on Southern tables; and this view should have added strength under those circumstances, from the prospective exhaustion of the supply of robins for both purposes.

But so long as the supply of robins appears to be ample for both Southern tables and Northern lawns, the objection to their being so utilized in the South is a bare sentimentalism, which I can appreciate and should doubtless fully share if I had been "born and bred" in the North, but being a Southerner, I cannot subscribe to it in its practical application, for which position I trust sufficient reasons have been set forth above and heretofore.

COAHOMA.

MISSISSIPPI.

Maine Guides.

BANGOR, Me., July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* So long as there are reporters who merely want to fill space, and will write anything given to them on any subject by anyone, whether an authority on the subject or not, so long the world will have to endure a tremendous amount of reading that is worse than useless—it purports to instruct even while it exploits error. To a person living in the State of Maine, it is a wonder that anyone can pen such a lot of erroneous information as appears, from time to time, in the metropolitan press relative to Maine's fish and game interests.

It is such misinformation as this class of men spread abroad in the land that is responsible for many of the errors concerning Maine and its game and fish. It only needs be suggested that some fanatic "down in Maine" has thought of some change in the game laws, and straightway New York and Boston papers will tell how the friends of the measure have won their fight for better sportsmanship—or the reverse—and all sportsmen will hereafter be obliged to do thus and so. Most frequently the biennial session of the Maine Legislature is months ahead, and the "new law" is purely the thought of a very hopeful advocate of it, who may urge its passage "next year" when the solons come together.

Recently the writer's attention has been called to a remarkable yarn that is going the rounds of the press, the main features of which are to the effect that every individual who goes hunting or fishing in Maine this year must be accompanied by a registered guide, and that owing to a new union of the guides in Maine, everybody who has a guide must pay a stipulated wage of three dollars per day.

When so much effort is made, on the part of FOREST AND STREAM and every one of its contemporaries in the line of sportsmen's journals, to give in full the actual measures passed at each meeting of the legislatures of those States in which sportsmen are interested, it seems strange that sportsmen, otherwise keen business men of the world, will swallow so much error for truth.

To begin with, the Fish and Game Commissioners of Maine are limited in their powers—they may close certain waters upon petition, for a limited time; they may never open waters that have been closed by enactment of the Legislature. Neither may they change the laws affecting hunting—it is merely their privilege to suggest to the lawmakers, and of course use the right of every citizen—urge the desired law and give reasons for it. Consequently, when Maine has passed a law, it remains a law for at least two full years, unless there should arise exceptional cases calling the Legislature in special session, when there is possibility—but not probability—of change or repeal. It is many years since the Maine Legislature convened in extra session, although it will do so this year, without, however, any special reference to the general game laws enacted at the session last winter.

As a matter of fact, every non-resident sportsman coming into Maine to hunt moose or deer is expected to be under the eye of a registered guide, who—in theory—must give a report of the doings of his "parties" to the commissioners when his season's work is ended. In practice these reports can't always be verified, the guide reporting what he pleases.

The present law demands that no one guide shall guide (be in the employ of) more than five people at one time, and of course a guide looking out for five different rifles, miles apart during the hunting hours, has little means of knowing what goes on among those with whom he is not immediately engaged for the time. Before the enactment of this law, which is in the line of better sportsmanship, but not close enough to be effective, guides have been known to pose as "the guide for a party of 50" and even more.

Another feature of this amazing yarn about Maine is that the guides have formed a union organization and adopted a standard wage of three dollars per day. This is untrue, and any man who had been in Maine would see its weak side at once. With sixteen counties in the State, ten of which at least are the homes of some of the 1800 registered public guides in Maine, the home of the most westerly guide being more than two days' ride in fast express trains from the most northeasterly guide's abiding place, the geographical difficulties to a union, let alone the sectional differences, which are many, would prevent any such an organization from being effective. As a matter of fact, the average wage of a guide in Maine is "three dollars per day and found," and those who make more than a bare living out of it, with six months of idleness or work at less than a third of that money in the lumber camps, are few indeed. Some of them, rarely capable and reliable fellows, steady, honest, willing, ready to paddle forty-eight hours if need be, never in the way but always ready for the next move, skillful hunters and just as good listeners as they are talkers, some such are able to command five dollars a day; but the other man is hunting for them; they're never loafing around and looking for a party in the season, for they have a regular line of "sports" and frequently some on the waiting list. Some can be hired for almost any price.

Guides, that is good guides, have to spend years in

fitting themselves for their work, and must be prepared all the time for the most unexpected tax upon their skill and strength. Few of them are willing to go with more than one person, that is upon a trip where there is canoeing, with its carrying, cooking, etc. And while in some localities there are guides' associations, such as the Rangeley Guides' Association, the Dead River Guides' Association, the Mooshead and Jackman Guides' Associations, and perhaps others, there are so many different sections of Maine visited by sportsmen that any organization that would make a trade union of them would be absolutely impossible. A union of the guides for protection, to see that unjust and unnecessarily harsh laws are not passed for their injury, is one of the things that is bound to come in Maine, and when that day comes, then the makers of laws will have a body of counsellors at hand who will know what is right and what is wrong, what is best and what is unwise in the administration of the fish and game of this the greatest of recreation States for sportsmen.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

Game Preserves.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was not my intention to enter into a lengthy discussion of the ethics which should obtain between the rich and the poor of this earth, but the editorial under the above heading makes it necessary for me to say something further on the subject.

First of all I wish to call attention to the fact that it was Christ, and not myself, who suggested that the rich give to the poor. Christ is infinite in wisdom and goodness, therefore the wisdom of His teachings is above human criticism, and fully warrants me in the belief which I expressed, that a general compliance with His teaching would be a sovereign remedy for most of the evils of this life.

At the same time I tried to make it perfectly clear that I believe that the natural selfishness of man always has, and always will, prevent a general compliance with Christ's teaching. My object was to clearly point out what is wrong and not to suggest a practical remedy for that wrong.

"Things are as they are," therefore a plain statement of things as they are should not be stigmatized as a railing at the rich or an unwarranted indictment of human nature.

It is true "we have to do with things as they are," but is this any reason why we should refrain from picturing things as they ought to be? On the other hand, is it not one of the best reasons why we should have an ideal to direct us in our efforts to make things better? Casting aside the true standards of right and wrong which should be our guides in this life, is very much like casting aside both chart and compass when we start to navigate an unknown sea.

Most reforms are brought about by agitation and education. The press is generally regarded as a potent educator, therefore it is plain that a newspaper discussion of a needed reform is not "to fire in the air."

There should be no difference of opinion as to where we should look for the true standards of right and wrong. Our Creator is infinite in power, wisdom and goodness, and is also the supreme and final judge of mankind. He created the universe and gave us laws for our guidance, and by these laws He will judge us. There is no escape from this judgment. I know of nothing which is more "futile" than an attempt to set aside the divine law on the ground that it is "nowhere recognized as a practical course of conduct of life," except by individuals who are regarded as cranks.

The divine law is immutable. And now, in regard to the game preserve question. Charles Hallock truly says (see FOREST AND STREAM, page 44) that in the divine plan of creation, love is the basis of intercourse between man and man, and also between man and his Maker. Our Creator has commanded us to love our neighbor as we love ourself. Let us apply this law to this game preserve question. Does a man love his neighbor as much as he loves himself when he buys 50,000 acres, or any number of acres, of forest, stream and lake, so that he may fence his neighbors out and enjoy the pleasures which he has deprived them of?

Manifestly such a person is a violator of the divine law, and his neighbors are justified by the same law in taking his possession away from him and restoring it to its normal condition.

This is both a practical and just way of dealing with "human nature as it is," and should meet the approval of those who seem to regard human law as paramount to divine law, for human law sanctions the taking of land and other property from private ownership for public necessities. Surely the opportunity for rest and recreation is a public necessity.

Would it not be a more sensible, just and safe method of procedure to thus consecrate our lakes, forests and streams to the public good then it would be to "expend effort on certain limited lines under present conditions?"

JOS. W. SHURTER.

GANSEVOORT, July 22.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would recommend to the careful reading of the public some recent editorials in FOREST AND STREAM. They are entitled Rich and Poor, The Game Preserves, Fishing Rights and Things as They Are. The sentiment is sound, because it is built upon the foundation of truth.

It is so ridiculously easy to languidly invite others to give their all to the poor, and at the same time hang tenaciously on to your own. The preaching that is not practiced is hypocritical humbug. Railing at others whose riches are greater than one's own is but the reflection of an envious soul. Men who own game preserves also endow institutions of learning, and make it possible even for the negro to gain an education and carry off the highest graduation honors, as at Yale and Harvard this very year. Men of wealth are constantly giving freely to the unfortunate, and at no time in the history of the world has philanthropy attained to the prominence of to-day. The millions of the Carnegies, Rockefellers, Vanderbilts and Goulds, are unceasingly pouring a stream of gold into the lap of suffering mankind. Only recently, in the beautiful town of Greenwich,

Conn., have I walked over well-kept roads leading through private property, and maintained at private expense, which have been thrown open to public use and are thankfully patronized by the people. These same roads are far better than are the public ones.

The fence or trespass sign which excludes the public from private lands, is not only used by the rich, but by the poor as well. And the same law protects each equally. Much farm property is posted in these days, wild land as well as cultivated. This is sure to be more and more the case the more the land owners are antagonized by uncivil and arrogant trespassers. But the hue and cry against excluding Tom, Dick and Harry from private lands seems not to be directed at the poor land owner, but at the rich one. This seems positive proof that hate and envy of the rich is the principal incentive for these attacks. Hate and envy never did, never can, and never will travel hand in hand with reason. I am not rich, but the few acres now under my control are posted. Not for spite, mind you, but because I might as well move were the signs not there. The place would soon be completely overrun with people, who would not themselves tolerate trespassers on their own lands.

When the people in this great and free land have a legitimate grievance, they have the lawful power to adjust matters at the polls. If it antagonizes the public good when rich men acquire immense tracts of land, and turn the same into game preserves, the remedy is right at hand in the ballot. But the vast majority of our people appear content to the fact that rich men own game preserves, and this is proof enough that the agitation of a small and discontented minority carries no weight whatever. In my humble opinion, it is far better that the rich man preserve some of our woods and waters and keep them constantly stocked with wild birds, beasts and fishes than to have the land become barren of game. The greatest good to the greatest numbers is good religion. The individual who perpetuates the game is performing a great good for future generations, whether he wants to or not. A great many poor men may club together, own and control a game preserve, if the ambition prevails to do so.

As to brother sportsman Didymus, I would say: I do not believe that "all men are too saintly to gratify revenge." I never wrote or said anything to that effect. But I do now, always have, and always will believe that any individual who criminally gratifies his revenge should be heartily condemned, detested and hunted by every good citizen. And I am particularly gratified that some of the Adirondack firebugs have been apprehended, convicted and now have abundant time to reflect—behind iron bars—on the disadvantages of being a firebug.

As to Raymond S. Spears, whose writings on the whole I greatly admire, I would say that he is right in regards to the existence of firebugs in the Adirondacks. But I still believe that 90 per cent. of the fires were started in some other way than by criminals.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

HIGWOOD, Conn.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It seems to be utterly useless to continue a fight where the point at issue is utterly ignored—it is simply fighting the wind. Two of your contributors in the last issue have wasted their time in repeating the same old arguments against what I never have denied—a man's legal right to buy up a whole county if he can; but I contend that a man who will do so is utterly selfish and unworthy of respect.

I also assert that it is foolish in policy, as it arouses bitter animosities, and the spirit of revenge that it incites is not in the interest of the owner or the preservation of the forests, as the recent incendiary fires sufficiently prove.

Now, I think I have done with this question of huge preserves and the selfishness involved, and I hope the advocates of that policy will set up no more imaginary targets to waste their ammunition on.

DIDYMUS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The game preserve, it seems, still has the floor; it is a subject that will not down, but bobs up again every once in a while. Here in Pennsylvania about every other farmer has his land posted; does not he maintain a game preserve on a small scale when he posts up those signs, "No Trespassing Here?" We know, then, that we dare not go on his land unless we want to pay a fine for doing it. And why should he not post his land if he wants to do it? He has the law back of him when he does it, and has, to him, at least, a good excuse for doing it: he does not want to run the risk of having his crops damaged. Some of us would not damage them, others would.

The most of these farmers will, if asked, allow a man to hunt on their land. I was never but once refused that privilege when I asked for it; and that man afterwards met me in the road and withdrew his refusal when he saw me hunting on his neighbor's land. But if they do not want us there, then that settles it; we have no warrant to shoot or fish on their place out of revenge. The men who have made game preserves have only copied after the farmer, but on a larger scale.

That millennium that we read about in the Bible has not got here yet; it may come in our time, but I doubt it. When it does and the lion lies down with the lamb—outside of him, of course—then these men who have more money than they can use may distribute it to the poor; at present some of them, at least, prefer to keep it themselves. Not all of them do that, though. I have in mind two of them who seem to be doing very well by their fellows. Both of them I knew before they were millionaires; we were only barefoot boys then. One of them gives a good part of his income to build libraries and church organs; the libraries are all right, but if I were in his place I would cut out the organs and use that money to build a half million dollar school that I asked him to build in a ward that we both know something about. The other millionaire has not forgotten that ward, though; he has built a fine play ground in it for the school children, and has put up a bath house and gymnasium for them close by.

Neither of these men have, as far as I know, established any game preserves yet; but if they did I would not feel called on to get up at midnight and burn it for them.

We don't all think alike, but I would far rather see these millionaires, every one of them, put their money in game preserves, yachts, and fine houses than see them carry it all off to Europe to spend it there, and after a while get to be such cads as to become ashamed of the country they were born in, and then get naturalized in England or somewhere else.

CABIA BLANCO.

The Deadly Toy Pistol.

ERIE, Pa., July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Just before the Fourth of July a large number of our papers, the FOREST AND STREAM among them, published a warning against the use of the toy pistol. It does not seem to have done much good. Since the Fourth, I have kept a record of the deaths of boys reported to have died of lockjaw, taking only those in cities within a few hundred miles of this, and here is the record. The total is more than were reported killed in many battles of the Civil War: Detroit, Mich., 13; Pittsburg, Pa., 8; Cleveland, O., 8; Harrisburg, Pa., 4; and about twenty small towns report from one to three deaths. In this list I have taken care not to count any except boys, and none whose deaths could not be traced directly to the small pistol.

We have 60,000 people in Erie, and seem to have nearly enough boys for twice that number. The boys here did their share of shooting on the Fourth, but they all escaped death from lockjaw. We did not have a case of it. I examined a great many of their pistols, but found very few toy pistols among them, the most of them being regular revolvers from .22 up as high as .36 caliber, and most of their ammunition had been made by the U. M. C. or Winchester Companies. Those that did shoot themselves, and some of them did, escaped the lockjaw.

There is a law in this State that forbids, under a heavy fine, the sale of any kind of firearms to a boy under sixteen years of age, but no attention seems to be paid to the law by dealers. The only way to stop this annual slaughter of boys is to forbid the manufacture of these cheap, poorly finished pistols. When I was a boy, with our old muzzleloading pistols and black powder, we could mangle ourselves up on the Fourth without having the lockjaw. I always expected to have a lot of burned fingers after each Fourth of July, and generally was not disappointed. I had them.

CABIA BLANCO.

Vermont Notes.

EAST BERKSHIRE, Vt., July 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The early warm and dry spring and early summer have been most favorable for a good crop of young ruffed grouse and woodcock in this part of Vermont. We have seen some coveys of young grouse that are nearly full grown.

In the early part of the season there have been some good catches of trout in this vicinity. We have spent during the past week several days trying to catch trout out of a small spring pond near here. This pond is some 20 by 30 rods in extent, and with a depth of about 20 feet. In the afternoons and evenings we would see the large trout playing around on the surface of the water, but they would not take either bait or lure. At this season there are thousands of small minnows in the pond which the trout were feeding on, though they wouldn't notice our minnow baits.

Deer are seen daily wandering about the country. In the eastern part of Bakersfield and northern part of Waterville there are some fox hounds that should be looked after, as they are very often seen running deer. In one instance they were driven away from a large buck that had been wounded by a rifle bullet. Two of these dogs are said to be owned by a couple of worthless Frenchmen—"Canucks"—and it is a pity that the commissioners cannot find men to act as wardens that have backbone enough to see that the laws are enforced. They are willing to accept the office but too timid or indifferent to arrest violators of the law. It should be one of the duties of our deputy sheriffs to enforce the game and fish laws. Then we would have a class of efficient game officers.

In Mr. Dutcher's article on the mammals of Mt. Katahdin, Me., we notice that he fails to mention the mink, pine martin, ermine or common wildcat. All of the above are to be found in that vicinity.

STANSTEAD.

Our Macaroni Powder.

THE Galveston News is authority for a good story about Gen. Miles's recent visit to that city. While inspecting Fort San Jacinto one of the men who have the ammunition magazine in charge was standing at the door of the place with two little strips of something that looked like macaroni, they being about the size and length of that Italian delicacy.

"What's that?" said Gen. Miles.

"Don't you know, general, what that is?" said the Government official.

"Don't believe I do," said the general, examining a piece of the stuff.

"That's the powder we use in that rifle there," as he pointed to one of the giant 10-inch guns fronting out over the emplacement.

Nobody laughed so heartily as the general himself at the very ridiculous idea of the head of the United States Army not knowing what powder was when he saw it.

One of the officers then said, "That stuff is put up in those boxes you see over in that corner there. When the form hit this fort and scattered our guns and ammunition all over South Texas, it became necessary for us to send out an officer to locate and recover as much of it as possible. One day, while in the discharge of his duty he came upon an old farmer up the bay somewhere who had been picking up what he could find over in his section of the State. The officer found several of these boxes stacked away in the old man's larder, and he, in the name of Uncle Sam, proceeded to seize the combustibles. The officer procured a wagon, and as he was leaving the old man's place with his capture loaded on the wagon, the old man, with some degree of satisfaction, sang out:

"Take your old macaroni. It's no good, nohow. Mary boiled some a whole day, and it tasted like mule."—Springfield Republican.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Canoe and Camp Life Along the Delaware River.

XVIII.—Some Mention of its Aboriginal and Early Indian Life, Language and Legend.

"Stone man, stone man,
How many years have flown, man,
Since you left upon the face
Of your arrowheads, the trace
Of your skill, your needs and fears.
Loves and battles, work and tears?"
The answer sleeps within the lock
On these implements of rock.

—Magyar Ballad.

And here the Lenape warrior came,
His voice toned soft and low,
The joy of health in his stalwart frame,
To lay his arrows and bow
At the feet of the Minisink maiden good,
In token of fealty true
To the fairest maiden of all the wood,
Whom he humbled himself to sue.

—Pocono Rhymer.

THE tent is shipped back to the city; the canoe is stored. This good-by to the stream is being written in a room of a hotel at Delaware Water Gap, from notes gathered a year ago. We are uneasy in stiff, white collars and shirts, tight shoes and "store clothes." Our sun-blackened faces are shaved; the comb has actually subdued into something like neatness, the gray shocks beneath stiff straw hats. We have retired from the actual camp life where men can best study nature, that "struggle between Darkness and Light, between Mystery and Reality."

Of course no observant angler can watch and study the Delaware Valley and river without wishing to know something of their aboriginal and Indian life and legend, prior to the times of Colonial and savage history which are covered by well-known books. But the "traditions" that are current in some of the Delaware villages are evasive, traceable to no authentic source, and are, presumptively, worthless—mere poetical and imaginative creations. He who studies aboriginal life along the Delaware must go to the libraries—such sources of information as books in the rooms of the American Philosophical Society, and the Pennsylvania, New York, Long Island and New Jersey Historical Societies, and especially the Indian grammars, spelling books, dictionaries and manuscripts owned by the Moravian Society of Bethlehem, Pa.

He will be appalled at the scope and volume of these books—hundreds of them—and by their incomplete, fragmentary, unauthentic and jumbled "facts." Any student

Both made them in the "quarry" at Gaddis' Run, below Easton. Hundreds of "turtlebacks," or partly fashioned and rejected stones, were found there, together with the hammer-stones which they used, and with side depressions or "pits" worn in them where they were grasped by the thumb and forefingers of the stone "chippers." In the quarry at Lower Black's Eddy, the extensive tool stone quarry had finished implements and "turtlebacks" in layers of soil in such shape as also to show the quarry was worked by the Indians, and by men who lived many thousands of years before them. Those old men were the real pioneers, and no futile attempt will be made here to speak of their history, for no real history of them is known.*

There is so much of uncertainty and surmise in the books about early Indian life in the Delaware Valley, that I hesitate to write of it at all. Entire publications are devoted to such trivial, conjectural subjects as the significance of the kinds, styles and manner of wearing feathers and scalp locks. There is endless fiction called "tradition." Many of these fabrications have been exploded by Brinton's admirable work, "Myths of the New World."

Take the very river, whose mouth was discovered by Hudson in 1609. Its lower, central and upper reaches had different names. So had the Indians, although all were Delawares. So had each branch of the Confederated Tribes, called the Lenape Wihittuck. The Unalachtigo sub-tribe (turkey totem) lived in the region between Philadelphia and Wilmington; the Assanlicans lived around Trenton; the Unami sub-tribe (meaning down stream) lived between Manunka Chunk and Trenton, and the Minsi (wolf totem) lived from the Water Gap to the creeks forming the upper Delaware waters in the Catskills.

They had pictorial symbols, but no written language, their messages being by word of mouth; and messages between tribes were accompanied by a belt, knife, skin, or stone implement as a badge of verity. The sounds of their words are mainly preserved in an anonymous list of seven thousand words, a manuscript in the library of the Moravian Society at Bethlehem, but published by Brinton, and in the Campanius, Zeisberger and Whipple vocabularies, which were made at widely varying periods. Whipple, in 1855, wrote down many of their words in English as they sounded to him when pronounced by more or less educated Indians. Zeisberger, a Moravian missionary, wrote sounds of words in German as pronounced to him by other Indians in 1778. Campanius did the same thing in Swedish in 1645. Now, note from the following four examples how the same words differ in these vocabularies:

Swedish.	German.	English.
Campanius, 1645.	Zeisberger, 1778.	Whipple, 1855.
Water..... bij	mbi	bik
Foot..... zift	sit	zit
Eight..... haas	chasch	hasch
Ten..... thaeren	tellen	telen

And here are a few words, selected almost at random, from the anonymous Moravian dictionary. I shall demonstrate later that these and other words coincide greatly with the words in the Walum Olum or Red Score, as given in Brinton's magnificent "Lenape and their Legends," and with the old Epic Song of the Shuwan



LOOKING UP THE DELAWARE FROM MANUNKA.

who wants a headache and bewilderment, can verify this from either volume of Fiske's "Discovery of America." Let him examine the great collection of stone implements from the Delaware Valley, in the Peabody Museum at Cambridge, Mass., and wonder how many thousands of years ago, mystic, vanished hands fashioned with hammer stones, those stone chisels, hatchets, axes, amulets, pipes, adzes, mortars and pestles, spears, harpoons, knives, javelins, scrapers, lanceheads, arrowheads, needles, fish-hooks, hoes and beads. Manifestly, human hands made them; but no message comes from their owners except these almost imperishable ones wrought upon stone! They are "lights that burn, clear and holy, from out of the dead Night of the Past; they who are gone are still here; though hidden, they are revealed; though dead, they yet speak. The lamp-lit pathway sheds its feeble and feeble light, into the boundless, dark Oblivion." Silent, eloquent records wrought upon flint, argillite, jasper, agate and gneiss! It is one little index of early humanity's lost story.

From Mercer's "Antiquity of Man," and Abbott's "Stone Age in New Jersey," we learn that these implements have been found in strata one above the other, that are separated by many thousands of years in formation, proving that these stone tools were made by prehistoric men, as well as by "modern" Indians along the Delaware.

people that preceded the Delawares. These internal proofs of mutual genuineness are very gratifying.

Lenape words from the Moravian anonymous manuscript dictionary, published by Brinton:

Trout,	Maschilamek.
Canoe,	Amochol.
Chieftain,	Sakimanep.
Fish hook,	Aman.
Outlet of river,	Lakunk.
Tears,	Suppinquall.
Shallow water,	Tattheuppecat

*In due course the writer will publish a voluminous manuscript, dating from about 1520, about the successors of the old Stone Age men in the Delaware Valley and New Jersey, giving over four hundred of their pictorial symbols, and nearly two thousand of their words and their English equivalents, together with several of their songs and their musical notes, besides some account of their deities, and religious and marriage rites. These people, the Shuwans, were the ancestors of the Shawans, "Indians" that came from what is North Carolina, and settled along the Susquehanna River in the last half of the Seventeenth Century. The Shuwans were comparatively civilized, worshipped fire, and many traces of their language can be found in the Algonquin tongue, a patois of which was spoken by the Delaware (Lenape) Indians. The Shuwan people came from Labrador by way of Behring Strait, and probably derived their name from a chief medicine man called Shaman. These medicine men will be described in the report of the Siberian Expedition sent out by the American Museum of Natural History, and which has returned, bringing over thirty thousand exhibits in connection with ancient aboriginal life in northeastern Asia.

Deep, dead water,
Strong current rift,
Wind,
West Wind,
Clear sky,
Clear, pure water,
I,
Love,
Tent,
Great Spirit,
River,
You,
To paddle,
Light,
Woman,

Pulpecat.
K'schupehellen.
K'schaccon.
Wundchenneunk.
Packenum.
K'schiechpecat.
Ni.
Ahoaltowagan.
Hempiganawan.
Getanittowit.
Kittan.
Kiluwa.
Tschimhammen.
Woachejik.
Ochqueu.

Of course these are phonetic horrors. Two of the longest Delaware words, evidently made prolix by reason of the importance of the states they name, were:

Sickness, Winamallsachtowagan.
Marriage, Witachpungkewiwuladtpoagan.

Other words meant a condition, as:

Achgieuchsu, He is drunk.
N'dappintotamanuschasqucen, I am come from striking fish with a spear.

It is horrible pedantry to reproduce such jargon, especially as it is the pronunciation by unlettered Indians, and recorded by an unknown scribe merely by sound. But if the reader has any sense of humor, he can hardly fail to imagine the Delawares in council, gay in feathers, terse of speech, smeared with war-paint, and mouthing these

were divided by a river, nine parts of ten passing over the river, and one part remaining behind. They knew not for certain how they came to this continent; but account thus for their first coming into these parts which are now settled: That a king of their nation where they formerly lived far to the west, left his kingdom to his two sons; that the one son, making war upon the other, the latter thereupon determined to depart and seek some new habitation; that accordingly he "sat out," accompanied by a number of his people, and that after wandering to and fro for the space of forty years, they at length came to the Delaware River, where they settled, 370 years before. The way he said they kept an account of this was by placing a bead of black wampum every year on a belt they kept for that purpose.

Now, note the corroboration in the Walum Olum, or Red Score, as given in Brinton's "Lenape and their Legends." It recites the time when they saw that valley. "A great land and a wide land was the east land, a land without snakes, a rich land, a pleasant land." And "Opossum Like was chief; he had fought in sadness, and said: 'Let us go together to the east, to the sunrise.' They separated at Fish River; the lazy ones remained behind."

This migration to the Delaware Valley is followed by the names of eleven chiefs that succeeded each other up to the time of the coming of the whites (Hudson,

Here was as delicious a piece of comic opera as was ever dreamed of by Offenbach or Sullivan. It was about 1720. Five years later, in 1725, the Delawares refused to join the Iroquois in an attack on the white settlements, and were reproached for being "women." In 1735 they were cheated out of much of their lands, through the historic "Long Walk," and refused to surrender territory acquired by that fraud. George Thomas, then Governor of the Province of Pennsylvania, conspired with the Iroquois to evict the Delawares. All the chiefs assembled in Philadelphia for a council, and the great Iroquois chief, Canassatego, addressed the Delawares in these words:

"We made women of you; you know you are women, and can no more sell land than women." And he seized the Lenape head chieftain by his long hair and pushed him out of the council room.

The lands were vacated—all situated in Pennsylvania. Those lands east of the river the Iroquois "had no voice over."

In 1756 Sir William Johnson formally "took off the petticoat" from the Lenape, and "handed them the war-belt." In 1778 the Lenape chief Kokuethagachton, or "White Eyes," was told by the Senecas (Fort Pitt Council) that the petticoats were yet on his people. He denied it, and sent a war party against the Senecas the next year. And in 1794 the Delawares compelled the Iroquois to officially declare (Treaty of Greenville) that the Lenape were no longer women, but men.

* * * * *

It is difficult not to speak of how hallowed in memory the Delaware River has become to sportsmen who have long watched, studied and loved it. But very likely much more has already been written here than can serve as a stimulus to visit its valley. In conclusion, here's a health to all true sportsmen! They are out upon a thousand hills, storing up courage, finding new energy and hope along the banks of myriads of lakes and streams, and are wandering, happy and free, through many a wood and meadow. More and more they realize the vital truth in the familiar saying: "God made the country; man made the town." And that nation which would be more noble and free should not only encourage sport, but "should endeavor to maintain as large a number of persons as possible by rural and maritime labor."

The river will be visited again next summer. Meanwhile, here are the prized collections of pressed wild flowers and water algæ, and photographs of marvelous, many-colored scenes in that valley. As the spiral sea-shell whispers of its mother ocean, the charm of the pictures brings back their realities, and bathes them in the moonlight of fond remembrance; and we again look at them with the vision of recollection—fair, full of grace and loveliness, perennial in vital beauty.

L. F. BROWN.

Freacks from the Ocean.

Some Queer Fish in the Castle Garden Aquarium.

NEW YORKERS do not realize that the aquarium in the old Castle Garden is already the greatest of its kind in the world, although it was not established until 1896. The old aquarium at Naples, Italy, and those at Brighton and Plymouth, Berlin, Hamburg, Amsterdam and Paris are all smaller than the one in New York, and their purpose is more for biological study than as places for free popular entertainment.

No other aquarium owns such a cosmopolitan collection of fish as that of New York. More than 2,000 specimens, representing over 200 different species, give a faint idea of the vast and varied life of the sea, of which, relatively, we know so little. From the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico and the West Indies, from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi, all waters have been laid under contribution, and collectors are constantly searching for new and interesting varieties.

On the seaward side of the building are found the tropical fishes whose marvelously rich coloring and odd shapes attract the wondering gaze of every one. In their native waters their colors and shapes harmonize with the surroundings. Under the clear waters of Bermuda the sun shines down upon mystic gardens of the sea. There grow the purple sea ferns and the yellow sea rods, variegated here and there by masses of green and scarlet sea weeds.

In the midst of this feast of color these tropical beauties have their home and are a part of this fairy land. Besides the novelty of form and brilliancy of coloring, another feature, that of rapid and wide change of color, adds to the charm. Stand in front of the groupers a few moments and study one individual. He will probably change from a plain even tempered gray to bands of black and white; the blue parrots make similar changes, and the yellowtails change so completely and so suddenly as to look like totally different fishes.

The angel fishes are perhaps the most noticeable. An angel fish ought to be angelic, but the leading one in the Aquarium down at the Battery is quite the reverse. He is a vicious creature, who has killed two wives. He is an innocent seeming sinner and beautiful withal. He is blue and gold, amber, olive and silver; but it is chiefly the tones of his blues that are the admiration of all who see him.

There are eight or ten better tempered but plain looking cousins of his who live and let live in one of the big wall tanks down stairs. But this gay-colored wife-killer has a watery mansion all to himself in the gallery, because nobody can exist with him. His calm, slant eyes betray none of his temper, but one who knows him well says that it was pure ugliness that made him pitch into the two succeeding partners of his sorrows; he never had any joys. He would cut at the poor things with his fins, and, once badly hurt, a fish can't get well. There is no ministering to a wound in a fish. There is no plaster for the stab of an angel fish. This one has been in his present quarters for several years, and they wish to see how long they can keep him. If they put him with the big lady fish, who are just as belligerent and masterful and eager to be boss as he, it might go hard with him.

Probably the angel fish has a secret woe, which might explain his irritation. No doubt he is mad with homesickness for Bermuda. Month after month and year after year he lives beneath a dull gray roof in clean enough water, for the housekeeping at the Aquarium under the



DELAWARE RIVER—HILLS AND FOLIAGE.

jaw-crackers. Think of the absurdity as a solemn Delaware "brave," smitten by the charms of his dusky sweetheart, and swayed by that feeling that speaks all languages, says to her: "Ni ahoaltowagan kiluwa," or "I love you!" Or suppose he told her he was lovesick and wanted to marry her. Glance at the words given above for sickness and marriage, and imagine the result!

Take a single example of the corruption and change in their language. They called William Penn "Onas." They were shown a quill pen, and told that was the name of Penn. Their word for pen, or tail-feather, was wonach, which they corrupted into onas.

No local village "legend," and no colonial history are given here; one is unreliable, the second is well known. They did not know of a devil until the whites came.

Their idol was a human head, cut small in wood, to carry on the person, or life-size, mounted or carved on a post. It was called wsinkhoalican. These idols have also been found carved in stone.

They had dream interpreters, or powwows, who had the power of dreaming truthfully as to both past and future, especially when they offered sacrifices, which were supposed to be carried away by a large serpent. Their soothsayers made drawings on skins of deers, showing the journey of the soul along the pathway to heaven, and symbols of the twelve emetics and purges that would cleanse of sin. Two of these prophets were found by Zeisberger, and were called in their tribes Papunhank and Wangomen. Their fire festivals, dances, marriage and death rites, and ordeals for bravery and power to bear torture, are also described by Zeisberger.

Among their chiefs named in the Red Score, published by Brinton, were White Crab, Cranberry Eater, Watcher, North Walker, Slow Gatherer, Over There, Saluted, Man Who Fails, and Coming as a Friend.

They believed that all things came from a tortoise. It brought forth the world. From the middle of its back had sprung a tree upon whose branches men had grown. Their principal god was Kickeron, the original of all, who not only produced or made all things, but produces every day. The word "kik" meant light, life, action, energy.

And they thought that the whole earth and its waters were supported by a huge turtle, whose movements caused earthquakes. Their medicine men, who professed to have personal relations with this turtle, made their medicine-rattle of a turtle shell; and when they died a like shell was suspended from their grave-posts.

The date of their entry and occupation of the Delaware Valley was about 1387. This corresponds with the statements of the Shuwan manuscript. They came from the west, found the Mengwe (Iroquois), and both tribes joined to expel the Alligewi (Shuwan). In 1767 Rev. Charles Beatty was told in an Ohio Indian settlement by a white man who had been their captive, that certain old Delaware chieftains stated to him that, of old, their people

1609). Allowing say twenty years as the average reign of a chieftain, would carry the date of the arrival of the Delawares 220 years back from 1609, or 1389. The bead record makes the date of the Delaware invasion 1387.

Each family lived in a wattled hut, with rounded top, thatched with mats made of stalks of sweet-flag or Indian corn. These huts were built in groups inside palisades, and often with a natural mound or hill in the center, where a lookout was maintained in times of danger to the village. They made pots, and used vegetable dyes and paints.

Nothing can be better verified than that the Iroquois Indians outwitted, fought and decimated them, and helped to deprive them of their lands. By cunning and intrigue they succeeded in having many of the best Delaware young men don the skirts of women and call themselves women. The tribe was widely known as the ochqueu (woman) for seventy-five years. Here is the account given by Loskiel, Heckewelder and Zeisberger:

The Iroquois sent messengers to the Delawares, with belts of wampum, and the following speech:

"It is not well that all nations should be at war, for that will finally bring about the destruction of the Indians. We have thought of a means to prevent this before it is too late. Let one nation be the woman. We will place her in the middle, and the war nations shall be the man, and dwell around the woman. No one shall harm the woman, and if one does, we shall speak to him and say, 'Why strikest thou the woman?' Then all the men shall attack him who has struck the woman. The woman shall not go to war, but shall do her best to keep the peace. When the men around her fight one another, and the strife waxed hot, the woman shall have the power to say: 'Ye men, what do ye that ye thus strike one another? Remember your wives and children must perish if ye do not cease. Will ye perish from the face of the earth?' Then the men shall listen to the woman, and obey her."

This was a wily message worthy of the present Muscovite diplomatists who are resolved to secure China for Russia alone.

The Delawares accepted. The Iroquois "made a great feast," and invited the Delawares. There they declared the Delawares to be women, and that the Delaware Indian Nation was a woman. They assembled their chiefs and best warriors, and made this speech to them:

"We place upon you the long gown of a woman, and adorn you with earrings. We hang on your arm a calabash of oil and medicine. With the oil you shall cleanse the ears of other nations, that they listen to good and not to evil. The medicine you shall use for those nations who have been foolish, that they may return to their senses and turn their hearts to peace. We give herewith, unto your hands, a corn-pestle and a hoe."

direction of Mr. Charles H. Townsend is perfect, but still not Bermuda water, so clear that he could see his father's bones "full fathom five" among the coral. Never does time or tide sweep great golden sheets of dancing gulf weed past him now, borne down from the northwest on the pure strong wind. Never does he see blooming oleanders dip above his swimming hole, or hear the song of the cardinal bird as it perches on a lily plant. Nor ever, as all the dreary days go by, does he meet and pass with pride in his own unrivalled color a fleet of gay Portuguese men-of-war.

There are many other Bermuda fishes in other wall tanks, upstairs and down. The squirrels in bright scarlet livery and with huge eyes, contrast strangely with the angels. Nature has given the squirrel fish a safeguard of his life in the way of sharp spines and a coat of rough scales which detract greatly from his palatable value in the eyes of his watery enemies. The hinds hug the bottom and well repay a few moments' study, for they change colors at frequent intervals, as do the wide-mouthed groupers. The parrots are as gaudy as their namesakes, and as varied in their colors and ornamentation. The two green parrots in the collection are larger than the parrot fish commonly seen in captivity, and they are remarkably fine specimens and of great beauty. Women particularly are pleased with the parrot fishes, and they say of their color "What a beautiful shade of green!"

The parrot fish is a deep-bodied and pretty substantially built fish, but is of very graceful and symmetrical outlines and a good swimmer. It moves often with a dancing motion in the water, but in the case of the parrot fishes this motion is not so abrupt as it is with some others which have the same kind of movement. The parrot fishes' motion is less like a dancing movement and more like a slight and gentle bounding, or more still, as though it were the result of sheer buoyancy in the water. There seems to be a touch of reserved good humor about the parrot fish's mouth; and, take it altogether, the parrot fish is a creation very agreeable to see.

It may be observed that the rocks in the parrot fishes' tank are all more or less scratched about the edges; these scratches are marks made by the parrot fishes' teeth. The parrot fish's mouth is small as compared with the size of its body, but it has strong jaws and good teeth. In nature it eats various kinds of crustaceans, which it takes wherever it may find them; if they are attached to a rock it bites them off, very likely scratching the rock where it bites. The blackfish would do the same thing, biting off barnacles, for instance, from a rock. The parrot fishes, in their native waters, had been accustomed to roaming about the coral rocks, biting off anything clinging to them that might strike their fancy. Here, impelled by habit, and perhaps finding on them some minute growths that they liked, the parrot fishes, upon their arrival and before they had become accustomed to the food provided for them, attacked the rocks in their tank and bit at them until they had them scarred all around the edges; now they bite at them less.

Among the things fed to the parrot fishes are soft clams of small size which are fed to them entire, shells and all; the parrot fishes like them. Some fishes that eat crustaceans crack the shells and eat the meat or the juices therefrom and reject the shells. The green parrot fishes, on the contrary, eat these clams shells and all, grinding the shells up with their teeth so fine that they can swallow them without discomfort.

The queer trigger fish is in many respects far and away the handsomest of the tropical fishes. It is a strong, vigorous fish, flat-sided and deep from above downward, with almost all the colors of the rainbow on its body, and over these black lines suggestive of a huge bridge on his head. All the fins have long velvet-black streamers that fly like pennons as he swiftly swims about the tank. These fish are very rare in Bermuda, and for three seasons the fishermen kept a faithful lookout for them before bringing one in. The trigger fish has big, staring blue eyes that roll incessantly. It has an apparently foolish habit of keeping its mouth open and poking out its tongue.

The doctors are shaped like a melon seed, and have a curious lance-like weapon on each side of the tail, whence they derive their name. Rock fish are mottled, and are as near as possible in color to the rocks. At times it is difficult to distinguish between rock and fish. The sergeant major wears his chevrons with the greatest dignity, but they are of such a character as to suggest the thought that he might have been to Sing Sing and forgotten to remove his prison garb. The moonfish look as if they might have been cut with a penknife from a piece of Luna herself, and little black beads added for eyes. These fish are very thin, except at the crown of the head, which is four or five times the thickness of their bodies. It is impossible to tell why they protrude their lips and pout in the absurd manner they do.

Like many another fish the moonfish has many names. One of these is dollarfish, because at one period in its growth it is of just about the size and shape and general dimensions of a silver dollar, and brighter than the brightest silver dollar ever made. It is also called monkey-fish, because of the resemblance of the front line of its head to the profile of a monkey. Other names of this sort that it bears are horsehead and headfish. It is also called lookdown, because it has the appearance of always looking down. Another name is ghostfish, because of its white figure and quick gliding through the water, not flatwise, but on edge.

In one of the tanks in the center of the building is a large sturgeon eight feet long. "Fish may have no moral laws, but they certainly show their respect for others which govern their society by invariably choosing the right," so said Curator Spencer at the Aquarium not long since. When questioned as to his meaning, he explained that it was a well-known fact that all large fish in captivity when swimming around a tank have never in one instance been seen to make a complete circuit from left to right, while they swim for hours from right to left. The large sturgeon, though not a beautiful fish by any means, is one of the most fascinating to watch, on account of the half rotary movement of the body, together with the regular, graceful swing around and around the tank.

Beautiful and dainty in contrast is the little butterfly-fish. It is apparently translucent, with all the delicate colorings of an opal, except the two dark spots near the tail and the little bead-like eyes. This fish, which is al-

ways small, has a decidedly demure expression. Its markings are so like its namesake as to at once suggest the name. They are, however, sometimes called "four-eyes," on account of the eye-like ornament on either side near the tail. It looks enough like an eye to be one, and deceives many persons. In Bermuda waters they flit in and out among the caverns and nooks of the reefs, and probably owe their lives to their disguise, for a fish always seizes his prey by the head; in this case it would be by the tail, which allows the little fellow a chance to dart away.

Fish and Fishing.

A Fish that Makes Fun of the Angler.

THE Rev. Father LeMoine, one of the Oblat Fathers engaged in missionary work among the Montagnais Indians who roam the vast extent of territory lying between Lake St. John and Hudson's Bay, has lately published a dictionary and grammar of the Montagnais language, which will doubtless prove of very great interest, not only to agents of the Hudson's Bay Company and all others having commercial dealings with these poor people, but also to those sportsmen who are in the habit of employing them as guides. Had this work appeared before I had prepared the monograph on "The Philology of the Ouananiche" for the Royal Society of Canada, or the more voluminous work on "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment," I might have added another to the list of many ingenious derivatives attributed to the name of Canada's sportive fresh water salmon. Father LeMoine is by no means positive as to the origin of the name, but says that it is very probably derived from the verb *unatashin-iu*—I make fun. This derivation is very much more far-fetched than many of the others which have been suggested from time to time, but it may at least claim the merit of fairly depicting one of the leading characteristics of the fish. No other sporting fish better fulfills the condition of making fun both for and of the angler than does the ouananiche. While none affords him better sport, there is certainly none that is more elusive when hooked or more uncertain as to the nature and result of its fight. An illustration of this fact was recently afforded to a friend of mine who was fishing from a canoe in the Grand Discharge. He had hooked and was playing a ouananiche of about two pounds in weight, when, to the surprise of both the angler and a friend who was fishing quite near him in another canoe, his fish leaped straight into the latter. The fisherman had barely time to congratulate himself upon the safety of his fish, and those in the other boat had not time enough to recover from their astonishment and to kill the fish, before it made another leap, this time safely reaching the water and carrying away with him the fly upon which he had been hooked, together with a portion of the casting line. The leaps of this fish closely resemble those of its near congener, the larger salmonoid—*Salar*, The Leaper. Mr. Noah Palmer, of New York, was fishing the Washeshoo a few days ago, when a salmon that was not hooked at all leaped into his canoe and out of it again.

A Marvelous Salmon Score.

The mention of Mr. Palmer reminds me of a memorandum of his recent catch on the Washeshoo, which was shown me the other day on board the King Edward, returning from the north shore of the gulf. It is certainly one of the most remarkable scores reported from any Canadian rivers in recent years. The Washeshoo flows into the Gulf of St. Lawrence five hundred miles below Quebec, and was formerly the property of the late Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, who purchased it outright from the proprietors of the Mingan seigniory. In twenty-four days' fishing, Mr. Palmer killed 182 salmon, several of them being over twenty pounds each, and their average weight being nine pounds. The first killed by him weighed sixteen pounds. His best day's sport gave him twenty fish, and when he left the river a few days ago it was still so full of rising fish, despite the late period of the season, that he killed ten during his last day on the river. Had it not been that he was considerably handicapped by a disappointment in the quality of a portion of his tackle, Mr. Palmer states that he could easily have killed 250 fish to his own rod. The fishing commences at the sea and continues for nearly four miles up the river, which is wide and clear, running through a rocky gorge, and being absolutely without mud throughout its entire course. Mr. Palmer tells me that he cannot imagine any condition of the water in the Washeshoo in which it would not be possible to kill salmon during the season. Owing to the rapid currents and the frequent waterfalls in the river, its fish are exceptionally gamy. Below the falls they lie in such abundance that they might be thrown out of the water with a pitchfork. Above them they usually take the fly almost as soon as it is presented to them. Mr. Palmer cut short his fishing because he had run short of salt and would not kill any more fish than either his men or himself could make use of. It can readily be imagined from the score above given that his guides will not be likely to run short of salmon during the coming winter.

Enormous Tuna in Nova Scotia Waters.

From a correspondent in Halifax, writing on the 24th of July, I learn that enormous tuna have struck into Mira Bay, Cape Breton, in big schools, and that many sportsmen are hurrying to the scene. The writer of the letter states that on the twenty-third, two Glace Bay men who went out in a tug, hooked a fish seven feet long, but the monster broke away. The Nova Scotians never know the fish as tuna, but call it horse mackerel or albacore. Several specimens have lately made their appearance in Gaspé Basin.

Ontario's Angling Attractions.

There is a good prospect that the government of the Province of Ontario may shortly take a leaf out of Quebec's book and offer for sale the lease of some of its many magnificent angling waters. Such, in fact, is the conclusion to be drawn from a statement recently made in the Legislature of that Province by Hon. F. R. Latchford, Minister of Fisheries. Referring to his own lease of a lake in the Province of Quebec, he expressed a general

approval of the Quebec policy in regard to the northern lakes, and suggested the possibility of complete surveys and explorations by experts, with full reports as to game fishing, scenery and other attractions, to the end that many remote lakes might be leased by public tender to wealthy anglers. In Quebec there are many complaints that this system of leasing has been overdone, and that local anglers are virtually deprived of sport in all the more accessible waters. But, on the other hand, it is altogether likely that without the excellent protection which these leases have given to their waters they would long ago have been depleted of fish, as many of those in Ontario have already been. Men without sense and incapable of feeling shame have murdered fish by the thousands in small lakes. The pirate, with his net, has scooped them up, little and big, in and out of season. Groups of men have stumbled on little lakes, fairly teeming with black bass, and have glutted their passion for fishing, leaving the slain in heaps on the rocks. Now the chief danger which seems to threaten the beautiful waters of Ontario is the lease of their fishing for commercial purposes. That of Lake Manitou, Lake Nepigon, and other lakes has already been leased to commercial fishing companies, and it is this circumstance which led up to the recent angling debate in the Legislature, in the course of which earnest protests were made against the leases in question, and sportsmanlike appeals were made to the Government to preserve the magnificent trout and bass waters of the Province for local anglers and for those visiting sportsmen who come to Ontario for the fishing, and who make such generous expenditure of their money there. Much gratification will be caused by the announcement of Mr. Latchford that it would be nothing short of a crime to even consider applications for netting licenses in such magnificent waters as those of Lake Temagami, concerning the attractions of which he discoursed so happily that the reporters inform us that many of the members sighed quite audibly in the heated chamber for the cooling breezes of the cleverly depicted haunts of the big trout and bass. And such delightful fish stories were rehearsed from one corner of the House after another that even the biggest of them was allowed to pass without the raising of any point of order or any appeal to the rules of debate.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

The Nepigon, its Beauty and its Trout.

(Concluded from page 69.)

The bait fisher monopolizes most of the sport at Pine Portage. Occasionally the fly scores among the big square tails; but I'll take the minnow against the field every time. Nevertheless, it is delightful to cast your flies into the lovely pools and rapids and battle with the vigorous light-weights. That was my idea of it, so I did not propose to change my gait until I arrived at the headquarters of angling. Virgin Falls, not far away, above the rapids of the Great White Chute, clamor for recognition. Their claims should not be ignored, as a record breaker is as likely to be encountered here as anywhere. As fly-fishing did not pan out very well I concluded to move off up stream, so gliding up the narrow arm, above the White Chute, we portaged into Lake Emma. This pretty gem of the woods is inclosed on all sides by dense forests that shelter a few caribou; in fact, game is quite scarce along the river, but abundant further north. The rapids at Camp Minor that showed up ahead, were a welcome sight to us all. The pool below looked very enticing, but I was in no haste to sample its attractions. Promising an early call, I followed on after the guides. The carry is short and rough and can be avoided, if the birch is loaded light, by hauling it up the rapids by means of bushes and projecting limbs. The river above Camp Minor is placidly beautiful; it spreads out like a miniature lake, mirroring in its pellucid waters the beauty of forest and sky. A mile away it terminates in a precipitous mass of rock, while from the huge cleft in its rocky wall a vast volume of water and sound was projected far into space, deepening, as we advanced, to a muffled roar. It was the stentorian voice of Virgin Falls, calling from afar. Beyond the raging outlet we caught the gleam of white tents, but no sign of life showed up on our side. This was encouraging. The cataract dinned a thundering welcome in our ears as we stepped ashore at the last portage, between the river and Lake Nepigon. We had the pick of the camp sites, as there was no one on this carry to dispute possession. About an eighth of a mile from the landing a narrow path intersects the main trail, terminating in a stony platform, clothed with a sparse growth of vegetation that extends to the head of the falls. Here in this lovely spot close to a beautiful bed of wild flowers, we erected our permanent camp. Twilight was coming on apace, but the bright light of the camp-fire reflected from the cheerful faces of the guides, helped dispel the gloom after partaking of a bountiful repast and planning for to-morrow. I retired under canvas to be lulled to rest by the monotonous roar of the falls.

The next morning was spent getting ready for the evening fishing, and inspecting my wild surroundings. The view from the edge of the cataract was truly magnificent. Here the pent up waters of the lake leap with an appalling shout into the abyss below. Above the frightful tumult of fighting waters a wild droning hum pulses on the air, that presently resolves itself into a weird chant of many voices, rising and falling now far and sad, again wildly triumphant, like a war song, a veritable hymn of the forest. A few yards away from its base, the conflicting currents meet and form a whirlpool from the center of which, at regular intervals, a splendid jet of water was hurled upward to the skies. From my lofty perch I could overlook the camp of fly-fishers near the outlet; their white tents contrasting beautifully with the somber green background. There must be immense hooked-jawed trout lying up in the smooth current at the head of the falls, and there they are likely to remain, as death in its most frightful form awaits the daring angler and his guides, who dare encroach on the danger line, which is some distance above. Human muscle would avail naught against the powerful suction of the torrent, whose warning voice causes the very air to tremble. It is not necessary to tamper with this death trap, as there is a good place about an eighth of a mile

above, where the waters of the lake take their first step downward. Here, close to the head of this dangerous rapid, are any number of trout that will scale from 4 to 6 pounds. Large trout that know not the wiles of the angler are constantly working in from the lake. This would mean glorious fly-fishing, but, alas! the great depth of water near the center, where most of the fish resort, hopelessly precludes success, except on those rather rare occasions when they seek the surface. The little fly pocket close up to the west bank, is the fly-fisher's hope, and a pretty slim one at that. Seldom does a big fish appear in its shoaling water. I never met with any success below the falls, except with wall-eyed pike, which I took up to 5 pounds, but not on the fly.

Our tent, at first, was pitched close to the path, in close proximity to hornets, that eventually caused us to move off nearer the falls. Occasionally a band of Indians halted at our camp to chat with the guides. They appear to lead a happy care free life. These merry children of the forest are possessed of many sterling qualities. To their bravery and consummate skill in handling the frail birch in running the rapids, many a sportsman is indebted for his life.

The swift current of this river is often a deadly trap to the unwary. Alas! in the midst of our woodland joys, like a bolt from the blue, came the harrowing account of the bright young life that was quenched forever in the cold embrace of the canal rapids. This deplorable accident could have been easily avoided despite a solemn warning from the guides. Mr. Andrews, accompanied by his son, both good canoemen, but unacquainted with the conditions that prevail on the river, paddled out on to the deceitful surface that masks the most treacherous piece of wild water on the river. So insignificant is the outflow that its siren voice dies away to a vague musical murmur, as if entreating a closer inspection of its mysteries. Their sense of danger lulled to sleep, they allowed the canoe to cross the danger line, and before they could fairly realize their awful peril or lift a paddle in self-defense, the canoe with its human freight was sucked into the ravenous maw of the monster, beneath whose puny form exists a world of hidden strength, in vicious whirlpools and cross currents that palsy every effort of their prey to escape from their iron grip. The father miraculously escaped, but it was many days before the river gave up its dead.

Familiarity with danger often breeds contempt. I remember one time, in running the rapids at Camp Minor, my cap dropped behind me. I half turned to recover it, when the warning voice of the head guide caused me to desist until the worst was over. The smart set and fools we have always with us. The mortality in the ranks of these know-it-alls would be much greater if it were not for a wise dispensation of Providence that is popularly supposed to keep a watchful eye on their comings and goings. These wisecracks declaim about various phases of wood life, to their unhappy guide, who pays little attention to their prattle, but keeps a sharp watch on their movements, lest they stray off, and like the politician know no North, South, East or West. Place one of these boasters in a strange part of the forest on a cloudy day, and his wisdom will soon depart from him; his wood lore will go up in the air, and after wasting time and strength shouting himself hoarse, and running hither and yon, with movements as erratic as the antics of a decapitated hen, his strength wanes. Reason resumes her sway, a brilliant thought flashes through his brain, and he promptly acts on it. His rifle sends its far-reaching voice reverberating through the forest; to his joy a faint sound drifts down to him; his rifle talks again; he listens eagerly as the same weird answer throbs on the air, that after one or two more coaxes resolves itself into the far away report of a rifle; the noisy conversation that now takes place between them ceases to be interesting.

Men are lost with compasses, as well as without them. The skeleton of a man was discovered in the crotch of a tree, his compass and his outfit deposited at the foot. A very sad case occurred recently of a man who separated from his companion, and never rejoined him; he was eventually found dead in the woods, his compass beside him. All this leads up to a rather thrilling experience that happened near Virgin Falls, to one of my Indians. Joe Salt, the head guide, came to me one day and informed me that the boy had been lost, he had strayed away from camp to get fire wood, and lost his bearings. The situation must have puzzled him considerably, as he was out for some time. It is true he was a boy, say about 18, but he also was an experienced woodsman and trapper. The average sportsman under such conditions would have been utterly unable to extricate himself. It is a different matter with these half-breeds; they are very resourceful, and can manage to exist and suffer hardships that would speedily put the civilized mortal out of business.

I fancy some of my readers are growing impatient to know more about the fascinating, also exasperating ways of the Nepigon trout, so taking the hint, I will reel up the line of my subject and prepare for a fresh cast. Any disbeliever in the cunning and agility of these speckled acrobats can have his doubts dispelled in the rudest manner by taking a hand in the game that is in full blast almost any summer evening at the outlet of the lake. This romantic spot is well patronized by the knowing ones, who use the natural or artificial minnow and reap their reward. Far different with the little band that haunts the fly pocket and worships at the shrine of the Parmachenee-belle. The treasures of the fly-book are sampled occasionally by the smaller trout, but the big speckled are away off.

For the benefit of the tyro, I will now give the modus operandi of bait-fishing. Hook your minnow through the head, the mouth is like wet paper. Make a smooth cast; after getting your bait afloat the current will do the rest. The angler must pay out at least 35 yards of line. It is impossible to approach much nearer the rapids with safety. Now put some life into your minnow, and you will soon have a taker, unless, as occasionally happens, they are off their feed. Watch out for the slightest pull and strike instantly or your quarry will elude you. Once fairly engaged in a bout with one of these heavy weights, he will keep you guessing from start to finish. You will need to manipulate and often to release the reel with lightning quickness, to foil his crafty jerks, and often prodigious leaps. Meanwhile keep up a killing strain on

the rod and promptly take up the slack. They are often towed in apparently done for, but with something "up their sleeve." The sight of the net sometimes puts new life into him, so look out, or he will do the trick yet, and depart amid a torrent of water and imprecations if the angler is of an irascible temperament. A large fish struck on the edge of the white water is almost invariably lost by tearing loose. The cruel pressure that has often to be applied to draw him away from the friendly embrace of the rapids frequently tears the ligaments of his mouth and eventually releases the hook. I lost an immense trout from this cause. Another good one that I fastened to on the edge of the snowy water broke away. A hoodoo occasionally settles down on the most skillful angler and palsies all his efforts. Fish are struck, played, lost repeatedly; tackle goes back on him; he glares at his innocent rod; the water and the jolly anglers who bask in the sunshine of luck. It is bitter medicine, but we've all been there many a time. Under such circumstances it is far better to return to camp before you get yourself into trouble with the recording angel.

Choice of position at the outlet is generally at a premium, but one ideal evening my canoe glided out on to its quiet surface to find it deserted, with not an angler in sight to dispute possession. I lost no time getting a line out, calculating that the usual crowd would appear later on. The superb fishing that I enjoyed that evening will linger long in memory. The sport was fast and furious; beautiful specimens were gathered in, all game to the last gasp. Our lone canoe patrolled back and forth, varied by seeking the quieter water, with some unwilling captive in tow. Where were the boys to-night? I gave it up, and busied myself with the merry trout. The sun had long since sunk to rest behind the green canopy of forest, the hoarse voice of the rapids seemed muffled amid the advancing shades of twilight. Dim shadows encroached upon the fly pocket. It was the angler's hour, but no gay moth, resplendent in orange and white, fluttered about upon its darkened surface. It was deserted by the lovers of the gentle art, all my trout were captured with the minnow. This is the best lure for large trout. Nevertheless the record trout of 1902 was taken on a Jock-Scott fly, weight 6¾ pounds. This gleam of luck brightened the future of some happy fly-fisher.

The well-known freakiness of the Nepigon trout often adds an exasperating uncertainty to the sport. One afternoon I repaired to the head of the rapids to have a bout with the big fellows; but not a sign of life showed above or below. The still water mocked us. The guides soon sized up the situation and headed the canoe for the west bank, and trotted off down the trail with their burden. I asked no questions, but let them go their own gait. Presently they arrived at the foot of the white water, and depositing the birch close in to the shore, prepared to embark upon the mad current of the river, that scarce a paddle's length away was running like a mill race, threatening to sweep our frail bark within the mighty clutch of the torrent. The roar of angry waters dinned in our ears, while the veil of misty spray that hovered above the falls threatened to be our winding sheet, should nerve and muscle fail us. The coveted spot that the guides aimed to reach lay at the foot of the rapids. Brave and confident, they fought their way across the first stretch of wild water, taking advantage of every swirl and eddy, and eventually landed the canoe in a sheltered haven, between the divided waters of the chute. Down went our heavy stone anchor, and out went our lines, but, alack, with no results. It was a day off with the trout.

The view from our point of vantage was grand and inspiring, the close proximity to Virgin Falls adding an element of danger and giving a new zest to our wild life on the river. From where we launched our birch to the opposite bank, is only a hundred yards or so, but the current sets in so strong toward the falls that no guides on the Nepigon will risk their lives in an attempt to cut across. Camp life is apt to grow wearisome at times, to vary its monotony I occasionally dropped down the river to Camp Minor, Victoria and Devil's Rapids. Our luck was indifferent, but it was a welcome change to get away from the promiscuous crowd that swarmed about Virgin Falls and have a good lonely time by myself. Black flies are quite tolerable up the river, but hornets are always with you, particularly at meal times. The absence of minnows frequently tempts the angler to backslide, and dally with the murderous spoon. To this complexion must you come at last, or something worse, unless you improve the shining hour, and lay in a good supply for future needs, and contrive some place for keeping them alive. A minnow bucket would help solve the question. For bass fishing I use a canvas bucket of my own invention. It can be carried in a large pocket.

To illustrate the ill success of the fly among the larger trout, I will state the case of two old fly-fishers at Camp Minor. They had caught one good-sized trout and a limited number of small ones. One of their trout weighed exactly one pound; this little fellow was kept, instead of being tossed back contemptuously where he came from. This sort of thing helps depopulate the river of its smaller trout, and thins the ranks of the big ones.

The knights of the fly-rod gaze longingly toward the north and dream of virgin waters. There is a wealth of hunting and fishing hid away in the northern wilderness awaiting the advent of the hardy sportsman. Alas! many of the anglers that frequent the river are past the prime of life, others are physically incapable of withstanding the rigors that are inseparable from camping out in a wild country. The trout-haunted Albany River is too tough a proposition for this feeble band of anglers to entertain for a moment. The best advice I can give to this class of sportsmen is to camp near some of the pretty trout brooks that empty into Lake Nepigon. Here they will elude the crowd and find rest for their souls. This mighty feeder of the river is about 70 miles long by 50 wide; its broad bosom is studded with beautiful islands, many of the larger ones abound in white birch, and are the favorite resort of the Indian canoe maker. The birches on the lake are seldom found large enough for one of those immense canoes, some of them capable of floating three tons or more. The material comes out of the far away northern woods, the lighter models are mostly in vogue; many of them are beautiful specimens of the canoemaker's art. Here I spent many a happy hour with my merry men, cruising in and out among its lovely isles, and camping on the shore of this half-breed's para-

dise. The lake is full of fish; the wilderness abounds with game; what more could they desire. The smoke from their camp-fires that ascended from the islands seemed to breathe a spirit of content and happiness. More than once Indian girls glided across our path, the soft dip of their paddles blending in harmony with their youthful voices, as they accompanied us, laughing and chatting with the guides. These dusky maids were the embodiment of woodland grace and comeliness. As we drew near one of the group of islands, the clamorous yelps of the huskies rent the air, our approach was viewed by the canoemaker and his wild brood with stolid curiosity that was quickly followed by smiles and good-natured badinage, as they recognized their half-breed friends. These wild encampments, with their primitive people, remind us of the ancient past, when the red man roamed these wilds happy at heart and free. No more does the wild refrain of the voyageurs smite the air in unison with their paddles, their voices dying away to a mournful cadence and blending with the far off sound of the rapids, the sighing of the breeze. That once mighty factor in the fur trade, the Hudson's Bay Co., still exists, but shorn of much of its strength and influence. Speaking of fur, reminds me of a bear that showed up near a deserted Indian village on the lake shore. One day while I was strolling about inspecting the interior of a hut, Joe Salt burst into the room, his face ablaze with excitement, shouting bear. Clutching an ax he started off at a good pace down the lake shore, closely followed by the rest of the outfit. We had not gone far before a dark object loomed up ahead. Approaching cautiously, we soon sighted a good-sized cub sitting up in the bushes, regaling himself with berries, seemingly oblivious of our presence. No friendly zephyrs wafted to his nostrils the telltale scent. His ears drank in no sound to warn him of our stealthy approach. It was a pretty piece of stalking. Our feet were shod with silence as nearer and nearer we came, until only a few yards separated us from the unsuspecting beast. At this stage of the game Joe drifted a trifle to the rear, I still continued to advance, but had scarcely traversed a yard before I attracted his attention; his flight was accelerated by Joe's ax that sailed through the air, close in his wake. I presently found out the reason why Joe hung fire, he was fearful the old she would put in an appearance; fortunately for us she was foraging elsewhere. It is vouchsafed to but few to inspect a bear at such close quarters in his native wilds.

It is surprising how little is known of the attractive features of this lovely lake. A native, who holds a responsible position, assured me that no trout existed in any of its tributaries, save a small brook choked up with brush. I discovered in the course of my travels no less than three trout streams, and got a line on a fine trout water that lies up in the northwest. It is not the Albany. I visited the little brook described by the half-breed, and found it practically free of obstructions in the only part worth fishing. A level stretch extends about 100 yards from the mouth, terminating in a shallow pool above. The stream shrinks to a mere trickle, overgrown with saplings and littered with forest debris. I have gazed into the pellucid waters of this mimic pool and beheld a sight that thrilled me with memories of bygone days. Packed close together, their heads pointing up stream, their fins gently waving, were as handsome a collection of speckled beauties as one would wish to see. Many were good-sized specimens for such a little brook. A steep incline led down on my side of the stream; the dense growth of saplings hindered my movements as I slyly edged down the bank, expecting every moment to see them scatter in every direction. Finally I managed to secure an uncertain foothold on the edge, scarce a rod's length away from the dense throng of trout, who paid little or no attention to my guarded movements. Scarcely expecting a rise, I flicked my fly among them. To my surprise it found a ready admirer; again and again I scored. Presently Joe appeared on the opposite bank and dropped his bait hook among them, and was soon busily engaged in yanking them out by the wholesale; 'twas a veritable murder of the innocents. I soon grew wearied of sport that required little or no skill, and returned to our camp by the Indian village; all the cabins are kept securely locked during the owner's absence; nevertheless, we got many a glimpse of interiors abounding in rude comfort. We gained access to one room and started a fire in a badly cracked stove; the guides preferred the open fire for cooking, but the stove and the rude protection the hut afforded were a mine of solid comfort when rough weather set in. Potatoes and other vegetables grew in the little clearing. There seemed to be no trodden paths of any account. It must be a wild, desolate place in winter when most of the huts are occupied by half-breed families, nearly all the able-bodied Indians are off trapping in the frozen North. The immense wilderness, northwest and east of Lake Nepigon is the happy hunting and trapping ground of the Ojibway. It is traversed in every direction by the Indian trapper in pursuit of fur.

Poplar Lodge is another resort of the half-breeds. Here provisions can be procured, but it is best to bring in a good supply from the railroad. There is a creek that comes in on the northeast, whose upper waters have never been explored, unless by some wandering trapper. The resources of this wild stream seemed shrouded in mystery. It was Joe's idea to enter the creek and paddle up toward its headwaters. This suited me exactly, so one sunny afternoon our birch entered the mouth of the creek and glided up stream. The water near its entrance was quite deep with no perceptible current, but further up I hoped to strike swift water and fish. As we advanced the stream narrowed, and the woods closed around us; the banks were lined with that beauty of the woods, the white birch, which made a dazzling contrast against the greens and grays that composed the sombre background. Charming effects of light and shade were strewn along our pathway. Every turn in the stream disclosed enchanting views of woods and waters, bathed in a haze of mystery. We were afloat in a forest that extended without a break to the Arctic Circle. No sign of life appeared upon this lonely stream, save the tracks of wild animals. Grimly suggestive was the listening silence that pervaded this haunt of the moose, caribou, and many beasts of prey.

The Indians gazed about with wondering eyes at the magnificent forests that hemmed us in on all sides and dreamed of happy hunting grounds. This wild

woods beauty found her counterpart in the stream below, along with the gliding birch and voyageurs. Here and there a likely bit of swift water was encountered that suggested trout, but the rod slumbered until the head of canoe navigation had been reached. The creek had changed from grave to gay, 'twas now a laughing brook, vaulting over the rocky barriers that opposed it and romping down the slopes with all the gayety and abandon of youth. The shadow of the angler and his rod had never been cast across its virgin pools, no eyes had ever gazed upon this beautiful rivulet, except, perchance, the timid doe, who wades amid the purling shallows of the brook and quaffs its molten silver. Its mimic pools and rapids looked the fit abode of finny beauty, and so it proved, as the first cast brought to light one of its speckled denizens. I soon towed him into the waiting net and cast into the pool above, expecting to score immediately. To my surprise the feathered cheat was spurned. I fared no better in the swift water, so passing the rod over to the boy, I watched him tickle the sullen surface of the stream; he did his prettiest, but failed to draw the old mossbacks from their cool retreats. Twilight would soon invade this forest sanctuary; 'twas time to depart before night closed in around us. As I passed by the pool that had queered me I relieved the boy of the rod and made a farewell cast, a fish sprang at the fly, my little steel rod soon conquered him, and I passed him over to Joe. The net results were nothing to boast of, but as only a small portion of the stream was flogged, it served its purpose. Trout were here and no angler had preceded me up the brook. All the joys of a discoverer were mine. The trout of these hidden streams have their freaky streaks, but when they are on the rise 'tis often an embarrassment of riches. The little brook near our camp was alive with square-tails, that seldom refused to respond. 'Tis an arduous task and not devoid of danger to penetrate to the source of one of these wild waterways. The trout of these forest brooks are diminutive in size, according to the Nepigon standard, but considering the exquisite beauty of their environment, a trout of a pound of two crealed where the wild sweet song of falling waters throbs upon the air, will cause the angler's heart to thrill. Vain is the effort to enter into these woodland joys at middle life, the worshipper at the shrine of the beautiful in nature, like the poet generally, comes into his heritage in the golden dawn of life.

One day I gave our nearby brook a look in, but alack! 'twas bank full and swollen from recent rains. I managed to decoy one good one to the net, but failed to raise another. There was nothing to do but back out. Instead of returning to camp, the guides took out down the lake; I asked no questions, as I knew they had something that they would produce in due time. The lake seemed barren of animal life, no deer were sighted, feeding along the shore or wading in the shallows; in fact, nearly all the wild game has been driven back into the wilderness by Indians. The endless succession of primitive woods and pebbly beaches unrelieved by mountain ranges, caused me to lapse into a state of dreamy ease that harmonized with the low wash of the waves breaking on the rocks. I was soon aroused from this feeling of languid indifference by the magical transformation that was gradually taking place along the lake front. Towering masses of rock loomed up ahead of us. As we drew near they took on the weird semblance of castles, spires and other spectral shapes; it was the enchanted precipices of Bay View. Huge battlements of rock tower to the skies, their stony faces decorated with splashes of ochreous red, arranged in a variety of grotesque patterns. Vast columns shoot upward to dizzy heights, the fitting abode of the eagle and his mate; immense rocky platforms jutted out from the summit and hung threateningly above us, mocking the efforts of the daring climber to scale the rocky wall, while detached masses of rock of every conceivable shape and size, threatened to overwhelm the rash mortal that dare disturb their grim repose. I gazed with mingled wonder and awe on this masterpiece of nature that only needed the finishing touch of a war canoe filled with painted savages, from which arises an ominous chant breathing red death to their foes, scalps and victory for the conquering Huron. Slowly, like the figment of a dream, this wonderful pageant faded away in the distance, and the forest that had been rudely thrust aside by the stony giant crept timidly forth to line the lake shore with its dense array of foliage. We were now in a part of the lake that is rarely visited, except by the Indians, many of whom are but a few removes from their savage forefathers. You are likely to run across an Indian most anywhere between the lake and Hudson's Bay, but seldom or never a white man. As our birch, impelled by muscular arms, sped on its way, Joe cast searching glances ahead; presently he discovered the object of his quest, a break in the distant shore line, where the cold waters of a brook lost themselves in the lake, its coffee-colored flood frowned on the fly-rod, but helped float the canoe. As our birch, under the skillful handling of the guides, wriggled its way upward, I was impressed by the utter absence of animal and bird life along the stream; the sweet songsters of field and meadow shun the grim Canadian wilderness. The brook gradually shrank to a bed of boulders and gravel bars littered with fallen timber. Finally the canoe came to a halt before a menacing array of nature's forces that barred our passage up the roaring brook. Here we abandoned the birch and took to the woods; I made a languid attempt to penetrate the tangled undergrowth that lined the banks, but soon gave it up, as the turbid water of the brook derided the efforts of the fly-rod. The Indians had disappeared, the rod and canoe slumbered, but the glorious forest that towered far above me, its foliage freshened by the recent showers, while stray gleams of sunshine invaded the dim recesses of the woods, bringing to light with the deft touch of the artist exquisite effects of light and shade, put the finishing touch to all this wild-woods beauty and held my wandering thoughts captive until the guides returned. They had secured one diminutive trout, but failed to connect with others. The rough handling that they experienced between the brook and the tangled network of vines and all manner of forest debris, must have been a caution. The high water gave them the choice of floundering through deep holes or thickets. The Indian is at home in the woods, and reck little of hardships and dangers that would phase many a paleface. Embarking on the mimic flood, we soon exchanged the musical gurgle of the brook for the solemn wash of waves

against the base of the painted precipices of Bay View. These grandly beautiful scenes of lake and forest will be remembered forever and aye. The summer had departed, but no maples flung their red banners to the breeze; the prevailing autumn tints are dull orange shading off into yellowish green.

The trout fishing of 1902 would soon be a thing of the past, so it was up to me to strike camp and return to the river for a few more casts before the warden made his last rounds. As the huts and clearing faded away to an indistinct blur, the mighty lake opened out before me; far away in the northwest sky and water meet. Lovely isles clad in purple haze seemed like fairy craft floating on the blue expanse of waters; below there is a wealth of finny life that insures good angling in the river for many years to come.

We slept that night in our old camp at Virgin Falls. My stay was not prolonged, as I was eager to wet my line in Long Rapids, the place par excellence for fly-fishing. The day of departure came at last; regretfully I stole away from pleasant scenes that will not be forgotten while memory lasts. The rapids at Camp Minor were negotiated for the last time. As the swift current bore us along, I cast farewell glances at the moving panorama of rocks, sky and water. I was using the fly on the down trip to the utter exclusion of bait. All sneers at Pine Portage failed to swerve me, as I was banking on having a good time with the trout. At Long Rapids the trout were beginning to work up on to the spawning beds. Fly-fishing does little to thin the ranks of the big spawners, but bait plays havoc. Quite a crowd of fishermen were hanging around the edges of the pools at Pine Portage, getting ready to lift them off the beds before they had a chance to deposit their spawn. The only remedy is to allow nothing but fly-fishing from the first of September to the close of the season, and make it obligatory to return all fish hooked under a pound. The best trout exhibited at Pine Portage looked about four pounds, a very common size in the old days, but a prize now.

I soon bade adieu to the noisy conglomeration of guides, anglers and pot fishermen, and dropped down the river and camped at the Narrows. Here the boy managed to secure a nice one with bait. One rise was the best I could do before darkness set in. The weather looked threatening for the morrow. Sure enough, at daybreak a drizzling rain had set in. Undaunted by the dreary prospect, we glided out on to the troubled waters. I whipped them thoroughly, but no sign of life appeared upon the ungrateful surface. The pattering rain drops were anything but a pleasing accompaniment to the swish of Joe's paddle as we pushed out into Lake Jessie and headed for the last station on the river, in company with another birch containing two young enthusiasts whose acquaintance I had picked up coming down from Pine Portage. The guides kept up a steady clip for nearly two hours before the far away sound of rapids throbbed upon the air. Instead of following the usual custom of unloading at the landing, the canoe was allowed to follow the drift of the current and draw near to the white water. The prospect was decidedly ticklish. The human freight and camp stuff caused the canoe to sit low in the water, inviting disaster from careening in the grasp of the angry torrent. To offset all this, it was manned by two of the youngest, bravest and most resourceful guides on the Nepigon. There was no margin for clumsiness, as all along the watery track sharp rocks lay in wait, like assassins, ready to deal deadly stabs at the fleeing birch. Like a thing of life the canoe romps down the siding with the speed of a racer. Faster and faster it flies, while the sublime chorus of fighting waters shakes the air, presently to die away to a vague far off sound as our birch glides victorious out on the peaceful expanse of the pool, while scarce a hundred yards away, at its outlet, the dreaded Long Rapids lift up their strident voice, threatening annihilation to the reckless fool that dares to brave their fury.

The other canoe wisely withdrew to the landing; at any rate no canoe shot the upper rapids during our stay. It is not every guide that cares to take the risky chances of running this wild piece of water with a loaded canoe. They generally take the safer course and hand the camp stuff over to the tender mercies of Pat and his team.

We pitched our tent near the outlet, close to a burnt patch that fortunately did not extend far; the lowering storm had drifted away, so I sank to rest with bright hopes of the morrow. The weather turned out all that an angler's heart could wish for during our brief stay. We had lively times with the trout, as the merry music of the reel mocked the kingfisher's rattle. We worked this beautiful pool along with two strangers. No one left unrewarded. It was trout galore. For all that, it takes an experienced rod to win success among the two and three-pounders that haunt its depths. There is a fine cast from off the island close up to the white water. The season was flickering, ready to vanish, so we moved off down the river, and after making a few casts opposite Cameron's Pool that failed to draw, I bade adieu to the delights of the rod and the reel. The camp-fire flared for the last time at Alexandria Bay, bringing into strong relief the supple forms of the Indians and their wild surroundings.

My Nepigon guides deserve more than a passing mention. Young, ambitious, and clever, their cheerful presence and merry laughter would stampede the worst case of blues in existence. Joe Salt has quite a reputation as a hunter. They displayed marvelous skill in using an ordinary landing net, to capture the curious whitefish and laker.

A favorable breeze set in next morning, but we did not get the full benefit of it until we glided out on to Lake Helen. Utilizing the tent cover for a sail, we sped down the lake humming. The guides for some reason shunned the landing, and dropped down the outlet and fetched up at the Railroad Pool. This relic of ancient times is quietly recuperating, as Joe informed me that parties hurry by, imagining it is a dead one. It is only a short walk from the village to railroad bridge. Drop a line here, brother angler, and the answer you will get may astonish you, as large trout are liable to work up into the pool from Gitchee Gumme at any time. The attractions of this mighty river have been lauded to the skies by interested parties and derided by others. The beauty and size of its trout, the sublime precipices of Caribou Mountain, its magnificent rapids and lovely gems of pools that mirror their rocky setting, and the glorious forest, along with the entrancing views on its upper lake and waters,

are a sufficient answer to its carping critics. May the time be far remote when the angler will cast his fly in vain in the waters of the noble Nepigon.

W. C. SQUIER, JR.

RAHWAY, N. J.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A New Sporting River.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 23, 1903.—Mr. W. H. Talbot, of Nevada, Mo., is in town this week for a few days' visit. Mr. Talbot is well known as a maker of fine casting reels and is moreover an enthusiastic fisherman. He offers a bit of news on high class angling in a little known part of the country. Mr. Talbot says that his new sporting district is along the Niangia River, which in his case was reached by a sixty mile drive from the town of Bolivar, Mo. This same stream, well towards its head waters, can also be reached from Lebanon on the 'Frisco road, at a distance of about thirty miles, or from the town of Bagnel on the Missouri Pacific, by means of a drive of some fifteen or twenty miles. The Niangia River has two forks and the united stream flows into the Osage River. One would hardly expect to find small-mouth bass in this part of the world, let alone rainbow trout, yet both are to be taken in this stream in heavy weights and full of the best sort of sporting quality. The stream itself is a very crooked one, the bend on which Mr. Talbot's party encamped having a distance of some twenty miles' fishing in two and a half miles' distance across the head and foot of the bend. The banks of the stream are high and well wooded and the current is swift, although the stream is very crooked. It can be fished from a boat or in part by wading, as there are shallow and gravelly riffles alternating with the deep holes on the bends. In part the bed of the stream is strewn with boulders, and in these fast waters the small-mouth bass and rainbows lie. Mr. Talbot told me that without exaggeration he believed a good bass fisherman could take one hundred bass in a day on that river at this time of the year. He himself fished until he did not care to take any more, most of the fish being returned and a few being given to the neighbors along the stream. One gentleman of the party got a 4¾ pound rainbow trout. Mr. Talbot saw a thirty-five pound "salmon" which was caught in the Niangia. This is the same fish as our Northern wall-eyed pike, and this weight is a very extraordinary one. The natives sometimes catch channel catfish in the Niangia and these put up a game fight, as any one knows who has angled for them. Mr. Talbot says he thinks there is no river in the country which is more attractive to the angler with either bait or fly than this same stream, which is practically unknown in this part of the world. Its remoteness from railway points of access is of course the immediate cause of this state of affairs. The rainbow trout were introduced there some years ago, and in these swift and well aerated waters they thrive extraordinarily.

Mr. Talbot says that they had a perfectly peaceful trip on the Niangia except in one instance. Their camp was pitched on the opposite side of the river from a gentleman who makes his home on his plantation there, and the latter was disposed to go on the warpath because the entire party did not pull up stakes and go and live at his house. The planter had eleven men at his table one day and he had only seen two of them before at any time in his life. He considered it, however, his province to take care of all strangers appearing in that neck of woods. Mr. Talbot was fishing peacefully at a seductive part of the stream when he heard a couple of reports of a shotgun on the bluff above him. Climbing up to see what was the trouble, he discovered that one of the hired men of the afore-said planter had been sent out to get a couple of turkeys for this dinner. He killed two wild turkeys with the two shots, without any difficulty. There are a good many turkeys along the Niangia, and where there are turkeys there are, of course, usually deer in these Southern hunting grounds. All in all, this situation seems somewhat arcadian in its attractiveness, and it is certain that many sportsmen of St. Louis and other Missouri cities will be apt to avail themselves of its advantages. The best of this stream lies in Camden County. It is without question a much better fishing stream than the better known Current River. The Current is broad and rapid, and the Niangia is rapid, crooked and alternately deep and shallow. Mr. Talbot's wide experience as a bass fisherman gives weight to his enthusiasm in regard to this newly discovered spot.

About Muscallunge.

On the 8th of August Messrs. F. H. Wolff and Fred Hedgeland will start from Chicago on a novel fishing trip. They go in an automobile and purpose making a journey of 450 miles north into the muscallunge country of Wisconsin. They will try to get in as far as Trout Lake, which is some twelve miles from the town of Woodruff, Wisconsin. Their return will be by automobile, and the whole tour will probably cover at least 1,000 miles, if all goes well.

Mr. Wolff has frequently fished in the muscallunge lakes north of Trout Lake, and is to-day getting together his outfit for a little of his favorite sport with the giant pike. He says that he has found very good fishing in the Gresham chain of lakes, three in number, which are accessible by a short portage north of Trout Lake. He also thinks very well of Boulder Lake, from which stories of very good fish come down now and then. He says that the most successful muscallunge fisher who goes into that part of the country is Mr. Marion Lambert, of St. Louis, who spends a good part of the muscallunge season every year in that vicinity. On his last trip Mr. Lambert took 21 muscallunge whose weights ran from 18 to 32 pounds. He returned a number of smaller fish to the water. Mr. Lambert's method is not that of trolling, and he catches his best fish in casting live bait, and Mr. Wolff and friends have also found that bait casting is more apt to be productive than trolling in these days of edu-

cated muscallunge. The bait used in this new school of muscallunge fishing is usually a sucker weighing about a pound or so, and the casting is done from a stiff rod, so that the angler is able to pitch the bait quite a distance from his boat over the weedy bars where the muscallunge is most apt to be found lying. In this practice one of course needs a wired hook, but it is not necessary to use a shark hook in order to lard a muscallunge, and some fishers do not go larger than 60 in their selection of hooks for this purpose. Of course, when the muscallunge swirls up and strikes the sucker, the angler simply relaxes strain and lets the fish run away with the bait. Presently, just as in the case of a bass with a frog or a pickerel with a minnow, the muscallunge bolts the bait and makes a second run. The hook, therefore, is apt to catch him pretty well down in the gullet and does not need to be so very large in order to hold him. Mr. Wolff says that sight of a big muscallunge swirling up at a bait just as it strikes the water is one of the most exciting things he has ever seen in sport, and it far outclasses the heavy tug on the probably submerged spoon hook, which is usually the first indication of a strike when one is trolling.

In Little St. Germaine Lake this spring the Wisconsin Fish Commission seized a female muscallunge which weighed 84 pounds, and removed from the fish nearly six pounds of spawn, according to the story, the fish being then returned to the water. The commission retained this big muscallunge for a while and wired the United States Fish Commission and the Smithsonian Institute, querying whether they would like the muscallunge preserved as a specimen. It was not, however, killed, but returned.

The guides have a notion in these muscallunge waters that the nimble speckled frog is a poor sort of bait whether for trolling or casting for bass. One does not recall any instances of a muscallunge being taken on frog bait, but there is no ground for the local prejudice against the frog as a bass bait. Mr. Wolff himself, for instance, one time went out frogging and picked up a dozen or so, and his catch of bass that afternoon was a complete refutation of the theory of the guides that the bass in that country would not rise to the frog.

Singular Incidents in Fishing.

A week ago last Tuesday Dr. J. W. Meek and Mr. F. H. Wolff were down at Koutts, Indiana, attending the tournament of the Valley Gun Club. They took the opportunity to do some fishing in the Kankakee River, and found it no trouble at all to catch all the pickerel (pike) which they wanted. They saw no bass and say that local men like George Hoffer, game warden at Koutts, tell them that the bass fishing is ruined in that part of the river, which was once so notable in that specialty. The recent stories are true, and pickerel, innumerable carp and swarms of dog fish infest the Kankakee now. The Chicago men had a little sport with the pickerel in fault of anything better. In the course of this fishing, in which they had a number of pickerel up to 4, 5 and 6 pounds, Mr. Wolff hooked a good-sized fish and landed it in due time. He thought he felt something give, but the fish did not make its escape. When he got to it he discovered that the hook had broken off in the gullet of the pickerel, and the snap of the steel swivel, in passing out towards the mouth of the fish, had caught in the side of the cheek. Any one who knows how one of these spring snaps is arranged will realize that the tongue of the snap would act as a sort of barb, like the barb on the so-called barless hooks. At any rate it served to fasten and hold this big pickerel. One does not recall hearing of any similar incident in angling experience, yet the informant stated that this was the second time that the same thing had happened to him. Last year, while fishing for muscallunge in Wisconsin, the hook broke off in connection with a big sucker concealed in the anatomy of a heavy muscallunge. The swivel snap fastened the fish in the mouth, just as was the case with this Kankakee pickerel, and the old fellow was landed in this rather inglorious though singular manner.

Still another odd incident in angling seems to have taken place on the salmon river of Mr. Charles H. Davis, of Saginaw, the Little Pabos. Full information from Mr. Davis is lacking, but Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, in a chance letter, refers to the matter in this way: "You should get full particulars of Mr. Davis' salmon story, for it is about as strange an occurrence as I ever heard of. The knot that fastened the leader to the line came untied after the angler had been playing this fish for a while. Each end of the pool was a shallow rapid, and the guides put a boat at each end and kept the fish from running out of the pool, and then chased it around until it got tired and took refuge under a log. Then with the gaff hook they carefully raised the leader and fastened it again to the line and Mr. Davis' friend finally landed his fish."

That certainly was a gentlemanly sort of guide who could have gaffed a salmon and gaffed the leader instead, and so let the fight go on to a finish under the proper rules of the game.

For the Nepigon.

Mr. C. D. Viele, of the Deere & Webber Company, Minneapolis, Minn., is chief of a party of five who start within the week for an extended trip on the Nepigon River. This party are outfitting with V. L. & A. of Chicago, under the supervision of Mr. Von Lengerke, who has been on the Nepigon and knows what is needed.

Slagle River Fishing Club.

The Slagle River, or, as it is better known, the Slagle Creek, of Michigan, has been considered for many years as one of the best trout propositions in the south peninsula. Its special virtues have not been overlooked, and now comes the information that there will presently be formed the Slagle River Fishing Club, which will take over and preserve a good portion of this stream. Mr. E. J. Marshall, of Toledo, O., is in-

terested in this work, and sends out a prospectus which he hopes may be interesting to Chicago gentlemen desirous of valuable club privileges on this stream. He writes: "You notice that we contemplate but twenty members for our club, and we believe that this is one of the finest propositions ever offered to the genuine sportsman. This property was purchased some years ago by Mr. Daniel Segur, of Toledo, an enthusiastic fisherman, and he has cleared the titles from the usual tax titles, etc. At current prices the land is worth more than the price put on it, so that you can see the undertaking is not made with a view to profit. We should be pleased to form a small club of gentlemen sportsmen who are interested in the sport. We expect to have some first-class gentlemen from this town and should be glad to hear from others of the right sort who want a membership in a good fishing club."

It is to be hoped that Mr. Marshall will succeed in his undertaking. The Slagle River rises in Wexford County, in Michigan, and flows westerly through Wexford and Manistee Counties, emptying into the Manistee River. It is a wading stream, with a bed of hard gravel. The water is extremely cold, clear and pure, and the supply inexhaustible and constant. The stream is neither meandered nor navigable within the meaning of the statutes of Michigan, and it is therefore a private water under the laws of the State. In Manistee County the stream is very crooked and for the most part quite free from brush and serious obstructions, rendering it an ideal fly fisher's stream. It is well stocked with brook trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*, which are noted for their extreme gameness and high color, these qualities being attributable, it is claimed, to the very cold water and rapid current. The upper waters of this stream flow through a very dense cedar swamp, nearly impenetrable to man, and absolutely impenetrable so far as fishing is concerned. The State of Michigan has recently established a trout hatchery on this stream above the property which it is proposed to purchase. These facts guarantee undisturbed fishing grounds and insure an inexhaustible supply of fish. There are over five miles of stream on the property in question, and the greater portion of this lies within one mile of direct distance, the stream being so crooked that a twenty minutes' walk up stream covers a distance by water of fully three miles—sufficient for a day's sport with the rod. Mr. Marshall shows several letters from sportsmen who are acquainted with the Slagle, and will no doubt be glad to give further details upon request.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

The following are the records of the Chicago Fly Casting Club, at the last meeting on the North Lagoon, Garfield Park, this city:

May 23, 1903.

	Dist. & Accy.	Fly.	Bait-Casting.
	Per Cent.		Per Cent.
I. H. Bellows.....	93		97
G. W. Davis.....	..		90 4-10
John Hohmann.....	..		96 8-10
H. G. Hascall.....	95 2-3		98 1-10
N. C. Heston.....	92 2-3		97 4-10
G. A. Hinterleitner.....	..		97 2-10
Chas. W. Keiser.....	..		89 5-10
E. L. Mason.....	..		97 2-10
E. R. Letterman.....	92		97 2-10
H. B. Noyes.....	..		93 6-10
F. N. Peet.....	95 2-3		97 3-10
C. B. Robinson.....	..		94 8-10
F. S. Smith.....	..		96 3-10

June 20, 1903.

	Dist. & Accy.	Fly.	Bait-Casting.
	Per Cent.		Per Cent.
H. H. Ainsworth.....	94		97 9-10
I. H. Bellows.....	93 2-3		96 7-10
W. T. Church.....	89 2-3		90 7-10
John Hohmann.....	..		97 2-10
H. G. Hascall.....	95 2-3		98 3-10
G. A. Hinterleitner.....	..		95 4-10
B. J. Kellenberger.....	..		91
E. L. Mason.....	..		96 8-10
F. N. Peet.....	97 2-3		91 8-10
H. W. Perce.....	90		97 9-10
C. B. Robinson.....	83		95 9-10
A. C. Smith.....	90 2-3		97 6-10
J. Waddell.....	92		95 5-10

Re-entry.

	Dist. & Accy.	Fly.	Bait-Casting.
	Per Cent.		Per Cent.
H. H. Ainsworth.....	87		93 1-10
W. T. Church.....	88 1-3		93
B. J. Kellenberger.....	..		84 4-10
H. W. Perce.....	91 2-3		97 2-10
A. C. Smith.....	94 1-3		98 2-10

July 18, 1903.

	Long Dist.	Fly.	Accey. & Del'cy.	Del'cy, Bait.
	Feet.		Per Cent.	Per Cent.
I. H. Bellows.....	122		87 1-6	96 5-6
C. F. Brown.....	..		93 1-6	95 1-6
W. T. Church.....	..		79 1-2	94 1-2
John Hohmann.....	95 1-6
N. C. Heston.....	95 1-2
B. J. Kellenberger.....	95 2-3
E. R. Letterman.....	97 1-3
E. L. Mason.....	96 2-3
F. N. Peet.....	122		90 5-6	95
H. W. Perce.....	..		74 1-2	94 2-3
C. B. Robinson.....	86 1-2
Robt. Slade, Jr.....	96 1-2
A. C. Smith.....	117		91 1-12	97 1-3
F. S. Smith.....	86 5-6
E. P. Sperry.....	89 2-3

Re-entry.

	Long Dist.	Fly.	Accey. & Del'cy.	Del'cy, Bait.
	Feet.		Per Cent.	Per Cent.
I. H. Bellows.....	111		82	..
C. F. Brown.....	92 5-6
W. T. Church.....	94 5-6
N. C. Heston.....	95 5-6
B. J. Kellenberger.....	98 1-3
E. L. Mason.....	97 1-3
F. N. Peet.....	125		91 7-12	95 5-6
C. B. Robinson.....	89
Robt. Slade, Jr.....	97 2-3
A. C. Smith.....	115		91 11-12	97 2-3
E. P. Sperry.....	95 1-6

Unhappy Trout Trip.

Messrs. C. C. Haskins, of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, and Mr. T. L. Smeads, also of Chicago, started out recently for a trout trip on a remote Wisconsin stream. Mr. Smeads tells the story of their experience. Mr. Smeads himself was a beginner in the game, but Mr. Haskins professed to be an expert

and supervised the outfitting and personal conduct of Mr. Smeads very carefully. They chartered a guide, who was guaranteed to take them to the best trout fishing in the country. Mr. Smeads declares that he and his friend Haskins crossed country where the foot of man never trod before or ever ought to have trod at all. Probably they got into a cedar swamp. Being a little short-winded, Mr. Smeads fell behind, and along in the afternoon was rejoiced to see his friend once more. Mr. Haskins was sitting on top of a high bluff, fighting mosquitoes. He asked of Mr. Smeads, as he toiled up to the same spot, "How many did you get?" "Three," said Mr. Smeads, producing that number of troutlets as long as his finger. "I got two," said Mr. Haskins. "Do you mind if I put them in your basket? They tire me carrying them around." He produced two fish a little bit smaller than those taken by his friend. When these five were ensconced in his basket Mr. Haskins, with a wild whoop, jumped on the creel and pounded it and its contents into a shapeless mass. "That's what I think of trout fishing," said he. About that time they saw a bent figure toiling towards them in the distance. It was the guide. He had 112 nice ones.

Some Catches.

Messrs. E. T. Hyland, Walter Brophy and A. Cuttler brought back some good bass from their recent trip to Fox Lake, Illinois, where for a time the bass went on the feed.

Mr. E. W. Brooks, of Chicago, took a twelve pound pickerel at Green Lake, Wisconsin, last week, and his party had eighteen pickerel in all.

Dr. W. F. Fowler took a five pound big mouth bass at Round Lake, Illinois, last week, and one or two others stopping at Smith's place nearby had good takes of bass.

Mr. Albert Smith was high hook on Pawpaw Lake, Michigan, last week, with a three and a half pound bass, although this is not extraordinary for that water.

At Nippersink Bay, adjoining Fox Lake, Illinois, the bass have been rising for the knowing ones for the last week or so, although it is generally conceded that the best of the bass fishing is now over and that the big fellows have retired to the deeper waters.

At Twin Lakes, Wisconsin, Norman Manzer, a boy seven years of age, last week was lucky enough to take a twelve-pound pickerel. The kid is somewhat noted as a fisherman in spite of his tender years.

At the Lauderdale Chain of Wisconsin fairly good bass fishing has been the rule during the recent cool weather. One of the clerks of the St. Paul office here, who returned this week, said that if a man was a good bass fisherman he would have no trouble in picking up a good string in the Lauderdale district. He reports pickerel also numerous, and says that there are a good many squirrels in the woods thereabout.

There are several Chicago parties at Travers Lake, Michigan, and among the lucky anglers are Messrs. Cameron and Cisler, who in one day's fishing during the week took fourteen bass.

The Sand Fly and the Bass.

For four or five days cities along the west shore of Lake Michigan have been persecuted by innumerable swarms of sand flies, which have been hatching out somewhere about the lake in a most copious and unrestrained manner. When the sand fly hatch is on on any of the bass lakes of Michigan or Illinois, then is the time for the fly fisherman to get busy.

The Man and the Mule.

There appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM office today a gentleman from southwest Iowa, who for personal reasons does not wish to have his name made public. This gentleman is a sportsman and has been a warm admirer of the FOREST AND STREAM for many years. He is here on the single errand of receiving the Pasteur treatment for a mule bite. A few days ago he had the misfortune to be bitten by a mule, which local authorities subsequently declared to be in a rabid condition. The animal caught him by the ankle and hung on, and had to be pounded loose. This sportsman does not want to come down with mule hydrophobia, and it is cheering to be able to say that there seems to be no doubt whatever of his perfect and prompt recovery.

E. HOUGH.

ASHLAND BLOCK, Chicago, Ill.

A Convention for Lobster Discussion.

CAPT. JOS. W. COLLINS, Chairman of the Massachusetts Commission of Fisheries and Game, has sent out to the fish commissioners of the New England States and Maritime Provinces a call as follows:

"A convention of commissioners of the lobster-producing States and the British Maritime Provinces will be held at Room 249, State House, Boston, on Wednesday, September 23, proximo, for the purpose of considering what can be done to secure a better protection of the lobster, and, if possible, to obtain laws which are as nearly uniform as possible in the various States and Provinces.

"You are cordially invited to attend this convention, which we anticipate will be one of the most interesting and important ever held for the purpose of trying to prevent the ultimate commercial extermination of the lobster."

The Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine.

THE Brief, bearing date of July, 1903, for the term July to October, contains all the game and fish laws of the United States and Canada (except Tennessee and Washington) revised to date. The year has been extremely prolific of new laws, and the changes are numerous. There are also contained in the Woodcraft Magazine of the number these capital sketches and stories: Fishing Signs of the Zodiac, by Fred Mather. Vacations in Tents, by F. Brown. The Ways of the Black Bass, by Dr. Tarleton E. Brown. A Night Adventure on the Levee, by Tripod. The Joy Crocodile Hunting in Cambodia. About the Devil's Blowdown, by Buckskin Brady. The White-Headed or Bald Eagle, by Alexander Wilson. He Killed the Hog; Hog Killed Him, by O. G. Naund. The Shortened Shirt, by Andrew Price. Styx, a Battery Dog, by F. W. Caruth. Exploits of "Old Shacklefoot." The Hill Fox in Scotland. A Beaver Skin Cap. The Sportsman's Den, by C. L. Bradley.

American Fisheries Society.

THE thirty-second annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society was held at Wood's Holl, Mass., on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week, United States Fish Commissioner Geo. M. Bowers presiding. The sessions were held in the biological room of the Fish Commission Station. The convention was characterized by a large attendance, representatives being present from all the New England States, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Montana, West Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia. The papers read were: "Blood as Fish Food," by Dr. James A. Henshall; "The Live Food Problem," by Chas. G. Atkins; "Propagation of Large-Mouthed Black Bass at San Marcos, Texas," by John L. Leary; "The Golden Trout," by W. T. Thompson; "Fish on the Farm: What Species to Select; Some Facts Showing the Commercial Value of Fish-Culture in New York State," by John D. Whish; "Some Notes on Fish Food in the Seiners," by Henry D. Ward; "The Main Points Necessary to Successful Bass Culture," by J. J. Stranahan; "Angling for Carp and Some Hints as to Cooking," by S. P. Bartlett; "Recent Advances in Lobster Culture," by Dr. A. D. Mead; "Transportation of Green Brook Trout and Salmon Eggs," by Waldo S. Hubbard; "A Fatal Excess of Dissolved Air in Water Containing Fishes," by U. C. Marsh.

The officers elected were as follows: President, Frank N. Clark, of Michigan; Vice-President, Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, of New York; Recording Secretary, George F. Peabody, of Wisconsin; Corresponding Secretary, W. DeC. Ravenal of Washington; Treasurer, C. W. Willard, of Rhode Island; Executive Committee: E. W. Blatchford, of Illinois; C. C. Ward, of Massachusetts; R. D. Hume, of California; M. E. Merrill, of Vermont; J. E. Leary, of Texas, and E. A. Tulian, of Colorado.

The place of meeting for 1904 is as yet undetermined. This was left to a committee. It is possible that the Society will meet in St. Louis.

An important feature of Wednesday was the unveiling of a tablet on the grounds of the Fish Commission in memory of Prof. Spencer F. Baird. The memorial had been provided by members of the Society. Addresses in celebration of Prof. Baird's services in behalf of fish and fisheries and biological science was delivered by Hon. E. W. Blatchford and Prof. Wm. K. Brooks, both of whom had been friends and associates of Prof. Baird. Messrs. Frank and Clark, and Livingston Stone recalled Prof. Baird's special public services in the early days of fish-culture in America.

State Fish and Private Waters.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I take it from your review of the decision in the Rockefeller-Lamora fishing decision that an owner has the right, after taking State fish for his brook, or consenting that they be placed in his brook, on his own farm, to sue for and maintain action for trespass at pleasure. In other words, to allow those of the tax-paying public that may please his fancy to whip his stream and others, less fortunate, to do so at the risk of landing in justices' courts for nominal damages, and also to permit the owner, under the same circumstances, to lease the banks and bed of his stream to private parties with trespass suits galore in sight for the people that propagated and paid for the fish.

I note that you state in your editorial, "That right is of the exclusive possession of one's own property." How about the people and their fish? If this is justice, if an owner can at pleasurp take trout from our State fisheries and place them in his brook with no obligation to the people, then why this propagation of fish at the public expense? Why the State hatchery, if the people have no rights in their own property? It seems to me there are a few more "cobwebs" yet to be brushed away.

X. Y. Z.

A Giant Horse Mackerel.

MORE than 2,000 persons stopped in front of the store of the Gloucester Fresh Fish Company to see the immense horse mackerel that was on exhibition. The sea monster's weight is 1,180 pounds. It is more than ten feet in length and four feet thick. News that the fish was on exhibition traveled fast, and among the many fishermen who saw the monster were two old timers. When asked what they thought of the fish they said in unison that "it was the goods."

The mackerel was caught in Carr's traps off Magnolia after a desperate struggle. Monday afternoon the fish found its way into one of the traps, but escaped. The men at the traps determined to recapture the fish if it took a lifetime. Yesterday morning the fish very foolishly returned to the old stand and got nipped, first giving the men a run for their money.

The monster's value is placed at \$50. Several offers to buy were received by the company while it was on exhibition, but the company is not ready to part with the find. Last season a horse mackerel weighing 840 pounds was caught in one of the company's nets, but the catch of yesterday puts all previous records in the shade.—Boston Globe.

Walleyed Pike in the Susquehanna.

ARTON, N. Y.—Thanks to the Fish Commission of this State, the walleyed pike fishing in this section of the Susquehanna River which for years previous has been very disappointing, is now each season growing better, and good catches are made almost daily. Fishing near this place Saturday, I caught nine pike and four black bass, the largest of the pike weighing 8¾ pounds, and that after it had been carried in the boat all day in the sun. Other catches were: Richard Burton, eight, weighing 30 pounds, the two largest six and five pounds; C. B. Yapple, one weighing 7¾ pounds; Edward Curtis, one of eight pounds; David Bunce, about four miles out of here, has fourteen in the past few days, the largest about pounds. Between here and Bainbridge there have been taken several hundred fish, some of large size. It is safe to say that within the past two years more pike have been taken in this immediate vicinity than had been taken the twenty years previous. We understand also that in

the headwaters of the Delaware, near Hancock and Lordsville, the fishing for pike is unusually good, large catches and fish of great size are taken.

The conditions of this section of the river for the propagation of pike are ideal. Good water and deep; in many places large rocks and in others sunken logs and a sand bottom make abundant hiding places. There is but a single drawback to the bright side of the picture, and that is the carp are growing at an equal or faster rate than the pike. Still, the game fish seem to thrive in spite of the water hogs. Carp have been taken on the flats after the high water weighing 26 pounds. They keep the water in muddy condition all the time. There is no doubt that they destroy many of the fry of the black bass and pike. An effort will soon be made with the consent of the Fish Commission to see if the use of a drag net will reduce their number. In the past seven years each year the commission has sent to this one place 500,000 fry of the pike alone. And we are indeed glad that through the FOREST AND STREAM we can add our mite of praise for the grand work they are doing for the angler.

A. T. ENGLAND.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

- Oct. 6-9.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society's show.
- Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
- Nov. 9.—Fourteenth annual beagle trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y.

Pointer Club Matters.

NEW YORK.—At a meeting of the board of governors of the Pointer Club of America, held July 22, it was resolved that the field trials of 1903 shall be held at Holmdel, Monmouth county, New Jersey, three miles from Hazlet station, N. J. Central Railroad, commencing November 16. Judges, Bernard Waters and G. Muss-Arnolt.

C. F. LEWIS, Secretary.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures for 1903.

Members of race committee will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

America's Cup Races, Aug. 20 and alternate days. AUGUST.

- 1. Beverly, third Corinthian, Monument Beach.
- 1. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
- 1. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
- 1. Eastern, Marblehead to Gloucester.
- 1. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
- 1. Brooklyn, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
- 1. Manhasset Bay, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, special.
- 1. Columbia, race to Highland Park, Lake Michigan.
- 1. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
- 1. Penataquit Corinthian, open, Bay Shore.
- 1. South Boston, club, City Point.
- 2. Bergen Beach, club, Gravesend Bay.
- 3. Eastern, special, open, Marblehead.
- 4. Boston, Y. R. A., open, Marblehead.
- 5. Chicago, race to Milwaukee.
- 5-8. Corinthian Marblehead midsummer series.
- 6-8. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, specials and annual.
- 7-8. Pass-Christian, Southern Gulf Coast Y. A., Pass-Christian, Miss.
- 7-8. Milwaukee, open.
- 7-8. Lake Michigan, Y. R. A., meet at Milwaukee for all classes.
- 8. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
- 8. Corinthian, fourth championship, Marblehead.
- 8. Moriches, novice race.
- 8. Beverly, fourth Corinthian, Monument Beach.
- 8. Royal Canadian, Canada cup race.
- 8. Shelter Island, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
- 9. Chicago, cruise, rendezvous at Charlevoix.

THE Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C. have officially selected Reliance to defend the America's Cup against Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger, Shamrock III. The committee reached the conclusion that Reliance was a far better all around boat than either Constitution or Columbia early in the season, and their decision meets with general approval. Columbia has been outclassed from the start, and Constitution has met with so many mishaps that she was too unreliable a boat to be seriously considered while she was rigged with double spreaders. Only one official trial race was sailed, and Reliance won that with ease. A full account of the race will appear in our next issue.

New York Y. C. Cruise.

MONDAY, JULY 20—SQUADRON RUN, New London to Newport—40 miles.

After remaining at anchor in New London harbor on Sunday, the squadron of the New York Y.C. continued the eastward journey. The Eastern Y.C. boats which reached New London Saturday afternoon augmented the fleet to unusual proportions.

The forty mile run from New London to Newport on Monday was a good one. There was a breeze of 10-knot strength blowing throughout the greater part of the struggle from the southeast. This gave the boats close and broad reaches to the finish off Brenton's Reef Lightship.

A fine lot of cruising craft took part in the run, and, with the cup boats, made an imposing spectacle. Several minor accidents occurred at the start of the smaller boats. Senta fouled Aspirant, sending her bowsprit into the mainsail of the new creation. Neola got into a bad position near the committee boat Rivera, caught her port preventer on the steam yacht's bowsprit, and carried away her topmast. She then withdrew and put back to New London. This left Weetamoe with no class competitor.

Constitution was in good form on the run and gave Reliance her second defeat on time allowance. The latest 90-footer led the fleet at the finish, but she was only 1m. 29s. on elapsed time ahead of the Belmont

craft. This was not enough to offset the allowance of over two minutes that Reliance has to give Constitution on a forty-mile course. Reliance beat Columbia 10m. 54s.

The harbor start was signalled at 8:30 o'clock from the flagship Delaware. The preparatory for the racers to get away was given at 9:45, and ten minutes later the first of the fleet started. The committee boat was anchored off Sarah's Ledge.

The preparatory whistle for the cup boats sounded at 10:15. Fifteen minutes elapsed before the start. Reliance went across at 10:30:36, Constitution at 10:30:51, and Columbia at 10:31:02. Shortly after the start the three 90-footers were on the port tack, with Reliance to windward and Constitution to leeward.

From the first Constitution did well, and with the favorable tide footed faster than Reliance. For the first few miles of the journey the wind was blowing not more than 6 miles an hour. At 11 o'clock Constitution had Reliance under her lee and the Iselin boat came about and stood to the eastward to avoid blanketing. They were then off Race Rock.

From Race Rock to Point Judith was 29 miles. The wind had backed east-southeast. This gave the two leading boats a close reach. Columbia was well under Fisher's Island shore and had to take several short tacks to make by. Fisher's Island was passed at 11:40. Watch Hill was abeam at 11:55. Constitution was still to weather of Reliance and Columbia in shore.

At this stage of the race the breeze went back again to the south-southeast, making eased sheets possible. It was freshening and the yachts moved fast. Reliance gradually drew to the fore. At 12:45 she was a fifth of a mile ahead of Constitution. Reliance passed the whistling buoy off Point Judith at 1:20:05. Constitution was timed at 1:21:33 and Columbia at 1:29:45.

The boats had a broad reach to the finish line seven miles away. Ballooners were set and forestaysails taken in. Going at great speed, Reliance flashed across the finish at 1:56:36. Constitution was timed at 1:58:20. Columbia ended the journey at 2:07:56. On elapsed time Reliance had beaten Constitution 1m. 29s. and Columbia 10m. 54s. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Reliance	10 30 36	1 56 36	3 26 00	
Constitution	10 30 51	1 58 20	3 27 29	
Columbia	10 31 02	2 07 46	3 36 54	

In the other regular classes the schooners Hildegarde, Ingomar, Elmina and Valmore, and the sloops Weetamoe, Queen Mab and Mira won. The yawl Vigilant scored a sailover. The winners in the special classes were the schooners Emerald and Latona and the sloop Aspirant. The summary:

Schooners—Class A.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Resolute	10 12 00	2 40 54	4 23 54	...
Hildegarde	10 12 00	2 36 13	4 24 13	...
Schooners—Class B.				
Ingomar	10 11 42	2 21 02	4 09 20	4 09 20
Emerald	10 11 01	2 42 14	4 31 13	4 18 34
Latona	10 12 00	2 41 44	4 29 44	4 16 42
Crona	10 10 30	3 38 13	4 27 48	...
Chanticleer	10 12 00	2 40 36	4 28 36	...
Puritan	10 12 00	Did not finish.		
Schooners—Class C.				
Elmina	10 05 44	2 27 21	4 22 03	4 22 03
Esperanza	10 07 00	3 11 41	5 04 41	4 52 59
Latona	10 07 00	3 02 50	4 54 50	4 41 53
Katrina	10 07 00	3 07 26	5 00 26	4 43 22
Seneca	10 06 07	3 00 40	4 54 33	...
Quisetta	10 05 18	2 44 13	4 38 55	...
Crusader	10 12 00	3 59 40	5 47 40	...
Schooners—Class D.				
Valmore	10 06 42	2 58 48	4 52 06	4 35 15
Mavis	10 06 49	3 36 07	5 29 15	...
Hope Leslie	10 12 00	Did not finish.		
Rondina	10 07 00	4 04 00	5 54 00	5 54 00
Undercliffe	10 07 00	Did not finish.		
Yawls—Class G.				
Vigilant	10 01 28	2 13 53	4 12 25	...
Sloops—Class H.				
Weetamoe	10 02 00	2 33 57	4 51 57	4 51 57
Neola	Disabed.			

Sloops—Class I.				
Queen Mab	9 55 11	2 26 09	4 29 58	4 29 58
Eelin	9 55 41	2 43 21	4 48 40	4 47 10
Irelita	9 58 34	2 57 55	5 01 21	4 45 45
Petrel	9 57 00	3 14 01	5 17 57	4 51 24
Mimosa	9 56 55	2 55 06	4 59 11	4 39 18
Effort	9 56 55	3 02 16	5 05 15	4 43 41
Aspirant	9 57 00	2 55 56	4 59 56	4 37 24
Senta	9 57 00	2 41 15	4 44 15	...
Isolde	9 56 04	2 45 35	4 49 34	4 41 04
Sloops—Class L.				
Challenge	9 56 47	3 35 15	5 00 38	5 33 28
Hebe	Did not finish.			
Mira	9 56 53	3 27 37	5 30 44	5 16 00
Cossack	9 56 41	3 31 44	5 35 03	5 07 45
Notos	10 12 00	Did not finish.		
Katonah	9 57 00	4 33 46	6 36 00	...

Schooners—Class B—Special.				
Hildegarde	10 12 00	2 36 13	4 24 13	...
Emerald	10 11 01	2 42 14	4 21 13	...
Chanticleer	10 12 00	2 40 36	4 28 36	...

Schooners—Class C—Special.				
Latona	10 07 00	3 02 50	4 54 50	4 54 50
Katrina	10 07 00	3 07 26	5 00 26	4 59 38
Seneca	10 06 07	3 00 40	4 54 33	...

Sloops—Class D—Special.				
Queen Mab	9 56 11	2 26 09	4 29 58	4 29 58
Eelin	9 55 41	2 43 21	4 48 40	4 47 10
Isolde	9 56 04	2 45 35	4 49 34	4 41 04
Senta	9 57 00	2 41 15	4 44 14	...

Sloops—Class D—Special.				
Mimosa	9 55 55	2 55 06	4 59 11	4 59 11
Effort	9 56 34	3 02 16	5 05 16	5 03 34
Aspirant	9 57 00	2 56 56	4 59 56	4 57 16

TUESDAY, JULY 21—SQUADRON RUN.

Newport to Vineyard Haven—37 Miles.

The run to Vineyard Haven, which is usually an enjoyable one, was made a flat failure by the failing wind and a thick fog which drove in over the Sound at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. It was agreed before the start of the cruise that no times should be taken after 8 o'clock at night. It was around 9 o'clock P. M. when Columbia, leader of the fleet, made in by West Chop to anchorage in the harbor.

Reliance finished somewhat later, and Constitution was towed in early in the morning. Many of the smaller racers put into Tarpaulin Cove for the night, while others turned about and headed for Newport.

The course was from Brenton's Reef Lightship to West Chop buoy, leaving Vineyard Sound Lightship to port and Lucan Shoal and Middle Ground to starboard. The start was made at 11:55. The wind at

that time was blowing about seven knots from the southeast. At 1:30 P. M. it had fallen to a dead calm.

The first of the fleet were sent away at 11:55 and the 90-footers were started at 12:30. Reliance slipped over to weather of Constitution, while Columbia had a good position unbothered by the others. Constitution, finding herself to leeward of Reliance, bore off and took the two minutes' handicap before getting away.

When the breeze first left the boats, Reliance was half a mile ahead and to windward of Constitution. Columbia was abreast of Reliance, but nearly a mile to leeward.

The breeze, which was south-southeast at the start, returned after a long wait from the eastward, bringing with it a thick fog, which made navigating hazardous. Columbia got a favorable slant of wind, which went by Reliance and Constitution, and was able to turn Vineyard Sound Lightship at 5:01:30, some twenty minutes before Reliance. The yawl Vigilant was next to Columbia in rounding the lightship. Reliance and Constitution were headed by the breeze before they made the mark and came down on it close hauled.

For a short time after turning the 90-footers had a chance to carry spinnakers to port, as the wind hauled into the westward for a brief spell. It finally went into the east, however, making a beat up the Sound between the islands to the finish.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 23—SQUADRON RUN, Vineyard Haven to Newport—37 Miles.

When the steam yacht Riviera made the line on Wednesday morning for the start of the run back to Newport from the eastern terminus, fifteen boats of all classes were ready for the gun. This was a greater number than many thought would report, considering the conditions of the night before.

The hoodoo encountered on Tuesday was again hovering over the cup boats. Shortly after the start Reliance was forced down on Middle Ground shoal by the strong tide running to the westward. The Iselin boat stuck her fin in the soft sand and hung there for at least two minutes. Headsails were slackened and her boom gybed over. She finally came off and proceeded westward.

Constitution, which was directly astern of Reliance, by quick maneuvering, avoided the shoal. Columbia however, was not so fortunate. The twice successful cup defender grounded hard and fast. The tender Park City came to her assistance and also got stuck. The launch Vanish, of the Columbia fleet, could make no headway in getting the yacht off. Finally the tug Storm King ran out a hawser, and by dint of much tugging Columbia was once more set free. Park City was not clear for an hour.

Constitution was not to go absolutely free from mishaps. At noon time, just as she passed out from under the lee of the clay cliffs of Gay Head, a vicious puff struck her. The topmast spreader gave way and crack went the topmast to leeward. It was the second topmast the Belmont boat had lost this season. As on the first occasion, after the wreckage was cleared away, Constitution proceeded under her own canvas. She eventually crossed the finish line.

The preparatory signal for the run was made at 9:45, and ten minutes later the first of cruising fleet was sent away. The start for the cup boats was at 10:30. Reliance crossed at 10:31:24 and Constitution at 10:31:46. Columbia was handicapped 15 seconds, crossing at 10:32:15. The wind was from the east and light.

Constitution took the lead from Reliance six minutes after the start, when the new boat ran on the shoal. In the light wind the Iselin boat went to the fore again. At Lucan Shoal buoy, nine miles from the start, Reliance was timed at 11:29:25 and Constitution at 11:30:55. Reliance passed Gay Head at 11:55. She was then about a quarter of a mile ahead of Constitution. Five minutes later the latter lost her topmast. The latest Herreshoff boat continued on alone.

A good breeze was stirring after 12 o'clock and it sent the racers toward Newport at a merry clip. Reliance was the first of the squadron to cross the finish line off Brenton's Reef. She finished at 2:03:06. The former cup defender, Vigilant, was second boat to end the race. The summary of the 90-footers:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Reliance	10 31 24	2 03 06	3 31 42
Constitution	10 31 46	2 46 26	4 14 40
Columbia	10 32 00	Did not finish.	

Weetamoc went up into Class G for boats in cruising trim, tried conclusions with Vigilant on time allowance and was victorious. Ingomar finished some distance ahead of Emerald and Ariel in Schooner class B and won. In Class C for schooners Katrina beat Elmina on corrected time. Aspirant beat Effort and Challenge. Valmore scored a sailover. The summary:

Schooners—Class B.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ingomar	10 10 31	2 23 25	4 12 54
Emerald	10 11 18	2 40 17	4 28 50
Ariel	10 10 44	2 43 06	4 32 32
Schooners—Class C.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Elmina	10 05 23	2 36 56	4 31 33
Katrina	10 05 26	2 38 24	4 31 58
Quissetta	10 05 31	2 43 47	4 38 16
Schooners—Class D.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Valmore	10 06 11	2 57 19	4 51 08
Sloops—Class G—Cruising Trim.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vigilant	10 01 21	2 14 41	4 13 20
Weetamoc	10 00 29	2 38 28	4 37 59
Sloops—Class I.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Effort	9 56 29	3 05 26	5 08 57
Challenge	9 57 00	3 14 05	5 17 05
Aspirant	9 56 37	3 01 42	5 05 05

Astor Cup Races.

NEWPORT, R. I.,
Thursday, July 23.

All Newport was out to see the annual struggle on Thursday for the cups given by Col. John Jacob Astor. A trophy valued at \$1,000 was offered for the winning schooner, all sailing in one class on time allowance. A cup going to sloops and yawls under like conditions was valued at \$500. The day was an ideal one. There was a fresh wind blowing from the southwest and some sea running. Newport harbor was astir early. Many parties were entertained on the steam and sailing

yachts of the squadron, and the scene at the start was an animated one.

The rule of measurement of the New York Y.C. places a draft limit on boats of all types. The cup craft exceeded the limit allowed and were not eligible to compete for the Astor Cups. The club, however, offered a special trophy for the 90-footers.

Constitution did not get her new topmast in place in time for the start. She arrived in the harbor later in the day. Reliance had no difficulty in defeating Columbia by 18m. 45s. over the 38-mile course and won the special trophy. F. F. Brewster's schooner Elmina repeated her performance of 1902 and won the Astor cup for schooners, while Fred M. Hoyt's Iselde probably got the trophy for sloops. It will not be definitely known until Vigilant is measured. It is figured, however, that Iselde won the cup by a fair margin.

The committee boat Riviera was at the line off Brenton's Reef Lightship in good season for the start at 11 o'clock. The Block Island course was signalled, which was 13½ miles S.W. 1-8 W., then 18 miles N.E. by E. 3-4 E. and 6½ miles W. by N. 1-8 N., thirty-eight miles in all.

At 11 o'clock the preparatory was sounded, and at 11:10 the sloops were sent away. Neola was first over, followed by the yawl Vigilant. The boats had a beat to windward for the first 13½-mile leg. The schooners were sent away at 11:15. Elmina was first over the line, closely followed by Ingomar. Captain Hank Haff sailed Ariel.

The signal for the 90-footers was sounded at 11:45. Both Reliance and Columbia crossed after the handicap gun, which was fired at 11:47. Reliance went over at 11:49:10 and Columbia at 11:49:49. For the first quarter of an hour Columbia held Reliance well, but after that the new boat slowly drew away. Although there was quite a sea bothering the racers, good times to the first mark were made. Times at the turn follow:

Vigilant	1 31 26	Columbia	1 35 55
Reliance	1 31 34	Senta	1 35 55
Weetamoc	1 32 36	Elmina	1 45 05
Iselde	1 33 25	Ariel	1 48 55
Ingomar	1 34 06		

In the 13½ miles Reliance had gained 5m. on Columbia. Vigilant beat Iselde 9m. 20s., Neola 11m. 56s., and Weetamoc 13m. 56s. Ingomar had beaten Elmina 11m. 20s. and Ariel 13m. 30s.

The next leg was a run of 18 miles. Spinnakers were set to starboard. Reliance, with her big bellying sail drawing well and boom at times dipping the water, gradually drew up on Vigilant. Just before reaching the second mark Reliance took the lead. This was at 3 o'clock.

As the first of the fleet was rounding the second mark a fog came in with a change of wind to the westward. Reliance rounded at 3:08, followed closely by Vigilant. The other boats could not be distinguished.

It was a close reach home. The tide set the boats to the leeward and a short hitch was necessary to make the line off the lightship. Reliance finished at 4:03:49, Vigilant at 4:06:20, and Columbia at 4:22:38. Neola headed her sister ship Weetamoc. The little sloop Iselde did remarkably well, finishing before many of the larger boats. The summary:

Sloops—Class G.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
*Reliance	11 47 00	3 50 49	4 03 49
*Columbia	11 47 00	4 09 38	4 22 38
Schooners—Astor Cup.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ingomar	11 16 56	4 24 07	5 07 11
Ariel	11 18 14	4 51 07	5 16 29
Elmina	11 16 35	4 37 42	5 21 07
Sloops—Astor Cup.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vigilant	11 10 26	4 06 20	4 55 34
Neola	11 10 16	4 28 10	5 17 54
Weetamoc	11 10 24	4 28 35	5 18 11
Senta	11 10 33	Did not finish.	
Iselde	11 14 51	4 37 59	5 23 18
Aspirant	11 14 36	5 15 21	6 00 45
Effort	11 10 24	5 16 48	6 06 24

* Handicapped.

Lysistrata Cup Race.

NEWPORT, R. I.,
Friday, July 24.

The initial event for the Lysistrata Cup for steam yachts, offered by James Gordon Bennett, was held on Friday afternoon. Two starters came to the line. The race was won by H. H. Rogers' Kanawha, which defeated W. B. Leed's Noma over a course of 60 nautical miles by 4m. 56s. As a special incentive for the first race \$2,500 were added. The trophy is subject to challenge at six months' notice.

Although there were but two yachts in the race it was interesting from the start because of its novel nature and the data afforded. The speed of Kanawha was excellent. She averaged 19.65 knots over the whole course. Noma averaged 19.14. At the finish Kanawha was about a mile and a half ahead of Noma.

When the two came to the line off Brenton's Reef Lightship shortly before 2 o'clock P. M. they were in the finest condition for the contest. Engines had been overhauled, special coal procured, and everything done to insure the greatest possible speed. The regatta committee of the New York Y.C. was on board the torpedo boat destroyer Barry, offered for the occasion by the United States Government.

The starting line was two and one-half miles east-southeast from the lightship. The course led 15 miles east-southeast to Vineyard Sound Lightship, thence twenty miles south-southwest to a club mark. The last leg was twenty-five miles north by west one-half west to the finish off the lightship.

The starting gun was sounded at 2 o'clock P. M. Kanawha crossed at 2:02:36 and Noma at 2:02:46. Kanawha slowly drew ahead. The lightship marking the end of the first 15-mile leg was passed by Kanawha at 2:48:27. Noma was timed at 2:50:23, 1m. 55s. astern of her rival. Kanawha had covered the fifteen miles in 45 minutes and 51 seconds. Her average speed was 19.90 knots.

Kanawha continued to gain on the next twenty-mile leg. She turned the mark at 3:46:37. Noma rounded at 3:50:41. Kanawha had beaten her 2m. 8s. on the leg and steamed at the rate of 20.62 knots an hour, covering the twenty miles in 58m. 10s.

The last leg to the finish was twenty-five miles in length. Kanawha having the race well in hand, reduced her speed, part of the time sailing under natural draught. Just before the finish, however, the winning boat was given a burst of speed which made her fairly tear across the line. She was timed at 5:05:45. Noma finished at 5:10:51. On the last leg Kanawha averaged 19.39 knots and gained 1m. 2s. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Kanawha	2 02 36	5 05 45	3 03 09
Noma	2 02 46	5 10 51	3 07 05

Gig and Launch Races.

In the morning the annual gig and launch races for the Owl and Gamecock colors and money prizes were held under the management of Fleet Captain C. L. F. Robinson. Charles D. Mower, measurer, was timer. Two entries came to the line for the Gamecock colors, a four-oared gig from the schooner Katrina and one from Crusader II. Katrina won by six lengths. The start was 11:15.

A lack of entries prevented a race for the Owl colors. Whaleboats from the cup craft raced for an eight-oared boat prize. Reliance won from Columbia by two lengths. The coxswain of the Constitution crew was knocked overboard and the boat withdrew. Columbia won the dinghy race from representatives of the schooners Katrina, Corona, the steam yacht Hauoli and the sloop Mira.

The launches raced over a mile and a half course. The boat from ex-Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard's steam yacht Rambler (ex-Dreamer) won both events. The summary:

Launches—Class A.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rambler	11 55 15	12 06 40	0 11 25
Intrepid	11 55 34	12 07 05	0 11 31
Coronto	11 55 31	12 08 06	0 12 35
Delaware	11 55 30	12 08	0 12 37
Surf	11 55 22	12 08 20	0 12 58
Launches—Class B.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rambler	12 07 00	12 22 15	0 15 15
Duquesne	12 07 00	12 23 10	0 16 10
Narada	12 07 00	12 24 12	0 17 12

Illumination.

In the evening the annual illumination of the fleet occurred. The boats in the harbor and various places along the water front joined in making the spectacle one like fairyland. This was the last official ceremony before the disbandment of the crews on Saturday.

The Canada's Cup Defender.

TORONTO, July 25.—Just to make it interesting the Royal Canadian Y. C. has arranged a series of five races for a valuable trophy. While these are not trial races for the selection of a defender, they will be for the benefit of the boat that is to defend the Canada's cup. They will put more interest into practice sailing and give the crew of the defender plenty of training.

Some very good work has been put in aboard Strathcona this week in races around Toronto Island, starting from the R. C. Y. C. town club. This course possesses so many angles that it offers great opportunities for seamanship. Roughly speaking, you steer southeast to the Eastern Gap, then south and by east for half a mile through the piers, then southwest along the island shore, north up the sandbar to the Western Gap, then east again down the bay to the finish.

On Monday Strathcona had an adventure which would have given the space killers of New York yards of material had one of the Shamrocks been in the place of the Canada's cup defender. Commodore Jarvis was in charge of Strathcona, and had started for the usual race around Toronto Island with the slippery Merrythought. The latter was being sailed by the crew of professionals in the Commodore's pay. The two crossed the starting line a length apart, Merrythought leading. They were swinging everything except their largest clup topsails, with balloon canvas forward. No. 2 club topsails were carried because the weather looked dirty.

It was a beam breeze to the Eastern Gap, and under the southwest puffs the yachts staggered along at a fast clip. In the middle of the bay Merrythought had a lead of two lengths; but every puff helped Strathcona, and she was up in her old place, just a length astern and a trifle to windward; when the racers fetched the pier head.

Merrythought was kept away a trifle to clear the corner, when suddenly her stern rose and she pitched violently forward, stopping dead. "Aground!" shouted her skipper. Commodore Jarvis shoved Strathcona's tiller hard up and she swung across Merrythought's stern into the deep water of the channel. She missed Merrythought by a plentiful margin, but it is not pleasant to contemplate the possible results if her skipper had not been quick enough. There would have been some kindling wood had Strathcona, sailing eight or ten miles an hour, fetched up on the stationary Merrythought.

The grounding prevented any further racing that day. It was some time before Merrythought was floated. Strathcona sailed out into the lake, but returned to the harbor to dodge a squall. Skipper Jarvis gave his crew plenty of practice in sail handling, taking off the club topsail and setting it again twice. Everything was done completely, even to looping up the sail cover. The spinnaker was also set twice, once in stops and once flying, and practice was given in changing from balloon to working headsails.

An attempt was made at a race the following day, but with no more success. After a fierce squall with hail, rain and lightning, a bit of a gale that blew boats over at their moorings, Strathcona and Merrythought started off in a faint trickle of air from the southeast. It was a beat all the way to the Gap, and Strathcona, starting fifty seconds ahead, had a lead of three minutes or more when she reached the lake. Then it was Merrythought's turn to do things. Inch by inch she crept up on Strathcona, passing her with a little burst of speed and stretching ahead rapidly. Soon she was a quarter of a mile ahead, but the yachts were not traveling nearly fast enough to cover a cup course within the time limit. Although Merrythought's lead did not exceed a quarter of a mile, Strathcona was nine minutes behind her in time. The

race was abandoned at six o'clock, with half the course left uncovered after two hours of sailing. Mr. J. Wilton Morse handled Merrythought on this occasion, and Mr. Jarvis sailed Strathcona.

On Wednesday, July 22, Strathcona sailed an excellent race, satisfactory from the point of view of the owner, the skipper, and the spectator. The contest afforded splendid opportunities for gear testing, as it was sailed in a fresh northerly wind which at times buried lee decks.

Strathcona had two competitors in this race, Canada, the original winner of the cup, and Merrythought, her usual trial boat. The course was the usual round-the-island affair. Canada and Merrythought had plenty of canvas aloft with their working topsails, but Strathcona swung her largest club. The three went over the line in a bunch, but Strathcona was not in a very good position. It was a broad reach to the Eastern Gap, and she had Canada to windward to bother her, with Merrythought close on the lee beam. The yachts sailed for a mile without altering positions, but in turning into the channel Strathcona stretched ahead a little and fled through like a deer with wolves at its flanks. The gybe in the channel was a nervy piece of business with the three so close, but it was accomplished without mishap, although there were a couple of wild sheers at the pier heads.

The gybe gave Merrythought a weather berth, and she was two lengths ahead by the time Strathcona's sheets had been trimmed for the beam breeze. Canada was just astern, and edged up until her horn once swung over Strathcona's weather quarter. The new boat was again in an awkward place, but did well, and would have dropped her competitors but for an accident. The turns of the weather topmast backstay surged on the cleat and the topmast was left unsupported. The big jib topsail slatted wildly, and finally tore out its clew and had to be dowsed. The topmast meantime stood the strain of the club topsail nobly and came back straight as a rush when the backstay was again set up. The yard of the topsail sets in a cup in the mainmast head at the cap, and thus the strain on the topmast is somewhat relieved. The testing in this instance gives rise to plenty of confidence in the stick.

Minus her jib topsail Strathcona just held her own, but when the others also dowsed theirs and hauled on the wind for the thresh in to the Western Gap, she shot ahead like an arrow. Outpointing and outfooting her contestants, she rapidly widened the water between herself and them. Merrythought and Canada had a battle royal, but it was for second place only. Strathcona sailed three feet to their two, and entered the harbor with a splendid lead. Fetching the wind abeam again she once more set a balloon staysail and a smaller jib topsail, and tore across the line a winner by over four minutes. The actual time was:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Canada	4 21 06	5 24 26	1 03 20
Strathcona	4 21 08	5 20 00	0 58 52
Merrythought	4 21 18	5 25 06	1 03 48

After the race Mr. Jarvis gave his crew spinnaker drill, leaving the yacht at her island moorings for the night.

The following day, Thursday, the wind was about four miles an hour lighter, but still blew strong from the old quarter, fifteen miles an hour or so. Merrythought was Strathcona's only competitor this day, and the race, while useful as a gear-testing and crew-drilling opportunity, was less valuable as an accurate measurement of the new boat's capabilities, from a number of circumstances.

The two made a splendid start, crossing the line instantaneously, with Strathcona to windward. There was plenty of room for both, and no attempt at blanketing. They ran for the Eastern Gap on even terms, but when they gybed over, Merrythought lost her jib topsail sheet. The big kite blew out ahead of her wildly, and she had to be rounded up before it could be controlled. By this time Strathcona had a lead of fully a quarter of a mile.

This meant a procession rather than a race, so Strathcona rounded up outside and waited for Merrythought. In the lake they were again on an even footing, but as Merrythought was towing a dinghy the equality could not last long. When the two passed the can buoy for the beat up the western sandbar, Strathcona had a lead of forty-five seconds. This she rapidly increased in the thresh, gaining nearly four minutes in a mile and a half. Both boats came down the bay at a furious pace, but Merrythought was too far astern to make the finish exciting. Summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Strathcona	4 21 00	5 23 10	1 02 10
Merrythought	4 21 00	5 28 48	1 07 48

Spinnaker setting and sail handling drill followed on Strathcona after the race. CHARLES H. SNIDER.

Marine and Field Club.

BATH BEACH, L. I.,
Saturday, July 25.

THE fourth regatta of the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay was held on the afternoon of Saturday, July 25, under the auspices of the Marine and Field Club. It was sailed in a light fluky wind which hovered between south and west and was never more than a 7 knot velocity. Eighteen craft started, all but two of which finished. The winners were Bobtail, Vagabond, Spots, Apukwa II., Martha M., and Esperance. Bonito scored a sail over.

The struggle of the day was that between the class P boats Vagabond and Ogeemah. In the light breeze first one would lead and then the other. Vagabond finally won by 4m. 21s. Apukwa II. sailed a good race in class R, as did Esperance in the Marine and Field one-design division.

Boats in classes M and N twice covered a triangular course. They had close hauled work to Red Can buoy No. 2 off Coney Island Point, a reach from there to Craven Shoal buoy and a broad reach home to the start off the Marine and Field Club.

The other craft had a close reach to the mark off the Brooklyn Y. C., windward hitches to the stakeboat off Sea Gate, a broad reach to the mark off Fort Hamilton, and another reach home. This course was also covered twice. A shift of wind toward the southward, during the second round of the course, allowed the smaller boats to carry spinnakers from the stakeboat off Sea Gate to the Fort Hamilton mark. A strong flood tide was running throughout the event, which, in the light air, bothered the boats considerably.

The 30-footer, Bobtail, was pitted against boats of less modern type and had little difficulty in winning. Vagabond beat Ogeemah 4m. 21s., Karma 5m. 7s. Martha M. beat Rascal 2m. 57s., Boozie 8m. 35s. Apukwa II. beat Sandpiper 9m. 54s. Esperance beat Jig-a-Jig 8m. 23s., Stinger 21m. 5s., Kelpie 29m. 3s. Squaw and Spots did not finish.

The fifth regatta of the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay will take place on the afternoon of Saturday, August 1, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Y. C. The summary:

Sloops—Class M—Special—Start, 3:18.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Bonito, Haviland Brothers.....	6 23 22	3 05 22	
Sloops—Class N—Start, 3:18.			
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.....	5 50 34	2 32 34	
Indian, H. F. Menton.....	7 09 57	3 51 57	
Squaw, H. J. Heath.....	Did not finish.		
Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:21.			
Vagabond, T. A. Vernon.....	5 18 10	1 57 10	
Ogeemah, Brophy & Mackay.....	5 22 31	2 01 31	
Karma, J. C. Erskine.....	5 23 17	2 02 17	
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:24.			
Spots, D. D. Allerton.....	5 45 32	2 21 32	
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins.....	Did not finish.		
Sloops—Class R—Start, 3:30.			
Apukwa II., E. S. Tefft.....	5 58 03	2 28 03	
Sandpiper, W. W. Redfern.....	6 07 57	2 37 57	
Trio, C. H. Clayton.....	6 45 23	3 15 23	
Trio started at 4:00:55. Actual elapsed time, 2:44.28.			
Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:33.			
Martha M., Richard Moore.....	5 42 15	2 09 15	
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock.....	5 45 12	2 12 12	
Boozie, C. D. Durkee.....	5 50 50	2 17 50	
Marine and Field Class—Start, 3:26.			
Esperance, T. A. Hamilton.....	6 06 37	2 30 37	
Jig-a-Jig, W. S. Hutcheson.....	6 25 10	2 49 10	
Stinger, A. P. Clapp.....	6 27 42	2 51 42	
Kelpie, W. K. Brown.....	6 35 40	2 59 40	

Eastern Y. C.

NEWPORT, R. I.,
Saturday, July 25.

The last event immediately connected with the cruise of 1903 took place on Saturday when the Eastern Y. C., which joined the fleet at New London, gave a complimentary regatta to the New York Y. C. The contest was open to boats of both organizations.

A fresh breeze from the southwest blew throughout the race and made the struggle a spirited one. Several accidents were recorded. Columbia, just after rounding the second mark of the 30-mile triangular course, carried away her topmast and withdrew from the contest, being towed to harbor by her tender, Park City.

Reliance, after the race was over, when about to make her moorings in the harbor, had a mishap by which her hollow steel gaff buckled upward at a point ten feet from the jaws. The sloop Isolt, which was off Brenton's Reef Lightship before the regatta begun, carried away her mast. Thirteen craft started and finished the contest. In the minds of many a sailor this number accounts for the series of accidents.

It was the last trying out contest for the Cup boats before the official trial races. Reliance, as if to give a master touch to her record, defeated Constitution 6m. 18s. over the 30-mile triangle. There was a smooth sea and the friends of the Belmont boat had looked for her to do better. Reliance received a beautiful cup for the 90-footers, presented by ex-Commodore A. S. Bigelow, of the Eastern Y. C.

Morton F. Plant's new Herreshoff schooner, Ingomar, was a winner in class B, and also captured a trophy for schooners offered by Commodore Bigelow. Rondina was a winner on corrected time in schooner class E. Neola scored a victory in sloop class H. Weetamoe withdrew. Isolde had no competitor in class I, but covered the course and won the cup offered by Commodore Bigelow for sloops, on corrected time, all sailing in one class. In class J, Cossack is the probable winner. This cannot be definitely settled, however, until Katonah is measured.

The regatta committee of the Eastern Y. C. was on the tug Storm King. Course signals were sent aloft at 11 o'clock. They gave the boats a beat on the first ten-mile leg, a run on the second ten miles, and close reach home. Schooners in class E and class J sloops sailed a 21-mile course.

Contrary to custom of late, the 90-footers were sent away first. The starting gun was fired at 11:40. Reliance crossed the line to windward at 11:40:18, Columbia at 11:41:57, and Constitution at 11:42:18, handicapped 18s. The schooners and sloops were started after the Cup boats.

Reliance pulled away from the others in the early stages of the contest, and interest soon centered in the fight between Columbia and Constitution for second place. The old boat did remarkably well, and the battle became intensely interesting as they neared the first mark.

Reliance rounded at 12:55:05. Columbia headed Constitution and turned at 12:58:25; Constitution rounded at 12:59:26. In the ten miles of windward work Reliance beat Columbia 1m. 41s. and Constitution 2m. 39s.

Reliance and Columbia set spinnakers to starboard and broke out balloons. Constitution held on to a lone balloon for a time in hopes of getting to windward of Columbia's wake. She afterward broke out a spinnaker.

Rounding the second mark each craft took in the kites and gybed booms to starboard for the close reach to the finish. Columbia made a wide turn and allowed Constitution to slip in between herself and the mark. Just after Columbia had gybed, her topmast went by the board to leeward, and she withdrew. Some one had forgotten to set up the port topmast back stay.

Reliance was timed at 1:50:33, Columbia at 1:57:11, and Constitution at 1:57:30. In the 10-mile run Reliance had gained 2m. 36s. on Constitution and 3m. 18s. on Columbia.

On the last leg the wind freshened to 15 knot strength. Jib topsails were not carried. With sails drawing well both boats slipped through the sea at a wonderful speed. Reliance finished at 2:39:10 and Constitution at 2:47:10. On the reach Reliance had beaten Constitution 1m. 3s., making a victory of 6m. 18s. over the entire course. The summary:

Sloops—Class G.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Reliance	11 40 18	2 39 10	2 58 52
Constitution	11 42 00	2 47 10	3 05 10
Columbia	11 41 57	Disabled.	

Schooners—Class B.				
Ingomar	11 46 25	3 17 49	3 31 24	3 31 24
Chanticleer	11 47 00	3 44 06	3 57 06	3 57 06
Puritan	11 47 00	3 58 50	4 11 50	4 11 50
Schooners—Class E.				
Hope Leslie	11 55 50	3 07 46	3 11 56	3 11 56
Rondina	11 55 21	3 15 00	3 19 39	3 10 21
Sloops—Class H.				
Neola	11 51 07	3 39 05	3 47 58	3 47 53
Weetamoe	11 50 23	Did not finish.		
Sloops—Class I.				
Isolde	11 50 18	3 51 07	4 00 49	3 42 41
Sloops—Class J.				
Cossack	11 57 00	3 22 38	3 25 38	3 25 38
Katonah	11 55 31	3 24 00	3 28 29	3 28 29
Isolt	Disabled.			

Sippican Y. C.

MARION, MASS.,
Saturday, July 25.

An open race of the Sippican Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, July 25, in a rattling southwest breeze. The larger yachts were single reefed, while the smaller ones carried doubles. The young women who sail 15-footers had their hands full, but they all brought their boats through without accident. In the 21ft. class, Edith was the only yacht to sail the right course. In class B, cats, Kingfisher, while leading, was dismasted, and Laura, which was a good second, towed the disabled yacht in, although Laura was sure of first prize, thus making no race. In class D, cats, Sergius and Krieker sailed a close race, Sergius crossing the finish line 3 seconds ahead. She was protested for fouling a mark, and was disqualified, thus giving the race to Krieker. In the 15ft. class, Spider won easily. No. 4 won in the Burgess one-design class, Blue Jay in the 15ft. class, and Ariana in class H. The summary:

Herreshoff 21ft. Knockabouts.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Edith, Clark King.....	3 21 38	2 18 36	
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....	Sailed wrong course.		
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney.....	Sailed wrong course.		
18ft. Cats.			
*Sergius, W. F. Cox.....	2 52 12	1 43 15	
Krieker, W. M. Jameson.....	2 52 15	1 43 15	
Allison II., Stuart McLeod	2 53 04	1 44 04	
Howard, H. O. Miller.....	2 53 25	1 44 25	
Nancy II., David Rice.....	2 54 50	1 45 50	
Herreshoff 15-footers.			
Spider, H. M. Stone.....	2 22 12	1 10 12	
Flickamaroo, Miss Emmons.....	2 24 41	1 12 41	
Fiddler, Miss Dabney.....	2 25 03	1 13 03	
Vim, F. W. Sargent.....	2 27 03	1 15 03	
Avalon, F. Ayers.....	2 27 22	1 15 22	
Ranso, M. H. Richardson, Jr.....	2 27 46	1 15 46	
Fly, Miss Williams.....	2 28 19	1 16 19	
Teazer, Mrs. R. M. Emmons.....	2 29 13	1 17 13	
Burgess 15-footers.			
No. 4, William Swan	2 20 22	1 15 22	
No. 8, Edward S. Stone.....	2 35 51	1 20 51	
15ft. One-Design Cats.			
Blue Jay, Miss Thayer.....	2 41 40	1 23 40	
Whistler, Robert Leatherbee.....	2 42 46	1 24 46	
Fusser, Miss Burdette	2 43 30	1 25 30	
Minnow, Jack Sweetzer.....	2 45 34	1 27 34	
Dumpsey, Miss Brewer.....	2 47 15	1 29 15	
Dodo, C. A. Bliss.....	2 49 04	1 31 04	
Swallow, Jack Lionberger.....	2 52 12	1 34 04	
No. 1, Robert Leonard.....	2 56 26	1 38 28	
No. 6, Stanley Bullivant.....	Dismasted.		
Cats 16ft. and Under.			
Ariana, Miss Edith Austin.....	2 54 38	1 13 53	
Titania, Miss M. Thayer.....	2 57 38	1 16 40	
Tabby, J. H. Musser.....	3 00 31	1 22 53	
Shrimp, H. W. Richardson.....	3 01 40	1 23 21	
*Disqualified.			

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.,
Saturday, July 25.

The closest race of the season in the Cohasset Y. C. was sailed Saturday, July 25, in a puffy southwest breeze. In the 21ft. knockabouts Remora won by 59 seconds. Fly beat Fancy in the special class, both yachts being under the same ownership. In the 18ft. knockabouts, Result won from Uncas by only 15 seconds. In the handicap class, Selma finished ahead of Undine in a closely contested race, but Undine took first place on corrected time. The summary:

21ft. Knockabouts.			
	Elapsed.		
Remora, G. G. Crocker, Jr.....	1 40 38		
Herelda, Alanson Bigelow, Jr.....	1 41 37		
Delta, Ralph B. Williams.....	1 41 55		
Eleanor, F. G. Moors.....	1 43 10		
Special Class.			
Fly, C. W. Barron.....	1 37 50		
Fancy, C. W. Barron.....			
18ft. Knockabouts.			
Result, A. H. Knowles.....	1 50 25		
Uncas, Richard S. Townsend.....	1 50 35		
Kanaka, Hugh D. Montgomery.....	1 53 40		
Sabrina III., H. W. Hyde.....			
Handicap Class.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Undine, Gilbert S. Tower.....	0 59 30	0 56 30	
Selma, H. B. Cousens.....	0 58 20	0 58 20	
Kodick, Jason	1 00 20		
Castrel, Curtis Parker.....	1 10 58	1 04 58	
Edith, Abbott Hastings.....			

Beverly Y. C.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.,
Saturday, July 25.

In a recfng breeze from the southwest, four of the Buzzard's Bay one-design 30-footers of the Beverly Y. C. cruised to New Bedford on Saturday, July 25, and raced off the South Dartmouth station of the New Bedford Y. C. Mashnee took the lead at the start and held it all around the course. There was an interesting race in the 15ft. class, between three of the new one-design boats from the board of Mr. W. H. Hand, Jr., and Catspaw, of the Herreshoff one-design 15-footers. All carried single reefs and had all the sail they could lug. Chubby II. took in so much water that she sank, and Lora, being full of water, withdrew. Dart and Catspaw went over the course, Dart winning out by 3m. 30s. The summary:

Special Class—One-Design 30-footers.			
	Elapsed.		
Mashnee, R. W. Emmons, 2d.....	2 05 45		
Arabian, Robert Winsor.....	2 08 08		
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore.....	2 11 40		
Gamecock, Louis Bacon	2 12 40		
15-footers.			
Dart, F. H. Stone, Jr.....	1 55 25		
Catspaw, S. D. Warren.....	1 58 55		
Lora, J. F. Knowles, Jr.....	Withdrew.		
Chubby II., L. Grinnell.....	Disabled.		

Shamrock Trials.

SANDY HOOK, N. J.,
Monday, July 20.

Shamrocks I. and III. sailed a 30-mile windward and leeward race on Monday, July 20, in which the challenger made fast time, covering the whole distance in 2h. 56m. 26s. On the run home her jib topsail sheet parted, allowing the old boat to pick up. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Shamrock III.	11 15 20	2 14 40	2 59 20
Shamrock I.	11 15 28	2 16 10	3 00 42

Tuesday, July 21.

In a very light breeze Shamrock III. gave the first Lipton challenger a bad drubbing in a twenty-mile leeward and windward course on Tuesday. It was the original intention to send the boats twice over the course, twice making a total distance of 40 miles. This was abandoned because of the light wind. Shamrock III. led Shamrock I. by nearly four miles. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Shamrock III.	11 43 07	2 11 45	2 28 38
Shamrock I.	11 42 35	2 44 30	3 01 55

Shamrock III. won by 33m. 17s.

Wednesday, July 22.

In the trial of Wednesday which was started in a fine breeze and somewhat of a sea, Shamrock III. suffered an accident to her gaff by which the hollow steel spar buckled about ten feet from the jaws. It was the original intention to sail a 30-mile windward and leeward course. At the end of the windward work the challenger led the first Shamrock. She covered the distance in 1h. 24m. 20s.

Thursday, July 23.

A windward and leeward course was sailed on Thursday in which Shamrock I. gained her first victory over the challenger. The distance was 30 miles and the first Lipton 90-footer won by 5m. 25s. Shamrock I. had all the luck in the light wind that blew. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Shamrock I.	12 53 00	4 27 15	3 34 15
Shamrock III.	12 50 00	4 29 40	3 39 40

Friday, July 24.

The challenger appeared to be in fine form on Friday. A 20-mile leeward and windward journey was first taken, in which she showed superiority on all points of sailing. The same result prevailed in an 8-mile reach between Scotland and Sandy Hook Lightships just before going to moorings in Sandy Hook Bay.

Saturday, July 25.

The Lipton boats were out Saturday morning in a light wind. The challenger had no difficulty in sailing away from the old boat. The wind fell flat, however, after six miles of the course had been sailed. The trial was abandoned and the yachts taken in tow for Erie Basin, where they were hauled out late the same afternoon. The underbodies of both boats were to be cleaned and polished. Shamrock III. was to have a new bowsprit put in place, somewhat longer than the one which has been used in the trials thus far.

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP, MASS.,
Saturday, July 25.

The handicap race of the Winthrop Y. C. was sailed off the club house Saturday, July 25, in a strong southwest breeze. In the 25ft. class, Calypso led easily all over the course, with Thordis second, but Helen won on time allowance. L'Aiglon and Kit, in this class, were both dismantled. In the 18ft. class, Zetes II. easily led over the course. Effie won by a long margin in the 15ft. class. Harriet finished alone in the 21-footers. The summary:

25ft. Class.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Helen, C. A. Young	1 20 57	1 02 57	
Thordis, C. A. Henry	1 09 00	1 03 00	
Noturus, C. O. Whitney	1 20 20	1 05 20	
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	1 06 30	1 06 30	
Alert, J. R. Hodder	1 18 56	1 06 56	
Idalia, J. W. Lester	1 15 25	1 10 25	
21ft. Class.			
Harriet, Bird, Bryan Tewksbury	1 15 27	1 15 27	
Ruth, A. S. Richards	Withdrew.		
18ft. Class.			
Zetes II., J. A. McKie	1 14 08	1 14 08	
Louise, W. D. Allen	1 20 18	1 18 18	
Mentor, Cobb & Brainerd	1 23 09	1 19 09	
Helen, W. E. Traiser	1 31 12	1 21 12	
Marion, C. A. Newmarch	1 28 40	1 22 40	
Martha, W. Jenkins	Withdrew.		
15ft. Class.			
Effie M., D. F. Murphy	0 54 12	0 54 12	
Eva, H. Flinn	1 02 52	0 54 52	

Shelter Island Y. C.

SHELTER ISLAND, L. I.,
Saturday, July 25.

The Shelter Island Y. C. held races for sloops in classes N, R, and sub-classes R, on the afternoon of Saturday, July 25. Oscar B. Weber's new Crowninshield 30-footer, Woglinda, won in class N, her only competitor, Oiseau, going aground. Harp won in class R, and Ria in sub-class R. The summary:

Sloops—Class N—Start, 2:10.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Woglinda, Oscar Weber	4 23 22	2 13 22	...
Oiseau, Harry S. Maxwell	Disabled.		
Sloops—Class R—Start, 2:15.			
Harp, Ralph Peverly	4 13 44	1 58 44	1 58 16
Iris, G. Piel	4 15 42	2 00 42	2 00 28
Snook, W. W. Becker	4 19 14	2 04 14	2 03 31
Psi, A. O. Bancker	4 19 06	2 04 06	2 03 52
Flash, N. Schickel	4 20 25	2 05 25	2 05 25
Arrow, G. H. Keim	4 21 18	2 06 18	2 05 42
Sub Class R—Start, 2:15.			
Ria, E. G. Shea	4 27 48	2 12 48	2 12 48
Eelskin, T. L. Hutchinson	4 44 42	2 29 42	2 22 17
Duchess, Carl Pickhart	4 47 57	2 32 57	2 30 35

Mr. Thomas A. St. Johnston, of New York, has recently sold for Mr. John B. Rhodes, of New Bedford, Mass., the sloop yacht Siesta to Mr. E. C. Dameron. Mr. Rhodes is now the owner of the 145ft. steam yacht Aria.

Boston Y. C.

HULL, MASS.,
Saturday, July 25.

A club race of the Boston Y. C. was sailed off the Hull club house on Saturday, July 25, in a stiff southwest breeze. Only one starter showed up in the 25ft. class, Chewink III., and she sailed over the course alone. In the 22ft. class, Opitsah V., was forced over the line too soon at the start, and Medric got away first. Medric led on the first round of the course, but on the second beat to windward Opitsah V. caught up with her and forced her to tack. Shortly after this Medric's throat halyards parted and she withdrew, leaving Opitsah V. to finish it out alone. There were nine starters in the 18ft. knockabout class, all going over the line in a bunch. They split tacks after the start, and Miss Modesty, holding to the shore, took the lead at the first mark and held it all over the course. In the first handicap class Kiuna got the start, but Jingo soon went into the lead and held it to the finish, but lost to Helen on corrected time. Widow had things all her own way in the second handicap class, finishing over ten minutes ahead of Clarice. The summary:

25-footers.			
Chewink, III., F. G. Macomber	1 57 57	Elapsed.	1 57 57
22-footers.			
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. I. Foster	2 07 01	Elapsed.	2 07 01
Medric, Herbert White	Disabled.		
18ft. Knockabouts.			
Miss Modesty, B. S. Permer	1 07 15	Elapsed.	1 07 15
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch	1 09 08	Elapsed.	1 09 08
Domino, C. C. Clapp	1 10 18	Elapsed.	1 10 18
Mirage, J. B. Olmstead	1 12 46	Elapsed.	1 12 46
Yo San, R. J. Randolph, Jr.	1 12 59	Elapsed.	1 12 59
Biza, Alfred Douglas	1 13 04	Elapsed.	1 13 04
Walada, W. W. Rowse	1 13 09	Elapsed.	1 13 09
Humbug, Cole & Bacon	Disabled.		
Nicknack, E. B. Holmes	Withdrew.		
First Handicap.			
Helen, F. R. Neal	1 39 42	Elapsed.	1 35 41
Jingo, G. B. Doane	1 37 35	Elapsed.	1 37 35
Kiuna, A. W. Leonard	1 41 36	Elapsed.	1 37 41
Holly II., M. W. Ware	1 44 26	Elapsed.	1 38 33
Mildred, C. A. Coleman	1 50 38	Elapsed.	1 44 45
Second Handicap.			
Widow, H. W. Friend	1 46 00	Elapsed.	1 46 00
Clarice, W. Burgess	1 56 01	Elapsed.	1 56 01
Anne, C. B. Pratt	2 00 36	Elapsed.	1 57 25

Newport 30-Footers.

NEWPORT, R. I.,
Monday, July 20.

Vaquero III., sailed by Harry Payne Whitney, won the sweepstakes for the 30-footers on Monday, July 20. There was a light breeze blowing. The yachts went twice over a course from Newport to Jamestown and return. Vaquero III. was never headed. The summary: Start 4:02.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., H. P. Whitney	5 22 20	1 20 20
Barbara, W. Rutherford	5 23 10	1 21 10
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel	5 23 40	1 21 40
Carolina, C. L. Robinson	Disqualified.	

Thursday, July 23.

Barbara was sailed well in the race for the 30-footers on Thursday, and won handily, defeating Vaquero III. 2m. 4s. There was a strong southwest wind blowing. The summary: Start, 3:31.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Barbara, W. Rutherford	4 52 35	1 21 14
Vaquero III., P. Whitney	4 54 18	1 23 18
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	4 56 50	1 25 50

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.,
Saturday, July 25.

A club race of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, July 25, in a strong westerly breeze. In the 18ft. knockabouts there was a close race, the boats constantly changing positions. Kittiwake got the lead on the last leg, while Miladi and Aspinquid were luffing. Rooster finished first in the handicap class, but lost to As You Like It on allowance. The summary:

18ft. Knockabouts.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Kittiwake, H. M. Jones	1 55 45	1 55 45	
Miladi II., F. R. Adams	1 56 33	1 56 33	
Aspinquid II., C. F. Foster	1 57 03	1 57 03	
Wink, L. B. Goodspeed	1 59 14	1 59 14	
Osprey, A. Train	2 02 03	2 02 03	
Handicap Class.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
As-You-Like-It, Whitman	1 53 27	1 43 27	
Rooster, Etherington	1 49 47	1 49 37	
Solitaire, W. T. Amesbury, Jr.	2 26 19	1 51 19	
Aureolus, H. Kellogg	2 21 23	1 54 23	

Annisquam Y. C.

ANNISQUAM, MASS.,
Saturday, July 25.

A race of one-design dories of the Annisquam Y. C. was sailed in Ipswich Bay, Saturday, July 25, in a stiff westerly breeze, with a jump of a sea. Little Un took the lead on the windward leg, but was closely pressed by Venus on the run back, finishing 6 seconds ahead. The summary:

	Elapsed.
Little Un, Donald Howes	1 17 23
Venus, Keith Pever	1 17 29
*Jessica, J. H. Finch	1 22 07
Sister, D. H. Woodbury	1 22 53
*Disqualified.	

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

The Alfred Roosevelt memorial cup is offered this year for the raceabout class. The race will be held on Saturday, August 1, and the course will be posted in the club house one hour before the start, which will be at 3:20.

The Robert Center memorial cups will be offered for the following classes: Thirty-footers, raceabouts and fifteen-footers. The races will be held on Saturday, August 8, and the sailing directions will be posted in the club house and sent to all entries by Thursday, August 6. Entries will be received at the club house up to Saturday at 10:30.

RACE COMMITTEE.

Canoeing.**American Canoe Association.****Twenty-Fourth Annual Meet, Sugar Island, St. Lawrence River, August 7-21, 1903.**

YONKERS, N. Y., July 17.—To the Members of the American Canoe Association: The following circulars of the different committees will explain themselves. Members will see that the arrangements are about the same as previous years. As Sugar Island is in Canadian territory, we have arranged to take canoes, etc., into Canada as is explained in the following letter:

Customs Department, Canada.—Ottawa, July 14.—H. Lansing Quick, Esq., American Canoe Association, Yonkers, N. Y.: Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 8th inst., stating that the international meet of your Association will take place this year at Sugar Island, near Gananoque, Aug. 7 to 21. In reply, I am to state that the canoes, tents and outfits sent in bond to Gananoque, or arriving at that port direct, may be permitted to be used there, upon report inwards, without payment of duty, conditional on exportation within thirty days. Duty is to be paid on all articles consumed or which are not exported as aforesaid. A copy of this letter is being sent to the Collector of Customs at Gananoque, for his guidance in the matter.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN McDUGAL,
Commissioner of Customs.

Transportation.

The Trunk Line Association, New England Passenger Association, the Grand Trunk Railway System, the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company have granted the customary concessions, viz.: A round trip of one and one-third fare to Clayton and Gananoque. Members will pay full fare to the points named, obtaining from the selling agents certificates which, when indorsed and vided at camp, will enable the holders thereof to return to the point of starting by continuous passage at one-third of the regular rate. Tickets may be purchased three days prior to and during the first three days of camp, and certificates will be honored for return trip (without stop-over) for three days (Sundays excepted) after the close of camp, Aug. 21.

All certificates must be indorsed by the secretary-treasurer and the special agent of the Trunk Line Association.

The special agent of the Trunk Line Association will be at the camp to give certificates on the following dates: Aug. 11 and 12.

The Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. have granted the rate of one and one-third fare from all points on their line to Clayton. This rate will not apply on their weekly steamer Hamilton running between Hamilton and Montreal, and touching only at Canadian ports.

Members arriving at Gananoque or Clayton by rail via R. W. & O. R. R. (N. Y. C. & H. R. R. lessee) or by steamers of the R. & O. N. Co. (from Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston, Deseronto, Belleville, Brockville, Prescott, Montreal, Quebec and intermediate points) will find the steamer Valeria at the railroad dock, running on the following schedule:

Leave Gananoque.....6:30 A.M.	Arrive Sugar Island.. 6:45 A.M.
Leave Gananoque.....3:00 P.M.	Arrive Sugar Island.. 3:15 P.M.
Leave Clayton.....10:20 A.M.	Arrive Sugar Island..11:00 A.M.
Leave Clayton.....5:40 P.M.	Arrive Sugar Island.. 6:20 P.M.

The Valeria does not run on Sundays, but provision will be made to connect with trains on those days.

The rate on the steamer Valeria will be, from Clayton to Sugar Island and return, 75 cents per passenger, which includes one canoe and duffle. From Gananoque to Sugar Island and return, 75 cents per passenger, which includes one canoe and duffle.

Round trip tickets from either Gananoque or Clayton will be furnished by purser of steamer Valeria.

All canoes, duffle, baggage, freight or express matter should be prepaid and plainly marked: Clayton, N. Y.; or Gananoque, Ont., Canada, A. C. A. Camp, Sugar Island, via steamer Valeria.

Customs Regulations.—The same arrangements as have prevailed in former years have been made for canoes and duffle coming from the United States. Duty must be paid on provisions.

Any further particulars regarding transportation will be gladly given and the committee would be pleased to help clubs or members in securing favorable transportation from the railroads in regard to handling canoes and duffle.

The Transportation Committee: Wm. M. Carpenter, Chairman, Ossining, N. Y.; J. R. Robertson, Auburndale, Mass.; J. N. McKendrick, Galt, Ontario, Canada.

Camp Site.

To the Members of the American Canoe Association:

The meet this year will be one of the most important the Association has ever held, as it will be the first camp on Sugar Island, our new possession.

It will be easily seen that the work of the Camp Site Committee will be unusually difficult, for there must be something of permanency in what is done in the way of building this year. A dock must be built, a mess hall, if enough money can be raised, and the island prepared for a camp.

It is earnestly hoped that all those who come to camp will be as patient as possible during the building of their tent floors, moving of baggage, etc. Heretofore it has been possible to decide on a camp site for each man as he has applied, but on account of the large size of the island, it is impossible to tell beforehand where any one will prefer to locate.

The chairman of the Camp Site Committee, with Commodore Hyatt and different members of the committee, has already made two trips to Sugar Island, and on the last trip, three weeks ago, decided on the location of the camp. Each man has gone there with the determination to locate "headquarters" near the center of the island, and each one has come away with the decision that the eastern end of the island, while a beautiful place, will be too far away to use, too far to get to "headquarters" and mess, for there are rock bluffs to be climbed, and a long distance to be walked unless the trip is made by water; and in a wet day that will not be agreeable.

The row of headquarters tents will be on the west side of a long open space in front of a row of trees, and will be approached directly from the dock, which is now being built.

The mess hall will be on the south side of the large field. The field will be available for baseball and other sports, as desired.

The ladies' camp will be on the neck of the land at the western end of the island. It is a good place, with fine views.

The men's camp will be to the east on both sides of the island, as far as the members may find it convenient to locate.

Tents, tent floors, cots and mattresses, blankets and such conveniences will be rented as usual. It would assist the Camp Site Committee if those who know they are going to attend would notify the chairman beforehand what they will require in the way of camp equipment.

Every member of the Association who can possibly arrange their holidays for that date should make an effort to attend this meet. They should know what kind of an island they have an interest in for \$1 per year, and where they can camp at any time of year.

Nature has certainly favored Sugar Island. There are to be found upon it high bluffs, thick woods, open fields, beautiful bays and sand beaches. Islands small and large are near enough to make the views attractive, and the island is on the route of the large steamers.

There is good bass and pickerel fishing near by, and in spring and fall there is good duck shooting.

It is particularly hoped that many of the older members may be with us, and let the newer men become acquainted with them.

Whether you have attended a meet of the American Canoe Association or not, you will be assured of a welcome, and will be quite certain to have one of the pleasantest outings you have ever had. Yours very truly,

JOHN A. WRIGHT,

Chairman Camp Site Committee.

The mess this year promises to be one of the best the Association has ever had, as the commodore was fortunate enough to secure the services of a caterer who is especially qualified for running a mess at an A. C. A. meet.

The commodore has already gone up to the camp, and may be addressed at the Gananoque Inn, Gananoque, Can.

I would especially request the members to take their receipts for 1903 dues to camp with them, as they will not be allowed to register in camp unless they are in good standing in the Association.

Let every member try his best to attend this year's meet, as it will be the first held on the Association's own property, and we

would like every member to be able to see the island of which he is part owner.

The officers and committee are doing everything in their power to take the best of care of all who come.

H. LANSING QUICK, Sec'y-Treas.

Instructions to Members attending the Meet.

For the convenience of members of the Atlantic Division, a special transportation baggage car has been arranged for and will carry canoes and duffle free of expense to Clayton, N. Y., and return. The car will be at the Thirtieth Street Station of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, on Saturday, Aug. 1; at Manhattan Station, 130th street and Hudson River, Aug. 2, and Monday, Aug. 3; at Yonkers on Tuesday, Aug. 4, and Ossining, Wednesday, Aug. 5. Canoes and duffle may be loaded on the car at any of these points.

All canoes and packages should be plainly marked with the owner's name, care Wm. M. Carpenter, Transportation Car for Clayton, N. Y., A. C. A. camp. All freight and express charges must be prepaid to the car.

Arrangements have been made for sleeping car accommodations on train leaving Grand Central Station, New York city, for Clayton, Aug. 7, at 8 P. M. Application for berth, inclosing \$2, should be made to the chairman of the Transportation Committee not later than Monday, July 27, when sleeping car ticket will be mailed. Purchase regular railroad ticket at Grand Central Station ticket office, asking for "Trunk Line certificate" for A. C. A. camp so as to obtain the concession in fare returning.

Any further information will be cheerfully given as to the above on request to the Transportation Committee, Wm. M. Carpenter, Chairman, P. O. Box 194, New York city.

New York C. C.

BENSONHURST, L. I.

Saturday, July 25.

The New York Canoe Club held record sailing events on the afternoon of Saturday, July 25, for decked and open canoes. They were postponed on the Saturday before because of the storm. The winners were George MacTaggart and R. S. Foster. The summary:

Decked Canoes—Start, 3:25.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
G. W. McTaggart.....	4 32 40	1 07 40
H. Kenard	4 35 30	1 10 30
F. C. Moore	4 42 00	1 17 00
W. H. Fales.....	4 57 45	1 32 45

Open Canoes—Start, 3:25.

R. S. Foster.....	5 09 55	1 34 55
W. Carmalt	5 12 00	1 37 00
L. B. Jennings.....	5 18 40	1 43 40
E. J. Wright	5 25 30	1 50 30
A. M. Poole.....	5 28 30	1 53 30
C. F. Speidel.....	5 33 40	1 58 40
F. P. Land.....	5 53 20	2 18 20

A. C. A. Meet, Aug. 7-21.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The twenty-fourth annual camp of the A. C. A. at Sugar Island, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, will be held from August 7 to 21, 1903. The year-book of the Association and the customary "camp circular" have been unavoidably delayed, and this announcement may bring the camp to the notice of men who might otherwise overlook it. The names and addresses of the pursers of the respective divisions, to whom application should be made by intending members, are as follows:

Edward Muller, purser Atlantic Division, 9 North Moore street, New York.

J. S. Wright, purser Central Division, 333 West avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

O. C. Cunningham, purser Eastern Division, Medford, Mass.

G. A. Wright, purser Northern Division, Brockville, Canada.

A. W. Foote, purser Western Division, care Foote, Burt & Co., Cleveland, O.

J. K. HAND.

A. C. A. Membership.

The following have applied for membership to the A. C. A.:

Atlantic Division—F. M. Crispin, Paul McMichael. EDWARD MULLER, Purser.

138 FRONT STREET, New York, N. Y., July 21.—The following gentlemen have been elected members of the Atlantic Division of the A. C. A.: A. S. Gregg-Clarke, Ed Lemoine Somerville, Ralph C. Paxton, Frederick Leonard Adams, John Neilson, Elmer B. Ayres, Charles H. Parson, and A. W. Scott.

H. L. POLLARD,

Vice-Com: A. D., A. C. A.

MEDFORD, Mass., July 23.—The following application for membership to the A. C. A. has been received: S. Otis Ralston, Woburn, Mass.

O. C. CUNNINGHAM,

Purser E. Div. A. C. A.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Sept. 2-11.—Annual championship matches of the United States Revolver Association, as follows: Sea Girt, N. J.; Chicago, Ill.; Woburn, Mass.; St. Louis, Mo.; San Francisco, Cal. Open to all. For programmes address H. W. Ott, Box 162, New York city.

The Palma Trophy Contest.

The particular feature of the Palma match consisted in the fact that it had to be shot in with the national arm of the country the teams represent, "being in all respects of the pattern adopted and used to the troops for service." It would seem as though this rule may be interpreted in a very broad sense, for while all the teams except the United States used weapons of a strict service pattern, the members of the American team were armed with rifles which had been fitted with special barrels having a rifling making a complete turn in 8 inches, whereas this figure is 10 inches or the official service rifle. It is not for us to object to a deviation from the rules of the match, which has been allowed to pass without comment by the council of the National Rifle Association, but it is necessary to mention the circumstance in order to correct the impression that it was the United States service rifle which won the match. The service rifle was there bar the barrel, and it cannot be denied that this is an important part of a military weapon.

Sentiment had a good deal to do with the presence of the various teams that were represented on this occasion. The United States team were there because they wanted to win the match, interest in military rifle shooting in America needing some such impetus as this to restore a part of its lost popularity and to favor the movement with renewed life and vigor. The French team came over to learn something about conditions that were quite novel in their own country. Their distance for shooting is 300 metres, and for this purpose they use a cartridge which differs in bullet and other details from the ordinary Lebel. Of wind

allowance for extended distances, and the vital importance of studying the conditions of air and light, they know but little, and they hoped to derive instruction, even if they failed to make a good show against their more practiced competitors. The Norwegians came because they knew they could shoot. Admittedly they were unfamiliar with our long distances, but they held the view that the main idea was to shoot right on, and judge wind as they went by the rough and ready method of watching the flags and carefully noting the result of the last shot. So far had they carried the practice of shooting standing that they showed themselves in practice to make some remarkably fine hits at 800 yards from this position. It would be superfluous to give reasons why the English team wanted to win. By the lucky coincidence of a bad wind and exceptional capacity to judge it, they won last year's match, notwithstanding certain difficulties with the ammunition.

The leaders of the match rifle movement in this country are regarded as a body of experimentalists, who study ammunition in the light of its behavior at the ranges. They are supposed to be able to determine what is best for their purpose, and thereby act upon the emulative instincts of the manufacturer, spurring him to initiate improvements. Their united intelligence was not long in informing them that the .303 as a match rifle cartridge could be pronounced a failure. No one troubled to go much further than this, because the 6.5 mm. Mannlicher lay at hand, a ready-made combination of rifle and cartridge of the kind they wanted. The .303 thereupon lay in abeyance, and no one seemed quite sure why it was a failure. Following on last year's Bisley meeting, we made some lengthy remarks upon the subject, pointing out among other things that the feeble ballistics of our national cartridge made it incapable of maintaining a regular elevation at great ranges, a fault rendered the more apparent in the scoring by the long, flat form of the long-range target. Since then the target has been altered from 12 feet wide by 6 feet high to 10 feet by 6 feet, which still punishes faults of elevation more severely than faults of wind judgment. A square target would, of course, deal equally with the two forms of error. The change made does not, however, affect the Palma. The old sizes have been retained, as they are specified in the permanent conditions for that match.

Three months ago we were as far from a solution of the ammunition question as we were five years ago. Yet we find that in the recent Palma match of all the explanations put forward to account for the British team being beaten by fifteen points out of a total possible score of 1,800, no one has yet suggested inferiority of ammunition. Special ammunition was used, and its inception came about in this way: A firm of ammunition makers, whose name is hardly known to the public at all in connection with their staple manufacture, viz., .303 cartridges, were anxious to make the merits of their product known among rifle shots. The expert of this firm was present at the annual dinner of the Gun Makers' Association last April, as also was Mr. J. E. Martin, a well-known Glasgow gun maker, and both armorer and a shooting member of the British team who shot in the Palma match last year. Neither of these gentlemen was paired for the evening, and the present writer introduced them, suggesting that they should discuss the specifications for a suitable high-power cartridge for the coming match. In the conversation which ensued it was generally agreed that an increased powder charge was desirable. One of those present thought the bullet should be the same weight, another that it should be lighter, and a third that it should be heavier. Experiments followed, and the new Palma .303 cartridge was the outcome. The council of the N. R. A. authorized it for all the match rifle contests during the coming meeting, but users of the Mannlicher opposed it, as the bullet was heavier than 217 grains, the maximum specified in the regulations for ammunition, and the protest had to be allowed, notwithstanding the disappointment of many who desired to give it a trial with match sights.

The King's Norton Metal Company, who are the manufacturers of the new long-range cartridge, have supplied us with the following details, showing their records at proof. Observed velocities over 60 yards: 1, 2,027; 2, 2,038; 3, 2,027; 4, 2,015; 5, 2,022; mean 2,026 feet per second; deviation, 5.8. Second series of shots: 1, 2,025; 2, 2,028; 3, 2,020; 4, 2,018; 5, 2,022; mean 2,023 feet per second; deviation, 3.2. The same cartridges in another rifle gave: 1, 2,018; 2, 2,006; 3, 2,016; 4, 2,024; 5, 2,010; mean 2,014 feet per second; deviation 5.6. The temperature was 80 degrees F., which accounts for about 15 feet above the normal readings. The explosive charge of a cartridge that was examined consisted of 34.4 grains of cordite and the bullet weighed 225 grains.

The American team, who won the match, using the same kind of ammunition as last year, were befriended in a similar manner. Preceding last year's contest they experienced endless trouble on account of irregular elevation in the ammunition. They were not even sure where the trouble lay, but one of their most expert shots, Dr. W. G. Hudson, wrote to Mr. Thomas, of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, asking for his assistance. The outcome was the Thomas bullet, which at once put up the scores with the service sights to a level not previously experienced except with match sights. It was of the behavior of the cartridge so evolved that Major Fremantle wrote in such terms of eulogy in his official report of last year's match. Now we have not only equaled the American cartridge, but have shown that the want of success of the .303 rifle is not a question of the arm, but of the ammunition. Hitherto we have supposed that the service rifle would not behave well under high pressures, but the 18 tons reached by the new cartridge seems to give no trouble.

Turning to the cartridges used by the various contestants in the Palma match, the French Lebel may be dealt with first. In shape the cartridge case is peculiar, the great width at the base giving it the appearance of a wide bottle. It contains 42.5 grains of a coarse leaflet powder, between which and the bullet is a jute wad and a disc of wax. A bullet taken from one of the cartridges was examined weighed 231.8 grains, and its diameter at the base was .321 inch. The neck of the case was squeezed very hard on to the bullet, and left a ring-shaped depression round it. The Norwegian cartridge contained 34.3 grains of coarse leaflet powder, the weight of the bullet being 155.3 grains, and the diameter .263 inch. There was a small wisp of cotton wool between the powder and bullet, doubtless put there to keep the powder at the base of the case. The United States cartridge contained 36.2 grains of W. A. powder, which consists of tubes cut into short lengths. The weight of the bullet is 220 grains, and its diameter at the base .308 inch.

The rifles used by the various teams did not give the competitors by any means an equal chance. Granting equally good-shooting rifles and ammunition for all teams, the advantage in armament must rest with the team whose service rifle is sighted in the most suitable manner for match shooting. In this respect the American team were exceptionally favored. They had a peep-hole back-sight and a nice means of making lateral adjustment for wind. The Norwegian fore-sight was also fitted with a traversing movement operated by a key. The French team were probably the worst served by way of sights, for their form of back-sight was not even adjustable between the limits of elevation laid down by the notches cut for each range. With the English rifle the sliding bar can be adjusted to a nicety by means of a vernier. The same instrument allowed for the drawing of vertical lines on the bar of the back-sight any specified distance right or left of the center, this line being placed at a point that affords the appropriate correction of aim for the average wind prevailing at the time of the competition. With a changeable wind the finer adjustments must be made by aiming right or left of the bull. The conditions of the Palma contest are thus rendered very interesting. The match is a curious competition of ammunition and actual shooting skill, the extent to which the nations represented have adapted their service arms to the conditions of range shooting introducing an additional regulating influence of great importance.

The characteristic methods of the leading teams merited careful notice. The Americans are still comparatively unskilled in the art of wind judging by the aid of the telescope, this process consisting in watching the drift of the mirage across the range, which gives a far better index of the conditions affecting the flight of the bullet than the behavior of the flags. Colonels Gibbs and Hop-ton acted as coaches for the English team. Their eyes were glued, so to speak, to two powerful telescopes, and the results of their observations were communicated to the shooters. The coach for the American team, on the other hand, interfered very little with his men, who were all first-class individual marksmen. The day was hot, and the wind was blowing across the range. Its strength was variable, but not its direction. Our chief opponents described it as a genuine bit of American weather, and they were consequently favored in this respect, and thoroughly at home in it. The British team would have liked what is known as a fish-tail wind, that is, one blowing up or down the range, first quartering to one side, then to the other. As it was, the experienced coaching, which is the specialty of the British team, was fully counterbalanced by the advantages of sighting possessed by the most dangerous of our rivals.

All things considered, the match was one of the best contested it is possible to imagine. The winning team made 1,570 points against 1,555 by the British team, the victory having thus been gained by an advantage in points of 1 per cent. During the entire match not a single miss was recorded by either of the two leading teams, whereas last year the British team missed the target twelve times and the Americans seven.—London Field.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 13.—The scores at Shell Mound range were hardly up to the average yesterday. Doubtless some of our riflemen are preparing for their annual deer hunt, as the season opens this week. Scores:

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, monthly medal shoot: Pistol trophy—W. F. Blasse 86, D. D. Smith 81, G. Armstrong 70, A. Thode 71, M. Kolander 63. Re-entry match: W. C. Pritchard 93, 93, 92; G. Armstrong 89, 85, 83, 81; W. F. Blasse 85, 85, 83; Dr. D. Smith 81. Revolver trophy: S. C. Hinkel 85, J. R. Trego 85, M. J. White 86, H. Kruckel 73. Re-entry match: P. A. Becker 93, 91, 89; J. W. Tompkins 82; A. H. Pape 88, 87; F. Kruckel 77, 77, 77; J. Kullman 88, 83. Gold medal: M. Kolander 212, 211, 209, 212, 203, 205, 205; W. Burkholder 202, 201. Medal bars: M. Blasse 214, 204, 207, 202, 213; G. Armstrong 189.

Club trophy: A. Gehret 221, D. B. Faktor 218, O. Bremer 216, M. Kolander 212, M. Blasse 207, W. Burkholder 206, G. Armstrong 127, J. Kullman 180, M. J. White 161.

Re-entry match: C. M. Henderson 218, 214, 215; A. Gehret 217, 217, 217; D. B. Faktor 215, M. Kolander 202.

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First champion class, F. P. Schuster, 226; second champion class, N. Ahrens, 222; first class, D. Salfeld, 204; second class, M. Kolander, 218; third class, John Beuttler, 108; best first shot, A. Gehret, 25; best last shot, W. F. Blasse, 25.

Competition shoot: A. Gehret 225, D. B. Faktor 222, H. Huber 208, N. Ahrens 207.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, monthly medal shoot: Champion class—Highest score, August Pape, 436; champion class medal, Herman Huber, 425; first class, Lieut. David Salfeld, 407; second class, not filled; third class, John De Wit, 365; fourth class, John Beuttler, 370; best first shot, George H. Bahrs 24; best last shot, Otto Lemcke, 25.

ROEEL.

Stevens Rifle Contest.

ROCK ISLAND, Ill., July 18.—A counter attraction and high wind diminished the attendance, and only one shooter shot on record. His score is as follows:

Sperry	10 8 6 6 8 7 10 5 8 5—73
	7 6 7 8 8 9 5 8 7 7—72
	10 8 9 10 7 8 7 8 8 6—81

July 25.—The Stevens rifle contest, held to-day, had records as follows:

Bahusen	2 4 1 1 10 4 7 5 6 4—44
	4 7 8 6 5 8 5 4 4 7—53
	2 6 5 4 3 5 4 7 6 8—50
Hepenstell	3 4 9 6 8 5 8 7 4 7—61
	5 5 7 4 9 4 4 8 9 8—63
	8 5 4 6 5 7 8 9 6 7—65
	7 7 6 5 7 9 9 4 9 6—69
	5 4 6 9 6 6 5 7 5 5—68
	6 6 4 9 7 6 7 8 8 4—65
Durham	5 3 8 5 7 6 5 8 9 9—65
	4 7 3 8 5 4 6 6 8 9—60
	6 7 5 7 4 5 7 4 3 5—63
	5 8 7 6 4 8 4 7 5 7—61
	9 2 7 3 5 6 9 4 10 7—62
	4 8 5 6 7 3 5 6 2 4—49

American target, reduced to 100yds. range, .22 cal. rifle.

C. W. DURHAM, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—At the regular meeting of this Association on July 19 the following scores were made.

A tricky fish-tail wind, from 4 to 8 o'clock, prevailed all day, and kept down high scores. Strickmeier was champion with 225. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, German ring target:

Strickmeier	225 223 211 208 208	Honor.
Gindele	218 213 211 210 204	65
Roberts	214 213 201 201 196	67
Odell	214 210 207 207 204	66
Nestler	212 204 204 201 200	60
Bruns	205 194 188 187 190	67
Lux	204 201 200 199 193	51
Hofman	204 200 198 193 193	68
Freitag	201 188 188 183 183	60
Trounstone	188 186 185 167 163	57

The American rifle team began its homeward journey from Bisley on July 25, the first stop of importance being at Liverpool. They were given a hearty, friendly send-off. Major-General Lord Cheylesmore, chairman of the Council of the National Rifle Association, delivered the farewell speech, which was responded to by Col. Leslie C. Bruce, of the American team.

Concerning other competition at Bisley, the press dispatches state that the entries for the last and most important competitions of the meeting, except the competition for the Palma trophy, namely, the King's prize and the St. George's vase, were curtailed somewhat in a sensational fashion by the posting of an official notice that Corporal J. W. Garvie, and Private F. Watson, of the same regiment, were barred not only from the above events, but from all subsequent competitions on the National Rifle Association ranges, and that they would forfeit all prizes won during the present meeting. Both men had qualified for the St. George's final stage, and Garvie had qualified for the King's Hundred. The Association's announcement reduced the number of competitors for the St. George's vase to ninety-eight, and the number of competitors for the King's Hundred to ninety-nine. The official charges against Garvie and Watson are tampering with the scores at a provincial meeting. Both men denied the charges, and threaten to sue the National Rifle Association. The St. George's vase was won by Capt. Hohnson, of the London Rifle Brigade, with a score of 135. The King's prize and gold medal were won to-day by Color Sergeant Davis, of the Third Glamorgan Volunteers, with a score of 311. This is the second time Davis has won the King's medal, a feat which has been accomplished only once before in the history of the competition.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

July 30-Aug. 1.—La Crosse, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the La Crosse and Viroqua gun clubs. John M. Moore, sec'y.

Aug. 4-5.—Head and Dunbar's annual midsummer target tournament at Bass Lake, Ind. Address J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.

Aug. 6-7.—Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club two-day tournament.

Aug. 6-6.—Millport, Pa.—Oswayo Valley Rod and Gun Club's two-day tournament. M. S. Dodge, Sec'y.

Aug. 6-6.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

Aug. 9.—Jersey City, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. James Hughes, Sec'y.

Aug. 10-11.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Two day tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.

Aug. 12-13.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.

Aug. 12-15.—Toronto, Ont.—Annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas., Ottawa, Can.

Aug. 18-20.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Second annual target tournament of the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association of Grand Rapids; \$1,000 added. A. B. Richmond, Sec'y.

Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.

Aug. 18-21.—Ocean City, Md.—J. R. Malone's ninth annual summer tournament; open to all; \$100 added money. J. R. Malone, manager, 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The next Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club shoot, prize series, will be held on Aug. 8.

The next shoot of the Berkshire county, Mass., Trapshooters' League, will be held at North Adams, on Aug. 1.

Mr. J. L. Head, of Peru, Ind., informs us that Aug. 4 and 5 have been fixed upon as the dates for Head & Dunbar's annual midsummer tournament at Bass Lake, Ind.

At a shoot at Newport, R. I., on Wednesday of last week Mr. J. A. R. Elliott was high average with 167 out of 175 targets; E. C. Griffith was second with 165 out of 175.

In the contest for the Grand Hotel cup at Indianapolis, Ind., on July 23, Mr. C. O. Le Compte, of Eminence, Ky., defeated the challenger, Mr. H. M. Clark, of Wabash, by a score of 46 to 45.

The twelve-man team match, 25 targets per man, between the Nishoyne Gun Club, of Orange, and the Mountainside Gun Club, of West Orange, N. J., was won by Nishoyne by the score of 241 to 217.

The Florists' Gun Club, of Philadelphia, Pa., announces its first annual tournament, to be held on Sept. 30 and Oct. 1 and 2. Mr. J. K. Starr, the famous tournament expert, will act as manager. His address is No. 1216 N. Twenty-eighth street.

Prof. Edmund H. Osthaus, of Toledo, O., eminent as the foremost artist in the realistic portrayal of field scenes, returned from his wedding tour on Monday of last week. He was upward of five months in Europe, most of the time in Germany and Italy.

In the Troisdorf medal series of contests, held by the Cincinnati Gun Club, Mr. L. F. Ahlers won first. Of the ten contests, aggregating 500 targets, he broke 440, 88 per cent. His average distance was 20½yds.

Mr. Frank Simpson, of Winnipeg, Man., won both the West Canadian championship, and the International individual championship, at the annual meeting of the Winnipeg gun clubs, July 21 and 22.

The Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, announces a tournament for Aug. 9. The programme provides a total of 200 targets, at 1½ cents. There will be a 100-target handicap, high guns; prizes, \$5, \$3 and \$2, respectively. There also will be a prize for high average for the day.

In the programme events of the Frogg Inn Gun Club shoot, near Jamaica Bay, L. I., on Saturday of last week, Mr. J. A. R. Elliott broke 122 out of 125 in the sweepstake events, and 24 out of 25 in the team event, a total of 146 out of 150, better than a 97 per cent. performance.

The famous trap shot, Mr. L. T. Duryea, of New York, returned from an outing at Turtle Lake, Wisconsin, on Monday of this week. He reported most successful black bass fishing and pleasing game prospects, particularly the prospect of an abundance of ruffed grouse. He was in excellent health.

Mr. John S. Wright, announces that the Brooklyn Gun Club will hold a shoot on Saturday of this week on the new grounds, Kaiser's Farm, commencing at 2 o'clock. To reach the new grounds take Kings County Elevated Railroad to Crescent street, thence by bus to the grounds.

The Rochester, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club have fixed upon Sept. 2 and 3 for a two-day target tournament. It is now over a year since this club held a shoot, and there is the keenest of local interest to participate in trapshooting competition. The management contemplates offering important sums as added money and average money both for the one day and two days' grand averages.

The programme of the Ossining, N. Y. Gun Club annual Labor Day shoot, Sept. 7, provides ten events, six at 20, four at 15 targets, \$1.40 and \$1.30 entrance, \$2 and \$1.50 added money, class shooting; a total of 180 targets, \$18 added money, \$13.60 entrance. The shoot will take place rain or shine. The Ossining Club members have achieved a just fame for good fellowship and game competition, so that visitors are assured of a pleasant day.

A correspondent writes us that "there will be a live-bird match at Mahanoy City Park on Aug. 15 between Henry Krouse, of Evervale, Pa., and Frank Broadbeck, of Morea, Pa., for \$600 and the gate receipts; each man to shoot at 17 birds, trap and handle; Schuylkill county rules to govern. The friends of each of the shooters have already commenced to train birds for the event. It has attracted an unusual amount of interest in this and surrounding counties. It is expected that over one thousand people will pay 50 cents each to see the match.

Mr. C. G. Grubb, secretary of the W. P. T. S. L., informs us that in addition to the ½ cent added to the purse for each target trapped, the Brownsville Rod and Gun Club will add \$200 to the purses as follows: \$80 to each day's programme; \$6 to the 15-bird and \$10 to the 20-bird events, and \$40 to the four low guns shooting the entire programme and not winning their entrance, to be divided equitably between them, and not to pay more than their entrance. Shoot rain or shine. Shells shipped, charges prepaid, to W. T. Daugherty, Brownsville, Pa., will be delivered on shooting grounds free of charge."

The following, from the Jersey City Journal, is of special interest: "Ex-Judge George B. Eaton, of Pavonia avenue, and Uncle Al Heritage, both of whom were mighty Nimrods in the days before spectacles became a necessary acquisition, have been matched under their nom de plumes of "Jacobstaff" and "Southpaw," respectively, to shoot a 20-live-bird match for points at either Hen Outwater's or at the Guttenberg race track, in the early part of August. The bird shoot will be witnessed by a large crowd of admirers of the two experts. The match is for a wine supper for a party of twelve." We learn that each of the contestants is impatiently awaiting the day of the competition, sniffing the battle afar off.

The programme of the Indian fifth annual tournament and powwow to be held at Arnold's Park, Lake Okoboji, Iowa, Aug. 25-28, provides twelve like events each day; eight at 15 and four at 20 targets, entrance \$1.50 and \$2; to the 15-target events, \$10 added; to the 20-target events, \$15 added. Grounds open for sweepstakes on Aug. 24. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Class shooting will govern the purses. In the 15-target events, 40, 30, 20 and 10; in 20-target events, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10. Sergeant system will be used. Ship shells, etc., to C. W. Budd, Arnold's Park. To the high guns from one to ten inclusive, shooting through the four days, will be awarded cash prizes as follows: \$17, \$15, \$12, \$10, \$9, \$8, \$7, \$6, \$5 and \$5. Three cups of equal value will be awarded the highest averages as follows: One to 90 per cent. and over; one to 80 to 89 per cent; one to below 80 per cent.

The programme of the Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's third annual tournament, to be held on the grounds of the Stanley Gun Club, Toronto, Can., Aug. 12-15, has many attractive events. On the first day there are ten events at 20 targets, \$2 entrance. Nos. 2, 4, 5, 7 and 9 have \$50 guaranteed. No. 3 is a cup contest, gold medal to winner. A gold badge, donated by the Hunter Arms Co., goes to winner of high average on this day. There are ten events on the second day, nine of which are at 20 targets, \$2 entrance, and six of which have \$50 guaranteed. No. 6 is for the two-man team race, championship of Canada; 20 targets per man, \$4 per team. A silver cup goes to the winner of high average on this day. On the third day, there are nine events at 20 targets, \$2 entrance; six events with \$50 guaranteed; and one at 30 targets, \$3 entrance, for a gun donated by Parker Brothers. A cup will go to high average for the day. On the fourth day, the first event will be the eight-man team race for the championship of Canada, targets 20 per man, \$2 entrance per man; high guns, two moneys. The second event will be the preliminary handicap, 20 targets, \$2 entrance, \$50 guaranteed. The third event will be the Grand Canadian Handicap, 100 targets, \$5 entrance, high guns, for the Association cup. The fourth event is the Mail trophy, emblematic of the five-man team club championship of Canada. There are a number of other cups, and medals for the winners, and for high averages. The members of the Handicap Committee are Mr. D. McMackon, Highgate, Ont.; Capt. J. F. Higginson, Ottawa; Dr. J. E. Overholt, Hamilton; Mr. Alex. Dey, Toronto; Mr. J. H. Johnson, Toronto. Mr. Thomas A. Duff, of Toronto, is president; Mr. A. W. Throop, Ottawa, is secretary-treasurer.

The programme of Mr. J. R. Malone's ninth annual summer tournament, to be held at Ocean City, Md., Aug. 18-21, is now ready for distribution. Added money, \$100. Open to all. The members of the Tournament Committee are Dr. H. E. Lupus, John W. Chew, L. German and W. Ford. The members of the Handicap Committee are J. R. Malone, J. M. Hawkins, E. Storr and J. W. Chew. Mr. Malone is the manager; Mr. Hawkins, assistant manager. On the first day, commencing at 3 P. M., the programme provides eight events for preliminary practice, alternately at 10 and 15 targets, 50 and 75 cents entrance. On the second and fourth days, respectively, twelve events are provided, of which ten are at 15 targets, two at 20 targets, entrance \$1.30 and \$1.40; added money, \$3 and \$5. On these days, shooting commences at 9 o'clock. On the third day, commencing at 10 o'clock there are three live-bird events on the programme. No. 1 is at 5 birds, \$3 entrance, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent. No. 2 is at 7 birds, \$5 entrance, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent. No. 3 is the Ocean City Handicap, 20 birds, \$10 entrance, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. The winner of this handicap will also receive a handsome silver cup. Birds are included in each event. Live bird handicaps, 25 to 32yds. From the net amount of purse in each target event, 5 per cent. will be deducted, and the total sum so deducted will be divided pro rata among the amateurs who shoot through the entire programme, and who do not win their entrance back. The distance sliding handicap will govern. Those who wish may shoot for targets only. Known traps, unknown angles. Rose system, 5, 3, 2 and 1. Targets, 2 cents. Guns and ammunition, prepaid, marked with owner's name, and forwarded to J. Kelly, New Congress Hall, Ocean City, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Palace steamer leaves Pier 4, Light street wharf, Baltimore, at 6:30 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.; or take Pennsylvania R. R. train at Wilmington, Del., for Ocean City. For further information, address the manager, Mr. J. R. Malone, 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore. Shore bird shooting will be a feature.

BERNARD WATERS.

Colt Gun Club.

HARTFORD, Conn.—One of the most successful shoots of the season of the Colt Gun Club was held Saturday, July 25. The weather was perfect for trapshooting, and some good scores were made.

The Bristol Gun Club members were visitors, and, as usual, the extremely friendly team race of these two clubs was the most interesting part of the programme. It resulted in Bristol carrying off the laurels to the tune of 100 to 94, at 125 targets a side. Scores of the team shoot, 25 targets per man, follow:

Bristol.					Colts.				
Mills	23	23	23	23	Hollister	24	24	24	24
Porter	22	22	22	22	Hubbell	18	18	18	18
Moran	21	21	21	21	McFetridge	18	18	18	18
Casey	18	18	18	18	Colt	17	17	17	17
Large	16-100	16-100	16-100	16-100	Herman	17-94	17-94	17-94	17-94
As will be seen, Mr. Hollister not only led in the team shoot, but made the highest score of the day. Following is a list of the final scores:									
Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25
Mills	23	23	23	23	Nichols	16	20	20	20
Treat	15	22	22	22	Colt	16	17	17	17
Large	16	16	15	15	Allison	17	17	17	17
Simmons	13	13	13	13	Root	10	10	10	10
Moran	16	21	21	21	McFetridge	20	18	23	23
Hart	14	14	14	14	Alger	19	16	16	16
Casey	18	18	21	21	Hermann	20	17	13	13
Kittell	13	11	11	11	Ruvick	20	19	19	19
Porter	19	22	22	22	Case	15	18	18	18
Bunnell	11	11	11	11	Gross	11	11	11	11
Hollister	17	24	20	20	Clark	11	11	11	11
Hubbell	21	18	23	23					

R. McFETRIDGE, Sec'y.

Trap at Litchfield.

LITCHFIELD, Ill., July 22.—The third successful tournament of the Litchfield Gun Club for this season was held to-day. Early in the spring of 1903 the manager, Hugh Snell, conceived the idea of giving popular shoots that would draw and hold the country boys. How well he succeeded has now been chronicled for the third time. He has proven that tournament managers have gone wrong by giving 15, 20 and 25-target events as their programme. He has fully demonstrated that the old-time 10 event was the popular one. In the first place, it attracts the shooters to come to the tournament, and then when present, they stay and shoot all day.

Not alone this, but the money divisions have been popular—four equal parts. Thus, the best shots have been winners and the poorer ones have not been so much loser.

Money prizes have been awarded to high averages, and longest run, and this has been an incentive for the high man.

The traveling men present were J. M. Hughes, and he "showed us" by lining out 98 out of 100. He had as side partner Mr. Leslie Standish, the Illinois missionary, and they made a good team.

John Boa ran up from Alton and found that his gun was not in good condition, and he could talk better than he could shoot. But he will make good some other time. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	15
Thompson	7	10	12	2	10	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Stander	7	9	14	8	10	17	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Lewis	10	12	19	10	13	19	10	12	10	9	13	18	9	9
Cummings	9	13	18	7	15	13	10	14	16	10	14	19	10	8
Robley	8	12	17	5	12	20	9	15	17	8	15	20	9	10
Funk	5	8	14	8	12	9	6	10	16	7	11	17	8	8
Snooks	9	15	19	9	14	19	10	14	18	8	14	18	9	9
Lyons	6	10	15	7	11	17	4	11	13	11	11	11	11	11
Kusser	9	13	18	10	14	18	8	15	18	8	14	19	9	8
Rupert	10	12	18	8	10	14	9	11	15	8	12	14	7	7
Post	9	14	16	7	11	14	7	9	14	7	11	11	9	8
Barnes	4	11	9	17	11	11	9	8	13	5	13	16	7	6
Stoner	7	11	13	10	10	16	8	15	17	8	13	17	9	9
Kellar	6	9	16	4	10	15	11	11	11	10	11	11	9	9
Van Gundy	7	13	14	9	10	16	8	12	14	8	8	15	7	10
Smith	9	14	14	8	12	15	8	11	17	8	11	16	9	8
Delatine	8	12	17	10	14	15	9	15	19	8	14	15	10	9
Le Page	7	12	19	7	8	16	11	11	11	18	6	13	10	9
Laird	4	3	4	1	3	10	6	8	11	6	8	10	6	3
Scheiss	9	12	16	9	14	19	8	14	16	10	12	15	8	10
Nye	6	11	18	9	14	17	8	12	16	7	11	11	11	11
Estes	5	10	18	9	13	17	13	18	18	13	18	18	11	11
Ruff	7	9	16	7	11	13	11	11	11	9	15	16	11	11
Manning	7	12	10	8	11	11	5	9	11	11	11	11	11	11
Wycoff	10	8	13	6	11	11	6	13	13	14	11	11	9	9
Allen	9	12	11	8	11	11	9	11	11	9	11	11	10	8
Montgomery	8	11	17	10	12	16	8	14	15	10	11	18	6	7
Baggeman	9	15	18	9	14	17	10	15	20	10	14	20	9	9
Hughes	9	15	18	9	14	17	10	15	20	10	14	20	9	9
Boa	9	10	15	18	12	12	6	13	17	10	12	13	7	6
Snell	8	14	19	4	11	19	8	13	16	8	12	18	8	9
Myers	6	11	16	7	13	18	9	15	8	14	17	8	8	5
Cottrell	9	8	16	8	13	17	6	12	17	6	15	18	7	8
McDonald	7	11	16	7	13	18	9	15	8	14	17	8	8	5
Troeger	4	7	12	6	11	11	4	7	12	6	11	11	6	6
Murphy	8	11	16	7	13	18	9	15	8	14	17	8	8	5

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati, O., July 25.—The wind up of the Troisdorf medal contests took place to-day.

In class A, Ahlers was the winner. In class B, Barker was the winner.

The first column contains the average distances, and the scores and distances of each contestant are given together as follows:

Distances	20	1-2	20	21	19	21	20	21	20	21	21	21	21	21
Ahlers	48	46	46	45	44	44	43	42	41	41	41	41	41	41
Barker	19	20	19	20	19	20	19	20	19	20	19	20	19	20
Gambell	45	44	44	43	42	41	41	41	41	41	41	41	41	41
Williams	44	43	43	42	41	40	39	38	37	36	35	34	33	32
Block	47	43	42	41	41	39	38	37	37	37	37	37	37	37
Distances	17	2-5	17	18	17	17	18	17	18	17	17	17	17	17
J. B.	44	42	41	40	39	39	39	39	38	38	38	38	38	38

July 18.—Cincinnati Gun Club cash prize contest, distance handicap: R. Trimble, 21yds., 45; Sunderbruch, 16yds., 45; Fulton, 16yds., 43; Gambell, 20yds., 41; Barker, 20yds., 41; Ahlers, 19yds., 39; Falk, 17yds., 38; J. B., 18yds., 37; Herman, 18yds., 36; Williams, 18yds., 36; Linn, 18yds., 34; Jack, 16yds., 34; Maynard, 18yds., 34; Medico, 20yds., 33; Faran, 18yds., 32; Frohlinger, 15yds., 29; Colonel, 14yds., 18.

Team race, 30 singles and 10 pairs; two high teams out:

Gambell26	17-43	Sunderbruch22	14-36
Faran25	17-42-85	Fulton24	16-40-7
Ahlers23	15-38	Linn21	17-38
Medico28	19-47-85	Williams20	14-31-7
J. B.28	16-44			
Herman25	14-39-83			

Mahanoy City Gun Club.

THE two days' tournament at Mahanoy City, Pa., was well supported by the shooters, thirty-seven of whom participated in the events of the first day.

The manufacturers' representatives were Messrs. Frank Lawrence, Luther J. Squier, E. D. Fulford and Frank Butler. The audience was large and enthusiastic. The meeting was very satisfactory. A number of the contestants were new in tournament shooting, as they never had therein shot before. The squad hustling was done by Messrs. Lawrence and Butler.

Mr. Geo. S. Trafford came over from Lebanon and started in to clear up the professionals, and he was in a fair way to do it when his shells gave out. The shells which he had ordered for this shoot failed to arrive; hence he had to change his load; nevertheless, he finished high amateur on the first day.

The Shamokin boys made a fine showing, lining up sixteen strong.

Much credit is due to Mr. Fen Cooper, who managed the shoot. It was a success.

Mr. Luther J. Squier has not yet got into his best form, but he nevertheless won second high general average.

Mr. Frank Butler got so busy that he could not stay for the second day, and Mr. Fulford was left without a manager, but he won high general average.

Frank Lawrence was the business man at the shoot, demonstrating the excellence of his firm's goods, and if the shooters are not all buying the guns and shells which he recommends, it is no fault of his.

Mr. Frank Broadbeck, the great trap and handle live-bird shot, gave an exhibition of how to break targets with the gun held below the elbow until the target shows. He is all right, but O my! how careless with a loaded gun.

July 22, First Day.

Event 4 was at 5 pairs. Event 8 was at 10 pairs.										
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	15	20	20	20	
Christ	3	5	13	..	10	7	12	..	14	
Master	8	7	13	..	18	..	16	
Vyatt	7	6	8	..	11	
Trafford	10	10	9	10	14	13	17	16	19	
Combs	7	4	11	..	7	
Fulford	10	9	15	7	14	15	19	18	20	
Squier	8	6	13	7	13	11	18	15	17	
Paul	8	8	10	6	10	..	11	17	..	
M. Cooper	8	7	12	..	13	15	16	..	17	
Benner	8	10	12	21	5	..	9	..	15	
Seltzer	5	7	11	5	12	13	14	..	15	
F. Cooper	7	8	12	7	14	13	20	15	17	
Cock	5	5	7	6	11	13	14	
Bricken	7	7	15	
Austin	7	7	..	3	..	11	15	
J. Jones	..	10	8	..	9	19	12	
Richie	..	10	..	11	11	
Formeter	..	13	
Blue Ribbon	..	10	..	14	14	
Shipman	..	12	7	8	12	9	
Longshore	..	11	..	14	14	15	19	
Veary	..	10	5	9	11	16	9	
M. L.	..	10	12	13	
Chamberlain	8	7	
Malyck	11	10	
Gessner	9	7	
Soper	14	
Erdman	10	
Wilson	10	14	
S. Gore	12	13	
Siler	10	
Herald	8	
N. Benner	10	
Williams	10	16	
Fox	12	16	
Prof. Jones	7	
S. Combes	7	9	

A team race, a special event, between Mahanoy City and Shamokin, sixteen men on a side, 25 targets per man, resulted in a tie on 276. The scores follow:

Mahanoy City.										
F. Cooper	18	Longshore	17	Shamokin.						
Stitzer	21	Shipman	19
Haldeman	15	Weary	16
Bricker	13	Wray	16
Masters	18	J. Jones	20
M. Cooper	23	Blue Ribbon	16
Benner	11	Erdman	18
Vyatt	16	Sober	19
Combs	16	Chamberlain	15
Williams	20	Gessner	10
Rummell	22	Malyck	16
Paul	13	Sailer	22
Christ	19	Richie	18
Gore	16	Herald	14
Cock	18	Wilson	20
Seltzer	17-276	Tormeter	20-276

July 23, Second Day.

Events 4 and 8 were, respectively, at 5 and 10 pairs.										
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	15	20	20	20	20
Fulford	9	10	14	9	14	12	19	16	15	25
Squier	8	8	12	5	14	11	16	18	13	24
M. Cooper	8	7	13	8	11	13	15	17	13	23
Vyatt	5	8	8	5	8	10	12	9
Paul	4	9	6	5	9	10	..	9	..	17
Masters	7	6	10	10	11	..
M. Cooper	7	9	13	..	14	14
Reynolds	6	7	9
Husker	..	10	6	9	11	..	8	..	9	..
Austin	8	11	15	11
go	11
Laverty	15	12	20
Broadbeck	10	..
ustock	10	..
ox	10	..
icker	11	..

Trap at Grafton.

GRAFTON, N. D., July 18.—A very good one-day tournament was held here to-day, under the auspices of the local gun club. The programme carried ten 15-bird events, with \$5 added in each, courses divided Rose system and open to amateurs only. Arrangements were excellent, but the weather so rough that only top score, made by Mr. Hirschy, was within the 90 per cent. circle.

cores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
air	14	12	15	8	15	14	12	10	12	8	120
ollock	13	12	8	10	11	8	14	10	12	10	108
orrison	12	12	15	12	15	11	11	13	15	14	130
ue	13	13	12	12	15	14	9	11	14	12	127
owe	13	15	14	12	15	12	13	13	13	13	133
tration	13	8	11	9	12	11	11	12	11	12	110
ing	10	11	9	12	14	11	13	11	9	11	111
adke	10	3	8	6	13	5	10
uppe	7	3	4	3
enry	12	7	8	5	10	7	10	6	7	8	80
uis	12	12	12	11	11	13	14	8	15	11	119
ardy	12	10	6	11	13	10	13	10	13	10	110
ughman	14	11	12	12	12	10	13	12	11	11	119
opper	11	9	6	12	8	12	7	10	9	8	93
ood	12	11	14	9	9	10	13	12	13	10	113
irschy	14	14	14	15	14	12	13	12	15	12	135
rague	13	13	14	12	13	12	13	14	12	11	128
ymour	15	13	13	14	11	15	13	13	13	13	133
iehl	12	12	8	12	15	14	11	11	12	10	117
arker	14	11	10	12	13	11	13	11	13	12	116

Marsh	12	11	13	8	14	12	9	10	10	9	108
Ferguson	12	12	13	11	14	12	15	14	13	11	127
Hale	12	13	11	13	14	11	11	14	12	13	120
Evander	13	12	15	12	15	14	11	11	12	13	131
C. Anderson	13	11	13	10	14	15	12	8	11	11	116
Moore	9	10	14	14	14	11	13	10	10	11	116
Grover	11	13	15	10	12	13	11	10	18	12	117
Hostetter	12	13	14	13	14	11	11	11	13	14	126
Smith	11	10	11	8	13	7	10	12	10	10	102
Finn	10	7	10	8	12	6	9	6
Cadham	13	13	13	11	12	12	14	9	11	11	119
Sightcap	12	8	11	14	12	13	15	10	14	11	120
Cavalier	14	12	14	8	10	14	12	13	14	10	121
Warren	9	8
Walker	..	5
Handy	11	3	3	12

IN NEW JERSEY.

Schortemeier's Shoot.

Carlstadt, N. J., July 22.—The live-bird shoot given by Mr. J. H. Schortemeier on J. H. Outwater's grounds, Carlstadt, was well attended. The forenoon was clear and pleasant. A stiff wind blew across the traps from right to left, assisting the birds materially. In the afternoon, the sky darkened, the wind subsided, and about 3 o'clock a heavy rainstorm set in. The birds were a mixed lot, some good ones, many ordinary. They seemed reluctant to take wing, and as a consequence, there were a large percentage of sitters. In the 15-bird event, Mr. Emile Steffens was the only one to kill straight, and first money amounted to \$12. The moneys were divided according to the Rose system. Five killed 14, five killed 13, three killed 12 and one killed 11, making fourteen out of 21, which were in the money. The scores:

First event, 5 birds, \$2, all at 28yds.: Hathaway 3, Van Valkenburg 3, Richter 4, Morrison 2, Allison 5, Costello 4.

Ten birds: Piercy, 31yds., 10; Van Valkenburg, 28yds., 8; P. May, 9; Welles, 30yds., 8; Richter, 27yds., 7; Hathaway, 28yds., 7; Allison, 9; Morrison, 27yds., 8; Wilson, 28yds., 7; Reiersen, 28yds., 7; Capt. Dreyer, 27yds., 7; Dr. Hudson, 28yds., 9; W. J. Simpson, 30yds., 9.

The main event at 15 birds, \$8.75 entrance, birds included, had twenty-one entries. The scores follow:

H. S. Welles, 30	22202222022222	13
H. Pape, 28	202220222212200	11
P. K. Garrison, 27	221110112221122	14
W. J. Simpson, 30	011221121121112	14
C. E. Eickhoff, 27	2*2110120022010	9
E. Steffens, 28	12212111111211	15
J. Harms, 28	0020010*200000	3
S. H. Hathaway, 28	102201211221210	12
G. H. Piercy, 31	122112222222*2	14
Capt. Dreyer, 27	220000000w	..
P. J. May, 28	2.1220111121210	12
G. G. Van Valkenburg, 28	121102211220222	13
U. J. Wilson, 28	200022220002020	7
B. Waters, 28	121212222121001	13
F. Gerbolini, 28	21211220221122	14
E. A. Meckel, 28	11011201122112	13
C. H. Saldarini, 28	22202222222222	14
J. Klenk, 27	021202012210200	9
J. P. Dannefer, 28	00110*010020020	5
G. W. Allison, 28	111211*210212*1	12
J. Morrison, 27	110221210221122	13

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., July 26.—These scores were made at the last shoot of the Hudson Gun Club.

This club will hold an all-day shoot on Aug. 9. The programme will call for 208 targets at 1½ cents for all shooters. There will be a 100-target event, handicap, for which there will be three prizes to high guns. The first is a \$5 gold piece donated by Mr. George Piercy. The second prize will be \$3, and the third prize, \$2.

All ties for prizes in the 100-target race will be shot off at 15 targets, then miss-and-out.

The club will also give a prize for high average for the day; the 100-bird race does not count in the averages. Programme shooting will begin at 10 A. M. sharp. Refreshments can be had at the grounds.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Floyd	25	23	23	21	21
Floyd, Jr.	8	12	11	14
Herring	10	12
C Von L.	20	22	17	18
Malcomb	11	10	10	14
Gillie	15	15	13	11
Piercy	..	23	21	22	25
Headden	..	13	13	14	..	7	7	8	9	12
W Pearsall	..	9	19	17	..	12	9	13	12	13
H Pearsall	..	17	14	11	..	7	9	9	11	10
Van Valkenburg	23	23	..	14	8	11	12	12	12	9
Staples	23	19	15	12	9	14	13	12	14	12
Wheeler	13	6	5
Hansman	16	13	17	10	5	9	13	11	12	12
F Wheeler	5	2	..	13	..	12	12
Whitley	7
Hughes	16	..	8	9	10
Banta	8	9	7
Van Dyne	11	14	12	11	10	11
Kelley	12	10	8

Providence-Aquidneck Gun Clubs.

THE Providence-Aquidneck gun clubs' midsummer tournament, given under the joint auspices of these two clubs at Newport, R. I., on Wednesday, July 22, was a most successful and enjoyable affair. The weather was fine, the attendance satisfactory and the shooting was of a high order.

Trophy event:

Cup shoot:		
Pollard	1011111011111	11 11 11 10 11—22
Kehl	11111010011100	00 00 00 00 11—12
Thomas	10111111111011	10 10 10 00 10—17
Keck	01111111111110	00 10 05 00 00—14
Kissack	100011111001000	00 11 00 10 11—12
D. Meek	11011111111111	11 11 11 11 11—24
Johnson	011100111110101	00 11 11 10 10—17
E. Wolff	011111111111101	11 10 11 10 10—20
Norton	11111011111111	10 11 11 11 11—23
Eaton	11111111111111	10 11 10 11 10—22
M. G. Eldred	01111111011111	10 00 11 10 00—18
Wilson	01110111101110	11 11 10 10 10—18
E. E. Eldred	101100010000110	01 11 00 00 10—10
Stone	11101011001011	00 11 10 10 11—16
Blowney	011111110000110	
McKinnon	110111100101010	00 10 10 00 11—13
Dorsey	000000000101010	
Chesterman	00111111000100	10 11 10 10 10—14
Ford	111100111101111	00 10 10 10 10—16
Sweeney	11101101011111	11 11 11 10 11 21

Sweepstakes:													
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10
Pollard	7	8	7	8	8	..	E E Eldred....	..	5	5	3
Thomas	8	7	7	8	6	..	Stone	8	9
Kell	6	8	4	5	4	..	Dorsen	3
Kissack	8	6	5	8	10	5	Blowney	6	6
Keck	4	9	9	10	7	..	McKinnon	5	6	8	7	..
Dr Meek	9	10	9	9	8	..	Sweesey	8	10	8	7	..
Johnson	7	6	9	9	Miss Trask	5	6	..
F Wolff	9	10	9	6	Rhodes	9
Norton	10	8	9	9	7	..	Chesterman	6	3	6
Eaton	7	9	8	7	8	10	Ford	10	7
M G Eldred	5	7	8	6	7	..	Smedley	3
Wilson	5	3							

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Five-man team contest, 25 targets per man:

	Frog Inn Team.
Hendrickson11111111111111111111-25
Van Allen11110111111101111111-23
Lockwood0111111111111111110111-23
Losee1110011111110011111111-21
Whitthouse11111111001111111100-21-113

Brooklyn No. 2.	
Keller, Jr.....	11111111111111111110—24
Elliott.....	111111111111111110111111—24
Bennett.....	11111111011111111011101—22
Glover.....	01111111111111111110110—22
Baron.....	11101111111100111101010—19—111

	Brooklyn No. 1.	
Banks011111111111111111111111--	24
Capt. Money111110111110111111111111--	23
Hopkins11011111111111111100011111--	21
Dr Martin111110100011111011111111--	21
Wright1001111100010111111101110--	17-106

In the following scores of the sweepstake events, No. 7 was the grab-bag contest:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	20
Elliott	15	14	15	15	15	14	15	19
Banks	14	14	15	14	15	14	15	20
Van Allen	13	12	13	14	13	11	13	17
Keller, Jr.	8	10	13	13	13	13	11	..
Glover	12	10	14	11	11	12	12	..
Bennett	13	9	12	12	12	12	13	..
Call	13	13	15	15	13	15	11	..
Halsey	14	14	13	12	13	13	12	..
Dr Martin	13	13	14	14	14	12	13	15
Hendrickson	15	14	12	15	14	14	14	19
Losee	12	12	13	..	12	11	7	..
Lockwood	15	14	14	8	8	16
Whitehouse	9	12	11	13	14	18
Capt Money	..	12	15	11	13	14	13	..
Hylland	10	11	11	12	11	19
Miss Hyland	10	11	6	7	..
Wright	12	11	11	8	..
Hopkins	15	15	15	17
Baron	14	12	12	..
Bernel	13	10	11	13
Young	8	9	10	14
Van Steklen	14	..
Schneider	12	16

The high average for the day was made by Mr. E. H. Storr, of Baltimore, with 154 out of 165, though the last event of 25 was a special event, and did not count for the high average. The high amateur average was tied for by Messrs. H. A. George, of Charlottesville, and S. P. Sillings, of Staunton. This tie was shot off miss-and-out, and was won by George, as was also the longest run. The local club extends its thanks to the trade representatives who were present, and rendered such valuable aid. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Targets:	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	25	Broke.
Hawkins	17	15	18	13	19	13	18	15	23	150
G Bruffy	12	11	16	11	16	10	17	14	19	126
Dennis	11	12	16	12	17	13	17	13	21	132
Daune	18	10	18	14	20	14	19	13	20	146
Winfrey	14	13	15	13	20	13	16	14	25	148
George	18	14	20	13	19	13	17	14	19	147
Snow	17	13	18	14	17	14	12	14	22	141
Thomas	15	14	15	13	15	12	19	12	24	139
E W Bruffy	12	12	17	13	17	14	19	14
Baskerville	15	11	16	14	19	14	15	12	19	135
Kiacoffe	17	11	19	14	20	12	19	10	17	139
Sillings	17	11	19	14	18	14	20	15	19	147
McDaniel	15	15	16	12	15	10	17	12	22	134
Wayman	14	13	17	13	18	13	18	15
Sprout	11	11	11	8	14	11	16	10
Craigh	13	8	11	10	17	8	14	11	15	107
Coyner	15	10	16	10	13	11	16	12
W G Ellison	12	11	15	11	18	10	14	10
L A Gaw	18	12	11	13	19	12	16	12
Dr Richardson	12	13	14	10	16	11	16	9
Hawthorne	15	10	11	11	20	12	16	13
Storr	17	14	18	15	19	14	18	15	24	154
Sanford	13	12	17	13	17	10	15	15
Richards	14	15	17	13	15	12	19	14
Harrison	14	12	15	8	11	10	15	9
Pump	13	14	15	10	15	10	12	10	21	120
Link	..	11	13	10	13	19	17	13
Burgess	..	8	10	9	2	8	9
Amiss	..	12	4	7	9	9	7
Jrvine	..	10	6
Venable	15	15	17	11	15	15	18	13	21	140
Draper	..	10	8	11	9	14	6
Poindexter	..	13	7
Fleming	6	12	11	13	9
Cochran	11	10

The team shoot was large, nineteen men on a side, 25 targets per man, 16yds., unknown angles. The scores follow:

Clearview Team.		Highland Team.	
Franklin	18	Harper	22
Muller	23	Laurent	22
Sanford	24	Hamil	21
Forden	22	B Bisbing	21
Ridge	22	Johnson	20
Sibold	20	Hamil	19
Leicht	20	B Bisbing	19
Smith	20	Harper	19
Fisher	20	Denham	18
Jones	20	Johnson	18
Downes	18	Laurent	18
Elwell	18	Larson	18
Davison	17	Myers	16
Southwick	16	Denham	16
Bivans	13	Green	15
Armstrong	14	Green	15
Ludwig	14	Pinkerton	14
Ford	11	Myers	14
Larg	9—341	Larson	14—339

Highland challenge cup event, 25 targets, 16yds. rise: Laurent 22, Hamil 21, B. Bisbing 21, Harper 19, Johnson 18, Denham 18, Green 15, Myers 14, Larson 14.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Shooting during the coming year will be in classes, with two or more prizes in each class, and a special prize for low and high averages.

In the regular weekly shoot the leaders were: Class A, J. W. Chew; Class B, Preston; Class C, Scott. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	15	10	15	50	Targets:	10	15	10	15	50
Malone, 38	10	15	9	14	39	Harker, 18.....	6	11	6	10	31
Chew, 38.....	9	14	10	12	42	Kessell, 18.....	4	10	7	11	33
Preston, 18.....	8	12	9	12	41	Scott, 16.....	6	10	6	11	37
Fray, 16.....	5	7	5	6	21	Harmanson, 16.....	4	7	5	7	18
Winchester, 18.....	6	7	6	11	34	Harmless, 16.....	8	10

Providence-Aquidneck Gun Clubs.

THE Providence-Aquidneck gun clubs' midsummer tournament, given under the joint auspices of these two clubs at Newport, R. I., on Wednesday, July 22, was a most successful and enjoyable affair. The weather was fine, the attendance satisfactory and the shooting was of a high order.

Those present included the cream of Rhode Island trapshooters, as well as many from a greater distance. Mr. J. A. R. Elliott was on hand and gave a rare exhibition of gun pointing, averaging 95 per cent. He was accompanied from New York by Mr. Hlodges, of Olathe, Kans., who with his family has been sojourning in the East for a few weeks. From Norwich, Conn., came Messrs. Taft and Mitchell, of the Norwich Shooting Club.

Griffith was a close second, landing but two targets behind Elliott. Elliott also won the long run prize with 53 straight, and other nice runs were made by several. Griffith made two of 35 each.

For the home club Bowles made the creditable total of 147, averaging 84 per cent. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot		
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	at.	Broke.	Av.
Elliott	15	20	15	19	13	20	14	18	14	19	175	167	.954
Griffith	12	18	12	15	19	15	15	19	15	20	175	165	.942
Getchell	14	13	12	18	14	20	15	17	12	20	175	155	.885
Barstow	14	16	14	17	14	17	11	15	11	20	175	149	.851
Bowler	15	14	11	17	13	15	14	18	14	16	175	147	.840
McArdle	11	14	15	18	12	18	12	17	11	18	175	141	.805
Reiner	13	15	13	12	11	15	9	17	11	16	175	138	.797
Campbell	12	17	13	14	10	16	11	18	6	19	175	136	.777
Lewis	9	16	11	16	14	14	8	17	12	19	175	136	.777
Bain	15	15	13	16	10	12	13	14	10	16	175	134	.765
Francotte	14	13	13	16	14	15	10	15	9	13	175	132	.754
Root	11	11	11	14	10	15	13	17	14	14	175	130	.742
Mead	10	13	9	13	12	18	14	16	8	15	175	128	.731
Powell	14	15	8	12	12	16	10	13	11	15	175	126	.726
Mitchell	9	12	10	14	14	13	10	16	4	14	175	126	.720
Johnson	10	13	12	12	12	14	10	14	12	16	175	125	.710
Tafft	9	10	9	14	9	17	9	15	12	17	175	121	.691
Darling	11	13	10	11	9	14	15	13	11	13	175	120	.685
Cozzens	7	12	13	17	9	11	11	15	11	14	175	120	.685
Cook	11	12	4	10	11	8	11	17	13	15	175	112	.640
Dring	9	14	8	11	11	16	7	11	10	12	175	109	.622
Smith	7	9	6	12	11	12	9	14	140	90	.642
Eggers	12	12	10	11	8	17	8	10	140	88	.628
Wilbur	11	11	11	13	13	15	7	120	81	.675
Hodges	12	15	10	17	10	18	10	120	87	.725
Griffin	11	17	10	18	11	16	105	83	.790
Peckham	9	16	16	14	11	14	105	77	.730
Cate	9	11	7	13	8	85	48	.564
Coggeshall	11	13	6	11	7	15	105	68	.600
Sherman	11	8	3	8	75	30	.400

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 22.—Mr. H. M. Stewart, scratch, made a straight score of 25 in both the main events, as per the appended scores.

The Rochester Rod and Gun Club is preparing for a two day tournament to be held Sept. 2 and 3. A large attendance is assured, as already a number of prominent trapshooters have signified their intention to be present. The programme will consist of ten events each day, with 20 targets in each event. Money will be added to the purse in each event, and a grand average prize will be given for the best general average each day.

The headquarters of the shooters will be at the Hotel Eggleston. The programme will be out in a few days.

Club handicap:

	Allowed.	Broke.		Allowed.	Broke.
Weller	27	22	Borst	29	18
Adkin	25	22	Kelly	29	21
Gardner	30	20	Coughlin	30	24
Gibbs	30	12	Madison	32	19
Rogers	30	24	Klock	32	22
Shoemaker	30	21	Stewart	25	25

Clark and Adkin cup:

	Allowed.	Broke.		Allowed.	Broke.
Weller	27	20	Coughlin	29	21
Smith	30	14	Kelly	28	15
Borst	28	17	Adkin	25	21
Gardner	29	22	Stewart	25	25
Rogers	30	22	Klock	32	22

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—The scores herewith were made at the regular bi-monthly prize shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, July 25. Events 5 and 6 were the regular prize events. No. 7, at 10 targets, was for a special prize given by the captain of the club. Hyland won first in the first event on the toss of a coin. Hubbell shot Hyland out on the second target in a miss-and-out for first prize in the second event. Burns won the special prize in event 8. The next series of prizes will be shot for on Aug. 8. Blandford shot his new prize Lefever to-day with excellent results.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	15	10	
G Hubbell, 16	5	8	6	..	12	12	10	5
C Blandford, 21	9	7	14	10	8	
A Bedell, 20	8	11	10	6	
J Hyland, 16	5	9	..	8	14	12	..	
A Burns, 16	9	7	8	9	12	11	8	
J Shotwell, 16	2	3	
Miss F Gibson, 16	2	
A Smith	2	8	
A Aitchison	6	

C. G. B.

Winnipeg Gun Club.

THE monthly medal shoot of the Winnipeg Gun Club was held to-day at the club grounds on St. John's Common. Scores in the various classes were as follows:

Class A: R. J. McKay 23, C. M. Scott 22, F. G. Simpson 22,
H. Lighthead 21, F. Cadham 19, M. Putnam 11.

Class B: H. B. Trotter 20, J. McIntyre 12, H. Hargrave 12. A number of visitors up for the tournament this week were present, and participated, Riehl making the only clean score of the day. Scores: Riehl 25, E. Cavalier 23, A. Brittan 22, C. H. Parker 11, J. Brown 20, M. J. Miller 16, R. W. Main 17, Jas. Marsh 18, H. A. Durkee 17, R. Girdlestone 18, E. J. Harrison 11, B. O. Seymour 21, G. Cochrane 15. — HAWKEYE.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Company, Bridgeport, Conn., have artistically prepared a souvenir cartridge, of the high-power kind used by the American team in the recent successful contest for the Palma trophy, and they will be pleased to send one to each applicant.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New Haven, Conn., announces that the Winchester rifle, model 1903, automatic, hammerless, takedown, adapted to the .22cal. rim-fire cartridge, is now on the market. To manipulate it in action all that is necessary is to pull and release the trigger at each shot. The recoil ejects the empty shell, cocks the hammer, and reloads. The rifle weighs about 5½ pounds. Length over all, 36 inches. For descriptive circular, address the W. R. A. Co.

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Game laws are said to be directly opposed to the liberties of the subject; I am well persuaded that they may be carried too far, and that they really are in most parts of Europe. But it is equally certain that where there are none, there never is any game; so that the difference between the country where laws of this kind exist and that where they are unknown, must be that in the former very few individuals will enjoy the privilege of hunting and eating venison, and in the latter this privilege will be enjoyed by nobody.—Diary of John Quincy Adams, 1787-8.

AN INSTRUCTIVE PREAMBLE.

THE framers of Tennessee's new game law have improved the opportunity to embody in the first section of the measure a preamble setting forth the basic principle of the ownership and control of game. It is enacted by the people of Tennessee in Legislature assembled:

"That the wild game within this State belongs to the people in their collective sovereign capacity. It is not the subject of private ownership except in so far as the people may elect to make it so; and they may, if they see fit, absolutely prohibit all taking of it or traffic or commerce in it, if it is deemed necessary for the protection or preservation of the public good. Therefore all game or wild animals or wild birds now or hereafter within the State not held by private ownership legally acquired, and which for the purposes of this act shall include all quadrupeds and birds mentioned in this act, are hereby declared to be the property of the State; and no right, title, interest, or property therein can be acquired or transferred, or possession thereof had or maintained except as herein expressly provided."

This is, of course, sound doctrine, and it was well enough to make it a part of the statute. Such expositions of the fundamental principles cannot be made too often. There still prevails widespread and diverse popular misconception of relative public rights and personal rights in game. Not until the individual shall understand that he has no rights in game other than such as are accorded to him by the State, may we expect him to respect and abide by the game laws.

A NOISE IN THE NIGHT.

FROM New Orleans comes a pathetic story of a dog which died of a broken heart. George Luce, a resident of Prytania street, owned a pure bred collie, Bruno, which was valued and loved as the children's playfellow and the guardian of the house. Next door lived Joseph Marks, who had no love for dogs and could not sleep when they barked and howled and bayed under his window at night. Bruno, Marks averred, persistently practiced all these nocturnal accomplishments, and recourse was had to the courts to stop his continuous performance. Marks brought suit against Luce, and secured an injunction forbidding Bruno's barking. Bruno barked, and Marks had resort to a rule of contempt, which was granted by the court. Bruno was then sent away and consigned to the care and keeping of a servant, but could not endure his banishment. "That night Bruno sickened. Yesterday morning he died, and had a human being died under the same circumstances the world would have said a heart was broken by the strokes of a fate deemed all too cruel, but as it was a dog—it died of extreme nervousness."

Aside from the pathos of the dog's taking off, the feature of the circumstances which is most worthy of note is the success of Marks in abating the nuisance of the noise at night. The result he secured was by no means the usual ending of such cases. As a rule, the next door neighbor complains, but the dog keeps on barking just the same.

The dog that barks o' nights is a prolific source of discord among neighbors. In a city block, where the houses are built around four sides of a square, one vociferous and megaphonic dog may irritate many people awakened and kept awake by his maddening uproar. As a rule, the neighbors suffer in silence. Frequently the dog and his master are recommended to the attention of the authorities; but the obstacles which the board of health and the police put in the way of a sufferer seeking relief are usually such as to deter activity in this direction.

In theory the citizen is entitled to repose at night, and the board of health and the police are provided to secure him in the enjoyment of that repose; as a matter of fact

they do no such thing, save in exceptional cases. As a rule the sufferer who seeks to abate the dog barking nuisance by the duly provided legal and lawful means discovers that the mode of procedure is practically inoperative; and discouraged by the futility of his efforts for relief, nerves himself to endure the ills he cannot cure.

CONCERNING THE CHILDISHNESS OF THE GROWN-UP.

It is a common observation that human nature is much the same the world over. Mankind, civilized or savage, has a great uniformity in inherited characteristics; the greatest differences are to be found in his acquired knowledge.

Primitive man, simple, untutored, undeveloped in mind, has been compared to a grown up child. Savage tribes have their leaders who, feeling the superiority consequent to superior knowledge, popular homage, and official station, comport themselves with great and serious dignity, analogous to their civilized compeers under like conditions. But civilized man, adult and mature, has quite as much of the grown-up child in his nature as has the savage. It manifests itself in a thousand forms in his unconventional, unstudied, playful moments.

New York may be taken as the most conspicuous exemplar of the grave, sedate man of affairs and the intelligent child, in one and the same person. In no city in America is life so intense as in New York. The most work and the most play must be pressed into the smallest measure of time. If the man would play he must play quickly. And, at play, he is not burdened by conventionality. He reverts to the simple ways of primitive man.

In the hot days of summer the seashore is a favorite playground for the dwellers of New York. Two circumstances contribute to this condition—it is a pleasurable place to sojourn, and it is the only available place for the masses. Coney Island is the most famous gathering place for that large and useful class of society called the people. It has been estimated that on each one of recent Sundays about 250,000 people, men, women and children, congregated there to enjoy the various simple amusements offered for their delectation.

The grown up woman rides side by side with the callow girl on the wooden horses of the merry-go-round, each with the same expression of proud pleasure flowing from conscious skill and graceful horsemanship. Betimes a man, long past the meridian of life, side by side with the boy, will venture to take the childish ride; and to the clamor of the machine music and the gallop of the machine horse, he throws out his chest, sits proudly erect, and assumes all the airs of realism as if he were the conquering hero.

The seashore, on the warm days, swarms with people. The gray-whiskered man may be seen with the boy's toy shovel, gravely scooping sand over his gray-whiskered reclining friend with a purpose to bury him. As the work advances and success impends, they laugh merrily, as do the little boys near by engaged in a similar task.

In the water the man with the white whiskers splashes his friend with the gray head, both exhibiting the same merriment of their associate playfellows, the children of tender years.

One form of simple amusement seems to appeal strongly to the mature of both sexes. A tortuous shute, something like a half cylinder in shape, highly polished inside so that sliding is easy, is the mechanical part. The manner of enjoying the sport which it affords is to be seated in the shute, then so seated slide from the top to the bottom, and so ecstatic is this intellectual form of sport that, in the busy hours of the day, the shute is taxed to its full limit. The man and the child seem to enjoy it all in an emotional way, and to enjoy it equally. The big wheels, the bicycles which run on trolleys, the swings, the miniature railway trains, all have their patrons exactly alike in their emotional enjoyment, though varying greatly in size and external appearances, as becomes children between the ages of 5 and 70 years.

But the relaxation from care and labor thus afforded confers its benefits. It is the natural way of recuperation, and therefore the very best, even if it does show that human nature is much alike the world over, and that human nature is childish nature.

SPORTSMEN AND OTHERS.

MR. ABBOTT H. THAYER's plea for patience in discussing the matter of the preservation of forms of life must appeal strongly to all the mature generation of sportsmen. Nothing is more difficult than to give to our fellow men satisfactory reasons for the faith that is in us, whether it be our faith as to religion, or art, or science. By his training—his education, association, and environment from youth to middle life—each man builds up for himself a series of reasons for doing or for not doing various things, but these reasons, while to his mind all sufficient, may not at all appeal to the minds of his fellows.

It is commonly said that the primitive man desired to kill in order that he and his family might eat, and that the immature sportsman's wish to kill much game is merely a survival of this desire for food.

It is now coming to be generally believed that the less nature is interfered with the better, for it is nature that makes the world beautiful. There is beauty in art, but art can never equal nature. On the other hand, civilization is directly opposed to nature, and in the highest development of civilization nature scarcely exists.

It is unquestionably the fact that with maturity comes a lessened desire to kill, and an increased appreciation of the beauty of nature's objects, unspoiled by contact with man. So it often happens that men who, after having been for fifteen or twenty years mighty hunters before the Lord, at last put aside their guns and rifles, and, arming themselves with field glass or camera, still enjoy all the pleasures of the stalk, missing only the toil of the butchering and the return to camp laden with meat. Such men, sometimes shooting at a mark, find that their old skill with the rifle still remains with them, and have no special ambition to prove this by taking life.

On the other hand, there is more truth than at first appears in Mr. Paige's contention that in many cases it is the men who kill animals directly who are most active in preserving and increasing the animals for a useful purpose. Such men are foremost among those who advocate the establishment of game refuges in forest reserves; the establishment of Federal and State parks, where absolutely no killing shall be permitted; the abbreviation of open times for the killing of game; the limiting of bags; the killing of males only of the herbivorous animals.

It is too much to say that any one class is all right or all wrong. Presumably most of us prefer the right to the wrong, and each in his own way is striving to do what is possible—often little rather than much—to better the conditions that surround us, whether they have to do with fish, or birds, or big game. But, as Mr. Thayer remarks, we should discuss all these matters in temperate fashion, and not in a spirit too critical of our neighbors.

PERSONS engaged in the little-neck clam fishery are only too well aware that under existing conditions the clam is doomed to extinction. The demand is enormous, and the rewards of clamming are so great as to stimulate the industry far beyond a reasonable limit. The remedy proposed is to put the clam grounds into the same system of individual control which now prevails as to oyster grounds. Were the owners of clam grounds secured in their exclusive rights as are the owners of oyster grounds, with corresponding pains and penalties for infringement of those rights, each owner would look out for his own clams, and the supply would be continuously renewed from year to year by planting and protection, as in oyster farming.

There is no halo of romance about the little-neck clam, but the economic considerations are of substantial importance, and the clam is a resource which should be maintained. The subject might well receive attention at the meeting of the New England Fish Commissioners in Boston next month to consider the lobster situation.

THE tributes to Prof. Spencer F. Baird at the unveiling of the Woods Holl memorial the other day were expressive of the deep and lasting regard entertained for that great man by all who knew him. We have reprinted the paragraph from Mr. Livingston Stone's earlier paper because it is fitting that the qualities of Prof. Baird there described should be held up anew to our admiration. In honoring him by providing this monument of granite and bronze, the American Fisheries Society has honored itself.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Into Val del Bove.

The following paper is the conclusion of the narrative, of which the first part was given in our issue of July 25. It is from the pen of Maj. Albert Woodcock, at the time United States Consul, Catania. This relation of Maj. Woodcock's ascent of Mount Ætna was given in a series of letters to his son, Dr. A. J. Woodcock, Riverside Farm, Byron, Ill., who has most courteously edited them for publication in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

But two of our party responded to reveille, Mr. Aelig and myself. The order was:

"All who wish to ascend the cone to see sun-rise, fall into line." Mr. Aelig, a native of the Alps, who had climbed the highest peaks of Switzerland, the athlete of our party, fell into the line with fourteen others who had just arrived from Catania.

They filed away in their upward march. I seated myself by a snow pile and luxuriated in munching this delicious article unknown to Catania, unless brought down from Ætna on the backs of mules. I never saw the heavens so bright and beautiful but once before, and that was when I visited Ætna in 1884. I can never forget that scene. Very many starry clusters were visible that cannot be seen in the lower altitude. The constellations seemed larger, nearer, and glowed with a richer light. The "Milky Way" was broader; its effulgence more brilliant; and it seemed a great highway of bright glory stretching across the heavens, such as angels may frequent in their visitations to earth. Meteors shot in fiery curves through the sky. The myriads of stars that spangled the heavens mingled their sparkling radiance with that of the moon, and the great cone and its slopes were bathed in a soft, silvered light almost as bright as daylight. Shakespeare says there are sermons in stones. Certainly there was a most eloquent sermon in that beautiful starry canopy. Brydone accounts for this unusual brilliancy of the heavens as seen from Mount Ætna by saying:

"We had now passed through over 12,000 feet of gas vapor that blunts and confuses every ray before it reaches the surface of the earth."

I returned to the observatory, and to bed for another hour's rest, when we all arose and went out to see the sun rise from the Torre del Filosofo (Tower of the Philosopher). This tower is now in ruins; nothing remaining but its foundation, which is mostly composed of ancient bricks like those in the walls of the Greek theatre of Taormina. This tower is said to have been erected many centuries before Christ by Empidocles of Agrigento (now Girgenti), who was a poet and philosopher. He was doubtless a crank, for he afterwards threw himself into the burning crater, hoping thus to convince the people that he was a god. The mountain ejected one of his bronze sandals, showing to the people that he was but mortal like themselves. Horace speaks of him in his "Ars Poetica." The tower was probably built by the Roman Emperor Hadrian about A. D. 120, from which to witness sunrise.

Soft twilight was stealing upon us, gradually growing brighter. The Calabrian peaks emerged from the great sea below us, and seemed to be almost beneath our feet. Some flashes of red streaked upward from behind the eastern crests. The sea was of a dark gray, over which were rolling fleecy vapors. Soon the red streaks upon the sky flashed into colors of gold, the sea changing to a purple. As the sun showed its upper rim above a prominent peak, the sea changed from rose to ultramarine, and the vapors were driven away. We returned his glorious smile and were happy, for we were bathed in sunlight. The valleys away below us were in dark shade, but the peaks above them were bright with the rays of the sun. Mr. Aelig joined us radiant with pleasure at having seen sunrise from the top of the great cone. We took a hasty lunch, preparatory to our descent into Val del Bove. Our blankets, overcoats and everything but our rations were sent back with the mules to Nicolosi. When in Nicolosi we had engaged mules and drivers to enter the valley at its eastern outlet by way of Zaffarano and meet us at the foot of the great descent. With our two guides, Antonio and Vincenzo, we set out. We passed the ruined tower of Empidocia and soon came to a rocky crest overlooking the valley. Here we seated ourselves and passed a half hour in viewing the wonderful scenery outstretched below us. We looked down upon a great black gulf of horrid desolation cut out from the side of Mount Ætna. It is walled in by mountains on the north, south and west. These rise almost perpendicular into the heavens from 2,000 to 4,000 feet. On the west side the valley has almost eaten its way into the fiery heart of the monster volcano. It sloped to the east opening out towards the sea. The north wall, or mountain chain, is called Serra del le Concazio; the south, Serra del le Soluzio, which terminates at the west in the lofty peak, Mount Agnuolo. The great crater of Ætna forms the west wall.

Val del Bove is five miles in width. This great black chasm is sufficiently large to hold Mt. Vesuvius within its embrace, in which that volcano would appear insignificant by the side of its great compeer. Below us, seemingly beneath our feet, was a chain of lofty rocks called Serra Gianicolo, that curved around to the southeast. This rocky chain with the western part of the Solfizio Mountains encloses a region called Trifoglietto. According to Sir Charles Lyell and other eminent geologists this mountain basis was formerly a great crater of eruption like that of Mount Ætna. Its great throat is now filled up to the very lips of its distended mouth with volcanic sand, scoria and lava boulders.

About half way down the valley, jutting out from the northern wall, towers upward like a great pinnacle Rocca Capra (Goat Rock). A little to the west and south of Capra looms upward into the sky a great solitary rock called Masara. To the south of Masara is a lofty mountain peak called Finocchio Superiore.

Directly west of this is another and smaller crest named Finocchio Inferiore. Around the rocky base of these towering peaks the fiery lava had swept in rivers and congregated into billowy crests of stone.

A little further down the valley and near the south wall was visible the rocky brow of Mount Callana. Below us a short distance northeast of the Gianicolo rocks were two large craters side by side, thrown up in 1852. The large and easterly one is called Centenoria. From our high perch we looked down into the great black throats of these two craters. In past ages trees grew in this valley. Vegetation wove its carpets of green upon its inclined slopes. It was the great pasture field of herds of cattle, hence its name Val del Bove (Valley of the Oxen). Still, from the earliest records we have of this valley, serpentine courses of lava were visible wending their way through it. When Sir Charles Lyell first visited the valley in 1828 trees were still scattered through it with here and there an oasis of beautiful verdure breaking in upon its terrible sterility. The eruption of 1852, one of the greatest that history records, changed all this. The two craters mentioned above threw out a sea of lava that rolled over the valley, destroying every tree, and every green thing and converting it perfectly into a scene of indescribable horror.

Simond says:

"It is a hideous place like a pit in Dante's hell, disused for some unexplained reason and untenanted by friends." As we looked down upon it, it resembled a great sea of storm-tossed billows with curling crests, suddenly, as if by magic, turned to lifeless stone. Sir Charles Lyell visited the valley six years after the great eruption of 1852. He says, "The stern and severe grandeur of the scenery is not such as would be selected by a poet for a vale of enchantment." The character of the same would accord far better with Milton's picture of the infernal world; and if we imagine ourselves to behold in motion, in the darkness of night, one of these fiery currents which have so often traversed the valley we may recall:

"Our dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these vivid flames
Casts pale and dreadful."

The fearful descent was before us, 4,000 feet downward, with a very steep decline. The guides said they had never known of a woman's essaying the descent. Prof. Silvestri told me the same, saying it would be very difficult for a lady. The order came to descend. The eye of our lady was resolute and she seemed full of confidence and cool courage. The guides lifted her down a great precipitous rock, we scrambling after as best we could. With a guide on either side she led the van in the perilous descent, the rest of us like bold squires following in the rear, save our Alps friend, Aelig, who shot off at a tangent far away in advance. A loose boulder touched with the foot would start downward, at first slowly and then instantly increasing its speed until, bounding and thundering with fury, it disappeared into the dark regions below. The declivity is composed of tufa rock, its surface being slightly sprinkled with volcanic sand, making it difficult to get a foothold. My Italian friend, Signori Allegro, who made the descent a few days ago, broke his alpenstock, fell, and commenced to roll downward. Had it not been for the agility of his guides he must have been dashed in pieces on the rocks below. He told me that when he was rolling downward he suffered in mind all of the agonies of a fearful death. About half way down we came to the first rock of the Gianida range called Teatro Piccolo (Little Theatre). There, panting and blowing we were glad to rest in a shallow cave or opening protected from the sun.

After refreshing ourselves with cold coffee, we again set out. We found the lower half of the declivity less steep and more thickly imbedded with volcanic sand. We had a better foothold, and found the descent less fatiguing. We finally reached that part of the Serra Gianicolo, called Teatro Grande (Great Theatre), a stupendous pile of stately basalt formation, its lofty summit being crowned with tufa. It is rectangular in shape. Its strata are horizontal, and it resembled a huge pile of finely split cord-wood. The Americans named it the "Cord-wood Pile." High up on the side of the south range, overlooking the ancient crater of Trifoglietto, a cluster of gracefully formed pinnacles shot upward into the sky. Together they resembled a great ancient castle with turrets, and walls, and donjon-keep. This we named the castle. The mountains that rim the valley are made strikingly picturesque by immense vertical ridges of dolomite and green stone, that stand out in bold relief like great ribs from their perpendicular sides. Two of these vertical ridges or walls, parallel and near to each other, reminded us Americans of the Devil's Slide in Echo Canyon; though they are much larger and grander, we, of course, called them the Devil's Slide.

On reaching the bottom of the valley we expected to find our mules awaiting us; but they were not there. We scanned the black dreary waste with our glasses. They were not to be seen. We hallooed, but no response came back save the echoes awakened from the lofty rocks which seemed to mock us in our distress. Our coffee and water were gone. We had wine, but this is no substitute for nature's beverage of pure sparkling cold water. We were weary. We were thirsty. What were we to do? We could not sit in this horrible pit waiting for mules that might never come. Far distant to the south, across an arm of the lava sea, we saw some green trees high up on a gentle declivity of the mountain. We resolved to make for this bright oasis. Miss Jones led the way, a trusty guide on either side. We ascended the lava bad. It was cruel, wicked and hideous in its black tortions. The lava in places, when hot, had twisted itself into the forms of great serpents, and then congealed to stone. Sharp, jagged points projected upwards assuming fantastic shapes not unlike animals or fiends as sketched by Doré. We would climb one great billow, surmount its ragged crest, then descend into the hollow; then mount another; and thus we crawled along like snails in our weary course. There was no music of purling

streams, or babbling brooks to cheer us and give us hope. There were no songs of birds; no sharp treble of insects, not even the chirp of a cricket, but everything was black, silent, stone-dead. Our hands were cut, our clothes torn, and our feet became sore. Our heroine's arms were black and blue where the guides grasped them in the descent. Some of our party began to murmur, but not a word of complaint escaped from her lips. I had planned the expedition and suffered remorse for leading my friends into this horrible valley to wander like condemned spirits in purgatory.

After toiling for a couple of hours in the midst of frightful chaos we reached the south shore of the lava sea. Three wolfish looking dogs dashed forward and with loud baying disputed our further passage. Their loud barking and hostile attitude gave us pleasure, for we knew their master must be near. He soon appeared from behind a rock, stormed off the dogs, and with looks of the utmost astonishment gave us a welcome. He was a shepherd, and a fine type of the Sicilian peasant. His long knit cap of blue hung downward, like a bag, from his head to his waist, terminating in a tassel. He wore knee breeches with stockings, a short jacket, and sandals of raw cowhide on his feet. He gave his name as Pasquale Cavallaro. His sheep and goats were reclining in the shade of the beech trees on the mountain side, the beautiful oasis we had seen in the distance. Among the trees a spring of pure cold water bubbled upward, but its limpid stream was licked up by the acid soil within a few feet of its source. Pasquale conducted us to his hut. It was roughly built of lava rocks, circular in form, and surmounted by a conical roof of thatched straw. Inside was a great open-mouthed fireplace. In front he had erected a shade with boughs cut from the beech trees, of which the leaves were still green. Beneath this bower we seated ourselves upon lava boulders, cushioned with goat skins. Limpid water cold from the springs slaked our thirst. An abundant repast spread beneath the leafy canopy appeared our famishing hunger. At once we were in good humor and happy.

We were seated upon the southern rim of the ancient crater of Trifoglietto. A great mountain peak rose perpendicularly 4,000 feet into the heavens above us. Upon its crest was a shepherd looking down upon the convivial feast below. At the base of the range a species of sorrel grows, and broom is sparsely scattered about. Pasquale's sheep and goats picked their scanty living from this vegetation. The Messina Consul had lost the soles of his shoes. The soles of mine were going "flippity flap" at every step and I was obliged to cut them off. Our heroine's little shoes were torn into fragments and looked like tufts of feathers, but what cared we now, rested and refreshed as we were, with the long-looked-for mules approaching in the distance? Our guides had found them a mile or two down the valley behind some great lava billows, where they had been awaiting us since early morning. Pasquale said he had never before seen foresteri (foreigners) in the valley, hence his great surprise. We made his heart glad with a few pieces of silver. We then mounted and were away, Pasquale saying: "I kiss the hands of the lady and the gentlemen. God bless your worships."

Our rough, stony bridle path wound along beneath the overhanging cliffs of Solfizio. We finally reached Mount Callana, flanking its base to the south. There we made a steep descent over great beetling rocks into the Callana valley below. To our right towered above us an immense lava cascade 400 feet in height. In the eruption of 1852 the lava poured over it in fiery sheets. When the eruption ceased the lava of the fall cooled and hardened to stone. The cascade and its lava sheets are as perfect as if carved out of the igneous rock by sculptors. From the valley of Callana our way wound through the Porteli, the east gateway (or exit) of the great valley, and we were soon among fruit orchards and vineyards. A sparkling stream, fed by the snow above, came foaming and purling in an open aqueduct, making joyous music in its course. We soon entered Zaffarano, a town of some 4,000 people, where we found our carriage from Catania awaiting us. We proceeded to the beautiful villa of Marana. The gate was flung open to us by the servants and we had a warm welcome into this hospitable domain. This villa is owned by Signori Nunzio Consoli Marano, a wealthy merchant of Catania.

Signori Marano is an ardent admirer of our great republic. He had placed his villa at our disposal. It is one of the most beautiful and lovely of all Sicily. A fountain was playing in its court. A great flower garden surrounded it. Myriads of flowers of every hue, from the pearly white to the deepest blush of pink and rose, were in bloom. Their sweet fragrance perfumed the air. Palm and other semi-tropical trees waved luxuriantly their broad leaves. An artificial grotto, embowered in ferns, was mirroring itself in a crystal lakelet below. Golden pheasants, with their beautiful plumage, added to the richness of the scene. Ætna, towering above us, was crowned by a white flossy cloud. Thus we had emerged from "Inferno" into "Paradise." Blackened, begrimed like chimney sweeps, we retired to the bath in our rooms. We came out clean and refreshed. Miss Jones appeared at the head of our dinner table entirely transformed. She did not in the least resemble our heroine of Ætna and Val del Bove. The Goddess of Liberty could not have presided with more grace than she did at our festal board.

In the beautiful parlor of the villa, we Americans were gladdened by a fine picture upon the wall of the President of the United States, and by a splendid photograph of General Grant in uniform.

Zaffarano, as above written, is a village of over 4,000 inhabitants. Its altitude above the sea is 1,748 feet. It has many times been shaken to the ground by earthquakes. Lava fields almost surround it. The views from it of Mount Ætna and the Solfizio Mountains are very fine and remind one of the scenery of the Alps. An earthquake a few weeks before had shaken the town. One of its churches was badly injured. We saw a large number of women carrying sand and stone in their aprons to the workmen. Thus they manifested

their religious zeal. American ladies are just as active for the good cause. Instead of carrying sand and stone in their aprons to the builders, they work faithfully in ways well known, and by their sweet smiles and winning grace open the purses of their less religious lords.

After dinner and a sweet rest in the sylvan bowers of the beautiful garden we set out for Catania. Miss Jones bore away a trophy of lovely flowers from the Mariano Villa. The full moon was wading through gossamer clouds high up in the heavens. A broad band of silver light was shimmering upon the placid sea below us. Our drive downwards through the orange groves and many villages was most delightful. We reached the Catania Consulate about 10 o'clock at night, and our excursion, so full of adventure and the wonderful, was ended. ALBERT WOODCOCK.

Kut-ai-Nah.

KUT-AI-NAH—No Chief—is a grim looking old Blackfoot who lives on the Two Medicine River. His features are not pleasing; his nose has been broken and is dished in the middle of its length; his chin is long, wide, protruding; his eyes have a cold, cruel expression; all in all, he is about the very last man one would suspect of having any kind qualities in his moral make up.

In the winter No Chief lives in a warm and comfortable log cabin; in summer he camps out in a lodge. Around the house is no litter of chips, old clothes and tin cans, such as is often seen in the dooryards of even white settlers; the grassy sward is clean and well preserved. In the house the floors are always spotlessly clean; the iron bedsteads are covered with clean blankets, quilts and pillows. You should see how neat the cupboard is; No Chief himself often inspects it, and with a stick rubs and scrapes the under rims of the tin plates where they are most apt to become discolored and rusty. His wives are always neatly dressed. He himself, when at home, wears the old time costume of leggings, breech-clout, shirt and blanket, but in a trunk or bureau is always a good suit of "white man's clothes" which he puts on whenever he visits the agency or the trader's store.

No Chief's face betrays his character. He is a most kindly man, good to his wives, his children and grandchildren, generous to the needy and afflicted, always advising the youths to lead sober, industrious lives. Moreover, he is a living example of my old friend the trader's oft repeated assertion that "you never can size an Indian up and tell what he is liable to do or not to do." For the old man has, and has had for more than thirty years, carefully put away in a fringed and painted parfleche sack the bones of a human skeleton. And the Blackfeet, understand, have a deep rooted dread—a terrible fear—of human remains; they believe that the ghost or spirit of the dead often returns to visit these remains of its earthly body, and always causes affliction of some sort, often death, to those who disturb or even camp near them. It is very odd, then, quite remarkable, indeed, that No Chief should keep these bones after having been raised in this belief. For years, whenever he traveled, the sack of bones was carefully packed on a led horse. In the lodge, in the house, at night and in bad weather, it has always hung suspended above his seat at the rear of the dwelling, and on fair days swung in the breeze outside, suspended from a painted medicine tripod.

I have known No Chief for more than twenty years; hunted with him, lived in the same camp with him for months at a time, but until recently I never heard of the skeleton he has kept so long and carefully. I scented a story at once, and rode over to his house, arriving there along in the afternoon. The old man welcomed me, gave me the seat of honor, filled his great pipe, and we smoked together, talking about the news of the reservation and other common matters. I knew better than to broach the object of my visit until after dark. In the daytime, as every Blackfoot knows, one must not talk of ghosts or spirits, or of the doings of the gods, else he will be stricken blind. But after the simple evening meal, when the candles had been lighted and the great stone pipe refilled, I got the story.

"There it hangs," said No Chief, in answer to my query, pointing to the sack hanging above him against the wall. "How I got it, why I have kept it, is in part the story of my life; you shall hear it."

"When my father died, he was killed in a battle with the Assinaboines, I was about twelve years old; my brother, perhaps two years younger, and my good mother composed our little family. As soon as it was known that my father was dead, his relatives came and took the horses he had owned, leaving us but one poor old travois animal. Our lodge was old, torn and leaky; we had but few robes to cover us; we were very poor. We had no weapons; the enemy who killed my father got them as well as his scalp. Those were very miserable times for us; my brother and I herded horses for some of the large herd owners; my mother tanned robes, embroidered moccasins and war clothes for the great hunters, and in that way we finally got another horse; the two could pack our poor outfit, and we were enabled to move camp, all three of us walking, of course. It is a dreadful thing to be poor. I made up my mind that I would not remain so long. The years passed and I attained the age when I would be permitted to go with the older men to war. I had gone through the long fast, my dream had given me good medicine. I had earned a bow and a quiver of good arrows. I was ready, impatient to start, to begin the life of a man. It was early in the spring that the chance came; I went with a party as servant to the partizan, carrying his moccasins and robes, his medicine sack and robe, waiting on him whenever we camped. I had not listened uselessly to the stories of my elders by the lodge fire for many an evening; I knew what to do and was prompt to act; the partizan was pleased with me and very kind. At last, after many days' travel, we discovered a great camp of the enemy on Little River (Milk River), in the long timbered bottom where it joins the Missouri. We cached among the cottonwoods and willows all that day, and when night came the partizan instructed us. He said that we should all go into the camp, each man for himself, remembering to be very cautious, very quiet, to take no chances of discovery by hurried work, for the lives of all depended upon the actions of each one. Yes,

I was allowed to go in, too, instead of waiting at the place it had been agreed that we should meet, as a servant is generally required to do in order to help hold the horses as they are driven in. I was not much afraid when I entered that great camp. I thought of my poor mother, of my brother, of the hard life we had led. I determined to take all the horses I could, for their sake as well as mine. I would be very careful, but if I was discovered—well, I could die. I entered the circle of the village, praying my dream to give me success. The fires in the lodges had long since died out, and the people slept; here and there I could hear their loud snoring as I passed along. 'Remember,' our partizan had said, 'not to prowl around too slowly, nor to crawl, nor go stooped over, lest the dogs become suspicious of you and give the alarm.'

"Well, there were many horses picketed in that camp, all around between the lodges. I cut the ropes of two and led them to our meeting place, where I tied them and returned for more. I made three trips and got six head in all. My companions had done much better, taking, some of them, as many as fifteen. I wanted to go back once more, but the partizan gave the word and we started for home, driving the band before us, at first slowly, and then, when beyond hearing of the enemy, as rapidly as possible, often stopping to catch and ride fresh horses. The Assinaboines, when they discovered their loss, may have followed our trail; most likely they did, but we never saw them. There never was a prouder and happier youth than I was when I rode into our camp and gave my mother and brother the horses I had taken, reserving only one for myself. 'The days of our poverty are over,' I told them. 'I can now run buffalo, and we will have a plenty of good robes and meat. I will go to war again and again; we will own a big herd.' My mother cried from joy at my words and embraced me.

"Hai-yah! It was not to be as I had said. I have long since learned never to say, I will do this or that, but I hope to do this. Sometimes, no matter how deserving we may be, the gods seem to forsake us. But a short time after I returned I was stricken by a very painful disease; my feet swelled up, I could not sleep, I could not walk; I could do nothing but suffer. In vain the doctors and medicine men strove to cure me; they could do no good, and I suffered; oh, what terrible pain I endured, not for a month, nor a winter, but for three long years. My brother and mother were more than kind; they helped me in and out of the lodge, laced me on a travoi when camp was moved, did all they possibly could for my comfort. With my bow and arrows, riding the swift horse I had taken, my brother kept us well supplied with buffalo hides and meat. In the second summer of my sickness he had grown to be a tall strong youth, and in turn he went to war with a party, servant to the partizan as I had been. They went southward to the Yellowstone country in search of the Crows. Each day of their absence, as the medicine man rode around through the camp calling out their names and reminding the people to pray for their success and safe return, we cut a notch in a stick to mark the time of their absence. Those days seemed very long; my mother and I worried so much that we could scarcely eat; from the very first day we feared the worst. At last, one afternoon, the party returned, not riding joyously into camp astride horses of the enemy. No; they came in afoot, silently, slowly, what there was left of them, and my brother was one of the missing. His body lay on the banks of the Yellowstone; the Crows, surprising the party, had killed him and four others. This was a terrible blow to us; my mother nearly died of grief. I don't know how we got through the next few months; it was a very miserable time. Early in the following winter, after I had about given up hope of ever being well again, my feet began to improve. I got up and walked. Slowly and for a short distance at first; then more steadily and further, until by spring, strange to say, I was as sound as ever, and able to take part in the hunt.

"It was sometime after the grass became green that a party was made up to go against the Crows, and I joined it. It was the opportunity I had been looking for. Two of my companions had been members of the party my brother had joined, and when we arrived at the Yellowstone they pointed out to me the battle ground and the place where my brother had fallen. I went to it and found his remains. Strange to say, the wolves had not disturbed them; every bone was there, a little dried, hard flesh adhering to some of them. The Crows had taken his clothing, his weapons, even his beaded necklace. 'Brother,' I said, addressing his shadow,* which I felt sure was near, 'I am not going to leave you here in the land of the enemy. I am going to take you home, and care for you, and when I die you shall be buried with me.' And with that I gathered up the bones, tied them in one of my blankets, and rejoined my companions. 'What have you there?' they asked. And when I told them, they were surprised and angry. 'Drop them,' they said. 'Don't you know that you will cause us bad luck of some kind? Leave them at once, and the blanket you have wrapped them in, and wash your hands good, rubbing them with the purifying sweet grass.'

"I refused to do so. 'It is my brother,' I said. 'He was good and kind to his mother and me, and I am going to take him out of this country of the enemy.'

"Then you will travel alone,' said the partizan. 'We cannot risk having this ghost with us; it will surely bring bad luck to some, perhaps all, of us. Drop it at once, or leave us.'

"I turned away at once and went into the timber bordering the river. I could not blame them for what they had said; I was not angry, but I felt very sad. Deep in the thicket of willows and briers I built a little war house of dead poles and brush, and there I remained three days, cooking my food at night, the meat of a deer I had killed, sleeping much and resting. I wanted to give my friends plenty of time to find the camp of the enemy and get out of the country before I started forth. On the third day I built a small raft of driftwood, lashing the logs together with strips of deer skin. I left the skeleton in the war house. 'Brother,' I told him, 'I am going to avenge you. I will be very careful and return as soon as I can, and then take you home with me.'

"The moon had risen when I pushed the raft out into the current and floated down the river. It was nearly as light as day, and I had no trouble to see the channel

ahead; the trouble was to keep the raft in it, for often I could not touch bottom with my pole. All that night I drifted along, listening for the barking of dogs, the neighing of horses, looking for water trails along the shore, but I heard nothing save the howling of wolves and the owls hooting above the murmur and roar of the bank-full river. When morning came, I ran the raft ashore on an island, went into the willows and slept. Along in the afternoon, having slept and rested and eaten some of the cooked meat I brought along, I climbed one of the tall cottonwoods on the island for a view of the country. Away below, at a bend in the river, I saw some horsemen riding down into the valley. There was no game in sight, no buffalo, not even a band of antelope, and I concluded that the Crow camp was there by the river where the horsemen were heading. As soon as night came I went across to the mainland and walked down the shore in that direction. It was not long before I heard dogs barking and howling in answer to the wolves out on the hills, and then I saw the camp, a very large one, pitched on a broad open flat and along the edge of a belt of timber fringing the river. I got into the timber and went carefully down through it. I had no plan, and went to see whatever was to be seen. I was opposite the center of the village and only a few yards from the nearest lodges, when I saw a man come out of one of them, pull his robe well up about his face, and come toward me. I stood still in the deep shadow of the brush and watched him pass on a path that ran toward the river. As soon as he got by I followed him, stepping lightly but quickly. Just as I was about to jump on to him he turned, saw me, and we grappled each other. He had good strength, but I had more; I got one hand on his throat so he could not cry out, and with the other drew my knife and stabbed him. He had got out his knife, also, and slashed me here on this arm, but it was not a bad cut. Before he could strike again I felt him shiver, and then he fell back, quite dead. I took his scalp, his knife and belt, and went back toward the upper end of the camp. Fires still burned brightly in the lodges, and I could hear the people talking and laughing. There were some horses tied near a lodge which was pitched close to the timber. I knew I was running great chances, but I walked out there in the bright moonlight and cut one loose, leading him back into the timber without being discovered. I kept leading until I had passed the bend and was out of sight, and then I mounted and rode swiftly away up the river. He was a good, finely paced horse. About daybreak I got back to my war house. 'Brother,' I said, as I entered and took down the sack, 'Brother, you are avenged. I have killed a Crow, here is his scalp, and now for home.'

"I arrived there safely, and the people were greatly surprised, for the rest of the party had returned and told them about me. Even my mother did not expect to see me again. That was thirty-three years ago. Ever since I have kept and cared for these remains of my brother, and the time is now not far off when we will lie down together. No, in all this time he has never appeared to me, never spoken to me, and I think this is strange. In times of doubt and distress I have thought that he might come to my aid. After all, it may be as the white men say: that there are no ghosts; that when a person dies his shadow departs from it and from this world, at once and forever. I have had my share of trouble and bad luck since I brought my brother home. One of the women I afterwards married is dead. I have lost three children. One time when I was in a battle I captured an enemy, a young man, and was going to kill him, but he pleaded so hard for his life, making signs while the tears streamed down his face, that I let him go. When criney (first son) was born I named him Sai-kim-ai-kim-Takes-pity-on-the-other-side, in memory of this incident. I thought that it would be a lucky name; that my boy would do well under it—would live to great age. But when he had attained the age of young manhood he sickened and died. Oh, that was terrible, and most unjust. On the other hand, I have prospered in many ways. My mother lived to great age. I have grown sons and daughters, good, kind, well-to-do. I have more than a hundred head of horses, and have sold hundreds, living comfortably on the proceeds. No, I do not think that my brother's shadow has brought me either evil or good.

"Shall we smoke another pipe? No? Well, then, my wife shall spread you a couch here, right beneath my brother. I know you are not afraid. You white men do not fear anything—ghosts nor the under-water-people. Sleep well."

J. W. SCHULTZ.

An Appreciation.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would ask to correct a statement which I made recently in regard to the number of deer which the late law in this State allows one person to kill in a season. Instead of it being ten, as it read, it should have read two, which sounds more reasonable. The mistake was made through a misprint in the report, and I am glad to make the correction.

I have been so highly gratified in the reading of the reminiscences of the long ago by Cabia Blanco and J. W. Schultz and others, that I feel inclined to express my appreciation of their contributions. No particular class of contributors so intensely interests me as the reminiscences of the old timers who have been active participants in the stirring events of the days of the buffalo, Indians and the frontier life in general. While still a few of the old survivors of the early days are with us, we should encourage them by every possible means to give as much as possible of their past experience for publication, that those who come after may know something of the pleasures as well as the hardships of those who opened up the way. After opening the FOREST AND STREAM and reading the editorial page, I leaf over the first thing to see what the old timers have called to mind of their past; if nothing of the kind appears, I am disappointed, in spite of the many other good things which always appear.

EMERSON CARNEY.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

* Blackfoot equivalent for ghost or spirit.

Natural History.

The Little Zoo.

SOME people call it the zoo-zoo. It is situated in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and is so modest and retiring that you would hardly ever find it if you had not been told the way.

For the information of strangers, it may be noted that it lies to the northeast of the merry-go-round, in a dip in the woods. But the merry-go-round—where is that? Well, you do not need to be told; you will hear the merry-go-round. It will strike your ear afar off—and strike it hard.

From this grand center of attraction it is only a hen's race to the little zoo. I like to stroll there of an evening, as I did last evening of all.

The day had been hot—swooningly hot—but now the sun had set and a cool breeze was rustling the trees.

Under the influence of this the gray wolf got up and shook himself; the coyotes whisked their tails and ran about as if in search of a trail; the ocelot stood to attention with fiery eyes; the two bear cubs came down from their shelf and began to practice climbing; the raccoons rolled about in play like jolly schoolboys; the foxes sat on their haunches and cocked their ears with the most innocent air imaginable; the porcupine did a two-step with his hind feet while reared against the wire grating of his cage; the monkeys cried "Murder!" and pursued one another from swing to swing; the big black bear took to pacing up and down beneath the rocks, with his tongue out panting; the buffalo and the deer nuzzled in the newly-filled hay-racks; the peacocks set up a caterwauling among the trees, and the eagles clapped their wings and screamed. Only the coati mundi seemed indifferent to the change in the weather and the approach of night; he lay doubled up in the corner of his cage apparently fast asleep. But perhaps the coati mundi wasn't feeling well.

With his back against the bear's cage stood Mike, the keeper, chewing tobacco. His mien was that of a man taking his ease after a hard day, and I could imagine him quoting Spenser to the following effect:

"Sleep after toyle—port after stormie seas—
Ease after warre . . . does greatly please."

All day long he had had to be on the alert to keep the children from poking sticks at the animals or feeding them with candies or other things not exactly suited to animal digestion. And the day had been so hot, too. But now the children had gone home and a cool breeze had sprung up and life became endurable once more.

"Well, Mike," I said, after bidding him good evening, "are you still of the opinion that wild animals are not dangerous?" "I am that," he answered. "They're a big set of cowards. But they're treacherous, and you want to keep the eye in the back of your head wide open in dealin' with them, 'specially in the ruttin' season. Last fall me side partner, John, and me were in the deer yard when all of a sudden the big bull elk commenced to stamp and snort and glare at us. 'Clear decks for action, John,' says I, 'for there's goin' to be war.' The words were hardly out of me mouth when the elk made a charge at John and knocked him gally-west. I had a pole with me, by good luck, and I gave the elk a few jabs of it and he retreated a bit, but still showed an ugly front.

"Poor John lay all of a heap, groanin', and I was in mortal fear that the elk would charge him again before I could get him out of the way.

"Keepin' my face to the inimy, I backed up to John quick as I could and took him in me arms and laid him behind a big stump.

"Not a minute too soon, for the inimy was chargin' again. I met him with the pole, but sure I thought it was a man-o-war I was tryin' to stop. Well, sir, I went over, but as I did somehow managed to catch the elk by the horns. I held on till a policeman—"

Here he eagle screamed loudly.

"Of course," I said, "the policeman arrested the elk and arraigned him in court. Quite right."

Mike looked reproachfully at me, but before he made any reply a dreadful commotion arose suddenly in the buffalo yard.

"There, that scald of a peacock is at it again!" cried Mike, excitedly. "She'll kill him yit, so she will."

"Kill whom?" I inquired.

"Why, the buffalo. Didn't she do him up in three rounds the other day?"

He started hurriedly for the buffalo yard, with the chronicler at his heels. Arrived there we beheld a truly remarkable spectacle. The buffalo, a great mountain of an animal (he is one of the largest in captivity and the pride of the little zoo) was in a rage, with head lowered between his forelegs and fire blazing from his eyes. Facing him was a peacock, with head outstretched snake-like, ruffled feathers and all the appearance of a true gamebird with its blood up.

With a snort the buffalo would make a rush at his antagonist; this the peacock would dodge, then with a fierce scream would fly up and hit the buffalo in the nose with its spurs.

Mike shouted objurgations at the peacock, but I entreated of him to be still, and the fight proceeded until the buffalo began to get winded, when he turned tail and went over to a corner and lay down sheepishly. The peacock erected its head, glanced about (as much as to say: Is there anyone else looking for a fight?) and then marched off with the air of an Egyptian queen. It all reminded me of a contest between a great stupid man and a subtle, adroit female.

"I think I know now," I said, "why the peacock's feather is worn."

"Well, you don't find me wearin' it," said Mike, with emphasis. "No, sir."

"Why," I inquired.

"Because it's unlucky. I knew a man got run over by a trolley car and another that lost all his teeth through wearin' it."

"Are you sure the man that lost his teeth hadn't been going to a dentist?" I asked.

But Mike made no answer, being terribly in earnest, and I could not help smiling at his faith in the old superstition. It would be interesting, by the way, to know the origin of this. Can the evil eye have had anything to do with it?

A brief silence ensued, an occasion for breaking which was the appearance of a veritable rara avis, namely, a white peacock. This bird was donated to the little zoo some time ago by a lady in South Brooklyn, and is an object of much curiosity, especially among the fair sex. However, I am apt to think that the sight of the bird must cause a little disillusionment. When I saw it it looked as if it sadly needed a bath, while one of the tail feathers was loose and trailing on the ground. But it was interesting to note the colorless ocelli and other markings of the plumage.

Mike told me that the albino, as if conscious of its singularity, kept very much to itself among the woods, where he believed it had a nest. He set out one morning to find the nest, but the bird, after leading him about all day, left him no wiser than when he started. "Fox & Peacock would make a fine name for a Wall street firm," said the droll Mike.

There now arose on the evening air a bleating of sheep and lambs—what sound more peacefully rural and grateful!

"Ah," cried Mike, "there's little St. Patrick and his flock."

"Little St. Patrick," alias O'Hara, is the park shepherd (whom I had the honor of introducing on a previous occasion to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM). His sobriquet he has earned by reason of his crook, and it suits him very well, for his exterior is certainly benevolent, if not saint-like, and I am sure he loves his flock.

I followed Mike around to the fold and saw the flock filing in. The lambs are quite numerous this year, and among them are a black one and a brown one, of strange goat-like appearance, the offspring of a Brazilian dam.

Now, within the fold is something which caused me to start violently the first time I saw it. This is nothing less than a cage containing a big cinnamon bear. What, I thought, if that bear should break loose at night? I marveled how the shepherd could rest from thinking of the danger which lay so close to his beloved flock. At least, I thought he must have horrible dreams, and I imagined him starting up at night exclaiming: "The bear—the bear! Save my sheep!"

I mentioned the matter to O'Hara, and he admitted he had thought of the danger, though he wasn't sure he had dreamed of it. "But," he added, "sure God is good, sir!" Not for nothing has he been called "Little St. Patrick!"

It was beginning to get late. The eyes of the owl were glowing like two candles, and the animals for the most part, night prowlers though they were, had sunk into listlessness or slumber again, mournfully conscious, no doubt, that there was no opportunity for the play of their faculties, the doom of imprisonment being theirs.

I wished O'Hara good night and Mike a quiet watch and took my way down the hill and through the glen. Only the murmurs of waters broke the midsummer silence, while the fireflies were flashing in the gloomy recesses of the woods. At this hour of the evening the scene reminded one of an Adirondack wilderness.

FRANK MOONAN.

The Intelligence of the Wild Things

Editor Forest and Stream:

If your correspondents would carefully read my communications to FOREST AND STREAM they would save themselves a lot of useless argument.

It was claimed in the Atlantic Monthly that "No bird teaches its young to fly. No bird teaches its young to eat or sing. No bird teaches its young to do any of the things which its parents do and did. No animal chastises its young."

These sweeping assertions, if true, would deprive the lower animals of all intelligence, and leave them subject to a miraculous power, called instinct, by the man worshippers.

Believing fully in the intelligence of the lower animals, I picked up the gauntlet and endeavored to prove that animals do chastise their young; that birds do teach their young to eat, sing and fly. In no article is it claimed by me that birds would not eat, sing or fly without a teacher, yet my critics use this as an argument, and one goes so far as to claim that I do not believe birds could walk without a teacher. Such senseless arguments are not instructive and become tiresome with repetition.

I am also admonished to remember that animals inherit many attributes, which should convince me that all necessary to existence are inherited. While I do not fully agree with my critics in their claims, I go beyond them in accepting some inherited traits. I believe that acquired characteristics are inherited, and it would be hard to find a non-believer in the intelligence of the lower animals, who will admit that. Years ago I combated in FOREST AND STREAM the claim that the daily acts of the lower animals was the outcome of a supernatural power—that meaningless, illusive shibboleth called instinct.

Long before Buffon was forced to recant his published views of nature, the idea, conveyed by the word instinct in the English language, was invented to separate man from the lower animals. Man possessed a soul. The lower animals were soulless, and when an intelligent act was performed by one, it would not do to call it reason, so the word instinct was invented.

Webster's Unabridged defines instinct in various terms, but he quotes Sir W. Hamilton, and doubtless his is the accepted meaning of the word.

"An instinct is an agent which performs blindly and ignorantly a work of intelligence and knowledge."

This definition covers the ground fully. Now as to reason. Thought underlies reason. To think is to reason. It is a simple matter to understand reason when we use it in our everyday lives. Three things are necessary to human existence. Food, clothing and shelter. With these necessary wants in view the farmer reasons over his crops and domestic animals. The doctor reasons over his

patients. The lawyer over his clients and the merchant over his ledger, and the end to be accomplished is food, clothing and shelter. The lower animals need only food and shelter, nature has kindly clothed them. They reason over the routine of their daily lives as well as man.

Science teaches us that the power to reason by man is dependent on certain wonderful organs. And, strange to tell, science teaches us also that the same wonderful organs are possessed by the lower animals. Their power to think, to reason is thus assured. When we see any one of the lower animals perform an intelligent act, why not judge it just as we would if it had been performed by a human being?

I would say to your correspondent, I. W. G., that the deposing of instinct, to which I called attention, is not the dream of a visionary. It is a fact that scientific writers are dropping the word instinct, and are using heredity instead. The latter is the better word, for it makes intelligible all that instinct implies without a resort to the supernatural.

Your correspondent, A. H. Gouraud, mentions my boyish observation of a mother cat's efforts to teach her kitten how to catch mice, and then quotes Darwin to prove that a kitten will growl over a mouse without a teacher. I do not doubt Darwin's statement, but it is the exception and not the rule. For ten years I carefully observed a cat that belonged in the store where I got my breakfast. This cat educated her kittens as all cats of my acquaintance did and do, except to catch mice. The old cat did not eat mice, did not catch them, either. Year after year, having Darwin's statement in mind, I fed dead mice and live mice to the old cat's kittens. Some of the mice were from the woods and some were caught in the store. The kittens, with a few exceptions, did not growl over a mouse, did not try to eat a dead one or try to catch a live one. Some of the kittens would play with a dead mouse, cuffing it about as it did a spool or marble. The old cat, I was told, did not see a mouse in her kittenhood, and while in the store was fed more meat than she could eat, so had no appetite for mice. She evidently thought that her kittens would be housed and fed; and would not be forced to work for a living, therefore she did not teach them to catch mice. The children of the rich are seldom taught a trade, and pussy, in not teaching her young to work was following the example of the higher animal.

I had observed cats and kittens from my boyhood up, but it remained for this grocery cat to teach me something new, in the way of cat communication.

Usually Mr. Wilson gave the kittens away. A few litters were drowned, but when the cat was quite old a kitten was selected to take her place in the store. The cat and kitten were fed meat every morning at the door from a meat cart. The driver of the cart, in return, received a cup of coffee. Cool mornings the cat and kitten hugged the stove, but when it was time for the meat cart the old cat hopped on to a show case, where she could look up the street and see the cart when it turned the corner. The sound of wheels would cause the kitten to wake up and look toward its mother. If it was not the meat cart approaching, the old cat would lay her ears back slightly. The kitten would doze again until wheels were heard as before. If it was the meat cart the old cat would prick her ears forward and the kitten would instantly become active. She would rush to the door and wait until it was opened. The old cat would remain on the show case until the cart reached the store, when she would jump down and go to the door, but did not get excited like the kitten.

Now Messrs. Doubters, what are you going to do with this case? As it can be proved by many observers, it must be accepted and dealt with as true. Let me sum up the lesson which it teaches:

In the cat language pointing the ears backward means no. Pointing the ears forward means yes. The arrangement was thoroughly understood by the cat and kitten, and when wheels were heard the kitten looked to its mother for information. If the answer was no the kitten understands its meaning and dozes while the cart goes rumbling past. If the answer is yes the kitten rushes to the door fully understanding that this cart will not go past like the other. Here we find intelligence, communication and reason, and here is conclusive proof that the old cat taught its kitten the cat language. The kitten could not have inherited a knowledge of a meat cart, even if it could inherit the knowledge of a mouse, as Darwin intimates.

As to signs made by the ears, I remember that in my boyhood days a hunter that was called half witted taught me that all animals with protruding ears used them to talk with. Observation since that time has convinced me that the dog, horse, cat, raccoon, fox, rabbit and deer communicate with their kind through the motion of the ears.

One more cat story that I have already mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM, and I shall drop cats from this discussion.

While going through Mr. Seth Cole's greenhouse with Mr. Gilmore, the foreman, I noticed that a cat followed us about uttering a most unearthly yowl. I asked Mr. Gilmore what it meant. "The cat is hungry," said he, "and it has some trouble with its throat, so it can only make one cry." I examined the cat's throat and found it all right. Mr. Gilmore gave me the history of the cat. He had found it on the doorstep before its eyes were open, and had brought it up on milk fed from a teaspoon. The cat had never been out of the greenhouse and had never seen another cat. I suggested that the cat needed a teacher, and Mr. Gilmore tried the experiment by putting another cat into the house. Two months later I heard the waif mew in the proper cat language. The savage yowl had become the gentle mew of an educated cat.

I will now call attention to some of the vagaries of this discussion: The hooded chicken is one. Years ago I had read the experiments mentioned by your correspondent, A. H. Gouraud. I do not take stock in any experiments where the animal is unnaturally handicapped. The chick, when unhooded, ran to the hen for food by sound, without doubt. It had heard voices when fed and would be likely to associate sound with food.

Your correspondent, I. W. G., makes much of the bawl of a frightened calf, which brings the nearby herd to the rescue. Then sums up as follows:

"The newly born calf is endowed with a language

which is well understood by its species. The circumstances of the case make it impossible to entertain for a moment the idea that it has received a knowledge of that language by instruction."

It seems strange to me that a writer of the ability which I. W. G. possesses, will neglect to do a little thinking before committing a theory to paper. It is not language but tone that brings the herd to the rescue of the calf. Even I. W. G. could recognize the note of terror in the calf's cry, although he might be wholly ignorant of the bovine language. Nearly all of the lower animals possess the power to modulate the voice, to express many of the emotions which are common in the human family. The shriek of a frightened woman does not carry a word in any language, but it is immediately understood by the startled hearer. Terrors can be expressed without language, and the young of most mammals are born with this power. It is nature's provision for the protection of her helpless children. All the mammals inherit an impulse to seek food, which is another of nature's ways to tide the helpless atom of life over the danger period. These inherited functions are out of place in this discussion. There is no dispute on this line, and the writers who waste time and space over the subject are knocking down men of straw which they first set up.

Most birds, at birth, are as far along on the journey of life as a child would be when three years of age. The birds that are covered with down when born, such as the chicken, quail, grouse, etc., are checked by a few hours only of helpless babyhood. The birds that are born naked and blind, such as the robin, thrush, sparrow, etc., have to pass several days of helpless babyhood. My observation has proved to me that fear is inherited, but its action does not begin until the bird is beyond its babyhood. The birds that are born naked and blind do not show fear until they are able to fly. The young birds, while in the nest, show intelligence in some ways. When it is cold young birds will snuggle down in the nest. When they feel the heat they will separate. I have seen young catbirds call the mother bird's attention to the attached excrement sack, while its mates were being fed. The bird did this by elevating its body in such a way as to make it evident to an observer that it desired attention.

Sixty feet from my new cabin there is a catbird's nest containing four young birds, nearly ready to fly. To-day I passed one hour at the nest to observe the old bird's method of feeding her young. She fed them twelve times in fifty minutes. Five times she fed on doughnut from the dooryard. Twice young wood mice were dissected and fed to the birds. Insects were fed five times, mostly large winged ants. I don't know where the bird got the two wood mice. When the mother bird approached with food four yellow mouths were thrust up on long necks, but two each time received food, and no more. The mother did not make a mistake in feeding her babies. All were served in turn, although four open bills stared the mother in the face each time. The old bird did not feed doughnut until the young were ten days old. The towhee buntings feed doughnut to their young the second day, one meal in five. How do these little mothers know the nature of the strange food, so that one will not feed it for ten days, while the other begins at two? These birds feed their young on the same insect food. There is reason back of such intelligent discrimination. While I remained at the catbird's nest the mother bird inspected the nest three times. Twice she found and carried away a sack of excrement. An hour's observation of the thoughtful care of this little mother ought to convince anyone, not inoculated with the views of instinct, of the bird's ability to think and to shape action thereon.

A year ago three young towhee buntings were reared and brought to my dooryard. This was the second brood, the first was destroyed by crows. The adult buntings were old friends of mine. The young brood consisted of one female and two males. All returned in the spring migration, which was unusual, for these birds are shot in the Southern rice fields. The first nest, which the crows looted, was under a clump of viburnum shrubs. The second nest from which the three birds were reared was placed under a patch of catbrier, where the crows would not seek it. The young birds were kept under the catbriers until their wings were strong enough to fly, then they were brought to the dooryard for food and protection. As the birds had been confined in close quarters, and could not practice their wings, their ability to fly was limited. The little mother saw this as soon as her brood was established in the dooryard, and applied a remedy. She would take a piece of doughnut and fly to a low bush and call the little ones to follow. Before they had time to alight the mother would fly to a higher bush, keeping up the game until the young birds would no longer follow. In this way they soon got to be fair flyers. This method also made them proficient in dodging an enemy. I thought that placing the nest under catbriers was a cute thing to do. Perhaps the birds got the idea from the rabbits. On the south side of my new cabin, beginning not six feet away, is a dense patch of the catbrier. Rabbits have cut a path to the center, and when pursued by dogs dive into this retreat. One rabbit ventures out when my visitors bring dogs, and many a fool dog has met his Waterloo in that patch of catbriers. When the buntings returned this spring the young female was not mated. At the end of two weeks a strange young male appeared in the dooryard and he proved to be wife hunting. Before three days had passed the pair were mated.

The two young males disappeared during the nesting season. I suppose they had found mates at a distance. The females select the home, and it is usually near their mothers. Within a week one of the males has been to the dooryard three times for food. Some wretch had shot away one of his legs, and he found it difficult to procure food, so intelligently resorted to the dooryard, where he knew that he could find an unlimited supply. Soon after the young female was mated I saw her and her mother hopping in and out of a brier patch. Eventually the young bird established her nest in this patch, advised, as I believe, by her mother, who fully understood the need of protection. The old bird did not select a nesting spot for some time. The spot selected at last was in a valley under a patch of catbriers. The young bird hatched out four chicks. She fed them in the same way, and on the same kind of food that her mother had

fed to her. When the little ones were large enough to fly they were deprived of a mother's care and teaching. The mother was captured in my dooryard by a chicken hawk, *Accipiter cooperi*. The foolish bird darted behind some boards that stood by the cabin, but instead of remaining there, she made a break for the thick shrubbery on the south side of the cabin. The hawk caught her, and she cried pitifully to me for help as he bore her away. It all happened so quickly that I had no time to render assistance, and, besides, I had seen the birds escape so many times that I deemed it impossible for a hawk to catch one in my dooryard. I carried food to the motherless birds and hoped that they would remain under the protection of the catbriers. The next day I found them scattered about in a blueberry patch. The third day the crows got sight of them, and before the end of the week they had disappeared.

The old bunting during that week had brought out four young birds, three females and one male. The birds are about my dooryard while the mother is laying eggs for a second brood. The young birds were taught to fly as those were last year. Besides this innovation, the mother bird has adopted another. Before the crows were dangerous the first brood, when large enough to fly, was turned over to the male. Now the female will not trust the young to her husband's care, but looks after them herself and teaches them how to fly and eat before she deserts them.

Not far from my new cabin a pair of chestnut-sided warblers made a neat nest in the forks of a clethra bush. There was a large patch of these shrubs which protected the nest from view. The severe storm that ended the drought taxed the powers of these little birds to the limit. To feed the babies during a whole week of storm was bad enough, but when the gale prevented feeding and required the full strength of both birds to protect the nest it seemed a hopeless case. I visited the nest when the gale was at its height. Some trees were uprooted, and the air was filled with great and small branches from others. I found both birds on the nest. They stood on opposite sides with their wings spread and locked so as to protect their babies from the pelting rain. A fierce gust of wind would level the clethra shrubs to the ground, but the little birds bravely clung to the nest, chirping encouragingly to each other. I returned to the shelter of my cabin, and that night while the gale increased, my heart was filled with sorrow for the two dainty beings that were battling with the elements, not to save themselves, but to save and protect their dear ones, fired by the same love and devotion that thrills the human mother's heart.

M. A. WALTON (HERMIT).

Intelligence of Chicks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of June 6 M. A. Walton (Hermit) takes me to task severely for owning chicks that do unnatural things and for saying various other things which he does not believe.

Mr. W. first takes me to task for bringing my chicks into the house, after asserting that the mother does not teach in any sense of the word. Well, I did not do it. I never raised a chick in my life; it is the other member of the firm that does these sort of things. Still I believe I know more about chickens than Mr. W., judging from his own account, notwithstanding his long experience. Young chicks require warmth and food; hence the mother's natural instinct to hover and feed them. A hen is liable to leave the nest or trample on some of the chicks before the eggs are all hatched if the young chickens are not taken away. To avoid this the chicks were brought into the house. Mr. W. accuses me of having a super-intellectual breed of chicks because they eat the first day and without teaching. The charge is groundless. All chicks will eat the first day, and without teaching. While it is undoubtedly true that chicks do not need food for 24 hours after being hatched, yet they will eat and pick up anything dropped before them, even if they do not eat it, to the extent of picking at each other's toes and causing many an upset. They will also notice and pick up a very small bug, but a larger one caused them to back off and "cheep" in some alarm.

A calf must be taught to drink out of a bucket, because it is an unnatural way for it to get its food, but dropping things before a chick is nature's way, hence requires no teaching. Some broods at hatching are brighter than others, but all will do all the things described within a few hours if they are healthy. This is not a case of "It's that way in my book," but chickens all over the world will do it.

Fad and fashion control a great many things, but they can't control bird nature. Mr. W. doubts that a bird flew by the window just in time to prove a statement that was to appear in FOREST AND STREAM. To prove that this was not a miracle, I will state that the boys have counted upwards of sixty bird nests on the place, mostly clustered close round the house. Add to this 100 English sparrows that are crowding in everywhere, and it is apparent that a bird flying by the window is not an uncommon thing. Even now a Texas orchard oriole sits just outside the window, not two yards off. He is pulling at a string put there for the morning glory vines to climb.

As to old roosters teaching the young to crow, Mr. W. admits that the old roosters do fight the young away at first, but later teach them to crow. I still had the paper in my hand after reading this when a rooster crowed. I went out to see the teaching process. I found the old rooster occupying the center of the field, teaching, while the young received the lesson from the far outer borders. If the young made an attempt to crow they immediately moved further out. This state of affairs will prevail until the young rooster has grown spurs long enough and sharp enough to maintain him in his proper place in society. Roosters crow at all times of day, more noticeable just before daybreak; but they will crow at midnight if a match is struck in the kitchen or other sound made to indicate that people are astir.

In a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM Mark Hop-

kins suggests that my country is too closely settled to make the study of a wolf's tail a success, but that in his country it is an easy matter. Now let us see. Thirty years ago, commencing this fall, I spent six months in the Nebraska sand hills (Sandy Griswold's country. How I would like to pat his head and bless him just for the memories he has raised). The nearest settlement was at Loup City, more than a hundred miles away, and that was only a few weeks old. I had heard of the sand hill country and what could be found there through Major North, then of the Pawnee scouts, and (indirectly) Buffalo Bill. The information thus gained resulted in the six months' sojourn there. Wolves were very plenty and we got a great deal of music from them, but I have hunted day after day without seeing one. Mr. Hopkins speaks of seeing wolves hunting cottontails in a plum thicket. Out in the Dismal River sand hills I saw a similar sight, only that the game was elk. They got one, too. I had a good chance there for rather close observation, but the wolf tail question had not come up then, and I was too excited to note that they had their tails with them until I found one on the hide of the one my companion shot. That was the one event of that kind in a lifetime.

In 1896 I visited that country and found the wolves still there in increased numbers. They howled more and I saw them oftener than I ever did in the old days; but the chance for close study was "small."

Only a few years ago I traveled all over the Kiowa and Comanche country and over the line into Texas, perhaps to the very ranch where Mark saw those wolves hunting. In that trip of three or four weeks I heard wolves howling often, but I never saw one on the trip. Of course, I see how it is possible to take a close look at a wolf that is acting natural by the aid of a good glass and good luck, but I would not engage to do it in six months' continuous effort, and where I fail in that line there are few that succeed. Wolves that see the hunter or know of his presence before being seen, of course don't count. No, some other theory for the disappearing wolf must be brought out.

E. P. JAKUES.

DURHAM, Kansas.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Teal Hole.

PERCHED on the edge of a bluff, and overlooking a broad expanse of marsh that wound in a green and sinuous ribband between stubble-grown mesa lands, stood a small rough-boarded cabin, of a size just sufficient to contain a bunk room, gun room and kitchen. Seated at a table in the gun room (which served also as living room, smoking room, library and the rest of it) on a certain winter's evening were five jolly good fellows and the Duffer. All six a unit when it came to wild fowl shooting, and all able to give a good account of themselves in a duck blind. The day had been a successful one, as the laden boughs of a tree near the cabin proved, where bunches of mallard and teal swung in the afternoon breeze.

The team was at the door to drive us to the station, and one by one the boys arose to gather their guns and traps together. Kenneth and the Duffer walked to the door and looked out. Far down in the west, almost touching the horizon, the flaming sun was sinking into the blue Pacific, the distant booming of whose breakers, dulled by the distance, sounded like the music of a sea shell held to the ear. At the foot of the bluff the marsh spread, its mass of high tules breaking into graceful billows beneath the press of the ocean breeze, and lighted here and there with a touch of gold, where the dying sunlight lay upon a field of ripened cuckle-burr and dead marsh grass. Close by the bluff a lake, irregular in outline, its shores lost among promontories and islands of tall waving tules, its surface rippled and dimpled by the breeze, lay like some rare pearl dropped on a bed of moss. Dotted here and there on its surface flocks of ducks sported and called in liquid notes to their mates wheeling in from the sea. It was a picture to delight the lover of nature, and make a wildfowler's blood tingle.

The same thought was present in the minds of Kenneth and the Duffer, and the latter voiced it by saying: "Shall we stay another night, Kenneth, and have a try at the teal hole in the morning?" Kenneth's answer was affirmative and prompt. We sent our birds home by the boys, and after waving them adieu as they drove off over the mesa on their way back to town and pavements, we turned back to the bluff to watch the evening flight of the birds.

Bands were coming in from the ocean, where our early morning bombardment had driven them, for their evening nip on the lake, and their nightly feed on the stubble fields. The ascent from the marsh to the top of the bluff was steep, and as the bluff was perhaps 150 feet above the marsh, the birds came in about on a level with us, before dropping to the water.

The west was a curtain of flaming red, with the incoming flocks silhouetted against the fast fading light, when we turned to go back to the cabin, where, after a dinner of broiled teal and freshly gathered mushrooms, and a pipe or two, we gladly tumbled into the bunks, tired after the day's shooting. But not to sleep until Billy, the keeper, had detailed another chapter of his experiences as a man-o'-warsman. Billy was an Alsatian, and had put in at nearly every port of the Seven Seas at one time or another, and his accounts thereof furnished a sort of modern Arabian Nights entertainment. The Duffer left Billy wandering about some port of Brazil and having troubles with the water-front police, when sleep put an end to the tale.

Breakfast over next morning, Kenneth and the Duffer, with ample rounds of nitros tucked away in shell vests and pockets, slipped and slid down the steep

path of the bluff and on to the marsh. Somewhere ahead of us, snugly hidden among the dense tules, whose tassels waved many feet above our heads, was a patch of open water—dubbed by the boys "teal hole," though why teal and not mallard, or sprig, or gadwall, history sayeth not. No one had ever been there, so far as we knew, but we knew that open water there was, from the actions of the birds in trading over the marsh. The sun was up, and the ducks were holding high carnival on the lake and its bays as we trudged along its margins. However, we were bound for "teal hole," and so let nothing tempt us from our course, not even when a band of mallard swung down and into a little cove near us.

Once in the high tules we found it impossible to proceed except by following one of the cattle trails that threaded the marsh here and there. These led, as we soon found out, in no particular direction, and we were getting hot, weary and discouraged, when only a short distance ahead of us, we heard the roar of many ducks taking wing. Guided by the sound, we broke our way through the almost impassable tules until suddenly and with a great sense of relief, we parted them and stepped out into a beautiful pond of open water—the "teal hole." It was perhaps a hundred yards long by half as wide, fringed by a compact mass of tules at least twelve feet above the water line, among which, in places, the older stalks had fallen so as to form a platform on which one could lie at ease, or even walk, with care. The water came to the bottom of our shooting coats, but as the footing was hard and we wore waders, that made little difference. Selecting two stations on the shady side, and at either end of the pond, Kenneth and the Duffer climbed out on the tules, and removing our coats to make a nest for our shells, proceeded to make ourselves comfortable and await events. We had no decoys, of course, and in fact needed none. It was not long before the raft of birds which had taken flight at our noisy approach through the tules began to return in singles, pairs, threes and small bunches. The shooting was not as easy as one might suppose, for the height of the surrounding tules prevented the birds being seen till fairly over us, and then quick work was necessary to kill clean and drop one's birds in the open water, for a bird falling in the cover was lost for good—or bad. Then, too, there was no general direction to the flight, as the birds pitched in from all quarters.

We had hardly gotten settled before the rapid whiff! whiff! of wings announced a pair of mallard. They poised for a brief instant over the opening, and Kenneth's and the Duffer's guns spoke as one. Each bird must have received a double charge, for they collapsed and fell as though flattened out. Kenneth chuckled. The Duffer called out as he blew through the barrels. "You wasted your powder, old man." Next a band of teal—greenwings—darted down so quickly that the rapid four shots must have been badly directed, as only one little fellow was beating the air with his paddles when the echoes subsided. Then swiftly overhead glided a band of seven—gadwalls—but so silently, so swiftly, that the guns did not speak. Then with straining eyes we watched and waited—when, swish! they had circled, and were over us again, and beating the air to drop. This time the work was perfect and two brace of the beauties were down—clean killed.

The morning gradually wore away, and beside the two gunners in the tules two piles of ducks had collected, while some odd birds were chafing the rushes in the sunlight on the lea side of the pond.

Just as we were gathering up to go, a mixed band of cans and redheads came in like a limited making up time. Two barrels spoke to empty air, but as the two seconds cracked out their call, a grand old drake can fell with a royal splash. "Good shot, Bob," sang out the good-natured Kenneth, and "Your bird," called the Duffer, not to be outdone. It was grand sport, but oh, what work it was getting the birds in! The straps swung over the guns, and the guns balanced, muzzle and heel, on two pairs of aching shoulders, the interminable tules, the ooze, and muck that held our tired legs as in a vise, but at last the trail opened on the lake side, and there on the bluff was the cabin, and rest, and dinner, and pipes, and good cold beer, and smiling Billy calling out: "Well, poys, gudt luck, yes?"

ROBERT ERSKINE ROSS.

In Buncombe County.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., July 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The last session of the Legislature of the State of North Carolina enacted a law incorporating the Audubon Society of North Carolina. This law specifically states that "the Governor shall appoint such game wardens as shall be recommended by the Audubon Society."

The aim of the Audubon Society of the State of North Carolina is to enforce the State and county game laws, and also to protect the song birds, their eggs and nests. On and after September 1, 1903, non-resident hunters in North Carolina will have to take out through the clerk of the Superior Court of any county a non-resident hunting license, the fee for which will be ten dollars. This license will allow the hunter to hunt in any county in the State, provided his hunting is done in conformity with the local county law. Unfortunately, most of the counties in North Carolina have different game laws, although the non-resident license will apply to all counties alike. Some of the county laws are very drastic, absolutely prohibiting trespassing or hunting on the property of another without first having obtained the written permission of the owner. In Cherokee County the law prohibits the carrying out of the county (dead or alive) any quail, pheasant or wild turkey, either by a resident of the county, State, non-resident, or by any common carrier.

The open season in the different counties is not exactly the same, but generally all game is protected from Jan. 1 to Nov. 1. In Buncombe County the close season is from January 1 to Nov. 15.

Under the present laws it is expected that the wholesale shipment of birds and game out of the State will now be prohibited, as it is the purpose of the Audubon

Society to appoint game wardens all over the State. They have already this summer done good work along the coast in protecting the sea birds from the plumage hunters.

Some two months ago there was organized in Asheville, N. C., a branch of the Audubon Society of North Carolina for the purpose of protecting the game and song birds in Buncombe County. We will this fall have several game wardens in the field and purpose to see that non-residents, as well as the citizens of the county, conform to the present laws.

For several years back there have been thousands of bull bats shot in the vicinity of Asheville every August; these birds flying just at sundown, making fine sport for those who enjoyed this kind of shooting. It is our intention this year to make every endeavor to stop this practice. The local branch of the Audubon Society are now placing posters all over the county calling attention to the present game laws and offering a reward to any person who will furnish evidence sufficient to convict any violator of the game laws. I herewith inclose you a copy of our poster, together with a copy of the Audubon bill above mentioned.

Every fall, North Carolina is visited by a large number of non-resident sportsmen and to those who have their localities already chosen, I would suggest that they secure their licenses before leaving home, by writing to the clerk of the Superior Court in the county which they propose to visit; this can be done by addressing the clerk at any time after Sept. 1. A license taken out in one county allows the holder to hunt in any county he may desire, but does not in any way give the hunter the privilege of trespassing except as provided in the different county laws.

The formation of this society has already resulted to the advantage of our song birds here in Asheville, as there has been much less promiscuous shooting going on this summer than ever before. We now have a good law and we propose to see that it is enforced.

C. P. AMBLER.

More Game Preserve Chuck.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Probably I did not make my meaning clear in what I said about game preserves. I do not advocate destruction of millionaires' rights any more than I do those of less wealthy individuals. But I do say that the uncultivated and uncultivable lands seem from the very fact of their uselessness as regards financial profit to point to a use by the general public rather than by a few individuals. And it is in the right of eminent domain that individual selfishness finds its check. The right of eminent domain has been expressed several times in a fashion that left its mark on history. In France this same question of game preserves flamed into a revolution. I refer any one to Carlyle's "French Revolution" for details and deductions therefrom. The law was on the side of the preserve owners. Everything that lawyers and judges could do was done to protect the owners of these preserves. But the owners of monstrous preserves were killed when their peasants revolted. The indisputable right of the many is paramount, and that right is not made by any set of lawmakers in human guise. I know how some of those lawmakers get their offices. I have heard the prices of votes discussed. The laws on the statute books are not all just and good—if so, why the many changes from year to year? What has become of the "divine right" of kings, for instance?

I do not say that millionaires ought to give their property away to the poor. I don't believe in any such thing as that, though some of the wealthier men are casing themselves in that direction to some considerable extent. But I do maintain that the State, and not the individual, ought to own the Adirondack wilds. It is the playground of scores of thousands, and these thousands are of more importance to the State than any score of millionaires. It is more important that 50,000 men be in good condition to do their work than that any fifty millionaires should have each a lolling place of 50,000 acres per. It is entirely feasible that the State should acquire by the legal processes the right of eminent domain to the Adirondack region. I do not believe that there is anything fanatic in the proposition that the Adirondacks be a great park where all men, millionaires and clerks, and farmer and woodsmen, and mechanic—men, women and children of every description—could roam at their own free will, so long as they did not interfere with the rights of others.

In regard to the game belonging to the men who own the property, suppose the preserve owners took a notion to kill off their game for the sake of selling it—getting some of the divine rights profits out of their "property?" Where would we be at in a case like that? More especially if the game was migratory?

The bearing of the Golden Rule on the question of private game preserves is, of course, perfectly obvious, but it is unnecessary to go to that in the question of a State preserve. In the latter instance the selfish argument of "policy" is sufficiently strong. Some men are so dense as to be open to only the one argument of "it pays," and to these people it can but be perfectly plain that a State park would do the State—i. e., all the people—more good than any number of private parks from which all but the favored few are excluded. Places where the workers may rest during their vacations are a national necessity, and if the State does not provide them the State will tire out, for the State is the people.

There is no region in the world so well adapted for so great a number of people for a public playground as the Adirondacks, and it is the folly of New York that it does not make of it a place where all may come and go, camp, fish and hunt as they please with due regard for the comfort and rights of others.

It is right and proper that there are men of great wealth. They are able to use it in great and progressive enterprises which would otherwise be impossible. The man of wealth is of importance to the development of humanity as is the man of brains, but neither the man of wealth or the man of brains has the right to use his powers to the oppression of the great mass of people who haven't much of either. The wilds of the Adirondacks are of more importance than those of the Yellowstone National Park so far as humanity is concerned, and it

ought to be as free to all as the National Park—gun restrictions and all if the need of the whole host of visitors to it required it.

I quite agree with Didymus that it is simply fighting the wind to argue with regard to the selfishness in the question of private game preserves. It is not thus that the question will be solved. Nor would it be right to deny to one man of wealth what is allowed to another in the way of preserves. But here in the Adirondacks the State ought to take the matter up, regardless of lumber company, game club, or individual, and take the land by the perfectly legal process of "eminent domain"—for the good of the many—in order to secure to the people for all time a beautiful land of play, recreation and health. The rectifying must be done with due regard to the law, and in no other way.

Personally I do not interfere with the legal rights of others, and I try to recognize their moral rights so far as I can affect them. I know of a few places where I can hunt unmolested by anyone, and I go to them. I could not feel comfortable hunting where I was not wanted, even though I knew the watchers would not catch me, and that I had a perfectly legal right to hunt there. I much prefer to hunt and fish where all are at liberty to do so, and my success is sufficient to gratify my desires. The trips of pleasant memory are not those that result in heaviest bags or baskets. A mere wood lot with only a chipmunk or two in it should be enough to fill anyone's need of pleasure. Nevertheless, the deep wild forests ought not to be closed to the man who longs to be beyond the sound of ax, wagon or train. For every man who loves woods let there be woods provided, free and unrestricted. It will do the nation good to have it so. No man ought to be prevented from yielding to temptation when yielding does no harm. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In all humility I approach headquarters to ask its opinion of the existing condition of things in England. I suppose it is generally known that nearly all the tillable land is owned by a score or two of the lordly old families to whom it has descended from feudal times, when it was said that

"They may get who have the power,
And they may keep who can."

Enormous tracts were kept by those who could, and their power was such that advancing civilization could not interfere with them nor disturb their titles, and cannot to this day. Yet who among those who advocate the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number would not like to see that land distributed in a way that would benefit all England? Scarcely any grain is raised in the country, for the reason that very little land is obtainable by the working classes to raise it on, and England must import her breadstuffs and lose a great proportion of her population that ought to be kept to enrich the nation.

Whether the enormous increase of wealth is gradually leading our own free country into the same condition of things, I leave for wiser heads to settle, but all the arguments of the wisest men can never convince me that any consideration of the public good is ever thought of by the holders of these enormous tracts. H.

Sport and Sportsmen.

MONADNOCK, N. H., July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of July 4, Mr. Charles L. Paige resents Messrs. Hearst's and Davenport's attack on sportsmen. Never was a topic that called for more patience on both sides. Not to be sacrilegious, one might say, *Venator nascitur, non fit*—so truly justified does he feel in his attitude. So more than all other customs time-honored is this of killing to live, and so glorious to youth is the sense of daring all and enduring all to conquer a dangerous adversary; and who among us shall cast the first stone in a matter where all of us—every one in the world—are in the same boat? Only at most, a little further along the scale, one way or the other; all alike sharing a subsistence scheme in which we live by countless deaths of weaker animals.

In fact, the only standpoint for opposing sportsmen's killing is not the usual feminine cry against cruelty, that being untenable, considering how we all live. The true standpoint is the naturalist's claim that the world shall not be robbed of any of its beautiful life-forms.

In medio tutissimus—pursue the middle course—is the wisest of sayings, and the medium here would seem to be a state of willingness to kill for one's apparent needs, either bodily or mental; this willingness being midway between youth's fiery hunter period, and the sentimentalist's wish to die rather than to kill anything.

Will anyone deny that the most significant movement up to now is from these rapacity pleasures toward the pleasures of thought? Mr. Paige says: "In many cases it is the men who kill animals directly who are most active in preserving and increasing the animals for a useful purpose. The men who shoot game are at the present time the men who are most earnest in the efforts to protect and provide for it." Does Mr. Paige mean this for a joke? Surely no one ever hears sportsmen mention any but the one reason for such game protection, namely, that they may kill it. Mr. Paige forgets a mighty force, wielding already in its adolescence a strong hand, where he still sees only his own, when he says: "Who ever hears of anyone except sportsmen doing anything to protect game animals, or birds, or fish?" He should know that the Biological Survey is at work in Congress, and all over the land, for the protection of all species; and that as a choice of evils it often joins ranks with sportsmen, preferring to keep up a species even for them to decimate rather than see it vanish altogether.

Look at these two forces, side by side, in the effort to preserve game. The naturalists striving to save it to study and admire, and so that they may know that each wild region still has its wonderful typical inhabitants; the sportsmen, on the other hand, that they may kill it! Would any disinterested judge hesitate as to which of these attitudes is most representative of humanity's hope to-day?

As we look back into the prehistoric dimness,

rapacity and the joy of a brute's power to seize are almost all we can see. I say, give me the man who was in youth a brave, keen hunter, but in whom the student nature steadily grew, so that by middle life he can no longer find his joy in smashing these beautiful forms, no matter under what romantic difficulties, but has come to wish them all to live their lives out, that he and all may study, or at least know they are there in their own wild places.

An old sportsman in the midst of the Darwins and Bairds is too much like a man who has never outgrown his toys.

As to letting animals live their lives out, we know, of course, that this means, in many cases, their not letting each other do so; and, in fact, if the amount of hunting of each species could be scientifically controlled, it would not lessen the supply of game. But the trouble is the "runs on the banks" of game; the increased pursuit of some species at the very moment for holding off.

ABBOTT H. THAYER.

Deer in Connecticut.

NEW YORK, July 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Thursday afternoon, July 2, just passed, while driving about 6 P. M., on the road leading out of Salisbury, Litchfield County, Conn., at a point where it skirts the nearly precipitous flank of Baracmatiff Hill or Mountain, my friend, Mrs. J. William Greenwood, of Sheffield, Mass., saw, slowly making its way down the hill, a small doe, apparently a yearling. The animal paused at the edge of the brush and allowed the carriage to approach within thirty feet, when it bounded a hundred yards up the slope, pausing again a moment before disappearing in the woods. Mrs. Greenwood reported the matter to a Mr. John Fox, whose farm adjoins the hill, and within a half hour from the time the doe was first seen, Mr. Fox jumped her again from the bushes not far away.

Mr. Fox, whom I subsequently interviewed, said that he has seen deer on several occasions within the past three years, the last time being about a year and a half ago in the fall, when he saw a spike buck in the road in the early morning.

Some three years ago, as I am informed by a resident of Salisbury, a number of deer, among them a large buck, escaped from a carload of animals consigned to the Hon. William C. Whitney, and on their way to his preserve, on October Mountain, near Lenox, Mass., and betook themselves to the mountains, shutting in the town of Salisbury on the west. There seems little doubt that the deer just seen is a native of the locality, and perhaps only one of a numerous progeny of the number escaped from the train.

The Dome (Mt. Everett), Race and Bear Mountains, and their adjoining spurs, forming the Taconic range of the Berkshires and dividing the States of New York and Massachusetts and the upper corner of Connecticut, being heavily wooded, wild, and sparsely settled on their eastern slopes, are, with their many water courses and ponds, a natural preserve and capable, could the animals be protected by proper legislation from dogs and the pot hunter, of sheltering a large number of deer, as the food supply is sufficient for all time. The ruggedness of the land offers little inducement to the farmer and the summer visitor, except for an occasional mountain climber, finds nothing to interest him there, while the partridges and woodcock are not plenty enough to tempt a stranger sportsman.

The local gunners, in a community where everyone is known, could scarcely escape detection if guilty of killing any of the deer, and the condemnation of the townsfolk, their interest once aroused in behalf of the propagation of the deer, would be a better safeguard against a local infraction of the law than a statutory penalty.

JOHN N. DRAKE.

[Deer have been often seen in Connecticut of late years; in Middlesex County, in Fairfield County, in New Haven County, and now in Litchfield County. They should be protected by public sentiment, as they are by law.]

Massachusetts Deer.

JOHN CUMMINGS, a farmer living on Dean Hill, Richmond, Mass., has complained to the selectmen of annoyance to him of a herd of deer—some six or eight in number—which are herding in the woods south of his farm. He has asked Chairman Sherritt for an appraisal of damages to his crops, and a reimbursement for his loss. At intervals for several months deer singly and in pairs have been seen in other parts of Richmond, but this is the first complaint ever entered against their depredations, so far as the records show.—Springfield Republican.

Two well grown deer, one of which had well developed horns, were seen Friday near the Curtis place on the road from Laurel Park to West Hatfield Chapel. They are supposed to be two that have been making their home in the woods beyond West Hatfield. Deer are becoming plenty again and specimens of the family are seen every day or so.—Hampshire Gazette, Northampton, Mass., July 25.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

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GLOUCESTER, July 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had my attention called a few days ago to a gruesome find of a Gloucester fisherman on Georges. He had pulled up a forty-pound codfish and when it was dressed found in its stomach a pebble with a strip of human hair grafted on the surface. The pebble was about one and one-half inches in length. The hair was nearly three-eighths of an inch long and was fine in texture and of a light brown color. The strip of hair was about one-half inch wide and one and a quarter inches in length. The graft was as complete as if the surface of the pebble had been a part of the man's skull.

HERMIT,

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Recreating in Florida.

I LEFT Macon on the night of May 11, last, bound for Alcyone, the home of Capt. J. F. Stapler, at Alcyone. An all night's run brought me to Valdosta, that thrifty little southern city of such rapid growth and remarkable development. Changing cars at Valdosta, in about forty minutes we reached Lake Park, Georgia, only a few miles from the Florida line, and in a few minutes I was in a double hack bound for Alcyone, six miles distant.

We passed around and in sight of Ocean Pond, quite a large lake, recently bought by a stock company who propose to fence it in, and prohibit shooting and fishing, except to club members. I learn that a great many fish are caught out of this lake, and often some very large ones. My brother (Judge R. J.), caught a black bass there some years ago that tipped the scale at ten pounds. I reached Alcyone in good time. Capt. Stapler has a most lovely home in a beautiful grove of large water oaks, festooned with moss, with an occasional magnolia scattered among the oaks, all combining to afford an abundance of shade. In front of the house there are two rows of oaks sixty feet apart, the limbs of which meet, and this gives a stretch of one hundred and twenty feet of shade. Back of the house 200 yards is Lake Alcyone, the largest of five or six lakes, covering about seventy-five acres. The others are much smaller, and one of these is connected with Alcyone. It is almost circular, surrounded almost entirely by woods, and is a very beautiful sheet of water. Bream and large-mouth black bass abound in these lakes.

May is an off month for fishing here in these lakes, except for bream. You can catch a good many bass, but mostly small ones. The Withlacoochee River flows through the pine lands about one mile from Capt. Stapler's home. It is a beautiful stream, and I had high hopes of some excellent fishing there, but the continuous and very heavy rains of the first week of my visit put an end to my hopes in that direction. We did not wet a line in that beautiful stream, and hence my fishing was in the lakes entirely.

It was my very great pleasure to meet a party of twelve ladies and gentlemen, mostly from Marshville, the famous peach section of Georgia. Several of the Rumphs, with their wives, among them Mr. Sam Rumph, who has made the Elberta peach famous, were with the party; and Mr. Ben Moore, a veteran fisherman, as fond of fishing as the youngest of the party; it would do you good to hear him yell when he hooked a big one.

Mr. Jesse Hunt, of Jones County, an old friend, was the life of the party. He kept the party full of fun and jest, and was up to most of the tricks of the young folks, though the young widow taught him how to "pin a saucer to the wall," resulting in part of a cup of water running down his back, greatly to the amusement of the entire party.

As we had quantities of rain for about a week after arrival, and not wishing to exert myself too much, or be in the hot sun a great deal, I did not catch any large strings of fish. About twelve or fifteen a day satisfied me. We had quantities of them every day. During the last three or four days of my stay I caught forty fish a day, just as many as I cared for. I caught no very large ones, one 2¼-pound bass being the largest one that I landed, and the largest caught by the party. The large ones are caught very early in the spring and in the fall. The river fish are much more game and finer food fishes. The most successful lure is phantom minnows, and one can catch bream, red perch and black bass if skillful in handling a 20-foot pole. The rod and reel don't work as well here.

Dr. J. B. S. Holmes, of Atlanta, has a plantation about half way between Lake Park and Alcyone. The Doctor is very fond of fishing and hunting, and comes down frequently to fish in spring, or to hunt foxes or wildcats in the winter. He keeps a very large kennel of foxhounds. I would like to have a cut for you illustrating the Doctor's fishing, but you may imagine how he looked. Not being able to procure a boat on one occasion, he ordered his man to saddle old Liz, a little black mule belonging to Capt. Stapler, famous as a saddle animal and deer hunter. Riding out into the water as far as he could without wetting his feet, he sat on Old Liz, and, having a long rod, threw the hook to land and had a live minnow put on the hook. He would cast out from him, get a strike, play his bass and work it to the land, where his man would take it from the hook and rebait for him. Thus fishing he landed fourteen bass. How is that for novel fishing? Mrs. Holmes is more enthusiastic as a fisherwoman than the Doctor is as a fisherman, and frequently catches large strings. She reserves one lake for her own fishing, and allows only a few friends to fish there. Capt. Stapler's friends and visitors are among the number. I went over with Capt. Stapler and Mr. Nash Murph, of Marshville, to fish in this pet pond, and while arranging my rods, preparatory to taking a boat, the other gentleman having gone around the lake to get another boat, Mrs. H. came along, stopped, and asked what I was going to do. I replied: "Going to fish." When she said: "We do not allow fishing in this lake," I politely informed her who I was, giving my name, and telling her I was a guest of Capt. Stapler. She very smilingly apologized, and told me to go ahead, and remarked that she had heard of me. We afterward had quite a pleasant conversation at Capt. Stapler's, and I was glad to meet her and to learn that she was a classmate of my wife, and graduated with her at old Wesleyan Female College—the mother of female colleges—located in Macon.

Quite a shower of rain came while fishing, and I had to seek shelter, and with my friends we left for home with about twelve bass between us. Mrs. Holmes con-

tinued to fish till after sundown, and landed twenty-one bass, as she told us next day. I felt like getting her to take me along and show me how to fish.

Capt. Stapler has leased the fishing and hunting privilege of his place November, December and January of each year to several wealthy gentlemen of New York. They come down at that time and find great quail shooting, and can very easily kill the limit allowed by law. They sometimes go by wagon about sixty miles below Alcyone, and spend a week deer hunting, killing from five to ten each trip. Quail shooting is very fine in that country, but the excellent law that Florida has is very frequently violated. Like the game laws of Georgia, most of the better class of sportsmen keeping them; they do not amount to much, and will not till our sportsmen have a large number of wardens appointed and prosecute all offenders to the extent of the law. I have pleaded for years with our local sportsmen to reduce their bags, but fail to make converts to my theories. The prospect is that good game laws are coming to us.

After nine days delightfully spent, I returned to Macon with the hope that I could accept the invitation of the Marshville party to "be with us on the full of the moon next May."

J.

Memories of Fishing at Devil's Lake, Michigan.

TWENTY-SIX years ago, in 1877, FOREST AND STREAM published an article by me, entitled: "Pencilings at Devil's Lake;" and this was its final paragraph:

"We feel that one who has suffered a two years' imprisonment in a busy city office, surrounded by stone walls, and breathing an atmosphere of smoke and dust, may be excused for his enthusiasm over the attractions of this sheet of water—bluff-guarded, rill and spring-fed, forest-girdled, wide-winding, with its many coves and grassy banks, its pure air, green pastures and still waters—beautiful Devil's Lake!"

Here is a picture of that lake from a photograph taken last month; and it seems identical with the memory-picture of more than a quarter of a century ago, as it lay, a vision of loveliness, under the light of a late afternoon when I turned away from it with such regret.

"There is no doll like the old doll." I have since fished for trout, salmon and ouananiche in lakes on Vancouver Island, and in British Columbia, Quebec and Newfoundland. But the fishing of that far-off springtime of life has made Devil's Lake hallowed in recollection; and memories remain vivid of those early years that held no dream of split bamboo rods, shining reels, and flies and leaders. And when, years later, I ventured to write about it, how I hesitated! And how gratifying to the young angler that genial welcome in his lower Broadway sanctum, of the editor of FOREST AND STREAM, Charles Hallock, recognized even then as the Nestor of American anglers and writers about fishing—a man of ripe experience with the Adirondack, Nepigon, and Maine trout and Restigouche salmon—who used flies made in Edinburgh, and cast them with Murphy rods. He was a very seer of angling to this boy who had as yet only wielded a cane pole and used a cork "bobber" with the line tied fast to the pole's tip; and who had caught only perch, sunfish, blue-gills, rock bass and pickerel, and a very few black bass. May the years pass lightly over Mr. Hallock's head; he is an oldish man now (sixty-eight); but still rays forth his terse articles for FOREST AND STREAM, although not its editor.

The writer's earliest memory is of a little pool on Bean Creek (outlet of Devil's Lake), forty years ago in Lenawee County, Michigan, where he saw and felt two-inch shiners bite the "nightwalkers" tied to a tow-string—which soon held a bent pin hook, and was tied to a four-foot pole cut with a dull jackknife.

There came a day when a boy comrade showed him a "sure-enough" fishhook, a No. 10 Limerick, with an actual barb. As a great favor, he was allowed to hold it between thumb and forefinger, and jerk violently at an imaginary shiner impaled thereon. No rest now until he owned a like hook. A silver dime was begged from a big brother, and off he trudged, bare-footed, to "Coontown," (now Addison), where he actually bought two hooks and a cotton fishline. Osborn, the grocery man, pinned the tiny packet into the boy's shirt, for he had no pockets. And the boy felt for that packet over every rod of the returning two miles to Hale's mill-pond, where he caught his first sunfish from the pool below the waste-weir. How many men in that region have seen and recall Hale's and McLouth's millponds? Their beds have long been green fields in summer.

During five happy years the writer fished and bathed in that creek. He wondered where its waters started—where they came from—and a comrade said to him that the creek was the outlet of Devil's Lake, a great ocean three miles long and a mile wide. Impossible! Yet an afternoon came when he saw it from his seat beside his father in the "lumber wagon," saw its blue vastness, the waves, tipped with whitecaps, and heard it roar. Even over the tops of those woods that intervened, it seemed more titanic and beautifully fearsome than the Atlantic Ocean does now. He dared not even hope to fish there. But the next week a great summer camp-meeting was held on its south shore; and he had the joy of crouching in the bow of one of the three old boats on the lake, and looking, frightened, at the awful clear depth and blueness of the water, and the terrible waves, at least six inches high! He slept in a tent made with sheets, and heard the lake roaring in the night. Those were the days of Evangelist Polly Cross and class-leader Charley Carmichael, forty-five years ago—days all but forgotten even to the residents of that region. How few of them will recall the old names: Darlington's Point, Chandler's Landing, Willett's Cove, Doc. Benders, Saunders' log house, Gassy John and Col. Elliott, and that the only available boat was owned by "old man Thrasher," a leaky punt used mainly for spearing by the flames of tamarack light-wood in an iron "jack." He often saw that crazy old craft careen, and its wet sides glisten in sunshine; and how he longed to be out in it, anchored over the fish-weeds at the point of the long bar that extends south-

east from the west end of the lake. When he got to be a man he might fish there. Yes, the slow years would bring relief from the stern injunction of his father: "Keep off and away from that lake or get thrashed with a blue beech gad!" The gad was already cut and laid in plain view for his benefit; but as the boy looked at it, he knew the time was near when its terrors would be braved for the sake of fishing on Devil's Lake.

For he was fifteen years old—a big man. Why should he not fish there? Weeks followed full of secret plans with a boy comrade of fainter heart. Independence Day became only a week off. Stealthy digging of earth-worms at the edge of the straw-stack behind the barn! Stolen trips to town, and furtive purchases of "big" hooks and lines, and cork floats. Piratical exploration of the tamarack swamp west of Tom Lewin's, where "poles" were cut, trimmed and peeled, and surreptitiously dried. Precious days, more precious because of the sure punishment to follow transgression. But we aided each other's courage by the frequent cry of "Goin' a-fishin', lickin' or no lickin'." And on July 4th, Liberty Day! How we saved and planned "riding horse to plow corn" at 15 cents a day to get the dollar we would have to pay for the boat on that holiday! We paid it late on the night of the 3d and secured the boat-key from the admonishing Mr. Pattison, the boat-keeper at the "landing," who is renting boats there yet after almost forty years, and who has furnished the means for enjoying more real angling

and from Marshall and Jackson, Mich., by various divisions of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway, and from Cincinnati by the Cincinnati Northern Road, and has comfortable cottages and hotels, notably the Lakeview, Devil's Lake and Pleasant Grove hostleries, where anglers, alone or with their families, can be comfortable at very moderate rates. Its railroad stations are Manitou Beach and Devil's Lake. It is a singularly wild and beautiful sheet of water; but no attempt will be made here to describe its beauties.

Many writers have given fanciful accounts of the alleged events that gave the lake its name of *Michi Manitou*, or Devil's Lake. But the "legend" and "tradition" are imaginative. Here is a sample of such stories, taken from an elaborately written book about the lake:

"Many hundred moons ago, long before the paleface came to destroy the forests and lay waste the land, a tribe of Mohawks had their home here." Of course the chief had an only daughter (he always does in such stories), and "her eyes were like the forest pool where the trout hide, and her hair was matched only by a moonless night in November. Her cheek was the brown hue of the partridge wing, save where the tint of the wild rose glowed in its dusky shadows; and her laugh was like the ripple of the waterfall when the south wind blows upon its surface."

A young Wyandotte from the shores of Lake Erie "whispered in her ear a story told in all climes and translated into all languages." And her cruel papa fought little Dan Cupid, and hustled the dusky maid

is located. The writer knows about a dozen of these ranges; but they could not be described in these columns so a reader would recognize them when searching for them on the lake.

Here are some of the better known places that are favorite fishing places with many local fishermen:

There is a "circle" in the bulrushes northeast from the tip of Darlington's Point about fifty rods. This is a basin about eight or ten rods across, free from rushes, and with many fishweeds eight or ten feet high, whose tops are near the surface of the water. Perch, sunfish, bluegills, rock bass and sometimes a black bass can be hooked and landed there.

For much better fishing, row from the "circle" northeast to where the bulrushes of the bar terminate in a point at the edge of blue water. Eight rods further to the northeast, over blue water, and the boat will be over a bar four or five rods across and under water about eighteen feet. There the angler should find excellent midsummer bass and perch fishing. Not over a half dozen residents of that region know of that little bar.

Two hundred rods northward is the south point of Willett's Cove. Row right east from that over what you suppose is blue water, and suddenly you will be going across the point of a curving bar, with the usual tall weeds whose "buttons" will show on the surface. Excellent fishing for sunfish and bluegills should be found there, and all along the east edge of the bar, to the point of rushes thirty rods north.

A similar narrow bar, with like weeds, lies northeast of the north point of the Cove. If the day is still and sunny, possibly the buttons of the weeds may be seen on the surface of the water, otherwise the angler will need the tree-range to locate the spot; and one of the trees cannot be described here so it would be recognized from five or six others close to the shore. The angler might place each of them in line with the tree on the top of the low hill eighty rods north from shore, and row across that bar at last. It furnishes the second-best fishing at the lake.

At the point of the bar southwest from Cedar Point, on the east side of the lake, is another excellent fishing place, marked with a like patch of fishweeds.

South of the shallow white bar running south from the south point of Saunders' Cove, on the east side of the north lake, is a bar that extends forty rods out from a line of rushes, and gradually growing deeper, with very tall occasional weeds with a pair or two of leaves on their tops, near the surface. At the point of that bar is excellent fishing for perch and black bass.

South by east from that bar point twenty rods, and the rower will pass over a circular bar about six or eight rods across, and it is edged with fishweeds. It is a capital place for bluegills and bass fishing, as is also the north side of the ten-acre bar that lies across eight rods of blue water to the south of the circular bar.

Finally I mention a fishing location whose existence cannot be known to but two or three men in all that region, and they could scarcely find it in a cloudy and windy day.

Ten rods directly west from the smaller, circular bar, surrounded by stretches of blue, deep water, is a bar twenty feet down, and about three rods across. It is nearly round. The fisherman who can find that bar will not only take very large bluegills and perch, but both large and small mouth black bass. It is the choicest fishing ground at Devil's Lake. It can hardly be located even with these directions, except when the lake is still. Then the angler who expects to revisit the spot should study the shores and mark the exact spot by far tree-ranges, as he can do from both the east and west shores. It will seem absurdly easy to find again when the day is sunny and the water is smooth, and the anchor is actually cast there. But it will be a far different matter when waves are running and skies are overcast.

L. F. BROWN.

Without Wetting the Hook.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Coming back from the Pacific Coast a few weeks ago I heard a pretty good fish story. It was in the smoking compartment of the Pullman sleeper that leaves St. Paul early in the evening over the Northwestern road. I hope I am not violating a confidence, but it was too good to keep, and I believe it to be absolutely true.

A man from Eau Claire, Wis., whom from his conversation I judged to be lumberman and one also who dabbled in mining properties, was the man who told the story, and he imparted it to a friend who was coming East to buy machinery for a new saw mill he was building near Everett, Wash. The scene of the story was laid a short distance north of Bonner's Ferry, on the Great Northern Railroad, and I was particularly interested because I had just passed through that country and had been disappointed in not being able to stop near there for some fishing myself. The Eau Claire man had some new fishing gear in his valise that he had just been trying and found very killing, and this started him on his story.

"Talk about good fishing," he said, "have I seen you since I made that trip up into Idaho to settle the bet I made with Bailey?"

"No," replied the other.

"I never had any fishing like that before, and I am going up again this season. You know Bailey of Duluth, the man who is a good deal interested in Western mining properties? Well, I run up to Duluth occasionally and I frequently see Bailey there. He is a royal good fellow and he can tell as big a story as any man I know of—in fact, he rather has the reputation of being particularly artistic when it comes to putting fine touches on a good story, fish or otherwise. I was talking there with Bailey one day about fishing and he began to tell a tale about the prodigious number and immense size of the trout he had caught in a little stream near his mine in Idaho, the last time he visited it. The whole thing sounded so ridiculous that I had to laugh. I was surprised to find that this time instead of expecting to be laughed at, Bailey got rather indignant.



DEVIL'S LAKE.

sport than any other dozen men in Lenawee County. And yet some of his patrons grumble when he charges them "a quarter" for a whole day's use of a boat, with oars and rods, lines and hooks!

We rose long before daylight, and walked four miles to the landing. That was July 4, 1865. At last! How glad the sky and sunlight, and water and freedom. The lake stretched away for miles, solemn, joyful, its little billows hardly an inch high. But it was rather fearsome to row from the shore as shown in the foreground of the picture, northeast over the bar that runs across the lake to the southeast from Darlington's Point, and on over more blue water, two miles to the edge of the light clay bar on the east side, at the south point of Saunders' Cove. There the water deepens from six feet to fifty, right over a shelf. And we anchored, and fished over that edge. We were only expecting to get sunfish, perch and bluegills. I can see yet, just how that bobber looked, and how excited I was as it bobbed, and swiftly went down two feet before I pulled! My boy comrade had a like bite at the same time, and the next instant a couple of three-pound black bass were leaping and scaring us, and were gone, leaving us to look at each other in fright and dismay!

Substituting larger hooks, we even yet lost the largest fish; but by nine o'clock that morning a dozen splendid bass lay in the boat. Glory enough! We were back home to a late dinner, and took that punishment, and knew that we were buying our fun cheap. We met in a fence corner that evening, midway between our homes, and talked and lived over again all the joys of that tremendous day.

Never again, in all the years of camping and trolling and use of modern tackle, did such luck come to me—the cup of joy was full and ran over in richest measure, that very first three hours of fishing for black bass on Devil's Lake.

This lake is remarkable for the number and size of its fish. It is in a very fine and thickly settled farming country, and is fished by from four to thirty boats daily from early spring until late fall; yet it is sure to yield a "mess" of fish for the crudest anglers with clumsy tackle. It is reached from Chicago and Toledo

back home to the lake. But a "plaintive note of a seeming whippoorwill used to convey a signal to her that was full of meaning." Stolen interviews in forest dingles, flight, pursuit, a canoe, a storm, an upset, a drowning; and the lovers were buried in one grave. All the account lacks is the couplet from Lord Lovel:

"And from her bosom there grew a red rose,
And from her lover's a briar."

All this is absurd. No young Indian would have been upset from a canoe in any storm there; if the couple had been spilled into the water, they would have swam ashore. The writer once swam across the whole lake from the house west of Darlington's Point to Green's woods.

The real story is as follows:

A sub-tribe of the Mohawks had a "village" at Cedar Point, on the east shore of the north part of the lake. About 1740 two squaws tried to cross the lake on thin ice, and were drowned. Three braves who tried to rescue them were also drowned. The five bodies were buried somewhere on the shore between Cedar Point and the innermost curve of what old-time anglers there know as Saunders' Cove. No trace of those graves has existed since about 1800.

The above story, as well as a fanciful "legend," was told to me in 1875 by Joseph Beal, a resident then eighty years old. He said it was related to his father by old trappers and hunters, and by some old Mohawk Indians, the story being thus carried back to 1740. There was no formal naming of the lake by the Indians; but they at once designated it as the Lake of the Evil Spirit, and there is a present feeling of restiveness that so very beautiful a lake should bear such a name. There is a farmers' picnic on its shores once a year, after the harvest, and from forty to fifty thousand people gather. This annual picnic was first held about thirty years ago, and each one brings together a larger crowd than its predecessor.

Almost anywhere along the lines of blue water there is fair fishing. Many of the very best fishing spots can only be located by "ranges"—getting certain trees or objects on shore in line with other objects farther inland, and rowing, keeping the objects in line until the special bar, patch of fishweeds or sunken stake

"'You don't believe what I am telling you, eh?' he finally said rather sharply. 'Well, I'll just tell you what I'll do with you. I'll bet you an even thousand dollars that I can take you up to that stream and show you a place where you can catch all the trout you can carry without wetting your hook.'"

"Of course I laughed at him all the harder, and the harder I laughed the madder he got, until finally he actually bet me a thousand dollars to a hundred that I could go up there and catch my fish basket full without wetting my hook."

"'Say, Bailey,' said I, 'do your trout up there have wings or do they go out in airships when they want their breakfast?'"

"'Never you mind,' he replied, 'we'll just step over to the bank there and put up the money.'"

"Put it up we did, and I never felt I was going to get \$1,000 quite so pleasantly and easily as that. To make a long story short, soon afterwards we made the trip out west together. We went to Bonner's Ferry, and took the Kootenai branch about fifty miles north of there to Port Hill, where Boundary Creek comes in. We went up the creek a little way and came to a place where the stream, which was perhaps about as wide as this car, was a tumbling sheet of foam for two or three miles as it tore its way down the canyon. I fixed up my rod and, according to Bailey's instructions, put a piece of red flannel on the hook, and lowered it down toward the water. When the flannel got about three inches above the foam an immense trout broke the water and grabbed it. It gave me a terrible start. Everything was so wild around there and the fish were so big and savage I felt almost like taking to the woods. And do you know that's the way those fish did just as long as I cared to take them. Just hold the bait over the water and they jumped for it, yes sir! Of course, my hook got wet, but I didn't need to put it in the water to get fast to the fish. I was perfectly satisfied, and when we got home I told the bank to pay over my hundred dollars. It was the cheapest fishing I ever had in my life." E. P. H.

APPLETON, Wis.

In the New York Aquarium.

(Continued from last week)

AN attractive tank is that of the sunfish where upwards of fifty of them dwell together in peace and harmony. This fish grows to a length of eight inches and weighs half a pound. It builds for itself a nest in the mud, sand or gravel. The eggs are attached to stones or water plants, and it is said (singular fact) that the male performs the duties of nurse and nest builder. The sunfish hang poised in the midst of their watery prison apparently looking out curiously at visitors and affording the best view of their beauties. Their home is furnished with a square arch of stones.

The American sole, commonly called "sticking plaster," appears to be scarcely thicker than that retailed at a drug store, and, with all its adhesiveness, it clings or fastens itself to the rocks. In the aquarium they adhere to the walls of the tank, and at first glance are often unnoticed. One of the prize winners for homeliness is the big Mississippi catfish. Conscious of his deficiencies, he keeps himself as much as possible out of sight against the back wall of his apartment. Another common looking chap is the mudfish, otherwise called bowfin, dogfish, lawyer or John-a-Grindle. He, too, comes from the sluggish Mississippi and its great lakes, and has no particular merit of any kind. On the one hand he is worthless as food, while on the other he has a large appetite of his own, which he appeases with frogs and small fish.

The big tank where the crustaceans are kept is like an alcoholic nightmare. It is full of horseshoe crabs, lobsters, misshapen fiddler crabs, soft shell crabs, sea spiders, crabs with one claw, crabs with two claws, and crabs that seem to be all claws. There is one unsociable specimen shunned by his fellow monstrosities who is a perfect mass of nippers and horny legs and creepers, and all that you can see as a center for all this unpleasantness is a pair of malevolent eyes. Next to this unpleasant exhibit is a tank containing the most inert specimens of the collection. They are the chitons and sea urchins. The chitons look like teapot covers of fluted tin. They live at the bottom of the tank and attend strictly to their own affairs. The sea urchins are floaters. They are small, round, brownish, spiny affairs, and when you touch them they roll over and wave their spines indefinitely about. You can make a very good sea urchin of your own by taking a small round pincushion, sticking it full of headless black pins, and putting it in the bath tub.

Among things secured by the aquarium's own collectors, there are now here a number of small decorating crabs, the familiar and yet marvelous creatures that decorate the top of their shell with threads of marine plants, which they place there seemingly for purposes of adornment, but really to make themselves invisible, and so to protect them from their enemies. When it has attained maturity and large size the crab ceases to decorate itself. With its long, slender, curving legs it looks then like an enormous spider, and it relies then upon its size and activity to keep others at a distance; it would seem as though it might, for that, safely rely upon its appearance. But in its youth the decorating crab does wonderful things. It plants upon its back to be held there in a sticky glue which it secretes, bits and shreds of marine plants, commonly placing them near the front of the shell, above which they rise like the feathers or other adornments on the front of a woman's hat. It begins to do this at a very early age. Little decorators a quarter of an inch in diameter have been taken with bits of plants sticking to them; the little creatures had already begun to adorn themselves. Red plants the decorating crabs appear to use the most, but they take those of bright green, too, and of other colors. Decorators have been captured that had upon their shells scraps and shreds of as many as five kinds of marine vegetation.

When it is very young and small the decorator casts off its own shell to make way for the new one it sheds at frequent intervals; the very little decorators

shed twice in a month, the sheddings being less and less frequent as the crab grows older and bigger. When the decorator has come to be quite a crab and so as to carry upon its shell the bits of plants that it may place there for a longer time, these plants may grow more or less. When it does shed its shell, at whatever stage of its own growth, it sheds of course with it whatever fragments of plants may be left upon it. These sheddings, with the plant scraps upon them, may drift about and be lost or destroyed. If one should lodge in some place where it would remain undisturbed by the tides, the bits of plants upon it might then sprout up and grow into a considerable bunch of vegetation.

Of all the freak fish none appears more ridiculous than the boxfish. It looks as much like a gherkin as anything else. Covered with little spines and rather oblong in shape, it is doubtful if the ordinary farmer's boy off for a Sunday's fishing would know whether it was vegetable, animal or mineral. The cowfish is rather a homely chap, with a serious cast of countenance. The cowfish is so-called by reason of its resemblance to the head of a cow and has little horns that protrude just above the eyes. Its body is almost wholly encased in a bone shell, which makes it clumsy of movement. It feeds on mollusks and other small organisms found on sea vegetation, such as snails, cockles and shrimp.

Among the more remarkable fishes at the aquarium the strangely shaped file fish holds a prominent place, and the tanks in which they pass their contemplative lives are the objects of much attention. This is not so much on account of their liveliness as because of their most peculiar shape. So grotesque are they that one is tempted to believe that they are rather the victims of some marine accident than fish produced by nature purposely. If there were railroad trains on the bottom of the seas one might reasonably enough imagine that the file fish were its survivors, crippled and deformed, of a particularly bad rear end collision. They have dents and angles where the ordinary fish has glossy and shapely sides. Their fins are stumps and wiggle with touching industry in an apparently painful effort to keep the queer bodies upright, and the beholder watches with tension to see them turn turtle, for it seems impossible that the little fish should continue long to float in any way except what would seem the more natural way, namely, on their backs. File fish are cosmopolitans. They appear in almost all seas. In the aquarium are specimens from the Bermudas, from Florida and from Gravesend Bay, which is just behind our own Coney Island.

Three specimens of what is considered the rarest salamander in existence were received not long ago at the aquarium. They are known as the *Typhlomolge rathbuni*—the last name being a Latinization of the name of Richard Rathbun, the assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington—are found in only one part of the world, and are the only live ones that have ever been offered for exhibition.

The salamanders were discovered in an artesian well owned by the United States Fish Commission at San Marcos, Texas. The well is 188 feet deep and the discovery that it is inhabited by the Rathbun family has caused the officials of the Fish Commission to conclude that the bottom of the well is in some manner, as yet unexplained, connected with a subterranean cavern.

They are of a pinkish white color, somewhat similar to the axolotl family, and like the fish that inhabit the mammoth caves of Kentucky, are eyeless. Unlike other species of the salamander family, they have gills. They have a broad, shovel-shaped head, and their body is shaped something like that of a fish. They have also four skeleton-like legs that are believed to be utilized as feelers, since they propel themselves entirely with a short stubbed shaped thing that looks something like a tail, although it is not, strictly speaking, such an appendage, according to Mr. Spencer, who has charge of the laboratory.

A gluttonous starfish, a clam with an eleven inch neck and oyster shells nearly a foot long, were among the curious recent arrivals at the aquarium. All hail from local waters. The starfish is of the ordinary variety, but it possesses an extraordinary appetite for small snails. This appetite soon gained him distinction. Soon after his arrival he was observed by Mr. Spencer to be humped up in an apparent knot. His appearance was so odd that an examination was made, and no less than six small snails were found under him. One was clasped tightly to the mouth by the small tentacles and was in the act of being devoured. The others were held by the tentacles along the forearms for future meals. There were enough to last two weeks. The starfish secures his food by clasping the open part of a snail shell to his mouth in the center of the under side of the body and slowly sucking out the live snail.

The clam, which was described by a keeper as the original "rubber neck," is four inches long, and of the soft variety. Shortly after it was placed in one of the balanced aquaria—the laboratory—his abilities as a neck stretcher became apparent. The other day he broke the record by extending his neck eleven inches from his shell by actual measurement.

The large oyster shells were secured by Mr. John De Nyce, of the aquarium staff, in an old mill pond near Gravesend Bay. They are the largest, as far as known, ever found there, the largest of them measuring ten and a half inches in length and being in its heaviest part something like an inch in thickness. In old times oysters were planted and cultivated in this tidal pond. Their cultivation ceased long ago. These great oyster shells, bleached white by the scouring of many tides, grew undisturbed until the oysters were killed by borers, or died of old age. The oysters that lived in these big oyster shells must have been twenty years or more old when they died, which is patriarchal for an oyster.

The spiny lobster, which is something new at the aquarium, is much like the common lobster in shape, but the peculiarly spotted and marked body of delicate shades of silver, blue, purple and amber makes it one of the most beautiful of crustaceans. This lobster is from Bermuda and has no pincers like ours, but from

its head are extended long, hard spines thickly covered with sharp stickers or needles similar to the cactus plant. In their native element they live the greater part of the time under the rocks. Before entering a crevice they use their long spines for exploring to find out if there is anything in it. If it is empty they turn around and back into it, leaving the spines sticking out of the entrance on guard.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A Giant Pike.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 1.—Every once in a while there comes very tangible proof of the fact that not all the big fish are caught as yet. For instance, each two years or so we hear of a very large large muscallunge being taken in Fox Lake waters of Illinois, only fifty-five miles from Chicago, and in a district literally infested with cottagers, "resorters," and all sorts and conditions of fishermen. Oddly enough, these big muscallunge of Fox Lake—and they are a genuine muscallunge and not the great northern pike—are nearly always discovered under singular circumstances. Two or three have been found dead on the shore, choked of their own rapacity. One was found, as reported in these columns, tangled up in the rushes and fast to a set line. Only very few have ever been taken with rod and reel, although every once in a while come stories of lost spoon hooks, of heavy surging strikes and monsters of the deep seen for a moment and then gone forever. These details might be classed as fishermen's stories were it not for the occasional absolute proof of their probability in the shape of these big muscallunge which are taken, dead or alive.

From Fox Lake to the muscallunge country of Wisconsin and Minnesota is a long jump, yet until one goes to the upper tributaries of the Mississippi which drain the great pine woods country to the north of us, there is hardly a water which produces the muscallunge. These big fellows in Fox Lake are simply there as the Skunk River and Des Moines River and Ohio River muscallunge are, or were, by chance, by survival, almost, one might say, by accident. We have, however, all through this western district, from the Ohio River north to the pine woods country, that other giant pike sometimes confused with the muscallunge, the great northern pike, the same fish which is commonly called pickerel all through this part of the world, but which is not in truth a pickerel, but just what it actually is, the great northern pike, neither a muscallunge nor a pickerel.

I remember stating in these columns some years ago the facts regarding the capture of two or three enormous pike in the little lake in Waukesha County known as Deep Lake, or Lulu Lake, or Schwartz's Lake, which is connected with Eagle Lake by a narrow rushy channel. This is the same lake on which J. B. H. and myself pitched our little camp for very many years in succession. We heard these stories of great pike, and one day had some reason to believe them, for J. B. H. brought up a great shiner bait cut in half as neatly as though by a pair of scissors. Billy Tuohy told us of one of these big fish which he himself had hooked and had up to the side of the boat. He thought it weighed 25 pounds. On still another occasion he was out with an angler who hooked a pike of about the same size, but which broke away. One day a farmer, casting frog along the shore of the lake with a long cane pole, had a heavy strike. He started inland on foot, and without halt or hesitation dragged out a great northern pike which weighed nearly 30 lbs. So much for confirmation of the repeated rumors of an occasional giant pike in this little lake, which is set like a beautiful gem among the quiet green hills of lower Wisconsin, one of the most beautiful regions that ever lay out of doors.

Now we come to the story in question. A few days ago Mr. W. L. Curtis, a salesman of A. G. Spalding & Bro., this city, went up to Billy Tuohy's place on Eagle Lake. He wanted to find the hidden bar out in the middle of the lake—the same bar which Billy Tuohy showed to J. B. H. and me, and where we caught our croppies and occasionally struck something heavier than croppies—but like most unskilled folk was unable to locate this little cone which rises up out of the bottom of the deep waters. Mr. Curtis was equipped with an ordinary bass outfit and started to troll with a spoon around the left edge of the lake as one goes in from the channel. When he got about opposite the little spring—the same spring which J. B. H. and I used at our yearly encampment—he felt a heavy surge on his line. What this big pike was doing over on that side of the lake I can't tell. Probably he was just wandering around in a morose and savage mood. At any rate, after about half an hour's hard fighting, Mr. Curtis got him up to the side of the boat. Happily he was provided with a combined gaff and landing net of his own invention. Several times, as in Mr. Tuohy's case, this big fish had escaped, because there was no way of getting them into the boat when brought alongside. Mr. Curtis gaffed this fish, and came back with it. It was a beautiful specimen, deep, fat and bright, and weighed just twenty-eight pounds. The fish is now in Chicago for the purpose of mounting. Mr. Curtis was accompanied in the boat by Mr. Horace Haff of Chicago. So much for beautiful little Lulu Lake. Since the death of J. B. H. I have never seen it, nor do I purpose ever visiting its shores again, but I am glad to see that it verifies to-day our beliefs of years ago.

For the Nepigon.

Mr. W. S. Forrest, the distinguished criminal lawyer of this city, is, like a great many other professional men, a very ardent devotee of the angle. Mr. Forrest leaves to-day, with his son, for a trip of some duration on the Nepigon. He takes a big outfit along, and is of course practically certain of sport among the great trout of that noble stream.

For Newfoundland.

Mr. George M. Eckels, of this city, is outfitting this week for a touring and trouting trip to the far off province of Newfoundland. At least Newfoundland

seems far off to a Chicago man, though its excellence as a sporting country ought to bring it very close to the attention and to the hearts of sportsmen East and West.

The Green Lake Country.

Green Lake, in Waushara County, Wisconsin, is in one of the best known summer countries in the West, and is pretty well taken up by wealthy cottagers who reside in Chicago and other cities. It is a deep and cold water, and is famous for its tremendous small-mouth bass, this fish being taken in great sizes at times, usually by deep fishing. The Green Lake bass might almost be called by a finicky scientist a distinct species of their own. They are athletic, bright colored, red-eyed, fighting fish, very much prized by anglers. The fame of these waters extends beyond the confines of the State of Illinois, as may be witnessed by the arrival in town yesterday of a party of Kentucky gentlemen who purpose spending some time at Green Lake and vicinity. These are Dr. Arch. Dixon, of Henderson, Ky.; Dr. L. S. McMurray, of Louisville, and Dr. J. Flexner, of the same city. These are names widely known in medical circles, even outside of the United States. All these gentlemen are anglers and are eager to learn something of the possibilities of the lakes and streams adjacent to Green Lake. Meeting Dr. Dixon by chance, I told him what I could about that country, including mention of the fly-fishing for small-mouth bass on the White River between Princeton and Neshkoro, this being along the northwestern line close to Green Lake station. Dr. Dixon laid in a supply of bass flies and went away with fire in his eye, determined to undertake certain negotiations with the red eyes of that pretty stream. "If you are ever down in Kentucky, sir," said he, "it will give any of us pleasure to meet you and to show you what sport we have in our country." How very like that is to that singular, unvarying and beautiful feeling of hospitality which prevails throughout the Southern States.

Good Bass.

At Eagle Lake, Wisconsin, last week, Mr. W. F. White, of Chicago, was lucky enough to take a big-mouth bass weighing 4 lbs. 14 oz., this being the largest reported from Waukesha County this summer, so far as known.

The Log of a Salmon Fisher.

Mr. C. H. Davis, of Saginaw, is good enough to send in an interesting extract from the log of his late salmon trip on his river, the Little Pabos, Gaspé County, P. Q. In this Mr. Davis includes more extensive mention of the singular incident reported last week of the salmon which broke away with the leader but was later killed on the rod. The record mentioned is as follows:

"C. H. Davis, June 22 to July 11, fished 15 days; W. S. Humphrey, June 22 to July 4, fished 9 days; M. W. Tanner, July 4 to July 11, fished 6 days. Total, 30 days. "Water very low during entire period, and big fish would not rise to fly.

"Killed 41 salmon; weight 346½ lbs.; largest, 20 lbs.; average, 8.45 lbs.; killed 4 grilse, weight 12 lbs.; average, 3 lbs.; killed 198 trout, weight 226 lbs.; largest, 4½ lbs.; average, 4.14 lbs.; total, 584½ lbs. Average per rod per day, 19.46 lbs.

"Log of July 7.—Warm and cloudy; showers after 3 P. M. Fished down river, leaving camp at 9 A. M. Francois reporting one salmon in Cora Pool (10 rods above camp), Davis started in there, while M. W. Tanner, of Saginaw, pushed on down with his two men and canoe. For some unaccountable reason, presumably by reason of the unusually low stage of water and consequent change of currents, we had so far been unable to raise more than one fish in Cora, which fish, after the first rush, settled back and sullenly refused every fly offered him. We had cast over a number of salmon in this pool on previous days without result, but a slight rise in the water last night seemed to have effect, and to the surprise of Davis, this one came with a rush at first cast, got well hooked, and after the usual mad rushes and leaps came quietly to gaff, and was laid away on a bed of snow in the ice house in less than twenty minutes.

"Davis and his crew then started down to look for Tanner, and around the second bend found him in earnest confab with his men on a little island at Bogan pool. It looked like trouble as we drew near, and sure enough it was, as Tanner had found three salmon in this pool, and getting a few quick rises from one, finally got fast to a bright 8½ pounder, just in from the sea, after which a few runs and leaps had succeeded in parting the line from the leader (the knot slipped), and they were mourning the loss of such a fine fish, to say naught of the three-dollar Boyd leader. Tanner's fish was cavorting about the pool, stirring up a large number of big trout that were lying about, and occasionally leaping out of water in his efforts to free himself from fly and leader. A council of war was immediately convened on the island, and Davis suggested that an effort be made to recapture the fish, and action was commenced at once by Francois taking the end of Tanner's line in his teeth, and putting out with Oliver and the canoe. They began to give chase, Tanner's boat joining in and following up the other boat, Tanner holding his rod, Davis guarding the rattle at lower end of the pool. Up and down the pool, up the Bogan and back again went fish and canoes. This continued for half an hour, when Mr. Salmon, after an attempt to run down the shallow riffle, returned to the pool and sought to hide under a log and limb, four feet under water. Oliver held the canoe steady, while Francois skilfully lifted the free end of the leader with his gaff, and quickly joined same to the end of Tanner's line. Then slowly drawing the line backward, so as to get the fish clear of the limb, the canoe was swung clear, leaving Tanner once more in command, and the bright and shining beauty, after a few more gallant struggles for freedom, was brought safely to gaff.

"Oliver, in his thirty odd years with salmon fishers, said he had never seen this trick successfully performed but once before, and as Francois remarked, we gave

the fish fair play, as he could easily have been gaffed in, as could one of the other two, which hid in the Bogan with his head under the bank. The day's record was:

"Davis, 1 salmon in Cora Pool, 8½ lbs.; 1 salmon in Stump Pool, 7½ lbs. Tanner, 1 salmon in Bogan Pool, 8½ lbs.; 21 trout, 24½ lbs.

"Salmon, before entering the rivers, are usually preceded by a small fish, called the capeling (I believe is the name), upon which they gorge themselves. This year the capeling had not appeared up to July 12, and the salmon are still stringing along, coming in, and are not quite as fat and fine flavored this year as usual, but good enough to eat, as I can truly assert, having had them on table at least once every day for three weeks."

Muscullunge and Frog.

Mr. Sam J. Ryan, of Appleton, Wis., writes in comment on the late statement regarding frog bait for muscullunge. "I notice you say 'One does not recall any instance of a muscullunge being taken on frog bait.' On Big Lake, in the Manitowish waters, two years ago I took a twelve-pound muscullunge with frog on a small bass hook, and on a seven-ounce rod. I picked up the fish just beyond the thoroughfare leading from Round Lake. I cast in the mangled frog again and raised another muscullunge, but he did not take much interest in the dead bait. If I had been able to find another live frog in that entire country I am sure I would have had more fish."

Of course nearly every one has taken pickerel, that is to say, great northern pike, on frog bait, more especially when used as a bait below a spoon. The frog, for one reason or another, is not commonly used by the muscullunge fishers of the Wisconsin district. Perhaps here is a tip very much worth bearing in mind by muscullunge anglers.

For Tomahawk District.

Judge Warwick Hough, of the Circuit Court, St. Louis, Mo., has for many years made trips into the muscullunge district of Wisconsin. In a letter at hand he says: "I shall hope, during the first or second week in August, to get away for a trip to Tomahawk Lake, near Minocqua. Mr. Southgate, of the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, has a cottage near the Northwestern railroad, on Lac du Flambeau, northwest of Minocqua, where I understand there is fine fishing. Please inquire about this if convenient." Can any one give information of the desired sort? My own impression was that Flambeau Lake was pretty hard hit by the reservation Indians, but then one can never tell where the big ones are or when they are going to begin feeding.

Drowned by a Catfish.

I heard yesterday of a singular incident which happened on the Mississippi River near La Crosse. One of the river fishermen, by the name of William Renz, was out doing some night fishing, probably set line work, well towards the middle of the big river. He found himself fast to one of the big Mississippi river catfish, and in the struggle which followed the attempt to get the fish into the boat Mr. Renz was pulled overboard, caught in the current and drowned.

Fish Slaughter in Indiana.

The White River of Indiana has been in its time a splendid angling stream, containing among other attractions black bass which rise to the fly. It passes through a well settled district of the State and offers water power to several large factories. At Anderson, Indiana, are extensive straw board works, of course employing chemicals, and of course also discharging their poisonous refuse into the nearest stream. The result has of late been most disastrous to the fish life in the White River, and dead fish have lined the shores to such an extent that the Board of Health of Anderson has been obliged to collect them and burn them. About 14,000 pounds of dead fish were thus burned this week. We are a strange people, we Americans. We tolerate so much.

The Boss Story.

At Delavan Lake, Wisconsin, last week, a gentleman whose native modesty demands suppression of his name, performed a rather singular feat. While out bait-casting for bass he caught a live woodchuck. I have known bass fishermen thus to catch steel traps, muskrats, bullfrogs, bitterns, and other strange outfits, but I never did hear of a man catching a woodchuck while bait-casting with frog. I trust these New England gentlemen who take the woodchuck seriously enough to go out after him with a rifle will now mend their ways and pursue him in the far more sportsman-like method of the rod and reel.

Is the Sand Fly an Animal?

Evanston is a suburb of Chicago. Poundmaster Frederick Warren gets 50c. for every dead animal which he removes from the public streets of that village. There are four hundred million dead sand flies on the streets of Evanston. Now Mr. Warren is very anxious to know with legal accuracy whether or not the sand fly is an animal. If it is he can quit work pretty soon.

Doings at Oshkosh.

Mr. J. D. Carr, for the Winnebago Gun Club, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, writes pleasantly as below, under date of July 24:

"Commencing August 22, and continuing for a week, there's goin' to be somethin' doin' at Oshkosh. The Common Council of the city has appropriated \$500, which will be largely augmented by private subscription—more than doubled—for the proper observance of the semi-centennial of this city, the ceremonies to be held on Thursday, August 27. The Inland Lakes Yachting Association holds its annual regatta here, commencing Saturday, August 22; and last, but not least, the Winnebago Gun Club will hold its annual tournament August 23, 24 and 25. Now, I know that

you have a soft spot in your heart for Oshkosh. If you could make it convenient to attend this series of good sporting events I am sure, if you did not enjoy yourself, the fault would not be entirely ours. You might slip a bass rod or two into your outfit, with other proper fixin's for seducing the small-mouth, and if conditions were favorable you might enjoy bass fishing on some of the finest waters in the world. By the way, one of the numbers on the semi-centennial programme is an address by Reginald Oshkosh, grandson of the old Chief Oshkosh.

"We expect you to say 'yea, verily.'"

I'm sure I wish I could, but cannot yet tell.

Try the Feather Duster.

Mr. J. E. Allen writes from Alpena, Mich.: "One good turn deserves another, and since you have done me one good turn, now please do the other. Accommodate me with some of the feathers you mention in the FOREST AND STREAM."

If I remember correctly, Mr. Allen refers to the make-up of the McGinty fly. The wing is the white-tipped turkey wing, and I think if he will go to the nearest feather duster he can find consolation.

Big Chicken Crop in the Northwest.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 1.—During a visit to St. Paul, Minnesota, this week, talks with many different sportsmen convinced me that there is going to be a fine crop of chickens in Minnesota and the Dakotas this fall. Warden Fullerton, who is just back from a tour in the upper part of Minnesota, says that that country will be alive with game this fall. He thinks that Ottertail, Douglas, Clay, Grant, Norman and Kittson Counties will be the best districts to visit. The hatch in these counties is splendid and the greatest care is being exercised by the corps of deputies to prevent any "sooner" shooting. It is about this time that the "sooner" begins to get anxious.

There will be a little early shooting, of course, for it would be beyond human possibility to stop all of it; but it need not be stated that the wardens will be active. There will be birds in these counties of Minnesota when the season opens, and there will be good shooting there for a week or ten days after the season begins.

In the southern counties of Minnesota the crop is not so good this year. As may be remembered, we have had a very wet season in this part of the United States this summer and spring, and the nests were drowned out over a good part of Iowa and lower Minnesota. A visitor would do better to keep further north and in the counties above mentioned.

Sportsmen from North Dakota say that their chicken crop is going to be a record one. The sentiment against excessive and illegal shooting is growing in this part of the Northwest, and there will be very many points along the Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railroads, in North Dakota, where fine sport with chickens and ducks can be had. There is rather an unusual abundance of local ducks. Weather which is bad for chickens is sometimes pretty good for ducks.

In South Dakota the chicken crop will be as good as last year. Different residents of South Dakota towns reported at the St. Paul gun stores that they were quite satisfied with the prospect for the fall. The Milwaukee & St. Paul road is a good one to have in mind for South Dakota.

The Auto and the "Sooner".

Deputy Warden A. S. Carmichael, of Lescoe, Minnesota, has an automobile. Rev. Henry Rifforty, pastor of a church at Lescoe, has a taste for quail. He wanted quail so bad this week that it just seemed to him he could not stand it any longer. The warden was out after "sooner" quail shooters and discovered Rev. Rifforty endeavoring to appease his desire for quail. The latter proved to be considerable of a sprinter, but the deputy followed in his automobile, overtook the offender, carried him to town and had him fined and reprimanded by Justice Distel. This is a hard world, and eke a speedy one betimes.

E. HOUGH.

ASHLAND BLOCK, Chicago, Ill.

Reunited by a Fish Story.

OYSTER BAY, L. I., July 30.—John Franklin has a hotel here, with a trout pond adjoining. He keeps his beer kegs in the pond. Recently a story was published that one of the kegs had sprung a leak, and that the beer flowing into the pond had reduced the trout to a disgraceful state of intoxication.

This story was read by Mrs. Frederick Nottrott, who lives in Brookfield, Mo., and she wondered whether the John Franklin mentioned was the brother whom she had not seen for so many years.

Mr. Franklin received to-day a letter from Mrs. Nottrott in which she said that she did not know whether she was writing to her brother, but was anxious to find if they were related. Mr. Franklin says that he has no doubt that his correspondent is his youngest sister, whom he has not seen since June, 1863. He says he will write to her immediately, and if she proves to be his sister will pay her a visit at the first opportunity.—New York Times.

Wisconsin Fishing.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., August 1.—Sidney L. Knowles, of Lakewood, Ohio, and myself broke the record of one day's fishing at Oconomowoc, Wis., July 25. We caught three gar pike, three catfish, twenty-one bass and 119 roach, a total of 146 fish, weighing 118 pounds.

Mr. Sidney L. Knowles and wife broke this year's record of one day's fishing at Pewaukee Lake, Wisconsin, July 29, by catching 19 bass and 102 roach, weighing a total of 98 pounds.

ED. PULLMAN.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The American Fisheries Society.

We supplement the report in our last issue of the meeting of the American Fisheries Society with a summary of the papers and discussions. For the abstract we are indebted to Secretary George F. Peabody.

A paper by Mr. S. P. Bartlett, of Quincy, Ill., was read on "Angling for Carp," and some hints as to the best mode of cooking. The writer said that the best bait was a dough ball made of oatmeal mush worked hard with cotton batting. The prejudice against carp as a table food arises from improper cooking. The carp furnish equal sport for the angler with game fish, are a good wholesome food, and have come to stay.

Mr. Clark thought the carp had come to stay in the Great Lakes as a commercial fish, and that it was not hurting the other fish at all.

Mr. Willard read a paper by Mr. A. D. Mead, of the Rhode Island Fish Commission, on recent advances on lobster culture. He said that the Rhode Island Commission had solved the problem of protecting the fry by using an apparatus to keep the water in motion, so that the fry will not sink to the bottom and perish, and has also devised apparatus by which the fry can be carried through the swimming stages in large numbers, and also apparatus to hatch lobster eggs. Young lobsters have been kept through three successive winters by sinking them in small cars to a depth of about eight feet in water. Improvements are to be looked for in perfecting the transmission machinery, and in protecting fry from parasites.

Dr. James A. Henshall read a paper on "Blood as Fish Food." The writer said that the results of this manner of feeding both fish and fry are so encouraging as to warrant its continuance.

Mr. Titcomb thought blood was very good for the early stages of the fry.

Mr. Atkins said that he had been using hogs' plucks at the Craig Brook Station, with excellent results for many years. Between May and October of last year the cost of feeding 447,000 fry was \$262.52, or 4½ mills per fish—about half what the cost of butchers' offal would be.

Mr. Seymour Bower said that he fed sheeps' plucks to the fish and preferred them to hog's liver, but in the summer months he alternated that with Lane's food.

Mr. Seagle said he fed his small trout fry with her- ring roe.

Mr. Charles G. Atkins read a paper on the "Live Food Problem." He discussed all the possible sources of live food, including other fishes, water insects, shrimps, daphnids, and other crustacea, water snails, aerial insects, anglerworms, etc. Lugin's tank method of growing daphnia, etc., was described; also Von Scheidlin's method of odorless production of maggots. Other methods of production of maggots were also described.

Mr. W. F. Hubbard, of Nashua, N. H., read a paper on "Transportation of Green Brook Trout and Salmon Eggs." It is not advisable to attempt to move green salmon eggs, he said. Green brook trout eggs may be transported with small loss.

Mr. Clark said that green brook trout eggs could be transported at any time with safety, until the critical stage is reached, which is about the eighth day.

General Bryant, of Madison, suggested that the problem was first to avoid the least shock to the eggs when they were at the critical stage; second, to use pure water, and third, to keep it at the right temperature.

Rev. E. M. Waterhouse, of Providence, Rhode Island, read a paper by Mr. D. B. Fearing, of Newport, on "Some Early Notes on Striped Bass."

At the conclusion of the history the writer said that the most successful introduction of fish to waters previously foreign to it, has been the introduction of striped bass into California waters. With such phenomenal results achieved by nature alone in California, why should not our own coast once more be made to teem with pools of striped bass, as of yore?

Mr. S. G. Worth, of Edenton, North Carolina, gave an account of his study of the striped bass as found in North Carolina waters. He said that about ten years ago there was an immense catch of striped bass in spawning condition, made with sturgeon nets at Edenton; that these catches are not regularly made is due to the fact that it is only occasionally that the bass are driven down the river by muddy water. This striped bass makes for the rapids of the river, and there deposits its eggs in places inaccessible to the fisherman until the water begins to fall and the fish drop below the falls at Weldon, and are taken with dip nets.

This year from the 6th of May and for a week following, we encountered spawning fish and were amazed at the great quantity of eggs obtained from the individual fish, and also at the enormous field which seemed to open up there for practical work by the Fish Commission. The writer says: I personally estimated that I took one million five hundred thousand eggs from a single 20-pound fish caught at Roanoke Rapids. This year I witnessed hundreds of rock fish (striped bass) fights at Weldon. I had heard of this thing before, but never had seen it. The spawning female fish is often surrounded by from twenty to fifty small male fish weighing less than two pounds each, and these small fish appear to be the only ones that mate with the female. They are known there as perch rock, because they are the size of a perch. The fry stands any amount of transportation, and we get about a third the number of fish that we have eggs.

The Huntoon Oyster Company, of Fairhaven, Washington, presented two boxes of specimens taken from the oyster beds at Samish Bay, Skagit county, showing samples of native oysters as caught in seed form showing shells of ten months' growth averaging as large as a 50-cent piece. The material used as a catcher is cast-off salmon netting. Scrap tin, bark, shells, gravel and other means of taking seed have been tested, but the results of the netting have been the most satisfactory.

Mr. John D. Whish, Secretary of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of New York State, made an address, giving some notes on the work of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of New York State, with

special reference to commercial values, showing that the estimated cash value to the people of the work done by the Commission far exceeded the amount of money used by the Commission.

Dr. Tarleton H. Bean read a paper by Mr. Samuel Lovejoy, of Georgia, on "Fish on the Farm—What Fishes to Select." The writer said that one of the greatest mistakes was in overstocking the ponds; and that the arranging of the pond and embankment should be carefully planned; then stock your pond with the speckled catfish, the blue gill bream, or the Warmouth bass.

Mr. Titcomb said that the main trouble with most people that build these artificial ponds comes from the fact that they most always choose a ravine or some place where they can throw a dam across, they stock it, and the whole thing goes out in the following spring.

Mr. Titcomb exhibited various specimens of bass and bass fry, illustrating, among other things, the cannibalistic tendencies of the fish.

He then read a paper by Mr. J. J. Stranahan on the subject of "Three Main Points Necessary to Successful Bass Culture." These points are what brought the Cold Spring, Georgia, station of the United States Fish Commission from comparative failure two years ago to success this year. He said: "Ship all the baby fingerlings, secured just before the brooks break up, with us one to one and a half inches long, that you possibly can; keep all fish except the kind you wish to propagate entirely out of the ponds; feed enough to keep the parent fish healthy throughout the year, and keep them full during breeding season in order to prevent them from devouring large numbers of what will make your fingerlings; see that you have abundant cover to hide your fry, baby fingerlings and fingerlings, and to make a good home for your adults, and all else will come to you."

Mr. J. N. Leary, Superintendent of San Marcos Station, Texas, then read a paper on "Propagation of Large-Mouth Bass at San Marcos Station." Nothing but fish varying from two to six inches in length are shipped from the station, and success may be anticipated in black bass propagation if the plan of plenty of room and abundance of food is adhered to.

Mr. Clark being about to construct small-mouth bass ponds at the Northville, Michigan, hatcheries, asked about the proper depth of water.

Mr. Leary advised that the spawning area run from three feet to nothing, this shallow water affording opportunity for plenty of insects and plant life for fry food, and that in the climate of Michigan a maximum depth of the kettle of fifteen feet would not be too great. The point is to keep the water from freezing at the bottom, and to have no dead water. This was the consensus of opinion of the bass men.

Mr. Lydell suggested that most of the propagators were dealing largely with large-mouth bass, while the problem which Mr. Clark was called upon to solve was one concerning small-mouth bass, and that conditions varied so much in each locality that Mr. Clark would have to do a good deal of experimenting for himself.

Mr. Titcomb suggested that inasmuch as Mr. Clark intended to build five ponds, it would be a good idea to try depths running six, ten, twelve and fifteen feet, to determine experimentally which was the best depth. If the greater depths were found better, the shallow ponds could be deepened.

Instances were mentioned by Mr. Henry W. Beeman, of Creston, Conn., of a second or even a third spawning of bass, the three different spawnings being two or three weeks apart.

Mr. Lydell mentioned an instance that came under his notice of one female spawning on two separate nests with two male fishes; also an instance of second spawning, at Grand Rapids.

Mr. Leary mentioned a bass that spawned twice, where the identification of the fish was perfect, for the reason that it was blind.

Mr. Beeman described his experiments and experience as an amateur in breeding small-mouth bass. The re-stocking of small lakes with black bass by private enterprise seems a possibility, according to the experience given by Mr. Beeman in Lake Waramaug. The small cottagers on this lake, through information received from the proceedings of the American Fisheries Society, furnished Mr. Beeman with the necessary means for constructing a private bass hatchery. This hatchery was completed one year ago, and Mr. Beeman has deposited about 240,000 young bass in the lake. Using the experience of the older fishculturists in the cultivation of black bass, Mr. Beeman seems to have achieved marked success as an amateur. His experience will be printed at length in the proceedings of the American Fisheries Society for 1903.

Mr. Seymour Bower said that the Fish Commission in Michigan had the greatest proportionate success in raising small-mouth bass in its earliest experiments, and that the early successes of the Commission were largely attributable, he thought, to good luck. He said further that Prof. Reighard attributed the non-productiveness of many beds to a lack of vitality in the parent fish, or in the eggs themselves, as the eggs of the non-productive beds were found to be fertilized.

Mr. Dean said the production of bass was a question of procuring natural food and moss for them. As the pond vegetation varies greatly the problem is most perplexing.

Mr. Titcomb and Mr. Leary suggested that the trouble in regard to vegetation would be obviated if the pond were drawn down at the proper time, which would be in October.

Mr. Lydell and Mr. Ravenel thought the conditions varied so that every bass station must solve its own problems.

Mr. F. N. Clark, Mr. Seymour Bower, and Mr. W. DeC. Ravenel were appointed a committee of three to present a report making a distinction in the use of the terms "bass fry" and "bass fingerlings."

Prof. M. C. Marsh, of Washington, D. C., read a paper on "A Fatality Among Fishes Containing an Excess of Dissolved Air." This paper referred to trouble at the Woods Hole Aquarium due to the fact that air leaked into the suction pipe of the pump and resulted in over-aeration of the water and consequent death of

the fishes. He said the excess of air may be removed by allowing the water to fall into the aquarium from above in a shower. Another cause of similar symptoms is change in water pressure, as when a deep sea fish is brought into a shallow aquarium; another cause mentioned was bacteria.

Mr. W. T. Thompson read a paper on the subject of "Golden Trout," one of the least known but most beautiful of New England fishes. He said that the essential characteristics of the golden trout are that he is a bottom feeder, and inhabits deep and cold waters. The writer has observed in rearing these fish that the young fish are most active and healthy and make the most rapid growth in the severe winter months; and the marbling on the back is a means of distinguishing it from the brook trout.

The President read a paper by Prof. Henry B. Ward, of Nebraska, on "Some Notes on Fish Food in the Lakes of the Sierras."

Wednesday, July 22, 1903, at 2:30 P. M., the memorial services in honor of Spencer Fullerton Baird were held on the grounds of the United States Fish Commission. The meeting was called to order by President Bowers, who said:

"At a former meeting of the American Fisheries Society a resolution was passed suggesting the erection of a tablet to the memory of Prof. Spencer F. Baird, as an appropriate tribute and recognition of his distinguished labors in behalf of station fisheries and biological science. A committee was appointed to raise the necessary funds, and has faithfully performed its duty, so that we are here to-day to dedicate this memorial. It is especially fitting that such tablet should be erected at Woods Hole, the scene of so many of his scientific achievements, and where his life labors ended."

A tablet of bronze upon a huge granite boulder and veiled with the American flag was then unveiled by Miss Rose McDonald, Miss Eleanor Bowers and Mr. Vinol N. Edwards. The inscription on the tablet reads:

"In memory of Spencer Fullerton Baird, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries 1871-1887, the American Fisheries Society places this tablet in appreciation of his inestimable services to ichthyology, pisciculture, and the fisheries. 1902."

E. W. Blatchford, L.L.D., of Chicago, delivered the memorial address. He said that Prof. Baird became an officer of the Smithsonian Institution in 1850. In 1874 the office of Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries was established and he promptly received the appointment. Prof. Baird was a man of indefatigable activity of body and mind. The list of his works, as issued in 1883, embraces 1,063 titles, 73 relating to mammals, 80 to birds, 43 to reptiles, 431 to fishes, 61 to invertebrates, 16 to plants, 88 to geographical distribution, 46 to geology, mineralogy and paleontology, 45 to anthropology, 31 to industry and art, and 109 to exploration and travel. The tireless devotion of Prof. Baird to science is shown by the number of his contributions, breadth of research, and thoroughness of treatment; and during all this time Prof. Baird shared the burden of the administration of three great organizations, the Smithsonian Institution, its ward, the National Museum, and the Fish Commission. Every civilized country paid him honor. His modesty was impressive; he was approachable and genial, and possessed a marked aversion to personal controversy. During his last illness at Woods Hole for everyone he had words of good cheer, well knowing that they were words of farewell. The end came when, after a brief period of unconsciousness, he breathed his last August 19, 1887.

Prof. William K. Brooks, of Johns Hopkins University, a warm personal friend of Prof. Baird's during his last years, delivered the next address. He said that Prof. Baird increased the efficiency of the Smithsonian Institution; conceived and put in execution the plan for a national museum; was one of the founders of the National Academy of Science, and that he was the father of the Fish Commission.

Mr. Frank N. Clark, an early appointee of Prof. Baird's, and now President of the American Fisheries Society, then addressed the meeting. He spoke feelingly of the inspiration that all who associated with Prof. Baird derived from him.

Mr. Livingston Stone, of Rhode Island, another early appointee of Prof. Baird's, read from a copy of FOREST AND STREAM of date of February 12, 1898, being a paper read by Mr. Stone before the Fisheries Society meeting of that year. The portion of the paper referring to Prof. Baird was as follows:

"The other figure which stands out most prominently in my memory, as I recall the early days of American fishculture, is that of one who has been called a plain man. He was a plain man, indeed, but one who was made after nature's largest pattern of men. He was large in mental caliber and large in physical frame, large in his broad sympathies and in his wide scope of vision, large in his comprehensive grasp of great aims, and large in his capacity for great undertakings—large in everything, but small in nothing. You at once recognize, I know, Prof. Spencer F. Baird, the first United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries."

"The mere mention of Prof. Baird's name strikes a chord of dear memories in the hearts of all who knew him. No man of our time has left a purer memory, a more stainless name or a more animated or enduring influence over his special field of labor than Prof. Baird. He was loved by those who knew him when he was living; he is revered by those who have survived him. Prof. Baird lived in a higher plane of life and breathed a purer atmosphere than most men. Quiet and unassuming, with a nature as gentle as a child's, his natural superiority never failed to show itself when he was with other men, not even among the distinguished men who gathered in the winter at the national capital. Yet he was thoughtful and considerate of his subordinates, and always ready to give his meed of praise of any work well done by his humblest employe. Prof. Baird had the enviable gift not only of endearing every one to him who came in contact with him, but of inspiring them with his own enthusiasm and energy. This made Congressmen vote him all the appropriations that he asked for; for it was a common saying at Washington that Congress gave Prof. Baird everything that he wanted. Like a good general he had the personal welfare of his men at heart while he was Fish Commissioner, and they

in turn wanted to do everything in their power for him, which, doubtless, was one of the secrets of his great success. It is a fact that his employees in the Fish Commission would voluntarily work a great deal harder for Prof. Baird than they would for themselves. This fact is prevalent for another saying at Washington at that time, that Prof. Baird's men were the busiest workers in all the departments. It was the inspiration of this patient, disinterested, tireless, kind-hearted and lovable man whose work they were doing that made them work so well, and also made their work a pleasure.

"It is unnecessary to say that Prof. Baird possessed extraordinary mental endowments, but I perhaps may mention one or two, as they are so rare. He had a quickness of apprehension that sometimes seemed supernatural. For instance, he would glance down a printed page and comprehend in a moment what would take others several minutes to read.

"He had a marvelous memory, not only retentive of everything intrusted to it, but quick to call up anything that was wanted when it was wanted—a quality which most of us know well how to appreciate. His mind was also of the clearest type. No complications ever seemed to confuse him; he never became involved during his conversation, no matter what were the intricacies of the subject. His mind, like his placid temper, never seemed to be ruffled or disturbed. Extraordinary as his mental faculties were, he had evidently added to their efficiency by severe discipline, for he possessed that infallible mark of a well-trained mind, of having all of his great and diversified stores of knowledge classified and grouped together in his brain according to subjects, so that he could call up his whole knowledge of any subject at a moment's notice. Another remarkable thing about Prof. Baird's mental composition was that with a thoughtful, scientific cast of mind were united qualities of the most practical character. Prof. Baird was a scientific man by nature. He loved science and scientific studies; but at the same time no man had a sounder judgment or a clearer head in the management of practical affairs than he did. It is very rare to see scientific and practical qualities of mind united in such an eminent degree as they were in Prof. Baird's.

"Prof. Baird was gifted with still another unusual mental endowment which reminds one strongly of one of the traits of the first Napoleon. With that comprehensiveness of mind which takes in the broad features and large general outlines of a great enterprise, he combined, as Napoleon did, a capacity for close and thorough attention to all the details of a subject down to the minutest item necessary to success. This combination, as we all know, is a rare one. As an illustration of Prof. Baird's wonderful retentive memory and easy grasp of details, as well as his gift, also remarkable, for a rapid dispatch of practical work, I may mention a little incident that occurred at Calais, Me., where I visited in 1872, and which has fastened itself on my mind ever since. He had received twenty-seven letters by mail of the day before—I remembered the exact number that he told me he had received—and the next forenoon after breakfast he called in his stenographer for the purpose of answering them. As I very naturally rose to leave the room, he kindly invited me to remain and be seated, and I shall never forget the impression which the subsequent answering of those letters left on me.

"Assuming his customary attitude, when on his feet, of holding his hands behind him, one wrist grasped by the other hand, he leisurely walked up and down the room, dictating to the stenographer the answers, one after another, to all his letters. He did not, to my knowledge, refer to one of the letters he had received, either to ascertain its contents or to get the address of the writer, but proceeded from one letter to another till all were finished. And; further, during this time he never showed the slightest hesitation, nor did his countenance betray any signs of mental effort or confusion. It was a remarkable feat of memory, and a methodical dispatch of business details which I cannot forbear to mention.

"In our subsequent acquaintance and correspondence, which was very extended, both personal and official, his letters were always marked by great kindness of heart and thoughtful consideration, which, it is needless to say, warmly endeared him to me. It is a great pleasure to me now to think that the United States Fish Commission station that I located and built up three successive times, on the McCloud River, in California, has kept the name which I gave many years ago to the little post-office on the river, and as Baird's Station contributes its mite to perpetuating the name of the great first United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries."

Fish and Fishing.

One Cause of Good Fishing.

FROM correspondents in the old country I learn that pretty much the same causes have operated in North Britain as in Canada to bring about good salmon fishing in the latter part of the season. In Scotland, the January sport, and also that in the latter part of February and early part of March was very much militated against by heavy floods. Exactly the same thing happened in Canada, though this was subsequent to cold weather in the early part of June, which furnished insufficient water for the fish to enter the rivers. These heavy floods are precisely what the angler desires in the early part of the season, as clean fish are thereby enabled to run up from the sea and the kelts are washed away down the rivers. On many of the rivers it is impossible to haul a net when the flood water is running strongly, and so the salmon have an extra chance to escape capture and to reach the upper pools in safety. This was particularly the case in the middle of June this year in Canada, and as a consequence, all the salmon rivers have been full of fish ever since, not only insuring good sport for anglers but a bountiful supply of young fish for future requirements.

Biggest Salmon.

An English newspaper having said the other day that a 54-pound salmon killed this summer by Mr. F. Milburn on the Shannon, which is just the weight

of the record fish on the Cascapedia, was about the largest ever taken by rod and line, a writer in the Westminster Gazette, who signs the initials "R. C. D.," very properly convicts the statement of error, pointing out that in previous years a fish of 58 pounds was credited to the Shannon, and one of 57 pounds to the Suir, among Irish rivers, though he expresses the belief that to the Tay belongs the credit of yielding the biggest salmon ever taken with rod and line in the British Islands. It weighed 61 pounds and was caught in the year 1870. In the same year a splendid fellow of 70 pounds was taken in the nets of the Tay estuary. It was sent by Mr. Charles, the well-known fishmonger, to Frank Buckland, the eminent authority on salmon problems, who took a cast of it which he preserved in his museum. During the past few years, too, salmon of 55½ pounds, 53 pounds and 53 pounds have been captured with rod and line on the Tay, and not a season passes in which fish scaling 40 pounds and over are not secured by the rods. Nevertheless, it is probable that the Shannon can claim the best average, though it seems to have been growing rather uncertain of late years, consequent—so it is affirmed by those who should know—on over-netting. In 1896 twenty salmon that scaled 40 pounds or over were killed on the Shannon. In the spring of 1902 twenty fish were landed which averaged 35½ pounds apiece, and later in the same spring seventeen fish gave an average of just under 30 pounds each.

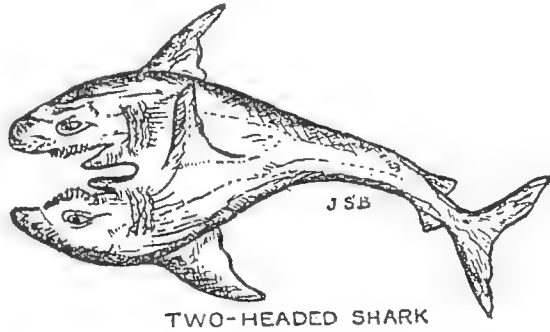
But these figures sunk into insignificance when compared with the doings of anglers in British Columbia, though that is altogether a different story, the salmon being of another variety, and having the serious defect of failing to appreciate the attractions of artificial flies, though to a spoon bait they come freely. In 1897 Sir Richard Musgrave and Mr. H. W. Gordon, R. E., had wonderful sport on one of the rivers of Vancouver Island. In the course of a few days they killed—in addition to smaller ones—fifteen salmon, of which the largest weighed 70 pounds and the smallest upwards of 40 pounds. In the same island in 1901 two anglers landed salmon of an aggregate weight of 5,242 pounds in nineteen days. The heaviest fish turned the scale at 58 pounds, and eleven weighed 50 pounds each or more.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

A Two-Headed Shark.

THE accompanying illustration, showing a "freak of nature" in the shark-life inhabiting the harbors, inlets, and ocean waters of New South Wales, is the first instance of its kind known to Australian ichthyologists. My eldest son, who for nearly thirty years has resided in New South Wales, writes me to the above effect.

The fish in question belongs to the species known as the "Pointer" shark, and was captured a few weeks ago by a fishing party off the coast near Wollongong. The



mother shark measured eight feet in length, and appears to have been viviparous, for on being cut open it was found to contain this and some thirty other young live sharks ready to be extruded. The one under notice, of which we give an illustration, was a "twin" or double shark, about nine inches long, joined together from below the breathing orifices (its gills), and whether this young one would have grown up and attained the size of its parent is hard to conjecture; but most people will agree that sharks with one head are less than satisfactory from every point of view, and that the possibility of anyone when swimming, accidentally meeting with a full-grown double-headed monster will be of considerable interest at this time of the year, when so many thousands will be indulging in the delight of surf and ocean bathing.—London Fishing Gazette.

Massachusetts Trout Season.

THE trout season in Berkshire, Franklin, Hampden, and Hampshire counties closes July 15. Mr. Charles Hallock, who is summering in western Massachusetts, writes to the Hampshire Gazette:

"I note your reference in last Thursday's issue to the limited season for trout fishing in northwestern Massachusetts, and agree with you that it should be extended to August 15. This is the old date, I believe. The new law was enacted with the notion that the less trout taken this year the more would be left for next year; which is good enough logic, but a drawback to sport. Most summer guests from the cities take their vacations in August, and are disappointed in being debarred from fishing. The brooks are the main attraction to a large proportion, and if they are to be closed, many visitors will not come."

Capture of a Rainbow Trout in London.

ON Thursday last Lord Denbigh sent up for me to see a perfectly lovely rainbow trout which he caught the previous evening in the Buckingham Palace lake. The fish was in the pink of condition, quite plump; in fact, weighed nearly ten ounces, and was about eleven inches in length. It was caught by Lord Denbigh on a small black hackle fly, and fought most gamely. If the other rainbows have done as well as this the royal family will have some good sport. I imagine it is the first trout ever caught with the fly in the middle of London.—R. B. Marston in London Fishing Gazette, July 25.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Aug. 11-14.—Carthage, O., Hamilton County Fair Association.
Al. G. Eberhart, Sec'y, Camp Denison, O.
Aug. 18-20.—Bar Harbor, Me., Kennel Club, Bar Harbor, Me.
A. H. Lyman, Sec'y.
Sept. 7-10.—Toronto Industrial Exposition's thirteenth annual show. Dr. A. W. Bell, Sec'y.
Sept. 4-5.—Newport, R. I., Kennel Club, Newport, R. I., Sept. 4 and 5.
Sept. 15-17.—Ottawa, Can., Kennel Club show. Robert McAllen, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-9.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society's show.
Oct. 20-23.—Frederick County, Md., Agricultural Society show. J. Roger McSherry, Sec'y.
Nov. 17-19.—Boston, Mass., Terrier Club show.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 18.—O'Neill, Neb., Field Trial Association trials. M. H. McCarthy, Sec'y.
Aug. 25.—South Dakota Field Trial Association trials. L. C. Hawley, Sec'y, Sioux Falls, S. D.
Aug. 31.—La Salle, Man.—Western Canada Kennel Club trials. H. S. Rolston, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Man.
Sept. 1.—Huron, S. D.—Minnesota-North Dakota Field Trial Association trials. Frank Richards, Sec'y, Peever, S. D.
Sept. 1.—Brandon, Man., Kennel Club trials. J. P. Brisbin, Sec'y.
Sept. 8.—Carman, Man.—Manitoba Field Trial Club trials. Eric Hamber, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Man.
Oct. 26.—Clare, Mich.—Sportsman's Field Trial Association trials. E. C. Smith, Sec'y, Midland, Mich.
Oct. 26.—Washington Court House, O.—Monongahela Field Trial Association trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Oct. 27.—Paradise Valley, Nev.—Nevada Field Trial Association trials. Dr. C. E. Wilson, Sec'y, Elko, Nev.
Nov. 2.—Washington Court House, O.—Ohio Field Trial Association trials. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y, Circleville, O.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 9.—Fourteenth annual beagle trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y.
Nov. 9.—Missouri Field Trial Association trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Nov. 9.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Association trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 9.—Hutsonville, Ill.—Independent Field Trial Club trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Western Irish Setter Club trials. Dr. T. L. Fenn, Sec'y, Chicago, Ill.
Nov. 10.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven, Conn.
Nov. 16.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.
Nov. 23.—Robinson, Ill.—American Championship Field Trial Association trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Dec. 1.—Clay City, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club trials. C. F. Young, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Thomasville, Ga.—Continental Field Trial Club trials. John White, Sec'y, Hempstead, N. Y.
Nov. 16.—Holmdel, N. J.—Pointer Club of America's trials. C. F. Lewis, Sec'y, New York city.
Nov. 30.—Chase, City, Va.—Virginia Field Trial Association trials. Charles B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.

The Chicago Pound.

2541 PRAIRIE AVENUE, CHICAGO, July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If my memory serves, you have ever been on the side of humanity. I have herewith inclosed a slip from the Chicago Daily News. I beg you to read it, and to make your protest heard, and, if possible, heeded. This is one of the horrors frequently occurring in this terrible city. The writer visited this dog inferno, and feels that no pen can describe the scene. Big strong men present choked with emotion. The feeling produced was a sort of frenzy in the observer, with a desire to run at top speed from the horrors.

Civilization can evolve the worst things in man possible under any conditions.
PETER FOY.

Starvation, overcrowding and other torments which fall to the lot of hapless canines at the dog pound were today called to the attention of the Humane Society, which has the pound under its supervision for investigation. Several citizens who have visited the pound of late declare that conditions there are almost barbaric, and that the suffering endured by unclaimed curs awaiting death or release is worthy of inquiry. These reports have been investigated by a reporter for the Daily News, and John G. Shortall, of the Humane Society, and in general charge of the pound, was appealed to to have the matter looked into.

This afternoon Mr. Shortall called up the pound on the telephone and talked with the officer who is stationed there.

"Such conditions are an outrage," said Mr. Shortall after inquiry. "They will not be tolerated. The dogs are entitled to decent treatment while they are alive. The overcrowding must cease. Screens must be placed on all of the windows and the food will be required to be sufficient."

Mr. Shortall was informed that fifty loaves of bread were purchased each day as food for the dogs. Sometimes, it is said, there are as many as 300 dogs at the pound, and all of these are fed from the fifty loaves.

Packed so closely there were hardly room for all of them to lie down and covered by millions of flies, more than sixty-five dogs were yesterday awaiting death at the pound. They were in a pen which was scarcely twelve feet square and which reeked with foul odors, not alleviated by the presence of a garbage dump a short distance away.

Many of the dogs had open sores upon their haunches or necks, sores which in most cases had come from fighting in the pens in which they had been confined with scores of other strange canines. These were made worse by the onslaughts of the swarms of large flies bred in the garbage dump. Yelps, barks and heart-sickening moans came from the animals in the pens as a protest against the conditions in which they were forced to pass the last five days of their lives. Today is "killing day."

All of the dogs are kept at least five days before being killed. Those which are found to be licensed are separated from the others and kept ten days, during which time their owners are found and notified. The others are divided and placed in cages, the males in one and the females in another. Each day the animals are removed to another cage, there being always one vacant cage ready for the return of the wagons of the dog catchers. It is after the cages have been emptied of the dogs that they are supposed to be cleaned. Saw-

dust to the thickness of almost an inch is then strewn on the cement floor.

Five cages are provided for the transferring, the sixth change being to the death chamber. As the dogs are only killed each alternate day, those which have been caught on two days are thus brought together and placed in the same No. 5 cage, twelve by twelve feet.

[The proper remedy would be to build larger quarters, equipped with modern appliances and methods of sanitation. That can be accomplished only by local effort and local capital. Mere expressions of horror or sympathy on one hand, with an unloading of the responsibilities on the other fellow on the other hand, is not the correct procedure.]

Bloodhound vs. Mastiff.

Your correspondent, Von W., objects to the identification of the bloodhound with the old talbot hound, saying that he has always understood the talbot to be the old English mastiff.

I sincerely hope he will give the facts which cause him to disagree with myself, and also all of the best authorities on the subject. The truth of this matter, as well as with all other matters which are the subjects of discussion, should be the object sought, and I wish to assure Von W. at the outset that I am always open to conviction, and will cheerfully admit that a hound is a mastiff, or a mastiff is a hound, whichever way he wants it, if he will cite the facts necessary to prove this paradox.

However, as the case now stands I think the facts are somewhat against his understanding of the matter. I would call his attention to the following quotations from an article entitled "The Bloodhound," which he can find in Century Magazine for June, 1889.

The author of the article is Edwin Brough, who is a recognized authority on the subject. He says: "All the best authorities agree that the St. Hubert, talbot and bloodhound are all very closely allied. The breed (bloodhound) originated from the talbot. It is only in very old writings that we find talbots, or white bloodhounds, mentioned. The talbot was the popular hound from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, but became extinct about the end of the last century." Now the English mastiff is not extinct; therefore the talbot which became extinct could not have been the mastiff which is not extinct. Attention is especially called to the following quotation: "Each keeper in the New Forest was required to keep a couple of bloodhounds on his walk. They called them talbots, and one keeper named Primer used to boast that he had had the breed in his family for more than three hundred years." Then Mr. Brough says that Thomas Nevil procured one or two couples of these hounds from Primer. That they were described as being very much like our present bloodhounds, and that they were called St. Huberts. We must infer from this that the St. Hubert, talbot, and bloodhound were so nearly identical that these names were applied to these hounds indiscriminately.

I can nowhere find any evidence to show that these hounds were noted for a propensity "to grip and hold on." On the contrary, there is plenty of evidence to show that they had no such propensity. The dogs of Nevil would hunt stags, which were kept in a paddock for that purpose, and then would amicably trot home side by side with the stag which was used in the hunt. Then there was a tame jackal which these hounds hunted occasionally, with which they lived on the most friendly terms between hunts. Here we have a prominent trait of the bloodhound of the present day accurately portrayed. I could quote other authorities at great length to show that the bloodhound is descended from the old talbot hound, but at this juncture I think it is unnecessary. Perhaps I may have reason to change my mind when Von W. presents his side of the case.

Possibly the name talbot was given to a few mastiffs which were owned by a family of that name, but I fail to see why this should be accepted as evidence that the talbot hound never existed, or that the bloodhound is not descended from the talbot hound.

As well might one believe that the ruffed grouse is the only partridge or pheasant that ever existed, simply because it is called partridge and pheasant in certain localities.

Jos. W. SHURTER.

GANSEVOORT, July 30.

Long Story of a Long Chase.

BRENNAM, Texas, July 25.—A story of a long deer chase, which may prove interesting to your readers, was told here by Dr. S. Bowers, a prominent physician, whose veracity is unquestioned, a day or two ago, and illustrates the endurance of the breed of deer hounds we have in this section.

Dr. Bowers is not a hunter, but is exceedingly fond of lingering along the banks of a stream where trout haunt the deep pools at the big bends; and it was on one of these excursions down on Mill Creek when they were biting a few weeks ago, that he heard a single hound yelping as if it was after a rabbit coming down the swamp not far from the creek.

Instinctively he turned his head to catch a glimpse of the game, which he knew must be far in advance of the dog, and saw three deer going with the speed of the wind down the swamp. He listened to the music for a mile or more and it passed out of hearing.

Three weeks later he made another excursion to Mill Creek, and was sitting at the same trout hole, and had made a fairly good catch, and was just thinking of moving, when he heard a single yelp away off down the swamp, and recognized the voice of the same dog, which had a peculiar sonorous bass voice, though he was seemingly only giving tongue about every 150 yards. Presently he saw the same three deer loping slowly by, close enough for him to recognize them as the same deer, and pretty soon here came the dog, going at the rate of about four miles an hour, with its tongue hanging out as if it was almost tired out.

Dr. Bowers recognized the deer and dog as being the same that he had seen go down the swamp three weeks

previously, and while he says that some might question his veracity if he was to say that the dog had followed them all that time, the circumstances all indicated that it had. He knew it was the same deer and the same dog; he saw them go down the swamp along the same route, and he saw them come back, and every indication was that the dog had followed them all that time. How is that for staying qualities in a hound pup?

GEORGE TUCKER.

Honor for Foxhounds.

ORATOR, a famous foxhound, owned by R. D. Perry, of Phillipston, died recently of old age. Orator was well known to nearly every Worcester fox hunter and members of the Worcester Fur Company and the Brunswick Fur Club. He was Mr. Perry's favorite hound and was the hero of many a great run at the winter meets of the Brunswick Fur Company, where his merits won a reputation that extended beyond Massachusetts. He, with Clunker, his kennel mate, and winner of the Brunswick trials in 1891, lies buried on the slopes of Broad Mountain, Phillipston, in the midst of the hunting ground that so often echoed to their cry. They rest at the foot of a great boulder on which are chiseled their names and the inscription, "My favorite foxhounds."—Worcester Post.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures for 1903.

Members of race committee will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

America's Cup Races, Aug. 20 and alternate days. AUGUST.

5. Chicago, race to Milwaukee.
- 5-8. Corinthian Marblehead midsummer series.
- 6-8. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, specials and annual.
- 7-8. Pass-Christian, Southern Gulf Coast Y. A., Pass-Christian, Miss.
- 7-8. Milwaukee, open.
- 7-8. Lake Michigan, Y. R. A., meet at Milwaukee for all classes.
8. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
8. Corinthian, fourth championship, Marblehead.
8. Moriches, novice race.
8. Beverly, fourth Corinthian, Monument Beach.
8. Royal Canadian, Canada cup race.
8. Shelter Island, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
9. Chicago, cruise, rendezvous at Charlevoix.
10. Boston, club, Marblehead.
10. Manchester, Crowhurst cup, open, W. Manchester.
- 10-16. Hempstead Bay, cruise.
11. Manchester, Y. R. A., open, W. Manchester.
12. Misery Island, Y. R. A., open, Salem Bay.
- 12-16. Atlantic, race week, Sea Gate.
13. East Gloucester, Y. R. A., open, Gloucester.
- 14-15. Annisquam, Y. R. A., open, Annisquam.
- 14-15. Southern, Southern Gulf Coast Y. A., New Orleans, La.
15. Beverly, fifth Corinthian, Monument Beach.
15. Penataquit Corinthian, special, Bay Shore.
15. South Boston, club, City Point.
15. Horseshoe Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
15. Moriches, special.
15. Huntington, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
15. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
15. Eastern, Marblehead to Gloucester.
15. Corinthian, fourth championship, Marblehead.
15. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
15. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
15. Savil Hill, club, Dorchester Bay.
15. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, special.
16. Williamsburg, ladies' day.
17. American, Y. R. A., open, Newburyport.
17. New York, autumn cups, Glen Cove.
19. Moriches, ladies' regatta.
- 20-22. Duxbury, Y. R. A., open, Duxbury.
20. First America's cup race; balance of races to be sailed on alternate days, Sundays excepted, until result is determined.
22. South Boston, club, City Point.
22. Southern, Rawlins, Tranchina and Oliviri cups, New Orleans.
22. Corinthian, fifth championship, Marblehead.
22. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
22. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
- 24-25. Wellfleet, Y. R. A., open, Wellfleet.
26. Moriches, McAlenan cup race.
- 27-29. Columbia, Lipton competitive cup races, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
- 27-29. Cape Cod, Y. R. A., open, Provincetown.
29. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
29. South Boston, club, City Point.
29. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
29. Beverly, sixth Corinthian, Monument Beach.
29. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
29. Corinthian, sixth championship, Marblehead.
29. Savil Hill, club, Dorchester Bay.
29. Huguenot, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.

THE trials between the two Shamrocks have been going on with great regularity for the past week. The challenger continues to show her superiority over Shamrock I. On Thursday last the two boats were given a severe test over a twenty-mile course. The wind was strong from the southwest and both boats, with jib headers set, had all they could swing to. There was quite a jump of a sea on, and both boats were taking green water aboard up to the mast. The first leg of the course was a reach, the second a run, and the third a beat. On the first leg Shamrock III. drew away from Shamrock I., but on the second leg Shamrock I. picked up all she had lost. On the windward leg the challenger outclassed the older boat and was leaving her fast when Shamrock I.'s mainsail split. Topsails and staysails were taken in on both boats and they ran back to the Lightship. On Saturday both the Shamrocks made visits to Erie Basin and the challenger had her big steel mast re-stepped. This was done in order to balance the new and larger mainsail that the boat is now carrying. The practice spins began again on Monday of this week and will continue until the final races take place.

THE result of the races at Montreal between the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and the Manchester Y. C. was not a surprise to anyone, although it was generally thought that the Massachusetts boat would make a better showing. The races for the Seawanhaka Cup have developed into a perfect farce, and they only serve to show each year how far in advance the Canadians are in the designing of this type of boat over the Americans and Englishmen. Mr. Duggan and his associates have gotten the designing and handling of these boats down to a science and are in a class by themselves. The cup could not remain in better hands, for the Can-

adians have proven themselves clean sportsmen from start to finish, and all the men who have gone to Montreal in search of the cup say that it is a great satisfaction (as long as they have got to be licked), to be beaten by such representative yachtsmen.

THE White Bear Y. C. have challenged for the cup, and it will no doubt be accepted, for the Royal St. Lawrence men have a warm spot in their hearts for the men from White Bear.

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

PORT WASHINGTON, LONG ISLAND SOUND, Saturday, August 1.

The fourth annual regatta of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, August 1. There were thirty-nine starters, and all but seven of the boats finished.

The course was W. N. W. from a line off Execution Light, $3\frac{3}{8}$ miles to Red Springs Point, N. by W. $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles to Parsonage Point, and S. W. $3\frac{3}{8}$ miles to the finish, a total distance of $10\frac{3}{4}$ miles. The wind at the start was S. E., making the first leg a beat, and the second a spinnaker run. A shift of wind made the last leg a beat back to the finish line. The boats in the two larger classes were to have covered the course twice, but owing to the lightness of the breeze their times were taken at the end of the first round.

Mr. Edward, Mr. MacLellan and the other members of the Regatta Committee were on board Commodore A. H. Alker's steam yacht Florence.

Anoatok and Leda were the first boats to start, and the former boat had no trouble getting away with Leda, and gave her a decided beating. Anoatok won the cup offered by Commodore Alker for the yacht in the 30ft. class or about it making the best corrected time over the course.

In the 30ft. class Vivian II. distinguished herself by beating Alert, which boat successfully defended the Manhasset Bay challenge cup.

The second boat to finish was the racabout Jolly Tar. This boat sailed a surprisingly good race, but only defeated Hobo by a comparatively small margin.

Houri won in the Larchmont one-design class, beating Adelaide badly; Dorothy did not finish.

Firefly took the honors in the 25ft. class, and Snapper was second.

In the 21ft. class Montauk finished first, but Trouble gets the race on corrected time.

Plover was the only boat to finish in the Manhasset sloop class.

Arizona finished alone in the Manhasset Bay one-design class; Falcon, her competitor, having withdrawn.

In the New Rochelle one-design class, Deuce beat Knave and Ace.

Skidoo was the only boat to finish in her class. Gosling won in the Hempstead Bay one-design class.

The results of the race are anything but conclusive in many instances, for it was little more than a drifting match. The summary:

Sloops—36ft. Class—Course 10¼ Miles—Start, 12:45.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Anoatok, W. G. Brokaw.....	5 47 52	5 02 52	
Leda, S. H. Mason.....	6 05 32	5 20 32	
Sloops—30ft. Class—Course, 10¼ Miles—Start, 12:50.			
Alert, J. W. Alker.....	6 16 29	5 26 29	
Vivian II., E. D. Vernon.....	6 09 40	5 19 40	
Raceabouts—Course 10¼ Miles—Start, 12:55.			
Mavis, G. L. Pirie.....	6 18 05	5 23 05	
Maryola, C. W. Allen.....	6 01 51	5 06 51	
Jolly Tar, S. Howland.....	5 57 29	5 02 29	
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins.....	6 05 11	5 10 11	
Sis, I. T. Bedford, Jr.....	6 17 05	5 22 05	
Grasshopper, H. C. Pryer.....	6 31 09	5 36 09	
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	5 58 07	5 03 07	
Larchmont One Design 21-footers—Course, 10¼ Miles—Start, 1:00.			
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer.....	7 17 11	6 17 11	
Houri, J. H. Esser.....	6 57 24	5 57 24	
Dorothy, L. G. Spence.....	Did not finish.		
Sloops—25ft. Class—Course 10¼ Miles—Start, 1:05.			
Chingachgook, E. A. Stevens.....	6 49 24	5 44 24	
Firefly, G. B. Granbery.....	6 31 00	5 26 00	
Snapper, F. Page.....	6 38 53	5 33 53	
Lucille, A. E. Black.....	7 10 09	6 05 09	
Sloops—21ft. Class—Course, 10¼ Miles—Start, 1:05.			
Jeebi, A. D. R. Brown.....	7 39 22	6 34 22	
Gazabo, H. P. Vulte.....	7 37 25	6 32 25	
Trouble, W. H. Childs.....	7 16 59	6 11 59	
Montauk, G. R. Sheldon.....	7 12 19	6 07 19	
Manhasset Sloop Class—Course, 10¼ Miles—Start, 1:05.			
Pagan, R. W. Jackson.....	Did not finish.		
Peg, A. Roester, Jr.....	Did not finish.		
Plover, H. Place.....	7 23 50	6 18 50	
Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Course 10¼ Miles—Start, 1:10.			
Arizona, G. A. Corry.....	7 46 16	6 36 16	
Falcon, Cole & Stevens.....	Did not finish.		
New Rochelle One-Design Class—Course, 10¼ Miles—Start, 1:10.			
Knave, Wm. Bavier.....	7 31 07	6 21 07	
Deuce, N. D. Lawton.....	7 22 40	6 12 40	
Ace, A. Bavier.....	7 28 07	6 18 07	
Pelham Bay Larks—Course, 10¼ Miles—Start, 1:20.			
Yellow Jacket, G. B. Robinson, Jr.....	Did not finish.		
Flirt, D. Carll.....	Did not finish.		
Skidoo, M. S. G. Davies.....	7 51 33	6 31 33	
Gloria, G. B. Mott.....	Did not finish.		
Hempstead Bay One-Design Class—Course, 10¼ Miles—Start, 1:20.			
Why Not, W. Burdock.....	7 46 56	6 26 56	
Gosling, T. Pratt.....	7 37 07	6 17 07	
Wif Waf, H. E. Sayre.....	7 41 35	6 21 35	
Scud, G. B. Abbott.....	7 44 13	6 24 13	
Flicker, C. Handy.....	7 46 20	6 26 20	

The winners were: Anoatok, Vivian II., Jolly Tar, Houri, Firefly, Trouble, Plover, Arizona, Deuce, Skidoo and Gosling.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

INDIAN HARBOR, LONG ISLAND SOUND, Saturday, July 25.

The Indian Harbor Y. C. held a handicap race on Saturday, July 25. In the club handicap class, Sirene beat Maryola, and Stingy won in the sailabout class. The summary:

Club Handicap.		
	Start.	Finish.
Sirene, Doremus & Outwater.....	3 05 00	5 27 48
Beruna, H. S. Osborne.....	3 08 00	5 38 32
Eos, E. P. Mead.....	3 15 00	5 40 15
Robert Hood, C. E. Gartland.....	3 25 00	5 31 10
Maryola, C. W. Allen.....	3 28 00	5 30 13
Sailabouts.		
Betty, Hyde.....	3 30 00	5 06 05
Stingy, E. Zittell.....	3 30 00	5 05 08
Queeny, Commodore Tilford.....	3 30 00	5 09 37
Cero, R. Mallory, Jr.....	3 30 00	5 11 53

The Canada's Cup Defender.

TORONTO, July 30.—The first of the series of races for a cup in connection with the tuning up of the Canada's cup defender was not highly successful, in spite of a good showing of contestants. Strathcona participates in the trials, but is not eligible for the cup. It is reserved for the boat which makes the best average showing compared with hers. The object is to induce members of the Royal Canadian Y. C. to race the larger yachts and give the cup defender plenty of training.

The fleet that raced on Friday consisted of Strathcona, sailed by Commodore Jarvis; Merrythought, sailed by J. Wilton Morse; Yama, sailed by Mr. Pearson; Canada, sailed by C. A. B. Brown; Clorita, schooner, sailed by Geo. H. Gooderham, Jr., and Beaver, jib and mainsail sloop, sailed by Dr. A. H. Garrett. The first name contestants are cutters. Beaver was the cup defender in 1899.

The fleet got over the line in a bunch and started for the sail around the island in a light southwesterly breeze. Steering out the Western Gap, Strathcona's performance in the faint air was marvellous. Starting third, she edged ahead, and was in the lead before she had gone half a mile. And she was never caught. Even Merrythought, fresh from the dry dock, and with a cloud of canvas, could not hold her on any point. Out in the lake the wind was light, baffling and fickle, often fair at the masthead and dead ahead on deck. Florita and Beaver towed in before completing half the course. Strathcona and Yama towed in one hour later, when near the Eastern Gap. But Merrythought and Canada fought it out grimly, although it took half the night to do it. The course around the island is announced to be seven and three-quarters nautical miles. Merrythought took six hours and a half to cover it and Canada eight. As the course is often sailed in an hour or less, the weight of the breeze may easily be discerned. Strathcona led Merrythought by a quarter of a mile and the others by half a mile or more when she accepted a tow.

Somewhat to the disappointment of the yachtsmen who went supperless to finish the race, the first contest was ruled out because it was not completed by sundown, and Tuesday, July 28, was fixed for the next race.

Meantime, Strathcona and Merrythought had two more races on Saturday, July 25. There was a fairly fresh west wind blowing when they started on the first one, taking the leeward channel. Strathcona just had room to squeeze in between the buoy and Merrythought's weather quarter, and the two raced to the Eastern Gap side by side. Going out the piers, Strathcona led, and in the beat along the island shore she worked out a lead of nearly a quarter of a mile. She sped over the line with a comfortable margin, but not as much as she had had in the lake. The wind had decreased to half its strength, and Merrythought, after sailing nearly the whole course under a working topsail, swung a clubtopsail near the finish. Strathcona carried her clubtopsail throughout. The time of the first race was:

	Start.	Finish.
Strathcona	2 48 30	3 55 07
Merrythought	2 48 30	3 56 52

After ten minutes' wait the yachts started on a second race, crossing the line as one boat, with Strathcona again to windward. The breeze again piped up, rising steadily to twelve miles an hour again, and it was the same old story. Strathcona held Merrythought to the Gap, then passed her and ran away from her in the beat to windward. Entering the Western Gap she had over half a mile of a lead, and despite the fact that she made what appeared to be merely a practice gybe on the run down and then gybed back again, she fully held her own from the Western Gap to the finish. As soon as she crossed the line she set her spinnaker, doing it very smartly, and stood on down the bay for practice in sail handling before going to her moorings. The time in the second race was:

	Start.	Finish.
Strathcona	5 17 00	5 17 35
Merrythought	4 05 00	5 22 34

On Monday Strathcona went on the drydock. As already noted, her bottom needs all the polishing possible. She received a coat of tar preparation below the water line, and her aluminum wash-streak disappeared under a broad belt of black enamel, coming up four inches beyond the upper edge of the aluminum paint. Her sheer ribbon was painted black and on either bow was painted a maple leaf wreath and the crest of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, in full heraldic colors. The defender's underbody shone like patent leather as she stood on the ways, and when she floated again she looked twice as racy. Her high freeboard and white topsides had made her look bulky.

The race for the special cup on Tuesday was sailed in a good east breeze that had raised a big sea in the lake. Strathcona led over the line, with the rest of the fleet close on her heels, and stood up the bay with her mainsail to port. The others carried theirs to starboard. Spinnaker carrying is against the rules in the harbor. Strathcona went out of her way a trifle, and had to gybe over at the Western Gap. She was third going out, but rapidly blanketed Canada and shot after Merrythought, the leader. The schooner Clorita, tearing along like a steamboat under the influence of an enormous jibtopsail, worked up into third place, passing both Canada and Yama. When the sheets were flattened down for the beat down the island shore Strathcona shot ahead and overhauled Merrythought on the second tack. From that on she was the leader. Nor was it only in the windward work that she showed her superiority. In the broad reach from the Eastern Gap to the finish at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club she gained a little. Timed when entering the piers she was one minute and five seconds ahead of Merrythought. At the finish she was leading by one minute and eleven seconds. Her performance was the more creditable because she sailed under a wretched working topsail, with a horizontal leach, while the others swung clubtopsails. The time was:

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Strathcona	4 16 00	5 16 40	1 00 40
Merrythought	4 16 07	5 17 51	1 01 51
Canada	4 16 13	5 19 35	1 01 29
Yama	4 16 45	5 23 04	1 04 58
Clorita	4 17 00	5 18 38	1 01 43
Beaver	4 17 25	5 24 22	1 06 16

Merrythought is the scratch boat in these races. She allows Clorita 55.18 seconds and Canada and Yama 2 minutes and 6.17 seconds. Beaver's time allowance was not worked out for this race, but she was put on the same footing as Canada and Yama. Clorita allows Canada and Yama 1 minute and 10.99 seconds. Revised time gives Canada first place, Clorita second and Merrythought third.

In the race on Wednesday, July 29, Strathcona led the fleet by very nearly a mile, although spinnaker carrying in part accounted for it. In order to get his crew perfect, Skipper Jarvis set his big sail three times, and although he did not allow it to draw for more than a minute at once, it pulled the boat along. This, however, scarcely more than compensated for the fact that he went very much out of his way to carry the sail.

The fleet was out again with the exception of little Beaver, and the five crossed the line within fifteen seconds of gunfire. Strathcona steered a course at least three points different from the others in order to practice spinnaker setting, and had to gybe over and make two broad reaches, or a run and a reach, of what was a run with the wind dead astern. Nevertheless, she led out of the Eastern Gap. After that there was no holding her, and she romped away from the others at the rate of a minute every mile. Merrythought also worked out a lead that kept her time allowance safe, but she was well astern of the cup defender. The time was:

	Finish.	Corrected.
Strathcona	5 24 12	1 09 12
Merrythought	5 31 10	1 16 10
Clorita	5 34 15	1 18 20
Yama	5 38 02	1 20 56
Canada	5 39 15	1 22 09

Mr. George Ratsey, of New York, a nephew of the famous Thomas Ratsey, the English sailmaker, whose firm supplied Strathcona's canvas, sailed in the cup defender in this race.

CHAS. H. SNIDER.

Seawanhaka Cup.

This trophy has been held for so many seasons by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. that its defense has become a regular annual event. In many ways one year is very much like another, the same class of boats being used, and the whole defense fleet looking very much alike to an ordinary observer. While one or two new boats are built each year, the general type has been preserved, and while there is a sentiment in favor of picking a new boat for the work, it is well known that there are several available, even two or three years old, which would at least make a creditable showing.

On the other side each season shows a new challenging club, a new crew, and an unknown boat. The scow type of the small western lakes has been a favorite with challengers, but this year the chosen boat, Kolutoo, is closer to the normal Duggan type than to any other. There is nothing freakish about her except the scoop-shaped counter, a weight saving feature which does away with the usual transom and at the same time gives a strong form. Of course it looks like a standing invitation for a following sea to come aboard, but this is a trifle, and one cannot help thinking what a convenient arrangement it would be on a larger craft for hauling the dinghy on deck.

Kolutoo has already been fully described in FOREST AND STREAM, but for purposes of comparison it may be noted that she is rather less powerful than the general run of Duggan boats, and is admittedly at her best in light to moderate weather. She carries a single centerboard and the hull is covered with canvas well black leaded, which gives a good surface.

The defender, Thorella II., the property of Mr. W. C. Finley, is another step in the development of the Duggan type, but her design is this year wholly from the hands of Mr. F. P. Shearwood, for many years the lieutenant of Mr. Duggan, and now his successor. The boat is really an improved Trident, carrying two bilgeboards and no centerboard, and two rudders, one through each quarter, controlled by a single tiller. These rudders look absurdly small, but owing to the effective position of the lee one when the boat is heeled, they appear to be sufficient. Similarly each of the two bilgeboards has but forty per cent. of the area of such a centerboard as would be necessary, and yet, in the matter of holding on, Thorella is conspicuously successful.

On Wednesday, July 29, the judges began the work of measuring, the official figures being as follows:

	Kolutoo.	Thorella.
Gaff	14ft. 6 in.	13ft. 7½ in.
Boom	25ft. 3½ in.	24ft. 3 in.
Hoist	14ft. 5 in.	16ft. 7½ in.
Leach	31ft. 1 in.	32ft. 4½ in.
Area mainsail	381sq. ft.	397sq. ft.
Area fore triangle	111sq. ft.	100sq. ft.
Total	492sq. ft.	497sq. ft.

Both boats are designed to carry the limit of 500 square feet of working sail. They also fit the 25ft. class under the length and sail area rule. Spinnakers are allowed not exceeding twice the area of the fore triangle.

The crew of the challenger consisted of R. D. Boardman, helmsman; F. Henry Higginson, owner; Frank Burgess and J. S. Lovering; total weight, 650 pounds, this being the limit allowed. They were originally over and for a week restricted themselves to Lenten fare, with plenty of exercise. The crew of the defender was lighter, weighing only 629 pounds, and included Chas. Routh, helmsman; W. C. Finley, owner; Angus McDonald and H. A. Gordon.

With the challenging party from the Manchester Y. C. were Messrs. Burgess and Packard, the designers of the boat. The judges were J. L. Brewer, selected by the Manchester Club, and W. Q. Phillips by the Royal St. Lawrence Club. Mr. Owain Martin, who filled the office with acceptance to all parties last year, again acted as third judge.

First Race, July 30.

The crew of Kolutoo won the toss and elected to sail

the first race over a triangular course. The morning was wretchedly wet, a continuation of a fortnight's unsettled weather, but by noon it began to clear, and at two o'clock the weather was perfect, the wind being down the lake moderate to fresh, with occasional gusts, but not squally. All buoys to starboard gave a beat to windward to the first mark, then a couple of broad reaches home. Kolutoo carried a single reef, but Thorella lugged full sail without difficulty. A start was made at 1:55 P. M., the boats doing some pretty jockeying, hanging on the line for a few seconds before the starting signal, and then going over together without any loss of time, both on starboard tack, Kolutoo having the weather berth. This ought to have made a fine race to the first mark, but to the surprise of even her warmest admirers, Thorella sailed through the lee of her opponent, both quickly and cleanly, and in a few minutes had established such a decisive lead that spectators could hardly believe their eyes. It was simply a matter of footing and holding on, the first being accounted for by the carrying of full canvas while Kolutoo was reefed. The race having thus become a procession, the following times of the first round are interesting:

	1st mark.	2d mark.	3d mark.
Thorella	2 16 09	2 24 26	2 31 00
Kolutoo	2 20 31	2 28 30	2 35 31

It will be seen that after losing heavily on the windward work, Kolutoo gained a trifle on the second leg, but lost again on the third. The elapsed times for the runs are worth noticing. Each leg was 1-3 nautical miles, giving a speed of about 10 knots for both boats. From official reports the wind varied from 15 to 20 land miles per hour, but this reading was from an anemometer on top of a lighthouse on the lake below the course. On the surface of the water it was probably less.

The second round again showed a gain for Thorella on the windward work, the following times being taken:

	1st mark.	2d mark.	3d mark.
Thorella	2 52 00	2 59 32	3 06 45
Kolutoo	3 02 12	3 10 30	3 17 45

This ended the work of Kolutoo for the day, her rudder breaking and she withdrew. Thorella finished alone at 3:44:20.

Second Race, July 31.

This was sailed to windward and return over a two-mile course, three rounds making 12 miles. The weather was by no means settled. There had been a strong wind down the lake all night, raising considerable sea, and it held throughout the day, blowing 20 miles an hour at times. A start was made at 2 P. M., Thorella turning in one reef and Kolutoo two, and it may as well be said at once that their relative performances were about in proportion to the canvas carried. Mr. Starling Burgess, the designer, sailed on Kolutoo in place of his cousin, Frank Burgess, and, in common with the crew, did some daring and persistent hiking—all to no purpose. The boat simply refused to stand up, and there is no disguising the fact that she is seriously deficient in stability in anything more than light to moderate breezes. She lost steadily, and the following times tell the whole story:

	1st round.	2d round.	Finish.
Thorella	2 38 35	3 15 10	3 50 17
Kolutoo	2 43 48	3 28 00	4 03 53

Third Race, Aug. 1.

The morning was clear and fair, with a light wind and smooth water. Everyone hoped it would last, in order that a race might take place under more favorable conditions for Kolutoo. It freshened, however, coming out of the northwest, so the boats were sent away at 2:10, all buoys to port, giving windward work on the first leg of the triangular course. A close and pretty start was made, and then the usual thing happened. Thorella, with one reef tied down, simply sailed away from Kolutoo with two reefs, and all hope of a close race vanished. The wind lightened a little, both boats soon showing whole mainsails, but even then there was no catching Thorella on the windward work, and before the race was half over a mile of water separated the boats, so that all semblance of racing vanished. The times were as follows, start 2:10:

	1st round.	2d round.	Finish.
Thorella	2 49 30	3 27 15	4 06 30
Kolutoo	2 55 55	3 38 12	4 18 55

It is pleasant to be able to say, in conclusion, that the Kolutoo men were all that could be desired, both as yachtsmen and gentlemen—clever sailors, Corinthians above suspicion, and able to take a defeat smilingly. It is a great pity that their energies were wasted on so unsuitable a boat. Nothing but an all-round boat is worth bringing to Lake St. Louis, where 15 or 20 mile breezes are as likely to occur as anything lighter. Of course, three days of such weather may be set down as unusual, but it is safe to figure on a fair proportion in any series of races. It may be pointed out that with sail limited to 500 square feet on an allowable water-line of over 27 feet, there is no difficulty in producing a stiff boat, and yet for several years every challenger has been under rather than over in the matter of stability. What is wanted is a craft that heels easily down to her deck, but that will stick there and carry her sail effectively in a 15-mile breeze.

It is only fair to say that Thorella II. is no commonplace boat, but a remarkable performer to windward and a credit to Mr. Shearwood, her designer. This modest young man has for years shared the work and anxiety with Mr. Duggan, and it is especially gratifying that this, his first venture alone, has proved so successful. Mr. Duggan is now permanently located at Sydney, C. B., and quite out of the racing on Lake St. Louis. He was not present during these cup races, but advantage was taken of his visiting Montreal a few days before to present both him and Mr. Shearwood with silver tea services, suitably inscribed.

WILLIAM Q. PHILLIPS.

Mr. Stanley M. Seaman has made the following transfers through his agency: The steam yacht Reposo, sold by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. to Mrs. Robert C. Black, Pelham Manor, N. Y.; the auxiliary yawl Kathleen, sold by Mr. J. K. Hutchins, New Rochelle, N. Y., to Mr. J. J. Kenny, Toronto, Canada; the Knockabout Scooter, sold by Mr. Laurence H. Wilbur, Philadelphia, Pa., to Mr. A. D. O'Neil, New York City; the schooner yacht Rosina has been chartered to Mr. A. P. Wetherill, Philadelphia, Pa.

Newport Trial Races.

NEWPORT, R. I.,
Monday, July 27.

It was originally intended that the trial races should be sailed on alternate days from July 30 to August 8, and five races were on the programme. Last week the owners of the gos and the regatta committee modified this, and three races were to be sailed this week, and the Newport series in which the gos were also to start were to have been sandwiched in between the trials. The Newport series fell through because there were no yachts here to race, and this morning before the yachts left the harbor it was announced that the trials were to be sailed on consecutive days and to be over as soon as possible. After the yachts got back to their moorings a meeting of the Committee on Cup Challenge was held on board Rambler. There were present: Commodore Frederick G. Bourne, ex-Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard, Secretary George Cormack, Fleet Captain C. L. F. Robinson, Mr. J. Malcolm Forbes, Mr. Iselin, Mr. Belmont, and Mr. Morgan, representing the Reliance, Constitution, and Columbia respectively, were there, as well as the Regatta Committee, ex-Commodore S. Nicholson Kane, Mr. Newbury D. Lawton, and Mr. Edward H. Wales. It was agreed by all that the Reliance had made a consistent showing since she began racing, and was much the best boat of the trio. Further trials were not thought necessary, and she was selected to defend the Cup against the Shamrock III., and the Constitution was selected as the reserve boat.

The race earlier in the day was one of the best of the season. The Regatta Committee were on board the steam yacht Kanawha, which Mr. H. H. Rogers had placed at their disposal.

The yachts were rather late in getting out to the Lightship, and it was necessary to postpone the start. A brisk northwester had been blowing all night, but it was much lighter when the yachts went out, but anticipating a fresh breeze only small club topsail were set. The course was signaled as soon as the yachts were near enough to the committee boat. It was fifteen miles to leeward and return, and the first leg was S. S. E., the wind being N. N. W., and blowing about ten miles an hour. It was puffy and some of the puffs were quite strong, causing the yachts to heel so that much of their underbodies were thrown up to the wind. The tug Storm King logged the course. The preparatory signal was made at 11:15, and ten minutes later the warning sounded. The yachts were then sending up balloon jibtopsails in stops. Reliance and Constitution were then on the port tack heading towards the northeast, and the Columbia, with the wind on the starboard beam, reached towards Reliance, and, passing astern of that yacht, held further in towards the shore before she wore round and went for the line. Reliance had held well over towards the eastern end of the line, and when the starting gun sounded she eased off her boom to starboard and set her spinnaker to port. Constitution stood for the outer end of the line, and just before she crossed she gybed her boom to port and broke out her balloon jib topsail. Columbia was handicapped about 15 seconds at the line, but she crossed with her boom to port and spinnaker set to starboard. Captain Barr had made a bad error. The wind was backing to the west, and Constitution and Columbia were able to keep their balloons drawing, and they at once drew away from Reliance. Constitution waited a few minutes before she broke out her spinnaker. The times of crossing the line were: Reliance, 11:30:26; Constitution, 11:30:31; Columbia, 11:32:00. At 11:37:00 Reliance's spinnaker was taken in and her boom gybed to port. She then hauled on the wind and reached across the sterns of Columbia and Constitution, and then the spinnaker was set again flying. She at once overhauled Columbia and passed that yacht at 11:50:00 and slowly picked up Constitution. At noon Constitution was leading by about 300 yards. Her spinnaker was guyed well forward and the sheet was flowed so that it spilled into the balloon and kept that sail drawing well. Columbia's spinnaker sheet was trimmed in flat and the balloon was constantly falling limp without any wind in the sail at all. At 12:11:30 Reliance's spinnaker was taken in and one of lighter material set. It took two minutes to make the change. Constitution followed the example of Reliance at once. Reliance was slowly picking up what she had lost at the start, and at 12:30 she began to go by Constitution to windward. It took her just 15 minutes to pull clear and then Constitution drew up again, and the two yachts sailed for several minutes on even terms. Before reaching the turning mark, however, Reliance pulled clear again. Balloons were taken in and baby jib topsails set in their place, and spinnakers were carried right up to the mark and taken in while the main sheet was being trimmed in for the windward work. Reliance turned the mark at 1:10:06, Constitution at 1:10:31, and Columbia at 1:14:48. The times over the first leg of the course and the gains are shown in the following:

	Start.	Turn.	Elapsed.
Reliance	11 30 26	1 10 06	1 36 40
Constitution	11 30 31	1 10 31	1 40 00
Columbia	11 32 00	1 14 48	1 42 48

On the fifteen miles' run Reliance had beaten Constitution 20 sec. and Columbia 3 min. 8 sec.

Reliance and Constitution held on the starboard tack after turning the mark, and Constitution, having made a closer turn, was a little to windward of Reliance's wake; but the new yacht at once began to foot fast and draw ahead. Columbia took the port tack as soon as she turned, heading towards the east. Baby jib topsails were carried on each yacht. Constitution began to forereach on Constitution, and at 1:21:00 Constitution took the port tack and Reliance followed her a few seconds later. Columbia took the starboard tack as the other two yachts went about, and two minutes later she took the port tack again and held on that tack for 26 minutes. Reliance and Constitution were having a fine fight. Reliance pointed high, and Captain Rhodes would then romp the Constitution off, and she would foot fast, and when clear of Reliance she would nip up again, until Captain Barr bore down on her to kill her again. At 2:06:20 Constitution took the starboard tack and Reliance followed her thirty seconds

later. Up to this Constitution was well within her time, but then they struck a freshening breeze which continued to grow stronger as they got nearer to the land. They were heeled so that their rails were down to the water. This tack was only a short one, and at 2:11:00 both went on the port tack, and ten minutes later baby jib topsails were taken in. All were then heading towards West Island, and at 2:49:30 Columbia took the starboard tack for the finishing line. She had lowered her baby jib topsail just before she tacked. Reliance tacked for the line at 2:50:10 and Constitution at 2:51:20. Reliance just managed to fetch. At the end, when it looked as if she must tack to weather the Kanawha, a fresher puff laid her well over, and Captain Barr luffed her sharply and she just squeezed across. Constitution had to make a short hitch to fetch and the Columbia was able to make the line easily. Reliance finished at 3:04:00, Constitution at 3:09:16, and Columbia at 3:10:11. Columbia had made quite a gain through keeping to the eastward. She had found the fresher breeze much earlier than the other two. The times over the last leg of the course are shown in the following:

	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Reliance	1 10 06	3 04 00	1 54 03
Constitution	1 10 31	3 09 16	1 58 45
Columbia	1 14 48	3 10 11	1 55 23

On the fifteen miles to windward Reliance had beaten the Columbia 1m. 23s. and Constitution 4m. 42s.

The summary of the race:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Reliance	11 30 26	3 04 09	3 33 43
Constitution	11 30 31	3 09 16	3 38 45
Columbia	11 32 00	3 10 11	3 38 11

Reliance had beaten Columbia 4 min. 20 sec. and Constitution 5 min. 2 sec.

Reliance will be tried with the Constitution as often as Mr. Iselin wants, and some of the sails of the Constitution will be tried on the new yacht. She went out for two short spins on Tuesday, and later on went to Bristol. Mr. George Cormack will be in charge of Constitution during the tuning up trials.

Atlantic Y. C.

SEA GATE, LONG ISLAND,
Saturday, August 1.

The Atlantic Y. C. held races for classes M and under on the afternoon of Saturday, August 1. Ten boats started in the event and all finished. A good breeze, S. by E., held throughout the race.

Two newcomers appeared in class P. Naiad, the winner, is from the designs of Mr. Henry J. Gielow, and was recently launched from the Weber yard at New Rochelle. Smoke was the other stranger in the class.

The 30-footers, Bagheera and Bobtail, sailed a fine race. These boats went twice out to West Bank light and return, leaving the same on the starboard hand. It was close hauled work out and a reach home. The other boats sailed the regular inside course. They had a run to Fort Hamilton mark, windward work to the club buoy off Ulmer Park, and several more short hitches to the start off Sea Gate.

Bagheera beat Bobtail 2m. 28s.; Naiad beat Cockatoo 2m., Smoke 5m. 48s.; Mary beat Wraith 1m. 50s, Eileen 11m. 18s.; Scalawag beat Constance 5m. 5s. The summary:

Sloops—Class M—Start, 3:10.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb.....	5 07 23	1 57 23	
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.....	5 09 51	1 59 51	
Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:15.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Naiad, J. B. Palmer.....	4 37 22	1 22 22	
Cockatoo, W. A. Barstow.....	4 39 22	1 24 22	
Smoke, L. H. Dyer.....	4 43 10	1 28 10	
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:20.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Mary, M. Grundner.....	4 46 40	1 26 40	
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins.....	4 48 30	1 28 30	
Eileen, F. J. Havens.....	4 57 58	1 37 58	
Sloops—Class R—Start, 3:20.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Scalawag, E. S. Ludlow.....	4 57 00	1 37 00	
Constance, F. J. Prentice.....	5 02 05	1 42 05	

The winners were: Bagheera, Naiad, Mary and Scalawag.

ATLANTIC Y. C. OCEAN RACE,
July 27 to 29—290 miles.

The third ocean race of the Atlantic Y. C. was started off Brenton's Reef, Newport, on the morning of Monday, July 27. Three schooners came to the line, and the event was won by Mr. Morton F. Plant's new Herreshoff creation, Ingomar, which did such good work on the cruise of the New York Y. C. Mr. Robert McCurdy's Lasca was second, and Commodore Robert E. Tod's flagship, Thistle, third. The winner gets a beautiful cup offered by the Atlantic Y. C. There is also a second prize.

There was a fresh breeze blowing N. N. W. when the three schooners came to the starting line. This gave them a run on the first part of their journey to Nantucket Shoal Lightship. From there the yachts sailed to the finish off Scotland Lightship, a distance of approximately 290 miles.

The starting signal was given at 10:15. Thistle crossed at 10:16:30, Ingomar at 10:17, and Lasca at 10:18:40. At 9 P. M. that day Thistle carried away her foretopmast. She was then twelve miles west of Nantucket Shoal Lightship.

The wind held steady from the N. W. throughout Monday, and the weather was fair. On Tuesday the breeze became variable, falling at times to a flat calm. Wednesday dawned cloudy with the breeze S. S. W. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
	July 27, A.M.	July 28, P.M.	
Ingomar, M. F. Plant.....	10 17 00	6 44 20	20 27 20
Lasca, R. P. McCurdy.....	10 18 40	9 32 30	23 13 50
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
	July 29, A.M.		
Thistle, Robert E. Tod.....	10 16 30	9 23 35	35 07 05

The Cape May Y. C. has been incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey, and the following officers have been elected:

Commodore, J. W. Allison; vice-commodore, Christopher Gallagher; rear commodore, T. Clifford Wilson; secretary, Adam Suelke; treasurer, Harry Hazelhurst; fleet captain, Benton S. Dunn.

Brooklyn Y. C.

BENSONHURST, LONG ISLAND,
Saturday, August 1.

The fifth regatta of the Y. R. A. of G. B. was held on the afternoon of Saturday, August 1, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Y. C. Nineteen boats started and finished the contest.

It was by far the best day for racing seen on Gravesend Bay this year. An eight knot breeze, S. by E., held steady throughout. The boats were sent over the reverse courses, leaving all marks on the port hand. This afforded those in classes P and under plenty of hard windward work.

The first class was sent away at 3:18. The others followed at intervals of three minutes. The starts were good. Adeline (ex-Gwendolen) and Streak were sailing their first races of the year. Boats in classes M and N twice covered the outside course. They had a close reach to Craven Shoal buoy, close hauled work to Red Can buoy No. 2 off Coney Island Point, a short run to make by the point on the return journey, and a reach home to the start off the Brooklyn Y. C.

The other starters, covering the inside course, had a run to the Marine and Field Club mark, a reach to Fort Hamilton, windward work to the stake boat off Sea Gate, and a reach home.

The long windward leg from Fort Hamilton to Sea Gate stretched the boats out considerably, and craft which led at the end of the first round improved their positions until the end. Ogeemah was the first of the smaller fleet to finish. Adeline led the larger starters home by a good margin.

Bonito beat Kangaroo 10m. 39s.; Squaw beat Indian 16m. 29s.; Ogeemah beat Streak 4m. 43s., Karma 4m. 45s.; Sandpiper beat Apuka II. 7m. 32s., Trio 19m. 40s.; Rascal beat Martha M. 3m. 42s., Boozie 5m. 10s., Lelia B. 31m. 39s.; Esperance beat Kelpie 1m. 10s., Jig-a-Jig 4m. 46s. The summary:

Class M—Special—Start, 3:18.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Bonito, Haviland Bros.....	5 28 35	2 10 35	
Kangaroo, C. H. Humphreys.....	5 39 14	2 21 14	
Sloops—Class N—Start, 3:18.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Adeline, J. B. O'Donohue.....	5 20 22	2 02 22	
Class N—Special—Start, 3:18.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Squaw, H. J. Heath.....	5 31 15	2 13 15	
Indian, Menton Bros.....	5 47 44	2 29 44	
Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:21.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Ogeemah, Brophy & Mackay.....	5 03 17	1 42 17	
Streak, Speidel Bros.....	5 08 00	1 47 00	
Karma, J. C. Erskine.....	5 08 02	1 47 02	
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:24.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Spots, D. D. Allerton.....	5 12 14	1 48 14	
Sloops—Class R—Start, 3:30.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Sandpiper, W. W. Redfern.....	5 18 50	1 48 50	
Apuka II., E. S. Tefft.....	5 26 22	1 56 22	
Trio, C. H. Clayton.....	5 38 30	2 08 30	
Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:33.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock.....	5 17 03	1 44 03	
Martha M., Richard Moore.....	5 20 45	1 47 45	
Boozie, C. D. Durkee.....	5 22 10	1 49 10	
Lelia B., J. B. Barnes.....	5 48 42	2 15 42	
Marine and Field Class—Start, 3:36.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Esperance, T. A. Hamilton.....	5 26 30	1 50 30	
Kelpie, W. K. Brown.....	5 27 40	1 51 40	
Jig-a-Jig, Hutcheson & Ferguson.....	5 31 16	1 55 16	

The winners were: Bonito, Squaw, Ogeemah, Sandpiper, Rascal, Esperance; Adeline and Spots took sail overs.

Raritan Y. C.

PERTH AMBOY, RARITAN BAY,
Saturday, August 1.

There were nineteen starters in the power boat race held by the Raritan Y. C. on Saturday, August 1. The boats were divided into two classes and all covered a three and two-thirds mile triangle three times, making a total distance of eleven miles. It was a handicap match, and the boats were started separately in accordance with the amount of time they had to allow.

Betsy, a class A boat, broke down before the start, and was handicapped some fifteen minutes. Irene was the only boat to finish in class A. Freak won in class B, and Wink was second. The summary:

Launches—Class A.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Irene, B. Mitchell.....	4 12 18	5 29 45	1 17 27
Betsy, Leo Straub.....	4 13 56	Did not finish.	
Albatross, A. Guyges.....	4 21 41	Did not finish.	
Launches—Class B.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Freak, W. Greene.....	3 14 18	5 05 18	1 51 00
Wink, C. B. Ballard.....	3 26 00	5 12 58	1 46 58
No. 4, C. Fries.....	3 12 45	5 13 45	2 01 00
No. 5, W. B. Pratt.....	3 25 45	5 17 15	1 51 30
Maggie, C. C. Morgan.....	3 29 22	5 17 35	1 48 13
No. 999, W. W. Warner.....	3 50 00	5 19 28	1 29 28
Three Bros., Kress Bros.....	3 40 19	5 22 40	1 42 21
Wilhelm, W. F. Hartmann.....	3 42 19	5 23 12	1 40 53
Web, E. V. Evans.....	3 44 31	5 23 54	1 39 23
Go Do, T. Johnson.....	3 41 01	5 24 25	1 40 24
Anna, W. Aschenberg.....	4 01 16	5 27 35	1 26 19
Fly, J. Whitworth.....	3 50 46	5 28 35	1 37 49
Mazie, Schantz & Eckert.....	3 47 27	5 30 18	1 42 51
Seventeen, W. E. Irving.....	3 49 40	5 31 06	1 41 20
Kismet.....	3 12 00	Did not finish.	
Albatross.....	Disabled.		

Bridgeport Y. C.

BLACK ROCK, LONG ISLAND SOUND,
Saturday, July 25.

The annual regatta of the Bridgeport Y. C. was held on Saturday, July 25. The race was sailed in a fresh S. W. breeze, and the boats covered a thirteen-mile course.

Massasoit, Nutmeg and Tecumseh, three boats built to challenge for the Seawanhaka cup last year, met in one of the classes. Massasoit beat Tecumseh over 12m., and Nutmeg was out of the running from the start.

Firefly won in the 25ft. class, and Dora won in the 15ft. class. Diana was the only starter in the 30ft. class, and took a sail over. The summary:

Seawanhaka Cup Class.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Massasoit, T. H. MacDonald.....	2 25 07	4 46 34	2 21 27
Tecumseh, H. Fish.....	2 25 20	4 59 01	2 33 41
Nutmeg, H. H. Rennell.....	2 25 13	5 08 34	2 43 21
25ft. Class.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Firefly, G. P. Granberry.....	2 10 09	4 39 54	2 29 45
Vagabond, J. C. Bullard.....	2 10 44	4 47 19	2 36 35
15ft. Class.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dora, E. R. Rowland.....	2 20 19	4 14 15	1 53 36
Monsoon, T. Fish.....	2 26 53	4 21 22	2 00 29

Bar Harbor Yachting.

BAR HARBOR, MAINE,
Friday, July 17.

A match race was sailed between Bat, one of the new Bar Harbor boats turned out this year by Herreshoff, and Paraxilla, one of the Buzzard's Bay one-design boats, on Friday, July 17. The boats sailed twice over a triangular course. Bat was first over the starting line and was never headed.

Saturday, July 18.

The Bar Harbor boats sailed a race over a twelve-mile course in a moderate breeze on Saturday, July 18. Bat again won, beating Papoose III. handily. The summary, start 2:30:

	Elapsed.
Bat, Edgar Scott.....	1 57 58
Papoose III., V. E. Macy.....	1 59 07
Joker, H. M. Sears.....	1 59 17
Curlew, R. H. Gallatin.....	2 00 32
Zara, J. M. Sears, Jr.....	2 01 18
Scud, A. J. Cassatt.....	2 01 21
Kawana, J. B. Trevor.....	2 03 33
Astrild, H. L. Eno.....	2 03 33
Cricket, Walter Ladd.....	2 08 35
Redwing, T. G. Condon.....	2 08 50

Friday, July 24.

The Bar Harbor 31-footers sailed a close race over courses in the inner bay on Friday, July 24. The four leading boats finished within 36 seconds of one another. Papoose III. won by 5 seconds and Cricket was second. The summary, start 10:35:

	Elapsed.
Papoose III., V. E. Macy.....	1 48 20
Cricket, W. G. Ladd.....	1 48 25
Curlew, R. H. Gallatin.....	1 48 35
Bat, Edgar Scott.....	1 48 56
Joker, H. M. Sears.....	1 50 15
Kawana, J. B. Trevor.....	1 52 27
Ben, A. Y. & P. C. Stewart.....	1 53 52
Astrild, H. L. Eno.....	1 54 14
Scud, A. J. Cassatt.....	1 55 50
Zara, J. M. Sears, Jr.....	1 57 03
Redwing, T. G. Condon.....	2 04 53

Saturday, July 25.

In the race sailed by the 31-footers on Saturday, July 25, Scud won, beating Curlew by 10 seconds. Bat was third. The boats covered a twelve-mile course. The summary, start 2:40:

	Elapsed.
Scud, A. J. Cassatt.....	1 59 23
Curlew, R. H. Gallatin.....	1 59 33
Bat, Edgar Scott.....	2 01 03
Kawana, J. B. Trevor.....	2 01 23
Cricket, W. G. Ladd.....	2 01 25
Zara, J. M. Sears, Jr.....	2 01 36
Papoose III., V. E. Macy.....	2 02 23
Ben, A. Y. & P. C. Stewart.....	2 03 06
Joker, H. M. Sears.....	2 03 25
Redwing, T. G. Condon.....	2 04 05
Indian, W. C. Allison.....	2 07 51

Saturday, August 1.

A protest leaves the result of the race sailed by the Bar Harbor boats on Saturday, August 1, in doubt. Cricket was the first boat to finish. The summary, start 2:35:

	Elapsed.
Cricket, W. G. Ladd.....	1 36 03
Indian, W. C. Allison.....	1 36 24
Curlew, R. H. Gallatin.....	1 37 43
Joker, H. M. Sears.....	1 38 18
Zara, J. M. Sears, Jr.....	1 40 28
Papoose III., V. E. Macy.....	1 42 41
Astrild, H. L. Eno.....	1 43 32
Scud, A. J. Cassatt.....	1 45 06

Bayswater Y. C.

FAR ROCKAWAY, LONG ISLAND,
Saturday, August 1.

The Baywater Y. C. held a regatta on Saturday, August 1. The races were held under the auspices of the Jamaica Bay Y. R. A. The summary:

Class A—Launches—Start, 4:00.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Josephine, A. J. Bushman.....	5 20 03	1 20 03
Lillian M., W. Meyers.....	5 22 35	1 22 35
Water Queen, L. Copleston.....	5 38 30	1 38 30
Class D—Open Cats—Start, 4:15.		
Elsa, J. Dohse.....	5 40 06	1 25 06
Ariel, W. P. Hewletts.....	5 47 10	1 32 10
Selma, W. Smith.....	5 48 12	1 33 12
Tarpon, O. L. Roehr.....	5 50 12	1 35 12
Class E—Open Cats—Start, 4:21.		
Ellsworth, J. McN. Wilson.....	5 52 22	1 32 22
Lochinvar, J. F. Sabin.....	5 57 05	1 37 05
Muriel, O. Cillis.....	Did not finish.	
Florence, R. Goddard.....	Did not finish.	
One Design Knockabouts—Start, 4:30—Bayswater Y. C.		
Mae Louise, A. G. Schumann.....	6 12 00	1 42 00
Paula, Raymond Calvi.....	6 12 15	1 42 15
Ripple, F. Jenkins.....	6 17 03	1 47 03
Minerva, Russell Calvi.....	6 19 15	1 49 15
Petrel, O. Cillis.....	6 19 18	1 49 18
Antonia, M. Buckley.....	6 21 28	1 51 28
Dermio, E. M. Richmond.....	6 27 06	1 57 06
Lotus, W. N. Sherer.....	6 27 03	1 57 03

The winners were: Josephine, Elsa, Ellsworth, and Mae Louise.

Hempstead Harbor Y. C.

GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 25.

The Hempstead Harbor Y. C. held its annual regatta on Saturday, July 25. Owing to the lightness of the wind the start was delayed until one o'clock, but at that hour there was a moderate breeze blowing from the W. S. W., which held fairly true throughout the race.

Anoatok and Leda had a close race, the former boat led over the starting line by 36s. and finished ahead by the same margin. The summary follows:

Start, 1:05.		
	Finish.	
Spasm, E. B. King.....	4 08 04	
Anoatok, W. G. Brokaw.....	4 07 28	
Raceabouts—Start, 1:10.		
Hobo T. L. Park.....	3 19 05	
Jolly Tar, S. Howland.....	3 15 32	
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins.....	3 21 14	
Cricket, H. Willets.....	3 22 55	
Mavis, G. L. Prie.....	5 22 32	
25ft. Sloops—Start, 1:15.		
Spinster, Mr. Babbott.....	3 34 56	
21ft. Sloops—Start, 1:20.		
Quack, A. D. Tappan.....	Did not finish.	

Montauk, G. R. Sheldon.....	3 30 38
Gazabo, H. L. Vulte.....	3 48 45
Trouble, W. H. Childs.....	3 45 54
Jeebi, A. Brown.....	Did not finish.

18ft. Sloops—Start, 1:20.		
Flin-Flam, A. D. Prince.....	3 45 35	
Plover, Howard Place.....	3 55 47	

Manhasset Bay Class—Start, 1:25.		
Arizona, George Cory.....	Did not finish.	
Falcon, Stevens & Cole.....	Disabled.	
Lambkin, S. W. Roach.....	4 05 20	

New Rochelle Class—Start, 1:25.		
Knave, R. N. Pavier.....	3 58 24	
Deuce, N. D. Lawton.....	4 02 13	
Ace, A. Bavie.....	4 02 58	

Hempstead Harbor Class—Start, 1:30.		
Gosling, M. & T. Pratt.....	3 22 05	
Wif Waf, H. E. Sayre.....	3 30 51	
Scud, D. B. Abbott.....	3 21 15	
Why Not, W. Murdock.....	3 33 10	
Flicker, A. Hardy.....	3 25 16	

18ft. Cats—Start, 1:35.		
Coot, A. D. Prince.....	3 39 38	
Lobster, A. M. Brush.....	3 40 05	
Scout, A. E. Cerqua.....	Did not finish.	

21ft. Class—Start, 1:20.		
Arlene, A. S. Kendle.....	4 00 04	
Dunlea, C. A. Dunning.....	Did not finish.	

The winners were: Anoatok, Jolly Tar, Spinster (sail over), Montauk, Flim Flam, Lambkin, Knave, Scud, Coot and Arlene.

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND,

Monday, July 27.

The race sailed by the 30-footers on Monday proved to be an exciting one. The contest was marred by an accident which narrowly missed being very serious. Vaquero III. was dismayed, but fortunately no one on board was injured. The accident was caused by the breaking of the boat's port spreader. A spreader also broke on Barbara which made it necessary for that boat to withdraw from the race. The contest was sailed in a heavy N. W. wind and the boats covered an eight mile triangular course. Vaquero III. was in the weather berth when she lost her mast. The committee boat towed her into the harbor. When Barbara withdrew, Carolina was in the best position, which she held up to the finish. The summary, start 3:56:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, P. Jones.....	4 35 46	0 49 46
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.....	4 35 59	0 49 59
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....	4 37 31	0 51 31
Vaquero III., P. Whitney.....	Disabled.	
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	Disabled.	

Tuesday, July 28.

Four of the Newport Special Thirties and two of the Buzzard's Bay one-design boats raced on Tuesday for special cups. Mr. C. L. F. Robinson gave the trophy for Newport 30-footers, and the Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C. gave the cup for Buzzard's Bay boats. The wind was fresh from the S. W., and the boats carried full sail. The course was from Brenton's Cove to Dyer's Island and return, a distance of 18 miles. This is the first time the boats of these two classes have met, and the Buzzard's Bay craft showed up to advantage in windward work. The winners were Vaquero III. and Mashnee. The summary:

Newport Thirties—Start, 3:00.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., P. Whitney.....	5 14 52	2 14 52
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.....	5 16 59	2 16 59
Carolina, P. Jones.....	5 17 45	2 17 45
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	Did not finish.	
Buzzard's Bay One-Design Class—Start, 3:10.		
Mashnee, R. W. Emmons.....	5 19 10	2 09 10
Zingara, E. M. Farnsworth.....	5 21 15	2 11 15

Wednesday, July 29.

The Newport Special Thirties and the Buzzard's Bay one-design boats raced against one another in one class on Wednesday for a cup offered by Commodore Frederick G. Bourne, N. Y. Y. C. Owing to the heavy S. W. wind that prevailed, the Regatta Committee contemplated postponing the race, but as the owners of the boats were anxious to start, they were sent away promptly on time. The boats covered the Dyer's Island course, starting off Fort Adams. It was a reach to the Jamestown mark, a run to Dyer's Island, and a beat back to the finish. The strong wind and heavy sea seemed to just suit the Newport Thirties, for they had no difficulty in beating the Buzzard's Bay boats. The Newport boats showed up particularly well on the windward work, even though they were swinging full sail, while the Buzzard's Bay boats were reefed. Barbara broke her gaff and withdrew. Carolina finished a winner by a comfortable margin, and Vaquero III. was second. Carolina beat Mashnee 4m. 39s. The summary, start 3:10:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, P. Jones.....	5 15 24	2 05 24
Vaquero III., P. Whitney.....	5 18 33	2 08 33
Mashnee, R. W. Emmons, 2d.....	5 20 03	2 10 03
Zingara, E. M. Farnsworth.....	5 21 04	2 11 04
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	Disabled.	

Saturday, August 1.

Four of the 30-footers started in the race on Saturday. Mr. Pembroke Jones, owner of Carolina, and Mr. John R. Drexel exchanged boats and Mr. Jones won out handily. There was a good whole sail breeze from the S. The course was to the compass buoy in Coddington Cove and return, a distance of six miles. This gave the boats a run out and a beat back. Vaquero III. led on the run, having been first over the starting line, but on the beat back Raccoon worked into the lead and crossed the finish line 18s. ahead of Barbara, the second boat. The summary, start 3:25:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....	4 48 11	1 23 11
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	4 48 29	1 23 29
Vaquero III., P. Whitney.....	4 48 54	1 23 54
Carolina, P. Jones.....	4 49 23	1 24 23

Monday, August 3.

The 30-footers sailed twice over a four-mile windward and leeward course on Monday in a light breeze. Barbara got away in the lead and finished an easy winner. Carolina withdrew. The summary, start 3:38:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	4 47 07	1 09 07
Vaquero III., P. Whitney.....	4 48 41	1 10 41
Carolina, P. Jones.....	Withdrew.	

Penataquit-Corinthian Y. C.

BAY SHORE, LONG ISLAND.

Saturday, August 1.

The Penataquit-Corinthian Y. C. held its open summer regatta and the third special race for the Lighthouse cup on Saturday, August 1. The breeze at the start was strong from the N. W., but shifted later to the S. W. The boats in classes N, P, and T sailed over a course of seventeen miles, while boats in class Q sailed four miles, and in class W, eight miles. Wanda beat Flight 1m. 40s. on time allowance. The summary:

Class N—Start, 1:05.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wanda, J. E. Roosevelt.....	3 30 30	2 28 30	2 25 12
Arrow, G. R. Macy.....	3 32 10	2 27 10	2 27 08
Flight, H. Havemeyer.....	3 32 03	2 27 03	2 26 53
Pinkie, Allen Pinkerton.....	Did not finish.		
Cornelia, F. F. Cousins.....	3 35 11	2 30 11	2 26 06

Class P—Start, 1:10.			
Frontenac, C. de H. Brower.....	3 37 45	2 27 45	2 27 45
Mowgle, J. D. Trask.....	Did not finish.		

Class Q—Start, 1:15.			
Dolphe, W. K. Dick.....	3 10 00	1 55 00	1 52 58
Kinkie, D. R. Coddington.....	3 18 30	2 03 03	2 02 25
Ouch, G. H. Potter.....	3 44 08	2 20 08	2 20 40

Class G—Start, 1:20.			
Arcyle, C. W. Leister, Jr.....	4 12 03	4 12 03	2 52 03

Class V—Start, 1:25.			
Grace, Joseph Robbins.....	3 34 13	3 34 13	2 19 13
Dorothy, A. Hadenberg.....	3 36 00	2 11 00	2 11 00

Class W—Start, 1:30.			
Scudd, J. V. Wooley.....	3 56 21	2 26 21	2 26 21
Helen, W. H. Wray.....	4 03 00	2 33 00	2 33 00

The winners were Wanda, Frontenac, Dolphe, Arcyle (sail over), Grace and Helen.

Erie Y. C.

ERIE, PA.,

Saturday, July 25.

The second series race given by the Erie Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, July 25. A good sailing breeze held throughout the race, and there was good racing between the boats. The summary follows:

30ft. Class—Start, 2:35.		
Una.....	3 56 50	Withdrew.
King Fisher.....	4 01 00	

25ft. Class—Start, 2:40.		
Iroquois.....	3 56 55	Mingo.....4 03 30
20ft. Class—Start, 2:45.		
Turtle.....	Withdrew.	

The winners were: Una and Iroquois. In the races so far Una has secured 20 points; King Fisher comes next with 19. CABIA BLANCO.

Corinthian Y. C.

STAMFORD, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

Saturday, August 1.

On Saturday, August 1, the Corinthian Y. C. of Stamford held races for power boats. Two classes filled and there were six starters. The summary:

17ft. Launches—Start, 3:45.		
Juliet, Palmer Brothers.....	4 55 50	Finish.
Dick, B. Goldfinger.....	4 56 18	
Launches Over 17ft.—Start, 3:40.		
Sally, J. S. Appleby.....	4 35 50	
Hartford, W. P. Hatch.....	4 39 30	
Genevieve, John Wilson.....	4 40 00	
No Name, O. Bavia.....	4 48 28	

The winners: Juliet and Sally.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Elsa II., the combination steam yacht and houseboat built from designs made by Messrs. Gardner & Cox for Mr. Evans R. Dick, of Philadelphia, was launched on July 20 from the yard of the builders, Messrs. James M. Bayles & Son, Port Jefferson, Long Island. The yacht is built of wood and is 113 ft. over all, 99 ft. waterline, 19 ft. breadth and 5 ft. 7 in. draught. She has twin screws, two four-cylinder triple expansion engines and two water tube boilers. Elsa II. is rather an unusual looking craft, with but little overhang forward, and considerable aft. There are two deckhouses and a single funnel. A single mast, used only for signaling, gives her rather a shippy appearance. The forward deckhouse is 19 ft. long and is used as a dining saloon; the after house is 16 ft. long and is fitted up as a library and lounging room. The galley, officers' and crew's quarters are forward, while the owner's apartments are aft. They consist of one double stateroom for the owner, which extends across the boat, and two single staterooms and two bath rooms.

Mr. Harry Payne Whitney has ordered a houseboat built by the Wilson Yacht Building Co., Ferry Bar, Baltimore, Md. She will be 100 ft. in length and will be driven by gasoline engines. The boat will be launched during October and then be taken to Palm Beach, Florida.

A short time ago there was launched from the yard of the Nilson Yacht Building Co. the auxiliary schooner yacht built by that firm for Mr. George C. Thomas, Jr., of Philadelphia. The yacht was named Ednada. She is built entirely of wood, the frames being of white oak and the planking of Georgia pine. Ednada is 110 ft. long, 20 ft. breadth and 6 ft. draught.

The fine auxiliary schooner Atlantic was finally launched on Tuesday, July 28, from the yard of the builders, Messrs. Townsend-Downey, Shooter's Island, S. I. The launching was marred by an accident that damaged the yacht somewhat. As she was sliding down the ways the hawser that held the cradle parted, and the yacht swept down the incline with a rush. She collided with a barge and carried away her taffrail and stove in some of the plates in her after overhang. This will delay the work of completing the yacht somewhat. Atlantic was built for Mr. William Marshall and she

was designed by Messrs. Gardner & Cox. When finished she will be the finest auxiliary yacht in the world. She is 189ft. over all, 13ft. waterline, 30ft. breadth, 21 ft. depth and 15 ft. draught. Her motive power consists of a triple expansion engine that will drive her at eleven knots. She will be rigged as a three-masted schooner. Mr. Marshall will make a cruise in the West Indies during the coming winter, and afterward is going around the world in the boat.

The Shelburne Y. C., of Shelburne, N. S., incorporated at the last session of parliament, has been formally organized with the following officers: Commodore, R. G. Herve; vice-commodore, Joseph McGill; rear commodore, John Ethrington, Jr. The club is growing rapidly, many additional citizens of the town having joined, as well as others from Boston, Yarmouth, Halifax and Lockeport. The regatta on the 4th, 5th and 6th of August bids fair to be a grand success, as already owners of yachts from several clubs have given notice of their intention to be present to compete for the coronation cup.

On Tuesday, July 28, Vergemere, the steel auxiliary schooner yacht built by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co., Wilmington, Del., for Mr. Albert C. Bostwick, was launched. She was designed by Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Barbey. The yacht is 160 ft. over all, 120 ft. waterline, 28 ft. breadth and 16 ft. draught.

We are indebted to Mr. Harry Growtage, secretary of the Moriches Y. C., and to Mr. Andrew G. Weels, Jr., secretary of the Sippican Y. C., for copies of their club books.

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

In order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of *FOREST AND STREAM* offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:
First, \$50.00.
Second, \$25.00.
Third, \$15.00.
Fourth and Fifth, \$10.00 each.
Sixth to Eighth, \$5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept, and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, N. Y., on or before December 1, 1903.

A Motor Canoe.

THREE summers ago the people of Newport and tourists passing through the harbor were often treated to the sight of a strange craft which moved with surprising speed through the waters around the city. In appearance the boat recalled to those who saw it dimly remembered pictures of islands in the South Pacific manned by meagerly clad natives, and if memory proved exceptionally active, it was possible to recollect that the vessels used in those remote waters are known as flying proas. The odd-looking boat seen around Newport was in fact nothing less than a flying proa, the achievement of Mr. Hugh L. Willoughby, a Newporter, who claims that city as his home the year round.

To an uninitiated observer there might not appear any great difference between a flying proa and the catamaran, the latter a type of boat much better known hereabouts than the former, although far from frequent. The main constructional differences between the proa and the catamaran are that the former consists of a vessel with an outrigger, while the latter is of twin boats attached parallel to one another. With the catamaran it is possible to beat to windward, while with the latter it is necessary to wear. The proa is a very swift machine, and Mr. Willoughby had lots of fun with his during the time he had her in commission. While the natives make their primitive craft from dugouts in many cases, the Newporter employed a 40ft. canoe as the main body of his boat.

Last summer, however, Mr. Willoughby's proa was supplanted by a still more interesting boat, the sight of which frequently amazes visitors to the City by the Sea. The owner of the proa conceived the idea that the use of a gasoline motor in a vessel built on the smooth lines of a canoe might result in the development of greater speed than has been reached in ordinary launches equipped with motors, and accordingly he dismantled the proa, purchased a Buffalo eight horse-power motor and installed

it in his canoe. The results have been somewhat surprising. The motor canoe Seminole is 40ft. over all, and with her motor aboard 30ft. on the waterline. Her deck beam is 2ft. 6in., her waterline beam 2ft. The motor is of the four-cylinder type.

The speed of an ordinary launch of the waterline of the Seminole equipped with a motor of the capacity carried by the canoe, would probably not exceed nine miles an hour. Last summer the owner of the Seminole reached an average speed of 11.7 miles an hour over a measured course, nearly three miles an hour faster than he could have gone in an ordinary launch. This did not satisfy him, however, and he spent the summer experimenting with propeller wheels and getting acquainted with his motor. When he finally found the kind of wheel best adapted to his boat he sent her again over a measured mile, and was delighted to discover that he could attain an average speed of 13.43 miles an hour, or about 50 per cent. more than a motor launch could do. There is no question as to this record, which was made with proper allowances for wind and tide.

"I have taken the Seminole out in pretty rough water," said Mr. Willoughby to a Sunday Journal representative, "and find that she is a stancher boat than might be expected. She has proved steady in a good sea off Beaver Tail, in spite of only 2½ft. beam.

For ordinary pleasure purposes there is no doubt that a launch of the length of the Seminole would prove preferable, for the canoe's carrying capacity is only two or three persons, but as a speed experiment she is a decided success. Her owner keeps her moored not far from his handsome Newport estate, which is just across the street from the Dickey place, recently purchased by Mrs. John Carter Brown, of this city. Mr. Willoughby goes in for speed on land as well as on the water, and is devoted to automobiling, spending much time in his handsome and swift touring car.—Providence Journal.

American Canoe Association.

YONKERS, N. Y., July 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed amendments to the Racing Regulations have been adopted by mail vote by the Executive Committee of the Association, and been approved by the Commodore.

H. LANSING QUICK.

Rule I.—Amend first paragraph on page 26 of the 1902 Year Book to read (substantially) as follows: "All sailing races of the A. C. A., except such races for prizes as are, by deed-of-gift, defined as prizes for 16ft. by 30in. class, shall be open to both classes of canoe."

Rule III.—Amend first paragraph by the addition of the following: "No applicant for membership in the A. C. A. shall be allowed to race at the regattas of such Association; the participants in such regattas being limited to duly elected members in good standing."

Rule VI.—Amend the second paragraph, fourth line, as follows: "The prizes for any one camp shall be uniform in shape and design, as far as the financial resources of the Association will permit, and in the event of their not being uniform in shape and design, the Regatta Committee shall follow the spirit of this rule as far as it is possible." Also, add to this paragraph: "No so-called 'Club' prizes will be awarded where such racing events are recruited, at camp, from non-members of such clubs; this to apply to club sailing, club fours, and club war canoe races."

Rule X.—Amend the last paragraph, leaving it to the discretion of the Regatta Committee to determine whether members shall be in camp two days before racing, by striking out the words "except in war canoe races."

Rule XIII.—Amend, by striking out entire second paragraph, relative to disability by capsizing. This rule at present militates against the newer racing men, and, in view of the limited sail area now prescribed, is unnecessary.

New York C. C.

BENSONHURST, L. I.,
Saturday, August 1.

R. S. Foster won a record sailing event for open canoes at the N. Y. C. C. on Saturday, August 1. The boats covered a 1½-mile triangular course in Gravesend Bay. Decked canoes were out of commission ready for shipment to the annual encampment at Sugar Island. The summary:

Open Canoes—Start, 3:18.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
R. S. Foster.....	3 43 20	0 25 20
W. Carmalt.....	3 45 50	0 27 50
E. J. Wright.....	3 46 05	0 28 05
J. F. Plummer.....	3 46 50	0 28 50
C. F. Speidel.....	3 47 30	0 29 30
A. M. Pool.....	3 49 10	0 31 10
R. S. Hawthorn.....	3 52 15	0 34 15
L. B. Jennings.....	3 53 00	0 35 00

Canoe Tilting Contest.

101 CLARK STREET, Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would be obliged to the members of any canoe clubs, who have formulated regular rules for "tilting tournaments," for copies of such rules, as the Racing Regulations of the American Canoe Association do not, at present, contain any data on the subject, and I think it well to have the tournaments at the annual camp at Sugar Island conducted according to the best existing rules.

J. K. HAND,
Chairman Regatta Committee.

A. C. A. Membership.

The following have applied for membership to the A. C. A.:

Atlantic Division—F. M. Crispin, Paul McMichael.
EDWARD MULLER, Purser.

138 FRONT STREET, New York, N. Y., July 21.—The following gentlemen have been elected members of the Atlantic Division of the A. C. A.: A. S. Gregg-Clarke, Ed Lemoine Somerville, Ralph C. Porter, Frederick Leonard Adams, John Neilson, Elmer B. Ayres, Charles H. Parson, and A. W. Scott.

H. L. POLLARD,
Vice-Com. A. D., A. C. A.

MEDFORD, Mass., July 23.—The following application for membership to the A. C. A. has been received: S. Otis Ralston, Woburn, Mass.

O. C. CUNNINGHAM,
Purser E. Div. A. C. A.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Aug. 9.—New York.—Tournament of the West Side Rifle Club, West Fifty-seventh street. M. Sallway, Sec'y.

Aug. 16-23.—Union Hill Park, N. J.—Plattdeutsche Volksfest Verein annual festival and prize shoot.

Sept. 2-12.—Annual championship matches of the United States Revolver Association as follows: Sea Girt, N. J.; Chicago, Ill.; Woburn, Mass.; St. Louis, Mo.; San Francisco, Cal. Open to all. For programmes address H. W. Ott, Box 162, New York city.

Sept. 2-12.—Sea Girt, N. J.—Annual meeting of the National Rifle Association, New Jersey State Rifle Association and the United States Revolver Association.

The Palma Trophy.

As there has been considerable discussion over the rifle used by the American team in the Palma trophy competition, perhaps the following information, which is quite authentic, may interest your readers. The wording of the competition reads thus: "That the rifle to be used in the competition must be that of the standing army of the country represented by the team." It was thought at one time that our American visitors had used in the contest a weapon that had not been issued to the United States troops, which is, practically speaking, correct. However, it must be borne in mind that on the present occasion the Palma contest has come off much earlier in the year than previously, which was generally in September, and the 1903 shoot was only arranged for the sake of convenience and as an additional "draw" to the Bisley meeting. Some time ago the American War Office, not being satisfied with the barrel of the rifle in use, had another one constructed of a different pattern, the stock of the original weapon being retained, and the fresh turnout has only been issued to a few of the American troops; but it is absolutely in its present state as used by our visitors the future weapon of the Army of the United States of America, and in a short time all the men will be armed with similar rifles. The whole matter was very carefully gone into by a select committee of the N. R. A., when it was unanimously decided to allow our American friends to use the weapons in question. Had a veto been placed on the use of the weapon, it is just possible that the team from the United States might not have come over; so it was thus decided, in a true sportsmanlike manner.—Bisley in Shooting Times.

THE following is taken from the Philadelphia Public Ledger:

A committee representing the National Rifle Association, composed of Brig.-Gen. Bird W. Spencer, of New Jersey; Col. Bates, Seventy-first Regiment; Maj. Fiske, Seventh Regiment; Maj. James E. Beil, District of Columbia; Capt. Goddard, Philadelphia; Lieut. Smith and Dr. W. G. Hudson, New York, met the home-comers, and Gen. Spencer assured them that their victory, so well won, had done a great deal to stimulate the dormant interest in rifle shooting, and said that in the near future arrangements would be perfected by himself and the colonels of the regiments of the New Jersey National Guard for a large gathering, at which the medals won by the teams would be presented by Secretary of War Root.

Col. Bruce, in speaking of the trip, said: "Four of the party, including Gen. Spencer, Col. Sanger, J. A. Haskell, vice-president of the National Rifle Association, and myself, were elected honorary life members of the British association. We had a glorious time abroad, and after the team had won we all spent a few days in Paris. Just before we sailed from the other side we received a telegram from Lord Roberts wishing us godspeed.

"Our men worked earnestly from the moment they reached the English ranges, which, on account of their peculiar location, are very puzzling and difficult to shoot over with accuracy. We had as opponents representative military teams from Great Britain, Canada, Norway, France and Australia, and our men scored 1570 out of a possible 1800 points, establishing a record which was 15 points better than the total made by the winning team in the Elcho Shield contest, decided a few days afterward, in which the use of match rifles was permissible.

"The shooting for the Palma trophy was done under favorable conditions, except for the variable wind. On the long range the men had to shoot from one hill to another, and the currents of air between had to be gauged to a nicety, but our boys mastered the situation so thoroughly that, while the English team made a higher score than ever before, we beat them. As an instance of the progress made in rifle marksmanship the French team made a score that would have won fifteen years ago. Another remarkable point in the contest was the fact that it was the first match in which the English and the American teams did not miss the target once.

"At the end of the shooting over the shortest range the Englishmen led us by three point, but on the 900yd. range I took my time, as the wind was very tricky. I held my men for six seconds, in order to study the conditions, as I was determined to take no chances, and after careful observations, I gave the word. Sergt. Keough, of the Sixth Massachusetts, was the first man to fire, and he scored a bullseye, and five more followed in rapid succession. From that point to the end we kept ahead of the other competitors, and finally beat the Englishmen by 15 points, with the Canadians third, 52 points behind us.

"Many of our men took part in other matches, but we only used our national army rifle, and we were unable to shoot in many contests for this reason. Lieut. A. E. Wells, of the Seventy-first Regiment, won the best individual trophy, as he captured the Cheylesmore match at 1,000yds., scoring 48 points out of the possible 50."

Lieut. A. S. Jones, of the Ordnance Department of New Jersey, and secretary of the National Rifle Association, who accompanied the party, was enthusiastic over the successful trip.

"Our boys cannot be given enough credit for the way they overcame every known obstacle," said he. "They coached each other almost to perfection, and to this system of team work our victory is due. Before a man fired the men on each side of him took careful observations of the wind and mirage, and when they seemed to agree the shooter let go, and the result invariably was first class.

"We met some of the Irish experts at Bisley, who were here

two years ago representing the Ulster Rifle Association, and they could not do half enough for us.

"To show you how some individuals are taken up with sharp-shooting over there," he said, "I can tell you that one English gentleman who was present all through the Bisley meeting presented the Norwegians with \$7,500 to defray expenses to our ranges at Sea Girt, N. J., where the Palma trophy contest will be decided next year. The Australians and Canadians, as well as the English team, also will compete, and I believe that half a score of teams will be seen here next year. This same gentleman subscribed \$1,500 toward the expenses of the British team, and also gave \$500 to each of the other contesting national teams.

"The London Daily Telegraph notified the American Rifle Association that it will present us with a trophy for an annual challenge contest, the first match to take place at Sea Girt next year."

The American Team.

ON Saturday of last week the American team arrived on the Lucania. In an interview, Col. Leslie C. Bruce said:

"Nothing that I could say would give the English proper credit for the splendid way they treated us. We have brought back not only the Palma trophy, but two other prizes, both won by Lieut. Wells, of the Seventy-first Regiment. The result of the international shoot shows that the best marksmen outside of America and Great Britain are from British South Africa, Canada and Australia."

Before leaving Liverpool Col. Bruce received dispatches as follows:

Have sent you wire from Lord Roberts. All wish you prosperous voyage. CHEYLESMORE.

I am very sorry I have come too late to see you and congratulate your team on their splendid success at Bisley. LORD ROBERTS.

Col. Bruce replied as follows to Lord Cheylesmore:

The United States rifle team and myself are honored by the kind messages from the distinguished soldier Lord Roberts and yourself. We leave our good English friends with hearts full of gratitude.

Mr. A. L. A. Himmelwright, secretary-treasurer of the United States Revolver Association, New York, is at present sojourning in the West, where he will remain during several weeks. During his absence, the president of the Association, Mr. E. E. Patridge, of Boston, will attend to the secretary's office. Mr. Patridge is at present staying at Mingo Hill, Rangeley, Maine.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Aug. 6-7.—Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club two-day tournament.
 Aug. 5-6.—Millport, Pa.—Oswayo Valley Rod and Gun Club's two-day tournament. M. S. Dodge, Sec'y.
 *Aug. 5-6.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament.
 Aug. 8.—Paterson, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Jackson Park Gun Club. G. H. Hopper, Sec'y.
 Aug. 9.—Jersey City, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. James Hughes, Sec'y.
 Aug. 10-11.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Two-day tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.
 Aug. 11-12.—Fourth Alabama State tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Gun Club. R. H. Baugh, Sec'y.
 Aug. 11-12.—Culver, Ind.—Amateur shoot of Lake Maxinkuckee Gun Club. A. A. Keen, Sec'y.
 Aug. 12-15.—Toronto, Ont.—Annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas., Ottawa, Can.
 Aug. 15-16.—Milwaukee, Wis.—National Gun Club tournament. L. Collins, Sec'y.
 Aug. 17-18.—Hot Springs, S. D., Gun Club tournament.
 Aug. 18-20.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Second annual target tournament of the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association of Grand Rapids; \$1,000 added. A. B. Richmond, Sec'y.
 Aug. 18-19.—Allentown, Pa.—Griesemer's second annual two-day tournament.
 Aug. 18-21.—Ocean City, Md.—J. R. Malone's ninth annual summer tournament; open to all; \$100 added money. J. R. Malone, manager, 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore.
 Aug. 13.—All-day shoot of the Brooklyn, L. I., Gun Club; Wanderers as visitors.
 *Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.
 Aug. 20-22.—Kansas City, Mo.—Midsummer shoot of the Schmeltzer Arms Co.
 Aug. 22.—Wanderers' Field Day, at Frog Inn, Jamaica Bay, L. I.
 Aug. 25-26.—Derry, Pa., Gun Club tournament. A. S. Hollingsworth, Sec'y.
 Aug. 26-27.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club's annual tournament. Dr. R. E. Dinger, Mgr.
 Aug. 25-28.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Annual Indian tournament. Frank C. Riehl, Chief Scribe.
 *Sept. 1-2.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.
 Sept. 1-3.—Williamsport, Pa.—West Branch Rod and Gun Club fall tournament. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.
 Sept. 2-3.—Rochester Rod and Gun Club two day tournament. F. E. McCord, Sec'y.
 Sept. 2-3.—Akron, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
 Sept. 7.—Dover, N. H., Sportsmen's Association annual field day. D. W. Hallam, Sec'y.
 Sept. 7.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club all-day tournament; special handicap. Central New York championship for trophy. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
 Sept. 7.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club annual Labor Day shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
 Sept. 7.—Exeter, N. H., Sportsman's Club Labor Day tournament. W. S. Carlisle, Pres.
 Sept. 7.—Meriden, Conn.—Parker Gun Club's ninth annual Labor Day tournament. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.
 Sept. 7.—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
 Sept. 7-9.—Lynchburg, Va.—Virginia Trapshooters' Association tournament. C. W. Scott, Pres.
 *Sept. 9-10.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
 *Sept. 15-16.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
 Sept. 15-16.—Chattanooga, Tenn.—Tournament of the Mountaineers' Gun Club; \$250 added money. P. B. Plummer, Sec'y.
 Sept. 16-17.—Rensselaer, Ind., Gun Club tournament.
 Sept. 22-24.—Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club opening or dedication tournament. W. T. Nash, Sec'y.
 *Sept. 23-24.—Scottdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
 Sept. 23-24.—Rensselaer, Ind., Gun Club shoot.
 Sept. 23-24.—Scranton, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Scranton Rod and Gun Club. J. D. Mason, Sec'y.
 Sept. 25.—Binghamton, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. H. W. Brown, Sec'y.
 Sept. 25-26.—Lexington, Ky., Gun Club two-day shoot; live birds and targets. Robert R. Skinner, Mgr.
 Sept. 28-29.—Louisville, Ky.—First day, State championship at targets; second day, State championship at live birds. J. S. Phelps, Jr., Sec'y.
 Sept. 30-Oct. 2.—Florists' Gun Club's first open amateur tournament at flying targets. J. K. Starr, Mgr., 1216 North Twenty-eighth street, Philadelphia.

Oct. 1-2.—Austerlitz, Ky.—Two-day live pigeon tournament of the Hill Top Gun Club. Geo. W. Clay, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Des Moines, Ia.—Two-day shoot of Messrs. Whitney & Milner.

*Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.

Oct. 8-9.—Clinton, Ont., Gun Club tournament.

Oct. 8-9.—Dalton, Ohio, Gun Club's fifth annual tournament. H. Santmyer, Mgr.

Oct. 14-17.—West Baden, Ind., Gun Club tournament; \$500 added.

Oct. 23-24.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.

Saturdays.—Chicago.—Garfield Gun Club; grounds West Fifty-second avenue and Monore street. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

*Members of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburgh.

**Members Southern Trapshooters' Game and Fish Protective Association. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y, Vicksburg, Miss.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Clinton, Ont., Gun Club have fixed upon Oct. 8 and 9 as the dates for its tournament.

A midsummer shoot, with money and merchandise prizes, will be given by J. F. Schmeltzer and Sons Arms Co., Aug. 20-22.

Don't tell your brother contestant just how you missed that winning target; he is pleased enough that you missed it in any way.

Aug. 13, the Poughkeepsie and Ossining, N. Y., clubs will begin a series of team contests for a trophy presented for competition by the Poughkeepsie Club.

The first shoot of the third series given by the Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, had winners as follows: Class A, J. D. Polard; Class B, M. F. Wilson; Class C, C. H. Kehl.

Mr. A. Meyerhoff, a valued attache of the U. M. C. Co., returned to his desk at 315 Broadway, New York, on Monday of this week, much improved in health as the result of a long outing.

The stronger shot has two opinions of the weaker shot in sweepstakes; one opinion he expresses, the other he conceals. The expressed opinion is that the weaker shooter is "dead game."

The Lake Maxinkuckee Gun Club, of Culver, Ind., has fixed upon Aug. 11-12 for an amateur shoot. The officers are S. S. Chadwick, president; A. A. Keen, secretary; W. M. Cook, treasurer.

The committee of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club announces that \$100 will be added to the purses; also that important sums will be awarded for the high averages of the club tournament, Sept. 2 and 3, Rochester, N. Y.

At the Interstate Association tournament, July 30-Aug. 1, given for the La Crosse and Viroqua, Wis., gun clubs, Messrs. Hirschy, Riehl and Hughes were highest in the averages. Mr. H. Morrison was high in the amateur averages.

Mr. W. T. Irwin, trap editor of the Sportsman, states: "Chicago is desirous of getting up a telegraph match with New York. Better try some Western city to make it a go." We had heretofore believed that Chicago was a Western city.

At the Newark, N. Y., Gun Club shoot on July 30, Mr. Frank E. McCord, of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, was high average. Mr. L. V. Byer, of the same club, was second high average, and Alderman Meagher, of Syracuse, was third.

At the tournament of the West Fairview, Pa., Gun Club, Aug. 1, a seven-man team match between that club and the Columbia, Pa., Gun Club, resulted in a victory for Fairview by a score of 117 to 103. A return match will be shot at Columbia on Labor Day.

The Goderich, Ont., Shooting Association announces that its second annual tournament will be held on Sept. 7 and 8. Programmes will be ready later. For further information, apply to either the president, D. McIves, or the secretary, N. D. Rougvie.

"Crain," of Easton, Pa., writes us that at the shoot of the Independent Gun Club on Saturday of last week, Mr. Jacob Pleiss broke the club record by breaking 99 out of 100 bluerocks; also that he made a run of 64 consecutive breaks, which is also the record of the grounds for a long run.

Mr. E. J. S. Miller informs us that at a recent meeting of the Concord Junction, Mass., Fish and Gun Club, officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows: President, D. L. Ball; vice-president, S. Farquor; treasurer, F. W. Reed; secretary, E. J. S. Miller; range finder, J. R. Brown.

The Parker Gun Club, of Meriden, Conn., announces its ninth annual Labor Day tournament, to be held on Sept. 7. That popular and equitable event, a Bristol sheep bake, will be a carefully prepared feature. All are invited. Programmes will be mailed on application. Address the secretary for them, Mr. C. S. Howard.

Mr. Alfred Griesemer, Allentown, Pa., will hold his second annual tournament on Aug. 18 and 19, at the Duck Farm Hotel. There are ten events on the programme, at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets; 75 cents, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance. Prizes to first and second highest averages. Targets, 2 cents. Shooting commences at 10.30. Class shooting.

Mr. J. S. Fanning, of the Laffin & Rand Powder Co., and Capt. G. E. Bartlett, of the Peters Cartridge Co., were visitors in Denver, Colo., recently. Each gave an admirable exhibition of great skill in shooting. They contemplated a visit to Colorado Springs to shoot and witness the contest between Messrs. Schemwell and Garrett for the Post trophy.

Mr. C. R. Borland, chemist of the American E. C. and Schultze Powder Co., Oakland, N. J., sailed for England on Aug. 1. The directors of the company have granted him a two months' leave of absence, which he will devote to a sojourn in England. The officers of the company speak in the highest terms of praise concerning his professional ability and industry, and consider his vacation as being well won.

The programme of the Lake Maxinkuckee Rod and Gun Club, Culver, Ind., Aug. 11-12, has a like number of events for each day—fifteen events, 10 and 15 targets, \$1 and \$1.50 entrance; a total of 200 targets at \$20. Average money, \$25. Mr. A. A. Keen is the secretary. Targets, 2 cents. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Purses divided 30-30 and 20-20 per cent. Ship shells to Mr. W. Cook. Free moonlight ride on steamer Mees-wau-gee, Aug. 11.

Mr. Edward Banks, secretary Wanderers, has issued the following club information: "The Wanderers—Saturday, Aug. 8—Jackson Park, Paterson, N. J. Take Singac trolley from Paterson City Hall. Trolleys leave every twenty minutes. Thursday, Aug. 13, all-day shoot at Brooklyn Gun Club. Take Kings County "L" to Crescent street station. Saturday, Aug. 22, Wanderers' field day at Frog Inn, Jamaica Bay, L. I., N. Y. Details later."

Mr. E. C. Meyer, formerly a resident of Rochester, N. Y., and a member of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, is now domiciled at Georgetown, S. C., where he has superintendence of the saw-mill interests of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. He has been actively interested in the organization of a gun club there, and has one started with a membership of between 40 and 50. Mr. Meyer is an expert trap shot and skillful in all the details of tournament management.

Mr. John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, has issued a poem, which reads as follows: "All day shoot, Aug. 13. Handicap events for prizes. Shooting commences at 10:30 A. M. Expert traps, Gilbert pull. Magautrap. Lunch. Distance handicaps, and all the shooting you want. Ship shells to Brooklyn Gun Club, care of John G. Torborg, 1043 Liberty avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Take Kings County "L" to Crescent street station. Stages direct to the grounds."

The programme of the second annual tournament of the Goderich, Ont., Shooting Association, Sept. 7-8, provides ten events on the first day, at 10, 15 and 20 targets, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance, and nine events on the second day, the second of which is at 100 targets, \$10 entrance, for the Robin Hood trophy. The third event is a merchandise event, 10 targets, 50 cents entrance. The fourth event is the two-man team race, 20 targets, \$1 entrance. Sliding handicap. Targets, 2 cents. Class system.

The Philadelphia Press recounts a happening of exceptional novelty, which occurred at Allentown, Pa., on July 30, as follows: "During a severe thunder storm last night a bolt of lightning went down the chimney at the house of Lewis D. Leidy, in Lynn Township. It penetrated the ceiling of the kitchen, setting it on fire. It then darted across the room and down the barrel of a shotgun, which was standing in a corner. The weapon exploded. The members of the family escaped serious injury. The fire was soon extinguished."

The Florists' Gun Club, of Philadelphia, Pa., has issued the following circular letter: On Saturday, Aug. 8, there will be an open handicap tourney on the Florists' Gun Club grounds, Wisconsin. The conditions will be 100 targets, speed handicap, sweepstake entrance, \$5, targets \$1.50. The purse will be divided, high guns, one money for every three entries. The Florists' Gun Club will hold an open amateur tournament Sept. 30 and Oct. 1-2. One feature will be a 100-target speed handicap. Arrangement has been made to stop the 1.10 P. M. train from Broad street on Saturdays.

The programme of the Catchpole Gun Club summer tournament, Aug. 10-11, at Walcott, N. Y., provides six events on the first day, total of 90 targets, \$8.10, and ten on the second day, total of 160, at \$14.40. Moneys divided, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Magautraps and bluerocks. Other information as follows: "Professional trap shots and manufacturers' agents are invited to visit with our president, 'Uncle Ben,' the oldest shooter in the Empire State; and also shoot for price of targets. Every effort will be made by the management to make this shoot a success. Come and bring your friends. In event 7, prize L. C. Smith hammerless gun, value, \$37.50. Ties in this event miss and out. Distance handicap. First average prize for entire programme, \$5 in gold. Second average prize for entire programme, \$3. Lowest average prize for entire programme, 200 Peters high grade loaded shells, value, \$5." Mr. E. A. Wadsworth is the secretary.

BERNARD WATERS.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., July 30.—In event No. 4 to-day, for the Marshall cup, Traver and Du Bois tied on 22. The tie was not shot off, but on Thursday next it will be decided who is the winner.

Next week we shoot for two cups, and hope to see a good attendance. On Thursday, Aug. 13, this club will put up a trophy, and a series of shoots will be begun between this and the Ossining Club.

Ten-man teams will shoot through this series. We hope to be more successful in these contests than we were in those of the inter-county cup series:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	5p	25	25	10	10
Travers	8	9	6	22	..	9	10
Smith, 3	4	7	..	18	19	9	7
Bissing, 1	2	5	..	21	..	9	6
Du Bois, 3	6	7	..	22	14
Dr Borst, 6	10	7	..	17	..	8	6
Hector, 1	..	7	5	17	19	5	..
Reickert, 2	4	12

SNANIWEH.

Remington Gun Club.

ILION, N. Y., Aug. 3.—The Remington Gun Club held their regular semi-monthly shoot Saturday afternoon, with a good attendance. Very good shooting was done by Mr. Humphreys and Mr. Pederson; the former making a run of 62 straight. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	25	10	15	10	Targets:	10	10	25	10	15	10
Humphreys	8	10	25	10	14	8	Hubbard	20	6	15	..
Pederson	9	9	24	9	15	9	Hughes	17	7	12	8
Tomlinson	7	10	19	9	14	10	Powell	18	9
Russell	9	..	22	9	12	8	Richardson	8	..	8	14
De Lany	5	7	17	7	Aude	7	9	7
Ellis	5	4	..	4							

W. H. GRIMSHAW, Sec'y.

Interstate Tournament at La Crosse.

LA CROSSE, Wis., Aug. 1.—The La Crosse-Viroqua Interstate Association tournament closed here this afternoon, and it may well be ranked among the best target tournaments held anywhere this year. While the Interstate series has been successful to a degree this year, this was especially so in Mr. Shaner's opinion, in its fulfillment of the aims of the Association in this work. Both clubs entered fully into the spirit of the work, providing every facility and accommodation, and when Shaner gets this kind of support his remarkable genius as a tournament manager eclipses all obstacles to success, if any there were.

The writer has attended few tournaments where a greater local interest was manifested. A thousand people visited the grounds as spectators the second day, and paid closest attention to the shooters. And the entries far exceeded even Shaner's expectations. The first day there were seventy names on the list, and the second day eighty. It kept the two sets of expert traps going at a lively gait, but the programme was finished each day in good time, and Mr. Hirschy in the office kept the books right up to the game. Money contestants were handicapped, and professionals shot from scratch. The Rose system of division was used, and points paid very well throughout.

Honors on the various days were won as follows: Thursday—Hirschy 158, Riehl 153, Lord 150. Friday—Waters 159, Riehl 158, Hirschy 156. Saturday—Hirschy 153, Hughes 151, Riehl 146.

The amateur honors went on the respective days to Chingren, Crosby and Canfield.

The honors for the tournament were won by Hirschy, Riehl and Hughes, and the amateur average for the week went to Harry Morrison. The detailed reports follow:

July 30, First Day.												
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	Broke.	
Seymour, 18.	11	12	16	13	14	14	13	14	17	10	134	
Sprague, 18.	11	11	16	12	12	15	11	14	17	14	133	
Chingren, 18.	15	13	17	14	15	17	13	14	17	14	149	
Schultz, 18.	12	10	15	14	10	14	12	17	14	14	137	
Johnson, 18.	12	10	17	13	9	17	12	11	16	11	128	
Wilkinson, 17.	10	11	17	11	14	17	11	13	18	14	136	
Parker, 17.	11	12	17	14	11	17	12	9	18	13	134	
Mason, 17.	13	12	10	7	7	10	9	10	9	10	105	
Boherer, 17.	11	11	12	11	14	16	10	12	17	11	125	
Moore, 17.	13	8	16	10	10	15	9	8	13	6	108	
Morrison, 18.	14	13	18	12	13	15	14	15	19	13	146	
Boles, 17.	12	9	12	11	11	15	9	13	17	11	119	
Crosby, 17.	10	9	17	13	10	14	11	18	9	11	125	
Rost, 17.	10	9	17	13	10	14	11	18	9	11	125	
Bird, 17.	12	15	15	13	12	18	11	12	14	13	135	
Hirschy, 16.	15	14	19	13	15	19	15	18	15	15	158	
Hughes, 16.	13	13	16	15	13	19	14	12	18	13	146	
Riehl, 16.	13	13	19	15	15	19	14	13	18	14	153	
Budd, 16.	11	14	15	14	12	19	13	14	18	15	145	
Hensler, 16.	14	11	16	14	13	19	15	18	9	14	142	
Jewell, 16.	12	13	18	9	12	18	12	14	17	13	138	
French, 16.	9	11	13	9	13	15	10	11	18	8	117	
Griffin, 16.	11	9	17	14	13	16	14	10	17	15	136	
Baldwin, 16.	9	12	18	11	9	18	9	12	17	12	127	
Dr Anderson, 16.	14	10	18	10	11	15	13	11	18	10	130	
Fredett, 16.	10	11	10	12	14	16	11	13	16	13	126	
Headline, 16.	10	9	10	12	8	15	10	12	13	10	109	
Erding, 16.	11	10	16	12	10	15	10	12	17	11	114	
Stearns, 16.	10	13	19	15	10	15	12	15	13	13	135	
Reynolds, 16.	14	15	17	13	13	16	11	13	16	12	140	
West, 16.	8	11	13	9	5	11	6	11	10	8	92	
Simpson, 16.	11	8	16	10	9	13	12	14	8	8	113	
Blanco, 16.	9	10	15	7	11	11	13	15	8	8	106	
Powell, 16.	10	13	14	14	13	16	10	9	16	11	126	
Shannon, 16.	12	14	11	10	9	16	9	12	10	10	113	
Mosher, 16.	12	12	19	12	10	10	11	12	17	11	126	
Scott, 16.	12	11	13	12	8	14	11	10	17	9	117	
J Gohres, 16.	11	10	12	11	14	11	12	8	10	11	110	
H Gohres, 16.	12	13	13	10	14	16	11	10	19	11	129	
Willing, 16.	10	10	17	11	10	15	11	9	15	12	120	
Bisping, 16.	10	10	11	13	12	15	8	11	17	14	131	
A Anderson, 16.	12	10	17	9	13	13	11	9	12	13	119	
Canfield, 16.	12	11	10	12	15	12	10	18	11	12	124	
Waters, 16.	15	11	18	11	13	17	11	14	17	12	139	
Lord, 16.	14	12	19	15	13	18	12	14	19	14	150	
Kerr, 16.	14	13	18	14	14	15	10	11	18	11	138	
Kinney, 16.	14	12	15	13	10	18	11	13	12	12	130	
Schall, 16.	11	10	13	10	15	14	15	6	16	12	122	
Frease, 16.	12	6	13	8	10	12	12	13	14	7	107	
V A O, 16.	13	10	13	8	14	11	69	
E W G, 16.	15	9	14	..	10	..	48	
F I Boles, 16.	10	
A Johnson, 16.	6	
Aldrich, 16.	8	
Wakefield, 16.	10	
R French, 16.	11	
Bradley, 16.	4	
Strout, 16.	7	
North, 16.	9	
Roeberge, 16.	14	
Graeff, 16.	7	
Bradfield, 16.	8	
Tate, 16.	21	
Wiskenchen, 16.	7	
Kilburn, 16.	12	
Weston, 16.	9	
Gottard, 16.	11	
Case, 16.	8	
Suiter, 16.	11	

July 31, Second Day.												
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	Broke.	
Morrison, 19.	15	12	19	14	14	17	14	18	12	14	149	
Chingren, 19.	14	14	16	14	12	17	12	11	15	13	138	
Schultz, 18.	9	12	15	13	13	15	12	12	16	13	130	
Jewell, 18.	12	12	16	11	8	13	12	13	15	14	131	
Reynolds, 18.	14	6	13	10	10	16	11	10	12	12	114	
Deering, 18.	11	11	20	14	14	19	15	14	18	13	149	
Johnson, 17.	13	12	17	10	15	19	12	10	18	13	139	
Bird, 17.	13	12	18	13	11	18	14	12	16	14	127	
Wickland, 17.	9	9	17	11	12	16	11	17	15	13	130	
Stearns, 16.	13	11	16	13	12	17	11	12	17	12	134	
Kilbourne, 16.	12	10	18	13	14	15	12	13	18	15	140	
V A O, 16.	11	13	16	14	9	18	11	15	17	13	137	
Dr Anderson, 16.	12	12	18	11	13	18	11	9	18	13	135	
Gautsch, 16.	13	10	16	12	14	17	9	12	14	12	124	
A Anderson, 16.	9	13	11	13	11	14	12	12	13	14	122	
Hirschy, 16.	14	14	18	14	15	20	14	15	18	14	156	
Hughes, 16.	12	14	18	13	12	20	14	14	18	12	148	
Riehl, 16.	14	15	20	12	14	19	14	15	20	15	158	
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Hardly any article is so universally needed by the out-door man as a good field glass, and the field glasses of to-day are very different from those of a few years back. The Hensoldt is a one-prism field and marine glass, very highly thought of in Germany, Russia and England. Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold are the sole agents for the United States.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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THIRTY YEARS.

THE first number of the FOREST AND STREAM was dated August 14, 1873. The issue of this week completes a term of thirty years. The occasion is one which prompts a backward glance and a look ahead. The period of thirty years between 1873 and 1903 has witnessed vast and far reaching changes in the special field which the paper has made its own. The sportsman of to-day confronts conditions vastly different from those that prevailed then. The transitions have been more marked in character than those which took place during a century before, and we may well believe that a century to come will not witness changes so radical and complete. The three salient features of the period have been the multiplication of sportsmen, the decrease of game, and the development of the game protection idea. Each one of these of course may be appreciated fully only by the elders who can compare the present with that vanished past in which they had part. The young man of 1903 knows the buffalo only as a curious specimen in zoological exhibits or of book lore. Almost as much might be said relative to the mountain sheep, the mountain goat, and the antelope, now so extremely rare and their pursuit so hedged about by restrictive laws that it is only the man who is specially favored of fortune who may hope to see them in their native wilds. So, too, with the game birds, of which the supply and the shooting are in marked contrast with the abundance and the conventional license of a quarter century back.

While in America we are in sad straits as to our big game supply, there is yet abundant reason for encouragement. As a people we have been blind, but to-day we see. If proof of this is demanded, it may be found in our codes of game laws yearly becoming more stringent in their provisions. Whereas in the old days the notion that the killing of big game might be restricted by anything else than the endurance and skill of the hunter would have been resented by the average individual, we have now come to the color of hair and eyes stage, where we recognize that we may take game only "in the manner, to the amount, and for the purpose" duly set out in the law. In short, we have acquired an entirely new way of looking upon our game resources, an entirely new appreciation and recognition of the relations which hold between the individual sportsman and his fellows with respect to the game supply. In these thirty years we have advanced a hundred in common sense.

The hosts of sportsmen now where there was a single one before mean, too, that the game will be all the longer assured to us. When those who were enlisted in protection were comparatively few, they were weak in influence, and their cause was weak. Now that the many are concerned, their cause is strong. We have reached and passed the limit in indifference and negligence as to our game; all signs of the times point to enlarged public appreciation and concern, and to a system of game preservation more and more adequate to conserve the resources of field and mountain.

The years bring their own problems; a journal of and by and for sportsmen can do no better service than to supply a medium for their discussion.

SNAP SHOTS.

WE print the communication signed by Lexden relative to that of Mr. Spears in our last issue chiefly for the reason that the misapprehension shown by the writer of this week may be shared by others, and should be corrected. Lexden finds the article written by Mr. Spears anarchistic and communistic. A careful reading of it will show that it is neither. We think the saying of this worth while, for one reason because we do not mean to publish articles which are anarchistic, and we are therefore somewhat jealous of the good fame of our columns. What Mr. Spears advocated was the taking over by the State, in ways duly provided by law, Adirondack territory, and converting it into a park for the public. One of the east windows of the FOREST AND STREAM office overlooks, not far away, a grateful bit of green sward in Mulberry Bend Park. The park was formerly the site of a congeries of tenement houses which were among the most unsanitary and squalid in the city. The municipality bought the tenements and removed them, and put in place of them a breathing place for a congested quarter. We have never heard any charge that this action by the city was anarchistic. In principle the Adirondack Park proposition is similar; and wherein it is any the more anarchistic does not at first blush appear. There is now before Congress a proposition to set aside an extensive tract of mountain country in Southern States as an Appalachian forest preserve. The proposal has already been given approval in one branch of Congress, and its advocates have confidence that in an early session the plan will be adopted. We have yet to learn that there exists any opposition to it based upon the ground that it is anarchistic. If a city may acquire tenement property for park purposes, and if the United States may acquire mountain forest lands for park purposes without involving anarchy in the doing of it, we fail to appreciate the reasonableness of the view that if the State should acquire land for park purposes that would be anarchistic.

JOHN W. TITCOMB, chief of the fishcultural branch of the Bureau of Fisheries (as the United States Commission of Fisheries is now termed under the Department of Commerce and Labor), will sail from New York on September 2 for Argentina. He will go at the instance of the Argentine Government, which requested through the State Department that he might be detailed for some special work of investigation in Argentina. The Argentine Government has never done anything in the way of developing their fisheries, and want to introduce the *Salmonidae* of this country, if it is practicable. In the southwestern portion of the country there are many large clear water lakes, and some clear water streams which will, perhaps, be found suitable for the support of the species. Mr. Titcomb will go to Buenos Ayres, and from there proceed southwest toward the foothills of the Andes in what is called the Neuquen region. He expects to be absent from this country six months. Mr. Titcomb's familiarity with the subject and his experience and information admirably equip him for this work, and we trust that his quest for suitable waters for our northern species may result in adding a substantial factor to Argentina's food fish supply, and introducing the Argentine angler to the pleasures of angling for salmon and trout.

A CONDITION of the thirty years' publication of FOREST AND STREAM well worthy of note is the continuing representation in its pages of advertisers who were there in the issue of August 14, 1873. This is a record which cannot be surpassed, and it is one in which a just pride is felt. To have been awarded this uninterrupted patronage for such an extended term is something which testifies in a most substantial way to the paper's usefulness and value as an advertising medium.

MR. JOHN G. HECKSHER, of this city, has recently contributed \$100 to the fund for placing an Izaak Walton memorial window in the cathedral containing Walton's tomb. The project has been under way for some years, but appears to have languished.

EARLY STEAMBOATING ON THE MISSOURI.

THERE is no natural feature of North America about which clusters more of interest and of romance than about the Missouri. The longest river in the world, it was for almost three-quarters of a century the chief road by which the northwestern portion of the United States was reached, and, more than any other highway, it influenced the upbuilding of the whole western country. "The business of the fur trade, the intercourse of Government agents with the Indians, the campaigns of the army throughout the valley and the wild rush of gold seekers to the mountains, all depended in greater or less degree upon the Missouri River as a line of transportation." For nearly eighty years from the time when Lewis and Clarke sailed, rowed and cordelled their keel boat up its tortuous course in 1804, to the date when the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railroads had built their lines to the Rocky Mountains, the great river was the scene of business activity, of thrilling adventures and of picturesque happenings.

No theme could be more interesting for the pen of historian or romancer than the story of the big river, and, indeed, many incidents of the tale have been told; but until the present time no attempt has been made to write its serious history. This, however, has lately been done by Capt. Hiram Martin Chittenden, well known through his other works, the "History of the Yellowstone National Park" and the "American Fur Trade of the Far West." His work is entitled "History of Early Steamboat Navigation on the Upper Missouri River, Life and Adventures of Joseph La Barge, Pioneer Navigator and Indian Trader," for fifty years identified with the commerce of the Missouri Valley.

The present volumes are the direct outgrowth of Capt. Chittenden's investigations into the American fur trade, for it was while engaged in collecting data for the history of that industry that the author met Capt. Joseph La Barge, an aged Missouri River pilot. The long experience of this veteran impressed Capt. Chittenden with the importance of recording his memories of early Western history, and the author took down from Capt. La Barge's dictation full notes of his life. Before these could be published Capt. La Barge died; and as the material was more fully considered, it appeared that his memoirs were largely the history of steamboat navigation on the Missouri River. The scope of the work now underwent a material change, and while Capt. La Barge still remains its central figure, it has been expanded to include the history of navigation on the river.

Incidentally, a vast deal of collateral matter is brought in. Aside from the details of early navigation, much is told of the influence had on that navigation by the fur trade, the Civil War, the discovery of gold in Montana, the dealings with the Indians and the army. At last came the battle of the steamboats with the railroads, and the final decline of the river as a highway. For many years after the railroads had absolutely killed trade upon the Missouri River; the Government waged an unequal war with destiny and struggled to maintain freight traffic along the river.

The Missouri River Commission was created in 1884, and while it did much useful work and protected much property, it did nothing whatever to improve freight traffic on the Missouri, and was finally abolished by Act of Congress, June 13, 1902.

Capt. La Barge is the central figure of the book. It is largely devoted to his life and adventures, successes and failures. Yet the work tells much of the Missouri River, the boats used on it and many of the earlier voyages, especially those between 1843 and 1863. Clearly painted pictures are given of the river life on the river in those early days, and the strange characters inhabiting the country, and developed by the life. Capt. La Barge commanded the steamboat which took Audubon, the naturalist, up the river, the time consumed being 49 days from St. Louis to Fort Union, which they reached June 12. During the voyage up the river in the following year, an amusing incident occurred as to buffalo. The provisions furnished by the fur company for the crew of the Nimrod were scanty and the

men soon longed for fresh meat. They grumbled more or less, because they were delayed by the water in getting into the buffalo country, and to satisfy them Capt. La Barge told them that the first buffalo they saw they should have, even if it were necessary to stop half a day in order to get it. The first mate of the boat, John Durack, had been on the river before, but knew nothing about buffalo.

"When the boat reached the vicinity of Handy's post, four buffalo bulls were seen swimming the river. 'Man the yawl, John,' said La Barge. 'I will go with you and we will have a buffalo before we get back.' The captain gave orders to the men on the boat to shoot the buffaloes, and he would lasso one of the wounded ones and drag it to the boat. He put Durack in the bow with a line, while he took the rudder. The men on the steamboat fired and wounded two of the buffaloes. To get to the wounded ones, the boat had to pass close to the two uninjured ones. The captain supposed that Durack fully understood the programme, but the mate was not 'up to buffalo,' and to La Barge's consternation slipped the noose over the head of one of the uninjured animals. Too late Capt. La Barge shouted to him not to do this—that he did not want to anchor to a live buffalo. 'Oh,' replied Durack, 'he's as good as any.' The buffalo kept straight on his course. Finally his feet touched bottom and up the bank he went with the boat and its helpless crew after him. They might indeed have taken a boat ride over the bare prairie had not the stern of the yawl given way, being wrenched entirely out of the boat and carried off by the terrified animal. There stood the sorry crew, shipwrecked on a sandbar across the river from the steamboat—and with no buffalo. A whole day was consumed in getting back to the boat and in repairing the broken yawl. Meanwhile the crew kept on eating salt pork and navy bread."

If amusing incidents were frequently occurring on the river, not less was it a scene of fights with Indians, of desperate crimes by white men and of perils of a hundred kinds. It was during one of Capt. La Barge's voyages in 1851, that the cholera broke out on the boat. Among the passengers were two distinguished Jesuit missionaries, Father Hoecken and Father De Smet, as well as a Dr. Evans. Father De Smet was already ill, but the other two worked heroically over passengers and crew, and Father Hoecken so exhausted himself that he fell a victim to the disease and died, sacrificing himself to the call of duty, as have so many noble men belonging to his order.

Father De Smet was one of the best known Jesuits in all the Western country, and he is still remembered and talked of on the upper river. One of the tales given of him by Capt. Chittenden is as follows:

"Although the spring of 1851 had been very backward and wet in the lower country, it was not so higher up, and when the St. Ange arrived at the Aricara villages, the corn crop of those Indians was found to be actually suffering from drouth. The Aricara chief, White Shield, came on board and said to La Barge, who understood his language well:

"I am glad to see you, and I hear the Black Robe is on board."

La Barge replied that that was so. The chief then continued:

"I want to ask him a favor. It is very late in the season and no rain. Corn ought to be up now. We want the Black Robe to send us rain."

"La Barge took the Indian back to De Smet's room and said to the priest: 'Father, here is the White Shield, who wants you to make it rain, for the corn is not yet up.'

"De Smet, who knew the White Shield well, laughed heartily, and said he would do all he could. He then asked La Barge if the boat was going to remain there all day, and being informed that it was, he said to the White Shield: 'Go to your villages and put your lodge in order and call in some of the chiefs. I will come and offer prayer to the Almighty and ask him to be merciful and grant your request, and I am satisfied that, if you deserve it, the Great Spirit will look down and favor you.'

"Capt. La Barge and several of the passengers went along with the father, and the interpreter translated the prayer to the Indians. They left the Indians satisfied, and at noon had them on the boat for a feast, after which they returned to their villages. As good fortune would have it, along about three or four o'clock in the afternoon there came up a heavy thunder shower, which fairly deluged the place. Father De Smet laughed and said:

"They will think I did it. They will give me all the credit for it."

"Some time after the shower Pierre Garreau, a French-Canadian, who had spent all his life among the Indians, and had become almost an Indian himself, came to the boat and said to La Barge:

"I want you to help me. I want to find out how

Father De Smet did that."

"Did what?" asked La Barge.

"Made it rain. I will pay a good price if he will tell me. I will give him ten horses."

"La Barge took him back to De Smet, where he presented his request himself. De Smet told him to be a good Christian, and pray when he wanted it to rain, and if he deserved it, it would come. Garreau went away disappointed, for he fully believed that the Father had some secret art by which he produced so signal a result. After he had gone, De Smet laughed, and said: 'Did I not tell you they would say I did it?'"

Naturally the volumes abound in anecdotes of Capt. La Barge who, besides being a man of great courage and energy, had also no little sense of humor. A story of one of his early voyages is perhaps the basis of several similar later tales that have been published of other people.

It is said that on one of the captain's trips up the river there were several Englishmen among the passengers. They had a map, and for the first day or two spent much of their time trying to identify the various places marked on it with those that they passed. They were in the pilot house a good deal, and one of them questioned La Barge rather officiously about the geography of the country:

"What place is this that we are approaching, Mr. Pilot?" he asked.

"St. Charles, sir," La Barge replied.

"You are mistaken, sir; according to the map it is ———"

"La Barge made no reply. He stopped as usual at St. Charles and then went on his way. Presently they came to another village.

"What place, captain?" inquired the Englishman.

"Washington, Mo., sir."

"Wrong again. The map gives this place as ———"

"This experience was gone through several times, the captain's temper becoming more ruffled with each repetition, though no one would have suspected it from his unruffled exterior. Presently a flock of geese passed over the river and drew the attention of the passengers and crew. The Englishmen were standing on the hurricane roof immediately in front of the pilot house.

"What kind of birds are those, captain?" asked one of them in eager haste.

"The captain, whose language still smacked somewhat of the French idiom, replied:

"Look at your map; he tell you."

Capt. Chittenden's work is in two volumes, uniform with Dr. Elliott Coues' "Forty Years a Fur Trader" and "On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer." It is illustrated with sixteen plates, one a map of a short stretch of the Missouri River channel, showing the different courses followed by the river in the years 1804, 1852, 1879 and 1894. A number of the illustrations are portraits of historic characters, such as La Barge, Culbertson and Kenneth McKenzie.

We have earlier called attention at some length to the very valuable work that is being done by Capt. Chittenden in gathering historical material concerning the old West. It is gratifying to see how rapidly the interest in this great section of our country is growing, and to observe the starting up of historical societies all over the West. Capt. Chittenden is a young man, and we may look forward to much of value from his pen in the years that are to come, but even if he should never write another line, his fame may well rest on the volumes that he has already produced. Of these the history of boating on the upper Missouri is one of fascinating interest.

THE proverbial Virginia hospitality is again in evidence. That State has a new game law this year of which one feature is a non-resident license exaction. As at first adopted, all non-residents other than non-resident children of resident landowners were required to take out a license, but the spirit of hospitality which is linked with the name of Virginia recoiled at this. From a time beyond which the mind of man runneth not to the contrary, it has been a fashion with Virginians to invite their friends from other States to visit them for shooting; and it was perceived that the new law would put an end to this pleasant custom. A modification was thereupon demanded and granted. As it now stands, the non-resident law expressly exempts the visitor, the text reading that the non-resident guest of a resident landowner shall be allowed to hunt on the lands of his host as though he were a resident of the State, when accompanied by the host or a member of his family, and provided that the host receives no compensation from the guest.

This is excellent in so far as Virginia hospitality is concerned; but we fail to appreciate the logic which finds it reasonable to tax one sportsman who is obliged to pay board in Virginia, while exempting him who is so fortunate as to have friends there who may entertain him.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In the Wilds—A Memory.

The joys I have possess'd are ever mine;
* * * * *
Hid in the sacred treasure of the past,
But bless'd remembrance brings them hourly back.
—Dryden.

Emerson Carney, in FOREST AND STREAM of May 2, regretted that there are so many stories of woods and plains remaining untold, which determined the writer to record a memory of many years ago, at the first opportunity, hoping that it may stimulate other old sportsmen to do the same.

Away back in the early seventies, when the scribe was a good many years younger than he is now, he ran across a local tradition while on a little fishing tour. This ran as follows: that there existed a small lake or large pond, away in the depths of the forest near Red Mountain (a distant neighbor of Megantic, in Canada), that contained the largest pike ever known of in that part of the country. That some years ago a party of three stumbled upon it by accident, and being short of provisions they built a raft and went out to try for some fish. That they soon caught a monster, and while trying to pull it upon the raft, one of their number, reaching down to catch the fish by the gills, got his hand caught by a snap of the great jaws, and was promptly drawn into the water. As he was disappearing, a second man caught him by the ankle and was fast following the first, when the third caught on, and between them, rescued their drowning companion from the jaws of—death—the fish. The latter got free in the struggle, and the man's hand was so mangled and poisoned that they feared for his life, and they had to get out to the settlements at once, without bringing anything with them as proof of their story.

Now, if there is anything on earth that fills one with a soul-satisfying fullness, it is a good fish story; and here was one that met all the requirements! Here the mystery and remoteness of the great forest; the vagueness of location; the inaccessibility; the indeterminate greatness in size of the fish; the danger attending the capture of such monsters; in fact, everything that is needed in the telling of a fish story.

Then, of course, after the discovery of the tradition, comes the investigation of the source thereof. All who claim to be true anglers never hesitate to believe in a fish story, because they want their own little tale credited, but they like to receive it from the original teller or fountain head, and not to have to take it warmed over, as it were.

And so it came about that after having heard this entrancing tale, the scribe started in to hunt the heroes down. At the very start he found that the party who had been bitten and nearly drowned, was dead. It was reputed that he died of a fever, but from later experiences of his own, the scribe believes that he died of a broken heart, caused by the loss of so wondrous a prize. Then it proved that a second member of the party had left the country, and his whereabouts were unknown to all his old acquaintances. In fact, it was hinted that had he been come-atable his word would not carry very much weight. So the third member of the trio was inquired for, and it was found that the belief existed that he lived in the adjoining county, some thirty miles away, and was a man whose word could be depended upon. The scent was getting warm, so on the first favorable opportunity he was duly hunted down and questioned.

The man was a farmer, and was found in his corn-field, where he and two sturdy sons were busily engaged in "hillin' up" the lush green stalks. It was a warm June day, and he was very busy trying to finish the work so as to get a day off to "go a-fishin'" before his hay harvest came on; so he later informed his questioner.

"Wal! Wal!" said he, on learning Scribe's errand, as he stopped work and leaned on his hoe handle and wiped the sweat from his forehead with a hooked forefinger, "it beats the nation how folks has got me mixed up in that story. I swan to man it does! I've denied it forty-seven times, I reckon, but it don't seem to do no good. Guess it's 'cause everybody knows 't I like t' go a-fishin'"; and he meditatively spat a large mouthful of tobacco juice on a June bug that was helplessly kicking its legs in the air, as it lay on its back in a hoe-track.

"I'll tell ye the hull story, as fur as I know ont. Ol' Sol Jones, 't used to live over on the concession, tol' me the story soon arter it happened, an' altho' he was the gold-durndest liar in seven caunties, I believed the heft ont, 'cause he was a good fisherman."

There it is again, you see! He believed "the heft ont" because the man was a brother fisherman!

"He tol' me that he an' his brother Lem, an' a feller the name o' Jim Bradley, all on 'em skeddaddlers from the State o' Maine, come into Canada in '62 to avoid the draft. They was all lumbermen, an' old woodsmen an' hankered to foller the old trade. So one day, the same summer they come over the line, they started into the forest, east o' Red Mountain, to explore a bit an' see 'f they cud run across some pine. They was aout a quite a spell, an' one day they come to a large pond saouteast o' the maountain, an' as Sol had some fishing gear along, they built 'em a raft an' went aout a-fishin'. Putty soon Sol got hitched to an' ol' sockdologer 't fit like the nation. Bumbye the fish got tuckered aout, an' come up clost to the raft, an' Jim reached daown an' made a long grab fur his gills, an' got his thumb in the fishes maouth. The ol' cuse bit ri' daown ont, sost hurt like sin. Jim wanted some body to help him leggo about that time, but yu know how them critters' teeth be, all set backwards, an' the more Jim pulled the more the fish wouldn't leggo. Between the pain an' the pull o' the fish, Jim leaned over too fur, an' went k'souse, headfust into the water. This loosened the fishes holt, an' Sol caught him by

he foot an' yanked him back on the raft. The pike took advantage o' the muss, an' went off wi' the gear; look, line an' sinker, an' that settled the fishin', as hey hadn't no more line. I've off'n thought as haow 'd like to go an' try that place myself, some day." And he again deluged the poor bug that was still leebly kicking, and rubbed his mouth with a sigh.

"Come with me," said the Scribe, "and we will get nother good man or two, and go next week?"

"Consarn the luck I can't du it! 'F there's anythin' in the world I du luffter du, its t' go fishin', but I can't spare the time jest naow. I've ben a-workin' like tew men all the week so's t' get off next Sadady for a day's fun, an' that's all I can spare before my nowin' begins."

"Come, come, boys! Don't stan' thar a-sucklin' yer toes tew long!" he called to his boys, who, with hands crossed upon the ends of their hoe handles and breasts leaning thereon, were eagerly lending their ears to the conversation. With boyish snickers they resumed their work, and the farmer continued.

"No, I can't nowadays see time to go naow, but 'f ew cud wait till 'long in September I'd go 'f it bust my galluses. I allers did want tu go thar, an' 'f yew'll wait I'll go with yew, sure, after I get my wheat an' oats harvested. Besides, that'll be the best time t' go, as the dummed flies an' skeeters'll be all gone."

The latter sentence was uttered in such an insinuatingly persuasive way that it showed him to be earnestly desirous of partaking in the trip, and hopeful that it might be postponed till such time as he could get away.

Fortunately it mattered not to Scribe when he went, as he was making a holiday of that summer, anyway, preparatory to his permanent removal to California. And as he had taken a liking to the open face and hearty manner of his new acquaintance, they entered into the details of the September trip, and with words of mutual liking, parted, with the avowal that nothing less than sickness or other equally urgent cause would be allowed to interfere with their plans.

Summer sped away, and the middle of September was approaching. Scribe, mindful of his promise, dropped line to F., his former acquaintance, and received an enthusiastic reply, in which was offered conveyance for the trip in the shape of a pair of horses and a new double-seated "thoroughbrace" that he had recently purchased. He also recommended as members of the party, a brother-in-law of his named T., and a man who lived near Red Mountain, known as Black Rory, of the clan of McDonald, 'Ira the hiellans o' Scotlan', who was clearing a new farm for himself and his family out of the forest in that locality. He said that Rory was a good woodsman, and was better acquainted with that part of the country than any one else he knew of. This proved true in the end, and Rory was found invaluable to the party all through the trip.

Scribe hastened to the nearest railway town, and hired a conveyance to carry him to the farmers' home, together with the provisions for the trip, which he claimed the privilege of providing. He was met with hearty words of welcome, and was soon seated at the upper table discussing fried chicken, hot biscuit and the whitest of wild honey, with fresh butter and milk that would almost bring the dead to life.

The next morning, after a breakfast by candle light, the three men started, leaving F.'s two strapping boys looking after them with longing eyes.

"Naow boys," said their father, as he took up the reins for a start, "don't envy me my holiday. Yeu've had several on 'em this summer, an' I've had but one day, so 'f the 'I man is goin' to have a week out this time, jest be good-natured an' du yer work like men, an' it will be yer turn next."

"All right, dad," they said cheerfully, "we're glad you are going, but it makes us itch to go along with you and help pull out those big fish. We will keep things running all right while you are gone, and you need not hurry back. Good-by!"

"Good-by, boys! Glad to hear ye talk up manly like that," and with another wave of his hand to his good wife, who stood in the kitchen door waving her hand, he reins were tightened, and they were off.

"Teu good boys, them be, if I du say it, an' chips off the ol' block, teu. Like tu go fishin' jes' 's well 's I du, an'll work like tarnation all week so 's t' have a badaday aternoon tu go," he confidentially remarked as they drove off.

The weather had been very hot and dry for some time; the roads were dusty; the fields were parched; and the streams had dwindled far below their usual summer level. It was not a promising time for fishing, but it was now or never, and it "went as it lay."

The farm of Black Rory was reached that evening, and he was found expectant and ready, having been notified in time, and his strapping sonsy wife had a good, substantial meal on the table in short order. The night was spent in the hay of Rory's new barn, and all hands were early astir in the morning and on their way, as soon as a kettle of oatmeal porridge and milk was disposed of.

Rory's home had been carved out of the virgin wilderness, and was an outpost of civilization. To the northwest rose the dark fir-covered slopes of Red Mountain. To the east lay a great swamp, traversed from north to south by a winding boggy stream. Beyond this swamp, somewhere in the great untracked forest that then lay in unbroken miles to the east, lay the little lake that the party sought.

Some two years previously a lumber company, whose scene of operations lay many miles to the north, had brown a dam across the boggy stream some six miles north of Rory's, which had backed the water all over the great swamp, and had already killed nearly all the fir timber which had covered it. In the spring the floodgates would be opened at a time when the rush of the imprisoned waters would carry the saw logs way to the distant mills.

The stream was now at its natural level, so Rory reported, and upon it, about a mile away, was a boat owned by the lumbermen; that had been brought up from the dam and left in his care. This boat he had the

privilege of using, and they would take it and start out on a voyage of discovery.

Packing the duffle upon their shoulders, the four men started off, and soon plunged into the domain of the forest. Rory led the way, with Scribe at his heels, and the others following in Indian file. Scribe carried the only weapon of the party, a fine old Joe Manton double-barreled shotgun. The close season on grouse was not off yet, but the law of the forest grants the right to kill for immediate needs, and when a flock of those birds flew into the surrounding trees, soon after the party entered the woods, four of them were shot to provide a supper, in case the lake was not reached that night. These birds Scribe added to his burden, and before the boat was reached he was sorry that he had ever seen them. Rory said it was a mile from his place to where the boat lay, but on further questioning it proved that he meant that it was a mile from the boundaries of his land, which meant nearly two miles of forest travel, the last mile of which was through a tangled swamp of dead trees. The majority of FOREST AND STREAM readers will understand what this meant to four heavily laden men on a hot morning, with no foliage to screen them from the sun's rays, and not a breath of air stirring, in the portion of the journey through the swamp. Faces and bodies were bathed in perspiration; all exposed portions were covered with cuts and scratches; each and every one had been into the boggy ooze over his boottops, and every one had sat down several times and cooled off the broadest portion of his anatomy in the slimiest mud to be found.

Of such mishaps and experiences is made up the lot of the fisherman!

The boat, when found, was a heavy old tub, and was high and dry on the top of an old log; the only dry spot in the swamp. One might as well have gone to sea in a willow basket, so open were the seams. This necessitated a journey back to higher ground for spruce gum to fill the cracks. Three of the party did this, while the third pounded some dry cedar bark into fine fibres, and with this, by aid of a wedge of wood and a club, filled the worst of the cracks. When the gum arrived it was melted in an old oyster can which was in the boat, and after a couple of hours' labor the craft was ready to launch.

The job was pronounced good, as all hands could embark, and keep afloat, with only one man bailing at a time.

The stream which the party was now traversing was not a large one, but on account of the level surface of the swamp through which it flowed, was winding and devious. Here and there it widened into pools and good-sized ponds, and anon narrowed down to a few feet in width. Everywhere along its shores grew immense beds of pond lilies and other aquatic plants, and lurking in these at every turn and angle, lay what appeared to be small pickerel. Almost every stroke of the oars disturbed one or more of these fish, which would reveal his or their late presence by a swirl of water among the weeds. None of them appeared to be more than fourteen or fifteen inches in length, and Rory was applied to for information as to what they were, and as to whether there were any larger ones in the stream.

"I think that they hef not the time to crow pig," said he, "for it iss only since the tam wass puilt that they hef peen here, whatefer."

Which was probably the fact, as previous to the building of the dam, the stream was full of trout, and nothing else. Subsequent observation showed that the erection of that structure had backed the water clear up to the lake the party was searching for, and the pike (not pickerel) had escaped and bred freely in the stream; hence the numbers of small fish.

The boat proceeded up the stream for an hour or more, each inmate scanning the east bank closely for any appearance of a stream entering from that direction. Then false clues began to appear, and another hour was spent in investigation of them. Finally, after another hour of vain search, a spot was reached where clear water was certainly coming in under a bunch of dead willows. This was followed up, and found to be a small flowing stream, which Rory said must be the one they were in search of, and as he was the only one with any knowledge of the country, what he said had to go.

It looked like a hard proposition to tackle. The stream was small, being barely wide enough for the passage of the boat, and was crossed and recrossed with aged and sodden logs, and otherwise obstructed with a tangle of fallen treetops. Each bank was a puzzle of dead willows and firs, killed by the overflow, with the dead stiff branches reaching everywhere to clutch and tear the intruder in their domain.

The boat was entered upon this forbidding path, and pushed up to the first obstructing log. Here the party landed, and a plan of campaign was mapped out. Scribe was sent ahead with the camp kettle, the grouse, a few potatoes, onions, pork and seasoning, wherewith to make a stew on arriving at the lake, and have it ready for the tired and hungry beings that would follow later.

T. was to go ahead on the stream with the ax and clear away all the brush and trees possible, while F. and Rory undertook the task of getting the boat over the obstructing logs. To do this they had to unload and reload the boat many times, and were almost continually in the water and ooze of the swamp up to their waists, and often deeper.

As the burdened Scribe made his slow way through the heartbreaking tangle, he could hear his companions, for many minutes, splashing, grunting and "heave-ho-ing!" with an occasional forcible expletive interlarding the proceedings, by which he judged that they were having troubles of their own.

After an hour's hard travel the ground began to grow firmer, and deciduous trees to come in, with easier walking. Presently a break in the forest appeared, and in a few moments more Scribe emerged upon the bank of a beautiful little gem of the woods, which was winking back at the ardent glances of the sun and laughing a soft and rippling laugh from its

pebbly beach. The lake was pear-shaped; about two-thirds of a mile long and half as wide. It was an insignificant looking bit of water, to come so far in search of, with the expectation of catching large fish in its waters. As Scribe stood admiring the quiet beauty of the scene, his eye caught a movement on a little meadow at the extreme head of the lake, and there stood two large bucks at gaze, with antlers thrown back and muzzles advanced. They had evidently become aware that some stranger had invaded their domain and were trying to make out what manner of creature the intruder might be.

How beautiful and peaceful was the scene! No trace of man was anywhere to be discerned. No ugly stumps or fallen timber marked the steps of either camper or lumberman. All was as it came from the hand of nature. Scribe took it in with long soul-satisfying looks, and for a time forgot his toiling tired companions. Suddenly he came back to a realization of the needs of the hour and moved forward, and at once, like the shadow of a passing bird, the deer melted into the leafy shades and were gone.

Scribe moved up the north beach, looking for a good camping ground, and presently came upon an ideal spot, and within twenty paces of it he found a bubbling spring, that sent a tiny stream down to the lake. This was luck, and two crotched sticks were soon cut and driven in the ground, a cross stick laid upon them, on this was hung a hooked stick with a notch cut for the kettle bail. In this, with the bottom about eight inches from the ground, was hung the kettle, half full of sweet spring water. A comfortable fire of dry sticks was soon going, and the ingredients of the stew prepared. When all was going merrily, and the pot began to give forth a grateful smell, the rest of the party came in sight, and marked their advent with a lusty cry, "is dinner ready?"

They were a tired band, and were covered with the black mud of the swamp from feet to head. After a good wash and the removal of their outer garments, the stew was ready, and it was pronounced to be "the very best meal that ever was eaten," by all hands.

A satisfying meal, served just at the time that hungry men are ready for it, always calls for commendation of the food and the cook, and is gratifying all around.

After the dishes were washed (this was a clean party, and work was not neglected) all hands lay down for a good smoke and a well-earned rest, while their soaked nether garments were hung in the sun to dry.

The day was a hot one, as before mentioned, and after the hard work and the hearty meal, slumber soon stole upon the men, and the whole camp was asleep. Just about ten minutes after Scribe had closed his eyes, as it seemed to him, he was aroused by the voice of F. shouting, "Good nation, boys, wake up, wake up! Come, this will never do! We must git to work. It's near sundaown, an' camps to make yit!"

And surely enough, the day was waning fast, and the trees overhead were casting shadows upon the surface of the lake, as the balance of the group scrambled to their feet, and looked out with sleepy eyes over its face.

All was bustle for an hour, while boughs were cut and made into springy beds in the lee of an immense boulder, which some ancient glacier had borne and dropped here, miles away from its parent bed. A large piece of cotton sheeting, well soaked in strong alum water, had been provided for a tent, and this was stretched over the beds like a shanty tent, to protect against dew and rain. Abundance of dry wood was provided by Rory for cooking and campfires, while F. built a stone fire-place for cooking.

While the sun was yet a half hour high, F. ordered T. and Scribe to go out and make a try for some fish for supper; for by this time every one was hungry again, such is the tonic of forest air and exercise.

Scribe, nothing loath, jointed a stout ash trolling rod of his own make, attached thereto a heavy single-action reel, carrying some seventy yards of stout sea-grass line, and to the end of this a gaudy spoon and feather lure.

T. took the oars and off they started with high hopes. One hundred yards, 200 yards, 300 yards, and nothing doing! Then as they left the north shore and began to curve around the head of the lake, there was a fierce strike, and a fight was on.

But this was no pike that came tearing out of the water, shaking his head like a bulldog and turning summersaults in the air! This fellow's bronze sides gleamed in the rays of the setting sun like dull gold, and the silhouette of his great armed dorsal fin cut across the shining water as clearly as the horns of a new moon cuts the western sky.

Here was a "pike" with a vengeance. A sharp fight of fully fifteen minutes' duration ensued, with the angler as the victor, and a magnificent seven-pound bass lay captive in the boat.

Here was sport indeed! The spoon was again cast out, and within twenty feet of the boat was again seized, and after a similar fight, but with many more leaps into the air, a mate of the first fish lay alongside of him.

The spoon was again cast out for another bite, but it was some time in coming, and the boat was headed for camp. The hooks caught on a snag and T. was told to "back up." The order was obeyed, but the line kept slowly running off the reel. An idea occurred to Scribe, and he struck, and struck hard. Then there was "something doing" again, but it was all done under water, and by hard, sullen fighting. There was none of the picturesque leaps and rushes of the light-armored cruiser, but the slow, irresistible pull of the great battleship. As darkness settled down the fight ended by the capitulation of the fish, and a great pike weighing eighteen pounds was brought to gaff. Then went up to the skies some wild ululations, which brought F. and Rory to the water's edge to see the cause.

Surely three nobler fish were never captured in less time, and here was success, beyond the most vivid imagination in the party, and full justification for the uncertainties and fatigue of the trip.

AREFAR.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

To Elysium by Buckboard.

In Three Jaunts—Jaunt the First.

THIS is the veracious chronicle of a five hundred mile trip by buckboard into the Northern California wilderness far beyond the toot of the locomotive whistle, undertaken by a tenderfoot with one companion in search of health, game, and experience, and how they won all three. He has often since fared northward across those sun-baked red clay ridges, where the manzanita clusters thickest; through those live oak openings, sward carpeted like an old world baronial park, and into the cathedral calm of the pillared redwood forest, but the incidents of that first California outing are etched more deeply upon his memory than is the hunt of yesterday, and so he writes it.

The tenderfoot had been ill—not dangerously ill, but just sick enough to make him utterly miserable and uncomfortable, a nuisance to himself and a nuisance to those about him, although they were far too kind-hearted to admit it. His doctor insisted upon his remaining in bed, and all through the latter half of a distinctly hot June he lay there, kicking and thrashing, while his old hound Rondo now and again gave tongue from his kennel, as if to say: "Deer season opens July 15—get a move on you!" As visitors were not inhibited, they kept dropping in, singly and in pairs, with a hearty "Hello, old man, how are you making out?" and each with a story to tell of a projected deer hunt, while the sufferer grinned and grizzled. There was to be no deer hunting for him that season. Eheu! He raised the temperature of that room several degrees after each visit.

It was on the morning of the second of July that Bob's six feet of brawn and sinew projected itself into the sick room. He looked the patient over critically, half listening to his jeremiad. "See here, Marin," he said, "I don't think there is such a terrible lot the matter with you. You look more peaked and a trifle thinner than when I saw you last. You will never get well in here. Can you stand? Steady! That's the business! Where do you keep your clothes? In this closet? Now I tell you what I am going to do with you; I am going to dress you—studs on the bureau, you say?—and you are going down to sit on the porch, and to-morrow morning you and I will pull out of this oven and travel north where there is running water, big trees, fat bucks, and things. How would you like that, my hearty? Doctor will not let you go? We will see about that. There, now, you look as smart as a June bride."

Bob was a friend worth having. How he cast a hypnotic spell over that easy-going medico; by what good-humored railery he overcame the doubts and scruples of the invalid's family; how he packed the tent and camping kit down from the attic, cleaned and oiled rifle and shotgun, overhauled the fishing tackle, rolled the blankets and spare clothing in canvas bags, prepared a list of rations for two men for thirty days and saw that it was properly filled at the suburban grocery, need not be written here. When during that long busy day he found time to rig a hood of drilling over the front seat of the buckboard and have his horse rough-shod, is a mystery to the writer, but he did find time. At 6:30 o'clock the following morning the eyes of the early San Rafael commuter were greeted by the apparition of a very large and very bony sorrel horse drawing a well laden buckboard, while the "best hound in the county" acted as lookout from the top of the dunnage. Bob was helmsman and his course was northward.

The first three days were comparatively uneventful and the heat was appalling. The road ran through the vineyards and orchards of Marin and Sonoma counties; through fruitful valleys lush with ripening grain; past Petaluma, a Newark in embryo, where they spin silk and weave blankets, and where every hillside looks as though it had been sprayed with whitewash.

"Chickens," explained Bob. "A man named Dixon, who lives a few miles west of here, has ten thousand of them."

"Why are they all white?"

"I'm treed," said Bob.

Pretty soon the voyagers met a denizen of the valley who seemed conversationally inclined, and whose wealth of whisker begot confidence. "Pass him out that chicken proposition," whispered Bob. "Folks up here breed nothing but white chickens because the hawks, which are all-fired plenty hereabouts, cannot be hired to touch a white chicken," said the aged stranger; and he said it unblushingly. Perhaps it is true. At all events an Italian rancher near Cotati and a Dane on the outskirts of Santa Rosa gave the same explanation. "And neither of them knew English enough to lie scientifically," commented Bob.

Forty-two miles seemed far enough for the first day's journey—at least the old sorrel thought so, and said so, in horse talk. The buckboard's passengers needed no tent that night, nor indeed was that *sine qua non* of Eastern outings put into commission until many days later. Beneath a telegraph pole a few miles out of Mark West the camp was pitched, and soon the bacon was sizzling in the frying-pan, while the coffee brewed and "Goliath," for so the horse had been christened for the trip only, peacefully champed his ground barley. It was glorious, lying there snug in the blankets beneath the wagon, while the southwest trade wind, sobered by its 50-mile revel among the apricot groves and sunny vineyards, cooled one's temples and wafted the smoke of the two pipes in wreaths that shaped themselves in the moon's shimmer into wide branching oaks, beneath whose shade giant bucks seemed to browse and ruminate.

"I wonder what the 'coons and skunks think about those white chickens? I'll bet dollars to doughnuts that old Whiskers couldn't fool a coyote that way. Mr. Coyote has been too long in the poultry business for that. Now, a hawk might be educated into the belief that those gobs of whiteness drifting across the landscape were just ghosts—chicken ghosts, of course; but a coyote is as materialistic as a Chinaman or a Harvard professor, and he would first devour the fowl and then, if so minded, speculate on its wherefor, post-prandially, when he felt strong and hearty"—here Bob's lugubrations were interrupted by the advent of a tramp, who wanted whisky, but compromised on a pannikin of claret.

"Gen'men," he said, when the last drop of claret had disappeared, "I know I don't look it, but I'm a worker,

I am. I've the promise of a job now from my old boss. He's up at Crescent City with the show. Ever hear of Sprigg's Circus? No? Well, he's him. He's goin' to show plumb up the Coast to Puget Sound. No, siree, no California in his'n. It was this way. Four months ago the old man would have it that there was bushels of rhino to be made showin' 'tro' them durned mountings an' gulches nort' of here. Said them mounting people an' buckeroos an' sech ain't ever see a show. Said they'd tumble a top o' themselves to get into it. Said as how, w'en we struck the fruit belt, them dagos an' Eytalians an' Swedes, an' Swiss, wid seventeen kids in the family, would come a-whoopin' an' a-pilin' inter that old circus fit ter split the tent.

"Well, gen'men, we started. Bizness was bum, an' it kep' gittin' bummer an' bummer. Along about Yreka we showed to thirteen white men, t'ree Injuns and a Chink, an' the old man had to leave the African lion in soak. But Sprigg's nerve was all O. K., you bet! Say, if you'd catch an' bottle the old man's nerve, you'd run all the injines in Nort' America wid it. He kep' right along tellin' us geezers t'ings would get better, w'en a blin' man couldn't help noticin' that they was pizen bad an' graderly gittin' so dam pestiferous bad that grub for us-selves, widout mentionin' the an'mals, kep' all hands on the hustle all the time. We was showin' 'tro' them little flyspeck towns up in Del Norte, w're five's a crowd an' fourteen's a riot, an' was workin' sout', sheddin' an'mals an' cour'osities at every pint. At Cottage Grove a jestic levied 'tachment on the hosses; but the old man compromised on the brindled gnu, a cage of snakes, an' the twin armadillers. That's w'en I lost most of my teeth. At Acorn they grabbed four of the hosses for keeps; at Yager, more hosses; at Blocksburg t'ree cages of an'mals, an' jugged six of the boys for chicken stealin'. Calkerlate they t'ought we could live on wind, same as snakes!

"Round Valley finished the bizness, for a fac'. Them buckeroos swooped in an' cleaned us out. Took the tent. Took the Sacred Ox of the Braymins, w'ich them unt-tooted chil'ren of nater worship as their God, an' ackerly barbecued him—that's w'at them gazababs done! I eat a chunk of him, too, an' he was tuffer'n fracazood boot-heels wid the brads left in. This was the wind-up. Some of the boys stayed in the valley; some shinned out for the Coast. I went to work cuttin' tanbark till I made a stake an' then I made tracks for 'Frisco. But the old man was there ahead of me. Stumped w'en the show busted? No, siree; that ain't his sort. He had an' old plug of a camel that none of the creditors wouldn't have, 'cause as he'd eat more'n five hosses, an' the las' I seen of Spriggs he was a-deck of that camel wid its nose pinte sout'—that is till I see him in 'Frisco. Say, he lived high. I'm tellin' yer. Let on to them jay countrymen that he was an Arab chief a-travelin' to the Paris Exposish, an' was takin' a short cut 'cross lots! They stuffed him full'n a p'lecman of venison, hog meat, an' saleratus biscuit, an' buzzed him about his 'country'—an' him a-born in Stamford, Connecticut!

"At Ukiah, w're the railroad from 'Frisco got tired an' quit, he put up at the Gran' Hotel, an' the camel at Miller's livery stable. He was a-figgerin' how he'd make a raise to jump the town, w'en along come old Bob White who owns most everything up around Cahto, an' he took a shine to Spriggs an' passed him twenty; an' the old man wcp' on his neck an' guv him the camel! He did, for a fac'. Well, gen'men, w'en the old man struck 'Frisco there was nothin' doin', an' his brother up Seattle writ him sayin' as how if he could work his way up there they could get trusted for an outfit. Nothin' for it! They passed the old man over the railroad's far as Ukiah, but he couldn't hang up them Oregon stage roosters no how! Along come old Bob White again. 'Wat are you a-doin' here?' said he. 'I'm stuck,' said Spriggs; 'if I only had a hoss I'd make State Line all hunky, an' soon as I strike Oregon I've plenty friends,' said he. 'I'll fix yer,' said White. 'I've plenty fine hosses up to my ranche. Take this letter up there to my son Jim—it's only sixty miles from here—an' he'll give you a mount all right.'

"Gen'men, the old man took it, an' may I be hornswig-gled if Jim didn't trot out that dadblasted old whangeree of a camel! Here's yer Buccfeelus, you bald-headed old fakir! said he; 'an if you don't ride him off this ranch in t'ree shakes of a bull's tail, I'll sic them dogs on the pair of yer.' Gen'men, the old man done it. He rid that camel into Seattle. Got any tabaker?"

Breakfast by lantern-light and a start at the first glimpse of dawn brought the wayfarers into Healdsburg in the early forenoon, and just outside this thriving village Bob shot a coyote slinking along the chemisal. It was a rattling good shot, too—200 yards uphill, with a .22 caliber short cartridge. The hotel cooking tasted pretty good for a change, and a glass of beer brewed by an old German, who had never learned the modern art of sophistication, and whose whole brewery could be stowed away and lost in a corner of one room of a metropolitan establishment, was a treat often to be mentioned when the travelers were far beyond the beer belt. Better hops are grown in this valley than in Bavaria, which possibly contributed not a little to the excellence of this rural brew.

Pieta, famed for its brawling brook, no less than for the gamy trout that lurk therein, was reached two hours before nightfall, and there, poised on a rock in mid stream, stood an Indian, fish spear in hand! While Bob unhitched Goliath, Marin whipped the stream with royal-coachman, black-gnat, brown-hackle—it made no difference what, the trout responded to every lure. Ah, me! Those were halcyon days, "consule Planco," brethren of the angle!

But look! The Indian strikes! His naked, sinewy arm shoots downward and the thong about his wrist tightens. He lifts his spear, and there, transfixed upon its single barb, writhes a two-pounder! Pieta Creek still holds a few such whales, but he who would win the fellow of that Indian's catch nowadays must be sound of wind and limb, and wary to boot; for, verily, in these days of general education, the trout, too, have had their schooling. The big fellows seem to have been through college and started on a post-graduate course!

"How many you catch?" inquired Bob of the Indian, in that peculiar baby-talk in which many of us clothe our thoughts when we address people whose tongue is not our own. He had nine—all of about the same size. After dinner a stroll around a spur of the foothill revealed his

shack, himself smoking in the doorway, while his brood of youngsters, not too liberally clad in clouts and gunny-sacks, squabbled with two wolfish dogs in the dust at his feet. Had he any baskets? He smiled, superciliously, it seemed. Pshaw! What had a brave to do with baskets? They are women's work. "Give old Muck-a-muck another shake out of the box," Bob suggested. A handful of tobacco purchased his attention. He called his squaw in his own language, Pomo. Now, the Pomos, as a people, would never capture a prize in a competitive beauty contest, but of all the Pomos that have fattened on scrambled grasshoppers since the original pair left their primeval home, somewhere in the Japanese archipelago, no doubt, and stranded on California, there never was a more hideous old Pomo than that Pieta squaw! But her baskets! The veritable "bam-tush" and of the finest weave! The Eastern public were not educated on the subject of Indian baskets in those days. To-day aniline dyes and patterns designed by house decorators and woven to order have well nigh destroyed the Indian's unique art; but when such baskets are unearthed nowadays, the fortunate collector marks the day with a white stone, and gladly pays for his prize its weight in double eagles. The buckboarders that night got three such baskets for a single five-dollar gold piece.

"We're getting into God's country," said Bob, next morning, as he contemplated with satisfaction unalloyed the rockgirt gorge, where, far below, Russian River writhes and twines, like a wounded snake. "The air is different up here, and the people, too, are different. See that scrawny little foothill ranch 'cross the canyon. I bet you a Missourian lives there. How do I know? Well, this mountain country was peopled originally by two emigrations—one from old Pike, the other from up Lake Champlain way. All the Pikers built their houses broad-side-on, with a porch running the full length of the house. The Champlainers built theirs end-on, with a cubby-hole of a porch in front, just as they did back East. The valley people down yonder turn up their noses at these mountain folk and their 50 by 100 potato patches. They say they're shiftless, lawless, worthless. Don't you believe it. There's a higher sense of honor, a nobler recognition of the rights of his fellow men and a more correct conception of his own rights, a more genuine respect for those elemental principles of eternal truth upon which all man-made laws are grounded, or ought to be; a fuller hospitality, and more old-time American patriotism stowed away in the carcass of one of these husky old mountaineers than you could discover with a microscope if you dissected a town full of those hyphenated Americans who raise fruit four months in the year and hades 'tween seasons. Handy with the trigger? Yes, sir, when the quarrel's a just one. Here's where Uncle Sam will have to come when he needs men, and he will not have to round them up, either. Hark! Those hounds are running something. Bet it's a deer!"

The buckboard was checked on the verge of a sheer descent, where the road winds in and out among a scant growth of manzanita, and directly ahead, in the shadow of a Valparaiso oak, stood a gaunt figure in a 'coon skin cap, with a long barreled rifle resting lightly in the crook of his arm. He stood as motionless as if carved in granite, his eyes fixed on the road before him—the embodiment of an Idea—dead past resurrection—one of the scattered few still carried on that muster roll that reaches through the centuries, linking Plymouth Rock to Oklahoma—an American backwoodsman! Uncover to this man, ye children, native to the soil, who buzz and whirl in city hives! Have ye plenty? His unrequited toil bestowed it. Have ye peace? He made that peace—made it, gun in hand, as peace with honor ever has been and ever must be won, in many a French and Indian raid in old Colonial days; in the trenches at Lexington; behind the sand bags and cotton bales with Jackson at New Orleans; in the Everglades of Florida and the canebrakes of Alabama; amid the muck of blood and sweat and cannon smoke and dying men upon the glacies at Chapultepec; throughout those long, drear days of Civil War; again when the lava beds yielded their meed of fawning devils and Canby's foul murder was avenged; when Sitting Bull surrendered and when old Geronimo's band of cutthroats sulkily stacked their arms in the parade ground at San Carlos. Have ye great cities? His ax cleared their sites; his unerring rifle guarded them in their infancy; his untutored brain framed their earliest laws and framed them wisely. Have ye liberty—God's supreme gift to man? With his life blood he bought it—a heritage for you and for your children's children forever.

Such were Marin's thoughts as he gazed at the old frontiersman, dimly conscious the while that the hounds were drawing nearer. A violent wrench, as Rondo, heedless of chain, somersaulted from the buckboard, admonished him that something was about to happen. It happened. A noble four-pointer sprang into the road and for an instant stood there, with quivering flank and foam-flecked chops, but for an instant only. Up went that long Kentucky rifle, a cr-ack, the thud of a round ball impacting on taut hide—and the deer lay dead in the dust, with his four feet stretched to the cardinal points.

"Howdy, boys!" said the old man, as he swabbed out the gun with its brass-mounted cleaning rod.

"Broke his neck?" queried Bob.

"I calc'lated to break it. That's a fine hound you've got thar. Trained on varmint?"

"No, on deer."

"Pity! Thar's the makin' of a right sassy bear dog in him."

"That is a beautiful weapon of yours; may I examine it?" It was Marin who spoke. Proudly, reverently, and without a word, as a young mother passes her first born over for inspection, the old hunter handed Marin the rifle. Beautiful was it in very truth, from the buhl-work of its highly polished walnut stock, with a cheek-piece and a cunningly wrought patch box in the butt-plate to the hand-carved hammer, lock-plate and trigger-guard, along five feet of Damascus barrel half octagon and coffee-brown, clear to the inch-long Rocky Mountain fore sight, added, no doubt, by its present owner. How Marin yearned to call that noble relic his; how base covetousness kept gibbering words, not to be spoken, in his ears; how cold calculation took inventory of the hunter's years, his probable necessities, and weighed them against the gold that quaint old Bernal Diaz says "all men love so well," should not be written here. It was

sordid, low, brutal, shameful. That rifle was handed back to its rightful owner and the hateful question was never uttered.

"That's right," said the backwoodsman. "She was originally a flintlock. Made in Kentucky in '31. Father had her altered to percussion. He carried her all through Black Hawk's war. If you boys want a deer hunt, you're welcome up thar to my cabin to stay just as long as you've a mind to. Season's not open? That makes nary difference. Nobody'll bother you, I reckon, up here with me. Law don't permit no shootin' out of season? Wall, I've just got to lay in my supply of jerked venison, and season or no season, I don't let nary deer bite me."

The summit of the ridge was reached, and in a saucer-shaped valley, girt with mountains on every side, lay the little city of Ukiah, the frontier of the unknown wilderness beyond—unknown at least to the voyagers. Here Marin made his confession to his companion.

"And you were ready to pay that old pot-hunter one hundred dollars for his rifle? Why in thunder didn't you offer it to him, then?" inquired Bob of the practical mind.

"Because, my dear fellow, I was afraid he needed the money and hence would accept my offer and regret it to his dying day. There are some things in this world, Bob, that cannot be bought or sold. You would not ask the Hindoo priest to sell his idol, and if you did succeed in inducing him to commit this, to him, unspeakable sacrilege, wouldn't he bemoan it and wouldn't you feel that you had done a shabby—and I'm not so sure—but a wicked action?"

"You're right, Marin. Anyone could see with half an eye that the old man just adored that gun. Well, here's Ukiah. Let us put up at the Grand. That camel yarn has been sloshing 'round inside me and I must investigate or burst."

MARIN.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Notes of Trail and Camp.

Swimming a Horse.

MR. HOUGH, the other day, had something to say about the swimming power of a horse. Were a man to tell me that the average horse could not swim with a man on his back, I should only laugh at him. I have had too many of them swim with me on their backs.

I rode cavalry horses for twenty years and sometimes had the same horse for four or five years; but I never had one which could not swim and carry me on his back. I have often undressed; then mounting my horse bareback, swam him for fifteen minutes at a time. I rode one horse for four years that I would not hesitate to swim the Mississippi with. He was a slender, long-legged sorrel and a fast one, too. I ran him against some of the fastest horses the cowboys could scare up, and he beat them all.

But I would never ask a horse to swim with his saddle on and then carry me. In that case I would swim behind him, holding on to his tail. I have seen men swim clinging to the horse's mane. That is a poor place. There is always a danger of the horse hitting the man with his forefeet; he cannot hit you with his hind feet if you swim holding on to his tail.

In the summer of 1884 I was down on the Sabanal River, Tex., just where the railroad crosses it. The river was bank full after a heavy rain, and the current ran like a mill race. There was a cattle ranch on our side, but none on the other for a good many miles; and a stage coach full of passengers was water bound over there, and they were hungry. The men at the ranch wanted to send them something to eat, but said that none of their horses could swim in that current.

"I have one that can," I told them. "Get your ropes ready."

They got a long coil of half-inch rope, and cutting it in the middle, we had two that would reach across. Then taking my horse I went to the river, stripped to my undershirt and drawers, and tying an end of each rope around my waist, got my horse in the water, and using only his head stall and halter strap, no bridle, swam across, and the ropes were stretched and a basket hauled across. I was then ready to go back, but twoadies in the coach tried to stop me; they were afraid "that my nice horse would be drowned." They did not seem to care whether I was or not. I got the horse in the water again, then wrapping his tail around my left hand told him to "go ahead, Charley." I had never used a whip on him; he did not need it. He swam with the current, and went 200 yards down stream before landing, then climbed out, none the worse for his trip.

In swimming a horse, if on his back, I would sit as far back as possible. Use no bridle, but only the halter; let the horse have his head and never hurry him.

Tins for Bread Baking.

A short time since I got a letter from one of a party of young men who go on a trip each for a month or more and generally go by water, using canoes and small skiffs. They often get so far away from any settlement that they cannot get bread to buy, so they carry their flour and bake it themselves, and the metal ovens they had were too heavy and too much in the road. Did I know of a better plan to do the baking? I did, and told them what it was: I would not carry a Dutch oven anywhere now, unless I had a wagon, and then would only use it to roast meat in.

I told them to get sheet iron mess pans; they can be got in any large city; the army uses them. These are about 14 inches in diameter at the top and less at the bottom, the sides flare, and are about 6 inches deep. Now cut off a strip 2 inches wide around the top of one pan; then put the dough in this one and use the one not cut to cover with; it fits close and will keep out all dirt and ashes.

Use them in baking just the same as a Dutch oven is used, only there need not be so much fire used with the pans; they bake in half the time an oven does, but

must be watched to prevent the bread burning. It is better to mould the dough in the shape of biscuits, but loaves can be baked in the pans if they are wanted.

These pans are just the thing to carry in a small boat; after being nested together, the tin plates, knives, forks and tin cups can be put in them, and the whole affair takes up but little room under a seat. In camp the small pan can be used as a frying pan, a split stick doing duty as a handle, while the pan that has not been cut does very well for a cooking pot.

I have baked as good bread in these pans as any man need want to eat, and enough of them to bake for 50 men can be nested in each other, then thrown in a gummy sack and tied on top of a mule's pack; they will not weigh more than an oven lid would, and cannot get broken.

Another trouble my friends had was that they could not always get good bread, though they were using the only good baking powder that is made (this is the maker's opinion of it, not mine). I told them, if they used this powder, to put in one-fourth more of it than the directions call for, or if they used another that is just as good, but don't cost 40 cents a pound, to use still a little more of this one; then put the powder in the flour and mix up both well while still dry; then melt lard or grease in hot water and use this to mix the dough. Never use cold water about it. Then work the dough well and the bread won't be heavy.

CABIA BLANCO.

Natural History.

The Extinct Mink from the Maine Shell Heaps.

By the politeness of the National Museum I have a leaflet entitled "Description of an extinct Mink from the Shell-heaps of the Maine Coast," the introduction to which is as follows:

"Upon the shores and islands of Penobscot Bay and the adjacent coast there exist numerous shell-heaps, the majority of which were made by Indians. They vary greatly in size, some being an acre in extent, while others cover but a few square yards. The age of these shell-heaps is unknown, but from the absence of metals and articles of European manufacture from many of them, it is allowable to suppose that they date back at least to pre-Columbian times. This idea is strengthened by the discovery in one of them of the fragment of the skull of a mink, representing an extinct species which appears to be new, and is described for the first time. Remains of other extinct animals will doubtless be detected as our knowledge of these shell-heaps increases."

Some seventy-five years ago, and for many years thereafter, my father, who was a fur-buyer, used to have nearly all the furs taken on the islands of Penobscot Bay, from the mouth of the Penobscot eastward to Frenchman's Bay. Many of the mink, especially from Swan's Island and Marshall's Island, were fully twice as large as the mink from inland, the smallest of them being as large as the largest inland mink and the largest fully twice the size of their inland relatives. I remember frequently hearing them spoken of as being "as large as small cats." Later I saw and handled many of these mink. Their fur was much coarser and was of a more reddish color than that of the inland, or as they were then called, the "woods mink," to distinguish them from the "sea mink." These sea mink were usually extremely fat, and the skins had an entirely different smell from that of the woods mink. I could with my eyes shut pick them out from the woods mink by their peculiar smell. In the old days, when mink were judged by size instead of by fineness and color, as was done later, these sea mink used to bring considerably more than others on account of their great size. On this account they were persistently hunted. Yet scarcely any were trapped on the islands. Instead they were shot or hunted with dogs trained for the purpose. As the price of mink rose, they were hunted more and grew scarcer, till in the sixties, when mink skins brought eight or ten dollars apiece, parties who made a business of hunting nearly or quite exterminated the race. Some of these men went from island to island, hunting any small ledge where a mink could live. They carried their dogs with them, and, besides guns, shovels, pick-axes and crow-bars, took a good supply of pepper and brimstone. If they took refuge in holes or cracks of the ledges, they were usually dislodged by working with shovels and crow-bars, and the dogs caught them when they came out. If they were in crevices of the rocks where they could not be got at and their eyes could be seen to shine, they were shot and pulled out by means of an iron rod with a screw at the end. If they could not be seen, they were usually driven out by firing in charges of pepper. If this failed, then they were smoked with brimstone, in which case they either came out or were suffocated in their holes. Thus in a short time they were nearly or quite exterminated.

My opinion is that the so-called new mink is nothing more nor less than the skull of one of these large sea mink. I think so because, having handled at a very low estimate at least 50,000 mink skins taken in Maine and the Provinces, besides skins from most of the States and Territories, I have never seen any as large as those mink used to be. I have handled very large mink from Minnesota, the Red River of the North and Fraser's River, but some of the sea mink were larger than any of these.

We have in Maine and the Provinces quite a number of varieties of mink which are very local, living within restricted limits and being found elsewhere only as stragglers. While for the larger part the mink of Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are nearly alike in general size and color, we get some which differ so in size, color, or fineness, than an expert can tell at once where they were taken. From Baedec and Bras d'Or we get a large, fine, dark mink which commands

the highest price. From the Baie de Chaleurs the mink are not above medium size and the under fur is very light colored, reminding one of the so-called "cotton mink" of Kentucky. From the north side of the Mirimichi Bay we get a medium-sized mink with very soft fur of a brownish shade, which, when the usual New Brunswick skins brought six dollars each, sold for a dollar less apiece on account of color. From the large lakes on the head of both branches of the St. Croix we get a very large mink of good color and fur, being the largest of any inland mink taken in Maine that I have ever seen. Why they should be larger than those taken on Mooshead and the large lakes of Upper Allegash is a puzzle, but such is the fact. North of Mooshead are the little black mink not over two-thirds the size of average mink. They are the darkest mink taken in Maine, and seem to care less for water than most mink, as they are often found a long distance from it. I have never seen one of these mink from any place except the region north of Mooshead Lake.

I might mention several other well-marked geographical races. In all those I have mentioned the variety is confined to a quite limited territory, and they differ each from each more than do the geographical races of horned larks, ruffed grouse and other birds markedly affected by environment. I can count up over twenty well-marked varieties of mink which I have seen from various parts of the United States and Canada, and I feel sure that there are a great many more as well entitled to recognition as any of the races of birds, if they were separated, as the birds are, by size and color.

The mink which are now taken on our sea-coast along Penobscot Bay are quite large and the fur is coarse, but we get none of the great sea mink like those taken forty or more years ago.

We also used to have a very large otter on the same coast as the sea mink. I used to see scores of them brought in when I was a boy, but after I took my father's place in the fur business early in the sixties I bought but few, and for thirty years I have not seen one. I have bought some of these seashore otter which were at least one-fourth larger than any land otter I ever saw, and I have handled many thousands of otter skins.

Referring to the statement that "remains of other extinct species of animals will doubtless be detected as our knowledge of these shell-heaps increases," I would say that the shell-heaps of Maine have been pretty thoroughly examined. Many of them have been dug over and over again, each one thinking that he was the first. As early as 1878, while digging in a shell-heap on Great Deer Isle, I had the pleasure of unearthing near the very bottom of the heap part of a clay pipe marked T. D. I think the great majority of the shell-heaps of any size on our coast and islands have been dug over. In 1878 I sent to Prof. F. W. Putnam, of the Peabody Museum, Cambridge, Mass., with some Indian skulls and bones, pottery and other relics, a lot of the teeth of moose and beaver and the jaws or parts of the jaws of deer, bear, fisher and mink. These were examined and reported upon by one of the Harvard professors, but no mention was made of any of them being different from the common forms. I have several times found remains of the great hooded seal or "hooked seal," as it used to be called, on our coast, and the teeth of seal are quite common in shell-heaps. One singular fact is that while shells of very large oysters can be found in countless thousands near Damariscotta, I have never in my digging, in many places, from Camden to beyond Mount Desert, found a single oyster shell and but one shell of the quahog. Yet fifty years ago an old inhabitant of Mount Desert told me that when he was a boy quahogs were found near Indian Point at West Eden.

MANLY HARDY.

BREWSTER, Maine.

Man and the Brute.

WHILE conceding the probable truth of much of Mr. Hallock's recent interesting paper entitled as above, I feel that sundry of his contentions are open to question. I cannot, for instance, admit that animals study causes and consequences, or that they deliberate in the true sense of the term, that is, revolve in their brutish minds matters pro and con to the issue, to then strike a balance in their final decision. I am persuaded that such mental operations imply a higher reasoning faculty than animals possess, but space admits of but a limited discussion of this particular subject.

Animals undoubtedly have a limited vocabulary, but that "words, or the number used, are not the measure of intelligence, brute or human," as Mr. Hallock contends, appears to me a rank heresy. Words are the implements of thought, without them complex mental processes are impossible; in short, as Max Muller declares, "thought is identical with language." In animals language appears to be an observation or interpretation of movements or sounds, and their actions may be said to be guided, as a rule, by habit, inherited or acquired. Except in instantaneous action, as a boxer in sparring, a man usually formulates his intention to some extent, in words: the boxer, of course, has no time to think, and like the animal, depends upon the operation of habit. The boxer, in recalling his performance, conjures up a vivid picture of his own and his opponent's action, and, similarly, the memory tablet of the animal is probably occupied by a series of pictures, unconnected with causes or effects, a consideration of which, in my view, does not enter the animal mind.

It is not to be denied that animals have imagination of a certain kind, but the faculty is the operation of a memory very retentive of minutiae. The savage may give us some insight into the animal mind. Like it, it is occupied with trifling details, but it is to be assumed that with the brute, such absorption occurs in far greater degree. Denham, in his Travels in Central Africa, speaks of a savage of exceptional intelligence, who, though capable of recognizing representa-

tions of human figures, could not understand a landscape, and such instance of mental incapacity invites a discussion of the memory of the horse. I believe that the wonderful memory of locality that is possessed by this animal is based upon a study of minor, and what would appear to us, inconsequential features of the landscape. Unlike a man, the horse probably does not take in its broader aspects its relation to other landscapes, it has no knowledge of north as opposed to south, or east to west. All this involves comparison and thought, which, without language, would be impracticable. Over and over again, when on horseback, I have ridden my mount by a strange road to a familiar place, and as the animal approached it, I strove to learn what it was that inspired his obvious recognition. My efforts were unsatisfactory, but notwithstanding, I am inclined to the opinion that the identifying features are seldom such as would impress themselves upon the memory of an intelligent human being.

In its primitive state the horse probably roamed vast, and to human eyes, monotonous plains, guided by a memory retentive of detail, and scored by a close study of the minutiae of a substantially featureless landscape. The horse, like the dog, should be able to conjure up from the store house of its memory a wealth of visual objects, together with actions immediately associated therewith, and to this extent it may be said to have imagination. I have little doubt that in this particular, the horse and various other roving animals have memories equal to or even superior to the best among men. That is, no man, though of exceptional memory and intelligence, could observe and remember such a variety and number of minutiae as the horse or dog stores up in its brain. This close observation and memory of detail has been observed in Indians and various other savages, but how much more must the faculty be developed in animals?

As a further illustration of the limitations of the savage mind, it may be mentioned that the Kaffir has at first great difficulty in understanding drawings, and it is related of a band of Australians that upon being shown a well-drawn and colored picture of one of their own race, found it incomprehensible, one declaring it to be a ship, another a kangaroo, not one of the dozen observers recognizing the portrait as having a connection with himself or his kin. To give them an idea of a man, a rude drawing is necessary, with the head much exaggerated, after the fashion of a little child's slate pencil sketches. I never heard of an authentic instance of a dog recognizing the portrait of its master, or of one of its own kind. The attainment of an understanding of the projection of a human upon an absolutely flat surface requires education, and while I believe that dogs and possibly cats have occasionally been moved to active demonstrations by their reflections from mirrors, I have never myself observed it and believe it to be of very rare occurrence. It is very likely, however, that the animals' minuteness of observations usually enables it to detect the illusion.

I subscribe unreservedly to Mr. Hallock's expression of a belief in a super-sense in animals, a perception of remote and unseen localities to which they bind their course in a straight line. Can any one reasonably assume that the wandering albatross that circumnavigates the globe, is without a distinct perception of the lone little island in the South Pacific that forms its breeding place? Wilson's petrel annually voyages from the South to the North Atlantic, returning to Kerguelen Island, probably ten thousand miles from its furthest northern attainment. The seals of the Prybylov Islands, over which there has been so much contention, voyage annually in an ellipse covering six or seven thousand miles, projecting their course with unerring certainty—even though the locality be shrouded in the densest fog. Prybylov, the discoverer of these islands, strove for years to find them, and though possessing every appliance of navigation, his effort availed him naught until the roaring of the assembled herd penetrated the thick mist that had so long been their protection. Such instances of occult animal perception could be indefinitely multiplied, and in explanation the writer has to say that every locality may have its distinctive series of radiations. When we view a landscape there are light emanations projected to our eyes from every point, and to the peculiar perceptions of some animals there may be local emanations of a different character, of which we are not cognizant. Not only radium, but a number of other substances are more or less radio-active, even water from deep wells has been found to be so. Moreover, this theory is in accord with some late speculations as to the constitution of matter, which are to the effect that all its forms are simply varieties of motion in the ether, and that all such motions are indefinitely propagated through that mysterious fluid. I believe, however, that the faculty of keeping in constant touch with a desired locality is only exceptionally possessed by dogs, horses, and other animals, but that fishes and far roving birds are so endowed, I feel certain. The swordfish and the tunny voyage to our coast annually from the Mediterranean. Whales undoubtedly roam thousands of miles, and fish generally probably wander as much as birds.

Not only do I maintain that many animals have a perception of remote and unseen objects, but also of each other, and of each other's mental states. When each member of a vast shoal of herring floating upon the ocean's surface simultaneously flicks its tail and disappears beneath the surface, the community of action necessarily implies an instantaneous transmission of the impulse, and the same may be said of the aerial evolutions of immense flocks of birds. It may be said as a possible explanation that every thought or impulse emanating from the human or animal brain is the result of distinctive motions of infinitesimal portions of its substance, and that these motions may be translated through the ethereal medium, of which they form a part.

Does Mr. Hallock, in his suggestion that animals may enjoy an after life, consider all that it implies? Shall beast continue to subsist upon beast? Is the world to come to be one of ravine and slaughter? And if so, what is that world into which death enters,

to what else is it a prelude? For myself, I do not believe that an animal can project itself into even its mundane future. I hold that the morrow never enters its consciousness, that it has no anticipatory joys or fears. A dog, upon observing evidences of an impending outing, may be transported with delight, but his emotion is stirred by visible and well recognized preliminaries. That he ever of himself contemplates such outings, or that, like ourselves, he lives in dread or inpleasurable anticipation I do not believe, nor that the memory of suffering or of gratification in the past survives to depress or cheer. This oblivion of the past and future is the secret of the animal's contentment, and in this respect his lot is to be envied. That the bee does not store up its honey with a consciousness of the advantage to be derived has been demonstrated, and like the bee the animals cannot confront an exigency unknown in their experience, their mental equipment suffices to maintain their species and it, therefore, possesses not that of which it has no need.

Permit me to say a few words in reply to Hermit's further advocacy of his contention that with animals' parental instruction largely takes the place of inherited instinct in fitting their offspring for the battle of life. A kitten of proper stock will easily kill a rat of nearly its own size, and the nipping of the cervical vertebrae of its victim may be wholly untaught. Is its feat more remarkable than the inherited tendency of a bulldog to pin a large animal by the nose, or of a ferret to bite the cerebellum? Some species of wasps paralyze their prey by stinging it in certain motor centers, and the insect thus disabled affords a store of sustenance for the wasp's growing offspring that slowly devour the crippled creature, and thus the juvenile wasp, though abandoned by its parents, thrives for weeks upon the living provender that is furnished. When, in turn, it becomes mature, it seeks the particular insect that its species affects. A spider is given a single sting in the central ganglion, a cricket is pierced in three different nerve centers, and will live in a comatose condition six weeks or more; the great Texas spider surviving in such state much longer. Caterpillars are punctured in eight or nine places, and the head is also partially crushed. In all these instances an inherited memory is undoubtedly the spring of action. Yet with the cat Hermit would probably maintain that it officiates at a sort of feline kindergarten, grounding its brood in the rudiments of their future activities, and that without such impartment of parental knowledge the neglected offspring would perish by reason of their ignorance or inaptness. I deny that animals, as a rule, possess intelligence or reasoning power, because such acquirement is not necessary to sustain them in their struggle for existence. Nature furnished them with an equipment just sufficient to maintain their species; with that accomplishment evolution ceases, for the selective causes no longer exist. No species of animal depends upon intelligence in its contention with others; there appear to be no factors tending to evolve a reasoning faculty; ergo, it is absent. To my mind, Hermit's illustrations upon this subject carry no more conviction than does his recent deduction concerning the position of a cat's ear, which he contends signifies no when flattened and yes when erect or pointed forward. Now a cat, like a horse or dog, will retract its auricular appendages when fighting, for such projecting portions of its anatomy are readily exposed to bites, hence a retracted ear, with various animals, is an indubitable sign of displeasure, real or affected. In horned animals this expression is absent, for they do not bite in their contests. An animal that will invent signs for yes and no will not stop at that accomplishment; upon such signs must necessarily hinge others, and I think that if Hermit had fully studied out his cat's presumptive vocabulary he would have had material for a dictionary of substantial proportions, and thereby enabled people to express themselves felinely, so to speak.

A. H. GOURAUD.

BROOKLYN.

A Snake and His Meal.

VANCOUVER, B. C., July 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a photograph which may be of interest to the readers of your natural history column.

While walking along the beach near here with two companions, we came across the snake crawling over the sand. We started to tease him with a small stick,



SNAKE AND FISH.

which appeared to make him very angry. During the game we scratched him down the back with the stick, upon which he disgorged the fish seen in the foreground of the picture. We measured the fish, which was 5½ inches long, and then the snake, which was 20 inches long, took his photograph and let him go to hunt another meal.

The snake was a common one along our rocky shores, black, with gray markings.

Being a circumstance which one does not witness every day, I thought it worthy of record.

H. G. BREEZE.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Horse Came Back.

A HORSE belonging to A. M. Locke, of this city, freed himself last night from the stables of the late Rev. Solomon Clark, in Plainfield, and was found in his stall at the Smith Car bakery's stables this morning. Mr. Locke was much surprised to find his homesick horse waiting for him upon his arrival at the office this morning, and, though the animal is quite human in nature, yet he did not convey any intelligible signs as to the circumstances under which he was present. Mr. Locke then telephoned to Plainfield to determine whether his sons, Owen and Walter, who arrived at Plainfield Sunday afternoon for a vacation, were aware of the horse's departure. But the boys were sound asleep and not guilty of the whereabouts of their good beast. Later investigation showed Mr. Locke that the horse freed himself during the night, returning to his home in this city, a distance of twenty miles, and never having traveled over the road but once before. The horse was in good condition, unheated and without a scratch. This is a very uncommon feat for a horse to make in this part of the country, but in the Pacific States freed horses travel seventy-five or a hundred miles quite often.—*Hampshire Gazette*, Northampton, Mass.

Furs and Fur-Bearing Animals in Siberia.

R. T. GREENER, United States Commercial Agent, Vladivostok, writes: The fur trade in this province is in a critical condition. Prices have fallen very much, and first-class furs are hard to get. Buyers complain that through the action of some English traders a few years ago in paying extravagant prices to the natives for furs—furs ultimately sold by the buyers at a loss—the regular prices were greatly inflated. Hunters complain that fur-bearing animals are constantly growing scarcer in Siberia.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

One of Canada's Hunting Grounds.

A NUMBER of the habitations of game have been, from time to time, styled "The Sportsman's Paradise," and, while the accounts of these localities have furnished very delightful reading, because of allusions to a great variety of game and its easy acquisition, the enjoyment of their attractions—as in the case of the Paradise of our Sunday School days—is only open to a favored few. Time, that is not heavily scored against by each succeeding set of sun, and a source of "wherewithal" that does not overbearingly demand superintendence, are requisites of these remote fabled lands of plenty, and, therefore, he who is possessed by manias of hunting and fishing, but whose opportunity for indulging them is limited to, say, three weeks in each year, and, furthermore, who must have some regard for the 'tarnal cost of things, is apt to be at a loss to find a place where, during these precious moments of irresponsibility he, a slave to time and penury, can substitute for a bustling city, discordant noises and vitiated air, a slumbering forest, an "audible stillness" as (Thoreau would term it), a vitalizing atmosphere, and, to boot, feel a reasonable certainty of getting a shot at big game.

With the hope of aiding some embryonic or wandering or dissatisfied sportsman (who may take exception to Maine's new law), to a decision for the coming season, either by telling of a retreat that will, or, putting it negatively, will not, appeal to him, we call attention to that little portion of the large Province of Quebec which is almost severed from its moorings by the mighty River St. Lawrence and its tributaries, St. Maurice and Saguenay; a bit of country as picturesque as the views of it from these bordering waters suggest. It is made up of as many hills as its acres will accommodate, for no sooner does one subside than another rises, in an effort to form a larger billow, and in between them all are energetic "little rivers" or deep placid lakes of various sizes and shapes.

There is no vantage point from which to get extended views of this interesting territory, excepting the Terrace in Quebec and occasional rises in the road leading through its sparsely settled clearings, as one drives toward the entrance to its fastnesses, because it is almost completely veiled by woods. Therefore recollections of it must be made up of a mental collection of such landscapes as are revealed to the traveler when he parts the "bush" on arriving at the margin of each succeeding lake and imagines himself the discoverer, because, seemingly, such seclusive quiet and placidity have never been disturbed by the human voice or the canoe paddle.

A wonderfully beautiful and fascinating wilderness, and so orderly withal; never a tree or bough falls but that it is soon concealed by decorative lichens of harmonizing colors; the occasional gaunt and spectral arms of a dead tree are gracefully festooned by waving gray mosses, and the shores of the lakes are bordered so evenly by the vigorous growth of stately fur trees that "waste land" is certainly a misnomer.

No landscape gardener ever produced such effects as these, and in recognition of the rare beauty of this section of country, the Canadian Government has set apart a tract of 2,500 square miles, naming it Laurentides National Park, with the same object as the Algonquin Park of the Province of Ontario and the Yellowstone Park of the United States, viz.: the preservation of game and forests. Adjacent to the Laurentides Park are very many miles of a similar character, some sections of which, occasionally as large as the park itself, are leased by the Government to incorporated fish and game clubs, and this co-operation between the Government and clubs results in a huge game preserve under systematic and thorough patrol, which is open to any licensed sportsman, during the appropriate seasons, who complies with the Government's require-

ments or procures admission into a club's territory.

So, having provided himself with the "open sesame" to the park, to a club preserve or to the unclaimed country nearby, a sportsman may, in the evening of the second day after leaving New York City, sup on trout and sleep under blankets on the edge of a hunting ground combinedly as convenient, promising and inexpensive as can be pointed out on the map of North America.

Owing to the density of the forest hereabouts, it would seem to be impossible to deplete the trout or exterminate the animals and game birds that are indigenous to this latitude, even though no protection were accorded them; and, since there are protective laws, and since they are now enforced with such perseverance and rigor as never before, there is bound to be an increase of fishes, beasts and birds.

A descendant of the Huron tribe of Indians, who has trapped in this vicinity for over forty years, said last autumn that his two months' visit of the preceding winter yielded him over fifty pelts of the bear, otter and marten. Of moose and caribou he saw many, and their wanderings at that season of the year often extend to the bordering settlements.

The timber has never been cut or burned, and when the loud report of a falling tree reverberate through the forest, causing the browsing animals to lift their heads and the hunter to pause and listen with wonderment, it is because it was ripe in years and had precisely fulfilled its lawful functions. They lie as they have fallen, frequently forming stiff hurdles for weary legs and sometimes an abatis, soon to be covered by a pall of the beautiful fungi.

To come upon the alert animals unawares, while scaling these breastworks, is too much to expect, and therefore the only way to get within rifle range is by visiting the lakes or an occasional marsh, where the water-loving beasts disport themselves while browsing on the bordering grasses or overhanging shrubs.

The hunter doesn't have things all his own way, and this uncertainty only serves to intensify his interest and magnify his success. A man versed in woodcraft has been known to have gone into these woods for five successive years without securing a head, notwithstanding the fact that many men with less experience, and some with none, have brought out prizes from the same vicinity in each of these seasons. Inexperienced men sometimes accomplish surprising results because of their greater caution and a more explicit reliance upon instinct when hunting. There was a young fellow down in Maine some years ago who was so green in experience that he did not shoot at a swiftly running deer because he "expected it to break its neck at any minute." He excited mirth among the older sportsmen when he would begin still-hunting the moment he passed from the shadow of the camp, and yet at the end of their respective visits the tenderfoot had bagged more game than any other member of the party.

In the section of country under discussion discouragement is averted by the probable appearance of fresh signs of the moose or caribou in the mornings within short distances of the camp, and at frequent intervals during a day's travel on the portages and around the lake shores. The reading of these marks on the soft vegetable mould is exceedingly interesting, as every woods lover knows, and to have as an associate a guide who is a very Indian and always aware of a recent disturbance of the surface soil, quick to detect the cause as well as the why and wherefore of it, adds much to one's enjoyment of a day's hunt or journey. For instance, a moose track entered the "road" we traveled one day last autumn; it was the mark of a young animal, and he had the start of us by almost two days—so the signs told us. Ere long the boot print of a hunter, with guides in mocassins, also entered the path, and their imprints were just about the same age as those of the animal; but probably the latter was in advance, because the scent of the men's tracks might have driven him from the line of march. For possibly two miles these footprints of men and beast commingled, and we actually entered into the spirit of the chase, so clearly could we imagine the eagerness of the hunter's desire. The trail led us to a lake, where we took to our canoe, and fifty yards from the place of embarkation, on a little point of land, lay the carcass of a young bull moose, with a bullet hole over the heart. His tracks in the sand of the shallow arm of the lake showed where he had halted to browse, and he was probably so engaged when the hunter hove into sight. They saw each other, and as the moose reached the shore line, one well-aimed shot laid him low and the story was told.

With the fisherman visitor there is but one uncertainty—that of the size of the trout. He may have his flies besieged by fingerlings, which sometimes welcome the decorated hook in schools and with surprising gymnastic performances, or he may land the "busting" five-pounder. Throughout this neighborhood the trout seem to have almost exclusive possession of the waters; and while they afford much better sport in June, July and August, they still take the fly quite freely in September, and may be confidently relied upon by the hunter for food.

Partridges, so called, of both varieties, are plentiful, and, like the trout, may always be taken into account when preparing the provision list.

Ducks frequently cross the line of travel, usually in trios, for some reason or other; but several independent groups are frequently found on the same body of water. The ground rises sharply from the lake shores, and as these elevations are very much increased by the surrounding fir trees, the ducks must make three complete circumnavigations of any small lake before attaining a sufficient elevation to clear the obstructions, and the man with a shotgun gets fine sport.

The French-Canadian guides differ in several ways from any others. They are not, generally speaking, such astute hunters as those of Maine and the Adirondacks, and who could expect them to be after seeing the loads they shoulder? They are more of the nature of *couvreurs des bois*, and their pay is on that basis, a dollar and a quarter per day. They carry no weapons

unless the hunting knife and ax may be so called, and this fact serves to concentrate their interest in the sportsman's opportunities. When hunting on their own account they use antiquated "ram-shackle" firearms that are a menace to every living thing in sight. They hold the weapon in a manner calculated to save as many fingers as possible when the explosion comes, and invariably, even at the risk of losing a shot, cross themselves before pulling the trigger. They will guide you to lakes containing many fish or the larger fish, as you prefer, or to the well-known feeding grounds of game, and will there await developments with a keen interest.

It is only an occasional guide who will venture from the blazed trails to find a new lake in unexplored territory, where the scent of human kind has never awakened dread in the senses of the neighboring animals. They have enviable dispositions, are devout, abstemious, possessed of wonderful endurance, and are so generally satisfactory that one feels a hesitancy in meddling with their private affairs by asking them to bathe, even when they, in time, arrive at a parlous stage of gameness. It is not at all surprising that the juvenile and fastidious hunter should have shown signs



TRAVEL IN CANADA.

of indignation when his guide, in a characteristically meek and impersonal manner, diagnosed the escape of the game, "because dey smells you." Another weakness of these individuals is the ceaseless clatter of their French tongues when off duty and in a group. They must repeat themselves many times, for surely there are not enough subjects of conversation under heaven to supply these fellows with material for a two weeks' campaign. One loses patience with their garrulity.

The visitor to this part of the world can take things easy if he chooses and gain in *avoir du poise*, or he can cover more territory and on departure from the forest be in a physical condition that would win the approval of a football coach. In either case, if he becomes possessed of the placid and careless spirit of the woods, he will readily excuse the return to savagery of Darwin's supposed reclaimed Patagonians, for even after a brief period of complete freedom from irritation and care, spent in the rare atmosphere of these Laurentian hills, dressed and shod with almost barbaric simplicity and comfort, a feeling of rebellion accompanies a return to the centers of trade and the prescribed uniform of advanced civilization.

BALTIMORE.

How I Got My First Antelope.

In the fall of 1886 I visited a friend in one of the extreme western counties of Kansas. The surrounding country was then new, having received its first settlers the year before, and it was no uncommon sight to see antelope roaming about. However, I was not favored with a sight of any until one evening, when I got into a buggy with my friend Max to go over eastward on business.

I took my gun, hoping to see some game. The sun was not high, and Max drove rapidly that we might get back before dark. After we had gone perhaps three miles, Max called my attention to some moving objects ahead of us, and on the opposite side of what seemed to be a deep and wide gorge in the plain. The objects were mere specks to us, and I at once suggested that probably we were looking at nothing more uncommon than some settler's barnyard fowl.

However, as we came nearer our hens began to change in appearance, and on coming still nearer, "It is antelope!" cries Max.

"Why, yes," I answer, "why did we not think of that before?" And I grasp my Winchester and raising the rear sight am ready for a long shot. But when I look up, the antelope have passed from sight, for we are going down into a gorge which runs at an angle with and opens into the very one in which we now suspect the antelope are grazing. In the angle between the two gorges is a high ridge which Max thinks I had best climb, for being once at its top, my view will command all shooting range. Max will stay where he is with the buggy until he hears my firing, when he is to drive rapidly around the foot of the ridge.

I become very much excited. Game like this is a new and heretofore entirely unseen thing to me. Eagerly I climb that ridge, and nearing its top, get down on my hands and knees, trailing my gun as best I can. Soon I am at a point from which, peeping over, I can view the whole width of the gorge and its length for a great distance.

But I do not need to look far, for just down below me and not over three-fourths of a city block away from me, and in clear, open sight and grazing quietly, are the antelope—seven of them—beautiful creatures

they are! I can see their eyes distinctly and can almost hear them browse the grass so close are they to me. But I am crouching close to the ground and do not dare to rise, even to a sitting posture, lest I frighten the shy creatures. They do not scent me even now, for the wind, fortunately, is coming from them to me, nor are they likely to see me if I am careful, for I am between them and the setting sun. I am afraid to attempt a shot from here, and looking about for a better position, I notice a large boulder—one about the size of a large dry goods box—sticking itself out of the ground on down the slope toward the antelope perhaps half way. If only I can get behind that rock! Then surely my dreams will come true, for I can rest my rifle on its top and take more certain aim. Besides, I will then be much closer to the game. But to attempt to reach it! Ah, there's the rub! But I must do something for Max is waiting and will not wait long. Hugging my rifle close in my arms I cautiously lie down on the ridge and slowly begin to roll toward that rock, pausing after each turn of the wheel to make sure that the antelope have not sighted me.

After a great many turns and pauses I exult to find myself screened behind that rock. Getting to my feet I lay my rifle across its top and begin casting about for the finest looking antelope. But I am unable to find any difference. All are equally plump.

I sight my gun now at one and now at another. Here is one with its head toward me. Ah, how nicely I could pink him between the eyes! But as I have heard old hunters say that behind the left foreleg is the surest spot, I shall wait until one places himself in position. Of course, when I shoot the game will be mine! No doubt of that! And I glance about for a buggy-way to the place where presently my quarry shall lie. I feel no mistrust of my splendid rifle. Just yesterday I shot several ducks at long distances and missed not once. And, besides, it was offhand; now I have a rest. When I shoot and kill one of these beautiful creatures I shall yet have fifteen shots in my magazine, and most certainly they will not all go amiss as the game scampers away!

Now! See! There is one in position! Quickly I take sight! "Spang!" goes my rifle, and "phiff!" the ball flicks the dust over and beyond where the antelope stood. But the antelope and all its companions are bounding, bunched, up the gorge. Rapidly I fire again and again as they leap away, until all my loads are gone. And I stand dumbfounded at the result: Not an antelope, dead or wounded!

Dumbfounded, now I look at my gun, and now at the antelope, as they stand away across yonder on that high ground and gaze back at me, until Max, having heard my shots, comes driving up the gorge.

"Well!" he says, "how many?"

"None!" I answer, in desperation. "I overshot."

"Look here," he replied, "how are your gun sights?"

Then it flashed over me. I had forgotten to lower the rear sight of the rifle after having raised it for a long-distance shot as we came down in the buggy.

Then I felt as if I had not tasted food for six months and that probably I would never again get my stomach in condition.

WM. J. BECK.

COLUMBUS, Ind.

About Golden Plover.

OMAHA, Neb.—I made mention in a previous letter of the wild ducks' nests found by Dexter L. Thomas on his ranch out in Garfield county a few weeks ago, and of the fact that Mr. Thomas stated that there were more birds breeding this season along the lowlands of the Loup than were ever known before. Yesterday J. D. Brayton, president of the Rock County Bank, at Bassett, this State, was in my office, and he remarked that hundreds of ducks, including canvasbacks, redheads, mallards and about all of our common spring and autumn visitors but the bluebill, had bred about the big rice lakes below Bassett. He said that nothing like it was ever known in that vicinity before and that the citizens of the town drove down there frequently just to watch the birds. Mr. Brayton is a true sportsman, and there are many more like him in his thriving little city, and the nesting birds spoken of were religiously guarded from molestation. Bassett is also the home of Judge J. J. Carlin, probably the best posted naturalist and sportsman in the State. The Judge has made it his personal business to see that the game of Rock county is not unlawfully disturbed, and the consequence is that there is no county in the State where chicken and quail are so plentiful.

In talking over the nesting ducks, Mr. Brayton said that he accounted for the selection of that locality by the birds, the cold, backward spring and the tremendous floods which had existed all through the West, as well as by the natural advantages for breeding purposes the lake-starred plateau below Bassett affords. He also said that several upland plovers' nests had been discovered on the sloping hillsides along the Sunflower, and that an unusual number of golden plover haunted the region this spring. It might not be amiss to state that Garfield and Rock counties are adjacent and that they have always been the center of the most prolific game region of the State. Some of the lakes also furnish good sport for the wielders of the split bamboo and lancewood, black bass abounding plentifully.

Speaking about the golden plover, the bird is extremely rare out here now, but in the old days when I first came to Omaha they were almost as plentiful as the little grass sandpipers. Occasionally in the early autumn some one reports having seen a small bunch of the birds, here, there or somewhere else, but seldom is a gunner encountered who has made a kill, even of a single bird.

Twelve or fourteen years ago there was little sport more interesting or more certain to be rewarded with a good bag than the shooting of this grand little game bird down at Percival or Bigelow, or up at Bancroft or Pendor, or even within an easy walk of Omaha itself, when he visited the broad pastures and plowed fields to the west of us in the early fall. In those days, too, he filled what would have been without him

a monotonous gap in the sport with the gun. The tinkling triplet of the upland plover had died away in the far South; the quack of the mallard and the auh-unk of the goose had not yet awakened the echoes on the marshes, and the open season on quail had not yet arrived, while the jacks were yet loafing in the well tempered airs of the Dakotas at the time this little mottled beauty put in an appearance.

The golden plover used to be familiar here for only about three weeks of September, when the fringed gentian had not yet folded its azure petals, and the high yellow disks of the moccasin still lit up the slanting hillsides, the pink and white of the wild morning glory yet dotted the dusty prairie grasses and splotches of gold and scarlet were encroaching upon the water maple's involucre. That was when the golden plover came down from the north and falling upon our oceans of freshly plowed ground, gorged himself to bursting.

The Nebraska gunner used to call the golden plover prairie pigeon, and the earlier rancher knew them only as rain birds. Many sportsmen, too, confounded the bird with the dowitcher, or better still, the Eskimo curlew, which species almost invariably came down here together, not in intermingling flocks, but simultaneously, after the newly upturned winter wheat fields had been soaked by the summer rains.

I will never forget a shoot I had on golden plover with A. H. Penrose, Johnny Hardin and Billy Townsend, all of the old shooting goods house of Penrose & Hardin, down near McPaul, over the river, in September, 1887. With Dr. Caples, lamented, we got stationed on the margin of a big broken field, from which we had jumped a slather of birds early in the morning, and had but a short time to await their return.

Way up in the sunlit dome they came, sometimes in long, dotted lines or wedge-shaped masses, like blue-bills on the river, now in ragged array, again abreast as evenly as marching infantry. Over the distant timber, where the cottonwood and the elm were yellowing, out over the intervening pastures where the rust was upon the cattle-cropped grass, where the bright gold of the yellowhammer's underwing flashed and gleamed, as the crimson-crested harvester hopped after the scurrying crickets, or when with querulous cackle he darted back spasmodically among the cottonwoods.

There they come now, I really believe, anyway, when I close my eyes it seems so—a long line of softly trilling whistlers, a line of swiftly cleaving wisps of gray and white and black, tinged with a golden bronze, and it matters not how they come, high up in the hazy winds, or low along the ground; their sweet little voices are always in the air, and how murderous man could empty volleys of shot into their ranks is something really to marvel at. But we did it, that September day, over and over again, and thought nothing of it, save to glory in the bag we were piling up.

There was not much need of a blind in shooting plover in those days, a few stalks of the sunflower stuck in the yielding soil, a bunch of tumble weed or low place in the ground, for in answer to their call, which is easily imitated, they would come on in to us with a rush. Hardin and I were at the lower end of the field and both hid behind a single bush of reddish sumach, which John had cut with his jackknife and stuck in the soft ground. In two hours' shooting we killed more birds than can be killed to-day in any region in the world in a week. Penrose and Townsend also had the same kind, although they were way across at the head of the big field and seldom got a crack at the same flocks that came in to us.

Hallowed September day, will thy like ever return? When and where can I once again see such a flying medley of black and gray, and brown and gold and white, jet black feet and bills, and tawny tails barred with ash? Where and when will my strained hearing once more catch that sweet tremolo, so plaintive and mournfully soft?

It will soon be September again down there at McPaul—and the early autumn sun will shine as soothingly from the smoky sky as it did on that day sixteen years ago; bright will be the gold of the flicker's wing, and the lapis lazuli of the lingering lobelia and the yellow disk and purplish rays of the aster will shine across the jet of the winter wheat, on whose borders the fluffy golden rod tinges the gray rag weed just as it did sixteen years ago; but there will be no long lines of brown and white and black, with flashes of bronze and gold, no soft, sweet and tingling unison of speckled throats, no lovely little feathered meteors of the hazy atmosphere over cottonwoods' top, over the close browsed pastures and odorous upturned loam. The golden rod, the poppy, the gentian and moccasin will be there, but no golden plover.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Samoa 'Uma.

SAMOA 'UMA: WHERE LIFE IS DIFFERENT. By Llewella Pierce Churchill. New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Co., \$1.00.

It is not the usual picture of Samoa which one finds in these pages. Mrs. Churchill is convinced that the islands were never worth the price "always exacted from every one who sought to do some good for the island kingdom." The Samoans "are greedy and grasping, puffed up with a sense of their own importance, untruthful and never to be relied upon," and the privations and discomforts of living in the islands are, to a European or American, well-nigh insupportable. The author has had ample opportunity to study the matter. She knows her subject; she is a keen observer, and her views are entitled to respect. Despite her unfavorable depiction of Samoan life and character, she has written a most readable book. Gossipy and familiar in diction, it is yet thoughtful and instructive in substance, and it furnishes a most vivid, if not wholly satisfying, picture of the archipelago. It is not easy to lay down the book once one has fairly started on its perusal.—New York Independent.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Fall Shooting Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 8.—Inquiries begin to come to hand for shooting localities for ducks and chickens this fall. I last week mentioned in these columns those counties in Minnesota which bid fair to be most attractive to the prairie chicken shooter. In addition to this district in Minnesota, there will be a very considerable shooting area in both the Dakotas this season. It is true these Western States are settling up very much, but when all is said and done, there is a lot of open country still left in North and South Dakota. It is hard to patrol and protect these great open stretches, and without question the game laws are not and cannot be fully enforced all over so great a stretch of country; yet none the less the sentiment in favor of the laws has notably increased within the last few years, and the enforcement in the way of seizures, confiscation, etc., in some of the shipping centers has done very much toward teaching the useful fact that the game law is not intended as an absolute dead letter. Therefore, so far from the prairie chicken being an extinct game bird, it is the case that there will be very good shooting indeed over a large stretch of country in Minnesota and in the Dakotas, preferably from 50 to 100 miles west of the eastern line of the latter States.

In Illinois we are in the doldrums. Our trapshooting is a thing of the past. We have a close season of years on the prairie chicken, and the Illinois law makes it necessary for every fellow to go and see the man before he can take out his gun. This is a state of affairs a bit annoying and not altogether welcome to a great many of our shooters. Welcome or not, however, we have to take our medicine; and if we don't want to wait for the quail season or don't want to pay a resident license, we can pay a non-resident license in some other State, of a good deal more formidable proportions, and take our chances with the increasing tide of sportsmen's traffic which goes into the Northwest.

Wisconsin is a State which should not be overlooked by the prairie chicken shooter. Berlin, Babcock, Necedah, Horicon and a great many points in the lower or prairie part of the State to the west of the above-named localities, will turn out a few days' shooting. Waushara county ought not to be overlooked. Wild Rose, Wautoma, Princeton and other points which can be reached easily, touch the country lying to the east of these localities between the Northwestern and the Wisconsin Central railroads. This is a sandy, rolling country, not very closely farmed, with some marshes and a considerable growth of buckwheat. I don't think this district is as good as that around Babcock and Necedah, but know of one man who killed between 150 and 200 chickens and grouse last fall in Waushara county.

Indiana can be marked off the map as a chicken country, pure and simple, and its stiff license law would bar most Chicago shooters, even were there very many prairie chickens left in that State. Iowa has some birds in the northwestern portions, but it is believed from general reports that the wet weather has rather damaged the chicken crop in northern Iowa and southern Minnesota.

It is a little early yet to talk about the quail crop. Last year reports were decidedly discouraging in the upper parts of Illinois, and it is not the case that any large breeding stock went over. If the prevailing wet weather has made it hard for the quails as well as the prairie chickens, then it would seem that we are not to have a very keen season in quail shooting this coming fall. Quails, however, do not drown out as readily as the prairie chickens, and, moreover, they have a mysterious way of disappearing and increasing without any apparent reason therefor; so that, perhaps, after all, we may see Bob White with us again this autumn.

Tamarack Lake District.

A friend of mine much interested in duck shooting, got some advice from Warden Matthews at St. Paul last week which may be useful to others who would like to know where they can get fairly good duck shooting this fall. Mr. Matthews gave Tamarack Lake, in Otter Tail county, as a likely tip, qualifying it with the remark, whose justice will be appreciated by all duck shooters, that it is impossible to tell exactly when the ducks will be found in any given locality or in what numbers.

Nine years ago Tamarack Lake was one of the best mallard waters in the Northwest, and numbers of Chicagoans made annual expeditions to its shores, the drive from Detroit being then something like twenty miles or twenty-five miles. The shooting there was ruined by two market shooters by the names of Griggs and Penniman, who hammered that district mercilessly for a season or more. These men, according to my friend, who formerly shot there, had eighteen blinds in different parts of the lake. These blinds were built snugly with rushes, and were entirely covered over. When the shooters were operating in the blind they had out a large flock of decoys, and each man usually had a couple of guns. As the blind was covered over, the shooting was usually done after the birds had bunched in the water or just above the decoys. My informant, who was shooting with friends in Big Rice Lake, a few miles away, said that he could hear the boom-boom! of the market shooters' guns nearly all day long. They killed a great many thousands of dozens of mallards, so many that they had a team continually on the road taking out their shipments. These market shooters both very famous in their way, and perhaps both good fellows enough in their way, though their lights did not lead them as ours do, formerly shot at Preston Lake, South Dakota, once also a very famous ducking ground. They went back to the Preston Lake country after leaving Tamarack Lake, in Minnesota. They killed so enormous an amount of ducks at Tamarack Lake that citizens of Detroit, under the leadership of a newspaper man, whose name, I think,

was Hamilton, invited them to leave the country, and couched the invitation in such terms that the shooters concluded it wise to depart. Of course this sort of slaughter would be impossible under the 25-birds-a-day clause of the Minnesota law; but the above is not a bad sort of tip as a method of solving the problem of excessive shooting. At any rate, that is the way it was solved on this once famous mallard water some years ago.

Following up the Otter Tail, above Tamarack Lake, one comes to Flat Lake, which, in the opinion of the Indians, a few years ago, was better than Tamarack Lake. My friend, Mr. Wells, of this city, who was formerly familiar with that district, says that it is as good a place for a fall trip as any he ever saw. If it be the case, as Mr. Matthews now thinks, that this lake is taking on some of its old abundance in wild fowl, it is questionable whether a better locality could be found for a ducking trip, and one ought to be reasonably sure, at any time after the northern flight is down, of getting his legal or personal limit without much trouble.

There is good shooting in the Mille Lacs region, also of Minnesota, and there is good duck shooting to be had out of Bemidji. I heard of one party who killed a couple of thousand ducks in the Mille Lacs district last fall.

All in all there is no occasion for the sportsmen of the Middle West to despair. There will be as many birds, both ducks and chickens, in Minnesota, the Dakotas and Wisconsin this fall as there were last year. Granted a good chicken dog and a couple of weeks of time, one ought to be able to make a trip very much worth while.

Ask the Warden.

There is one phase of the work of a State game warden which, it seems to me, might well be emphasized, and which I have never seen mentioned in any quarter. The State game warden, by virtue of his position is, or ought to be, the very man best posted on the game supply. If he doesn't know where the shooting is, then he isn't the kind of game warden he ought to be. If he does know, and if he is a sportsman, as a game warden ought to be, then he ought not to be unwilling to tell fellow sportsmen where the good shooting places are. If he represents a State which has a non-resident license law, he would seem to be all the more bound by several motives, to make public such information upon request. Naturally he wants to collect non-resident licenses to help him in his own State work. He can collect all the more of these if he can give some fair assurance to non-residents that their visits to the shooting country will not be in vain. Heretofore sportsmen have looked very largely to the sportsmen's papers for tips of shooting localities, etc. The papers do their best, but after all they are not wholly infallible and cannot, by the nature of their calling, be so well posted upon all localities as is the man at the center of shooting affairs in any given State. Time and again I send inquiries to Executive Agent Sam F. Fullerton, at St. Paul, Minn., because I know him to be thoroughly well posted in all the shooting and fishing localities of his State, and have never found him otherwise than ready to give assistance by way of detailed information. This entails extra work on the official, but it is work which, it seems to me, is not wholly in vain. The non-resident who goes into another State to shoot ought not to feel a grudge against that State, or the warden of that State, because he pays for the privilege of shooting. He ought not to pass the warden by. In a great many instances it would be of decided benefit if, when he put up his money he established nice personal relations with the very man in the whole State who could be most immediately useful to him by his advice. Maybe I am making Sam Fullerton and other able and obliging State wardens a lot of trouble by this suggestion, but at the same time I do think that this is something which might well be remembered by the State warden of any State whose abundance of game invites non-resident sportsmen's travel.

Speaking of Licenses.

Speaking of licenses, it was an odd thing that happened down at Ottawa, Ill., a few days ago. A young man of the town of Noble was contemplating marriage with a young lady of that neighborhood and approached the clerk with the purpose of securing the necessary license. At that moment the aforesaid clerk was making out a hunting license for an applicant. As the bashful bridegroom was somewhat rattled anyhow, he did not specify just what kind of a license he wanted, and the clerk made him out a hunting license on general principles. This the applicant thrust into his pocket and hastened away. The arrangements proceeded as usual in such circumstances, up to the time when the clergyman demanded the license. When he told the bridegroom that a hunting license would not do under such conditions there was something of a situation.

Grizzlies.

A hurried letter from Jack Monroe, just out of the mountains from a bear hunt with the party of Mr. Pinchot, states that they were fortunate in getting two or three nice grizzlies in at their baits, and I infer that the trip was a pleasant one and successful, as is usually the case when one goes out with Jack Monroe.

Old-Time Duck Shooter.

Mr. J. Swam, of Saperton, B. C., writes: "In reading the FOREST AND STREAM I frequently come across remarks about old age preventing some of us from enjoying ourselves as we formerly did, so I thought I would forward to you the accompanying description of an awful example which may be held out before the boys." The awful example is mentioned in a newspaper clipping from Lundyville, Manitoba, in the following terms:

"The oldest man in Manitoba, John McNabb, of this place, celebrated his one hundred and second birthday to-day, and is looking forward eagerly to the fall, when he expects to enjoy his customary sport of duck hunting."

Mr. McNabb was born in Kildonan, and is of Scotch parentage. He has been a user of tobacco from his youth, and believes the constant use of the weed has tended to lengthen rather than to shorten his life. He has spent the greater part of his life out of doors, having made more than fifty voyages from Winnipeg to York Factory in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company."

E. HOUGH.

ASHLAND BLOCK, Chicago, Ill.

Uncle Doc's Hammerless.

"THESE yer hammerless guns seem all the go now," said Uncle Doc, "but they were small pertaters to the hammerless I had one afternoon when I was a boy. Ever seen the old Queen's arm I got?"

Most of us had. Up at his farm that slopes down to the Little Miami we had seen an unusually long old smoothbore which had, in Doc's father's time, been fitted with a percussion lock and shortened by a foot or so, and still had barrel to spare.

After satisfying himself that we were acquainted with the gun, he continued: "I used to stop school the spring term to help daddy on the farm; but these younger chaps like George [George was sixty-eight last birthday] had to keep on for they wasn't any use and rather in the road at home, and they sent 'em to school to keep 'em out of devilment. One afternoon we want very busy, dad said I could go out and get some squirrels; and I took the old gun and fixin's and went down through the woods. As I passed the old stone schoolhouse I could see the little folks in there all looking as though they'd rather be most anywhere else. I couldn't blame 'em for wantin' to be out in the woods like I was, and pretty soon here come George. He'd wined me and ast the teacher to 'go out,' and he went with me; didn't go to school any more that afternoon.

"George, do you remember how I'd let you shoot when we could get a rest shot at a squirrel?"

"We'd got a right fair bunch before that dad-burned old lock got out o' kelter, and I couldn't conger her up 'thout a file; so I took her off and there I had a genuine hammerless—the first one ever shot in these parts.

"How'd I shoot? W'y, I had an all-fired big jackknife and I opened it up and gave it to George; and when I'd get a squirrel to sit fer his plecter, I'd get rest side of a tree and aim, hold steady and duck my head down and say 'Ready,' and George'd hit the cap a clip with the handle of the knife, and I most always got my squirrel. George'd hold one hand up in front of his face fer fear of cap or powder 'fore he'd crack her.

"No, George, I won't forget about the pheasant. We'd hunted down across Harner's Run and back of Cedar Banks. George he saw a bunch up on a lim' and showed me. I says, 'Don't say a word or look that way. It's a pheasant,' and I walked him off another direction till we came to a leanin' tree and I got a good rest and a good sight and says, 'Ready,' and he cracked down on the old gun barrel, missin' the cap entirely. 'Durn yer plecters,' says I, 'why don't you hit her.' I was gittin' nervous, and I guess he was, too, fer he missed her agin. 'Dad-burn ye! can't ye hit her?' I got another sight on the bunch, an' more by accident than anything else he hit the cap.

"Yes, we got the pheasant, fer I hadn't been sightin' at his head like I did at the squirrels. I shot at the biggest bunch that time; and I tell ye, boys, I believe me 'n George and my old hammerless got the last pheasant in these parts at that shot. I never heard o' one since."

And here George put in: "I tell you, Doc, it just made me sick to have to go home without any of those squirrels; but I knowed if I did dad'd lick me fer playin' hookey from school."

FIFI.

More About Game Preserves.

I WOULD recommend to the careful reading of Mr. William H. Avis the following sentence from the pen of Didymus, who, in referring to the conversion of our wild forest lands into big private game preserves, says, "I also assert that it is foolish in policy, as it arouses bitter animosities, and the spirit of revenge which it incites is not in the interest of the owner or the preservation of the forests, as the recent incendiary fires sufficiently proves."

This puts the whole case in a nutshell, and as "the sentiment is sound, because it is built upon the foundation of truth," it may possibly convince Mr. Avis that there are two sides to this game preserve question, as well as to most other questions, and that those who have dared to differ with him as to the wisdom of his method of forest, fish and game preservation, are not necessarily hypocrites, envious souls, or haters of the rich.

I do not agree with those who think the private game preserve is necessary to preserve fish and game for future generations. If preserves are necessary let them be State or national preserves, and let everybody stand upon an equal footing with respect to them.

But as far as I am able to judge, preserves of any sort are not a necessity in the Adirondacks, where game of all kinds is more than holding its own. Our game laws, which are made better and still better, and more stringent as occasion demands, shows that the people are alive to the subject of game preservation, and need no help from the private preserve owner. At the same time there is no objection to that class of preserves that are built up out of lands which were originally barren of game and fish, which are stocked at the owner's expense, and which are used to propagate game and fish with the ultimate object of increasing the general supply. The owners of such preserves are philanthropists, who deserve, and who generally receive the heartfelt thanks of their countrymen. The objection is to the grabbing of vast tracts of wild forests and waters which are well stocked with game and fish, by persons who have no other thought or intent than to exclude others from enjoyments which they want exclusively for themselves.

There is no parallel between such preserve owners

and the farmer who posts farm lands. In the case of the farmer the posting is done in comparatively thickly settled districts to preserve his crops, fences and stock from injury. Then it is a matter of record that the farmer almost invariably grants the privilege of shooting and fishing on his lands to those who ask for, and who do not abuse the privilege. In the exceptional cases where the farmer arbitrarily excludes everybody, he has been denounced in unmeasured terms and has found no Avis to defend his action. If we apply Mr. Avis' system of reasoning in making a deduction from this fact, we much reach the conclusion that the farmer is not defended because he is poor, and that these preserve owners are defended because they are rich.

Who ever heard of one of these preserve owners granting the privilege of shooting and fishing in his preserve to all applicants on the condition that they behave themselves like gentlemen? Why the mere asking for such privilege would be resented as an impertinence. It is this difference between the farmer and the preserve owner that causes all the bitterness against the preserve owner, while there is none against the farmer.

It seems to me that those who advocate turning over to the millionaire preserve owner the preservation of our forests, fish and game, cannot be aware of the extent and intensity of this bitterness, or how certain it is to spread and intensify as more and more of our wild forest lands are fenced in and the opportunities for recreation are more and more curtailed.

Now I ask in all candor, and with envy and hatred toward none, is it wise to advocate a policy which is almost certain to bring ruin and destruction on the very things which we wish to preserve? Is it just to advocate a policy which gives to the few that which is necessary for the well being, and which of right belongs to the many?

Is it patriotic to advocate a policy which is un-American in principle and an insult to the intelligence of our people?

I think that these questions should have careful and impartial consideration so that wise and intelligent action may be taken.

Personally, I have but little interest in this matter, aside from a desire to see right and justice prevail. I certainly harbor no feelings of envy or hatred of the rich as a class. Many of my best friends are people of wealth, and I heartily agree with Mr. Avis that many rich people are using their wealth to make the world better and happier. On the other hand, many rich people are using their wealth solely to gratify their own selfish desires regardless of the rights and well-being of their fellow men. I believe it to be the duty of all good citizens to rebuke those who use wealth in the latter way. Education first and an intelligent use of the ballot afterward is the correct way to administer this rebuke.

JOS. W. SHURTER.

GANCEVOORT, Aug. 5.

Editor Forest and Stream:

What can anyone who knows anything of history think of Raymond S. Spears' statement that "In France this same question of game preserves flamed into revolution."

The inference is that game preservation was the cause of the French Revolution, or at least was one of the main causes. Of course everything pertaining to the old regime was inveighed against, but game laws were nothing to the citizens of Paris, who would not know a grouse from a small barnyard fowl if he saw them alive. Paris and the other great cities were France in those days, and in writing for people who do not know, it is unfair to talk of game preservation as a cause of the Revolution. To those who do know, it is absurd.

I observe Mr. Spears is left to fight his battle without much assistance. There are not many of the supporters of FOREST AND STREAM who like anarchistic and communistic teachings. "H" does indeed try to say something in favor of his chief, but gets out of his depth at the first step. He supposes "it is generally known that nearly all the tillable land in England is owned by a score or two of the lordly old families to whom it has descended from feudal times," and also tells us that "scarcely any grain is raised in the country, for the reason that very little land is obtainable by the working classes to raise it on, and England must import her breadstuffs and lose a great proportion of her population that ought to be kept to enrich the nation." It would hardly be possible for one to lay bare one's utter ignorance more completely than "H." has done in these few lines. Time is wasted on such as he.

I have used a gun and rod for many years. I love the woods, but I detest this mixing up of talk of love of nature with love of slaughter. It seems to me hypocritical cant. You can travel through most game preserves unarmed and welcome. It is only he who "loves the grand old woods" so well that he wants to murder its denizens who raises an outcry about game preservation.

I have had a great deal of pleasure in seeing how close we could drift to a deer feeding at the water's edge before it took the alarm, and I have watched the movements of wild game with a gun across my lap which I would not use, and had more enjoyment than in killing.

LEXDEN.

MICHIGAN CITY, Ind

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., August 7.—I can only attribute the great number of deer seen in this vicinity, on both sides of the Connecticut River, within the past two years, in one case seven in a herd, to the overflow of the Blue Mountain Park twenty miles north of here, established by the late Austin Corbin. I think this increase is of itself evidence and argument in favor of the game preserve, for it does not seem possible that all these animals should have come down from the north end of the State beyond the White Mountains.

VON W.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Who Protect the Game and Why.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In Mr. Thayer's article in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 8, there are a few points made which I cannot let pass without having a word to say. He quotes from Mr. Charles L. Paige in July 4 number: "In many cases it is the men who kill animals directly who are most active in preserving and increasing the animals for a useful purpose. The men who shoot game are at the present time the men who are most earnest in the efforts to protect and provide for it." Mr. Thayer says, "Does Mr. Paige mean this for a joke?" I do not know whether he intended it for a joke or not, but I should say he most assuredly did not. Does Mr. Thayer mean that it is a joke that sportsmen protect game for a "useful purpose," or that they protect it only to kill it. If the former, I claim that it is for a useful purpose that sportsmen hunt and kill game; if the latter, I think Mr. Thayer is carrying it a little too far. I pretend to be a sportsman, and as such as just as much interested in the protection of game in parts of the country where I never expect to kill any, as I am in localities where I expect to derive direct benefit from its protection, and I think if my hunting days were over I should still be interested in its protection, and if I understand myself correctly, from a sportsman's standpoint.

Mr. Thayer goes on in reference to the work of the Biological Survey, which, of course, is doing a grand work, and says, "and that as a choice of evils, it often joins ranks with sportsmen, preferring to keep up a species even for them to decimate rather than to see it vanish altogether." This is compliment enough, although Mr. Thayer designates it as a "choice of evils," but, nevertheless, he admits that it is the sportsmen who have done the most to keep up the species. In joining with the sportsmen, the Biological Survey is uniting with the strongest force in game protection, whether that is exerted to preserve the game for "useful purposes," or that they may kill it. The results are what count. It is the sportsmen who are limiting the bags. It is the sportsmen who passed the laws to protect the bull moose, and it is the sportsmen who have passed the laws to protect species for a period of years in sections where those species are liable to become extinct. This may not be scientific protection, but it is using pretty good judgment.

Mr. Thayer contrasts "the naturalist striving to save it to study and admire," and "the sportsman, on the other hand, that they may kill it." I would like to ask if there are not naturalists who are sportsmen and sportsmen who are naturalists? I think a good percentage of the sportsmen are naturalists to some extent or other. Has not the sportsman the capacity to study and the soul to admire game in its wild state? A true sportsman has no desire to kill all of the game he sees. Science is indebted in many ways to sportsmen and hunters for much of the knowledge acquired about game.

DIXMONT.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Why Not?

MUCH has been written, much more has been left unwritten, because it wouldn't be printable, and still there rangles in the breast of many manly men unsaid things of "field companions." The subject is so broad and so diversified in general results that to my mind a general discussion can never cover it. Individual nature alone seeking a kindred spirit can best create many problems instead of solving one.

A gentleman was recently pointed out to me in a café as being a fine sportsman, the best of fellows at home and at the club, but a hermit in his hunting. I afterward met this man and spoke to him of his reputation and habits a-field. He smilingly replied, "Well, I have tried them all, and they won't do. Why there is Mr. A. I simply love that man; he is the best ever, and I want to keep on loving him, and the only way to do it is to leave him at home."

We all know a Mr. A. or two, the world is full of them; on the other hand I believe there are a goodly bunch of "Col's," men who should wear the soubriquet from manly actions on the field of flush and flutter, or the streams of "laughing waters." I personally know some A's and some Col's. "So do we all of us."

Observation teaches us that in recent years it is being discovered that she, who pours our coffee, and to a greater or lesser degree plays the harp that brings the best music to our destinies, she whose gently touch makes love mirrors of our dogs' eyes, she who believes we need a new gun to wear away the effects of our burdensome business cares more than she needs a new fur coat, she whose admiration for the delicate, makes the fly-rod more beautiful to her, as it seems so to fit her entire nature—she may be the one in whom we shall find an ideal companion for our outing.

Why not, then, take her along, thus brightening the sunshine and intensifying our pleasures in camp and a-field. She will take the coaching and the complaining with the same equanimity. It gives one the chance of "knowing it all" more than in any other walk in life; she bows to his supreme prowess; one kill in twenty makes a double hero of him instead of a "dub" in faster company; excuses are all framed with reason; and he comes home only to find that the front door should be enlarged to admit his expansive self. Then, too, that mountain air, and the fatigue of the trip cause refreshing sleep to her, and cares of home drop into insignificance. Of course, she cannot go so far nor so long as her bigger and more rugged other self; yet a little tramp is to her what a long one is to us. She can't wade a rushing stream, but most streams have their pools, and some pools are beside a delightful bank. And then comes the bass fishing in a boat.

She takes up little room, does not make the rowing much harder, and at this game see to it that when you get home a "coal hole" won't admit your 200 pounds, while she squeezes in the front door.

In the South, where in many places shooting is done from a wagon or from horseback, she can gladden the day by her presence at all hours, and not spoil the shooting much.

My first experience was on the Indian River in Florida, when Madame took six big trout to his two; later on the Halifax, when Madame put all men to blush by her captures; and again on the Willowemoc, when Madame had three rises to his one; and again on Hunter's Lake, at DeBruce, Sullivan county, New York.

They were at The Heathstone Inn, when he asked Mr. Royce to call him at 5 o'clock in the morning. Madame said, "That must include me." At 6 the next morning they were off on a buckboard for the lake. At 7 they embarked in a cross between a sail boat and a wash tub, but just the sort of a boat for bass fishing, inasmuch as it would go everywhere at once. They cast their attractions overboard and fishing began.

In a little while he cried, "Turn the boat; my bait is moving away. There! steady it there! Madame, just move up to that next seat! Willie, hand me that landing net! Paddle on the left side! My dear, sit still! What are you moving for? There will be trouble here in a minute! Please reach over and take my pipe. Can't you keep this boat pointed the other way? There! I guess I have given him line enough. Keep your rod away from mine. Reel in your line. Don't you see you are in my way? Reel in faster! I'm going to strike him now. Now!" And with a lunge backward the rod makes a flying leap, unweighted by even the bait—'tis only the weight of his boots that keeps him in the boat.

Did Madame smile? No. Did she know better? No. In that gentle heart of hers was nothing but sympathy, and the forms of reason had been built for those excuses long years before.

Chapter two of the doings that morning adds at least a moral to the subject of Field Companions. A little later a bass madly grabbed Madame's bait with a rush born of despair, shot skyward and at the limit of his ascent cast the bait and hook three feet in the air, and scurried to his hidden depths to think it over. Madame flushed and stamped her foot, while he said, "Why didn't you keep a taut line on him? Why didn't you work your rod close to the water? Why didn't you see he was coming to the surface? Why didn't you ——" Here he is interrupted by the whizz of his own flying reel, recovers his rod and the fight begins with, "I'll show you how it's done now." He stands up, sends the rod along the surface of the water, straining it in every joint, once around the boat; then back and forth, suddenly a pickerel two feet long heaves in sight by the side of the boat, "sees things," and with a lunge that drenches Madame from head to foot, disappears to rise no more, while he, crestfallen, sits him down, and well framed excuses are in evidence in great abundance. Does Madame smile? Yes. Didn't she know better? Yes. Wasn't it the wrong time to smile? No.

At 1 o'clock they drive up to the Inn, and two magnificent bass are laid on the stepping stone, while Madame is congratulated by all. Did she catch them both? Yes. He managed the boat.

Proprietor Royce notches the kitchen table where the two fish lie. The bass record is held by Madame at DeBruce.

Why not take her along? T. E. BATTEN.

Trout, Deer and Exploring.

[Being a report from a brother in Vermont to a brother in Pennsylvania.]

NORTH BENNINGTON, Vt., Aug. 4.—I must tell you of my fishing trip on the Fourth this year. I went alone, as I always do, not that I don't like company, but I never found anyone who could follow me on my long tramp, and the other fellow seldom wants to go the same direction. I had been planning to go for some time, and as Saturday was the Fourth and I would have Sunday to get back; I started Friday morning.

In the first place I took too much grub, and so had much useless weight to carry. I took one of those canvas valises that expand, a small spider that would go inside, bread, bacon, cheese, tea, catsup and numerous other supplies. This was all a mistake; if you ever go on such a trip remember and go light. I got away at 5:30 in the morning. It was three miles to the foot of the mountain, and I took it easy. I crossed the first ridge and got to the Taft Branch at 10. Here I filled the kettle and had a good dinner, rested an hour, then started to fish up the stream. By 1 I had 32 trout, and as I could not use any more, quit and struck over the next ridge to the east. About 3 I could hear water run somewhere, and soon came to a small stream running north. I went along until I found a good place to camp, got out my pack, took my ax and soon had a bough house built. I cut down a dead spruce for wood, then went to the brook and dressed the trout. I could see lots of small trout in this stream. When I had a good bed of coals I fried the fish, four spiders full. You can imagine the feast I had that night. It was warm and snug in the lean-to, with a roaring fire in front. I went to sleep about 9, and except for fixing the fire once in a while, slept very good.

In the morning the sun rose clear, and after breakfast I took a straight course for the east, intending to strike the Deerfield River. I came out on a high cliff, and climbed a tree to get the lay of the land. There was a wide valley, and then another high ridge, all heavily timbered with spruce. I struck out, and in about an hour came to a brook. Here I could see more trout, but I wanted to explore, so kept right on. Pretty soon I saw a fawn run out of the brush, and a big doe followed. They were only about thirty yards away; before I reached the top I saw three more, all does, and all within range. On this ridge it was good

walking, the ground being covered with moss. After going a mile or so it began to descend, and I could see a great level tract, and beyond was another mountain. As it got lower, I came into a hardwood growth, here I saw another doe, which ran a little way and stopped; she kept looking toward a clump of brush, and soon a big buck with short spikes ran out. After crossing two more brooks I reached the west branch of the Deerfield at about 12:30. I got dinner, caught a few nice trout, then thought how foolish it would be to catch a lot, as they would spoil before I could get home.

I wanted to find Lost Pond, and as I figured it, must be about northeast from where I now was. I struck a straight course and traveled steadily until 4 P. M., when I thought it time to call a halt for the night.

In the morning I looked my best, but could not find the pond. I think it must be grown up to alders; there are very few who can find it now, as there is no outlet. I finally gave it up and struck for the Roaring Branch, which runs into Arlington. I came out at a deserted mill on that stream, and fished down two miles or so until I got my 6-pound basket full of fine ones. Then I went down the branch to Arlington, reaching there at 6, and had to wait until 9:30 for the train. I never had a better time. Come up next summer and we will find Lost Pond. NED.

Fish and Fishing.

Desirable Legislation Refused.

At the last meeting of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, complaint was made by the lessees of Canadian salmon rivers, of the difficulty of securing convictions under the Canadian law against parties known to be poachers, and possessing the necessary implements of their illegal calling in close proximity to the salmon pools, unless proof is forthcoming that they have actually been seen in the very act of violating the law. A resolution was unanimously adopted by the Association and forwarded to the Federal Government, asking for the amendment of the law so as to provide that it be a punishable offense to possess spears or other appliances for illegally taking fish at times or places where it is unlawful to use the same. I regret to have to state that notwithstanding the generous support of the request given by the Minister of Justice for Canada—Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick—I have been officially informed by the Minister of Marine and Fisheries "that this question has in the past formed the subject of consideration of this department, and the conditions have been such as to render it inadvisable, if not, indeed impracticable, to attempt such broad legislation as is suggested." This decision of the Minister is the more to be regretted that it is often impossible to secure convictions against poachers known to be such, under the law as it at present stands. Only to-day I read a report in a New Brunswick paper of alleged dynamiting on the upper waters of one of the best tributaries of the Restigouche for salmon. So long as it is impossible to convict and punish offenders until they have actually been seen in the act of destroying the fish, so long will the illegal slaughter of our game fish continue.

Lake St. John Salmon.

I have had several reports this season of the taking of small salmon in Lake St. John and the Grand Discharge, and now comes a report from the Peribonca River of the taking of a number of these fish during the last few days by Dr. Frank Watson and Mr. Ladd, of Boston. It is gratifying to be able to add that these two excellent sportsmen returned to the water the young salmon so caught by them. There is every reason now to hope that the planting of the salmon fry in Lake St. John waters during recent years will result in the stocking of the lake's feeders with the adult fish, though it will yet have to be shown whether the mature salmon will return to the Lake St. John waters after their descent to the sea as smolts. The experiment is to be given a good trial, and the Roberval Hatchery now contains 250,000 young salmon, which are to be liberated in the fall. There are also 750,000 young ouananiche in the hatchery, and together they manage to dispose weekly of fourteen large beef livers.

Mr. A. Mitchell, of Norwich, Conn., has been one of the most successful fishermen this season so far, at the Grand Discharge, having killed 48 fine ouananiche in parts of three days' fishing. This is Mr. Mitchell's second visit to Lake St. John, and he is delighted with the sport it affords. Lieut. Beale, of the American Navy, has also been very successful during the last few days at the Grand Discharge, and so also have been a number of foreign anglers, among whom may be mentioned Colonel and Mrs. McLean, of Bermuda, and Miss Geary, daughter of the Governor of the island, and the Hon. Oscar S. Straus, of New York, member of the Arbitration Court at The Hague and ex-Minister to Turkey. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Black Bass and Drinking Water.

BOZEMAN, Montana, August 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Replying to your inquiry of July 31 as to whether the presence of black bass in a lake renders it unfit for drinking purposes, I unhesitatingly answer no. I am not aware of any scientific evidence bearing on the question, but common sense should convince an observant person that no deleterious effects to the water could possibly ensue from the presence of our native fishes. A possible exception may be the German carp, a bottom feeder, which muddies the water by stirring up the bottom, and by disturbing the sediment may release deleterious or unwholesome gases.

I know of numerous reservoirs which supply drinking water that contain black bass and other fishes. Their presence is rather beneficial than otherwise by devouring the free-swimming organisms that, while they may not be injurious, do not add to the potability of the water. J. A. HENSHALL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Bass Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 8.—Nothing special is doing in the way of black bass fishing just at present, and most of the anglers seem to be less eager than they were sixty days ago. The largest bass reported for the week was a 5¾-pound big-mouth taken by Mr. J. White, of Chicago, at Eagle Lake, Waukesha county, Wis. Mr. White intended to have it mounted. He did not yield to the advice of his friends to turn it into the live ponds near the hotel, but packed it away carefully in the ice house. That night the rats got busy and ate several sections out of the choicest parts of the specimen, quite ruining it for the purpose intended.

The once famous water of Gogebic Lake, Mich., turns up once in a while with a good catch, and this week the passenger department of the Chicago & Northwestern road states that there has been excellent fishing at Gogebic this season. On last Wednesday the take of visiting sportsmen included one small-mouth, which weighed 6¾ pounds, one 6 pounds, one 4½ pounds and one 3½ pounds, with a good sprinkling of pickerel. These are extremely heavy weights for black bass. The weather is reported delightful at Gogebic. It need not be said that the Northwestern trains make this resort very accessible.

A Bass Vacation.

Mr. A. W. Hale, of Chicago, is an Englishman by descent, who takes very kindly to the American methods of fishing. He has done considerable bait-casting in the Chicago district, and is now ambitious to essay new fields. He asks where he can get a good place for himself and wife for a quiet vacation, having in mind some of the small-mouth bass fishing on the Mississippi River, near Alma. I was obliged to tell Mr. Hale that the river there is a very strong and heavy water, requiring the services of a boatman in order to have pleasant fishing. Three in a boat are too many, and Mr. Hale would not want to leave his wife ashore. Hence, although sure he would have good sport on the Mississippi, I rather counseled his going to the White River, above Princeton, in Waukesha county, Wis., where he could have fly-fishing or bait-fishing for small-mouth black bass in a very comfortable and sociable fashion. Mr. Hale also had in mind the St. Jo River of Michigan, and also Gun Lake, Michigan. It is probable that he will settle upon the last-named point for his vacation, which I hope will be a pleasant one.

Speaking of the St. Jo River, reminds one that a little party of Chicago anglers, Messrs. F. N. Peet, Fred Smith, E. R. Letterman and another friend, took 50 odd bass in that stream last week in a couple of days' fishing. They did most of their fishing with a small spoon and pork rind bait, and had a very pleasant little excursion.

Preserved Baits.

An inquirer asks regarding the efficacy of preserved and salted baits. Frogs and minnows are put up in preserving liquids nowadays, such liquids being, I presume, largely composed of formalin. Personally, I have never used these baits, but they look perfectly lifelike and are said to be good. As to the salted minnow, I have seen it do very deadly work on Michigan streams in the early spring in the hands of bait-fishermen, and we have no less an authority than Izaak Walton to tell us that the trout will take the salted minnow eagerly. I see no reason why a preserved frog should not catch bass all right in bait-casting, where the bait is kept in motion. Even did the bass reject it once in a while, at least a good per cent. of the fish would be taken on the strike.

State Fish Wardens.

The following fish wardens were appointed by Governor Yates yesterday: W. Glynn, of Chicago; E. E. Caldwell, of Havana; John Scott, Jr., of Berlin; J. Bird and A. Williams, of Quincy. The appointees will at once assume the duties of their office. This action is under the new fish and game law, which went into effect July 1. It has been feared by a great many that the change resulting in the lessening of the force of deputies throughout the State may work to the detriment of the shooting and fishing interests, but any criticism of the new law is premature at this date, since it has not yet had time to reach test.

E. HOUGH.

ASHLAND BLOCK, Chicago, Ill.

Forest Fires and Fish Destruction.

PASADENA, Cal., July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your issue of July 4 contains an article on the Adirondack fish mortality written by Mr. W. E. Wolcott, whose ideas are correct as to the recent forest fires causing the death of so many trout. The heating of the creeks to above the temperature that trout can survive in is non-sense.

We fishermen of southern California have had just such experience with forest fires. For instance, the Arroyo Secco, a beautiful stream that heads behind Pasadena some twenty miles north, used to be a rendezvous for anglers. Splendid creels of trout were caught for fifteen years within the writer's experience, while now there is not a living trout in that stream. The same elegant pools, hides and riffles are there, but no trout, not one. The cause of the complete devastation was one forest fire that swept the canyons and faces of the Sierra Madre Mountains, reducing timber and brush to ashes. Then came a great rain that made lye of those ashes; and this mixture washed down into our creeks, and poisoned every living fish from source to mouth.

This same thing happened in Saw Pit Canyon, behind Monrovia. The San Gabriel River, where the fires did not reach, has still its full complement of trout.

JOE WELSH.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Angling in Nova Scotia.

ABOUT July 1 we were looking hourly for a telegram that the trout had appeared. At last it came. Several had been taken by boys off the wharf, and, as we had previously made all necessary preparations, were soon on the road to our favorite resort twenty miles away.

Two carriages were necessary, and one that contained our provisions, etc., was to be sent back at once. The day was hot, and on going through some woods on our way, not far from our objective point, I noticed for the first time, some blue-winged flies darting about, a fair counterpart of our artificial Jenny Linds, and I mentally selected from my book my favorite fly for the day.

It was late in the afternoon when we launched upon the cove and my companion before the boat had entirely left the shore, was hooked into a splendid sea trout. In another moment, as quickly as I could throw, I had one, too, and for an hour the sport went on in feverish haste. We anchored the boat and had scarce any necessity to change our berth, they were so plentiful. We had indeed struck the time to a nicety, and were able to send back with the returning wagon three dozen splendid fish averaging $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds each.

The next day we had a glorious time. Never was our visit more propitious, more successful. Some captures ran up to 4 pounds, and we often caught two at a time, but not 4 pounders. When the sport slackened a little we thought we would try some of the pools well up the small river that emptied into the cove. There are two rapids near the mouth rather difficult to face, but with local help a small boat was carried successfully past them, while we portaged the rods and oars and landing nets. On the level reaches above there was scarcely any current, and we rowed leisurely along. Here and there, however, we came to favorite spots, and a good sea trout was hooked, and the experience was novel and delightful. What a stretch of lovely level water running into the barrens two miles up! The country was flat and desolate except for a thick coat of low brush, and here and there a few stunted wind swept spruce; but the fish were ready for the fly, and many fine ones came to our net. It was virgin ground to us, and the sights and the few strange sounds affected us strangely. The quiet hush of the wide waste, the utter stillness for miles around, far from any habitation, contrasted with our spirits, and the taste every now and then of a new-found prey, kept us agreeably excited. When not casting we let our flies trail behind, the rods lying idly over the stern, and it was the acme of fun to see when, every now and then a fish would strike and the reel sing, how eagerly we would grasp the rods and play, and net the fish. On this singular canal-like stream for two or three miles, are numerous places where the trout rest, and the sportsman is kept ever on the alert. At evening we came back over the rapids at a dangerous pace, and shooting out into the cove again found the fish still responding to our casts. Climbing the wharf, we could not resist the contemplation of our little fishing preserve, as it lay beneath the bright moonlight, quiet and lovely in its rugged embrace of sand and rock. Then we were the only fishermen, and for a few years later; but ten years after, at the same season, were counted at one time no less than ten boats, each with a couple of anglers, swinging their rods over the very spot where we had netted our choicest fish. It had fallen a prey to telegraphs and railroads, and the invisible communication of thought and news. Gradually our fond little bit of water had attracted to itself an army of sportsmen, its exclusiveness to us had passed away, leaving us the fragrant memory of many successful visits, and is now known from Canso to Montreal, and even New York.

June, July and August are favorable months for these sea trout, and we found that the ocean tides had much to do with success. At the mouth of some frequented stream, perhaps some small rivulet flowing through a bank of sand barring the entrance of the Atlantic to a wide and spacious inlet, where the tide ebbs and flows, they are sure to be found. I have learned that as the water is about to turn at its lowest ebb, they seem most playful, most apt to take. On one occasion this was very marked, just where the outflowing water of the river mingled with the first flush of the returning tide. They seemed to be waiting for the turn, for, as we threw into the inviting swirls they readily took our flies, which before were refused, and excellent sport they gave. Handsome trout, bright as polished silver, and fresh from the ocean. The time and the occasion passed rapidly, however, as the rising waters drove us further up where the stream widened, and where we were not so successful. On most of the rivers, however, flowing into the Atlantic, are well-known spots beyond the reach of the tides, where the fish always rest, but during a freshet, following a drouth, they ascend rapidly and seldom remain long in their resting places near the sea. This is the time to cast for them, for, if they remain long in the river, they are not apt to rise to a fly. When fresh from the ocean either trout or salmon are surer sport, and water often flowing with considerable force and rapidity is better than still pools. I have seen them ascend rapidly between these, over shoal stretches, with a strong and steady flight, that seemingly nothing would swerve and observed them congregate in deep spots, but small and contracted. Lying well out in the center they would scarcely move, and keep their respective places for hours at a time with no perceptible motion or exertion. Salmon often accompany sea trout. In many pools I have frequently seen them lie side by side, waiting patiently for the long-looked-for rain to swell their highway and broaden it for their flight to the lakes beyond. It is during this waiting time that dangers gather thick and fast around them. Boys with stones and snares of various kinds, in the clear water, soon become an especial peril, and the spear driven, often by the hand in need of food, ends the life of many a noble fish. The most tempting lure has little attraction. To it they scarcely ever rise, and if they are capable of experiencing the emotions of hope and fear,

these must be ever present with them during this waiting time in their narrow home, for the mechanical devices of the hand and brain of man, on half a hundred streams, could nightly tell their tales of destruction and death. I was once fishing on one of the streams of the island of Cape Breton some years ago, and returned to the dwelling of my host late in the evening, unsuccessful. He seemed annoyed that the poor fish had not volunteered to be slain and respond to my oft repeated throws, and promptly offered to drag the pool we had cast into that very night with his net. This I suppose he had often done with the dexterity and indifference of an old offender. After the excitement of the day and the anticipation of legitimate takes from this very pool on the morrow, we preferred a restful sleep and immunity from any official visit from the not too watchful river warden, as a sequel of the night's adventure.

The Margaree, in Cape Breton, is a splendid stream. Not so much perhaps on account of its lovely fish, as for its clear and sparkling water, its ever winding course, and above all its superb pools and shady reaches where the fish love to linger. I have seen in the thick mist of the early morning the salmon fisher, quiet and ghostlike, wade carefully, stealthily, step by step, slowly, slowly, far out over the clear gravelly bottom of this famous river till the water came waist high, and then throw and hook his fish with all the skill, the certainty, the dexterity that alone comes after long practice and success. I have seen this repeated time and again till the fruit of his triumph lay like a line of silver sparkling upon the river's bank. Year after year, season after season, numbers of fishermen have had this experience till the water has become in its fame world wide, and identified with all that is best and loftiest in the sport. On this branch of the river, well up, and perhaps a little later, good sport is always tolerably sure. There the pools are well multiplied and are often near the houses of prosperous farmers, where good lodging and accommodations can be had. I have wandered over the meadows contiguous to these pools, and thrown my flies upon the circling eddies of the stream, and landed many a splendid fish. At all times great care should be exercised and strong tackle is essential. One morning, a companion around a bend of the river from where I was fishing, happened to throw just over the spot where a monster trout was lying. For a brief instant the reel sang and the rod bent with the force of a 3-pounder, which carried away flies and cast forever. Often the deepest spots lie well under a perpendicular wall of rock or slate, when a long wade and a long cast are necessary. Many times has my unusual care in this respect been richly rewarded in thus approaching a suspected spot, with the result that a sea trout, of perhaps 2 or 3 pounds' weight, has had to fight unsuccessfully for its life.

Many features of river fishing are very attractive, but after all, give me that in or near the salt water. To me this is always welcome sport; for there is a variety along the seashore that is never found inland. Its ever changing scene, its sounding music and its sweet and bracing air give it a peculiar charm. There is, moreover, a greater variety in the weight and size of the fish, and a chance for some novel experience. On one occasion in an ocean cove, we had cast in vain near the entrance of a stream, and then rowed down toward the ocean, where we threw our flies and were rewarded with some good takes. Sometimes a three-quarters of a pound fish would come to the net, then a much larger one, and again perhaps a half pounder, and so on with varying luck. Once, when the sport slackened, the head of a common seal, that strange link between the bear and the otter, rose not far from the boat, and wonderingly looked around. We were near enough to see the quaint little eyes and peculiar nose, and to diversify the sport, and insure some excitement, my friend tried hard to get hooked into it. Once I thought he had succeeded and held my breath for a moment, conscious of what would surely follow, but the hook came skipping back over the water and the chance and the opportunity passed. It seemed too bad, as we had quickly, in imagination, while the quarry was in sight, pictured a long and desperate struggle oceanward with this huge *Phoca vitulina* of the sea, that would have eclipsed everything we ever had with the insignificant *Salmo fontinalis* of the streams. I was at the oars and did all I could to assist in the attempt, and had the hook found a resting place in the thick scalp, the strong semi-salmon rod and tackle of my friend, and the quick motion of the boat, we would have together put up a good Santiago fight. Near by, where this occurred, is a curious little lake, quite near the sea and only connected with it by a tiny rivulet running beneath a culvert across the highway. It would be thought absurd that trout of any size would ever attempt to gain the lake by this little contracted avenue, but we were told that at certain seasons it was alive with fish. We landed from our boat and endeavored our best to throw into it from the bank, but without a skiff it was impracticable, and we had reluctantly to turn our backs on—as we supposed from the stories told of the spot—a million barrels of sea trout at least a couple of feet in length.

It is most interesting and curious to listen to the stories of the ordinary fisherman as to the best spots for angling, and their estimate of the size and numbers of the fish. They are always engaged in more profitable work and are not generally reliable upon the subject, not having experience. We were told on one occasion by an old fisherman in his own peculiar drawl, that there was no use for us to ascend a certain stream we were bound for, that there were no trout there and we would have our labor for our pains. We went, however, and when returning, our creels in the boat were like lead, filled to the brim. The old man met us at the landing place and when within hearing distance, I praised his prophecy. At my suggestion, when we landed, he undertook to toss like a bundle of hops, without the least suspicion, the empty baskets, as he supposed, from the boat. After a moment's struggle his words came with fierce and pronounced invective, "I call you nothing but beggars." He tumbled quickly to the true position of affairs, with astonishing comical

gestures and grimaces that would, I believe, have defied an Irving to imitate, while we as quickly tumbled to our full length on the grass, weak at knees, and screaming as never before with laughter.

Lake fishing is indulged in all over Nova Scotia, and excellent sport is annually afforded, for there is scarcely a county that cannot boast of some good water. Many are thickly dotted with lakes abounding in trout. Guysborough and Halifax counties, and some in Cape Breton, are particularly fine. Often takes of fifty or a hundred are made in a few hours, and while the vast majority no doubt weigh less than a pound, many would turn the scales at 3 and 4, and maybe still heavier. As a matter of taste, as intimated, I prefer the streams near the shore, and the ocean coves where the brilliant *Salmo fontinalis* love to linger, and when hooked show royal fight. There is generally too much sameness in the size and quality of the fish upon a lake, and one easily tires of the sport. I have had an interest in a folding canvas boat for many years, and have used it a great deal in this kind of angling, but the novel and pleasant drives to out of the way places, the exploration of virgin waters, far from any human habitation, in the heart of some immense tract of wood, often coming upon some wild and picturesque scene and starting to hurried flight many a waterfowl, has delighted me more than the actual capture of a hundred fish. It is true that at the proper time they take the fly with great gusto, and little skill is required, but to me this is an absolute drawback to the sport. We never use bait. The artificial fly is the only lure necessary, and two can be thrown on the same cast with safety and profit if numbers is the point aimed at. I have found a Jenny-Lind and a Jeremy-Diddler both good killing flies, but these fish are not fastidious like their cousins near the sea, and any ordinary fly will usually do. I often wonder how many thousand per cent. of profit, in pleasure, we have derived from our outlay in that little canvas boat from Ohio. Scarcely ever have we had an expedition that was not marked in one way or another, by some pleasant or humorous incident. I have often dreamed of it, when half asleep, that it was dangerous, and partly concluded never to venture in it again, but somehow when the resolution is broken, like a temperance pledge, and I am afloat again, all fear vanishes, especially when reeling in a stubborn and unreasonably obstinate 3-pounder. On one occasion we had a novel and strange experience with loons. It was on a small, lonely lake, far from the highway and fringed with lordly spruce and hemlock. The great birds would dive and often reappear right under our rods, frightening us every time with a great sudden, startling splash, the young coming quite close to the boat apparently bewildered and then, with lightning motion, again disappear. Many times this was repeated till we tired of the fun and left them unmolested at the further end of the lake.

In the vicinity of some of these fishing spots for sea trout along the eastern shore of Nova Scotia, every prominent point and many a sunken ledge has its story to tell of shipwreck and disaster. Hereabouts, although many a lighthouse throws its warning light far over the ocean, many fine ships have found a grave and many a brave seaman a tomb. The coast lies near the track of ocean steamers, and will be fraught with interest so long as the sea remains the highway between the old world and the new. At Cape Canso, including Hazel Hill, there is an aggregation of ocean cables, forever transmitting their electric signals from many distant points, which distinguishes it as the largest cable station in the world, while its own geographical position must ever single it out as a port of importance to mariners that can scarcely be overestimated. Connected with all parts of the world, many ships call here for orders. In fogs and at night along the coast many shipwrecks occur, and in the early morning some fisherman may come across the fragment of a broken wheel, the shred of a sail, the splinter of a mast, or perhaps the mangled remains of a human form tangled with the seaweed and shingle of the shore, which tells the gruesome tale. Once a body was found near a village on the eastern shore in this way, bearing evident marks of high attainments in Free Masonry. Those of the order in that quiet place gave it a decent burial associated with their solemn rites. It was afterwards found that the remains were those of a master of a gallant ship from the shores of England, high in the mystic art, and from his mother lodge, in due time, came the thanks across the sea for the kindness done. A trip along the coast hereabouts, at the proper time, fishing here and there as one would go, would be sure to afford a splendid outing and excellent fishing. Sometimes on the little streams inland, sometimes at the head of some long inlet, sometimes by the seashore, sometimes by some quiet, still water not far from the ocean, and maybe a visit to a neighboring lake, would fill the time with variety and pleasure. There would undoubtedly be some strong contrasts, and if the traveler would invite the recital he would be sure to hear, in rough but graphic words, from the honest toilers of the fishing boats, tales of noble endurance, and rescue, perhaps of suffering and death. He might be fortunate enough to witness in all its grandeur, as I have done from a lofty headland, one of those terrible storms which come up so suddenly along the coast and rouse to seeming madness and tumble against the bulwarks of a continent with fierce immeasurable force, the waters of the Atlantic.

Many of the fishing resorts here spoken of can now be more easily and readily reached, and more comfortably, than some years ago. Within the past few months the railway facilities in Cape Breton have been greatly extended, and now one can go via the Grand Narrows, on the Sydney line, and reach easily by carriage the Margaree and other streams. Or he can, if he choose, go by rail all the way to Broad Cove from the Straits of Canso, via Port Hood, up the western side of the island, and be within easy reach of many fishing resorts. These comfortable traveling facilities will be sure, year by year, to cause an increasing influx of sportsmen to this favored land of fishing coves and streams, and lakes, and where the heat of summer is always so finely tempered by the ocean breeze carrying over the country its sweet invigorating air.

St. Lawrence Anglers.

THE twentieth annual meeting of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, which was held at Hotel Lotus, St. Lawrence Park, Wednesday, August 5, was attended by upward of one hundred members. The assemblage was called to order by Second Vice-President Charles R. Skinner, of Albany, in the absence of the president and first vice-president. T. B. Kerr, of Englewood, N. J., was appointed temporary secretary. Vice-President Skinner made a brief but interesting address. He thought the Association ought to congratulate itself upon the result of its labors in behalf of fish protection. He spoke of the lands provided by the State for the use of campers at the Thousand Islands. They are very beautiful, and ideal spots for camping purposes. It was the opinion of the speaker that there ought to be some legislation each year to provide for clearing off the underbrush and caring for these camping grounds.

Secretary W. H. Thompson, of Alexandria Bay, presented his annual report, in which reference was made to the subject of duck shooting and other matters. He called attention to the fact that spring shooting had been prohibited throughout the State. Through the influence of the Anglers' Association an appropriation of \$3,000 has been made to furnish the game commissioner with a patrol boat and carbage cans for the refuse of picnic parties on the State lands. The Anglers' Association has a membership of 250.

It was decided that efforts should be made to restrict duck shooting to four days in the week during the open season in order not to scare the birds permanently away from any locality.

Treasurer R. P. Grant, of Clayton, spoke in regard to the licenses charged by so-called Canadian game protectors for Americans fishing in Canadian waters. He spoke particularly of a guest at the Frontenac Hotel, who was fishing between Gananoque and Kingston, and was accosted by a man who wanted \$5, which was promptly paid. W. H. Thompson, C. E. Britton, and Gen. Van Patten were named as the committee to look into the law on the subject.

The annual report of Treasurer Grant showed a balance on hand of \$447.61.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Hon. Charles R. Skinner, Albany; First Vice-President, Alexander Robb, New York; Second Vice-President, T. B. Kerr, Englewood, N. J.; Secretary, W. H. Thompson, Alexandria Bay; Treasurer, R. P. Grant, Clayton; Executive Committee: A. C. Cornwall, Alexandria Bay; F. H. Taylor, Philadelphia; A. E. Clark, Chicago; C. W. Crossmon, Alexandria Bay; G. T. Rafferty, Pittsburg; George C. Boldt, New York; Col. O. G. Staples, Washington; T. A. Gillespie, Pittsburg; C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont.; C. G. Emery, New York; W. H. Nichols, Walter Fox, J. D. Cole, Alexandria Bay.

President Skinner thanked the Association for the honor conferred on him. He spoke of the great interest which he takes in the Thousand Islands and said he would do all in his power to promote the welfare of the Association.

Treasurer Grant stated that last year ten cans of muscallonge fry were received, 25,000 in a can, which were distributed around Clayton and Alexandria Bay.

It was the unanimous opinion of the meeting that Mrs. E. H. Hubbard, of Clayton, the only lady member of the Association, should be made an honorary member.

Letters were read from Governor Odell, S. T. Basted, F. H. Taylor and Robert B. Lawrence, President of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League.

The executive committee was empowered to make arrangements for a committee to appear before the State Legislature in the event that such action should be deemed necessary. A resolution was adopted to the effect that about \$1,000 of the \$3,000 appropriated for the benefit of the river region be set aside to purchase a patrol boat, to be used by the protectors of the State reservation exclusively in the interests of the State and for game protection.

The members of the Association who died during the past year were: C. H. Eaton, New York; H. F. Inglehart, Watertown; J. C. Spencer, New York; N. W. Hunt, Brooklyn; E. W. Dewey, New York; Hugh Mellon, Clayton; Jacob Hayes, New York; Theodore Scott, New York; J. G. Baker, Pittsburg. Appropriate resolutions of respect were adopted.

It was decided that the next annual meeting should be held at the Murray Hill Hotel. Adjourned. At the conclusion of the meeting a banquet was enjoyed. Subsequently the members of the Association were received at the summer home of President Skinner.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

Medal Contests, Series 1903.—Saturday, contest No. 9, held at Stow Lake, August 1; wind, west; weather, cloudy.

Event	Event	Event	Event
No. 1,	No. 2,	No. 3,	No. 4,
Distance,	Accuracy,	Acc. %	Del. %
Feet.	Per cent.		
C. G. Young.....	88.8	88	89.2
T. C. Kierulff.....	87.8	87	89.2
G. H. Foulks.....	88	84.4	75
C. R. Kenniff.....	90.4	83.4	94.2
A. E. Mockler.....	84	86.8	80
T. W. Brotherton 131	90.4	90.4	91.8
Dr. W. E. Brooks 118	90.4	79.8	90.10
H. Battu.....	87.8	85.4	90
G. C. Edwards.....	89	90.8	85
G. W. Lane.....	90	84.4	66.8
A. B. Carr.....	90	92	86.8
			89.4
			83.6

Judges, Kierulff and Brooks; clerk, Brotherton.

Medal Contests, Series 1903.—Sunday, contest No. 9, held at Stow Lake, August 2; wind, west; weather, fair.

H. Battu.....	108	85	93.4	86.8	90	68.7
W. E. Brooks.....	124	92.8	87	92.6	89.9	..
C. Huyck.....	100	90.4	89.4	78.4	83.10	..
F. M. Haight.....	94	82.8	86.4	78.4	82.4	..
C. R. Kenniff.....	123	86.8	94.4	96.8	95.6	98
G. H. Foulks.....	110	88.4	84.4	80	82.2	..
H. C. Golcher.....	131	88.8	85.8	85	85.4	..
T. W. Brotherton 126	90	90.4	90	90.2	79.9	..
C. G. Young.....	89.8	89.4	87.6	88.5	91.2	..
A. M. Blade.....	93	82	79.8	74.2	76.11	..
T. C. Kierulff.....	104	93.8	88.8	91.8	90.2	91.6
A. B. Carr.....	87.8	92.4	96.8	94.6	93.3	..
F. R. Hooper.....	87	89.4	96.8	93	72.2	..

Judges, Kierulff and Kenniff; referee, Young; clerk, Brotherton.

Mont Pelee's Obelisk.

FRESH from what he terms the most wonderful spectacle nature has ever presented, Prof. Angelo Heilprin is back in Philadelphia after a two months' visit to Mont Pelée on the Island of Martinique.

"The distinguishing feature of Mont Pelée," he says, "and that which makes this volcano unique among the volcanoes of the world, is the giant tower or obelisk of rock which is being extruded from the summit of the newly made cone, which obelisk now rises up in supreme grandeur over 5,000 feet high and almost vertically 840 feet above the summit of the cone proper, with a thickness at the base of from 300 to 350 feet.

"Looking at this obelisk of solid lava from the rim of the crater as I did at the time of my latest ascent of the volcano on June 13, the scene that presented itself was of unequalled grandeur, and having fully in mind the grand scenes of nature that I have already witnessed, the Alps, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, the Yosemite, and the great ice fields of the Arctic North, it seems to be well within the truth to say that this scene surpasses all others.

"One can form no conception of its magnificence and terrorizing aspect. The old summit of Mont Pelée, which was rounded and about 4,000 feet high, is now overtopped by this new creation by nearly 1,000 feet, so that the apex of the volcano, which surpasses the old dome, is found at a height of 5,200 feet above the sea, and the cone, together with its surmounted obelisk, has still surrounding it a crater basin of about 300 feet depth, over which great puffs of steam and sulphur vapor are being emitted, showing that the activity of the volcano is not yet still.

"The appearance of this obelisk or monument on the summit of the volcano, transfixing its cone and virtually blocking it, is no less remarkable than the conditions which are involved in its making. There is no question of doubt that the entire mass, rising to twice the height of the Washington Monument at Washington, with four times its thickness, is being pushed up bodily, and has been pushed out in this manner to its full present height.

"The volcanic stress that has lifted it is the same which in other volcanoes ejects flowing lava, but in this particular instance the molten matter within the volcano has hardened before it has left the lip of the crater, and comes out as a united solid. Hence the lava instead of overflowing simply mounts up higher and higher into space.

"To what extent this head may still be carried in the future it is impossible to say. The aspect that is now presented is one that is unique in the history of volcanoes, and it itself will tell in weeks or months to come what the possibilities of this new form of construction or new type of activity may be.

"This vast obelisk, which gives the appearance as seen from St. Pierre of a monument erected by nature to the dead is slightly arched or curved in the direction of the destroyed city. On the opposite side it arises with a well-nigh vertical face and presents a perfectly smooth, almost polished surface, made so and grooved as the result of hard pressure against the casing of the wall of rock which borders its channel of exit. The surface indeed recalls to the geologist the appearance of horizontal rock masses that have been polished and curved as the result of glacial action.

"On May 31, when the volcano lost nearly 200 feet of its summit, the apex reached the 5,200 feet. At the present time it rises slightly above 5,000 feet. On the four days preceding June 17, the rise of the tower was 21 feet, but in the early period the extrusion was nearly twice as rapid. On the day preceding my departure a faint line of steam was seen issuing from the absolute apex, showing the fissures and passages that exist within the mass which permit the interior steam to travel through completely from the base to the summit."—Philadelphia Press.

Books and Trees.

THE newspaper tales of the enormous editions of historical novels are by no means as fantastic as they may read. A list, carefully compiled from publishers' returns which are absolutely without reproach, shows that the sales of nine recently-published novels have reached astounding proportions. Of one book, over 400,000 copies have been sold. Another is in its 325th thousand. Less successful books have attained only a paltry sale of 100,000, while a few minor ones hardly exceed a disappointing 80,000.

Books are made of paper. Paper in turn is made of cellulose, of which the chief source of supply is timber. In order to describe the romantic career of a seventeenth century gentleman of the rapier, it is necessary to fell a few hundred trees; the publication of many narratives in which the exploits of other cavaliers are dwelt on, may therefore entail the destruction of a forest.

The nine novels to which we have referred had a total sale of over 1,600,000 copies. Since the average weight of each book sold was probably twenty ounces, a little calculation will prove that these 1,600,000 books contained approximately 2,000,000 pounds of paper. We are assured by a manufacturer of paper that the average spruce tree yields a little less than half a cord of wood, which is equivalent to about 500 pounds of paper. In other words, these nine novels swept away 4,000 trees, and they form but a small part of the fiction so eagerly read by the American public. Some books are worth more than 4,000 trees. What may be the tree-value of the modern historical novel it is not within our province to decide.—Scientific American.

MR. HOWARD P. FROTHINGHAM writes to correct a statement made to the effect that a six-pound bass taken at Lake Hopatcong excels the record formerly held by him. "On September 16, 1888," he states, "I caught two black bass, one weighing 7 pounds 2 ounces and the other 6 pounds 7½ ounces. These two fish are mounted, and can be seen at any time at my residence."

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Aug. 18-20.—Bar Harbor, Me., Kennel Club, Bar Harbor, Me. A. H. Lyman, Sec'y.
Sept. 7-10.—Toronto Industrial Exposition's thirteenth annual show. Dr. A. W. Bell, Sec'y.
Sept. 4-5.—Newport, R. I., Kennel Club, Newport, R. I., Sept. 4 and 5.
Sept. 15-17.—Ottawa, Can., Kennel Club show. Robert McAllen, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-9.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society's show.
Oct. 20-23.—Frederick County, Md., Agricultural Society show. J. Roger McSherry, Sec'y.
Nov. 17-19.—Boston, Mass., Terrier Club show.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 18.—O'Neill, Neb., Field Trial Association trials. M. H. McCarthy, Sec'y.
Aug. 25.—South Dakota Field Trial Association trials. L. C. Hawley, Sec'y, Sioux Falls, S. D.
Aug. 31.—La Salle, Man.—Western Canada Kennel Club trials. H. S. Rolston, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Man.
Sept. 1.—Huron, S. D.—Minnesota-North Dakota Field Trial Association trials. Frank Richards, Sec'y, Peever, S. D.
Sept. 1.—Brandon, Man., Kennel Club trials. J. P. Brisbin, Sec'y.
Sept. 8.—Carman, Man.—Manitoba Field Trial Club trials. Eric Hamber, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Man.
Oct. 26.—Clare, Mich.—Sportsman's Field Trial Association trials. E. C. Smith, Sec'y, Midland, Mich.
Oct. 26.—Washington Court House, O.—Monongahela Field Trial Association trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Oct. 27.—Paradise Valley, Nev.—Nevada Field Trial Association trials. Dr. C. E. Wilson, Sec'y, Elko, Nev.
Nov. 2.—Washington Court House, O.—Ohio Field Trial Association trials. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y, Circleville, O.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 9.—Fourteenth annual beagle trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y.
Nov. 9.—Missouri Field Trial Association trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Nov. 9.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Association trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 9.—Hutsonville, Ill.—Independent Field Trial Club trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Western Irish Setter Club trials. Dr. T. L. Fenn, Sec'y, Chicago, Ill.
Nov. 10.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven, Conn.
Nov. 16.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.
Nov. 23.—Robinson, Ill.—American Championship Field Trial Association trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Dec. 1.—Clay City, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club trials. C. F. Young, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Thomasville, Ga.—Continental Field Trial Club trials. John White, Sec'y, Hempstead, N. Y.
Nov. 16.—Holmdel, N. J.—Pointer Club of America's trials. C. F. Lewis, Sec'y, New York city.
Nov. 30.—Chase, City, Va.—Virginia Field Trial Association trials. Charles B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.

Canine Elegies and Epitaphs.

XXXVI.—Pup.

THE following "Tribute to Pup" was sent to FOREST AND STREAM by the late Senator Kenna, of West Virginia, who was an enthusiastic sportsman, an angler, shooter and fox hunter.

House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following tribute to a faithful hound may not be deemed unworthy of a place in your columns. The soubriquet, "Pup," began with him, and ended with him. I never knew a better dog. His achievements were among the hills and in the woodland range along the valley of the beautiful Kanawha. Many were the foxes that surrendered to the fleetness of his foot and the unerring certainty of his nose. We have some good dogs—he was the greatest Roman of them all. A pair of his youngsters promises the early adornment of my small pack, and a strain of his blood is prized above anything our section can boast:

Hear! all ye lovers of the chase,
Who follow black, tan, pied, or red,
The best and noblest of his race,
The Prince of dogs, old "Pup," is dead!
No more will Joppling's echoes ring
His accents clear at early morn;
No more his eyes will brightness bring,
Responsive to Lan Oakes' horn;
Van Buren's voice on the hilltop high,
May greet the Nimrod in the chase,
Delaney's yell from mountain nigh,
Give cheer and relish to the race;
From Mathew's Branch to old Stittfield,
Red fox or gray may frequent go,
With foot or ken that ne'er did yield
To man or dog, nor fast nor slow.
The old peach orchard on the hill,
May, listening, hear the opening pack;
The laurel hollow o'er the rill,
Resounding, give the echoes back;
Jeff, Plunder, Crowder, and the rest,
With Steptoe's shout, may mingle sounds,
While Fleet and Watkins, with a zest,
Make rapid pace with fox and hounds.
Like hurricane or cyclone driven,
By measureless, eternal wrath,
With lightning's flash, in bounty given,
To illuminate the reckless path,
The eager pack may sweep the plains,
As swift as wings of love or light,
The fearless horseman loose the reins,
And lash his charger on to "sight."
But never over log or rail,
Will fox evade, or dog pursue,
A quicker or a colder trail,
Than, wind or storm, old "Pup" would do.
No pointer he, nor setter sly,
To steal on unsuspecting prey—
But loud he raised his battle cry,
A warning, as he sought the fray.
Descended from an ancient brood,
Unflinching, bold, he stood the test;
He vindicated royal blood,
Nor found his peer among the best.
His voice was music on the air,
As he through mazes fast did wind;
His nose wrought out the hidden lair,
His foot left hills and rocks behind;
His "bottom" never knew a flag,
In mountain, thicket, heath or vale,

By deepening gorge or lofty crag,
He followed, fate-like, on the trail.
Now, all ye hunters, mark the spot,
Where lies the friend who served you well,
In chase, or out, forget him not!
He stood by you until he fell.
His life was long, his labors hard,
"Mong men" he never owned a foe;
He leaves a fame no blemish marred,
He's gone where all the good dogs go.
J. E. K. (W. Va.)

Dogs in Fiction.

ALTHOUGH it may be conceded that among the animals of fiction the horse holds first place, the part played by dogs, especially in modern literature, is very large and important. The pages of many famous novels have presented us with members of the canine race as carefully drawn and as lovingly delineated as any of the human characters introduced. Not infrequently the role of hero or heroine is doubled with, or wholly supported by, a dog; and in numberless instances it is an intervention, conscious or unconscious, of a dog upon which the whole plot turns. As might be expected, it is among the works of such novelists as are specially noted as dog lovers that the finest and most frequent descriptions of their four-footed friends are to be found; and naturally Sir Walter Scott, well known for his extreme attachment to dogs, heads the list.

Big dogs are Scott's special favorites, and his noblest example is Sir Kenneth's hound Roswal, who bears an all important part in the plot of "The Talisman." Roswal is described as a large stag hound of splendid proportions and great sagacity, who shares his master's watch on St. George's Mount beside the banner of England, above the camp of the Crusaders. Tempted by woman's guile the knight forsakes his post for a short space, leaving Roswal to guard the flag. A base attack is made in his absence, and Kenneth returns to find the flag gone, and its faithful defender wounded apparently to death in its defence. Kenneth's remorse for the violation of the English banner is scarcely more keen than his grief over the dog, who wags his tail and licks his master's hand even in the agonies of death. It is a most touching scene, drawn by a master hand, and the reader's satisfaction is not less than the knight's is represented to be when the Arabian physician, Saladin, disguised, appears opportunely, and by his timely ministrations saves the hound, who lives to identify his till then unknown assailant by dragging him bodily from his horse. In "Ivanhoe," Gurth, the swineherd, possesses a noteworthy dog, Fangs by name, "a rugged wolfish-looking dog, a sort of lurcher, half-mastiff, half-greyhound," who assists his master in the care of his refractory charges, is wounded by Cedric the Saxon, and whose adventures are carried on throughout the book.

In "Woodstock," again, Scott draws with loving touch the portrait of Sir Henry Lee's famous mastiff Bevis, who in the first scene accompanies the knight to church, where, "bating an occasional temptation to warble along with the accord, he behaved himself as decorously as any of the congregation, and returned as much edified, perhaps, as some of them;" who had, moreover, saved his master's life, defended his daughter Alice from assault, and fastened his teeth into the sacred person of King Charles II. when the disguised monarch was seeking refuge in Woodstock Lodge. Among Scott's dogs mention must needs also be made of the famous breed of pepper-and-mustard terriers described in "Guy Mannering," and which have ever since borne the name of their immortal owner, Dandie Dinmont. "I have six terriers at home, forebye other dogs," said that worthy. "There's Auld Pepper and Auld Mustard, and Young Pepper and Young Mustard, and Little Pepper and Little Mustard. I had them a' regularly entered, first wi' the tods and brocks, and now they fear nothing that ever cam' wi' a hairy skin on't."

Dickens was a dog lover, and possessed several dear canine friends. It is recorded in his biographies how greatly moved he was on one occasion by the sympathetic concern evinced by two of his favorites, Turk and Linda, when during a walk he was suddenly struck with lameness. Boisterous companions as they always were, the sudden change in him caused them boundless distress, and for the rest of the journey they crept by the side of their master as slowly as he did, never turning from him. The finest dog character in Dickens's novels is undoubtedly Diogenes, the favorite of little Paul Dombey, and subsequently presented by Mr. Toots to his sister Florence. "As ridiculous a dog as one would meet with on a summer's day; a blundering, ill-favored, clumsy, bullet-headed dog, continually acting on a wrong idea that there was an enemy in the neighborhood whom it was meritorious to bark at." Nevertheless, despite his peculiarities, his "habit of carrying his tongue out as if he had come express to a dispensary to be examined for his health," his falling upon the man servant, "mortally convinced that he was the enemy whom he had barked at round the corner all his life and had never seen yet," Diogenes is a most estimable animal, and holds our affections till the end of the book.

Not so Dora's little dog Jip in "David Copperfield," a spoiled lap dog drawn to the very life, whose most meritorious action is his pathetic death at the moment when his foolish, fascinating mistress, Copperfield's "child wife," breathes her last. Then there is Sikes's dog in "Oliver Twist," "white and shaggy, with red eyes, and his face scratched and torn in twenty different places," continually kicked and beaten and half killed by his ruffian master, but who clings to him with dumb fidelity through all, and in the last scene, when the fugitive murderer hangs himself from the roof of the house, perishes in a wild attempt to reach his body. Reference is also owing to the performing dogs in "Old Curiosity Shop," one unhappy member of which troupe of artists being unlucky enough to lose a half-penny during the day is denied his supper and obliged instead to grind mournful music out of a barrel organ "sometimes in quick time, sometimes in slow, but

never leaving off for an instant," while watching with despairing eyes his companions at their meal. Lovers of "Pickwick" also will recall Mr. Jingle's celebrated "Ponto," described by his master in characteristic fashion—"Pointer—surprising instinct—shooting one day—entered enclosure—whistled—dog stopped—whistled again—Ponto! Ponto!—no go—stock still—would not move—staring at a board—Gamekeeper has orders to shoot all dogs found in this enclosure—would not pass it—valuable dog that—very."

Thackeray, however, makes little use or mention of dogs. George Eliot also lays no great stress upon them, though Adam Bede has a faithful friend in Gyp, a gray sheep dog, and Bartie Massey a brown and tan bitch, Vixen, whom he refers to contemptuously as a woman. "Where's the use of talking to a woman with babies? She's got no conscience, no conscience—it's all run to milk." Lytton makes great capital of the performing poodle, Sir Isaac, alias Mops, in "What will He do with It?" and Bran, the huge British mastiff, is an all important character in Kingsley's "Hypatia," where she plays no small part in the redemption of the young Jew Raphael Aben-Ezra. There is a dog incident in "Yeast," and a dog in the "Water Babies," who was a real dog on a ship once till he fell overboard into the sea, where he "kicked and sneezed so hard that he sneezed himself clear out of his skin and turned into a water dog, and followed Tom the whole way to the Other-end-of-Nowhere." Such a keen sportsman as Whyte Melville was sure to introduce a dog into his novels, and there is no more touching or beautiful story in all fictional dog annals than is to be found in "The Interpreter." One of Captain Marryat's best tales, "The Dog Fiend," is, as its title reveals, entirely about a dog, an ill-omened cur rejoicing in the appropriate name of "Snarlyow;" and Bronte lovers will not need reminding of the dog in "Shirley," or of Rochester's dog in "Jane Eyre." Coming to living authors, we may instance Conan Doyle's "Hound of the Baskervilles," Anstey's "Black Poodle," and Ollivant's "Owd Bob," as playing title roles in their own annals. Kipling has several dogs in his stories, notably Tietjens in "The Return of Imray," and Binkie in "The Light that Failed." Miss Fowler, Miss Cholmondeley, Stanley Weyman, Seton, Merriman, and other authors have written of dogs too numerous to mention; though special reference is surely merited by Montmorency, whose presence added so greatly to the remarkable adventures of "Three Men in a Boat."—London Standard.

Bloodhound and Mastiff.

I YIELD to Mr. Shurter. I said, "I might be wrong," and find I was by looking at an old folio edition of Johnson's Dictionary which belonged to my grandfather one hundred years ago. I do not know where I got the impression of the mastiff, and am glad to have it corrected.

VON W.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures for 1903.

Members of race committee will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

America's Cup Races, Aug. 20 and alternate days.

AUGUST.

12. Misery Island, Y. R. A., open, Salem Bay.
- 12-15. Atlantic, race week, Sea Gate.
13. East Gloucester, Y. R. A., open, Gloucester.
- 14-15. Annisquam, Y. R. A., open, Annisquam.
- 14-15. Southern, Southern Gulf Coast Y. A., New Orleans, La.
15. Beverly, fifth Corinthian, Monument Beach.
15. Penataquit Corinthian, special, Bay Shore.
15. South Boston, club, City Point.
15. Horseshoe Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
15. Moriches, special.
15. Huntington, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
15. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
15. Eastern, Marblehead to Gloucester.
15. Corinthian, fourth championship, Marblehead.
15. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
15. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
15. Savil Hill, club, Dorchester Bay.
15. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, special.
16. Williamsburg, ladies' day.
17. American, Y. R. A., open, Newburyport.
17. New York, autumn cups, Glen Cove.
19. Moriches, ladies' regatta.
- 20-22. Duxbury, Y. R. A., open, Duxbury.
20. First America's cup race; balance of races to be sailed on alternate days, Sundays excepted, until result is determined.
22. South Boston, club, City Point.
22. Southern, Rawlins, Tranchina and Olivieri cups, New Orleans.
22. Corinthian, fifth championship, Marblehead.
22. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
22. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
- 24-25. Wellfleet, Y. R. A., open, Wellfleet.
26. Moriches, McAleenan cup race.
- 27-29. Columbia, Lipton competitive cup races, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
- 27-29. Cape Cod, Y. R. A., open, Provincetown.
29. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
29. South Boston, club, City Point.
29. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
29. Beverly, sixth Corinthian, Monument Beach.
29. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
29. Corinthian, sixth championship, Marblehead.
29. Savin Hill, club, Dorchester Bay.
29. Huguenot, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
- 4-5. Eastern, open, Marblehead.
5. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
5. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
5. Royal Canadian, cruising race, Toronto.
5. Southern, Fornaris cup, New Orleans.
5. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, fall regatta.
5. Eastern, special, open, Marblehead.
5. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
5. Columbia, cruise to Indian Harbor.
5. Hempstead Bay, open.
5. Penataquit Corinthian, special, Bay Shore.
5. Beverly, open, Mattapoisett.
7. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich.
7. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
7. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
7. Moriches, annual, open.
7. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
7. Jamaica Bay Y. R. A.
7. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont.
7. Lynn, Y. R. A., open, Nahant.
7. Williamsburg, cruise.
7. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
7. Sachem's Head, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.

7. Penataquit Corinthian, open, Bay Shore.
- 9-11. Columbia, races for Webb cup, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
- 10-12. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, specials, and fall regatta.
12. Keystone, open, Woodmere, L. I.
12. Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Monument Beach.
12. Bay State, Y. R. A., open, Lynn Bay.
12. Chicago, handicap race to Kenosha.
12. Columbia, fall regatta, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
12. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales cup race, Toronto.
19. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
19. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
19. Larchmont, schooner cup race, Larchmont.
19. Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate.
19. Bensonhurst, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
19. Manhasset Bay, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, fall regatta.
26. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, fall regatta.
26. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
26. Chicago, handicap, Lake Michigan.
27. Williamsburg, open, fall regatta.

OCTOBER.

3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
3. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.
5. Southern, fall, New Orleans.
10. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.
17. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1903, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

- First prize, \$75.00.
- Second prize, \$50.00.
- Third prize, \$25.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1903.
2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.
3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.
4. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.
5. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.
6. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.
7. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, on or before Nov. 15, 1903.

DAILY spins took place last week at Newport between Reliance and Constitution. There were no real races between the two boats, the idea being simply to see how Reliance performed with Constitution when slight changes were made in her trim. On Saturday the boats met for the last time, the owners of Reliance feeling perfectly satisfied that the boat was in the best possible trim and further trials or changes in the boat unnecessary. In almost every trial Constitution would start ahead and to windward of Reliance, but before they would cover any distance the new boat would work through her lee, cross her bows and then outpoint and outfoot Constitution. The weather conditions for the trial on Saturday were perfect, the sea being smooth, and there was just wind enough to heel the boats down to their rails. A start was made off Brenton's Reef Lightship, and in the beat out to the whistling buoy, off Point Judith, Reliance beat Constitution 4m., outpointing and outfooting her on this occasion, as she had done on all others.

After having seen Reliance in almost every race she has sailed in since she was launched, we are more satisfied now than ever that the Cup is absolutely safe. While we do not wish to underestimate the speed of Shamrock III., we shall be surprised if she takes even one race.

Mr. August Belmont did a very courteous and sportsmanlike thing when he practically turned Constitution over to be used as a trial boat for Reliance. He undoubtedly had hopes of defending the Cup this year and he spent a large sum of money preparing Constitution for the races. He has had a season of continued hard luck, Constitution having been "hoodooed" from the start, and her frequent accidents having caused many disappointments, both to the boat's owner and to her many admirers. Constitution's double spreaders were the cause of many mishaps, and had they been discarded at the first of the season she would have shown up to much better advantage, although it is not likely she would have beaten Reliance. The double spreader was found to be a failure in small boats years ago, and why the contrivance should have been tried in a ninety in the second season after it was found unsatisfactory in the first is a mystery.

The two Shamrocks met in their last trial before the Cup race last Saturday. The trials between the two boats here have been of a doubtful nature as those held on the other side. Although the daily papers have devoted columns to the races between the two boats, no one really knows whether the challenger is five, ten or fifteen miles faster than Shamrock I. over a thirty-mile course. There is no doubt that Shamrock

III. is faster than the old boat, but just how much faster we don't know nor do we know in what shape Shamrock I. is sailing. We hope she is sailing faster than she was when she was on this side before, in which case the challenger will be more nearly in Reliance's class.

Sir Thomas and Mr. Fife made up their minds to keep those on this side as much at sea as to the real merits of the challenger as possible, and they have succeeded to a marked degree. They may know how much faster Shamrock III. is over Shamrock I., but no one else does. From the time the boats began sailing on this side, they have been experimenting with the new boat. After every race a change would be made in her trim, her spars or her sails. Then, again, every day or so she would be towed up to Erie Basin, where she would go in the dry dock and have her bottom cleaned or else a longer mast or bowsprit would be stepped. The fact that constant and radical changes were continually being made was evidence that the boat was not satisfactory to her designer. Had she been as perfect and wonderful a creation as they have claimed, she would never have been tampered with for fear of throwing something out of perfect tune. Shamrock III. is again in Erie Basin, where her bottom is being cleaned and painted. On Tuesday she will be measured by Mr. Charles D. Mower, the New York Y. C.'s official measurer.

We are almost on the eve of the races, Aug. 20 being the date of the first race. Good breezes have been predicted for the races, and we hope this may prove true. A race in a breeze and a sea is more exciting, but as far as the result of the contests go, we care little how it blows, whether it be a light breeze just enabling the boats to finish within the time limit or a half a gale. In any case, all the signs point out Reliance as the winner.

The Canadians at Toronto seem to be quite as invincible as those at Montreal when it comes to the building and sailing of racing yachts and the defending of cups. The Canada's Cup challenger, Irondequoit, has been defeated in two straight races by Strathcona, the defender. The first race was sailed on Saturday over a triangular course, and the defender won by a narrow margin, but in the windward and leeward race sailed on Monday Strathcona beat Irondequoit by over rom. The reports state that the splendid showing the Canadian boat made was in a great measure due to superior judgment and handling.

The Canada's Cup Races.

TORONTO, Aug. 8.—The first of the races for the possession of the Canada's Cup, the blue ribbon of the lakes, was enough to drive a man to the verge of nervous prostration. Lake Ontario has never seen a closer contest, although it has seen a closer finish occasionally. But in all of the twenty-one miles of sailing the contestants were never much more than a hundred yards apart, and for the greater part of the race they were so close together that the tossing of the traditional biscuit would have been unnecessary, for a man could have jumped from one to the other.

The race was full of chances from one end to the other, and there was no certainty as to the winner until the final gun fire. The excellent performance of the American boat was no surprise to the Canadians. Their marine soothsayers and waterfront seers had spoken solemn words of warning from the moment of Irondequoit's arrival in the harbor, and after the challenger had been hauled out it was very difficult to find any money on the defender at even prices. The Canadians, without looking down in the mouth, were prepared for a defeat, perhaps not in the whole series of races, but at least in one race. And when victory perched on their burgee their pent-up feelings were unable to find intelligent utterance.

There are sixty-four compass courses worked out for the Canada's Cup races, each one giving an equilateral triangle. Many of these are not feasible with the start made on the south shore of Toronto Island, but after eliminating these the judges, Messrs. Oliver Cromwell, of New York; Frank T. Christie, of Rochester, N. Y., and E. H. Ambrose, of Hamilton, Ont., have still a plentiful field to select from. Course No. 41 was given the yachts on Saturday, with instructions to leave all buoys to port. The compass course was southwest, then east-southeast, half east; then north by west half west. For the Canada's Cup, the courses are alternately triangular and windward and leeward, the former being twenty-one miles in extent, and the latter eighteen. The winning of three out of five races determines the fate of the precious trophy. There is no question of time allowance, and the time limit is five hours and a half. For Saturday's race there was a splendid southwest breeze, steady and not too strong, holding between ten and twelve miles an hour, and not varying in direction except on the last leg of the triangle. It was a brisk breeze without much weight in it, a breeze that decorated the sky with fleecy clouds that did not interfere with the sun, and a breeze that rolled up the waters of the lake into a lumpy, tossing mass without producing what could properly be called a seaway.

The judges started out in the steam yacht *Tranquilo*, owned by Mr. Fred. Nichols, of Toronto. The wobble of a sea had displaced one of the L. Y. R. A. buoys left out overnight, but the tug *Alert*, in charge of the buoys, had no trouble in placing them in their proper positions and keeping them there as long as they were needed. The *Tranquilo*'s machinery became deranged before the day was very old, and the judges were transferred to the steam yacht *Winyah*, of Alpena. The *Tranquilo*, however, was the official boat at the start. Later she was towed in by the Gooderham steam yacht *Cleopatra*.

The first gun was given at 10:33 A. M. The yachts were then dodging about under lower canvas and No. 1 clubtopsails, with jibtopsails in stops. The maneuvering for position was not very spectacular. The skipper were new to one another, and neither seemed to

be very desirous of close quarters. The yachts spun around each other like a pair of dancers, occasionally, but this was not right on gunfire. When the gun was given at 11:03 A. M., they were both close on the line, but far enough apart to make the start a plain piece of sailing. Irondequoit crossed first, at 11:03:09, Strathcona being 6s. behind, at 11:03:15, but slightly to windward. They went over on the starboard tack and showed no disposition to indulge in a stick-handling display. They stood off to the southward on one long stretch, which was probably to Strathcona's advantage, for she is at least a second slower in stays than Irondequoit. The best I have ever seen her do is 8s. from full to full, and Irondequoit can do it in 7s., so that a series of short hitches might have given the challenger an advantage, although, as the leading boat, Irondequoit was quite right in holding the starboard tack as long as she was nearer the buoy than Strathcona. Strathcona stood up a trifle better, and ate to windward steadily. Irondequoit, however, footed just a little faster.

At 11:27 Irondequoit came about on the port tack. She was then ahead of Strathcona, but not enough. Skipper Jarvis was not the man to neglect the advantages of the starboard tack, and Skipper Barr realized in a flash that there would be a foul and disqualification in a second or so. Down went his tiller, and while Irondequoit hung in the wind, Strathcona forged ahead. Irondequoit swung off on the port tack again, and Strathcona did likewise, the whole maneuver only occupying 30s.

Just after settling down to business again, the shackle on Irondequoit's jibtopsail sheet parted, and the big sail had to be lowered. It was only off for a minute, but Strathcona stretched out a lead of a couple of lengths. When the yachts came about again, rom. later, Strathcona had four lengths to the good. Irondequoit had shackled on her jibtopsail sheet in very quick time, but she had lost some. The boats laid the buoy on the next port tack, a long one. Irondequoit's footing very nearly made up for Strathcona's eating to windward, for the latter only rounded the buoy 22s. in the lead, after seven miles of sailing.

It was a pretty reach to the next mark, under balloon jibs, and largest jibtopsails. Irondequoit set a new wrinkle by taking in her jib altogether, so as to allow her balloon canvas to draw. For a long time Strathcona held her lead. Then in the seventh mile Irondequoit overhauled her, and once she had her blanketed, passed her like a shot out of a gun. This was close on the second buoy, and the turn was made with Irondequoit 14s. in the lead, having gained 36s. in seven miles of reaching. Then came the smart work. It was a reach again home, but the wind backed to the southward a trifle. Skipper Jarvis dowsed his big jibtopsail and set a balloon jib, but very slowly, Strathcona being without a kite forward for 2m. But the balloon pulled, and rom. after turning the buoy Strathcona's spinnaker was fluttering out of stops. Skipper Barr at once sent out his spinnaker in stops, but it was 3m. later when he broke it out.

But Jarvis was after him. Inch by inch Strathcona crept up. The southwesterly roll caused the yachts to sway heavily at times, and when Strathcona interfered with Irondequoit's wind, the spinnaker boom cock-billed itself. Skipper Barr luffed, to jump Irondequoit to windward of her overtaker, and the big sail collapsed in tangled flutters, hanging in bight around the headsails. But Skipper Jarvis also luffed and held his weather berth. His spinnaker would no longer draw, but with lightning speed the clew was unspun and hooked on to the forestay, and the great piece of silk hung there, dragging nobly, a second balloon jib. Irondequoit made frantic efforts to escape the fatal grip, pointing miles to windward of the buoy. But Jarvis stayed with the luffing match, clinging grimly to the weather quarter. Irondequoit's collapsed spinnaker was taken in, and she was shot to windward until her headsails shivered, and then Jarvis, having edged his rival on until Strathcona was actually nearer the buoy, although still astern, put his tiller up. Strathcona leaped across Irondequoit's wake, squaring off for the mark. For an instant it looked as though she would gybe, but the mainsail was left to starboard and the spinnaker again set flying to port. Dead before the wind the defender fled. Had Skipper Barr been quicker he might have repeated the game and blanketed her, but he did not get his spinnaker set for a minute after Strathcona had squared away, and all he could do was to make a close finish, 22s. astern.

Summary of the race:

	First Leg.	First buoy.	Elapsed.
Irondequoit	Start.	12 15 09	1 12 00
Strathcona	Start.	12 14 47	1 11 32
Strathcona gained 28s.			
	Second buoy.		
Irondequoit	1 04 16		49 07
Strathcona	1 04 30		49 43
Irondequoit gained 36s.			
	Finish.		
Irondequoit	2 07 30		1 03 14
Strathcona	2 07 08		1 02 38
Strathcona gained 36s.			

Strathcona won the first race by 22s.

CHARLES H. SNIDER.

Western Yachts.

Beached at Milwaukee.

Lake Michigan is known as a tricky water, and lived up to its reputation this week to the personal concern of some of the Chicago yachtsmen who started out for a little cruise to Milwaukee. Their boats were caught in a sudden lake storm which swept from the anchorage nearly all the boats which were lying back of the breakwater in Milwaukee Bay. Hoosier, Wizard, Widsith, and Outlaw, all of Chicago, went ashore below the Milwaukee Y. C. club house. The bay was pretty well swept clear of all smaller craft, but no damage of serious nature ensued.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Boston Y. C.

HULL, MASS.,

Thursday, July 30.

The midsummer series of invitation races of the Boston Y. C. opened at Hull on Thursday, July 30, with a reefing southwest breeze. In the 25-footers, Calypso had the best of the start and led to the first mark. So on after this was passed Sally VII. went up and took the lead, which she held to the finish. In the 22-footers Opitsah V. got the best of the start twice, having waited after the first one to start with Medric, which had trouble with her jib. Opitsah V. led her class all around the course. In the 18-footers Chance led all over the course, with Dominoe a close second. In the first handicap class Jingo won easily. In the second handicap class Jacobin finished first, but lost to Anne on corrected time. In the dory class Lurline II. won. The summary:

Class D—25-Footers—Start, 2:25.
Prizes, \$20, \$10 and \$5. Winner to qualify for a leg for the Lawson cup for her class.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sally VII., L. F. Percival	4 16 07	1 51 07
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	4 16 50	1 51 53
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber	4 20 40	1 55 40
Calypso, A. W. Chesterson	4 21 22	1 56 22

Sally VII. wins by 46s. over Great Haste.

Class E—22-Footers—Start, 2:30.
Prizes, \$18, \$9 and \$5. Winner to qualify for a leg for the Lawson cup for her class.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Opitsah V., S. H. and H. I. Foster	4 51 12	2 06 12
Chief, S. C. Winsor	4 53 15	2 08 15
Medric, Herbert H. White	4 54 53	2 09 53

Opitsah V. wins by 2m. 3s. over Chief.

Class S—21ft. Cabin—Start, 2:35.
Prizes, \$15, \$8 and \$5.
Perhaps II., J. E. Robinson 4 42 50 | 2 07 50 |

Class I—18-Footers—Start, 2:40.
Prizes, \$12, \$7 and \$5. Winner to qualify for a leg for the Lawson cup for her class.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Chance, Reginald Boardman	4 25 30	1 45 30
Dominoe, C. C. Clapp	4 27 45	1 47 45
Kittiwake IV., Henry M. Jones	4 28 25	1 48 25
Moslem, B. D. Barker	4 28 29	1 48 29
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster	4 30 08	1 50 08
Biza, Alfred Douglass	4 30 30	1 50 30
Miss Modesty, B. S. Permar	4 31 05	1 51 05
Question, J. Henry Hunt	4 31 17	1 51 17
Gertrude, Hector E. Lynch	4 31 30	1 51 30
Miladi II., F. R. Adams	4 31 51	1 51 51
Mirage, J. W. Olmstead	4 32 51	1 52 51
Humbug, C. W. Cole and Bacon	4 33 27	1 53 27
Crow, Lauriat & Hooper	4 35 58	1 55 58
Wink, L. B. Goodspeed	4 36 32	1 56 32
Yo San, R. J. Randolph, Jr.	4 38 02	1 58 02

First Handicap Class—For Boston Y. C. yachts only—Start, 2:45.
Prizes, \$12, \$8 and \$5.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jingo, George B. Duane	1 05 54	1 05 54
Helen, Frank R. Neale	1 07 15	1 05 56

Second Handicap Class—For Boston Y. C. yachts only—Start, 2:50.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Prizes, \$10, \$7 and \$5.		
Anne, C. B. Pratt	1 13 46	1 07 04
Jacobin, T. W. King	1 07 18	1 07 18
Widow, H. W. Friend	1 10 11	1 07 30
Clarice, Walter Burgess	1 14 00	1 09 41
Janice, J. Fred Harvey and John Sherlock	1 16 53	1 12 12

Dory Class.

	Elapsed.
Lurline II., J. P. Meade	1 20 00
Hobo, C. D. Rankin	1 21 55
Vera, H. Lundberg	1 23 13

Friday, July 31.

The second race of the midsummer series of the Boston Y. C. was sailed off Hull on Thursday, July 31, in a wholesail northwest breeze. In the 25ft. class Great Haste had the best of the start, but Chewink caught her on the first beat to windward and took first place, with Great Haste second and Sally VII. third. This order was maintained for the first round of the course, but on the second round, Chewink III. and Great Haste got into a luffing match, and Sally VII. went into the lead, which she held to the finish. In the 22-footers Medric got the best of the start, but Opitsah V. took first place on the first round of the course. On the second round Medric again took the lead and finished a winner. In the 18-footers Patrice got the best of the start, but Dominoe, which was seventh boat, soon went out to the front and led all around the course. In the first handicap class Jingo again won. Jacobin came in first in the second handicap class, but lost to Widow on corrected time. Lurline II. was again a winner in the dory class. The summary:

Class D—25-Footers—Start, 2:25.
Prizes, \$20, \$10 and \$5. Winner and second to qualify for leg in Lawson cups for the series.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sally VII., L. F. Percival	4 15 21	1 50 21
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	4 16 17	1 51 17
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	4 17 17	1 52 17
Calypso, A. W. Chesterson	4 21 55	1 56 55

Sally VII. wins by 56s.

Class E—22-Footers—Start, 2:30.
Prizes, \$18, \$9 and \$5. Winner and second to qualify for leg for Lawson cups for the series.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Medric, Herbert H. White	4 36 08	2 06 08
Opitsah V., S. H. and H. I. Foster	4 36 49	2 06 49
Chief, S. C. Winsor	4 41 25	2 11 25

Medric wins by 41s.

Class I—18-Footers—Start, 2:40.
Prizes, \$12, \$7 and \$5. Winner and second to qualify for leg for Lawson cups for the series.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dominoe, C. C. Clapp	4 32 09	1 52 09
Miladi II., F. R. Adams	4 33 47	1 53 47
Chance, Reginald Boardman	4 34 12	1 54 12
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch	4 34 22	1 54 22
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster	4 34 46	1 54 46
Miss Modesty, B. S. Permar	4 35 02	1 55 02
Mirage, J. W. Olmstead	4 35 09	1 55 09
Humbug, C. W. Cole and Bacon	4 35 18	1 55 18
Question, J. H. Hunt	4 35 34	1 55 34
Moslem, B. D. Barker	4 35 49	1 55 49
Yo San, R. J. Randolph, Jr.	4 36 47	1 56 47
Patrice, A. W. Finlay	4 37 56	1 57 56
Crow, Lauriat & Hooper	4 38 06	1 58 06
Wink, L. B. Goodspeed	4 38 14	1 58 14
Biza, Alfred Douglass	4 39 28	1 59 28
Kittiwake IV., H. N. Jones	4 41 00	2 01 00
Nicknack, E. B. Holmes	4 42 05	2 02 05
Wallada, W. Rouse	4 48 09	2 08 09

Dominoe wins by 1m. 38s.

First Handicap Class—Start, 2:45.
Prizes, \$12, \$8 and \$5.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jingo, George B. Duane	1 02 59	1 02 59
Kiuna, A. W. Learnard	1 03 47	1 03 00
Mildred II., C. A. Coleman	1 06 04	1 04 11

Jingo wins by 1s.

Second Handicap Class—Start, 2:50.
Prizes, \$10, \$7 and \$5.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Widow, H. W. Friend	1 11 11	1 08 23
Clarice, Walter Burgess	1 16 49	1 09 49
Jacobin, T. W. King	1 10 17	1 10 17
Annie, C. B. Pratt	1 18 01	1 11 01

Widow wins by 1m. 28s.

Dory Class—Start, 2:55.

	Elapsed.
Lurline II., J. P. Meade.....	1 51 00
Vera, H. Lundburg.....	1 51 43
Hobo, C. H. Rankin.....	1 59 53

Lurline II. wins by 43s.

Sunday, Aug. 2.

On Sunday the fleet of the Boston Y. C. sailed as one class from Hull to Marblehead, for a cup donated by the National Sportsman. There was a good breeze, which made the run most interesting. The 22-footer Medric took the lead soon after the start, and held it until port was reached. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Medric, H. H. White.....	2 30 24	4 24 45	4 24 45
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	2 34 45	4 25 11	4 25 11
Sally VII., L. F. Percival.....	2 35 11	4 25 11	4 25 11
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. I. Foster.....	2 50 48	4 51 48	4 40 48
Dominoe, C. C. Clapp.....	3 03 26	5 23 26	4 53 26
Humbog, Cole & Bacon.....	3 03 31	5 23 31	4 53 31
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop.....	3 03 56	5 23 56	4 53 56
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster.....	3 07 10	5 27 10	4 57 10
Yo San, R. J. Randolph, Jr.....	3 09 01	5 29 01	4 59 01
Moslem, B. D. Barker.....	3 19 36	5 29 36	5 09 36
Mirage, Laurie & Hopper.....	Withdraw.		
Question, J. H. Hunt.....	Withdraw.		
Nicknack, E. B. Holmes.....	Withdraw.		

Tuesday, Aug. 4.

An open Y. R. A. race was given by the Boston Y. C. at Marblehead, on Tuesday, Aug. 4. There was a wholesail breeze, which made the racing fast. In the 25-footers, Sally VII. took the lead at the start and held it to the finish. In the 22-footers Opitsah V. was across the starting line first, but Chief pulled out a lead on the first leg and held it to the finish. Arrow got the start in the 18-footers, but Miss Modesty got to the weather mark first. After that there was luffing, and Miladi II. went into the lead, only to lose to Aspinquid just before the finish. The summary:

Class D—25-Footers—Start, 2:25.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sally VII., L. F. Percival.....	3 41 58	1 16 58
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop.....	3 44 06	1 19 06
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	3 45 32	1 20 32
Seboomook, E. A. Smith.....	3 47 07	1 22 07

Class E—22-Footers—Start, 2:30.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Chief, S. C. Winsor.....	3 53 12	1 23 12
Opitsah, S. H. & H. I. Foster.....	3 54 52	1 24 52
Medric, Herbert H. White.....	3 56 13	1 26 13

Class S—21-Footers—Start, 2:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
*Perhaps II., J. E. Robinson.....	4 12 05	1 37 05
Mildred II., F. P. Moses.....	4 12 13	1 37 13

*Subject to protest from Mildred II.

Class I—18-Footers—Start, 2:40.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster.....	3 56 22	1 16 22
Miss Modesty, B. S. Permar.....	3 56 25	1 16 25
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.....	3 56 41	1 16 41
Arrow, E. A. Boardman.....	3 57 37	1 17 37
Question, J. H. Hunt.....	3 57 43	1 17 43
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch.....	3 59 07	1 19 07
Rattler, A. D. Irving.....	4 00 32	1 20 32
Dominoe, C. C. Clapp.....	4 00 50	1 20 50
Humbog, C. W. Cole & Bacon.....	4 01 02	1 21 02
Wallada, W. W. Rouse.....	4 02 36	1 22 36
Mirage, J. W. Olmstead.....	4 02 40	1 22 40
Myrmidon, W. C. Loring, Jr.....	4 03 17	1 23 17
Yo San, R. J. Randolph, Jr.....	4 03 25	1 23 25
Nicknack, E. B. Holmes.....	Withdraw.	

First Handicap Class—Start, 2:45.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Setsu, Talbot and Lewis.....	1 16 12	1 15 28
Kiuna (yaw), A. W. Learnard.....	1 19 35	1 19 35
Chasca, Dexter H. Follett.....	Disabled.	

Second Handicap Class—Start, 2:50.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dabster, F. Skinner.....	1 15 20	1 15 20
Anne, C. B. Pratt.....	1 26 32	1 19 00
Clarice, Walter Burgess.....	1 29 53	1 22 21
Widow, H. W. Friend.....	1 26 13	1 23 13
Bagheera, F. R. Allen.....	1 36 05	1 27 03

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

Thursday, August 6.

The first of the three days' racing given by the Indian Harbor Y. C. came very near being spoiled by a heavy rain. The bad weather prevented many boats from starting, and only fifteen craft came to the line.

The start was postponed until late in the afternoon, the Regatta Committee hoping the weather might clear. It was nearly five o'clock when the first class was sent away, and the boats sailed over short courses. The breeze was fresh from the E., and the boats made good time. The summary:

New York Y. C.—25ft. Class—Start, 4:50.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hope, Adrian Iselin, 3d.....	7 02 07	2 12 07
Lively, C. O'D. Iselin.....	6 56 42	2 06 42

American Y. C. Raceabouts.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Maryola, C. W. Allen.....	6 42 57	1 42 57
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	6 44 15	1 44 15
Howdy, George Mercer, Jr.....	Did not finish.	

Indian Harbor Sailboats—Start, 5:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Noggin, W. Cooney.....	Not timed.	
Cero, R. Mallory, Jr.....	Not timed.	
Florence, E. J. Marston.....	6 55 11	1 45 11
Stingy, E. E. Zittel.....	7 01 50	1 51 50
Queenie, F. Tilford.....	Not timed.	

Hempstead Harbor One-design Class—Start, 5:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Flicker, C. Handy.....	7 00 58	1 50 58
Scud, D. B. Abbott.....	6 57 41	1 47 41
Gosling, M. and F. Pratt.....	6 55 25	1 45 25

New Rochelle One-design Class—Start, 5:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Knave, R. N. Bavie.....	Did not finish.	
Ace, A. Bavie.....	Did not finish.	

The winners were: Lively, Maryola, Florence, and Gosling.

Friday, August 7.

There were thirty-two starters in the second day of the series racing. All but two of the boats finished. Noggin capsized and was towed into the harbor, while Bobkin split her mainsail and withdrew.

A fresh S. W. breeze held throughout the contest, and the boats made good time over the courses.

Anoatok and Spasm were the only starters in the 36ft. class. These boats were the first to start and were sent away at 3:05. Spasm beat Anoatok by nearly two minutes. This is the first time that Anoatok has been beaten this season.

Hope and Lively, two of the one-design 25-footers designed by Mr. C. F. Herreshoff, started in the 30ft. class. Mimosa, Mr. T. L. Park's Crownshield production of last year, gave them a bad beating.

In the raceabout class nine boats came to the starting line. Hobo, another one of Mr. Park's boats, led the fleet, and won handily, beating Sis, the second boat, by nearly a minute.

Six boats started in the 25ft. sloop class, and among them were two of the Larchmont one-design 21-footers. Robin Hood won easily, beating Dorothy by over four minutes.

Montauk defeated Trouble by nearly six minutes in the 21ft. class.

Stingy beat Florence, the winner of yesterday's race, in the Indian Harbor sailabout class. The summary:

36ft. Class—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Anoatok, W. G. Brokaw.....	4 37 07	1 32 07
Spasm, E. B. King.....	4 35 15	1 30 15

30ft. Class—Start, 3:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mimosa, T. L. Park.....	4 42 15	1 32 15
Zillico, W. Grosvenor, Jr.....	4 51 04	1 41 04
Hope, Adrian Iselin 3d.....	4 56 07	1 46 07
Lively, C. O'D. Iselin.....	4 51 57	1 41 57

Raceabouts—Start, 3:15.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Grasshopper, H. C. Pryer.....	5 02 14	1 47 14
Rogue, A. B. Alley.....	5 05 22	1 50 22
Sis, F. T. Bedford, Jr.....	4 56 37	1 41 37
Mavis, G. L. Pirie.....	4 58 31	1 43 31
Howdy, G. Mercer, Jr.....	5 10 07	1 55 07
Jolly Tar, S. Howland.....	4 58 36	1 43 36
Maryola, C. W. Allen.....	5 00 12	1 45 12
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins.....	4 58 44	1 43 44
Hobo, Trenor L. Park.....	4 55 42	1 40 42

25ft. Class—Start, 3:20.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Fire Fly, G. P. Granberry.....	5 06 06	1 46 06
Chingachgook, E. A. Stevens, Jr.....	5 05 41	1 45 41
Robin Hood, G. E. Gartland.....	5 01 07	1 41 07
Snapper, F. Page.....	5 11 42	1 51 42
Houri, J. H. Esser.....	5 16 34	1 56 34
Dorothy, L. Spence.....	5 05 17	1 45 17

21ft. Class—Start, 3:25.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Trouble, W. H. Childs.....	5 22 21	1 57 21
Montauk, G. P. Sheldon.....	5 21 42	1 51 42

18ft. Class—Start, 3:30.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Louie Belle, J. M. Williams.....	4 45 42	1 15 42
Indian Harbor Sailabouts—Start, 3:35.		
Florence, E. J. Marston.....	4 54 44	1 19 44
Cero, Robert Mallory, Jr.....	4 49 15	1 14 15
Stingy, E. E. Zittel.....	4 47 21	1 12 21
Gosling, T. Pratt.....	4 54 20	1 19 20
Scud, D. Abbott.....	4 53 34	1 18 34
Ity Bity, W. E. Douglas.....	4 49 31	1 14 31

The winners were: Spasm, Mimosa, Hobo, Robin Hood, Montauk, Louie Belle and Stingy.

Saturday, August 8.

The club's annual regatta was sailed on Saturday, August 8, the last of the three days' series races. There was a good list of starters, some fifty boats coming to the line.

The starting line was near the gas buoy off the eastern end of Little Captain Island. The wind was light at the time of the start from the S. by E. In order to give the boats some windward work the Regatta Committee reversed the courses, thus making the first leg a beat. Before the boats reached the first mark the wind shifted to the S. W., making the second leg a run and the last leg a close fetch. On the second round the change in the wind made the first leg a beat with one long leg and a short one, the second leg a run, and the third a close reach.

The 60-footer, Neola, and the 43-footer, Aspirant, were both without competitors, so they were put in the same class. Neola allowed Aspirant full time, and in the light breeze the smaller boat had things her own way, and won with ease.

In the handicap class for sloops, Umbria and Narcissus met; the former boat won by nearly three minutes. Anoatok turned the tables on Spasm and added another first prize to an almost clean record.

The hottest race of the day was between the 30ft. sloops Mimosa and Bobtail. Bobtail is an Atlantic Y. C. boat and has raced only once before on the Sound this season. Bobtail had a comfortable lead on Mimosa, but lost her spinnaker on the second round. This mishap cost her the race, although she was only beaten by 9 seconds.

Three boats started in the C. F. Herreshoff 25ft. one-design class. Hope won, beating Lively by 51 seconds.

Hobo, Mr. T. L. Park's smart little raceabout, took another first prize in her class. She had a big jump on her seven competitors, and beat Maryola, the second boat, by 3m. 10s. Sis carried away one of her chain plates and withdrew.

Robin Hood repeated her performance of the day previous, and took another first prize. When the wind shifted, Robin Hood got badly left while Chingachgook got a big lift. Robin Hood, however, recovered all she lost and won out easily.

Three of the Larchmont one-design 21-footers started. Dorothy won, beating Vaquero, the second boat, by 26 seconds.

Arline had no competitor in the 21ft. catboat class, and withdrew.

In the 18ft. catboat class Louie Belle beat Lobster. Dorothy took a first prize in the 21ft. sloop class. She beat Gazabo and Montauk handily.

Pandora had no competitor in the 18ft. sloop class, and took a sailover.

Three of the Manhasset Bay one-design boats started, and Lambkin won. Arizona was second.

Knave beat her three competitors easily in the New Rochelle one-design class.

Stingy took another winning flag in the Indian Harbor sailabout class, while Wif Waf won in the Hempstead Harbor one-design class. Ity Bity had no competitor in the Horseshoe Harbor one-design class and sailed over the course alone.

The races were well managed, and the three days' contests went off without a hitch. The Regatta Committee is made up of Messrs. Frank Bowne Jones, chairman; C. E. Simmons, T. J. McCahill, Jr.; H. C. Nash and E. S. Wheeler. The summary follows:

Sloops—60ft. Class—Start, 12:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Neola, G. M. Pyncheon.....	4 56 09	4 21 09	4 21 09
Aspirant, A. H. & H. W. Hanan.....	5 09 31	4 34 31	4 14 45

Sloops—Handicap—Start, 12:40.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Narcissus, E. Page.....	5 04 42	4 24 42	4 24 42
Umbria, W. Childs.....	5 05 20	4 25 20	4 21 34

Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 12:40.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Anoatok, W. G. Brokaw.....	4 51 56	4 11 56
Spasm, E. B. King.....	4 53 57	4 13 57

Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 12:45.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mimosa, T. L. Park.....	4 58 17	4 13 17
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.....	4 58 26	4 13 26

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Zillacoa, W. Grosvenor, Jr.....	5 11 10	4 26 10
Hope, Adrian Iselin, 3d.....	5 09 02	4 24 02
Lively, C. O'D. Iselin.....	5 09 53	4 24 53

Raceabouts—Start, 12:50.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Grasshopper, H. Pryer.....	4 23 55	3 33 55
Sis, F. T. Bedford, Jr.....	Withdraw.	
Mavis, G. L. Pirie.....	4 20 21	3 30 21
Howdy, G. Mercer, Jr.....	4 26 43	3 36 43
Jolly Tar, S. Howland.....	4 20 12	3 30 12
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins.....	4 20 46	3 30 46
Maryola, C. W. Allen.....	4 17 29	3 27 29
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	4 14 19	3 24 19

25ft. Sloops—Start, 12:55.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Fire Fly, G. P. Granberry.....	4 23 12	3 28 12	3 22 03
Chingachgook, E. A. Stevens, Jr.....	4 14 55	3 19 55	3 19 55
Robin Hood, G. E. Gartland.....	4 19 22	3 24 22	3 18 45
Snapper, F. Page.....	4 23 42	3 28 42	3 21 40
Lucille, A. E. Black.....	4 28 58	3 33 58	3 24 40
Pristis, Iselin & Law.....	4 40 56	3 45 56	3 37 58

Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 12:55.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Houri, J. H. Esser.....	4 26 06	3 31 06
Dorothy, L. Spence.....	4 22 40	3 27 40
Vaquero, J. N. Marble.....	4 23 06	3 28 06

Catboats—21ft. Class—Start, 12:55.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Arline, A. E. Randle.....	Did not finish.	

Catboats—18ft. Class—Start, 1:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Louie Belle, J. M. Williams.....	4 13 54	3 08 51
Lobster, A. M. Brush.....	4 14 31	3 09 31

Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 1:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Montauk, G. P. Sheldon.....	3 57 34	2 57 34	2 56 38
Gazabo, H. T. Vulte.....	3 53 02	2 53 02	2 53 02
Dorothy, E. Remington.....	3 48 08	2 48 08	2 48 08

Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 1:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Pandora, M. E. Towle.....	5 55 31	2 53 31

Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start, 1:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Falcon, Stevens & Cole.....	3 56 13	2

Lake Yacht Racing Association.

TORONTO, CANADA,
Friday, August 7.

Eighteen boats started in the L. Y. R. A. regatta held off Toronto on Friday, August 7. The wind was from the N. by W., and had a strength of about twelve miles on the first round, but on the second round it petered out perceptibly. The course was an equilateral triangle of twelve nautical miles, twice around, making it a 24-mile race for the larger classes. The first leg was a spinnaker, and balloon run east by south, the second a reach south-west, with started sheets, and the third a beat north northeast.

Canada and Vreda had a very close and exciting race, and the former won by 55 seconds.

Cadillac had matters her own way in her class, but Beaver distinguished herself by beating her old rival, Genesee, although Beaver parted her peak halyards twice during the contest.

In the 35ft. class Chinook had no competitor and took a walkover. Keno won in the 25ft. class, and Whirl won in the 20ft. class. The summary:

45-footers.		
	Start.	Finish.
Canada	11 15 25	2 41 02
Vreda	11 15 25	2 41 57
Yama	11 16 30	2 46 06
40-footers.		
Cadillac	11 30 00	3 10 08
Beaver	11 30 00	3 15 48
Genesee	11 30 00	3 18 30
35-footers.		
Chinook	11 25 00	2 53 54
25-footers.		
Keno	11 45 20	1 27 34
Naomi	11 45 25	1 32 15
Chitta	11 45 10	1 35 37
Kee Lok	11 45 35	1 36 21
Nok	11 46 15	1 38 25
20-footers.		
Whirl	11 55 05	1 41 58
Grayling	11 55 07	1 43 07
Vesta	11 55 30	1 43 38
Petrel	11 55 15	1 43 28
Sheila	11 55 08	1 51 09
Tezpi	11 55 03	1 57 00

Shelter Island Y. C.

SHELTER ISLAND, L. I.,
Saturday, August 8.

The annual open regatta of the Shelter Island Y. C. was held on the afternoon of Saturday, August 8, over courses in Gardiner's Bay. Twenty-one boats started and finished the contest. The winners were Alert, Iroquois, Flash, Isolde, and Lotus II. Effort scored a sailover.

The best racing of the day was seen in class N, in which Alert beat out Oiseau by 2m. 13s. Other boats in the class were Kalmia, Woglinde (a new Crowninshield creation), and Empronzi. The summary:

Sloops—Class D—Start, 2:15.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	4 26 22	2 11 22
Sloops—Class N—Start, 2:05.		
Alert, J. W. Alker.....	2 29 02	2 24 02
Oiseau, H. L. Maxwell.....	4 31 15	2 26 15
Kalmia, G. T. Hollister.....	4 34 57	2 29 27
Woglinde, O. B. Weber.....	4 35 04	2 30 04
Empronzi, P. J. Rainey.....	4 35 21	2 30 21
Special Class—Sloops, Cutters and Yawls—Start, 2:05.		
Iroquois, J. G. Carleton.....	4 48 00	2 43 00
Seneca, H. G. Rainey.....	4 48 31	2 43 31
Martha, E. H. Coe.....	4 50 01	2 45 01
Bonnie Glynt, R. S. Foster.....	4 54 09	2 49 02
Sloops—Class R—Start, 2:05.		
Flash, N. Schieckle.....	4 26 57	2 21 57
Harp, J. N. Lunning.....	4 29 12	2 24 12
Iris, G. Piel.....	4 30 31	2 25 31
Psi, A. O. Bancker.....	4 31 05	2 26 05
Snook, J. G. Becker.....	4 42 50	2 37 50
San Toy, M. Edson.....	4 37 05	2 32 05
Catboats—Class S—Start, 2:05.		
Isolde, F. H. Richards.....	4 49 34	2 44 34
Juanita, F. J. Hunter.....	4 48 09	2 53 09
Whiteaway, L. A. Fush, Jr.....	5 03 40	3 02 40
Catboats—Class T—Start, 2:05.		
Lotus II, J. D. Weir.....	4 28 03	2 23 03
Minnow, L. A. Fish.....	4 50 40	2 45 50

The winners were: Alert, Iroquois, Flash, Isolde, and Lotus II. and Effort scored sailovers.

Brooklyn Y. C.

BENSONHURST, L. I.,
Saturday, August 8.

The Brooklyn Y. C. held the first of a series of races for cups offered by the Board of Governors on the afternoon of Saturday, August 8. Nine boats started, all but two of which finished. The yachts sailed under special classification on time allowance. Victories were by such large margins allowances were not figured. The summary:

Class A—Start, 3:35.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Winona, A. P. Soper.....	5 50 07	2 15 07
Sunshine, S. S. Fontaine.....	6 23 15	2 48 15
Class B—Start, 3:40.		
Bonito, Haviland Bros.....	5 44 07	2 04 07
Squaw, H. J. Heath.....	5 50 43	2 10 43
Class D—Start, 3:45.		
Sandpiper, W. W. Redfern.....	5 18 07	1 33 07
Warren, W. P. Paal.....	Did not finish.	
Class E—Start, 3:55.		
Boozie, C. D. Durkee.....	5 21 10	1 26 10
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock.....	5 29 46	1 34 46
Pleone, Charles Allen.....	Did not finish.	

The winners were Winona, Bonito, Sandpiper and Boozie.

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.,
Saturday, August 1.

A race of the handicap class of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed in Duxbury Bay on Saturday, August 1, in a very light air, in which Challenge was the winner. The summary:

Handicap Class.		Elapsed.
Challenge, E. B. Atwood.....	1 01 47	
Aureolus, H. Kellogg.....	1 09 15	
As You Like It, W. T. Whitman.....	1 13 08	
Rooster, Etherington.....	1 13 34	

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND,
Saturday, August 8.

The Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. held races for the raceabouts and the 15ft. one-design boats on Saturday afternoon, August 8. The race schedule for boats in the 30ft. class was postponed until September 12.

The course was from a stake boat off Smith's Bluff to and around the Center Island Buoy, thence to and around a stake boat off Lloyd's Neck and back to the starting line. The 15-footers covered the course once while the raceabouts went around twice. The wind was from the S., making it a reach to the first mark, a run to the second, and a beat back to the finish line.

The raceabouts were started at 3:20, and Jolly Roger was the first of the four boats to cross the line. Before reaching the Center Island Buoy, Merrywing worked into first place, and from that time on she was never headed, taking the race by a margin of over two minutes. Mystery finished in second place, and Jolly Roger was last, 14 seconds behind Nathalie.

The 15-footers crossed the starting line well bunched, but Cayenne took the lead before reaching the first mark. Sabrina took the lead on the windward work and finished a winner by 48 seconds. Cayenne gets second prize.

This was the last race for the Center Island cup, and the trophy goes to Bobs, which boat has the best standing after the season's racing.

Merrywing has the highest percentage for the Jennings cup. The summary follows:

Raceabouts—Start, 3:20.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Merrywing, H. M. Crane.....	6 11 36	2 51 36
Mystery, Johnson De Forest.....	6 13 56	2 53 56
Nathalie, F. G. Stewart.....	6 16 22	2 56 22
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bieker.....	6 16 36	2 56 36
Seawanhaka One-Design 15-footers—Start, 3:25.		
Sabrina, Charles W. Wetmore.....	5 31 07	2 06 07
Cayenne, Colgate Hoyt.....	5 31 55	2 06 55
Imp, Henry H. Landon.....	5 33 18	2 08 18
Bairn, William J. Matheson.....	5 33 52	2 08 52
Wee Wean, R. L. Cuthbert.....	5 37 56	2 12 56
Kid, Cleveland H. Dodge.....	5 42 07	2 17 07
Alys, Fred R. Coudert, Jr.....	5 43 22	2 18 22
Brownie, Robert W. Gibson.....	5 43 27	2 18 27
Scat, H. Smith & A. R. Whitney, Jr.....	5 43 33	2 18 38

Riverton Y. C.

RIVERTON, NEW JERSEY,
Saturday, August 1.

The Riverton Y. C. held a special regatta on Saturday afternoon, August 1. The wind was very light at the start, but later in the afternoon it breezed up and made the contests more interesting.

Fiona had matters all her own way in the catboat class, and beat Butterfly, the second boat, by nearly 3 minutes. Dorothea did good work in the jib and mainsail class, and beat Tadpole by nearly 7 minutes. The summary:

Catboats—Start, 3:15.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Fiona, J. Perkins.....	5 52 00	5 52 00
Butterfly, J. H. Reese.....	5 55 15	5 55 15
Carolyn II., C. C. Ryanhard.....	5 57 10	5 57 10
Sea Gull, L. C. Cook.....	5 53 52	6 01 15
Titania, J. Hamer.....	6 11 10	6 11 10
Atlas, C. Walton.....	Withdraw.	
Jib and Mainsail—Start, 3:20.		
Dorothea, S. Solomon.....	5 58 50	5 58 50
Tadpole, E. W. Crittenden.....	6 05 40	6 05 40
Pumpkin, J. C. W. Fushmuth.....	6 12 00	6 12 00
Isit, G. W. Smith.....	6 11 45	6 11 45
Papoose, H. S. Smith.....	Withdraw.	
Tadpole, H. Shreve.....	Withdraw.	
Mosquito Fleet—Start, 3:22.		
No. 11, A. G. Cooke.....	5 54 15	5 54 15
No. 14, Walnut boys.....	6 02 30	6 02 30
No. 6, Dr. C. S. Mills.....	Withdraw.	
No. 15, Rex, Showell.....	Withdraw.	

Columbia Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.,
Saturday, August 1.

A club race of the Columbia Y. C. was sailed in Dorchester Bay on Saturday, August 1, in a very light air, which made the going slow. The summary:

First Class.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wapiti, Edward J. Powers.....	3 04 57	2 52 57
Nelka, George Coy.....	3 29 59	3 19 59
Grabbee, W. H. Baker.....	Withdraw.	
Second Class.		
Acme, Hiram Patterson.....	2 41 40	2 39 40
Guide, J. Hunt.....	2 52 33	2 43 43
Isabine.....	Withdraw.	
Third Class.		
Osceola, E. Garren.....	2 16 50	2 16 20
Supero, M. Hanna.....	2 20 10	2 19 40
Magnet, R. Graham.....	2 23 35	2 23 35
Hinkee Dee, G. Cobb.....	2 29 05	2 28 05

Erie Y. C.

ERIE, Pa., August 8.—The course to-day was 3½ miles to be sailed twice. The wind was not good at any time, and before the finish it had nearly died out, yet the boats made good time, the little Turtle making the best time of any of them:

30-Footers.		Elapsed.
Una.....	2 09 30	
Kingsfisher.....	2 13 30	
Viking.....	2 32 45	
25-Footers.		Elapsed.
Iriquois.....	1 54 40	
Mingo.....	2 00 20	
Turtle.....	1 05 08	

CABIA BLANCO.

Annisquam Y. C.

ANNISQUAM, MASS.,
Saturday, August 1.

A race of the one-design dories of the Annisquam Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, August 1, in a moderate S. W. breeze. Little Un won out on the windward leg after Venus had met with a couple of mishaps. The summary:

		Elapsed.
Little Un, Donald Howes.....	1 31 40	
Venus.....	1 32 30	
Sister.....	1 33 33	
Jessica.....	1 34 50	

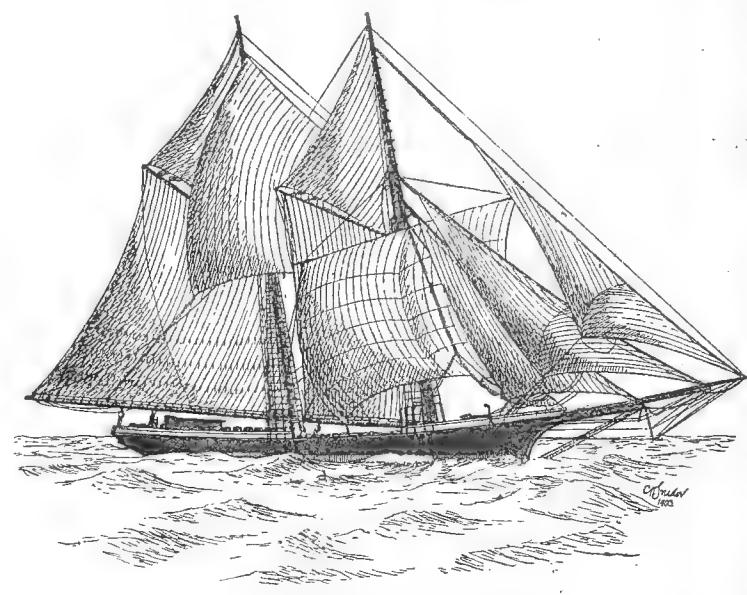
The Fast Passage of the Gulnare.

It was not exactly the sort of place you would expect to find a clipper captain in; a neatly painted refreshment stand, with candies in the windows, dwelling rooms at the back, and a boathouse on the lower floor in the rear. It was a snug enough location for trade, just at the junction of the suburban Lake Shore road and Toronto city car lines, in the bight of Humber Bay, where the clay banks of Parkdale smooth out into beaches of fine sand. But it was scarcely where you would expect to find a salt water captain.

To tell the truth, I was not expecting to find a salt water captain, although I was looking for something just as good—one of those skippers who have made the Canadian lake schooners famous by taking them off their native fresh water and bringing them back safely after going half way round the world on the salt seas. And such a man I knew "R. Maw, Boats to Let and Refreshments," as his sign said, to be. I was in search of information about the Jessie Drummond, which—but that, as Kipling says, is another story. What follows is the one Captain Robert Maw told me incidentally.

"Yes," said he, in that deep, chesty voice, which makes you know at once that you have a man, and no make believe, to deal with, "the Drummond was a fine vessel, but the smartest thing I was ever in was a little fore-n-after called the Gulnare.

"It was in the sixties—1865—and I was in the oil trade with another fellow. We used to load crude petroleum up near Sarnia and bring it down the lakes to Montreal or Quebec, in a lake vessel, and then ship it to the old country. The shipping, it was the worst part of the job. Sometimes we'd have to wait weeks



THE SCHOONER GULNARE.

From a picture and data in the possession of Capt. R. Maw, Toronto, Ont.

or even months before we could get a vessel to take it, for petroleum's not a nice cargo.

"There was a Government schooner for sale we heard of—the Gulnare—that had been surveying on the coast of Labrador. We got her for \$5,500, and though she didn't carry much, she was a dandy—long raking spars, a 50ft. squaresail yard, 216 yards of canvas in her main topmast staysail, and other sails to match. She was 104ft. long, 25ft. beam and 16ft. deep in the hold—and you couldn't stand up anywhere in the hold, except on the keelson, she was so sharp and fine. She had a full Aberdeen clipper bow and an elliptic stern, and was coppered to the channels. She was a Charlottetown vessel, and when we got her we agreed that I should carry oil across the Atlantic with her, while my partner kept bringing it down to salt water in our lake vessel.

"I put a spar deck in her for 48ft. from the taffrail, 2ft. above the main deck, and raised her bulwarks; and since she was so small in the hold, I loaded about fifty barrels of petroleum on the spar deck and more in the waist.

"We were just sinking the coast of Newfoundland when it came on to blow from the northwest. It was in October. It freshened and freshened, and we shortened her down, but kept her traveling, and she was certainly making great time.

"Next morning, just at eight bells, I sent a hand aloft to put another stop on the foregaff topsail, for the sea was getting big and the sail had gone adrift. When he got in the crosstrees and she was on top of a sea, he sung out, 'Sail, ho!' There was a ship, dead ahead of us, but you couldn't see her then from the deck; but by next eight bells, noon, that is, we had caught up to her and passed her. She was a big Southern-going vessel, too, homeward bound, so you know how fast we were going.

"The seas piled up until they were running a thousand feet long and sixty feet high, with wave crests all of twelve feet deep on the top. When she'd drop into a hollow everything would flap. The reefed foresail was so low, you see.

"The whole crowd, except me and the men at the wheel, was forward reefing the forestaysail, when an enormous sea pooped her. We managed to hang on, but it swept clean forward into the eyes of her, and I looked to see all seven go clean over the bows, when just as the sea struck the break of the forecastle deck she gave a roll and shoved it off to leeward.

"That was a close shave, but it was the only sea that boarded her. We mastheaded the three-reefed foresail with the winch, and sent the reefed staysail and jib as far up the stays as they would go, and then she didn't get becalmed in the hollows, and we kept her driving.

"Big seas would chase her up and rear away up over the taffrail and then fall, but they would slip under her. You see, the barrels of petroleum on the spar deck kept leaking and the stuff trickled off through weep-holes in the bulwarks and smoothed the water under her counter.

"I think it was the next day that we sighted the Wild Rose, a big timber ship that had left Quebec ten days ahead of us. She was riding out the gale, hove to, but when they saw a little thing like us staggering through they thought they would make a try at it, so they waited for a smooth, swung her off, and squared away. The Wild Rose had not gone a mile when a big sea caught her square and almost swamped her. It stove in her upper works aft, washed out the bulwarks, carried away the deckload, and started her stanchions from stem to stern. They managed to heave her to again, and we learned afterward they were five days making repairs before they started to limp into port.

"After that we fell in with an Inman liner. I forget her name, but it was either Iberian or Hibernian, and she was a crack mail steamship. She was going the same way as we were, but it's the solemn truth we kept her in sight four days, and we were alongside of her the greater part of three days, going it neck and neck, sail against steam.

"Three days in succession we made exactly the same run—366 miles of longitude. The fourth day was a few miles under. By the time the mail steamer was out of sight we were on the coast of England, and the gale was breaking. We made the run in eight days and nine hours, from the coast of Newfoundland to the Lizard, and if I remember right that's 2,050 miles.

"The carrying on paid us well, too, for we sold our oil at £8 a ton higher than the other oil carriers. A fleet of them had left the same time we did, but we were in London two weeks ahead of any of them and got the cream of the market." CHARLES H. SNIDER.

Eastern Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.,
Saturday, August 1.

In the squadron run of the Eastern Y. C. from Marblehead to Gloucester, on Saturday, August 1, the old cup defender, Puritan, led the schooners, and Nancy led the sloops, class 3. The summary:

Schooner Class.		Corrected.
Puritan, C. H. W. Foster.....	1 06 00	
Hoosier, Col. Wm. R. Nelson.....	1 06 37	
Rodina, D. C. Percival.....	1 09 03	
Constance, W. Amory Gardner.....	1 25 00	
Sloops—Class 3.		
Nancy	1 35 57	
Corina II.	1 40 57	

Monday, August 3.

A special open race of the Eastern Y. C. for restricted classes was sailed off Marblehead on Monday, August 3, in a light S. E. breeze. In the 25-footers Sally VII. got the best of the start, and led all over the course. The 22-footers went over the starting line in a bunch, and sailed a close race, in which Opitsah V. did the leading. The 18-footers were well bunched at the start, and the Question was first to get the lead. She and Chance indulged in a luffing match later, by which Aspinquid II. was enabled to come home in first place. The summary:

Class D—Start, 2:45.		
Sally VII., L. F. Percival.....	4 02 22	1 17 22
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	4 03 47	1 18 47
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	4 06 11	1 21 11
Seboomook, E. A. Smith.....	4 08 44	1 13 44
Sally VII. wins first prize by 1m. 25s.		
Class E—Start, 2:50.		
Opitsah V., S. H. and H. I. Foster.....	4 15 21	1 25 21
Medric, Herbert H. White.....	4 16 02	1 26 02
Chief, S. C. Winsor.....	4 16 57	1 26 57
Urchin, John Greenough.....	4 17 30	1 27 30
Opitsah V. wins first prize by 41s.		
Class R—Start, 2:55.		
Perhaps II., J. E. Robinson.....	Did not finish.	

Class I—Start, 3:00.		
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster.....	4 36 56	1 36 56
Question, J. H. Hunt.....	4 36 58	1 36 58
Chance, Reginald Boardman.....	4 36 59	1 36 59
Arrow, E. A. Boardman.....	4 42 35	1 42 35
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.....	4 43 03	1 43 03
Rattler, A. D. Irving.....	4 43 51	1 43 51
Moslem, B. D. Barker.....	4 44 18	1 44 18
Picaddilly, C. H. W. Foster.....	4 45 06	1 45 06
Humbug, C. W. Cole & Bacon.....	4 45 15	1 45 15
Wallada, W. W. Rouse.....	4 51 45	1 51 45
Nicknack, E. B. Holmes.....	4 52 38	1 52 38
Bagheera.....	4 59 30	1 59 30

Aspinquid II. wins first prize by 2s., Question second, chance third.

Canarsie Y. C.

JAMAICA BAY, LONG ISLAND,
Saturday, August 1.

The Canarsie Y. C. held a race for club boats on Saturday afternoon, August 1. Four classes filled and there were eight starters. All the boats finished. The wind was fresh from the S. W., and the boats covered a ten mile course. The Regatta Committee consisted of Messrs. H. C. Macy, W. W. Banta and G. W. Marsters. The summary follows:

Class B—Sloops.		Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Yank, C. Duly.....	3 10 20	5 54 18	2 43 58	
Lassie, Fletcher Bros.....	3 10 40	6 06 50	2 56 10	
Class C—Cabin Catboats.				
Irene, Winter Syndicate.....	3 16 40	5 50 35	2 33 55	
Ida, J. Acker.....	3 16 12	6 04 05	2 47 53	
Class D—Open Catboats Over 20ft.				
Caddie, E. X. Karr.....	3 20 22	5 58 20	2 37 58	
Aurora, A. Wirsching.....	3 21 00	5 47 25	2 26 25	
Class E—Open Catboats Under 20ft.				
Vision, C. B. Fitz Maurice.....	3 25 35	6 04 10	2 38 35	
Alice, A. Bishop.....	3 25 16	6 20 40	2 55 24	

The winners were: Yank, Irene, Aurora, and Vision.

Bar Harbor Yachting.

BAR HARBOR, MAINE,
Monday, August 3.

The race that was postponed from July 29 was sailed on August 3 in a fine strong breeze. Cricket won by 12 seconds. The summary:

	Elapsed.
Cricket, W. G. Ladd.....	1 42 03
Ben, A. Y. & P. C. Stewart.....	1 42 15
Astrild, H. Lenow.....	1 42 21
Joker, H. M. Sears.....	1 43 27
Scud, A. J. Cassatt.....	1 44 34
Kawana, J. B. Trevor.....	1 44 53
Zara, J. Montgomery Sears, Jr.....	1 44 54
Indian, W. C. Allison.....	1 50 15

South Boston Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.,
Saturday, August 1.

A handicap race of the South Boston Y. C. was sailed Saturday, August 1, in a light, fluky breeze. Ida J. finished first, but lost to Minerva on corrected time. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Minerva, W. Shaw.....	4 10 44	3 44 14
Ida J., C. Catlin.....	3 58 54	3 51 33
Eclipse, Arthur Leary.....	4 00 09	3 55 15
Nancy Hanks, G. Lane.....	4 14 37	3 57 28
Vixen, J. Cashin.....	4 24 29	3 59 59
Emma C., Perkins Bros.....	4 04 50	4 04 50

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

IN order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First, \$50.00.
Second, \$25.00.
Third, \$15.00.
Fourth and Fifth, \$10.00 each.
Sixth to Eighth, \$5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept, and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, N. Y., on or before December 1, 1903.

A. C. A. Membership.

THE following have been proposed for membership to the A. C. A.: F. W. Bodwell, Manchester, N. H.; John R. Bowker, Waltham, Mass.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Aug. 16-23.—Union Hill Park, N. J.—Plattdeutsche Volksfest Verein annual festival and prize shoot.

Sept. 2-12.—Annual championship matches of the United States Revolver Association as follows: Sea Girt, N. J.; Chicago, Ill.; Woburn, Mass.; St. Louis, Mo.; San Francisco, Cal. Open to all. For programmes address H. W. Ott, Box 162, New York city.

Sept. 2-12.—Sea Girt, N. J.—Annual meeting of the National Rifle Association, New Jersey State Rifle Association and the United States Revolver Association.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—At the regular meeting of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, on Aug. 2, the following scores were made. Mr. Hasenzahl was out after an absence of some time, but he hadn't forgot how to shoot, for he remained champion of the day with the score of 226. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, German ring target:

	226	221	221	215	208	Honor.
Hasenzahl	226	221	221	215	208	68
Gindele	223	216	208	205	203	51
Payne	221	220	217	214	212	54
Hofman	221	215	214	211	207	56
Odell	215	212	203	203	200	62
Roberts	215	211	206	203	198	57
Drube	210	200	191	188	188	59
Hofer	210	197	194	186	182	41
Bruns	209	204	200	199	199	61
Freitag	207	205	194	194	192	51
Trounstone	205	199	193	183	181	45
Lux	198	191	189	188	186	51

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 1.—The club held another shoot to-day, but they had a high wind blowing right in their faces, making it hard to do good shooting. They have a match on with the Jamestown, N. Y., Club, and are anxious to do good shooting just now.

The following are the total scores: W. A. Parker 222, John Slidham 221, F. Lynch 216, John Germann 213, E. D. Allen 206, J. F. Almeda 205, John Bacon 204, C. S. Long 196, Austin Mount 193, Julius Hutner 179, Elmer Kent 156, Thomas Sullivan 156, *Frank Smith 58.

*Visitor; only fired 20 shots.

This is another club that, like the yacht club, is never heard of outside of Erie. I got the scores for the first two shoots this summer and send them. I only send the total for each man; the detailed scores would occupy too much space.

The club held a shoot on its new range on the Lake road Saturday, July 25. The weather was good, only the wind was rather too strong. The scores:

Parker	83 77 73—233	Hutner	65 63 56—184
Almeda	73 75 71—217	Allen	55 54 53—162
Mount	77 68 64—209	Riblet	61 50 47—158
Bacon	72 65 64—201	Sullivan	55 49 49—153
Messinger	64 62 61—187		

Aug. 8.			
W. A. Parker.....	79 75 75—229	J. Bacon	68 67 66—201
C. S. Long.....	80 74 74—228	J. Huttner	76 61 55—175
J. German	81 75 70—228	A. Mount	64 56 55—175
J. Stidham	79 71 70—220	T. Sullivan	56 54 53—163
F. G. Lynch.....	76 75 67—218	H. Lewis	53 49 39—141
J. F. Almeda.....	68 67 66—201		

JOHN A. BROOKS.

Rifle at Rock Island.

ROCK ISLAND, Ill., Aug. 1.—Aug. 1 was the fifth day of the Stevens rifle contest. The shooting was poor. The scores:

Sperry	8 8 8 6 7 5 8 8 6 4—68
Junge	4 4 5 8 8 4 7 5 6 7—58
	6 4 8 4 6 5 10 10 9 6—68
	8 5 7 5 8 7 5 6 4 7—62
	5 3 5 7 3 4 5 9 5 7—53
Rosenfield	5 5 4 3 6 6 7 9 5 5—51
	4 7 4 2 5 8 6 7 9 6—58
	2 4 7 5 10 9 1 7 4 7—56
	9 4 8 2 6 8 4 6 4 6—67
	6 5 9 6 8 4 3 6 5 7—59
	3 5 5 6 5 5 6 5 3 4—47
	5 4 5 5 4 8 3 4 3 6—47
Connelly	4 6 10 8 10 9 9 8 9 5—78

American targets, 100yds.; rifle, .22cal.

C. W. DURHAM, Sec'y.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Aug. 12-15.—Toronto, Ont.—Annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas., Ottawa, Can.

Aug. 15-16.—Milwaukee, Wis.—National Gun Club tournament. L. Collins, Sec'y.

Aug. 17-18.—Hot Springs, S. D., Gun Club tournament.

Aug. 18-20.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Second annual target tournament of the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association of Grand Rapids; \$1,000 added. A. B. Richmond, Sec'y.

Aug. 18-19.—Allentown, Pa.—Griesemer's second annual two-day tournament.

Aug. 18-21.—Ocean City, Md.—J. R. Malone's ninth annual summer tournament; open to all; \$100 added money. J. R. Malone, manager, 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore.

Aug. 13.—All-day shoot of the Brooklyn, L. I., Gun Club; Wanderers as visitors.

*Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.

Aug. 20-22.—Kansas City, Mo.—Midsummer shoot of the Schmelzer Arms Co.

Aug. 22.—Wanderers' Field Day, at Frog Inn, Jamaica Bay, L. I.

Aug. 25-26.—Derry, Pa., Gun Club tournament. A. S. Hollingsworth, Sec'y.

Aug. 26-27.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club's annual tournament. Dr. R. E. Dinger, Mgr.

Aug. 25-28.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Annual Indian tournament. Frank C. Riehl, Chief Scribe.

*Sept. 1-2.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.

Sept. 1-3.—Williamsport, Pa.—West Branch Rod and Gun Club fall tournament. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-3.—Rochester Rod and Gun Club two day tournament. F. E. McCord, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-3.—Akron, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.

Sept. 7.—Dover, N. H., Sportsmen's Association annual field day. D. W. Hallam, Sec'y.

Sept. 7.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club all-day tournament; special handicap. Central New York championship for trophy. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.

Sept. 7.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club annual Labor Day shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

Sept. 7.—Exeter, N. H., Sportsman's Club Labor Day tournament. W. S. Carlisle, Pres.

Sept. 7.—Meriden, Conn.—Parker Gun Club's ninth annual Labor Day tournament. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 7.—Labor tournament given by the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club. \$250 added. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

Sept. 7-9.—Lynchburg, Va.—Virginia Trapshooters' Association tournament. C. W. Scott, Pres.

*Sept. 9-10.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.

*Sept. 15-16.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-16.—Chattanooga, Tenn.—Tournament of the Mountaineers' Gun Club; \$250 added money. P. B. Plummer, Sec'y.

Sept. 16-17.—Rensselaer, Ind., Gun Club tournament.

Sept. 22-24.—Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club opening or dedication tournament. W. T. Nash, Sec'y.

*Sept. 23-24.—Scottdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.

Sept. 23-24.—Rensselaer, Ind., Gun Club shoot.

Sept. 23-24.—Scranton, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Scranton Rod and Gun Club. J. D. Mason, Sec'y.

Sept. 25.—Binghamton, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. H. W. Brown, Sec'y.

Sept. 25-26.—Lexington, Ky., Gun Club two-day shoot; live birds and targets. Robert R. Skinner, Mgr.

Sept. 28-29.—Louisville, Ky.—First day, State championship at targets; second day, State championship at live birds. J. S. Phelps, Jr., Sec'y.

Sept. 30-Oct. 2.—Florists' Gun Club's first open amateur tournament at flying targets. J. K. Starr, Mgr., 1216 North Twenty-eighth street, Philadelphia.

Oct. 1-2.—Austerlitz, Ky.—Two-day live pigeon tournament of the Hill Top Gun Club. Geo. W. Clay, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Des Moines, Ia.—Two-day shoot of Messrs. Whitney & Milner.

*Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.

Oct. 8-9.—Clinton, Ont., Gun Club tournament.

Oct. 8-9.—Dalton, Ohio, Gun Club's fifth annual tournament. H. Santmyer, Mgr.

Oct. 14-17.—West Baden, Ind., Gun Club tournament; \$500 added.

Oct. 23-24.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.

Saturdays.—Chicago.—Garfield Gun Club; grounds West Fifty-second avenue and Monore street. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

*Members of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburgh.

**Members Southern Trapshooters' Game and Fish Protective Association. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y, Vicksburg, Miss.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The next prize shoot of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club is fixed to take place on Aug. 22.

The many friends of Count Lenone, of Paterson, N. J., will feel sorrowful on learning that he is grievously ill.

The York county, Pa., target championship, shot at Glen Rock, Pa., last week between Messrs. S. M. Seitz and M. Lauber, 25 birds each, was won by Seitz, with a straight score, his opponent scoring 20.

Mr. Turner E. Hubby, at Mexia, Tex., on Aug. 7, made the remarkable score of 199 out of 200, a 99.5 per cent. gait.

The Stoughton, Mass., Gun Club has fixed upon Sept. 7 as the date for its next all-day shoot. The members of the Montello Gun Club will be visitors.

The Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club will hold a two-day tournament in the latter part of November next. There will be targets and live-bird shooting provided by the programme.

The Jackson Park Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J., contemplates an active fall season this year in live-bird competition. Its grounds are specially fitted, both by nature and art, for first-class competition with live birds as the theme.

The second trophy shoot of the Garfield Gun Club's third series was won by Messrs. Eaton, Thomas and Bullard, Class A, B and C, respectively. Eaton tied with Pollard on 24, and Thomas tied with Drinkwater on 17. Bullard was alone in Class C with 20.

On Tuesday of this week the Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Rod and Gun Club anticipated a strong competition and attendance, the main event being for the Wright loving cup, a prize donated by Mr. John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club. This cup event will be at 100 targets.

The able and energetic manager of the Cincinnati, O., Gun Club informs us that two teams, Cincinnati vs. Dayton, will contest for the Phellis trophy on Aug. 21 at Dayton, O. Some of the members of the Cincinnati team will be as follows: Medico, Van Ness, Barker, Harris, Grau, Faran, Dick, Sunderbruch and Gambell.

The programme of the Mountaineers' Gun Club, Chattanooga, Tenn., announces that the targets will be thrown from the top of Lookout Mountain, that \$250 will be added, and that there will be no handicaps. The dates are Sept. 15 and 16. On each day there are ten events, a total of 200 targets, \$20 entrance. Rose system will govern the division of the moneys. To three high guns shooting through the programme, \$25, \$15, and \$10. Manufacturers' agents are eligible to win first and second high averages only. Round trip tickets at reduced rates. The secretary, Mr. P. B. Plummer will manage the competition. Mr. Keith Webb is the president.

The assistant secretary, Mr. Lindley D. Hubbell, informs us that "the Colt Hammerless Gun Club, of Hartford, Conn., will give its fall tournament Wednesday, Aug. 26. It offers an attractive programme of fourteen events at 10, 15 and 20 targets, a total of 200 targets, with an entrance of \$20, including the price of targets. Paid experts and trade representatives will be very welcome, but may shoot for targets only. Money divided by the Rose system, and revised Interstate rules to govern. Programmes may be had by writing the secretary, R. McFetridge. A good attendance is expected."

The secretary, Mr. W. B. Allen, writes us as follows: "The club house and other buildings being erected by the Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club on the sixteen acres of ground recently purchased for a trapshooting park are rapidly nearing completion, and everything will be in readiness for the Dedication Tournament, Sept. 22, 23 and 24. Programmes will be out of the printer's hands by Aug. 20, and from the early inquiries for copies, the attendance promises to eclipse any shoot ever held in Indiana. The club has been fortunate in securing the services of Leonard Shepherd, superintendent, for many years the assistant to Mr. Arthur Gambell, of the Cincinnati Gun Club, and this fact speaks volumes for the manner our details will be looked after."

The programme of the Interstate trapshooting tournament given for the Akron, O., Gun Club is now ready for distribution. The events are alike on each of the two days, Sept. 2 and 3, namely, nine events at 15, two at 20, and one, No. 12, at 25 targets; entrance, respectively, \$1.50, \$2, and \$1. Purses divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Targets 2 cents. Sept. 1 will be practice day. The secretary-manager of the Interstate Association will have charge of the tournament. The programme contains the following: "Guns and ammunition, prepaid and marked in owner's name, forwarded to W. W. Wohlwend, care of Standard Hardware Co., Akron, O., will be delivered to the shooting grounds free of charge. A solid gold charm, suitably engraved, will be awarded to the amateur making the highest average for the two days. Fifteen dollars will be given to the amateurs making the second and third high averages for the two days. Ten dollars will be given to the amateur making the longest consecutive run during the two days. Five dollars will be given to each of the five low guns each day. Five valuable articles of merchandise will be the prizes in event No. 12 each day." Address Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburg, Pa., or Secretary W. W. Wohlwend, Akron, O. BERNARD WATERS.

Marshalltown Gun Club.

MARSHALLTOWN, Ia., Aug. 7.—The annual two-day tournament of the Marshalltown Gun Club closed to-day. The attendance was good, forty-seven entries on the first day and thirty-five to-day.

The programme was a long one, and called for 200 targets each day. No money was added, but \$75 was given for averages. Manufacturers' agents were not allowed to share in the purses or averages. The shooting was from two sets of traps, Sergeant system.

A high wind on the first day prevented high scores. The last day was calm, and ideal for shooting.

This club has recently built a new club house, with every convenience, and has to-day one of the finest shooting grounds in the State. It has a large, active membership of business men, who enjoy a good time. They will hold a two-day tournament the latter part of November. The programme will be a good one, and will provide shooting at both targets and live birds:

First Day, Aug. 6.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Abbott	11	12	15	13	12	16	13	11	15	10	11	15	154
Lane	11	13	18	14	15	16	13	11	16	11	14	16	168
Wallace	13	15	18	14	15	18	15	14	19	13	14	17	186
Deniel	14	12	15	11	10	14	12	12	17	13	11	16	157
Cook	14	13	18	13	14	18	12	12	18	12	14	17	175
O'Brien	13	12	18	10	13	15	10	12	18	14	13	19	167
Schmidt	13	12	18	11	11	15	14	10	18	14	10	16	162
Gilbert	15	14	18	15	14	20	13	14	16	14	13	19	185
Forney	13	12	18	12	13	12	12	9	14	10	13	15	153
Dr. Nichols	12	10	14	10	10	15	11	14	14	8	6	12	126
Peterson	12	12	13	13	13	14	10	14	10	11	11	14	149
Johnson	10	8	13	13	10	15	10	10	14	11	8	13	135

Burmister	14	13	18	13	15	13	13	12	16	12	12	16	172
Bastian	12	12	16	12	13	15	8	12	17	11	12	17	157
Linell	15	12	16	11	14	19	14	14	16	13	14	17	175
Cundiff	12	9	19	12	8	11	12	13	15	8	11	16	146
Russell	12	11	17	12	12	17	14	13	19	13	10	16	166
Hoon	15	16	19	15	11	18	12	15	19	13	14	18	184
Adams	12	15	17	13	14	16	11	13	18	13	12	17	171
Proctor	14	13	18	13	14	17	15	15	10	12	11	17	169
Budd	12	15	15	15	14	17	14	15	18	13	15	19	180
Remington	13	11	19	12	12	19	13	8	18	11	13	16	165
Gus Place	11	13	14	12	12	13	13	12	11	12	14	10	147
Snow	12	14	20	13	14	17	12	12	19	12	13	16	174
Carstens	15	10	19	14	12	18	12	14	17	14	13	14	172
Fahey	13	12	13	13	10	13	13	14	13	12	13	16	156
Bird	12	15	15	14	16	16	10	13	18	11	11	16	166
Keller	12	9	8	8	10	12	9	8	8	9	14	13	118
Nelson	9	10	14	12	10	12	9	9	15	8	10	11	129
Baker	13	13	15	14	11	14	11	11	13	13	11	11	111
Archer	11	8	12	12	14	11	11	11	13	13	11	11	111
Burger	13	9	17	11	12	14	11	11	15	14	14	13	111
Seamans	10	13	15	12	9	11	15	17	11	11	11	11	111
Gundy	11	12	16	12	11	15	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Keefe	14	12	17	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Friend	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Davis	14	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Munson	11	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Hinegardner	11	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Bruher	11	17	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Dr. Kibby	11	17	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Dr. Devine	3	5	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Barnard	4	4	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
G. Smith	5	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Steiner	9	10	14	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Gray	9	12	16	10	12	16	13	11	11	11	11	11	111
Morrison	14	12	17	9	14	16	12	11	11	11	11	11	111
McDowell	12	12	17	9	14	16	12	11	11	11	11	11	111

Second Day, Aug. 7.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	170
Abbott	13	8	18	11	14	18	14	13	16	12	13	20	174
Lane	13	12	19	15	14	14	13	13	19	10	15	17	178
Wallace	12	12	18	12	14	17	15	14	20	11	13	19	178
Densel	13	12	19	12	14	15	13	12	18	14	15	16	173
Cook	13	14	18	15	14	16	15	13	19	12	12	17	178
O'Brien	9	14	17	13	14	19	10	12	17	8	13	16	162
Schmidt	11	13	16	9	14	17	12	13	16	14	14	16	165
Gilbert	14	13	20	15	15	18	15	13	20	15	14	19	191
Forney	13	15	16	12	12	16	11	11	11	11	11	11	166
Castners	9	9	19	12	13	19	13	13	17	14	14	14	166
McDowell	12	14	16	13	15	18	14	14	17	12	14	16	175
Morrison	14	13	18	9	15	16	15	14	20	14	15	19	182
Kline	15	13	20	13	13	19	14	15	19	15	13	19	188
Bird	13	15	20	14	13	18	14	11	18	11	14	18	179
Dubbs	10	11	19	14	15	19	14	13	19	15	15	17	181
Snow	14	11	19	12	12	18	13	11	19	11	12	19	171
Linell	14	14	19	13	15	18	14	12	16	14	13	17	169
Cudiff	9	14	16	10	13	15	11	11	11	11	11	11	180
Russell	14	13	19	12	11	19	12	13	19	15	14	19	162
Bastian	10	12	16	13	14	16	12	13	17	12	13	14	162
Hoon	14	13	18	14	13	19	15	12	19	13	15	18	183
Adams	13	12	16	14	12	17	13	14	17	13	10	19	170
Proctor	15	12	13	12	13	19	13	12	19	14	14	16	172
Budd	13	13	19	15	13	18	14	15	19	12	14	19	184
Remington	14	11	20	15	11	15	13	10	20	10	14	16	172
Seeley	7	13	16	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Toby	14	8	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Keller	11	12	16	9	14	16	13	12	19	12	14	19	167
Johnson	13	18	14	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	167
Peterson	13	15	16	9	13	15	10	11	15	12	12	16	167
Kalfe	14	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Snyder	20	13	18	11	14	17	12	14	16	11	11	11	111
Dr. Kibby	11	10	12	11	10	9	14	12	14	14	14	14	111
Place	11	10	12	11	10	9	14	12	14	14	14	14	111
Friend	11	10	12	11	10	9	14	12	14	14	14	14	111
Brown	11	10	12	11	10	9	14	12	14	14	14	14	111

General averages for two days: Gilbert 376, Hoon 367, Budd 364, Wallace 363, Linell 354, Cook 353, Russell 346, Bird 345, Snow 345, Lane 342, Adams 341, Proctor 341, Castners 338, Remington 337. Low average, Keller 285. HAWKEYE.

Birch Brook Gun Club.

LYNN, Mass.—The Birch Brook Gun Club held its regular shoot Saturday, Aug. 8. There were not many shooters present. Hilliard and Everett tied on the medal event, with Straw 1 behind. These three were also in a bunch in the merchandise event.

The three-man team race was closely contested, being a tie in the 25-target race, but in the 15-target race Everett, Riley and Emery came out 4 ahead.

Events:	1	2	5	6	Av.	Av.
Targets:	30	50	10	10	1.000	1.000
Hilliard	18	29	46	9	1.000	1.000
Straw	15	28	45	9	1.000	1.000
Rowe	15	24	41	9	1.000	1.000
Everett	18	28	46	9	1.000	1.000
Riley	15	19	34	9	.844	.906

The first column contains the class handicaps. No. 1 is the merchandise event. No. 2 is the medal event.

Three-man team race, 25 targets: Hilliard 23, Straw 19, Rowe 24; total 66. Everett 25, Riley 19, Emery 22, total 66.

Three-man team race, 15 targets: Hilliard 12, Straw 12, Rowe 11; total 35. Everett

Davenport Tournament.

DAVENPORT, Ia., Aug. 7.—The annual tournament of the Davenport-Cumberland Gun Club was held here this week, closing last night. That this is a successful shooting organization is evidenced by the fact that several good shoots are held here every season. It is an organization of united effort, and mutual good-fellowship, which make it a good place to come; and there is always a crowd when the Davenport boys invite the public to a shoot.

This time there was a carload of merchandise hung up, filling places to the extent of ten points in each event. There was a record attendance, and the week was altogether a most enjoyable one, with the exception of rough weather on Wednesday. Amateurs only competed for money and prizes.

Winners of honors were several for the week. Powers won the first day, with only 8 lost, although Hirsch finished in great form, with a run on the programme of 110 straight. Hirsch and Hughes tied for second, and Riehl had third that day. Wednesday, shooting under stress of unfavorable conditions, Hughes made away the best score, with only 5 down, while Hirsch and Holden finished next in order. On Thursday Riehl easily won the honors, shooting a magnificent race in the face of a severe cross wind, and losing only 7. Sperry made second average and Hughes, Hirsch, Powers and Crouthcup tied for third. The general averages in the expert class went to Hughes, Hirsch and Riehl, and in the amateur class to Holden and Powers in the order named. Scores:

August 4, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	25	Broke.
Foutz	15	14	19	12	12	18	14	13	19	14	20	170
Roakes	14	11	18	15	11	16	14	12	15	13	24	163
Cole	9	11	18	15	14	18	12	11	16	9	22	155
Cooley	13	11	19	13	13	16	13	15	19	15	23	170
Arp	12	12	19	9	12	18	12	11	16	13	18	152
Shadow	14	11	19	11	14	18	14	13	15	14	21	164
Dave	14	10	17	11	12	16	11	12	13	13	21	155
Kuehl	11	7	15	13	9	12	11	9	15	12	24	137
Wolfe	14	11	18	14	15	17	15	12	19	15	21	171
Fagot	13	13	16	13	12	17	14	11	18	11	19	157
Elliott	12	14	15	12	14	16	13	11	18	11	19	164
Riehl	14	15	18	15	12	20	14	15	19	13	23	178
Hughes	13	15	19	15	15	20	14	14	18	13	25	181
Connor	12	14	17	13	13	18	13	12	13	14	23	167
Klein	13	12	16	13	14	18	14	12	20	13	23	169
McDowell	15	10	19	13	12	16	15	13	19	14	19	164
Hirsch	13	13	19	13	13	20	15	15	20	15	25	181
Burmister	13	14	20	12	13	17	13	13	16	12	23	166
Bird	11	12	17	12	12	17	14	17	17	13	21	162
Rogers	11	12	16	8	8	15	8	10	17	9	16	130
Fischer	13	13	17	14	15	17	13	12	16	10	17	157
Chingren	13	12	20	14	14	19	14	12	20	15	23	176
Morrison	13	13	17	11	15	17	14	13	17	15	21	166
Loring	5	4	10	7	4	14	4	5	10	6	16	95
Knuessel	13	15	18	14	10	19	14	15	19	11	23	171
Powers	15	13	17	14	15	19	15	15	19	15	25	182
Wehrend	12	13	17	14	13	17	14	12	17	10
Clausen	10	6
Perry	15	15	19	14	12	16	10	13	18	13	25	170
Cole	10	9
Gager	13	9	17	14	9	20	14	14	17	12	22	161
Miller	13	12	18	14	11	17	11	11	18	11	21	157
Bickmore	12	11	20	12	11	20	13	14	15	8	24	160
Page	13	12	18	11	11	20	14	13	18	15	20	165
Percival	14	10	20	14	14	18	14	14	18	12	19	167
Sperry	13	14	19	15	14	18	14	15	18	12	20	172
Griffin	12	9	19	12	11	18	14	12	17	14	22	160
Holden	11	14	19	14	13	16	13	15	18	13	25	169
Sieben	14	12	15	12	12	18	10	14	17	11	15	150
Decker	13	13	13	10
Crouthcup	13	13	19	14	11	19	14	12	13	22	..	170
Foley	15	13	20	13	14	17	12	14	17	14	23	172
Nichols	13	11	19	14	13	17	12	15	18	15	19	166
Black	14	14	19	14	12	20	12	13	16	13	19	166
B R P	9	12	18	12	12	18	12	13	19	15	22	162
Van Dresky	11	10	17	11	10	19	14	12	16	10	23	157
McBride	15	9	16	12	12	15	13	10	17	13	19	151
Warner	12	12	18	12	9	13	10	13	16	10	19	143
Waters	14	12	19	13	14	19	13	13	17	14	20	168
Speth	10	8	18	12	7	16	11	12	14	14	20	142
Otto	10	12	18	12	12	15	11	14	17	12	23	156
Stowell	12	15	20	15	12	17	11	12	18	13	23	168
Ogden	15	9	17	12
Cool	11	13	16	12	13	17	19
Wright	11	12	17	7	11	19	7	12	14	11	17	138
Ermin
Hagerman	..	9
Illion	..	15	18	14	13	14	13	11	18	12
Luther

There were about thirty others who shot in from one to four events.

August 5, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	25	Broke.
Cole	13	13	19	12	13	17	12	13	17	14	21	164
Sieben	15	11	17	12	12	18	13	14	16	11	23	162
Fagot	13	10	18	14	12	15	13	10	13	19	17	157
Illion	15	15	17	13	11	19
Wolfe	13	13	18	12	14	15	13	15	17	14	24	168
McDowell	11	13	20	11	14	19	12	12	17	15	25	169
Cooley	11	12	18	15	12	20	13	10	16	13	18	158
Perry	13	10	19	14	13	20	13	12	15	14	21	164
Bird	11	13	18	13	12	17	12	12	19	14	23	164
Griffin	13	12	11	14	13	16	10	13	17	13	19	155
Hirsch	14	13	19	15	12	19	14	13	20	15	23	179
Waters	12	9	18	15	14	20	14	14	18	15	20	169
Powers	13	14	15	15	14	14	11	10	20	14	24	164
Burmister	15	15	18	15	10	17	12	12	18	15	22	169
Morrison	13	13	16	11	13	17	11	14	19	11	21	160
Connor	13	10	14	14	12	16	13	15	17	15	22	161
Riehl	10	13	12	14	14	14	14	17	14	21	..	161
Hughes	13	15	19	15	15	20	14	15	20	15	24	185
Klein	13	15	20	15	13	19	11	12	17	15	22	172
Ellett	11	13	18	13	13	15	14	11	14	13	20	160
Gager	11	7	18	10	11	16	4
Loring	9	7	12	14
Knuessel	13	11	18	11	12	17	13	11	17	12	21	155
Fischer	13	11	13	12	12	15	13	10	15	14	21	149
Goering	13	13	17	11	12	15	13
Crouthcup	14	12	19	15	12	19	14	13	16	15	18	167
Foley	14	14	19	13	12	19	11	12	20	11	23	168
B R P	14	12	17	15	15	18	14	13	18	13	20	169
Nichols	15	11	16	15	14	18	10	14	18	13	24	168
Black	15	11	20	13	11	19	10	15	17	13	22	166
Page
Marshall
Miller	13	11	15	12	13	13	11	9	14	18	..	148
McBride	14	14
Arp	13	13	15	11	10	18	11	13	16	13	20	153
Shadow	15	10	16	12	10	17	15	14	20	12	24	168
Rogers	9	11	16	8	11	16	11	12	10	11	16	137
Holden	13	14	20	13	14	19	13	15	19	13	25	178
Chingren	14	14	19	10	11	20	12	14	20	14	23	171
Stoke	13	15	20	12	14	18	14	10	19	13	20	168
Ogden	12	12
Stone	13	6
Muncy	11	14	17
Dave	14	11	16	12	14	17	10	14
Frazier	14	15	18	14	12	19
Weherend	15	10	15	14	12
Shaffer

There were about thirty-six others who shot only in from one to three or four events.

August 6, Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	25	Broke.
Crouthcup	14	14	20	13	13	19	14	12	17	12	24	173
Foley	12	15	17	13	14	16	13	12	16	14	20	162
Nichols	13	14	19	13	13	17	14	13	19	13	24	172

Black	12	14	18	15	15	17	15	12	14	15	17	164
Griffin	15	12	16	12	11	18	14	11	16	12	21	158
Sieben	12	15	20	11	15	19	12	13	15	10	23	165
Kempster	12	12	19	12	12	17	13	8	16	12	20	153
Harrison	9	12	14	11	12	16	14	9	17	13	18	145
Stohl	12	13	18	15	11	18	15	13	20	13	18	166
Miller	12	11	16	11	11	17	12	11	16	13	19	146
Connor	15	13	19	14	13	18	11	13	16	13	24	169
Riehl	14	14	20	15	14	20	14	14	18	15	25	183
Hughes	14	13	18	15	14	19	13	13	17	13	24	173
Klein	13	15	19	13	12	16	15	12	18	12	22	167
Ellett	13	13	14	13	14	16	12	10	19	12	21	157
Hirschy	15	13	19	14	14	20	11	14	18	15	20	173
Marshall	14	14	18	14	14	18	14	13	16	14	23	170
Powers	13	14	19	15	13	17	13	15	18	15	22	173
Waters	14	13	20	15	14	15	13	15	18	14	21	172
Arp	13	12	20	14	13	17	13	14	16	12	21	165
Cool	10	11	17	13	10	16	12	14	17	12	18	150
Faggot	14	15	20	14	14	16	12	14	18	10	18	165
Cole	13	15	13	12	14	18	14	13	19	14	21	167
Shadow	14	12	19	14	12	18	13	11	20	11	20	160
Fischer	14	8	14	12	12	14	11	9	17	11	18	144
Knuessel	8	11	17	9	9	17	8	11	18	15	22	145
Perry	13	14	16	10	13	16	12
Cooley	14	13	17	11	14	18	14	13	15	12	15	156
Robson	11	13	12	11	12	16	9	12	19	12	19	146
McBride	12	14	17	10	13	13	11	9
Holden	14	13	20	14	14	19	15	14	18	11	20	172
Chingren	11	9	15	11	13	18	13	13	19	13	20	155
Marshall	12	15	16	15	13	16	12	14	20	14	19	166
Snyder	13	14	17	14	13	15	9	12	17	13	21	157
Armstrong	9	10	..	11	12	12	12	13
Sperry	15	14	20	13	14	19	13	14	19	15	22	178
Stockhouse	5	9	13
Thoen	12	11
Kourthouse	9	..	10
Cook	13	10	20	..	13	16	14	11	8	..	14	..
Ahlrs	10	8
Muncy	13	11	12
Eggers	6	7	12	12	..	16	..	23
Kittleson	10	13	10	..	8	8
Goering	13	14	12	12	13	10	20
Otto	13	14	9	12	14	..	18
Eichner	11	17	7
Hanneman	15	..	12	..	12
Ingners	7	13
Dad	12
Ely	10
Ruehmann	9	10	12
Grant	12	10	..	13
Gasch	11	10	17	12
Bromer	11	5	11
Hagerman	11	..	8
Kitelsen	8	10	..	16
Goetz	8	..	7
Byrnes	15	11	14
Boetcher	12	11

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Mass., July 22.—The last shoot of the Boston Gun Club for the season 1903 was held at Wellington to-day and twenty shooters were present. The conditions were first class for the sport, and many good scores were the result of the afternoon's shooting.

The special 50-bird match was looked forward to with a good deal of interest, and was entered into by all present. This turned out to be just fruit for Dr. Gleason, though at first Frank was making a runaway match of it, till the last pair event, which was the stumbling block. However, he tied for second with Dickey on 44—no mean percentage at that.

Gleason also proved to be the winner in the serial prize match with a good lead over the second man. Other scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Worthington, 16.....	13	8	13	6	12	6	13	5	..	9
Gleason, 18.....	12	9	10	13	8	15	8	14	8	..	14	8
Hollis, 19.....	8	6	10	7	10	6	13	9	17	7
Rule, 18.....	12	9	7	13	4	10	7	14	9	18
Frank, 18.....	11	7	8	12	8	14	10	14	6	23	12	..
Tarkus, 17.....	14	9	8	..	10	14	7	14	8
Lee, 16.....	13	6	7	12	5	12	7	12	9
Muldown, 16.....	5	7	3	9	4	9	8	10	7
Prior, 16.....	14	6	5	9	7	14	6	14	7	..	4	..
Lawler, 16.....	7	5	5	13	7	9	4	10	6
Adams, 16.....	2	2	..	4	..	4	..	3
Dickey, 21.....	13	7	8	14	..	13	7	14	10
Kirkwood, 18.....	12	7	5	12	8	14	8	..	22	13
Spencer, 18.....	..	12	6	14	7	15	5	20	12
Bell, 18.....	..	11	8	12	9	12	9	12	10
Nye, 16.....	..	12	9
Flower, 16.....	9	7
Frederick, 16.....	9
Henry, 16.....	8

* Five pairs.

Merchandise Prize Match, handicap:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Gleason, 18.....	11	11	01	11	11	11	11	01	11	11	21	..
Nye, 16.....	01	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	21	..
Frank, 18.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	20	..
Lawler, 16.....	10	10	01	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	20	..
Kirkwood, 18.....	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	20	..
Bell, 18.....	01	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	19	..
Worthington, 16.....	11	01	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	19	..
Spencer, 18.....	10	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	18	..
Hollis, 19.....	01	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	17	..
Rule, 18.....	01	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	17	..
Lee, 16.....	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	17	..
Prior, 16.....	01	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	16	..
Muldown, 16.....	01	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	13	..

Special 50-bird match, distance handicap:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Gleason, 18.....	15	8	14	8
Dickey, 21.....	13	7	14	10
Frank, 18.....	14	10	14	6
Bell, 18.....	12	9	12	10
Tarkus, 17.....	14	7	14	8
Spencer, 18.....	14	7	15	5
Prior, 16.....	14	6	14	7
Rule, 18.....	10	7	14	9
Lee, 16.....	12	7	12	9
Hollis, 19.....	10	6	13	5
Worthington, 16.....	12	6	13	5
Muldown, 16.....	9	8	10	7
Lawler, 16.....	9	4	10	6

Individual match, handicap, best four scores to count:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Gleason, 18.....	24	22	21	21	88	Woodruff, 17.....	16	18	21	22	77	..
Spencer, 18.....	20	20	22	21	83	Kirkwood, 18.....	19	19	19	20	77	..
Barry, 16.....	21	20	21	20	82	Bell, 18.....	18	17	19	19	73	..
Frank, 18.....	19	20	21	20	80	Lee, 16.....	20	15	20	17	72	..

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—The scores herewith were made at the regular bi-monthly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, Aug. 8. Hans, Kromer and Washburn came up to-day for the first time since the State shoot. Kromer shot in good form; also Hans; but Washburn was "up against it" with strange guns.

Events 3 and 4 were distance handicaps. Kromer won first prize in No. 3 as a shoot-off with Bedell and Blandford. Hans took second on a shoot-off with Hubbell. Hans won first in No. 4 with a score of 13, while Kromer got second with 12.

Four sweeps were shot after the prize events. The prizes in No. 3 were silver spoon and Japanese tobacco jar. In No. 4, gold cuff links and hunting knife.

We are going up the line on Thursday with a ten-man team to take a fall out of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

Next prize shoot on club grounds, Saturday, Aug. 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	15	15	10	10	10	10
R Kromer, Jr., 16.....	7	8	12	13	7	7	9	7
Hans, 17.....	4	8	12	13	7	7	9	7
G Hubbell, 17.....	6	8	12	13	7	7	9	7
J T Washburn, 19.....	7	7	8	7	5	5	8	8
A Bedell, 20.....	..	13	11	7	10	8	8	8
C Blandford, 21.....	..	13	11	4	7	5	8	8
J Hyland, 19.....	..	11	5

C. G. B.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—The regular shoot of the Winchester Gun Club, Aug. 8, was a fairly well attended and a very pleasant meet.

Henry Guthard was in splendid form, running his first 32 straight, and missing but one out of his first 45.

John Ford, with a record of 24 out of 25 the last shoot, couldn't hit anything after his first 15, and gave up in disgust in the club event. All took a look along his gun barrel to see if it wasn't bent.

Mr. W. E. Gordon, of Mobile, Ala., was a welcome guest.

Following are the scores, the sixth event being the trophy handicap, and the last the club event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	25	25
Reid, 18.....	10	15	14	21	22
Guthard, 18.....	9	14	12	22	24
Brodie, 20.....	1	12	4	8	..
Ford, 20.....	9	8	10	..	21
Hitchcock, 18.....	6	8	12	19	14
Warner, 16.....	6	5	3	..	7
Leggett, 16.....	7	14	9
Gordon.....	7	14	9

D. A. H.

The Mountaineers Gun Club.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Aug. 5.—I inclose herewith a prospectus of our coming tournament, by which can be seen that we are going to give the boys the best we have in stock. Every detail is being carefully looked after, and we are going to make their stay on "the mounting" the most enjoyable one they have ever had.

Following are the scores made at our weekly shoot this afternoon, which on account of a hard rain just before time to leave for the grounds, was not very well attended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	25	25
Pechman.....	100	81	Plummer.....	80	74
O'Connell.....	100	81	Martin.....	100	61
Brown.....	100	80	Silvernail.....	25	16
Goodlake.....	100	74	O'Rear.....	25	4

Peters medal contest at 50 targets, included in above: Plummer 48, Pechman 44, O'Connell 44, Brown 40, Goodlake 38, Martin 35.

Shamokin Gun Club.

SHAMOKIN, Pa., Aug. 4.—The Shamokin Gun Club had a very successful shoot on July 28 and 29, which brought together a large number of prominent trapshooters of eastern Pennsylvania.

The trade was represented by E. D. Fulford, L. J. Squier, J. R. Hull and Frank Lawrence. Mr. Lawrence assisted the club very much as squad hustler, which was very much appreciated by the club.

The Shamokin Gun Club takes this means of thanking these representatives for their help in making our tournament a success.

Howell and Derk won high average the first day by breaking 164 out of 175; Fulford and Squier second with 158; Hull third with 155, and Blue Ribbon, fourth with 154.

On the second day Fulford won first with 166 out of 175; Squier and Hull second with 160; Mason third with 159, and Howell fourth with 158.

The five-man team shoot was won by Shamokin team No. 2 with a score of 107 out of 125. Scores:

Shamokin Gun Club team No. 2, 107; Shamokin Gun Club team No. 1, 104; Northumberland Gun Club team, 101; Mahanoy City Gun Club team, 98; Pottsville Gun Club team, 97; Milton Gun Club team, 91; White Flyer Gun Club team, 85; Shamokin Gun Club team No. 3, 83.

Scores first day:

Shot at. Broke.			Shot at. Broke.		
Fulford	175	158	Master	85	55
Squier	175	158	F Cooper	135	115
Hull	175	155	Jackson	100	83
Blue Ribbon	175	154	Fox	20	15
I Jones	175	145	Dwife	10	6
Howell	175	164	Gessner	95	69
Derk	175	164	G Strine	50	36
Sober	175	151	Decant	10	5
Cooch	175	137	Hanley	10	5
Godcharles	175	133	Richie	125	102
Seltzer	125	93	Kaseman	45	32
Paul	125	77	Miller	35	19
Keiser	150	123	Hepner	35	30
Coleman	140	129	Trometter	75	56
Hayley	120	78	Snyder	50	31
Rodgers	115	75	Longshore	60	46
Erdman	90	59	North	55	37
Fleming	20	13	Malick	60	46
Clinger	45	32	Seiler	40	35
Kramer	90	71	Smith	25	19
Schleigle	55	32	Morgan	25	18
Mowrey	90	59	Boughner	25	12
Crawford	65	48	Gass	25	18
Yeager	55	30	Yocum	10	10
Tovey	115	120	Rohrer	10	8
Rothe	70	53	Mason	60	51
H Strine	70	34	Vought	10	4
Bricker	105	90	Budd	25	15
M Cooper	150	139	Wilson	25	18
Hersker	50	25			

FOREST AND STREAM.

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GOOD WORDS FROM MONTANA.

COLLEGE professors are not usually supposed to be greatly interested in game protection. That they sometimes are interested, and very deeply so, is shown by an extract from the speech of one of them delivered some time ago before a learned society.

Prof. Morton J. Elrod occupies a chair in the University of Montana, and he is also the director of the Biological Station work, which for several years has been so well carried on at the Flathead Lake as to be a very great credit to the State. At the first meeting of the Montana Academy of Sciences, Art, and Letters, Prof. Elrod delivered an address, in the course of which he said: "The Academy should aid in the protection of those relics of the past which are of common value and interest to the people of the State. I refer to the preservation of the forests, fish, and game, and of historic places and objects. The sentiment for game and fish protection in the State is small. I make this statement after careful deliberation and several years of close study of the question. There is a *desire* for game protection, but little *sentiment*. The minimum penalty is usually imposed on the offender, and not infrequently the penalty is less than the amount specified by law. The members of the Academy should be radiating centers from which sentiment emanates for game and fish protection. They should have a keen eye open for the senseless persons who ruthlessly slaughter song birds in the vicinity of cities or towns. There are in the State many places of historic interest. The members of the Academy should be on the alert for such, and should use diligent effort to have them preserved. Historic relics grow more valuable with age."

It is gratifying to see in Montana, where especially such instruction is needed, a man of the standing of Prof. Elrod expressing sentiments which the FOREST AND STREAM has been teaching for so many years. It is characteristic of Americans that they do not seem to value their good things until they have wasted and destroyed them beyond the hope of reparation. Montana is still too near to the time when game was plentiful to care for her game. It has still extensive forests, and the average man cares nothing for them. Happily, within that splendid State is a leaven of wise and far-seeing men; and on the influence of these men the future of her forests, her fish, her game, and her historic relics in large measure depends. We have confidence that the efforts of these men will lead to an awakening of sentiment in favor of such preservation before it is yet too late, but there is much work to be done before such feeling will be aroused.

THE CLOSED AND THE OPEN MIND.

MANY unfortunate folk deprive themselves of innumerable opportunities to participate in beneficial enjoyment, to acquire useful knowledge, to make pleasing and valuable friendships, because of what may be termed a closing of their minds. Of the closed minds, there are varying degrees, from the partially to the wholly closed. With many people prejudgments, preconceptions and prejudices are so strong that they interpose an impenetrable barrier to advancement in any paths of knowledge, pleasure or sociability other than those to which they are narrowly confined by locality or habit. Their every day life, thought, and interest become a standard of values by which all else is judged.

Let a person afflicted with a closed mind journey into strange sections of his own country or into foreign countries, and everything which is new or novel is therefore wrong. For no other reason than that anything is different from the environment to which he is habituated, he condemns it. Instead of entering heartily and freely into a life associated with new surroundings, he endures the new experiences much as one might endure a martyrdom for conscience sake. From the citadel of his closed mind he plans and executes all his defenses against the invasion of new ideas and the escape of old ideas, and the big gun of the citadel is no more a thing of limitations in its work than is the man of closed mind in his mind's action. Of this nature are the intolerantly opinionated, the blasé, the vain and the provincial men. From this class come the most importunate and most persistent disputants, for they most strenuously maintain the fractional part they do know against all the rest they do not know, and, by virtue of clamor, come near to proving that the part of anything is equal to the whole of it.

How different is the progress in the affairs of life of him who can discern and concede that there is good everywhere, that prejudice or habit of life is not any standard of progress, and that true knowledge or enjoyment means the unlearning of what is past and useless as well as the learning of what is new and valuable. The man with an open mind willingly listens to the opinions of his fellows and weighs them dispassionately, fairly and amiably. If sound, he frankly accepts them, even at the cost of wrecking some of his own pet fads or fancies.

If he goes for a boat ride, he does not spoil the pleasure of it for himself or his companions by decanting on how much better he enjoys golf, or shooting or fishing. If he finds himself in camp with men of dress and speech and ways unlike those of his conventional surroundings, he finds in this very novelty qualities to interest and very likely something to instruct him and enlarge his knowledge of the world, and to broaden his views and to enlarge his sympathies. The sportsman tourist, who with open mind enjoys what fortune brings, is more and more a citizen of the world, as he mingles with the people he meets on his pleasure trips, and learns the lesson that under the various guises of local peculiarity the human heart is the same, north and south, and east and west.

PRESERVES AND SANCTUARIES.

THAT subject of game preserves would be profitless of discussion if the consideration of it were confined to a debate on abstract ethics. However cogent and convincing might be the argument on either side of the question, we apprehend that nothing practical would come of the exchange of views. After all had been said that might be said, things would go along just as they had been going. The result would be like that of St. Anthony's sermon which so edified the fishes—

The sermon now ended,
Each turned and descended;
The pikes went on stealing,
The eels went on eeling;
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

If any good can come of the discussion we think that it is to be found in the renewed attention drawn to the expediency of setting apart public game preserves for public use. The suggestion contained in the communication of our Toronto correspondent this week is the one practical lesson to be drawn from a study of game conditions as they now prevail in North America: The State should set apart available territories as permanent breeding grounds for its game and permanent hunting grounds for its citizens. The proposition is not new; in fact, it is already in operation here and there throughout the country, but the importance and urgency of the system are such as to entitle it to continued discussion and to constant claims upon public attention.

As a rule, such game preserves can be provided more cheaply and conveniently now than in the future. There are at this day in most States large territories of unoccupied lands which either already belong to the State or may be acquired very cheaply; and which are capable of sustaining a game stock if reasonably protected.

The initiation of any movement in this direction must be made by the sportsmen. The provision of State game preserves should have recognition as an object of attention and effort with every sportsmen's organization in the land.

We should have not only public game preserves in which shooting is allowed under restriction, but game sanctuaries, dedicated as permanent and inviolable game refuges, where the deer, the grouse, the quail, or the wildfowl may at all times and under all circumstances enjoy absolute immunity. Let us take a lesson in this from the European system of game preserving. Every well appointed European deer forest has its sanctuary. This is a section set apart as a safe refuge to which stags and hinds may retire at all seasons of the year and where they are never molested. The deer very quickly come to recognize the nature of the sanctuary; and in the hunting season are likely to repair to its security, "so much so," writes an English deer stalker, "that toward the end of a late and backward season it is more than tantalizing to go out stalking day after day to find outside the sanctuary only hinds and stags not

worth a shot, and perhaps to have to pass the sanctuary on the way out or home and to see with the glass, or, maybe, with the naked eye, heavy beasts with coveted heads still occupying their wonted places in the sanctuary. Sooner or later, driven by pressure of the season of rutting, they are bound to quit their safe refuge and seek their hinds upon the hills; but perhaps your stay on the forest is limited, or the fateful day of closing is approaching, and then it must be admitted that the sight is, indeed, a tantalizing one."

The purpose of the sanctuary is not to spoil sport, but precisely the opposite of this, to save the game and perpetuate the hunting. The sanctuary is recognized as an indispensable factor in the maintenance of a deer forest. Without it there could be in the end no deer stalking. A condition worthy of note is that although adjoining forests may not be divided by boundary fences, and passage from one to another may be entirely unrestricted, the deer of one park when alarmed by the stalkers, do not flee to another forest, but seek the accustomed sanctuary on their own range. In other words, when such a refuge exists, the hunting does not drive game out of the country but keeps it home.

Why might not sanctuaries be established in the Adirondacks, comprising districts designated by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission?

New Zealand waters have been stocked with American brook trout and rainbow trout. The rainbows have not done well, and it is thought that the temperature of the waters may not be suitable. California quail have been put out, and in some districts are doing well, while in others their disappearance is ascribed to an increase of stoats and weasels. The American Bob White and pintail grouse have been added to the New Zealand game resources.

From Europe there have been introduced many species of insectivorous and song birds, wild ducks, wild geese, partridges and black game and barn owls; and Australia has contributed minahs and plover. As is well known, the red deer and the fallow deer have long been established in New Zealand. This work of introduction and protection has been carried on for thirty-seven years by the Otago Acclimatisation Society; and the results have been substantial and promise to be permanent. It is to be noted as a curious circumstance, that the fame of the New Zealand deer hunting is such that sportsmen from Great Britain have made the trip to the antipodes to engage in it. A license is required for fishing, deer shooting, and the shooting of imported game, the revenues going to the society and being expended by it in its work.

Two French zoologists, Messrs. Lartet and Gaillard, have been studying the mummified fauna of ancient Egypt, for a comparison of animal forms of that period with those of the present; and the conclusion reached by them is, that the ox, the dog, the cat, rats, antelope, gazelles, sheep, falcons, eagles and owls of to-day are in no wise different from their prototypes of thousands of years ago. The Egyptian sheep of the twentieth century is the sheep that was domesticated in the neolithic period. There has been no transformation, no evolution in all this time. Nor, say Messrs. Lartet and Gaillard, is this fact in conflict with the doctrine of evolution. For, in order that species may be changed, their environment must be modified; and the Egyptian environment has been remarkably constant during the period in question. In this environment, very uniform, very constant, very stable, animals have not varied for five, six, and, perhaps, seven thousand years.

MR. C. C. WORTHINGTON, of this city, who owns a deer park at Stroudsburg, Pa., began eleven years ago with a stock of nineteen deer, which have now increased to 2,000. The preserve comprises only 1,000 acres, and the food supply is inadequate. Last winter public attention was called to the starvation of some of the deer. Now Mr. Worthington announces his intention of turning out 1,000 of the superfluous animals to forage on the surrounding country. If his purpose shall be executed, there should be some good deer hunting in the vicinity of Stroudsburg this year.

The Sportsman Tourist.

To Elysium by Buckboard.

In Three Jaunts—Jaunt the Second.

UKIAH was a cheerful, kindly little town in those days, and the character of its inhabitants has not changed, although the railway has moved ahead into the wilderness. The voyagers passed two days there right pleasantly, and had they accepted all the invitations to go fishing which they received, the buckboard would still be standing in Miller's barn and Goliath, if living, would be the equine wonder of the country. But the *wanderlust* was gnawing at their heartstrings, and they felt that in that shadowy Somewhere, away beyond those purple mountains, the wild things of the woods were marshalled in line, anxiously awaiting their coming. It would never do to disappoint such obliging quadrupeds, thought the buckboarders, and so, on the morning of the eighth, they tore loose from their snug moorings "at the first crack of dawn" and were well across the valley before Ukiah's piscatorially disposed citizens, with their hospitable intentions, were afield.

Even at so early an hour the highway presented a picture of life and color. From a cloud of orange dust in the distance the rhythmic jingle of bells broke upon the ear, and then a mule-train lumbered into view, its two and sometimes three wagons linked together with heavy steel cables, while the driver, perched up aloft in a sort of crow's nest, urged onward his happy-go-lucky team of eight or ten mules and horses, with twenty-five feet of whiplash and a seemingly inexhaustible supply of stones and cuss words. Again, skirting the snake fence, as if despising the white man's road, came a family of Indians, the old buck, gorgeous in a scarlet shirt and overalls of blue jean, shuffling along in the lead; then his sons in store clothes, maybe, and lastly, well to the rear, the squaw, her head swathed in a party-colored shawl, her papoose in a basket on her back. "That old acorn-and-frizzled-grasshopper-cruncher must be a dowager duchess at least," said Bob, as a particularly ill-favored crone, smoking a short and very black clay pipe, waddled by. "What makes you think so?" "Her tribal marks. When these Pomo girls get full grown three lines are tattooed in blue from the corners of the mouth and center of the lower lip to the point of the chin, and as she grows older these lines are made wider. If her husband is a person of consequence, or if the woman distinguishes herself in any way—is the champion basket maker of the village, or the like—she is entitled by tribal law to thicken her lines very materially. Now, that hag looks as if she had been fed on huckleberry pie from the day of her birth and had never had her face washed. Hello! There's the rancheria and an Indian school, too, if I'm not greatly mistaken."

Now, Bob had a genuine bachelor's love for children, and when that red and white schoolhouse hove in sight he changed the reins to his right hand, while his left went groping through sundry pockets for stray dimes and nickels. In the doorway stood a sweet-faced nun, and her charges, who ran all the changes in the color scale from smoked ivory through fiery copper, cinnamon-brown and sage green to light amber, romped and shouted in the yard beneath the live oaks.

"Come here, little fairy, and tell me what your name is," cooed Bob, to a demure and pretty miss of eleven, who, forefinger to lips, was making ox eyes at Rondo.

"I'se Sara Bernhardt, who'd you fink I was, you ole fool you!" and a very pink tongue shot out between very white teeth and wriggled derisively. Poor Bob! "It's a waste of time trying to educate these—ahem!—Indians. Gee 'lang!" was all he said.

Russian River was crossed by a ford, the bridge, a substantial looking structure, being boarded up at both ends. "What's the matter with the bridge?" Marin inquired of a traveler, who was watering his horse in midstream. "Nawthin' as I've hear'd tell of. That thar bridge cost the county a sight of money, and the supervisors 'lowed as how thar warn't no sense in usin' it up a-drivin' over it in summer when the river's low. Say, how'll you trade for that thar houn' dorg?" But Rondo remained with the buckboard.

Angle Creek—well named it was, forsooth—was reached before luncheon, and Marin, who was prospecting for a bathing place, discovered that the pool which he had selected was fairly alive with big trout. Fortunately he made the discovery before plunging in. A "coo-ey" brought Bob and the tackle, and for an hour those two knew the joy known only to him who whips virgin water. But one hour brought a surfeit, for, as Bob phrased it, "one soon tires of fishing when the fish fight among themselves to see which will get caught first."

It was a long, hard pull for Goliath up Angle grade, but the buckboarders lightened his load by walking, while they drank deep draughts of the pure mountain air and watched with never-ending wonder the marvelous panorama of pinnaled gorge, foaming cataract, the forest's opaque greens blending into hazy purples, the tiny recessed glens, tawny with ripened wild oats, unroll at their feet. In one of these a doe, two fawns and a stag were placidly feeding, the buck, as usual, at the edge of the timber, ready to dissolve into its leafy shadows at the first hint of danger. The crested mountain quail, a new bird to the wanderers, challenged from every coppice or strutted in jaunty independence before them, "like a Hieland chief in his ane glen," Bob thought. "And how unspeakably good it feels to be alive!" he added, and Marin echoed his words in his inmost soul.

At the head of the pass, beneath Black Bart's rock, the scene of many a hold-up, stood a buckboard, and with that easy freemasonry of the road, which is soon learned, the travelers opened conversation with its occupant as soon as they were within hailing distance. This proved to be a most fortunate encounter. During the stay in Ukiah, while Bob talked "camel" to Miller, Marin had availed himself of the opportunity to interview all and several of Miller's drivers, and as a dry driver can scarcely be expected to shine as a conversationalist, he had irrigated them thoroughly before beginning. The result was a plenteous crop of notes about the road, the

people living along it, the outlook for game, possible side-trips, good camping grounds, and the like. Upon one point all hands were unanimous, and that was that if the buckboarders could win permission from one Beauregard Bowman, of Rattlesnake Creek and its dependencies, so to speak, to hunt over his land, the measure of their desires should fairly brim over. And thus it came to pass, in that noontide confab on the mountain crest about deer, bear, dogs, and men, Bowman's name was mentioned. "I wish to gracious we could get solid with him," said Marin; "I understand that he's a good deal of a crank—don't allow anybody to kill spike-bucks on his ranch, and has had a lot of fellows fined for violating the game law. Now, that form of crankiness is by far too uncommon in California. Do you know him?" "Yas, sorter casual like. I see him when I was dressin' jest afore I left home. Boys, he's one of the durndest, orn'riest, no-count galoots in this yar county. Ain't got no more eddication than a burro. Don't know nawthin' 'cept bars an' hogs. Lives all alone wit' his ole mother an' a 'tarnation slew of bar dogs a-top of a mount'n so durnd keep that they have ter feed the chickens buckshot ter keep 'em from rollin' off the ranch. Most folks up thar won't have nawthin' ter do wit' him, nohow. Reckon he thinks 'bout as much of me as of the hull bilin' of 'em. Ef you boys can 'range ter meet me t' Cummings 'arly Thursday, I'll make that ole hog-buster take ye on a bar hunt; I will, by thunder, ef I have ter lass' the critter an' snake a double diamond hitch on him. Camp under the big tanbark 'longside the crick," and with a promise to keep the appointment without fail, the buckboarders parted company.

At the Angle ranch on Walker Creek, tucked away in a fold of the mountain, the wayfarers first heard mention made of an animal that was destined to furnish food for speculation until their return to a country where books of reference might be got at. They were turning over a collection of lynx, coyote, fox and raccoon skins, and among them were several pelts closely resembling 'coon skins, only narrower.

"Them's mountain cat," said the sheep herder who was doing the honors.

"What do they look like?" asked Bob.

"Bout same's a cross 'tween 'coon and cat, I reckon."

"Ever hear of him, Marin?"

"He's a stranger to me," and when the shepherd was out of earshot: "This shows you what country people are. Now, that fellow has probably lived here all his life, with every opportunity for independent observation, and yet he gabbles that nonsense just because somebody equally ignorant told it to him when he was a boy. Anyone with good eyesight can see that these are the pelts of young raccoons."

"Well, I don't know about that. It appears to me that the head is different and the whole pelt's slimmer, anyhow. You remember that those Washington scientists were all at sea on the bear question till the old Huskies out in the Rockies set them right."

"Bob, this is positively too bad for you! For an educated man with some faint traces of refinement, which, by the by, would be accorded a fuller recognition if you would wash that shirt of yours, to echo the errors of the vulgar, is unpardonable. What you term the 'bear question' was recondite, and its determination depended on denotation and a dozen other things. This is a simple proposition, as easy as rolling off a log."

It was a famous war while it lasted! The combatants renewed their supply of ammunition at every halting place. The strange animal was nocturnal—"Coon," muttered Marin. He had a predilection for poultry—"Got it legitimately!" In winter he had been known to invade dwellings—"Clear evidence of immaturity!" He was sometimes known as a ring-tailed cat—"Proof positive; the common raccoon is so styled in parts of New Jersey!" Thus Brigadier Bob rained verbal grape and cannister day after day into General Marin's redoubt, while that grizzled veteran kept him on the hop, by days, dodging shrapnel, and even routed him up at night to defend his position against a general sortie. It was the last week of the outing, and Marin was seated on a log at the bottom of a sparsely wooded canyon, listening to Rondo's music drawing nearer, when he caught a glimpse of an animal with a 'coon's tail but a round, feline head, mincing with cat-like tread along the projecting limb of a huge laurel. At that instant the brush began cracking and a forked horn crashed into view, only a second later to be hurled into the bracken a plunging, quivering, stricken thing, its crimson life-tide welling through the ragged gap in its forehead. Cruel sport, my masters! When Marin had finished his humane but hateful task, that ring-tailed paradox had vanished; but that one glimpse had been enough. He didn't say "Coon" to Bob again that journey. Once in San Francisco, Webster and the Century cast a flood of light on the subject, thus:

"*Cacomixle* (*Cacomixtl*, etc., Mexican). A. N. A. carnivore."

"(*Bassiris astuta*) about the size of a cat, related to the raccoons. It inhabits Mexico, Texas, and California."

The gentleman who made the wood cut in Webster's, however, must have had the grandpa of all the *cacomixles* for his model, for his *Bassiris* looks as though he had wild turkey for dinner every day and a double helping Sunday. But to get back to the buckboard.

"That is the old Walker homestead," said Bob, pointing to a big white house standing desolate and alone on cleared land below in the canyon. "They were among the earliest settlers here, a father, mother, and seven small children. One day the father took sick and that night he died. The poor wife was at the barn before sunrise, hitching up for her twenty-mile drive to fetch aid to bury him, when a cry from the house called her. Her eldest son and her six-months-old babe had been stricken. And so, one by one, they sickened and died, and when, with reverent hands, a passing drover lifted their wasted forms that he might the better peer into their faces, all were dead save one—a little girl. At the bed-head of her little one, half reclining upon it, lay the mother, a cup of water on the floor beside her, her cut and torn hands clasped in prayer, as if, in the supreme hour of her suffering, when that terrible weakness which precedes dissolution clutched her, she had heard her child cry for water and had crawled to the well and brought it ere the Healer of Sorrows mercifully brushed her brow with his ebon pinion."

Within a rudely fenced inclosure by the wayside sleep those eight side by side, and Marin plucked a California poppy from one of the two larger mounds in remembrance

of the brave, true heart beneath. There was little laughter in their camp in Little Lake Valley that night, and their camp-fire talk touched mainly upon Donner Lake, the sufferings of the pioneers and the heroism of the pioneer women.

"This is Eel River water," said Bob, as he performed his morning ablutions, while Marin officiated at the skillet. "Walker grade is the watershed. Everything south of there, after leaving the Bay, flows into Russian River, and every stream that we shall cross for two hundred miles north of here as we jog through this chain of narrow valleys finds its way somehow into one of the three main branches of Eel. If our map is to be depended upon, we should make Willets in an hour." But, whether the map was at fault or the opportunity offered by a flock of wild doves to get the commissariat off its bean and bacon basis proved irresistible, this hamlet of eighty souls was not reached until 8 A. M. To-day Willets is a railroad town with 1,200 inhabitants and a \$40,000 hotel, which the old-timers speak of in awestruck whispers.

The travelers were now beyond the Ultima Thule of the advertising solicitor, and hence, if anybody had anything to sell, he stuck a notice on his front fence and patiently waited for somebody to drive by and see it. These quaint signboards, with their homely spelling, were sometimes humorous, sometimes pathetic. One on the outskirts of Willets read:

SHAKes FUR bARter
N. b. FUR MOSt ANiTHING.

"Bet that fellow's a Down-easter," said Bob. "He has intuitively struck the key-note of all successful advertising." Another sign, on a neatly painted gate, through which they caught a glimpse of a plaintive little flower-bed, weed-choked, caused a different emotion. It read:

THIs RANCH FOR SAIL
COS: WIF DEAD.

"A man cannot accomplish much in this country, single-handed," mused Bachelor Bob.

"Nor in this life," replied Benedict Marin.

At Sherwood, imposing enough on the map, but consisting in reality of one log cabin with a rough board annex, the road forked, one finger-board reading "Cahto 12 Miles;" the other, "Laytonville 14 Miles." "Which is the better road?" asked Marin. "Nuther," came the cheerful response from a patriarch, who was busy patching his harness with bale rope. "Ef you travel Laytonville way, you'll wish ter gracious you'd a cum by Cahto, an' ef you take the Cayto road you'll swar that ef Laytonville's worser nor that then it's the goldurndest road in Mendocino." "I vote for Laytonville," cried Bob, and for the first and only time the buckboarders had to make a dry camp. However, on their return, they essayed the Cahto road, and found that the aged unknown's summary was as accurate as it was succinct. There may be worse traveling somewhere—but why discuss a theological problem?

Laytonville, the outfitting point for the Round Valley Indian Reservation, offered few attractions, but the road beyond it was a good one and a plunge in a white sulphur spring outside the town was a treat; for, be it understood, there are cleaner ways of journeying than by buckboard. They counted seventeen deer on hillside and in canyon that day, and the big tanbark by Rattlesnake Creek was reached early in the afternoon. "I wonder if that hog-buster's friend will show up to-morrow?" "Never fear! I only hope the Buster himself will prove to be half as good a fellow."

When Marin disengaged his head from the blankets next morning he noted with surprise that a third blanketed figure lay beside Bob, feet to the embers, and that Goliath had been joined by three companions during the night. The figure stirred and sat up. It was their friend of Black Bart's rock, but he was alone. "Howdy!" he cried, cheerily. "How you fellers can sleep! That houn' thar started a growl when I kum up with the hosses; but I spoke soft ter him, an' he shet right up closer'n a bar trap."

"And where is Bowman?"

"Durn his pesky hide, the critter's strayed off the ranch somewhar; leastwise he's not to hum. Shucks! That don't make no sort er difference. Put yer hoss an' buckboard in Cumming's barn, an' kum up ter breakfast." With some misgivings the buckboarders complied. A tall, gentle-faced lady, whose erect carriage contrasted strangely with her snow white hair and gold-rimmed spectacles, met them at the doorstep. "Mrs. Bowman," said their guide, "low me ter 'duce some folks from the Bay, w'ich seein' as how your son ain't ter hum I've—"

"Beauregard, quit your fooling! Gentlemen, I'm right glad to see you." And how Bowman enjoyed his joke! His laughter shook the dishes on the breakfast table and started his fourteen bear hounds baying in their kennels. After breakfast, while Bob and Bowman packed the camp kit on the old buckskin mule, Marin watched Mrs. Bowman feed her pet bear—a three hundred pounder anchored to an oak in the corner of the orchard. With her apron full of apples she seated herself on a projecting root, while the unwieldy brute stood on his hind legs beside her, drooling with an anticipatory rapture that was fairly idiotic. One by one she handed him the apples; he grabbed them with outstretched paws and shovelling them into his great mouth, while tears of unadulterated joy trickled from his eyes and mingled with the stream of apple juice. Once, when her attention was diverted momentarily, he gently insinuated his nose into her apron, but a fillip and a word caused him instantly to withdraw it, whimpering and rubbing his face with his paws, a picture of woe, so comical and yet so nearly human that Marin did not know whether to laugh or to feel sorry for him. One thing was certain—Mrs. Bowman's fillip would not have harmed a mosquito.

The start was made on horseback with the pick of the pack—eight hounds—leashed in couples by link and swivel and old Buckskin with the baggage bringing up the rear. Every animal on the ranch knew what was expected of him and did it without being told. The dogs took their places in the cavalcade and kept them, although

before they were released they danced, yelped and "carried on" as though they would tear their kennels to pieces. "How did you train them?" Bob asked. "Car" an' kindness," answered Bowman. "Nary houn' on the ranch has ever felt whiplash. Ef a dog won't do right I talk to him same as you and me'd talk. Ef a'ter two or three talks he won't do right, I get rid of him." "Sell him, I suppose?" "No," said Bowman, slowly, "I don't 'xactly sell none. You see I riz these hyar houn's an' somehow I jest can't sell none. But th' neighbors 's glad to get sech as I can't make bar dogs of. I don't know what luck we'll have this trip, 'cos it's dry, scent won't lay an' dogs get all het up; but we're gwin over near the coast in the redwood a-back of Usal, whar bars is plenty an' whar the fog kums sneakin' up the canyon 'bout two a'ternoons, an' lasts till ten, mornin's. Ef we don't shake one up thar I'm an Injun; but gettin' him depends on the dogs not chokin' out."

"What on earth is 'choking out?'" "Wal, in hot weather, a'ter the dogs has treed a bar, sometimes they's so tuck'ed plumb out that a'ter bayin' him few times they leave him an' hunt water. We call that choked out. 'Course Mr. Bar moseys."

The trail—it was a well trodden bridle path—led along the summit of the ridge through a park-like forest of oaks—tanbarks and white oaks, chiefly—with here and there a flowery glade; and these wild gardens were alive with does and fawns quietly feeding. They gave no heed to the dogs, horses and men, nor did the well-trained hounds betray the slightest interest in their movements. "The spike-bucks are jest as gentle," said Bowman. "For ten years no small deer 'been hunted on this hyar ranch 'cept twice, and I 'rested them sneak hunters myself, an' drug 'em 'fore the jestic to Cahto. The one war a doe, an' he pled guilty an' war let off wit' \$25 fine an' 'spences. T'other war a blue-jay 'lyar from the Bay, an' he kep' 'ceptin', objectin', an' 'pealin' till he'd got ole Simpson, the jestic, bilin'. 'Gol-durn yer, I'll show yer who's a-runnin' this hyar cou't,' sez he. 'Jedgment is ye pay \$200 fine fer killin' that doe; \$50 mo' fer 'tempt of the pusson of this hyar cou't; 'spences of Mr. Bowman fer a-gettin' of ye hyar, \$3.75; an' costs \$27.40.' 'Yer can't do it,' sez Blue-jay. 'The statoo has done fix the max'mum penalty fer doe killin' at \$50, an' ye ain't got no 'tempt 'thority, no-how,' sez he; 'I 'cept an' I 'peal!' 'Ef you's wishful fer ter argify them pints with me pussonly,' sez Simpson, 'I'll 'jurn cou't hyar an' now,' sez he; an' you'll need 'peal po'ful loud fer shuah 'fore I'll tar loose of ye! Jedgment stan's, an' they ain't no 'peal.' They tied Blue-jay up in ole Simpson's hay barn till he paid an' the Gov'ner done hold a 'vestigation; but us folks 'lected Simpson 'gen. There ain't been no doe hunters about this hyar ranch sense."

The oak openings were succeeded by wild oat mesas, sloping away to the south and cut by numerous small wooded gulches, about which the deer were feeding literally in droves. Bob attempted to keep count of them, but abandoned the attempt. Marin recalls, however, that he counted eleven in one band in a small burnt opening beside the trail; all spike-bucks save one, and he was a whopper and did not wait to be scrutinized. Toward noon the trail led them through a forest of mixed conifers, down an abrupt descent to the South Fork of Eel River. Across the ford in a clump of redwoods stood a cabin. "Whose is that, Mr. Bowman?" asked Bob. "Mine. Built her las' hoggin' time. Say, boys, mos' folks hyarbouts calls me 'Beaug.' 'Spouse you does?"—and Beaug it shall be to the end of the chapter. MARIN.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In the Wilds—A Memory.

(Concluded from page 423.)

The tired and happy men rolled themselves in their blankets that night and never wakened until the sun was peering over the treetops the next morning. A plunge in the cool waters of the lake and a glorious swim, was followed by breakfast, and when all things were made clean and tidy in camp, all hands made ready to go a-fishing.

The sun hung like a great copper disk in a brassy sky, scorching everything with a fervid heat. Not a breath of air stirred the glassy surface of the water, and even the aspens forgot to tremble at their sad memories. No self-respecting fish could be expected to bite on a morning like this, and the fact was soon appreciated by all hands. Like "Br'er Rabbit," when he stopped to say "howdy" to the Tar Baby, "right thar they had drapped their merlasses jug," by not getting up before the sun on such a morning as this.

The day was intolerably hot, with a breathless autumnal heat that was very trying, even in these cool shades, and all hands gave the day to indolent repose, grudgingly giving enough time and effort to preparing and eating a midday meal.

Slowly the trying day dragged by, and an early supper was prepared and eaten, in order that the evening hours might be available for sport. Still not a ripple stirred the water, and the air was as hot and stifling as at midday. As soon as the sun was screened from the water by the trees on the western shore, all hands set to work. F. had looked out a favorable and likely spot on some rocks near camp, and preparing some strips of the belly of some of the captured fish for bait, was soon at work. The other three, with Rory at the oars, took the boat and began trolling. They had better spent the time admiring the beauties of nature, for not a bite did any one get.

The useless efforts were discontinued, and all returned to camp, where pipes and merry stories passed the evening, and when the men went to bed it was with the understanding that they were to arise at the first approach of dawn, and do their fishing before breakfast, if conditions remained the same.

Rory's voice aroused the camp as soon as objects were faintly visible under the brightening morning sky. He said he would remain in camp and prepare breakfast, while the others went out. T. said he preferred to take the oars. F. went to his rocks as on the previous evening. Soon after leaving shore Scribe hooked a fish, and after a sharp struggle landed a twelve-pound pike. Another five-pound one was landed by E., and that ended the biting. This was disappoint-

ing, as several large fish were seen, as they darted from the shallows into deep water.

The smaller fish was cleaned and fried for breakfast and the larger one was rolled in cool fern leaves and laid away in the shade for later manipulation.

The sun climbed into the same brassy sky as on the previous day, without a cloud to obscure it, or a breath of wind to temper its rays. It looked as if a hot, dry term was on, and that little sport could be expected. However, the party was getting enough to eat, and what more did they need? They had no means of disposing of more, and not one of the men would have countenanced wanton destruction, so everything was accepted philosophically, and no grumbling was heard.

After breakfast Scribe took his gun and started out to find some birch bark, and in an hour's tramp got what he wanted, and brought back six young grouse with it. He could have brought twenty, just as easily, but no more were needed.

As noon approached, the pike was unrolled from the fern leaves and washed clean without opening. It was then rolled tightly in the birch bark, swathed in green grass and thickly coated with the best clay to be found. A large fire was built, at a distance from camp, and when this had burned down to a bed of glowing coals these were raked aside, the fish in its envelopes was placed in the hot ashes, and the coals drawn back until it was covered several inches deep with them.

In forty minutes the fish was taken out, the outer coverings of clay and grass removed, and was then placed upon the camp table in its bark envelope. When this was opened there lay the great fish, done to a turn and only needing some salt and butter to make it a dish fit for the palate of the most discriminating of good livers.

Try this some day, gentlemen! If rightly done the memory will remain, even as it has remained with Scribe for thirty odd years.

They all ate to satiety, and probably a little beyond, and then discussed the possibility of any one of them ever being hungry again, while the hot afternoon dragged by. There was not even an insect to disturb the drowsy hours, and the insistent silence of the forest gripped the men, and held them in quiet contemplation.

No one stirred till the shades of evening were approaching, when they decided that very little supper was needed, and they would have the evening's fishing first.

It was no use, conditions were unfavorable, and no one got a bite.

The following day it was the same story, and after breakfast F. and Scribe started out to explore the surrounding country, taking a light lunch along and telling Rory to have a grouse stew ready for use about four o'clock. Scribe took his gun and F. an ax, for, said he, "it's allers handy tu hev along, fer yu may want tu get yu some gum, or yu may want it ter kill a bar, an' yer allers ready an' loaded fer anythin' atween." All of which is good philosophy for the forest.

They went to the little meadow at the head of the lake, and examined it for "sign," finding it all cut up with deer tracks. No larger animal was traced. A flock of grouse went whirring out of the grass, alighting in the nearby aspens, but they were not disturbed. The men then struck east, looking for higher ground, and after an hour's steady walking found no hills from which a view of the country could be had.

The purpose F. had in view in taking the ax had long been apparent to his companion, as an occasional score upon the bark of a tree would serve as a guide on the back track, should such be necessary.

At last they came to a bit of rising ground, and Scribe climbed a tall and commanding spruce that offered an easy ascent, owing to a smaller tree having lodged its top in the other's lower branches. From the top of this tree a fair view was obtained of the surrounding forest.

Away to the east, for miles and miles, lay the level forest. To the north the country fell away, to appear again in a distant line of blue forest. To the west and northwest lay the swamp and the higher country beyond it, which the party had traveled in reaching the place, dominated by the dark slopes of Red Mountain. Southward, the land rose gradually, to distant forest clad hills, and about two miles away was seen the only nearby break in the solid forest. Bearings were taken for this opening, and after the descent of the tree by Scribe, the two struck out for it. After an hour's brisk walking the break appeared, and proved to be nothing more than a large meadow, partially overgrown with willows and small firs, interspersed with a few blueberry bushes. At some very remote period the place had been overflowed by the work of beavers, and through the center of the meadow still flowed the little stream which the animals had dammed and utilized. The turf was all cut up with deer tracks, and several does and fawns were disturbed by the passage of the men. Grouse went thundering away on all sides, and a great porcupine was disturbed in a nap, as he sat with his nose curled beneath his breast on an old root in some willows, a curious looking object.

Lunch was partaken of beside the little stream, in the shade of a clump of willows; pipes were lighted, and the country in which they found themselves was discussed.

"This bit of country," said Scribe, after he had gotten his pipe to drawing properly, "seems to be an almost virgin forest. If you have noticed the fact, and no doubt you have, there is not a mark of man's presence in it, excepting where a couple of logs have been cut near our camp. That was probably done by the timber lookers that you told me of, as the work seems to be just long enough done to coincide with the time of their visit. It is no country for bears, as there is no food for them. It is the same way with moose. There is no water in this direction excepting our lake, and that has no water plants in it for them to feed upon. Then see how tame the deer are, and the grouse and small animals. They will hardly get out of our way."

"Wal," F. answered, as he leaned back against a support of springy willows, "I'd figgered it aout 'bout the same. I don't think any one cud a been here an' not left some marks, an' as yu say, I hain't seen nary

a track o' man 'ceptin' the logs yu spoke on. An' I guess that accounts fur the size o' the fish, tew. There hain't many on 'em, seems 'ough, but they are all ol' sockers, what they is. It dums me good tu git into a place that hain't ben tromped over by ever'body, an' if I don't catch another dummed fish I'll allers be glad I cum."

"So will I," answered Scribe, "and the memory of this trip will be a joy to me as long as memory holds sway. If it were not so fearfully hot I would explore this country for miles around. It is a grand sensation to find oneself in a virgin forest, where no men ever come, and where all wild creatures are so little acquainted with man as to be practically unafraid. And I think much of this forest is virgin, as there is but little to draw even the red men into this solitude, excepting the plenitude of deer, and I fancy this latter has been brought about, lately, by the retirement of the timid creatures from more luscious pastures, being lured here by the peace which prevails."

Just at this point F. straightened up and quietly pointing to a spot behind Scribe's back, who sat opposite to him, whispered, "Turn yer head slow an' look ahin' ye! By the nation, if that ain't the purtiest site I ever seen."

Scribe did as directed, and not fifty feet away saw a mother doe, flanked on either side by a soft-eyed spotted fawn, curiously gazing at the two men. The doe would stamp her dainty foot and then turn to her offspring with a reassuring touch of her nose to each; then advance a step or two and stamp and gaze again.

"By gum, ain't they pooty!" whispered F. "It's the first time I ever see a deer so clost."

The men kept perfectly quiet, and the three beauties approached them gradually until within twenty feet, and then seemingly thinking that they were harmless objects, walked gracefully away, and soon disappeared behind the screening willows.

The men arose and walked quietly away, so as not to disturb them, and started back to camp, shooting six grouse on their way.

Rory had a grand potpie ready on time, heaped with feathery dumplings, and another grand feast followed in the course of the others that had been fattening all hands, since their arrival in this blessed land.

After this dinner and supper in one, and a satisfying smoke, fishing was tried again, but with small success.

F. had succeeded in capturing a frog, with which he retired to his favorite rocks, while the others went out in the boat. As the latter rowed down the lake they passed within a few feet of F., and as they did so he got a bite and struck with all the force of his pole. (It was not a rod!) It was soon evident that he was fast to a large fish, and a very lively one. He slipped in his eagerness, and landed hard on his back premises, losing his hat at the same time, which took advantage of the situation and promptly rolled into the lake. Just then an immense bass leaped into the air, and F. kept him coming by a tremendous sweep of his pole, landing the fish high and dry on the rocks and falling bodily on it.

It was a ludicrous but effective performance, and grasping the great bass, whooping and yelling at the top of his voice, F. danced a war jig and shouted, "Whoop! Whoop! Whoop-e-e-e-ee! That's the way to ketch 'em! Get 'em started, an' keep 'em a-comin'! Whoop-e-e-e-ee!"

Thus yelled the delighted man, oblivious to his bruises and his sinking hat, which was finally rescued by the boat's crew. The bass was a beauty, and was estimated to weigh anywhere from ten to fifteen pounds, by different members of the party. When placed upon the scales he dwindled a little, but still pulled down a plump nine pounds.

This was the only fish caught that night, and F. was many times congratulated on his luck.

The following day was to be the last of the outing, and all hands prayed for a change in the weather, as it was too apparent that no fish could be caught under the conditions then existing. Early dawn found all astir, but no change in the weather. T. caught one seven-pound pike, and Scribe a five-pound one, and that settled it. The forenoon was idled away in a game of cards, and the five-pound pike was baked in clay for the midday meal. The afternoon wore away in the same manner, and toward evening a slight coolness began to steal in, and finally a little breeze stirred the lake. A supper of fried grouse, hot biscuit and coffee was prepared and eaten early, and by the time supper was finished there was a good ruffling wind blowing. Scarcely had the boat got well started when T. had a fierce strike, and hooked and landed a ten-pound pike. At the same time more "whoops!" from F. announced that he was also busy. As the pike was hauled into the boat, F. was heard lamenting the loss of his fish, for which all hands were sorry.

"Blast his picter," he shouted, "he was a wallop in' big pike, an' he's took my gear, hook, line an' sinker. I'll bet a cud o' terbacker he'd weigh mor'n twenty paounds."

The boat had half circled the lake when Scribe's hook struck into something immovable, and remembering his first experience, he struck to make sure, and an immediate whirr of the reel told that he had a fish. Back and forth the great creature surged, taxing the skill of the angler to the utmost to keep a taut line with the single action reel. But no accident occurred, and after a stubborn fight the rod won the victory. As he lay in the bottom of the boat glaring up at his captor, he was indeed a monster. On return to camp it was found to weigh a strong twenty-nine pounds. F. caught another one that weighed fifteen and this ended the sport. All members of the little party proclaimed themselves perfectly satisfied, and retired early so as to break camp before dawn.

The breaking up of a happy camp is too sad a thing to dwell upon, and little more remains to be said, suffice it to say they all got back safely and parted with promises to go back together "some time"; but, alas! that "some time" has not come yet, and never will.

The following spring Scribe came to California, and has never been back since, excepting in memory.

Heigho! All this happened a third of a century ago, and probably the forest that was then so primitive and untamed, is now smiling fields of grass and grain, and the little lake has dwindled to a lifeless pond. It would break Scribe's heart to see it under such conditions, so he will ever keep it as it has been: a very dear memory.

This little reminiscence is as true in every incident as the author is able to recall it, and he hopes it will not prove uninteresting to the readers of "our paper."

AREFAR.

Monhegan.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from a trip in which some of the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* might be interested. A portion of it covers ground that is little visited, even by sportsmen, though why it is hard to say, for although isolated it is not hard to reach. It lies only twenty miles off the coast of Maine, namely, Monhegan Island.

The middle of last month found me at Waterford, on the upper waters of the Connecticut River, where I put up with an old friend. His place is eight miles from the railroad, with trout streams all around. The fishing this season is good, as almost all the streams are well stocked and posted, and being a little off the routes of travel are as yet not fished very hard. The fishing is greatly improved by the way the law is carried out and upheld.

The farmers are annoyed by the deer considerably; under the present law the animals have become a nuisance, destroying crops to a great extent; one farmer had two acres of beans destroyed and is bringing about negotiations with the State for the payment of the same. The deer were seen frequently feeding in the corn and oat fields within three hundred yards of the house, and when a gun was fired did not show any great haste to leave. One morning our attention was called to a large buck and doe in the corn field in front of the house. A little daughter, wishing for a nearer view, walked toward them until she came within fifty yards before she was observed, when the buck threw his head high in the air and advanced, stamping his feet in a threatening manner. The child became frightened at this, and let out a lusty scream, at which the deer trotted off in a leisurely manner.

Partridge are very plentiful and are little sought. 'Coons and hedgehogs are quite troublesome, and anyone wishing that kind of sport can have their fill.

After a ten days' stay here, I went to Portland, Maine, thence to Monhegan Island. The island lies off the central coast of Maine, far out in the sea, yet in the track of coasters and fishermen and passenger steamers. It is the most primitive, most fascinating, most ruggedly beautiful place in all New England. It contains a hamlet of one hundred fisher folk, the settlement is one and one-half miles long and one-half mile wide, and as yet is unspoiled by the vast army of summer pleasure seekers. The march of so-called improvement has not yet smoothed its one rough and picturesque street, nor borne in upon it a flotsam of cheap and ugly summer cottages. The neat and simple homes are still scattered in delightful confusion, as if dropped down through some celestial sieve; the thoroughfares are over ledges, hills, and pastures. The one horse enjoys the freedom of the town unmolested, and life here seemed one blissful dream of idleness for everybody. The scene on entering the harbor is magnificent. On the right rises the sharp slope over which are sprinkled the houses of Monhegan. Back of them tower the noble ever green heights crowned by the powerful lighthouse whose gleam of light is familiar to thousands who have never actually seen the island. In front and to the north is the little harbor filled with rocking dories and larger fishing craft.

On the left stretches Manana, which looks like a sleeping whale, a huge ledge rising over a hundred feet from the water, like a great rampart guarding the boats below.

Monhegan has an ancient history. It startles the visitor to reflect that he is standing in a continuous settlement older than Plymouth; that since 1607 it has existed with varying fortunes till this very day. The first sermon of New England in the English tongue was preached here on August 9, 1607, by the Rev. Richard Sigismont, chaplain to the Popham Colonies. The island was visited much earlier than this, for in 1605 Captain George Weymouth anchored his ship, the *Archangel*, and went ashore. After Weymouth many explorers dropped into Monhegan harbor. Most notable of them was Captain John Smith, who in April, 1664, made it the base of his operations for several months.

Fishing, which includes the catching of lobsters, is the only industry on the island. Day after day the dories go out in the mysterious hours of the morning and return in the forenoon laden with cod, haddock, hake, and pollock. Then all is activity along the two beaches on which stand the crazily picturesque fish houses, looking as if they had been tottering to their doom for the past hundred years, and had never quite determined to give up the ghost. The people of Monhegan are fishermen and the sons of fishermen. For two hundred years no industry has approached this, and the men of Monhegan have done nothing but catch, clean, and pack fish ever since they were big enough to handle an oar. The people are like one large family, with no aristocracy, no middle class, or any poor; "share even" seems to be the ruling motto in business.

Every inhabitant owns a fishing boat, and can handle her through a living gale in a manner to win admiration. There are subscribers to newspapers and leading magazines, with plenty of time for reading; and they are remarkably well informed and cultured.

In the fall and winter months all kinds of duck and geese are in great abundance. Monhegan lighthouse stands upon the most commanding land of the island, though far removed from the dashing roar of the sea. The lantern rises 175 feet above sea level. It displays a white light of great power. In the darkest night the beam pierces the gloom like a great meteor. With Seguin twenty miles to the westward and Matinicus Rock the same distance to the east, the light forms the outer cordon of lights which illuminate the coast and warn ships from danger.

Last season's catch of lobsters was 60,000, which sold

at an average price of 19 cents apiece, and the season's catch of fish was about 3,000 quintals or quintals, at \$3 per cental.

As the island now stands a fine sense of equality pervades everything. Acquaintances are easily and simply made, because it is somehow felt that the unworthy do not get so far out to sea. There is as yet no dressing for dinner, nor kindred vexations. Instead, there is a quiet good fellowship with a rational enjoyment of the gifts of nature, the most intimate acquaintance with the sea and the tonic of its air. A sojourn of but a week makes one love the little island, and when the day of parting comes and one sails away he keeps his eyes fixed tenderly on the blue heights so long as they appear above the horizon, almost pathetic in their brave isolation, a tiny speck out there in the sea.

H. L. SHAW.

PHILADELPHIA.

Packing Without Profanity. ■

Editor Forest and Stream:

The editor, in the number for July 25, has something to say about Technical Language, as applied to pack mules, and concludes by giving his opinion that had the party, who was offended at hearing this language used, objected to its use at the time he first heard it, he would not have heard any more of it. This affair is a good deal like one that happened when I had the pack train, or rather another train, and its swearing packers, and it only took me a few minutes to stop all swearing, not only then but for the rest of the trip. In the spring of 1871 two English tourists came to us at Fort Richardson, Texas. They brought letters of introduction to the commanding officer and wanted to hunt buffalo. I was given a detail of 10 men, 7 for the escort and 3 to pack and drive the mules; and was told to take the men out for 10 days or more and find them the buffalo.

We had 7 mules packed with rations and a company outfit. We carried no tents with us, but I took two tent flies to put up in wet weather and had them put up each night while we were out, whether it rained or not; it would be less trouble to put them up and take them down in the day time than it would be to put them up in a rain storm after night. Except for these flies, we and the tourists roughed it; they fared just as we did. One of them was an English lord, the eldest son of a duke, and he had been a captain in the English cavalry and seemed to be at home here. This just suited him, he told me. The other one, a cousin of his, was a vicar in the Church of England, and it was on his account that I stopped the emphatic language. They both carried English rifles, but had the new Smith & Wesson army pistol .45 caliber. These were the first I had ever seen, but a short time after this I had one myself, six of them being sent us to experiment on and report on to the War Department.

Fort Richardson was built just outside of Jacksboro, Jack county, that was at that time away out on the frontier, and I led the party directly west, meaning to strike the Brazos River first, then cross it and keep on southwest as far as the Double Mountains, at the head of the Salt Fork of the Brazos, as from about the Brazos to the mountains and west of them was a good buffalo country, though we often met them within 50 miles of Jacksboro. No escort would be needed now to hunt in that country, but at that time it was not safe to travel anywhere in it without an escort; the Kohawdi Comanches had this part of Texas all to themselves and were on the warpath. This troop of ours put them off it, though, the next year after this, after we had killed about half of them.

When leaving the post I told my packers to keep their mules close up behind us at all times; I did not want to have to charge a party of Indians in order to recover the mules some day. A mule would stray off the trail, then stop to study botany or eat grass, and would get a cursing for doing so. Then another would take a notion to lie down and try to roll off his pack, then he would get more of this emphatic language. The most of the mules happened to be females; they are, if possible, always meaner than a horse mule; and all of them had names; they were our regular troop pack mules; and each mule would be addressed personally, then damned to the lower regions and half way back again, in each string of oaths that would be fired at them. Had there been an officer here we would have had none of this cursing, he would not have allowed it, and had these strangers not been here they might have kept on cursing for all I cared; I had driven mules myself and knew that the mules needed it; but I soon made up my mind that it must stop, and dropping back to the pack train, I told the men to stop it and to begin right now. They stopped it.

After we had camped the first night this minister says, "Sergeant, I, of course, have often heard the expression used to 'swear like a trooper.' Those troopers of yours seem to be adepts at it."

"Yes, sir, they are; but they will practice it no more on this trip; I have stopped it; you won't hear any more of it. It is rather hard for us to handle mules and not swear at them; but it can be done."

That evening, while at supper, I said, "Now, men, while we are on this trip don't let me hear any more swearing at anything. There is a minister along with us, remember; and he does not want to hear it. Drive those mules for once without cursing them. It can be done. Use your lariats on them, I will never punish a man for whipping a mule. The mule may not need all you give him just then; but he will need all he gets then some time else. It won't be wasted on him; let him have all you think he needs. But never strike a horse while you are with me if you don't want a stringing up for it."

That minister, after he had got home, would no doubt write out his impressions of this country, and I did not want him to give an account of how I had hung a man up to a tree by the wrists for damning a mule. This was a regular mode of punishing men then; it has been stopped though, long since.

We found the buffalo on the third day. After going into camp that day at 3 o'clock, Lord C— and I

started off to look for them, leaving the camp in charge of one of my men. About three miles west of camp we came in sight of half a dozen small bunches of buffalo scattered around and quietly feeding. I had his Lordship change horses with me, for while I knew that my horse would carry him right alongside of the buffalo, I had my doubts about his doing it. Then I told him where to shoot to kill, and we started, and got to within a few hundred yards of the buffalo before they ran off. My horse put his rider right alongside of a young cow, and Lord C— shot her. I was up here but did not fire; one would be all we wanted; their hides were of no use to us at this season of the year.

We partly skinned the cow, then cutting off what meat we could carry went back to camp, and I sent out men and a mule to bring in more meat.

"How long do you expect to find these buffalo in your country, sergeant, before they all disappear?" he asked.

"I expect them to be still here after I have died of old age, sir. This whole country west of this clear to the Rocky Mountains and from Canada to Mexico, a territory almost as large as all Europe, is still covered with them."

"I am afraid you will see the last of them long before you die of old age, sir. I have been in India and know how soon this big game disappears, once we start to hunt it."

Just nine years after he had told me this I saw the last of them go.

We went as far west as the Double Mountains at the head of the Salt Fork of the Brazos, and were out fourteen days instead of ten, got all the buffalo we wanted and passed thousands of them that we did not want, and got home without having had any mishap to any of us.

The more I saw of this Englishman the better I liked him. He put on no airs with us, he had not been with us two days before he knew the name of every man in the party, and always addressed each man by his last name; no man ever hears his first name in the army. There was no "me mon" with his Lordship, our men thought that he did this because he knew that he was not in England now and that "me mon" did not go here. "No," I told them, "he does it because he happens to have been born a gentleman, and never forgets that he is one, either."

CABIA BLANCO.

SOLDIERS' HOME, Erie, Pa.

Natural History.

Our Batrachians and Reptiles.—VI.

It is a very general impression that a venomous snake may readily be recognized by its thick, clumsy body, short tail, small neck and large, flat, triangular head, but this, like many other popular beliefs, is open to objection. It was pointed out in the preceding chapter of this series that certain perfectly harmless snakes have stout bodies and large heads. Moreover, there are some very dangerous snakes with slender bodies and small heads, which, unless the observer is acquainted with the species, would almost certainly be regarded as innocent. How, then, may a venomous snake be recognized?

In a recent paper entitled, "The Poisonous Snakes of North America" (published in the Report of the United States National Museum for 1893), Dr. Stejneger has defined as venomous "all those snakes which are provided with a specific poison and an apparatus especially adapted for the introduction of this poison into the wound of the victim." Now, the existence of a specific poison is a fact which can be determined only by noticing the effect of the snake's bite on some living animal, but the special apparatus for its introduction into a victim can readily be found. All venomous snakes are provided with poison fangs.

If, at his first opportunity, the reader will examine the mouth of any harmless snake he will find in the upper jaw four long rows of sharp teeth. The two outer rows are on the upper jaw bones and those of the inner rows are borne by some of the bones which form the roof of the mouth and the palate. These inner rows of teeth are also to be found in a venomous snake, but the outer row is represented on each side by usually a single very much enlarged tooth which is deeply grooved or even pierced by a slender longitudinal canal like the needle of a hypodermic syringe. This is the poison fang. It is always much larger than any of the other teeth and stands alone, except for a cluster of reserve fangs hidden at its base. It may be situated either at the extreme back or the extreme front of the jaws. It is connected at the top with a canal from the poison gland so that, when a bite has been inflicted, a quantity of poison can be squeezed out through the groove or canal deep into the wound. The reserve fangs are provided so that in case the one in use is broken off another may soon rise up to replace it.

The poison of the venomous snakes differs greatly in its action and somewhat in its appearance, according to the snake from which it has been taken. It is secreted by certain glands situated at the sides of the upper jaw, and is a transparent, yellowish or nearly colorless, sticky fluid, tasteless and with no appreciable odor. Chemically and physically it is much like the white of egg. Its virulence is not destroyed by drying, freezing, boiling, or treatment with alcohol. It may be rubbed on the unbroken skin or taken into the stomach with impunity, but if introduced into the blood in sufficient quantity causes great nervous prostration, interferes with the action of the heart, paralyzes the respiratory and digestive centers, and produces death.

Leaving out of consideration the snakes which have grooved fangs at the back of the mouth, and which are hardly to be regarded as capable of inflicting a dangerous bite, except to small animals, we will find that the truly venomous snakes of our country, those which are dangerous to man, are of two different types. Both have their fangs situated at the front of the upper jaw bone, but while in one group, which we may know as the coral snakes (family *Elapidae*), these fangs are fixed and permanently erect; in the other, which are commonly called

the pit vipers (family *Crotalidae*), they are movable, and when not in use may be swung back out of the way against the roof of the mouth.

The coral snakes are represented in our fauna by only two or three species. They are long, slender animals, with small heads and with their bodies very conspicuously, even brilliantly, marked with vermilion red, black, and yellow. These colors are arranged in bands which encircle the body, their width and number varying somewhat according to the species and the age of the individual. In the harlequin snake (*Elaps fulvius*), which is by far the commonest representative of the family within our limits, the red and black bands are of nearly equal width and much broader than the yellow bands. In the Florida coral snake (*Elaps distans*), the black and yellow rings are of nearly equal width, and the red is correspondingly increased. The harlequin snake has a rather broad yellow band encircling the middle of the head, while the Sonoran coral snake (*Elaps curyxanthus*) has almost the entire head black; in the latter species the tail is only about one-fourteenth the total length, while in both the other species it is about one-seventh.

The Sonoran coral snake apparently occurs within our limits only in Arizona, and does not seem to be common even there. The Florida coral snake is very rare in collections and may possibly be only a peculiar variation of the harlequin snake, which is found in the same region. The harlequin snake, however, is found not only in Florida but as far west as Texas and as far north as southern Ohio and central Missouri; in the southern portions of this range it seems to be rather common.

As to the habits of these interesting snakes, we know

it should be handled with great care. It would seem that animals so conspicuously marked as the coral snakes should be very easily recognized, but, unfortunately, in the region inhabited by them, there are several perfectly harmless snakes which imitate them so closely that even a person fairly well acquainted with reptiles would need to look twice before deciding upon their character. Of course, if the snake is dead an examination of its teeth would settle the question at once, but if it is alive the matter becomes more difficult. The observer will have no trouble, however, if he will remember that in the coral snake the black rings are bordered on each side with yellow,

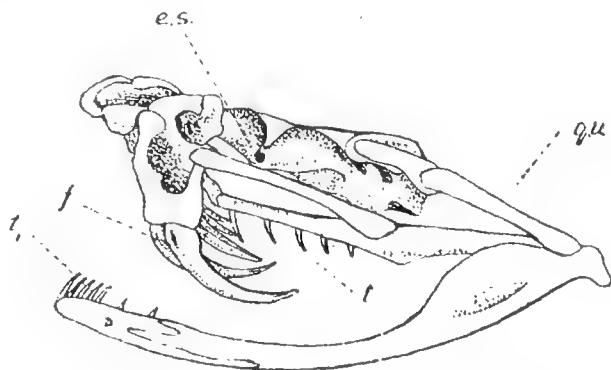


Fig. 3.—Side view of skull of Rattlesnake.

low, while in its imitation the reverse is the case, the yellow rings being bordered on each side with black. Coming now to the pit vipers we will find that this family contains the remaining species of our venomous snakes, about fourteen in all. They are strongly marked, repulsive looking serpents, usually sluggish in habits, and to a great extent devoid of the grace which is so characteristic of other kinds. Their head is rather large, in some cases markedly so, and swollen at the back so as to be more or less triangular, but this outline is not fully carried out, for the nose is blunt and rounded. Compared with the size of the head, the neck is somewhat more slender than in the harmless snakes and the body is stouter and more clumsy. The distinguishing character of the pit vipers, however, and the one which has given them their name, is a deep pit which is to be found on each side of the head between the nostril and the eye. No one has yet been able to tell the use of this pit. It is not connected in any way with the poison apparatus nor with the nostrils. It is possibly the seat of a sixth sense, a supposition which is supported by the fact that the pit is abundantly supplied with nerves. It might also be remarked that the pit vipers are to be distinguished from our other snakes by the fact that most of the plates on

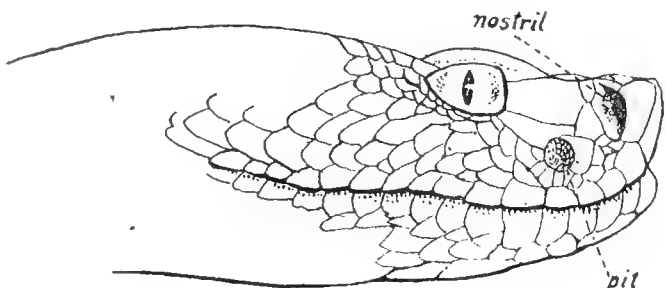


Fig. 4.—Side view of head of Rattlesnake.

the under surface of the tail are undivided like those on the belly, while in the harmless species they are arranged in two rows. Of course it will be necessary to apply these finer details of construction only in the case of the water moccasin and copperhead, for the rattlesnakes are instantly to be recognized by their rattle.

All the pit vipers bring forth their young alive, but, so far as is known, the broods are small, less than a dozen being produced at one time. For a time after birth the young are probably cared for by the parent, and, in some cases, at least, have been known to escape danger by running into the mother's capacious gullet.

The copperhead (*Agkistrodon contortrix*) is not an uncommon snake in many parts of the Eastern United States. It has been found as far north as central Massachusetts, as far west as Illinois, and as far south as southern Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas. On account of its sinister reputation few would think of the copperhead as a beautiful snake, but among those who can recognize beauty even in a reptile, this one is regarded as most exquisitely colored. It is, however, a snake to be greatly dreaded, for it seems to be more aggressive and more active than the rattlesnake, and inflicts its bite without warning. Perhaps to compensate for these facts nature has given to it a venom less virulent than its more noisy relative, the rattlesnake, and death from its bite is a very rare occurrence.

The water moccasin (*Agkistrodon piscivorus*), as its name implies, is a frequenter of water courses, and as

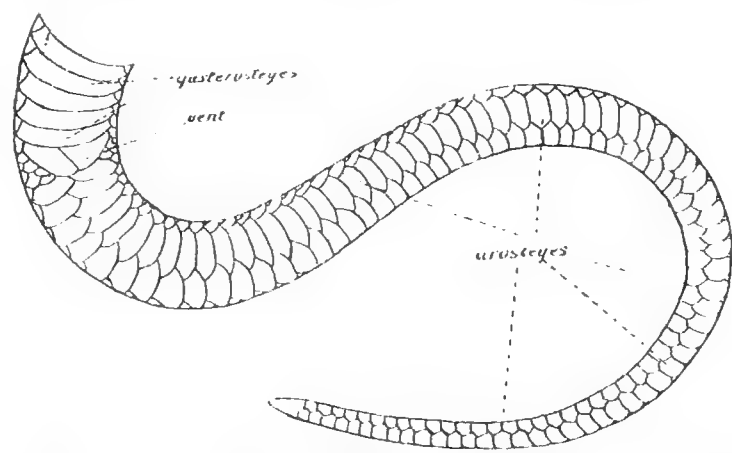


Fig. 5.—View of the lower surface of the tail of a harmless snake.

such is found from Texas northward to southern Illinois and the great Dismal Swamp in northeastern North Carolina. It does not occur in the mountain streams, but in the lowland rivers and bayous of the Southern States it becomes at times abundant. It is a larger and heavier snake than the copperhead, and is probably quite as ready to make an attack on anyone who comes within its reach. Its venom is the least dangerous of any of our poisonous snakes, but from the fact that the large size of the snake insures an abundant supply of the poison the bite is

probably quite as severe in its consequences as is that of the copperhead. The name "cottonmouth," a common appellation of the water moccasin in some places, is given on account of the white lining of the mouth, which is conspicuously exposed when the snake opens its jaws to bite.

The rattlesnakes, as has been already stated, are easily distinguished from all the other venomous snakes by the fact that in these the end of the tail bears a peculiar horny, jointed structure which, when rapidly vibrated, produces a rattling or whizzing noise very similar to the song of the cicada or the grasshopper. Aside from this structure, however, they show a number of differences which have led zoologists to divide the group into a number of genera. Only two of these are now commonly recognized: *Sistrurus*, containing three rather small species known as the "ground rattlesnakes," and *Crotalus*, containing about seventeen species (ten of which occur within our limits), which may be known as "true rattlesnakes." The ground rattlesnakes may be distinguished at once by the fact that the top of the head is covered with large, plate-like scales much like those on the heads of the harmless snakes, while the true rattlesnakes have the top of the head covered with small scales like those on the body except for a few larger ones on the snout in front of the eyes. The ground rattlesnakes, two kinds of which occur within our limits, are rather smaller than most of the species of the genus *Crotalus*, and on that account are less dangerous, but their bite would, to say the least, be very unpleasant. They occur over a wide extent of territory, from New York to Wisconsin and Nebraska, and southward to Texas and Arizona.

It will be impossible here to speak in detail of any species of the true rattlesnakes, notwithstanding the great interest which centers about them. They occur over the greater portion of the United States in favorable localities, some species distributed very widely and others very

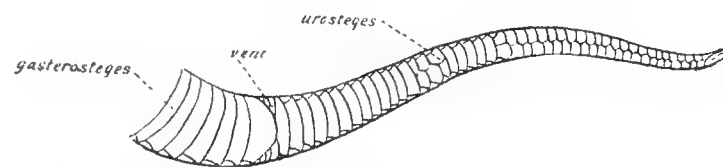


Fig. 6.—View of the lower surface of the tail of one of the Pit-vipers, showing the undivided urosteges.

locally. They are especially abundant in the States which lie on the Mexican boundary, not less than eight species being known from that region. Further to the northward the number rapidly diminishes, and most localities possess but a single species. They live in all kinds of places, but are naturally exterminated very quickly in the open ground, and hence are now most often found in woodland or among rocks.

The largest is the well-known diamond rattlesnake of Florida and the adjacent States, which reaches a length of over eight feet, but there are in the Western States several species which do not reach a length of more than three feet. Almost all of them are strikingly colored. Usually the ground color is yellowish, brownish, or reddish, and on this are spots or blotches or bars of darker. One species, the "white rattlesnake" (*Crotalus mitchellii*), is grayish yellow with small brown dots, while another, the green rattlesnake (*Crotalus lepidus*), is grayish green with rather broad, jet black bands. In the southwestern part of the country a species (*Crotalus cerastes*) is found which is peculiar in having a small horn over each eye.

The venom and the poison apparatus have probably been more thoroughly studied in the pit vipers than in any other venomous snakes and the pages of FOREST AND STREAM have already contained several articles on the subject. Nevertheless a brief resumé of the matter may be of interest.

The mechanism of the fangs, the muscular arrangement

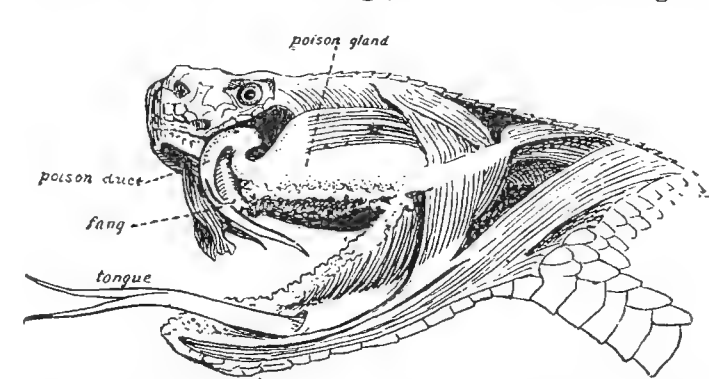


Fig. 7.—Side view of the head of a Rattlesnake dissected to show the poison apparatus.

for moving them, and for injecting the poison at the proper time can perhaps be understood by referring to some of the accompanying figures, but the poison itself is of such a complicated character chemically that it is still but poorly understood. In appearance it is indistinguishable from the venom of the coral snakes, but its action is much more rapid. In fact, if a considerable quantity is injected into the blood of an animal the effects are almost instantaneous.

Some years ago the author had in his possession a specimen of the common rattlesnake of the Eastern States (*Crotalus horridus*). It was a diminutive individual, about nine inches long, one of seven found under a stump near Cumberland, Maryland. When first brought in it was ready to strike at anything offered to it. One day two young mice were put into the box in which it was confined, and almost immediately one of them was bitten as it ran past the snake. The fangs seemed to penetrate just behind the neck and before the mouse had gone six inches further its hind legs were paralyzed, and it dropped dead within half a minute. Soon afterwards the second mouse was bitten, this one in the side; but the action of the poison was the same, and death followed as quickly.

Although the bite of any one of the pit vipers is exceedingly dangerous to man, it is not necessarily fatal, for much depends upon the conditions both of the snake and of the person bitten. The stock of poison carried by one of the reptiles is small, and if it has been exhausted by a recent attack upon some other animal a sufficient quantity may not be on hand to produce death. A child or a weak person will succumb more quickly than a strong healthy man. Furthermore, if the bite is inflicted on a part of the body in which the circulation is

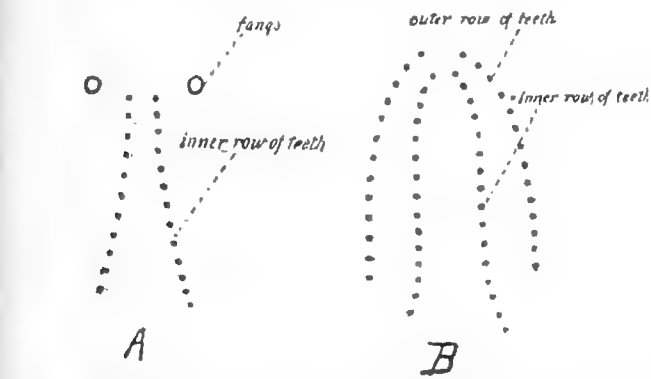


Fig. 1.—Diagram to show the arrangement of the teeth in A, a venomous snake; in B, a harmless snake.

comparatively little, as even the most common species is of a retiring nature, and seems to spend most of the time hidden under logs or burrowing about in dry, loose earth. As a group, they are believed to feed largely upon other snakes, but have also been known to eat mice, lizards, and possibly insects. In one case a harlequin snake was caught in the act of swallowing a black snake as long as itself, and when dissected was found to contain a partly digested garter snake.

Dr. Einar Lönnberg, of the University of Upsala, in Sweden, visited Florida some years ago, and while there had an opportunity to observe the harlequin snake. He regards it as perhaps the most dangerous species in that State, not even excepting the diamond rattlesnake. He says: "It is regarded as a 'pretty little snake.' Few people know or believe that it is poisonous, it looks so harmless, and as a consequence they catch it and handle it roughly; the snake gets angry, bites, and a human life is endangered. I know personally of such a case. A Swede at Oakland, Orange county, found an *Elaps*, and

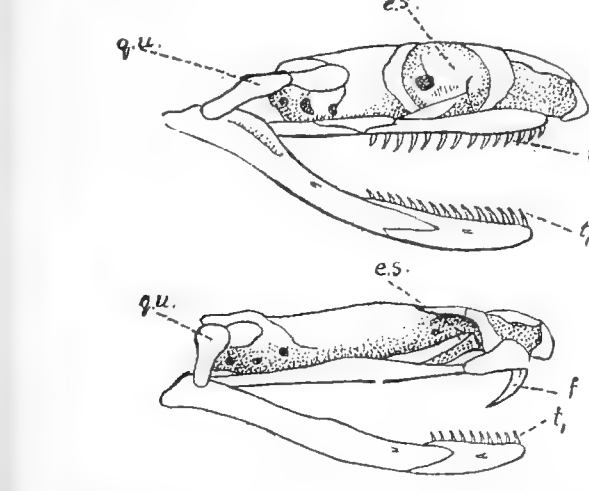


Fig. 2.—Side view of skulls of a harmless snake and a coral snake; q.u., quadrate bone; e.s., eye socket; t., teeth of upper jaw; f., teeth of lower jaw; f., fangs.

because of its beautiful color he caught it and tried to put it into a bottle of alcohol. The snake bit him, but the wound was not large, and as it did not swell he did not care much about it at first. After a while he was taken very sick, went to bed, asked for a physician, and drank whisky; but it was then too late. He died the next morning, about twelve hours after the snake had bitten him. During the last hours he was unconscious, but before that he suffered the most excruciating pains. I have heard of several other cases of boys dying from an *Elaps* bite. In other cases people have been bitten by an *Elaps fulvius* without suffering from it in any way, but I suppose that in such cases the *Elaps* had not been able to inject any poison into the wound, as it has a rather small mouth." Dr. Lönnberg's statement, as well as the records of a number of similar cases, show that the action of the poison of the harlequin snake is slow compared with the very rapid action of the poison of our other venomous snakes. There is also little or no local effect. The wounds made by the fangs are small, almost insignificant, and the part bitten does not swell much, but the poison is absorbed and in an hour or two begins to show its effects. The method of inflicting the bite differs greatly also in the harlequin snake and the rattlesnake. The latter lunges forward, drives its fangs into its victim by the force of the blow, and immediately draws back; the harlequin snake seizes a suitable part and hangs on, seeking to work its fangs deeper into the flesh, and often has to be pulled away.

Under ordinary circumstances it is a good natured snake and does not attempt to bite, but, when encountered

poor, the poison can be removed or counteracted before life becomes extinct.

The treatment usually advocated in cases of snake bite is to ligature the part bitten and fill the victim up with whisky, but there is good reason to doubt the efficacy of this procedure. The action of alcohol in large doses is such as to assist rather than combat the action of the venom. The first step to be taken in all ordinary cases is to ligature the wound and then to remove the venom, either by sucking it out, or by opening the bitten part so that it may escape with the blood. At the earliest possible moment a solution of one part of chromic acid to 100 parts of water or a solution of chloride of gold or permanganate of potash of the same strength should be injected with a hypodermic syringe into the wounds and the surrounding tissue. Alcohol may now be administered in small doses as a stimulant, and an effort should be made to induce a profuse perspiration. In cases where there seems imminent danger of collapse, hypodermic injections of strychnia are recommended, even in doses which under ordinary conditions would be fatal. The services of a skilled physician should be obtained at the earliest possible moment.

Fortunately all the venomous serpents are disappearing before the onward march of civilization. The opening up of a country to agriculture affords them fewer opportunities for a retreat from danger, and man always brings with him domesticated animals which destroy the snakes even more thoroughly than he can by his own efforts. Doubtless some of these reptiles will withstand this invasion for many years to come, but in the end they all must go, and then, perhaps, the harmless snakes will cease to suffer for the bad company which they are now forced to keep.

W. P. HAY.

Language of the Lower Animals.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In FOREST AND STREAM of June 6, Hermit expressed his opinion, in regard to the alleged speech of animals, as follows: "I do not believe that the speech of the lower animals is inherited. It would be just as unreasonable as to claim that human speech is inherited." As it is a self-evident fact that speech must be either inherited or transmitted by instruction, and as it seemed plain that he used the term speech as synonymous with language, I ventured to state (see FOREST AND STREAM of July 4) that I knew of nothing to indicate that these animals either possess or used a language that can be transmitted by instruction. In other words, I stated that I knew of nothing to show that the animals possess any speech or language which is not inherited; and I virtually asked for the production of reliable evidence to the contrary, if any such is available. In FOREST AND STREAM of August 8, Hermit gives another interesting account of his observations, in which he takes enough notice of my communication to show that he does not perceive the points to which I tried to call attention. He says: "Your correspondent, I. W. G., makes much of the bawl of a frightened calf which brings the nearby herd to the rescue. * * * These hereditary functions are out of place in this discussion. There is no dispute on this line. * * * It is not language but tone that brings the herd to the rescue of the calf. Even I. W. G. could recognize the note of terror in the calf's cry, although he might be wholly ignorant of the bovine language." Now, as a matter of fact, it is just these "hereditary functions" that I wish to have in the discussion, for the purpose of either identifying them as the "bovine language" or distinguishing that language from them. From my point of view, they must remain in the discussion until Hermit, or someone else, displaces them by demonstrating the existence of a better "bovine language." I think Hermit will agree that in a general sense, or for our present purpose, language may be defined as any means by which ideas are communicated, from one individual to others. It is obvious that the bawl of the calf conveys a crude idea to the cattle. It is the "note of terror" that conveys the idea that the situation demands. And if the needs of cattle, in regard to language, are supplied by various impulsive tones, actions, and postures—"hereditary functions," as Hermit calls them—it follows that the "bovine language" consists of "hereditary functions." If cattle have a language other than these "hereditary functions," by all means let us have a definite and verified description of it, and that much of the controversy will be disposed of at once.

Hermit tells us that a kitten was taught by the cat to anticipate the approach of a butcher cart by signs made by the cat as she watched by the window. But he does not even attempt to prove that these alleged signs were anything more than the expressions of listless waiting, and of eagerness in view of approaching gratification, which are practically involuntary, or "hereditary functions," and which the kitten understands by what may be called heredity or intuition. If the cat instructed the kitten in the language of signs, how did she do it? If Hermit affirms that the cat told the kitten beforehand that her ears pointed forward would mean one thing, and when they were pointed back it would mean something else, he should be able to describe definitely the process by which the cat communicates this information. How does the cat say to the kitten, "While the wagon is not in sight I will hold my ears back, and when I see it coming near I will point them forward?" If Hermit does not know how it would be possible for the cat to make a previous arrangement of this kind with the kitten, how does he know that such an arrangement was made? Is he quite sure that the kitten did not perceive the approach of the wagon by scent or sound on its own account? He does not need to be told that the senses of smell and hearing in some of the animals are surprisingly acute in comparison with the same in us human beings. But in regard to general perception and imagination, man is the most abundantly endowed of all animals, and when one, who is a warm advocate of a certain theory, essays to serve as the eye of accurate knowledge, he needs to hold a tight rein on his own perceptive faculties, in order to keep himself from seeing more than there is to see.

Hermit also gives an instance of a cat not mewing until it had the company of another cat, and, in effect, asks us to accept it as evidence of the necessity of instruction. As several correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM have given many instances of animals making

the distinctive cries of their species without the possibility of instruction, it will be necessary for him to explain these cases out of his way before he can reasonably expect the abnormal action of one cat to be overwhelmingly convincing. When we see numerous animals performing certain functions without instruction we have positive evidence that they do not require instruction; but the fact that a single cat does not mew in orthodox fashion until late in life is no evidence at all in regard to cats as a species. There are abnormal beasts just as there are abnormal human beings. Moreover, doing a thing is positive evidence of the ability to do it, while not doing a thing is, of itself, at best, but negative evidence of the lack of ability. And will Hermit please tell us why the bawl of a calf is more an "inherited function" than the mew of a cat? If the mew of a cat is pertinent to this discussion, why is the bawl of a calf impertinent?

It is necessary to bear in mind that the question is not whether the lower animals have a language. It is admitted on all sides that they do communicate crude ideas to each other, and this could not be without some sort of a language. It is not even doubted that they can be instructed in language. It is a matter of common experience that nearly all of the animals can be instructed, some more, some less, in human language. But the point of significance here is that both the instruction and the language are outgrowths of the intelligence of man. A horse, for instance, is taught to start, to stop, to back, etc., etc., at the command of the human voice. This undoubtedly requires a considerable degree of intelligence on the part of the horse. But the horse has no control of either the instruction or the language. The horse never makes the human sound which he associates with the action, and hence horses never communicate this language to each other. The instruction is all by the intelligence of man; and the language is formulated and used entirely by man, and for the benefit of man.

The question before us is simply whether the lower animals have languages of their own which they themselves can transmit or perpetuate by instruction. Some naturalists enthusiastically and positively declare that they have. Others, and some of us who are not naturalists, ask for the production of substantial evidence. Let it be noticed that such a language would require the animals to have a previous arrangement, or conventional understanding, in regard to the sound, motion, or posture which is to represent each thing. Human languages can be transmitted by instruction only because they are based on human conventions; that is, on mutual prearrangements and understandings. Each human language is developed by the development of civilization and the needs of the people. A language which is based on convention—on general consent—is at the command of those who use it, and can be changed at their pleasure. This is the case with all the human languages. Each word is associated with the thing it represents, and is adopted into the language by the exercise of volition and intelligence. If the lower animals have not a language based on convention—if each sound, movement, or posture, is not associated with the thing it represents by intelligent prearrangement and mutual consent—it is obvious that the language cannot be transmitted by instruction. If they have a language based on convention, where is the evidence? How would it be possible for any species of animals but man to make the least change in its language by the exercise of volition and intelligence? And, if they have not sufficient intelligence to change their language, how can they have sufficient intelligence to communicate a knowledge of it to each other by intentional instruction?

I. W. G.

Observations on Birds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Early in June of this year a catbird came every morning at the first light to an apple tree near my window and woke me with his song. All day long he could be heard in some part of the grounds, often singing on the wing in flight from one tree to another. His favorite perch was on the dead limb of a tall locust tree near the apple tree where the nest is located. While on this perch every note was given as clear and distinct as a bell, and without a slur. Sometimes it was the full notes and trills of this bird, at others a clear and distinct whistle, or the notes of the meadowlark, whippoorwill, robin, etc., but when in the tree with his mate, the notes were soft and low as a love song.

Last week, after his morning song, he stopped singing, and has since been silent. We looked about for the cause and found that the birds had hatched their young. It seemed apparent that bird had found that his notes would not buy insects for his family, and, like a sensible father, had gone to work. We now see him flying in and out of the tree with his mate carrying food to their young.

It has been our custom for a long time to throw crumbs in the yard near the balcony to feed the birds which come there for them each morning. One day this week a chipping sparrow brought with her a young one quite as large as herself, and commenced to feed it small particles of crumbs. The young one was ravenous, and ate piece after piece as given it by the mother, but would not pick up the food from the ground. After a time the mother gave it a very large piece, so large that the young one could not swallow it, but bit a piece from the cracker and let the balance fall to the ground. Although directly under the young one's bill, it would not pick up the piece, but fluttered on after its mother. She gave it another large piece, and again it dropped a part of it. The mother picked this up from the ground, and when the young one dropped it next time, it picked it up of its own accord, and after that it began to eat from the ground freely, and when quite satisfied flew away.

One day among the bread and crackers given the birds was some corn bread; but all the birds coming to feed—among them a scarlet tanager—rejected the corn bread, and the chippy ate only of the crackers. The afternoon following her teaching of the young one to eat bread, the old sparrow brought another young one and attempted the same tactics, but the young one was either too stupid or too young to be taught, and had to be fed until it flew away.

At another time we saw the mother feeding a young

one, which was evidently older than either of the two others spoken of, quite a good sized worm. The young sparrow took it from the mother crosswise, when the mother immediately took the worm again from the young one's bill and turned it around so that it could be swallowed endwise.

While walking in the woods near our house we found a young olive-sided flycatcher, just from its nest and unable to fly more than two or three feet at a time. The mother bird was much distressed, and flew about making a peculiar cry. The young one fluttered to a low bush, when the mother rewarded it with an insect which she picked from the ground. The mother then called from a low shrub nearby, and the young bird tried twice to reach it, but each time fell short, and went back to the bush, but the next time the young one attempted it, it caught with its claws on a limb of the shrub, and after one or two attempts succeeded in reaching the limb, which was about four feet high. After each attempt the mother gave it food. On returning that way two or three hours after, I found the young one well up in a cedar tree. The mother appeared to be perfectly happy, and the young one always ready for its insects.

What is intelligence and what instinct?

Why should a bird be afraid of a crow or a hawk and not afraid of a hen or a dove? Why should it be afraid of a cat or dog and not afraid of a pig or a hare?

I suppose it is experience combined with teaching.
E. R. W.

OYSTER BAY, L. I.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Migration of Prairie Chickens.

CHICAGO, Ill., August 15.—There is reason to believe, as has already been mentioned, that we shall have a fairly good season of prairie chicken shooting in Wisconsin, Minnesota and both the Dakotas this fall. Whether or not we call high license a theoretical or practical success, either the high licenses or the growing sentiment in favor of game protection is slowly beginning to work a benefit in the matter of our upland game supply in these Western States. It is believed that plenty of good chicken country will be found for those who are willing to enjoy themselves temperately on our Western prairies this fall.

Most of this chicken shooting will be over by the end of the first week in September. That is the hottest and hardest part of the prairie chicken season, and one which ought to be least attractive to the upland shooter. The hot weather is hard on the dogs, and birds, although fairly well grown, are by no means so strong in the first week in September as they are ten days or two weeks later. From a keen shooting standpoint, the wonder is that so small an interest attaches to the sport of upland grouse shooting in late September and October. An old time chicken shooter of Chicago said to-day:

"If I wanted to have a really good chicken shoot, I would not cry over the fact that we can't shoot in Illinois for several years. Neither would I go out to Minnesota or Dakota. I would wait until about October, when the stormy fall weather begins, and then I would go out into northwestern Iowa, say in the country along about Spirit and Okoboji lakes. Understand, I don't say that this is a good country in the early fall. I only say that it is good when the storms have driven the chickens out of Dakota and Minnesota.

"Some say that this migration of prairie chickens does not exist, but any well posted man who has shot in the West knows that these birds do move out of Dakota every fall and go north again in the spring. I have seen them in droves of two or three hundred flying low and strong. When they get into a country which suits them they scatter among the corn fields, and then they offer shooting for the man who understands how to get them, and it is shooting on good big birds and under sporty circumstances. I would rather have this shooting on migrating birds just at the end of fall and the beginning of winter than to kill any number of these half developed young birds which anybody can stop in August or September."

Automobilist and Woodcock.

On July 4 Mr. N. Landon Hoyt, son of the Chicago merchant, Mr. W. M. Hoyt, took a friend in his automobile and started out along the roads which run north of Lake Bluff, a suburb above this city and not very far from the Skokie Marsh, which, as is well known, sometimes affords a bag of snipe or woodcock. Mr. Hoyt was lucky or unlucky enough to kill five woodcock. He was followed by wardens Thayer and Edwards, who arrested him and his friend as they came back to the automobile, the birds being confiscated. The case came up for trial before Justice Boyer at Evanston last Monday, and Mr. Hoyt was fined \$15. There had perhaps been intercession made with the powers that be, since, for some reason, State Game Commissioner A. J. Lovejoy wired the justice asking that the fine be made \$15. The justice thereupon imposed that fine, covering one bird. It would seem that a gentleman able to go about his sport so comfortably, not to say luxuriously, might have been able to stand the additional \$60 for the four woodcock on which he did not settle. There is talk about reopening the case, but it is difficult to see how this can be done at this date. It is to be said in favor of Mr. N. Landon Hoyt that the woodcock which he is reported to have killed are said to have been quite clear of all adhering portions of shell, and that none of them was killed while sitting upon or adjacent to the nest which brought it forth. The whole matter is the fault of the age, not of Mr. Hoyt. An automobile is fast, and hence its owner may sometimes be a little sooner.

Tip on Chickens.

The Richardson brothers, of this city, this week shipped

3,000 shells to the town of Linton, North Dakota, where they propose to go chicken shooting. With 3,000 shells one can kill a good many birds, hence, perhaps, there may be a good many birds to be killed at Linton.

E. HOUGH.

ASHLAND BLOCK, Chicago, Ill.

Game Preserves.

TORONTO, August 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been much interested in the able controversy on the question of private game preserves that has recently taken place in FOREST AND STREAM. While there is no law to prevent rich men from acquiring large tracts of land from private parties—nor do I think there ought to be—I am decidedly opposed to wealthy men being allowed to obtain possession of large portions of the public domain for game preserves, to the exclusion of the general public.

The hunting and fishing instinct is as strongly inherent in the men who constitute the backbone and sinew of our respective countries as it is in the millionaires. This being an admitted fact, is it right, or is it good policy, that the men who are building up our respective countries, and the men whom our countries would have to depend upon for protection and defense from troubles resulting from international complications, should be debarred from indulging their love of field sports for the sole benefit and interest of the wealthy minority? No doubt game preserves have become an urgent necessity, and they should be established in the most suitable localities in our respective countries, and by our respective governments, in the interests of all, and not for the benefit of a few. God forbid that old country systems should ever prevail on this free and manhood making continent. If we desire to increase anarchy and dissatisfaction, allow the rich men to acquire all the best hunting and fishing grounds in our countries, fence them from the roads and stick up trespass notices, and by so doing we will succeed in building up a dangerous menace to our countries that will have disastrous and lasting results. The great throbbing mass of humanity requires a safety valve, and if we fail to protect the one nature has provided, and keep it in good order, trouble will follow, and, as with boilers, the explosion will occur when least expected.

When a boy in England, in the forties of last century, I have seen gangs of scowling men from the towns on the highways, and have heard their muttered threats when seeing the landowners shooting over the fields that they were not allowed to place a foot on without endangering their liberty. I have seen miles of forest lands on fire during the nesting season of grouse and partridge, the result of class legislation. The same causes will produce more intensified results in America, owing to its cosmopolitan population, and it will be well for the future of our respective countries if those charged with the administration of public affairs realize before it is too late the urgent necessity of setting apart a number of forest reserves available to the general public for all time. It is a safe policy for all governments to largely legislate for the masses. The classes will look after themselves.

RANGER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I feel like the victim of a cyclone, and my fellow victim, Spears, is a dead cock in the pit!

We little dreamed that a genius lay in wait for us who, by a sweep of his mighty pen, could wipe out statistics and brush away history like chaff, not stooping to notice even argument or reason!

Time has carried me well into the eighties, and though I have met with many foemen, this Lexden is the noblest Caesar of them all.

His mild and courteous manner proves him to belong to the true race of heroes, who, with all their power, are ever gentle and generous toward the vanquished.

H.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Bait and Buoys.

PERHAPS it was between the years 1850 and 1870 that the Adirondack Mountains began to come noticeably under the public eye, and among the first to visit and explore its wild secluded regions were the old-time sportsman and angler.

The noble buck, lusty trout, and magnificent scenery were tempting inducements to bring wielders of the rod and gun in the woods despite the fact of a long hard journey over carries and across lakes, together with rough drives of many miles in buckboards. Yet there was a certain fascination about the trip, and although eight hours on the train to-day carries us to the heart of the woods, one feels as though the old way had a touch of primeval wildness that the new one lacks.

It was at this time that the lakes suffered heavily at the hands of set-line fishermen. The sheet of water which especially concerns the following narrative was once almost entirely fished out, but by care and plentiful restocking has regained a good standard during the past ten or fifteen years. Landlocked salmon were planted within a recent date, but unfortunately when they reached maturity and were ready to spawn, every fish that could do so left the lake by the outlet never to return.

Rainbow trout (*Salmo irideus*) have since been put in, and still later another layout of salmon. Undoubtedly the former as well as the latter would have made their escape to running water except for the timely prevention of a rubblework dam and wire screen. However, in the future, both species will have to console themselves with the deep cold waters of the lake.

When the first whiff of balsam and other fragrant wood odors were wafted in the car window to our expectant nostrils on the way up, our thoughts turned to the blue lakes and amber streams awaiting us in the Adirondack wilderness, and after a safe arrival in camp the fishing tackle did not long lie idle. Although the light bamboo

fly-rods of the spring were by no means ignored, the brand new bait-rods and juicy earth worms seemed a trifle more acceptable to our taste, and evidently, from a later trial, were well suited to a trout's appetite.

"Suppose we go down the lake," said the Veteran one morning, shortly after our arrival, "and fish under the dam at the outlet. We might get a rainbow, as I have an idea some of them ran through the stone work before the screen was put in."

"All right," said I, "shall I tell Wallace to dig us a few worms?" "Yes," he answered, "go ahead, and I'll get some extra tackle to take along."

Everything ready, we started about ten o'clock and rowed down the lake.

The outlet from where it leaves the lake narrows to a stream of several yards in width and deep enough to paddle a boat through until the water suddenly plunges and foams over an old log dam.

Moss-covered rocks rise out of the stream in many places around which the boat must be carefully guided, while on each side rise steep banks and the thick green woods.

One tree with gray, gnarled, upturned roots stretches across the water, forming a natural arch under which the boat glides.

As we passed through this cool, watery pathway two silent slate-colored venison hawks flew from tree to tree along the shore, and from the woods came the bubbling, ecstatic song of a winter wren.

A few minutes later and we stood on the bit of sandy beach overlooking the dam, with the roar of the white surging cascade ringing musically in our ears. Soon a baited hook sank swiftly into the foaming depths, as the Veteran let down his line.

"There's a trout there, sure," he said, and at the same moment swung out a fat little *fortinalis* from the boiling pool.

"Now it's your turn to catch one," he said to me, "so drop in." The whirling water caught the bait and it disappeared from sight.

Almost instantly I felt a sharp nibble, and giving a jerk, up came another glistening trout.

We kept on taking turns dropping in alternately until we had some eight or ten brook trout strung on a birch twig.

"I guess we've caught them all," said the Veteran, after we had fished for some time without getting a bite. "Why don't you try over on the stone dam? Maybe you can catch a few baits, for when we came in I saw some swimming around there."

It didn't take me long to comply with his suggestion; so I picked up the pail and was soon settled comfortably out on the stones. Down in the clear depths I could see chub, suckers, and red fins moving in and out among the rocks, and when I dropped in a worm a bunch of fish swarmed around it, until one of their number was jerked suddenly and unceremoniously out of the water and into the waiting pail.

"Hey!" I heard the Veteran shout, "I've got a rainbow. Come over here." Some scrambling and hurry ensued on my part at his words, and after several narrow escapes from a ducking, I managed to reach him in time to see a bright shining fish lifted out of the pool and swung to a place of safety.

"He's a beauty!" I said, gazing down at the glittering iridescent sides of the rainbow. "What will he weigh?"

"About a pound and a half, I should think," answered the Veteran. "He isn't as fat as he might be, but his coloring is very handsome."

Probably this was the last fish that had run out of the lake, but nevertheless it gave us a comfortable feeling to think the screen had been put in at an early date.

Drawing near noon we stopped fishing and with a supply of trolling bait added to our string of trout, rowed for camp.

Another bright sunny morning with a rolling blue and white sky overhead, the Veteran and I went up the arm of the lake to our buoy. How many anglers scorn the thought of baiting a place and then fishing it, but when fish refuse a fly and you want to get a good big lake trout, the last named spot often gives you a chance of at least hooking a monster.

After a half a mile pull we reached the floating block which was fastened in the bow, and then out came the buoy lines.

"Here's a bait," said the Veteran, throwing me a piece of fresh cut chub. "Look out for yourself, or I'll have the first fish," he continued.

"Well, here goes," I said, casting over and letting out line until the sinker struck bottom.

Up and down moved our wrists to give the proper jigging motion to the bait, when suddenly the Veteran gave a jerk and commenced pulling in rapidly hand over hand.

"I've got him on," he said, in answer to my inquiry, "but he may get off yet." However, the fish did not have much time to think about breaking away, for with a splash! zip! flop! the Veteran brought him sailing into the boat, a bouncing two-pound speckled trout.

"Come, come!" said the Veteran to me, "why don't you catch something? Guess you're a Jonah."

"You wait a minute," I answered, "and you'll see me haul in one. Anyway, you've got a fish 'aura' and I haven't." With this I dropped in a freshly baited hook, and as it struck the soft, muddy bottom a sharp tug shook the line and I gave a "yank" in reply.

"He's on," I said, pulling in line as fast as I could. Nearing the surface the fish made several downward rushes that proved he had weight to back his fighting vigor, and just as I was about to lift him in there was a swirl accompanied by another boring surge toward bottom; but this was his last effort, and the next minute he lay in the basket, glistening in resplendent colors against the green ferns.

"Whew! what a bite," came from the Veteran's end of the boat, together with a powerful jerk that sent my heart into my mouth. "I've hooked him, and he's an old settler and no mistake," he added. "Be ready to net him when I tell you."

I could see the strain on his line was heavy, and as I gripped the net tightly I felt not a little tremulous and apprehensive as to my landing ability, for I had never netted a fish of more than two pounds. Leaning over the boat's side I could faintly discern a phantom-like

form coming upward that each moment seemed to grow larger and larger. Slowly but surely the Veteran drew him toward the surface, when, with a heavy plunging rush, he took out line and disappeared under the boat. A second time he was pulled gently up until he lay apparently exhausted on his side.

"Now net him," said the Veteran, and with shaking hands I bent over and slipped it under the shining, motionless body. For a second the big lake trout lay rigid across the hoop of the net instead of falling into its meshes. In that second I managed some way to lift him up. Just as I did so and had him over the boat, he gave a flop, the hook came out of his jaw, and turning he shot head first down through the rotten net meshes and into the bottom of the boat.

The Veteran made a dexterous grab, and seizing him under the gills, ended the fish's gyrations by a blow on the head. It was then, I think, that we gave vent to our exultation by shouts of triumph. For after we reached camp they told us our wild yelling had been distinctly heard.

"That is what might be called luck," said the Veteran, surveying the catch.

"If I had not netted him with such bad management he would have gone sure," I added.

"At any rate we've got him safe," he answered, "and now we'll go home and weigh him."

About twenty minutes later when we had our *Cristivomer namaycush* hung on the scales, he pulled them down to a plumb eight pounds, and the pair of speckled trout weighed two pounds each.

As a concluding remark I have but one thing to say, and that is that a little luck added to your fishing outfit will never be amiss.

CAMILLA.

The Maine Season.

BANGOR, Me., August 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Maine trout are still rising to the fly, and in many of the inland and more highly elevated waters in good numbers, but there is a comparative lull in the sport in the State in general. Those who get to the lakes at the right time, however, are finding the fish ready to take a red ibis with a good deal of snap, although one visitor to an inland lake told the writer this week that he much preferred perch at this time to the trout, and as certain of the Maine lakes are stocked with this excellent pan fish, he is having his desire gratified as many times a day as he cares for them.

The season at the Bangor salmon pool has been one of surprises, and although there still remain a week or two in which it will be lawful to take these fish on a fly in Maine waters, the chances are against many more being landed at this pool. From the first of the season the fishing has been very poor, in fact has resulted in a total of scarcely more than a third of last year's catch, when 120 fish were brought to the gaff. In consequence of last season's sport, which was the best enjoyed here for many years, anglers had looked somewhat hopefully—yet fearfully—toward this year, fearfully because of the very erratic character of the pool, which has ever been a place of surprises; the majority of anglers not experts being greatly surprised when they hooked a fish, or as much surprised when weeks of vain fishing didn't bring them a rise.

The principal surprise of this season has been the catching of salmon late in the season, for until this year no salmon have been taken, if indeed fished for, after the middle of July, when the down river weirs are taken up and the salmon have, for the first time in the season, free access to the river. It has been urged that as salmon can be taken in Canadian rivers until the latter part of the summer, so the Penobscot ought to be able to do as well, but the average angler has not been venturesome enough to face criticism by trying the pool in late July and August. This year, however, several have kept at the sport right along, and to the surprise of most people July and August have maintained a very fair average in the number of salmon taking the fly, although they have been far more difficult to hook and slower to rise to the fly than earlier in the season. J. H. Peavey, whose expertness in salmon fishery at the pool is well known, has taken eight fish since the fifteenth of July, the date at which the fishing usually ends. Three of these were taken in one day, and the last was a bouncer, weighing twenty pounds, which Mr. Peavey hooked and landed all alone on the 11th inst., striking his fish when he had been on the pool scarcely five minutes. This is believed to be the latest date that a fish was ever landed at the Bangor salmon pool since fly-fishing began there. That the salmon are willing to rise to the fly when they get even further up the river has been proven time and again in spite of the contention of several old fishermen to the contrary, and recently a Bangor sportsman camping at Millinockett Lake hooked a big fellow that would weigh, he thought, fully eighteen pounds, in the Millinockett stream, a short distance below the lake. Having only a light rod and no net or gaff he was obliged to try a long fight, and, as the fish neared a big boulder in midstream it broke, passed completely over the rock and shook the hook from its mouth. The same angler brought into camp a few days ago two sea salmon of small size, probably a pound or two in weight, caught in the same stream while casting for trout.

The queerest looking salmon ever landed at the Bangor pool was among those taken by Mr. Peavey this month, but unfortunately he did not recognize the scientific value of his prize and took it home to cut up for the table, although he did save the head intact, and is having it mounted by a taxidermist so as to preserve its peculiarities. The upper jaw was entirely missing, the snout being turned in under itself, so that the lower jaw projected some little way beyond the upper, giving the head a most singular appearance. The cause of the deformity, and how the fish could manage to attain a weight of ten pounds, is considerable of a wonder to local fishermen, and various theories have been advanced as to the cause. The writer understands, however, that it did not affect the flavor of the fish, which proved excellent eating.

Ex-President Grover Cleveland, whose coming to Maine has been heralded every year for many seasons, is at last actually in this State to try the bass fishing, the guest of Joe Jefferson at the latter's camp on Moss Island in Meddybemps Lake in eastern Washington county. This

lake is a fine bass lake, and has for years furnished the residents of Calais and vicinity an abundant supply of the gamest and largest bass to be found in that part of the State, if, indeed, it can be surpassed within Maine's borders. Almost immediately after he reached the lake, Mr. Cleveland got out his tackle and made a cast from the landing, a four-pound bass rising to it and furnishing a good bit of sport. It was an auspicious beginning, and showed the veteran angler what he might have been enjoying long ago if he had but listened to the true stories of Maine fishing which do not need any amplifying to give them zest. The truth about Maine trout, Maine salmon, Maine togue, and Maine bass is big enough as it is.

Visitors to those lakes and ponds where white perch abound, report that the big fellows are coming to the surface these August days, and if one is quick and watchful he can secure some splendid pan fish and have a taste of lively if short sport by casting for them with the fly. They will take almost anything in the way of a fly if they'll take it at all, and perch weighing a pound and a half to two pounds and even larger are not unusual when caught in this way. For some reason it seems to be only the very large perch, usually caught only on the troll, that rise to the fly, consequently the fly-caster is right in the swim when he comes across a school of perch waiting for his first cast.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

Massachusetts Fish and Game.

BOSTON, August 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The new boat which the Massachusetts Commissioners have had built for enforcing the game laws was launched at East Boston a few days since, and named the *Scoter*.

It is a naphtha launch 30 feet long and is capable of making 12 knots an hour. Warden Otis Thayer, of Quincey, is in command, and he will make her a terror to catchers of short lobsters and violators of the laws against wildfowl shooting on water.

As a result of a competitive examination to test the fitness of candidates for the office of paid deputy, Mr. H. A. Bent, of Franklin, was appointed a few days ago, and while in the discharge of his duties in enforcing the lobster law in the market of F. E. Sherman, of Fall River, on Tuesday, he was set upon by several men and driven from the place. He, however, succeeded in taking with him several shorts and caused the proprietor to be brought into court.

In company with Warden G. C. Paradis he has caused the arrest of six men for illegal fishing in Watuppa Pond. Several complaints have come to the writer during the past year of violations on that lake, and it is to be hoped "the game is up" with the vandals who have been guilty of breaking the law.

Mr. Herbert E. Tuck, of Haverhill, one of the tireless workers of the Central Committee representing the Haverhill Gun Club, writes that from reports which have come to him from many sportsmen in his section there are indications of good fall shooting of both quail and partridge. Similar reports are coming in from some other sections of the State.

Cleveland and Jefferson.

The ex-President and the actor have been having sport at Lake Meddybemps, Maine. The former is reported to have landed a 6-pound salmon, the largest ever taken from the lake at one fishing. They also took the finest string of bass ever taken from the lake at one fishing.

Mr. Charles B. Jefferson, son of the actor, has a camp on this lake, which, by the way, furnishes good sport in the proper season for bird shooting. Both ex-President Cleveland and Mr. Jefferson are expected to be present at the annual dinner of the Old Colony Club to occur on August 28.

A large number of sportsmen from the cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston are taking a vacation with its pleasant accompaniment of angling on the great lakes of the Rangeleys and Moosehead, and fly-fishing has been improving of late.

The writer has found the last half of August to be a good time for woods life. The black flies are gone, and as for mosquitoes, one must go provided with an antidote for them at all times till the frosts come. Inquiries are being made as to where and how to obtain the hunting licenses in Maine and New Hampshire. To all such my reply has been write to Hon. L. T. Carleton, Augusta, Me., or Hon. N. Wentworth, Hudson Centre, N. H., they being chairmen of the commissioners of their respective States.

CENTRAL.

Pleasant Hours at Tracadie.

THE northern coast of Prince Edward Island, which borders upon the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is justly celebrated for its fisheries.

While it must be extremely cold and bleak in winter, yet in summer the residents of the capital, Charlottetown, and of other southern and inland towns flock to the north for the sailing, bathing, and fishing, and the hotels are filled for their brief season.

Near one of these hotels, beside an almost landlocked harbor, I had the good fortune to be located the past month.

I said good fortune advisedly, as by great good luck I got domiciled in the home of a hospitable well-to-do farmer, who was also personally interested in the deep sea fisheries, and in consequence I saw far more of the native life than had I put up at a hostelry.

The people of this particular hamlet were descendants of the Scotch Highlanders, their ancestors having been loyal followers of "Prince Charlie," and they themselves remain good, honest, faithful Catholics to this day. Proceeding along the coast one also comes upon settlements of French, for this whole region was formerly a part of the celebrated Acadia. Sailing necessarily took up much of the time, as we went from ten to twenty-five miles each trip, sometimes getting becalmed, and often prevented from venturing out at all; consequently it was only upon six days that I had any deep-sea fishing, and then mostly in the intervals when my host and his mate were attending their nets and securing the mackerel, so beautifully iridescent when first caught.

To silence a "Doubting Thomas" who had spent the evening with me prior to my departure from New York,

I kept a record of each day's catch, and also of the actual time spent in fishing. In the dozen hours my line was out, I had the good luck to secure 102 cod, 8 haddock, and 1 hake.

These ran from two to twenty pounds, and afforded good sport, for although I necessarily used a hand line for the average depth of twenty fathoms, still it was of braided linen and as light as could be utilized without cutting the fingers, while the hook was a Sproat, about two-thirds the size of a regular cod hook, and the sinker just one-quarter the weight ordinarily used. The cod run larger in the autumn, and I saw some of forty pounds caught in trawling at this season, though I think these larger fish run mainly at night.

It is needless to add that the pleasure and health of the sport were greatly enhanced by the delightful sails under the guidance of so good a skipper as Capt. McDonald, and the appetite made short work of the bountiful luncheons prepared by his excellent wife.

Such times as it was expedient to venture out upon the Gulf, I fished in the harbor for flounders and blue perch (*Tautoglabrus adspersus*), the latter averaging three-quarters of a pound, the largest a pound and a quarter, and one morning I succeeded in catching over a hundred of these very fair pan-fish.

Four days I spent on fresh water at Campbell's Pond, a picturesque sheet where the privilege of fishing could be obtained from its genial owner for a small stipend. In this small landlocked pond I basketed forty-eight white perch (*Morone americana*) and thirty-five speckled trout.

These white perch proved excellent fighters on a light rod and the trout resembled their kindred everywhere, a joy to catch and to behold. The latter were lighter colored than the ordinary run of lake trout, as they could visit the sea at intervals, and, like other anadromous parrs, were silvery as well as golden.

The largest I caught weighed exactly two pounds, but the smaller ones proved by far the better pan-fish, the larger ones being chippy and dry. The nine days I spent in fishing will always afford me pleasant recollections of the "Garden of the Gulf," as the island is often called.

W. H. R.

NEW YORK, August, 1903.

Nebraska Waters.

FRANK PARMELEE—the old Omaha champion wing shot—writes that the tarpon fishing in the Gulf this season is better than it has been for years. "It is the greatest sport in the world," goes on Frank. "The tarpon is as game a big sea fish as lives, and right here they range from five to seven and one-half feet in length, and it is easy to imagine the excitement they can kick up when they once get on. I am sending Walter Kinnear, of the Omaha Gun Company, a mounted six-footer, the second one I ever caught."

A Missouri Valley correspondent writes me to know whether fish sleep, and perhaps the FOREST AND STREAM may feel inclined to answer the question. As for myself, I will boldly say that during my long experience as a rover of the woods and waters I have spent much time in studying the character and habits of our dumb creatures, and I have often caught asleep many species of fish. It is no uncommon thing to catch black bass asleep, as any of our old local anglers will verify.

State Game Warden George L. Carter and his deputies are having hot old times with the illegal prairie chicken shooters, and hardly a day passes but what they make an arrest or two. The difficulty so far is in securing convictions, but Warden Carter has done fairly well in this line, and is determined to keep the good work up until a healthy respect for the law is established throughout the State. The warden says, owing to the multiplicity of new bills presented to the Legislature last winter, that the impression got abroad that one of these had become a law changing the date of opening the chicken season from October 1 to September 1. But there was no change made in the game laws whatever, and the open season begins as heretofore on October 1. A big effort was made, however, and urged by the warden and his subordinates, to bring about this very change, but, happily, through my own persistent endeavor, this was prevented. October 1 is plenty early enough to begin shooting chicken in this State. By that time they are in simply perfect condition for the table, and are strong of wing, and in a measure able to cope with the all-devastating gunner.

Superintendent O'Brien of the State hatcheries, is now upon a trip along the Missouri River catching the young fish in the overflowed and backwater districts. He has saved many thousand sand pike of this year's hatch, besides a vast number of croppies and a good many black bass, all of which have been transported and deposited in likely waters throughout the State. While down in Cass county the superintendent caught a fifty-five pound white catfish in the Missouri, which is the largest specimen of this variety ever caught in Nebraska, and it will be forwarded to the World's Fair at St. Louis for exhibition during the big show next summer.

W. W. Bingham writes me from Long Pine, this State, that the trout fishing—both rainbow and speckled—was never so good in Pine Creek as it is this summer. On Sunday afternoon, between the hours of 3 and 4, he caught 29 rainbows, the largest tipping the scales at 3¾ pounds. Mr. B. added: "I am a tyro with the casting rod, and am willing to stake my reputation for veracity that an expert could have more than tripled my catch in the same length of time. As it was, I would have landed a number more had I not been driven in by a terrific electrical storm."

Long Pine Creek is one of the prettiest, most picturesque and peculiar little streams in the world, dashing, as it does, like a wild horse through a rift in the earth that was probably made in prehistoric days by some awful seismic disturbance. The water is cold, sparkling, and of matchless quality, and roars and tumbles and leaps along down through this rocky rent in the earth between wild ragged walls out of which the fork pine and dwarf oaks and cottonwoods thrust their scrubby arms and give to the red and gray rocks a delightful tinge of emerald.

In all my travels from the Aroostook to the Columbia I have never encountered a wilder and more entrancing revelation of nature's wonders than in this self-same roaring little torrent tearing through the bowels of the earth like something demoniacal. Fifty yards from the edge of the escarpment looking down upon this thrilling conglomeration of water, rock and verdure, no one would suspect that there was any sort of a water way within one hundred miles. There is nothing to forewarn one of its existence. It cuts right through the level desert, with no upheavals of earth or line of surface vegetation to indicate its presence. A few steps and you are upon its very brink, there to halt, to gaze, and to wonder.

Strange as it is, it has only been of late that the outers and sportsmen out here have begun to realize the boon this wondrous little stream affords them; a surfeit of wild and rhythmic beauties in a scenic way, and as magnificent trout fishing as can be obtained in the distant mountains. Camping parties this summer are more frequent than ever before, and in the years to come it is bound to prove the resort de resistance of all this resourceful country. The most interesting points and stretches of Pine Creek are pleasingly accessible from either Long Pine or Bassett, where all necessary supplies and the best of living can be secured at reasonable rates. And the trout are not the one attraction here for the sportsman, for the adjacent country is one of the best prairie chicken grounds in the world, and fall and spring the near by sloughs and marshes swarm with wildfowl.

Black bass are again rising encouragingly at Lake Washington and other near by waters, and local anglers are again in clover. Just now the best bait for casting is the big green crawfish, although the grass frog is always tempting, and the shiner is never bad. Care should be taken, however, not to use too heavy a sinker when casting with a crawfish or minnow; the latter being the most easily attained here, is generally used. If hooked properly through the back and not weighted too heavily, the minnow will try to get out of the way the instant he sees a big bass bearing down upon him. An important characteristic of the bass is that he will head up or down the lake by the hour with all kinds of little fish swimming complacently around him and not show the slightest inclination to take a gulp at them, but the moment he sees a little fellow trying to get out of his reach he immediately recoils that he wants something to eat and he goes for his victim like a streak of lightning. That is the reason that a good many anglers who go fishing day after day with their live bait loaded down with too much sinker rarely get a strike and more rarely a fish. Of course, this rule about the minnow does not always work in the same way, for oftentimes old *Micropterus* is out for gore after having fasted for an unusual period, then he will go anywhere and to any ends to satisfy his wants, and will sink his teeth into anything within reach. Our bass out here, however, seldom get into that condition. The trouble is they get too much to eat.

George Giacommi, one of our wealthy young sportsmen, is encamped with a party of Eastern friends up on Hackberry Lake in Cherry county, near the famous ducking grounds of E. Stilwell. They are having great sport with the bass in Hackberry, and the best kind of sickle-billed curlew and upland plover. I am indebted to Mr. Giacommi for a half dozen young curlew, and when I say that they beat young chicken a block I am expressing it mildly. By the way, this sand hills lake country is one of the greatest breeding grounds for sickle-billed curlew there is in the country, and in any part of it throughout the month of August the shooting on the young birds is unsurpassed. This year the crop is proving a big one. The opposite, however, is the case with the uplands. Since the first day I was afield with the Barrister and we bagged seventeen, I have been out a number of times and found the birds exceedingly scarce. In this connection the following note from one of Nebraska's best known sportsmen will not come amiss:

"SHELBY, Neb., Aug. 8.—Sandy Griswold: Have delayed writing you, hoping I would be able to ask you up to enjoy a good old time plover shooting, but up to date the birds are almost absolutely minus. The ranchers north of here tell me that the extreme wet and backward weather has almost wholly destroyed the hatch.

"H. C. BEEBE."

Roundabout Shelby has always been a famous resort for the birds en route south for their August conditioning grounds. In the past one hundred a day to a single gun was nothing particularly worthy of mention.

A letter to the writer from General Manderson, ex-United States Senator from Nebraska, says that the pleasure of good trout fishing is known only to the initiated. The capture of the confiding bass, some think, is easy compared with the landing of a full grown and experienced trout. No member of the finny tribe makes a bolder or more vigorous fight for life than these game denizens of our mountain lakes and streams. In most of the trout streams of the country a trout weighing from a half to two pounds is the only experience, and men who whip the Eastern streams feel proud of a basket containing trout of from six to eight inches in length. Up in this, the Big Horn country, such insignificant members of the trout species are not taken from the water, but thrown back unharmed to grow to respectable dimensions. The fishing in all the streams of northwestern Wyoming that flow from the mountains to the plains below is of an extraordinary character, and up in the heart of the mountains are numerous lakes where trout of the largest dimensions are to be found. Years ago, through the exertions of the members of the Dome Lake Club very largely, these streams were stocked with several species of trout, the native trout being crossed with the rainbow and salmon trout. The result has been a very gamy fish running to a large size.

One of the most expert fishermen, and perhaps the champion fly-caster of the United States, is Heyward G. Leavitt. He caught a very large number of trout, ranging from 4 to 5¾ pounds in weight, in some of the small streams back of Sheridan. All of these trout resorts, I will say for the benefit of Omaha and anglers in general, are easy of access from the Billings line of the Burlington railroad. To fish in the streams running through the Crow reservation a permit must be obtained from the

Indian agent, but this is never refused to any reputable party. The Dome Lake Club is a private organization, with a membership of twenty-five, which owns a large body of land in the heart of the Big Horn Mountains at about 9,000 feet elevation. The grounds belonging to the club are private property, and only for the use and enjoyment of the members of the club and their guests, but there is a vast territory and many miles of stream open to the public where the keenest enjoyment of the disciples of Izaak Walton can be had. Come up.

Clark Hayes and Fred Conroy have just left for the Rainy River country on the Manitoba line on a three weeks' muscallonge hunt.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Wisconsin Fishing Country.

Mr. Austin Lynch, of Canton, Ohio, is referred to this office by his friend, the metal boat man, Mr. W. H. Mullins, of Salem, Ohio, for advice on a fishing trip in Wisconsin. Mr. Lynch asks more especially regarding the Plum Lake and Star Lake district in the lower muscallunge region of Wisconsin. In reply, I would say that Plum Lake and Star Lake are much like other waters of that country to-day, rather problematical in the matter of muscallunge. Plum Lake I should think better than Star Lake for muscallunge, as it is not fished quite so much in the winter time by residents. One might or might not get a good muscallunge there, but he would be pretty sure to get walleyed pike and bass in considerable numbers. The St. Germaine waters below Plum Lake are easily enough accessible, and here there is a big 'lunge taken once in a while, as well as bass and walleyed pike. Above Star Lake, the late terminal of the branch of the St. Paul Railway, there are several other lakes which afford as good chances for muscallunge as any of the waters of that district, not to mention an abundance of bass and pike. Therefore, on the whole, Mr. Lynch would seem to be pretty safe in making Plum Lake his headquarters.

He might do almost as well if he stopped at the town of Minocqua, from which the spur of the aforementioned road swings off. There are several lakes right at Minocqua, and southwest of there are Squirrel Lake, Squaw Lake, Stone Lake, and a lot of others. In any of these waters one can get walleyed pike and bass fishing.

As to the muscallunge, it is in the first place a question of season, and in the second place a question of weather. There is no doubt in my mind at least that muscallunge shed their teeth in the summer time, and that during that time the large ones do not rise freely to the spoon. I should think September or October safer, therefore, than July or August; and of course if one expects to take muscallunge he should take advantage of the rough and cloudy days rather than expect to strike his fish in bright and quiet weather. When Mr. Lynch goes through here, if I can be of any further assistance, it will be a great pleasure. I don't think he would be far wrong in making either Plum Lake or Minocqua his central point. Squirrel Lake and John Hebdens place are well spoken of by friends who have tried them.

Drowned by a Pickerel.

Recent mention was made of the death by drowning in the Mississippi River near La Crosse of a young man, William Renz, who was pulled overboard by a big catfish which he had hooked. Day before yesterday a similar accident occurred near this city. John Davidson was fishing in the Calumet River, near Hammond, Ind., in the same boat with his brother, Fred Davidson. The two were out on a camping trip near Clarke station. As they were fishing in the river John hooked some kind of a big fish which is thought to have been a pickerel, and either the strength of the fish or the excitement of the moment caused him to lose his balance. The boat was overturned and John Davidson sank never to rise, his brother Fred being rescued with great difficulty. These two incidents coming so close together and being so unusual in their nature, are of singular though melancholy interest.

Detachable Fly-Book.

Mr. Geo. D. Barron, of Rye, N. Y., writes: "In the issue of FOREST AND STREAM for July 18, I notice reference to a fly-book with detachable leaves mentioned as being made by Mr. McLeod. If the same is regularly manufactured for sale by this gentleman, will you kindly place this letter where it will bring me an illustrated description of the said book, with advice as to cost, etc."

Mr. John D. McLeod, of Milwaukee, is purely an amateur tackle maker, and, as I have often said, is the cleverest in this line I have ever known. One could not purchase one of these fly-books of him, I presume, for a thousand dollars, but he would no doubt be quite willing to give specifications to anyone inquiring in the proper manner. I have found this friend very resourceful and ingenious in angling expedients, and quite as good natured and obliging as he is resourceful.

The Jugs and the Frogs.

There met by chance in the FOREST AND STREAM office here yesterday two gentlemen, one from St. Louis, Mo., and one from Vicksburg, Miss., and naturally they fell to comparing fishing notes.

"We sometimes have a little fun down in our country," said the Vicksburg gentleman, Mr. Thomas Dickson, "in fishing for the alligator gars which infest the snaggy bayous and lagoons of that district. We use a live bait which we fasten to a jug as a float. You know down in our country we are not strenuous all the time, so we put out these jugs and sit in the boat and watch them. When a big gar gets hold of the bait he makes off at express speed, and the jug will sometimes throw up a white stream of foam as high as your head. There are a good many jugs and snags in those waters, and it not infrequently happens that the fish smashes his jug against some obstacle, and in that case he gets away. Not even a big gar can keep a jug under water very long. We just follow along after the jug and presently we are in at the finish of the chase."

The St. Louis gentleman, Judge H., nursed for a time. This sport of jugging for big fish," said he, "is

by no means peculiar to your locality, but is of general knowledge and practice. It is, as you may have heard, very frequently employed on the Missouri River, where "jugging for cats" is at times a popular form of amusement. I am reminded in this connection of the most celebrated jugging expedition which ever went up the Big Muddy. That was in 1864, at a time when I was still a young man in that country. A friend of mine by the name of McGee, later very famous and wealthy in Kansas City, had a party of Eastern capitalists whom he was very desirous of entertaining. Mr. McGee was in the real estate business, and hence you may see the reasons for his wishing to make a good impression. As grand opera didn't then exist on the banks of the Kaw, Mr. McGee planned a little jugging expedition for his Eastern guests. He chartered a steamboat and placed on its deck about a dozen skiffs, together with as many big jugs, which, when tightly corked, were to serve as the floats, after the time honored custom in this sort of angling.

"Mr. McGee had always found the best success with live frogs in this kind of fishing, the big river catfish seeming to take very kindly to the speckled beauties. He steamed up the river from Kansas City to a point below Leavenworth, and then, after carefully attaching a line to each jug, baited each hook with a live frog and cast the outfit overboard. Mr. McGee himself appeared happy, but whether he had his eye most on the jugs or the capitalists, I leave it for you to decide.

"Well, the procession went down the Missouri River at a pretty swift clip for some time, the steamboat following in the rear. They ran the whole stream as far as Kansas City, and not a jug was seen to tip or bob all the way down the stream—not a nibble, not catfish enough for one plate of chowder. Mr. McGee was as much puzzled as he was enraged. The men who took out the jugs at the end of the day's sport found the cause of it. Each jug had been baited with a live frog, and each frog had discovered that he had a safe and comfortable means of locomotion close at hand. He climbed out of the water on to the jug, and thus had a safe journey down stream. It is not recorded that Mr. McGee sold any town lots to those visitors from the East."

For the Henry Lake Country.

Mayor Carter H. Harrison, of this city, Mr. Graham H. Harris, president of the school board, Mr. Edward Elliott, city electrician, and Colonel W. H. Haskell, of the school board, leave to-morrow or Monday evening for a two or three weeks' trip trout fishing in the Snake River and tributaries, west of the Henry Lake district, below the Yellowstone Park. The gentlemen go in via Pocatello Junction to Moneida. Messrs. Harris, Elliott, and Haskell fished this same district last year and had fine success. The gentlemen will return early in September, and anticipate a very pleasant experience in the West.

Back From Wisconsin.

Messrs. George Duddleston and Hugh O'Neill, of the city hall, mentioned recently as starting for a fishing trip in Wisconsin, are back to-day, and report 107 muscallunge, bass, and walleyed pike. Their largest muscallunge weighed only 17 pounds, but they had other smaller ones in abundance to satisfy them. They went in at Minocqua.

Michigan Bass Country.

Mr. Fred Taylor, of this city, one of our old time sportsmen, and in the early days engaged in the sporting goods trade in this city, is back this week from a visit with his friend, Mr. Henry A. Sloan, who has a country place near Base Line Lake, near Gobleville, Mich., some twenty-one miles from South Haven. The latter town is reached handily by boat from Chicago, and Mr. Taylor thinks he has discovered a bass country very much worth keeping in mind by Chicago anglers. There are numbers of lakes in that vicinity, which lies some eighteen miles north of Paw Paw Lake. Among the waters found productive of good bass are Duck Lake, Muskrat Lake, Eagle Lake, Mud Lake, etc. Mr. Taylor says that he will soon be going over there again for his fall campaign with the bass. The latter have not been biting very well for the past two or three weeks, but in September or October will go on the feed. Mr. Taylor says there is good quail shooting near Gobleville, and some grouse also not very far away. He thinks that he and his friend, Mr. Sloan, are in quite a sporty little country, and one easily accessible from this city.

By the way, Mr. Taylor is a great trout fisherman, and in speaking with him of the Waushara county region of Wisconsin he told me that he used to shoot prairie chickens all over that country years ago, and at that time there was not a trout in any of those Waushara waters which now abound in them. He said that the chickens and sharp-tailed grouse would take to the tamarack swamps, and in such localities afforded keen cover shooting. I was able to tell him that some chicken shooting is still to be had in that very district, which now is much more thickly settled and which offers angling as well as shooting attractions.

The Lauderdale District.

A friend just back from the Lauderdale chain reports very good sport at bass fishing last week, and all the squirrels in the neighboring woods that one could ask. He passed a very pleasant week in camp in that region.

A Long Snake.

FOREST AND STREAM has immortalized the duck story of our friend Eddie Price, an old time shooter of this city, who once killed so many ducks that he "couldn't pile them all in one pile." That wasn't bad as a story, but there has come to light to-day the record of a Texas rattlesnake which must have been a good deal of a snake in its way. My informant says that it was as "long as a railroad track." This is indefinite but extensive.

The Largest 'Lunge.

The largest 'lunge yet reported remains that taken by John Haskell in Winona Lake, Minn., 35 pounds. This is the season record so far as known at date.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

The following are the records of the meeting of the

Chicago Fly-Casting Club on August 8:

	Acc'y & Del'cy.	Del'cy, Bait,
	Per Cent.	Per Cent.
H. G. Hascall.....	87 11-12	99 1-6
N. C. Heston.....	82 5-6	97 2-3
G. A. Hinterleitner.....	..	97 5-6
B. J. Kellenberger.....	..	95 2-3
E. R. Letterman.....	..	94 1-3
E. L. Mason.....	..	98 1-2
F. N. Peet.....	86 1-2	97 5-6
H. W. Perce.....	66	98 1-6
Elmer E. Pierce.....	..	97 5-6
C. B. Robinson.....	..	97 1-6
A. C. Smith.....	82 11-12	98 1-2
F. S. Smith.....	..	88 1-3
Re-entries:		
H. G. Hascall.....	82 5-6	98
N. C. Heston.....	82 3-4	..
G. A. Hinterleitner.....	..	96 2-3
Elmer E. Pierce.....	..	84

E. HOUGH.

ASHLAND BLOCK, Chicago, Ill.

A View of Catalina Fishing.

THERE are a great many people in California, neither new nor young nor wealthy, who will never make sportsmen nor men. Much is forgiven to a raw country, and to a people not yet adjusted to their new environments; but if we are fit and entitled to do half the bragging of California that we like to do, public sentiment here must soon crystallize in lines which will make impossible certain things which now discredit our humanity, our common sense, and our courage. At that wonderful resort of Catalina Island, one of the most striking sea resorts in the world, and certainly without a rival in the United States, the massacre of fish is somewhat unworthy of Digger Indians—and, in fact, impossible to Diggers. It is only people who have been civilized beyond their brains that can do such things. Parties there go out and catch every fish they can. It is a mark of the undeveloped mind not to know when one has enough; and these people seem never to have enough. Day after day tons upon tons of fish, caught by half-baked anglers, are brought into Avalon to be shown off, to be photographed with their proud captors, and then hauled far out and dumped into the ocean, lest they breed pestilence along the shore. Now, it is not too much to say that there is no other country in the world where this would be possible. No savage tribe on earth, no dago community, no village of Spanish seaboard peasants, no Guinea negroes, no cannibals on the Amazon, ever do such things. People who can do this would do anything—if they had the nerve. It may look like a far comparison, but it is the same maggot that breeds mobs. A man who would catch 500 trout in a day because he could and let 400 of them be wasted, has no real morals. He may be an esteemed citizen—but it is only because he is afraid of the law or the disgrace made and provided against common criminals. He is neither brave, nor gentle, nor quite honest. Such a person should be constitutionally disfranchised from the use of the rod. He is not only an insult to decent sportsmen, he is a robber of his own grandchildren. The Pacific is large water; but it has its boundaries. There are a good many fish, but they have an end. Already the "fish-hog" all along the California coast has seriously decimated the fish. If public opinion allows him to keep both his porcine feet in the trough, the time will come, and very soon, when there will not be fish for those that need them.

It is time for the class of Americans who are up-building California to a marvel among all commonwealths, to rate these offenders as they deserve; and if there can be no law to punish a man who kills a hundred pounds of yellow-tail to dump into the ocean, there can be, at least, the visible contempt of decent people. Of all the good things that Roosevelt has said, nothing was manlier nor truer than his warning that "no section of the country must be used to be skinned for the benefit of the few in a little while;" and the people who grossly, ignorantly and cowardly skin the ocean of its food supply, and its true sport, are as much public enemies as those who destroy the forests upon which our watersheds (and so our life) depend, or vandals of any other sort.—Chas. F. Lummis in Out West.

Sir Walter Scott on Angling.

THOUGH we have wetted a line in our time, we are far from boasting of more than a very superficial knowledge of the art, and possess no part whatever of the scientific information which is necessary to constitute the philosophical angler. Yet we have read our Walton as well as others; and, like the honest keeper in the New Forest, when we endeavor to form an idea of paradise, we always suppose a trout stream going through it. The art itself is peculiarly seductive, requires much ingenuity, and yet is easily reconciled to a course of quiet reflections, as, step by step, we ascend a devious brook, opening new prospects as we advance, which remind us of a good unambitious man's journey through this world, wherein changing scenes glide past him with each its own interest, until evening falls, and life is ended. We have, indeed, often thought that angling alone offers to the man the degree of half-business, half-idleness, which the fair sex find in their needle work or knitting, which, employing the hands, leaves the mind at liberty, and occupying the attention so far as is necessary to remove the painful sense of a vacancy, yet yields room for contemplation, whether upon things heavenly or earthly, cheerful or melancholy.

We may inform our reader, supposing him more ignorant than ourselves, that not all the love of rural scenery which is inspired by Walton—not all the instructions in practice which may be collected from this work, the composition of that far more illustrious successor, who has condescended to be his imitator, will ever make an angler out of one who is not gifted with certain natural qualifications for that amusement. No degree of zealous study will supply the want of natural parts. To "fish by the book" would be as vain an attempt as Master Stephen's proposal to keep his hawk on that principle.

There must be a certain quickness of eye to judge where the fish lies—a precision and neatness of hand to cast the line lightly, and with such truth and address that the fly shall fall on the very square inch of the stream which you aimed at, and that with as little splash as if it were the descent of the natural insect; there is a certain delicacy of manipulation with which you must use the rod

and reel when (happy man!) you actually have hooked a heavy fish; all of which requisites must combine to insure success. There are the same personal qualities requisite in shooting, billiards, and other exercises of skill, in the use of the turning-lathe. If thou hast any of this species of alertness of hand and truth of eye in thee, go forth, gentle reader, and return with thy basket more or less heavy in proportion to thy perseverance. But if thou wantest this peculiar knack, we doubt if even the patience that is exercised in a punt above Chelsea Bridge would greatly mend thy day's work; though thy dinner depended upon it, thou mayest go on flogging the water from morning till midnight, entangling the hook now in a bush, now in a stem, now driving it through the nose of some brother of the angle, and now through thine own, but not a fin wilt thou basket, whether of bull trout or minnow; and thou must content thee with half the definition of the angler, and be the fool at the one end of the stick and string, without the gudgeon at the other.

Indeed, there always seemed to us something magical in this peculiar dexterity which no chance or advantages of circumstances ever came to balance. The inequality between individual anglers exists to a degree which simple men will not be able to comprehend from a perusal of "Salmonia."

We before hinted that we have had our lucky days, and the most propitious time, both as to the size and number of trouts, were the hours before and after sunset upon the very warmest days of July and August. The large trouts which have lain hid during the whole day are then abroad for the purpose of food, and take the fly eagerly. These moments,

"When the sun, retiring slowly,
Gives to dew the fresher'd air,"

are still alive in our recollection as green spots in the waste of existence. We recollect with what delight we entered knee-deep into the stream after the heat of a sultry day, the green boughs on the margin scarce waving a leaf to the balmy gale of the evening—the stream which glided past us almost alive with the object of our pursuit—the whole a mixture of animal enjoyment, gratified love of sport, with a species of mental repose which enhanced both. This delightful amusement was not to be obtained if, "like the poor cat in the adage," we spared wetting out feet; for the shallowness of the stream, as well as the branches of the trees, impeding our sport, if we could not reach the middle current with our cast. Neither see we much cause to feel regret or remorse when we add that any little chilliness which might arise from pursuing this fascinating sport too late in the evening was effectually removed by a glass of right Nantz, Schiedam, or Glenlivet, which remedy, if the glass be not too large or filled a second time, we can with a good conscience recommend as a sovereign specific upon occasions of wet feet.—From a "Review of Sir H. Davy's 'Salmonia'" in Blackwood's Magazine.

A Try for a Killer.

STATE REPRESENTATIVE "Tal" Dodge, who represents Block Island in the Senate, is a fisherman of no small account. His business is seining menhaden and making fertilizer, and he has seen all kinds of fishing in the years he has been engaged at seining; but last Saturday was the banner day for "Tal." Taking his fishing smacks, the Earl and Nettie, he went after a school of fish reported seven miles south of the wireless station near Point Judith. Before reaching that school he came across a school of weakfish, squeteague, or yellow-fins, as they are variously known, which were being gobbled up by some larger fish, presumably killer sharks, *Orca gladiator*. The killer sharks have not been seen on this coast for years, and many supposed the species extinct. "Tal" said to his mate, "Bill" Hooper, another sea dog, "We must have one of them." So, getting their shark tackle ready, they came alongside the school, and, picking out a good looking fish, "Bill" let the harpoon drive, which went straight to its aim. The shark was a large one for a killer, if such it was, and it no doubt was a killer, as they attack other smaller schools of fish just as these were doing. About the time the killer felt the spear, it started and ran out all the line which was fastened to the harpoon, and then pulled the boat several miles to southward, and probably would have been towing it yet if the line had not parted near the boat. As it was, the fish took nearly all the 1,000 feet of line away with it. Dodge says he never saw such a sight nor rode in a boat at the speed that shark carried him, but he has not given up hope of getting one of them "pesky devils," and will try again if he gets a chance at them.

A party composed of a railroad conductor and a Providence policeman paid a visit to Lake Moswansicut Sunday to fish for black bass. They got bass, too, twenty-four in all, with no record breakers, the largest being 3½ pounds, and none less than 1 pound. The bait which seemed to please the bass Sunday was salt water shrimp. This is the largest mess of bass caught in Moswansicut this season. The lake has more fish in it, I believe, than any other lake in Rhode Island, but it is very uncertain about getting a mess from it, as some days one will not get a bite there with any kind of bait.

The fishing at Roger Williams Park Lake will close August 31, so Assistant Superintendent Costello says.

Why Fishing Sometimes Fails.

THE recent announcement in English newspapers that the King's salmon fishing waters in the Dee, which recently furnished such excellent sport to the Earl of Denbigh and Desmond, one of His Majesty's Lords of the Bedchamber, are to be fished by the Prince and Princess of Wales during their autumn residence at Abergeldie Castle, calls to mind the reason which has been given for the poverty of the sport enjoyed by the Prince during his spring salmon fishing of these waters. I have it from one who is in a good position to know the facts of the case, that otters had taken up their abode close to the best pools, and had ruined the sport for the days that the royal party were on the river.

Many salmon fishermen can no doubt recall somewhat similar experiences. I have bitter memories of more than one blank day from circumstances of a like nature. On one of the most promising days of last month I was lucky

enough to draw one of the best pools of the finest salmon river of the North Shore, when the river was full of fish and the water in the very pink of condition. If ever a man felt justified in anticipating a splendid day's sport, I felt that I was the individual in question on that particular morning. Cast after cast, however, failed to raise any fish, and after a couple of hours of hard work the reason was made apparent. The head of an enormous seal raised itself out of the water not ten lengths of the canoe away from where I was fishing. The deadly enemy of the fish had probably spent a good part of the night in the well-stocked pool feeding upon salmon, or endeavoring to catch a meal, and in either case had so disturbed the pool and alarmed the fish that further casting there that day was absolutely useless.

Last year, on one of the South Shore rivers, I turned around the point of land which brought into view the pool which I was to fish, only to see a flock of sheldrakes disporting themselves upon the surface of the water. Needless to say there was no fishing to be had in that pool that morning. It is not always, however, that the presence of seals or otters or sheldrakes or other enemies of the fish is discovered by the angler or his guides. They often disappear before the arrival of the fisherman on the scene, leaving him unable to account for the apparently strange conduct of the fish in declining all his flies.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Susquehanna Fishing.

SAYRE, Pa.—The frequent heavy rains have interfered with the bass fishing on the Susquehanna to the extent at least of limiting the catch to proportions below the normal for this season of the year. At Ulster, Rummerfield, and Wyalusing some exceptionally nice black bass have been taken, but the best opportunities are yet to come.

At a point on the river just above Ulster, and between Ulster and Athens, there is a lovely bit of water that has yielded some noble bass on several occasions this season.

Complaint is being made by the anglers of Athens and Sayre that the outlet of sewerage pipes from several industries at Athens into the Susquehanna River is causing injury to the bass fishing for a considerable distance below that historic village, and should this prove the fact, a remedy would seem to be immediately in order.

Between Owego and Sayre a good many so-called yellow bass, otherwise and more correctly known as pike, have been recently taken from Susquehanna waters.

M. CHILL.

For the Hounding License Law.

Seasons for game and fish, limitation of bag, export regulations, or any other law point of any State or Province, consult the current issue of Game Laws in Brief. See advertisement elsewhere.

The Kennel.

Some Knowing Dogs.

I.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been of the opinion for a good many years that some animals at least can communicate with each other. I am sure dogs and horses can, and I believe a dog can with a horse. I have handled enough of both and have studied them. I once had a Gordon setter, and kept him for seven years, until he died of old age; that dog understood every word I spoke, whether addressed to him or not, and by watching him I satisfied myself that he and my horse understood each other. I have watched them time and again as they stood holding their noses together talking, or whatever you may choose to call it.

I saw an affair only a few weeks ago that would go far to confirm my opinion that dogs can tell each other what they want.

A storekeeper here in town has a large collie watch dog; the dog is very gentle. I have often handled him, and one day lately, as I was going past his store, I found him lying in the middle of the sidewalk worrying a large scup bone. While I stood looking on another big dog of no particular breed came up, and, seeing the bone, made a grab for it. The collie piled on him and was about to eat him up when I separated them. The strange dog ran down the street and disappeared around the next corner. When I got to this corner I saw him and two more large dogs standing up on the side street with their heads held close together. That collie will have the whole three of you to whip, now, I said to myself, and waited to see what was going to happen.

The three dogs came down on the main street and headed right toward the collie's place, the whipped dog leading them, while I followed.

When they had got there the collie and his bone were gone; he had either taken it or had been sent with it up a narrow alley.

The dogs, after smelling here, ran to the mouth of this alley, and while two of them stopped just short of it the one which had been whipped ran up it. He ran down again with the collie, after him, and now all three dogs piled on the collie and would have killed him if his owner and I had not beaten them off.

If that dog did not tell the other two what he wanted, and ask their help, how did those dogs know anything about this affair? They had not seen the first fight.

CABIA BLANCO.

SOLDIERS' HOME, Erie, Pa.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures for 1903.

Members of race committee will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

America's Cup Races, Aug. 20 and alternate days,
AUGUST.

19. Moriches, ladies' regatta.
20-22. Duxbury, Y. R. A., open, Duxbury.

20. First America's cup race; balance of races to be sailed on alternate days, Sundays excepted, until result is determined.
22. South Boston, club, City Point.
22. Southern, Rawlins, Tranchina and Olivieri cups, New Orleans.
22. Corinthian, fifth championship, Marblehead.
22. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
22. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
24-25. Wellfleet, Y. R. A., open, Wellfleet.
26. Moriches, McAleenan cup race.
27-29. Columbia, Lipton competitive cup races, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
27-29. Cape Cod, Y. R. A., open, Provincetown.
29. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
29. South Boston, club, City Point.
29. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
29. Beverly, sixth Corinthian, Monument Beach.
29. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
29. Corinthian, sixth championship, Marblehead.
29. Savin Hill, club, Dorchester Bay.
29. Huguenot, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
4-5. Eastern, open, Marblehead.
5. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
5. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
5. Royal Canadian, cruising race, Toronto.
5. Southern, Fornaris cup, New Orleans.
5. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, fall regatta.
5. Eastern, special, open, Marblehead.
5. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
5. Columbia, cruise to Indian Harbor.
5. Hempstead Bay, open.
5. Penataquit Corinthian, special, Bay Shore.
5. Beverly, open, Mattapoisett.
7. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich.
7. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
7. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
7. Moriches, annual, open.
7. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
7. Jamaica Bay Y. R. A.
7. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont.
7. Lynn, Y. R. A., open, Nahant.
7. Williamsburg, cruise.
7. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
7. Sachem's Head, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
7. Penataquit Corinthian, open, Bay Shore.
9-11. Columbia, races for Webb cup, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
10-12. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, specials and fall regatta.
12. Keystone, open, Woodmere, L. I.
12. Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Monument Beach.
12. Bay State, Y. R. A., open, Lynn Bay.
12. Chicago, handicap race to Kenosha.
12. Columbia, fall regatta, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
12. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales cup race, Toronto.
19. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
19. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
19. Larchmont, schooner cup race, Larchmont.
19. Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate.
19. Bensonhurst, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
19. Manhasset Bay, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, fall regatta.
26. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, fall regatta.
26. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
26. Chicago, handicap, Lake Michigan.
27. Williamsburg, open, fall regatta.

OCTOBER.

3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
3. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.
5. Southern, fall, New Orleans.
10. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.
17. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1903, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, \$75.00.
Second prize, \$50.00.
Third prize, \$25.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1903.
2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.
3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.
4. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.
5. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.
6. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.
7. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, on or before Nov. 15, 1903.

AFTER Irondequoit had lost two straight races to Strathcona, the crushing defeat Kolutoo met with at Montreal was again brought to mind, and yachtsmen throughout the country felt that the Canadian yachtsmen were invincible and that the Canada's Cup would not be brought back to the States this year.

The first two races were lost, not because Irondequoit was a slow boat, but because Strathcona was better handled. The defender, in the hands of Mr. Æmelius Jarvis, and a superior amateur crew, was sailed to perfection. The handling of the light sails on Irondequoit was the cause of no little criticism, and it was painfully evident that the bowsprit man was entirely incompetent or maliciously negligent of his duties. At the end of the third race he was ordered off the boat. The man is a Scotchman, and was said to have sailed on the first and second Shamrocks. His blunders lost the boat much time in both of the first two races.

After the second race Mr. William Gardner, the de-



THORELLA II.—SEAWANHAKA CUP DEFENDER—Photo by Wm. Notman & Son, Montreal.

signer of Irondequoit, felt that the boat could do better, and determined to get someone else to sail her. Mr. Gardner was unable to call on Mr. Frede M. Hoyt, one of our ablest amateur sailors, who went to Canada to sail on the challenger, as he was hurt by a fall on board during the first race and was unable to sail on the boat again. This made it necessary for Mr. Gardner to send to New York for Mr. Addison G. Hanan, one of the owners of the unbeaten Aspirant and a man of whose ability he was absolutely sure. Mr. Hanan responded promptly to Mr. Gardner's telegram, and arrived at Toronto just in time to board the boat before the preparatory signal for the third race was sounded. Mr. Hanan had never sailed on Irondequoit; in fact he had only been aboard the boat once before, and all practical yachtsmen know full well how difficult it is to sail to the best advantage a boat with which they have never been "shipmates." In Mr. Hanan's hands, however, Irondequoit was a different boat, and the story of how she took three straight races is told in detail elsewhere in these columns. In the fourth and fifth races Mr. H. Wilmer Hanan joined forces with his brother, and this made a combination that was hard to beat.

The races were all won on the starts, and in the last three Irondequoit had the best of it in each instance.

In light and moderate winds Irondequoit and Strathcona are pretty evenly matched. The challenger is very much faster in stays, which gave her some advantage in windward work, where short hitches were being made. In a breeze of wind, however, Irondequoit was much the smarter of the two on all points of sailing. Irondequoit was under-rigged, and after getting up to the Lakes 2,700 pounds of inside ballast was added to bring her down to the required area of immersed midship section. This additional weight made the boat more sluggish in light weather than she was when she sailed during the early part of the season on Long Island Sound.

All those who sailed on Irondequoit speak in the most glowing terms of the Canadian yachtsmen, particularly those who sailed on Strathcona. They proved themselves splendid sailors, thorough gentlemen and good losers—a most unusual thing in these days. In fact, one of the gentlemen who sailed on Irondequoit remarked to the writer that Strathcona's crew were as happy and jubilant over the outcome of the races as if they had won themselves. This is the kind of international racing that makes good sportsmen and promotes good fellowship, and it should be encouraged.

Mr. Gardner has lived up to his reputation in turning out so fine a boat as Irondequoit, but all credit should be given to Mr. Addison Hanan for the splendid way in which he handled her and for the able assistance rendered by his brother and the rest of those on board.

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND,
Friday, Aug. 7.

The thirties sailed a sweepstake race on Friday, and Carolina won by 26s. The breeze was fresh from the

S., making it a run to the outer mark and a beat back. Barbara got the best of the start and led to the outer mark, but on the windward work was overtaken by both Carolina and Raccoon. The summary, start 3:20:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones.....	4 43 16	1 23 16
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....	4 43 42	1 23 42
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	4 43 45	1 23 45
Vaquero III., Payne Whitney.....	4 46 14	1 26 14

Saturday, Aug. 8.

The 30-footers sailed a race on Saturday for a cup offered by Vice-Com. Henry Walters, New York Y. C. The course was six miles to leeward and return. The breeze was fresh from the S. W. Raccoon got the start and led to the outer mark, but on the beat back to the finish she was passed by Barbara, which

boat won by 21s. The summary, start 3:22:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	4 55 31	1 33 31
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....	4 55 52	1 33 52
Carolina, Pembroke Jones.....	4 56 34	1 34 34
Vaquero III., Payne Whitney.....	Withdrew.	

Monday, Aug. 10.

Another sweepstake race was sailed on Monday by four of the 30-footers, and Barbara won. The breeze was strong from the S. W. Raccoon was first over the starting line, but Barbara and Carolina soon passed her. After a pretty race Barbara finally worked by Carolina and won the race. The summary, start 3:23:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	4 51 53	1 28 53
Vaquero III., Payne Whitney.....	4 53 11	1 30 11
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....	4 54 04	1 31 04
Carolina, Pembroke Jones.....	4 55 29	1 32 29

Friday, Aug. 14.

On Friday the thirties and the 15-footers raced. Vaquero III. won in her class, and Minnow beat the other three 15-footers. The 30-footers started in Brenton's Cove and sailed around Brenton's Reef Lightship and back. The 15-footers covered a triangular course in the upper bay. The breeze was fresh from the S. W. The summary:

30-footers—Start, 3:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., Payne Whitney.....	4 56 23	1 21 23
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....	4 46 45	1 21 45
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	4 56 55	1 21 55
Carolina, Pembroke Jones.....	4 59 08	1 24 08

15-footers—Start, 3:40.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Minnow, W. Gammell, Jr.....	4 31 25	0 51 25
Eaglet, W. Grosvenor.....	4 33 00	0 53 00
Hawk, H. Lippitt.....	4 33 15	0 53 15
Yo San, Miss Morgan.....	4 36 28	0 53 28

Saturday, Aug. 15.

On Saturday the 30-footers raced from Brenton's Cove to and around Brenton's Reef Lightship again. The race was sailed in a hard S. W. breeze and was interesting from start to finish. Carolina led around the lightship by a few seconds, but she crossed the finish line nearly a minute ahead of Barbara. The summary, start 3:23:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones.....	4 45 11	1 25 11
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	4 46 09	1 26 09
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....	4 47 44	1 27 44
Vaquero III., Payne Whitney.....	4 48 09	1 28 09

Monday, Aug. 17.

The 30-footers and the 15-footers sailed a good race on Monday. The breeze was strong from the S. E. The 15-footers covered a triangular course in the bay, while the 30-footers sailed from Brenton's Cove to the Compass buoy and return. Barbara got the start and led all over the course, winning easily. Eaglet, sailed by Miss Caroline Grosvenor, won in her class. The summary:

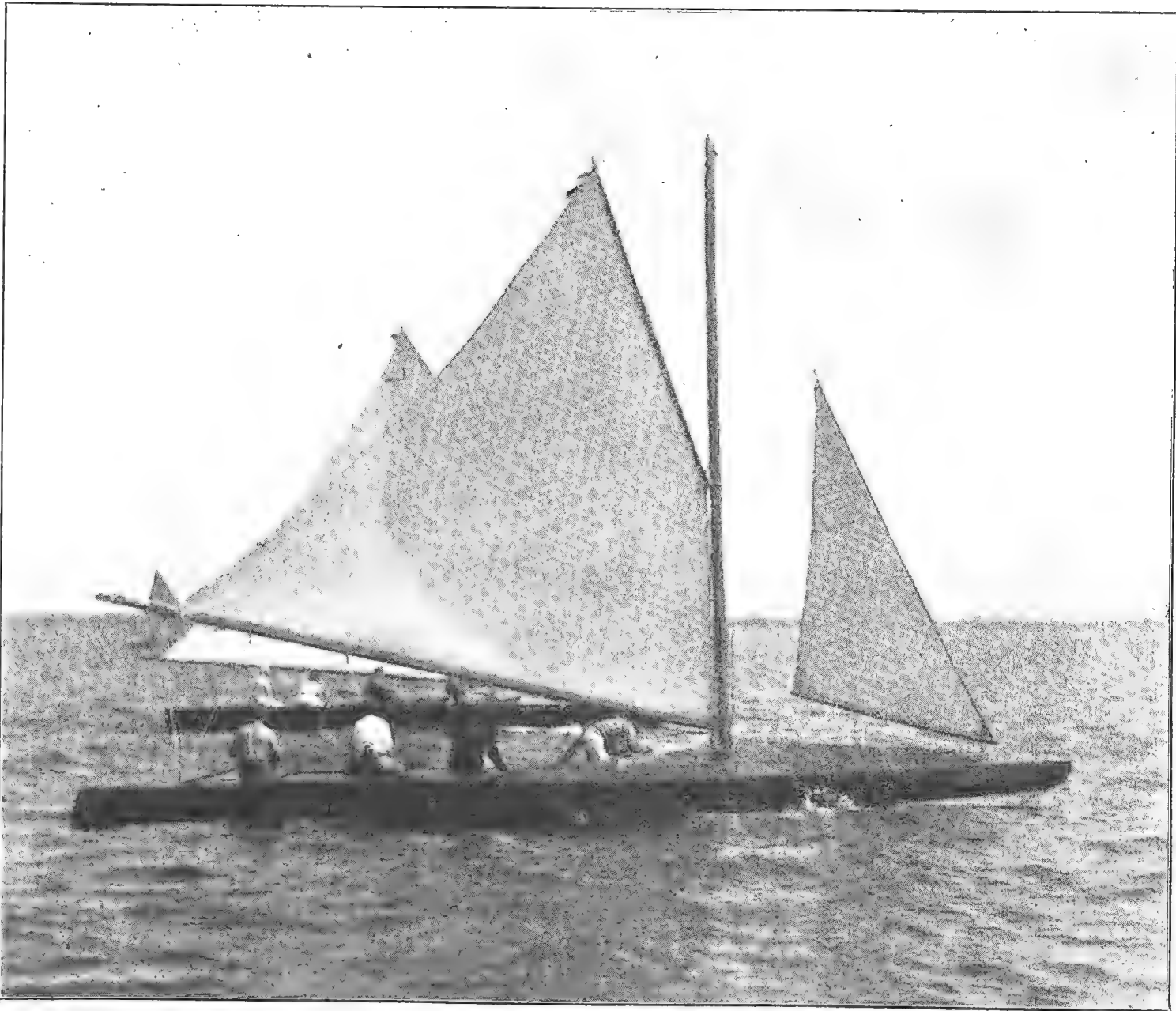
30-footers—Start, 3:29.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	4 43 49	1 14 49
Vaquero III., Payne Whitney.....	4 45 06	1 16 06
Carolina, Pembroke Jones.....	4 47 26	1 18 26
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....	4 50 14	1 21 14

15-footers—Start, 3:34.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Eaglet, Miss Grosvenor.....	4 34 58	1 00 58
Hawk, W. Gammell, Jr.....	4 35 34	1 01 34
Minnow, H. Lippitt.....	4 35 37	1 01 37
Yo San, F. A. Plummer.....	Did not finish.	

Mr. Frank Bowne Jones has made the following charters through his agency: The steam yacht Idalia for Mr. Eugene Tompkins, to Mr. J. Ogden Armour; and the steam yacht Cangarda for Mr. Charles J. Canfield, to Mr. J. A. Spoor.



KOLUTOO—SEAWANHAKA CUP CHALLENGER—Photo by Wm. Notman & Son, Montreal.

Atlantic Y. C. Race Week.

SEA GATE, L. I.

Wednesday, August 12.

Race week at the Atlantic Y. C. began on the afternoon of Wednesday, August 12. It was arranged in place of the annual cruise of the Sea Gate organization which was called off this year because of the difficulty of finding dates which would not conflict with other important yachting events.

Mr. Hendon Chubb, of the Atlantic Y. C., offered a cup to go to the winner of the series of the first three days racing in class P. The club offered similar series trophies in the other classes. The usual winners' prizes in each race were also given.

The competition on Wednesday was for classes J and under. Nineteen boats started, all but one of which finished. The winners were Bobtail, Vagabond, Trouble, Scalawag, and Rascal. Effort scored a sailover. Boats in classes M and above twice covered a triangular course of seven miles. The other starters went twice over the usual inside quadrangle course, a total distance of seven miles. A good breeze from the N. W. held throughout the contest, making excellent sport. The summary:

Sloops—Class L—Start, 3:10.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	5 59 25	2 49 25	
Sloops—Class M—Start, 3:15.			
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.....	6 07 33	2 52 33	
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb.....	6 08 55	2 53 55	
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon.....	6 09 40	2 54 40	
Adeline, J. B. O'Donohue.....	6 31 20	3 16 20	
Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:20.			
Vagabond, T. A. Vernon.....	4 43 05	1 23 05	
Naiad, J. P. Palmer.....	4 45 05	1 25 05	
Smoke, L. J. Dyer.....	4 49 00	1 29 00	
Cockatoo, W. A. Barstow.....	4 51 20	1 31 20	
Kate (yaw), John T. Negus.....	4 53 40	1 33 40	
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:25.			
Trouble, W. H. Childs.....	4 51 40	1 26 40	
Careless, F. J. Havens.....	4 54 05	1 29 05	
Mary, M. Grundner.....	4 54 35	1 29 35	
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins.....	4 57 23	1 32 23	
Sloops—Class R—Start, 3:25.			
Sandpiper, W. W. Redfern.....	4 58 54	1 33 54	
Apukwa II., E. S. Tefft.....	5 05 12	1 40 12	
Scalawag, E. S. Ludlow.....	4 57 10	1 52 10	
Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:30.			
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock.....	5 00 20	1 30 20	
Millie, E. A. Bogert.....	Did not finish.		

Thursday, August 13.

On Thursday the sport included, besides races for the usual classes, events for power boats held under the racing and rating rules of the American Power Boat Association. Eighteen craft started in the struggle for sail boats, all but three of which finished. The winners were Effort, Bobtail, Vagabond, Trouble, Sandpiper, and Rascal. A good breeze blew from the W., which strengthened toward the end.

In order to make a race for Effort, Mira started on regular time allowance. She was handled by Mr. Edward McLellan. Charles T. Piece sailed Effort as on the first day. The same courses were covered as in the initial regatta. Coming home on the second round of the outer course, the 30-footer Bagheera was forced aground on Swinburn Island by the swell of a passing Sandy Hook steamer. The mishap robbed her of all chances of winning. She was later pulled off, apparently undamaged, by Mr. Edward Luckenbach's steam yacht Papoose. The summary:

Sloops—Class L—Start, 2:05.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	4 24 52	2 19 52	
Mira, P. W. Church.....	4 36 20	2 31 20	
Sloops—Class M—Start, 2:10.			
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.....	5 00 43	2 50 43	
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon.....	5 06 03	2 56 03	
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb.....	Ran aground.		
Adeline, J. B. O'Donohue.....	Did not finish.		
Sloops—Class P—Start, 2:15.			
Vagabond, T. A. Vernon.....	3 33 12	1 18 12	
Naiad, J. B. Palmer.....	3 33 13	1 18 13	
Cockatoo, W. A. Barstow.....	3 33 45	1 18 45	
Smoke, L. H. Dyer.....	3 34 15	1 19 15	
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 2:20.			
Trouble, W. H. Childs.....	3 37 22	1 17 22	
Mary, M. Grundner.....	3 41 30	1 21 30	
Careless, F. J. Havens.....	3 43 25	1 23 25	
Sloops—Class R—Start, 2:20.			
Sandpiper, W. W. Redfern.....	3 43 42	1 23 42	
Scalawag, E. S. Ludlow.....	3 45 07	1 25 07	
Apukwa II., E. S. Tefft.....	3 49 16	1 29 16	
Catboats—Class V—Start, 2:25.			
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock.....	3 55 50	1 30 50	
Millie, E. A. Bogert.....	Did not finish.		

The power boats were sent away soon after the sailing craft. It was the fourth regatta to be held under the rules of the Association this year. Ten starters came to the line. The winners were Allure, Queen Bess, Express, and Corona. Standard got a sailover.

The best work of the day was done by Express, owned and designed by Mr. Charles D. Mower, measurer of the New York Y. C., which did the twelve-mile course in 1h. 8m. 27s., including the turns necessary in covering a four-mile triangular course three times, as classes I and above were called upon to do. The other starters went twice over the triangle. The summary:

Class A—Start, 2:35.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Allure, Alex. Stein.....	3 39 05	1 04 05	0 54 40
Jack, G. W. Boyce.....	3 45 50	1 10 50	1 03 32
Duffano, Peter Duffy.....	3 46 20	1 11 20	1 11 20
Class C—Start, 2:35.			
Queen Bess, R. H. Sterns.....	4 02 32	1 27 32	1 27 32
Chic, Whitney Lyons.....	Disabled.		
Class H—Special—Start, 2:40.			
Standard, E. A. Riotte.....	3 28 12	0 48 12	0 48 12
Class I—Start, 2:40.			
Express, C. D. Mower.....	3 48 27	1 08 27	1 08 27
Reamer, J. M. Fiske.....	4 07 18	1 27 18	1 14 48
Class K—Start, 2:45.			
Corona, A. H. Luke.....	4 14 00	1 29 00	1 29 00
Kotick, C. H. Paine.....	Disabled.		

Friday, August 14.

Thirteen boats started in the event on Friday. All finished. The winners were Mira and Vagabond (on time allowance), Bobtail, Trouble, and Sandpiper. It was the last race of three for the series prizes in each class. Victories of the week gave Vagabond the cup offered by Mr. Hendon Chubb for the winner of the series in class P. Other series prizes given by the Atlantic Y. C. went to Effort, Bobtail, Trouble, and Sandpiper.

Effort and Mira, now chartered to Mr. Theodore H.

Church, raced on double the usual time allowance by the old rule. Mr. F. M. Smith sailed Effort and Mr. Edward McLellan handled Mira. Effort finished 2m. 32s. ahead of Mira, not a large enough margin to win out.

The breeze hovered between W. and S., and was never stronger than seven knots. The usual courses were sailed. In the whole series boats received time allowance according to the A. Y. C. rule, regardless of the date of their launching. Corrected times, however, were figured out only when victory was in doubt. The summary:

Sloops—Class L—Start, 2:10.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	5 49 11	3 39 11	
Mira, T. H. Church.....	5 51 43	3 41 43	
Sloops—Class M—Start, 2:15.			
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.....	6 00 41	3 45 41	
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb.....	6 07 06	3 52 06	
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon.....	6 14 04	3 59 04	
Sloops—Class P—Start, 2:20.			
Naiad, J. B. Palmer.....	4 10 49	1 50 49	
Vagabond, T. A. Vernon.....	4 11 37	1 51 37	
Cockatoo, W. A. Barstow.....	4 16 38	1 56 38	
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 2:25.			
Trouble, W. H. Childs.....	4 26 22	2 01 22	
Careless, F. J. Havens.....	4 35 55	2 10 55	
Sloops—Class R—Start, 2:25.			
Sandpiper, W. W. Redfern.....	4 35 38	2 10 38	
Scalawag, E. S. Ludlow.....	4 40 25	2 15 25	
Apukwa II., E. S. Tefft.....	4 42 38	2 17 38	

Saturday, August 15.

A race for yachswomen of unusual success occurred on Saturday. Sixteen craft covered the inside course of 3½ miles once, all starting together in one class on time allowance.

To the winning helmswomen Commodore Robert E. Tod offered a silver platter. Other prizes were given by the Atlantic Y. C. T. A. Vernon's raceabout, Vagabond, sailed by the owner's wife, took first prize. W. H. Childs' Trouble, sailed by Miss M. Childs, was second, and W. A. Barstow's Cockatoo, handled by Mrs. Barstow, took third. A good S. W. breeze held throughout. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vagabond.....	2 05 30	2 50 12	0 44 42	0 39 54
Trouble.....	2 15 00	3 00 48	0 45 48	0 40 07
Cockatoo.....	2 05 30	2 51 10	0 45 40	0 41 33
Bobtail.....	2 07 30	2 49 42	0 42 12	0 41 36
Vivian II.....	2 05 30	2 47 45	0 42 15	0 42 15
Bagheera.....	2 05 30	2 48 46	0 43 16	0 42 45
Adeline.....	2 07 30	2 51 25	0 43 55	0 42 51
Scalawag.....	2 05 30	2 57 10	0 51 40	0 43 54
Kate (yaw).....	2 05 30	2 55 50	0 50 20	0 44 16
Mary.....	2 05 30	2 56 23	0 50 53	0 44 51
Wraith.....	2 05 30	2 56 22	0 50 52	0 45 11
Peccina.....	2 05 30	2 59 00	0 53 30	0 45 44
Constance.....	2 05 30	2 59 30	0 54 00	0 46 14
Corona.....	2 08 20	2 57 20	0 49 00	0 46 38
Apukwa II.....	2 05 30	3 00 23	0 54 53	0 47 07
Smoke.....	2 05 30	2 58 00	0 52 30	0 48 43

Water sports, power launch and dinghy races were held in the afternoon. Throughout the week visiting yachtsmen were furnished with plenty of entertainment, including open air vaudeville, fireworks, music, and dancing. The summary of the closing sports on Saturday afternoon follows:

Launch race—Three and a half miles. Won by Varuna, F. F. Ames; Corona, Arthur F. Luke, and Taniwha covered wrong course.

Single Dinghies—Quarter of a mile. Won by Edward Albertson, Corona; Charles Holme, Mira, second; Loyal, third. Alexander Olsen, Vivian II., also started.

Double Gigs—Quarter of a mile. Atlantic Y. C. boat won; Loyal, second; Corona, third. Thistle also started.

Swimming Race—Fifty yards, novice. Won by Hudson Booth; H. S. R. Anderson, second; Walter S. Sinclair, third. Henry Eagle also started.

Potato Race—Won by John Lake, Thistle; Lewis Nelson, Ondawa, second; Charles Holme, Mira, third. Albert Young and John Matthews, Taniwha, also started.

Tub Race for Members' Sons—Won by Henry Eagle; Hudson Booth, second. There were five other starters.

Special Swimming Race—Won by Albert Hyde, Thistle; Hudson Booth, second; John Lake, Thistle, third.

Walking Greased Pole—Won by Albert Hyde, Thistle.

Sewell Cup Race.

BARNEGAT BAY, N. J.,

Saturday, Aug. 8.

The annual race for the Sewell Cup was sailed on Barnegat Bay on Saturday, Aug. 8.

The cup was offered originally by the late United States Senator Sewell, of New Jersey, for perpetual competition by the clubs along the bay. The first race for the cup was sailed in 1900, when the trophy was won by the Island Heights Y. C. cat Bouquet. In 1901 it was captured by the Mina, also an Island Heights Y. C. cat. In 1902 it was retaken by the Bouquet, which in the time being had been purchased by a member of the Seaside Park Y. C.

In 1902 Messrs. Walter and O. K. Stevenson, of Philadelphia, members of the Seaside Park Y. C., had the catboat Empress built from designs by Mr. C. D. Mower. She measures 30ft. 6in. over all, her length on the waterline is only 15ft. 3in.

Empress did not show up very well in the races last year, so Mr. Mower, the boat's designer, went on to sail the boat himself.

The boats were to cover an eleven-mile course twice. The wind was fresh from the S. E., making it a broad reach to the outer mark and a close reach back to the finish line.

Empress crossed the starting line just after the gun and led the boats all over the course, finishing an easy winner. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Empress.....	2 16 15	3 46 52	1 30 37	1 23 05
Mina.....	2 16 40	3 50 26	1 33 46	1 29 19
Miss Bob White.....	2 16 30	3 49 40	1 33 10	1 29 32
Bouquet.....	2 20 45	3 54 05	1 33 20	1 30 11
Franroy.....	2 17 40	3 50 00	1 32 20	1 31 55
Pastime.....	2 18 00	3 50 25	1 32 25	1 31 59
Mary E.....	2 19 05	3 57 35	1 38 30	1 32 46
Aileen.....	2 16 50	3 53 20	1 36 30	1 33 45
Talofa.....	2 17 15	3 51 45	1 34 30	1 34 30
Nemo.....	2 16 45	3 51 20	1 34 35	1 34 33
Velsung.....	2 17 30	3 52 27	1 34 57	1 34 41
Vagabond.....	2 21 10	3 57 10	1 36 00	1 35 39
Novelty.....	2 22 03	4 11 35	1 49 32	1 42 03

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Horseshoe Harbor Y. C.

LARCHMONT, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

Saturday, Aug. 15.

The fourteenth annual regatta of the Horseshoe Harbor Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 15. The event was marked by a good list of entries, sixty boats starting and all but six finished.

The boats started in a light S. breeze, but later it shifted to the S. W. and freshened. Most all the boats covered a nine-mile triangular course. Several boats were disqualified—some for sailing a wrong course and others for going inside the buoys on Hen and Chickens.

The Regatta Committee, made up of Messrs. E. C. Griffin, Butler Whiting and Willard Fisher, were on board Mr. Mayhew Bronson's auxiliary yawl Trochilus.

Snapper and Spinster were protested by Mr. E. A. Stevens, owner of Chingachcook for not complying with the scantling restrictions of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound.

Alert and Mimosa, the only starters in the 30ft. class, were sent away at 11:35. Mimosa sailed a good race and beat Alert, the champion of the class, by 4m. 4s.

In the 25ft. sloop class, there were six starters. Priestess was disqualified and Naiad did not finish. Snapper was the first boat to finish and spinster was second. Until the protest on scantling in this class is settled, the winners cannot be given out.

Jeeri withdrew in the 21ft. sloop class, and Montauk beat Gazabo about 40m. Cricket did not finish in the 18ft. sloop class, so the race goes to Pandora, the only other starter. Jag gets the race in the 21ft. catboat class, Arline and Dorothy were disqualified. Lobster took a walkover in the 18ft. catboat class. Sneaker won in the 15ft. catboat class, as Champion did not finish.

In the New York Y. C. one-design class, Hope gave Lively a bad beating.

There were nine starters in the raceabout class. Maryola won and Jolly Tar was second.

Houri won in the Larchmont Y. C. one-design class. The summary follows:

Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 11:35.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alert, J. W. Alker.....	2 06 40	2 31 40
Mimosa, T. L. Park.....	2 02 36	2 27 36
Charles Herreshoff One-Design Class—Start, 11:45.		
Hope, Adrian Iselin, 3d.....	2 27 50	2 22 50
Lively, C. O. Iselin.....	2 31 49	2 46 49
Raceabout Class—Start, 11:50.		
Jolly Tar, Slocum Howland.....	2 26 20	2 36 20
Rogue, A. B. Alley.....	2 33 07	2 43 07
Mavis, G. Pirie.....	2 37 39	2 47 39
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins.....	2 37 22	2 47 22
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	2 35 18	2 45 18
Grasshopper, H. C. Pryer.....	2 46 19	2 56 19
Maryola, C. W. Allen.....	2 24 02	2 34 02
Sis, F. T. Bedford, Jr.....	2 47 49	2 57 49
Howdy, H. L. Mercer.....	Disqualified.	
Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 11:55.		
Dorothy, L. Spence.....	2 53 09	2 58 09
Houri, J. H. Esser.....	2 49 37	2 54 37
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer.....	Did not finish.	
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 11:55.		
Chingachcook, E. A. Stevens.....	3 24 25	3 29 25
Firefly, G. P. Granberry.....	3 13 33	3 18 33
Snapper, Frank Page.....	2 51 16	2 56 16
Spinster, M. R. Babbott.....	2 54 41	2 59 41
Naiad, J. B. Palmer.....	Did not finish.	
Priestess, Iselin & Sam.....	Disqualified.	
Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 12:00.		
Gazabo, H. T. Vulte.....	3 37 25	3 37 25
Jeeri, A. D. R. Brown.....	Did not finish.	
Montauk, G. R. Sheldon.....	2 57 10	2 57 10
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 12:00.		
Pandora, H. B. Towle.....	3 26 04	3 26 04
Cricket, B. Whiting.....	Did not finish.	
Catboats—21ft. Class—Start, 12:00.		
Jag, Thomas Clapham.....	3 28 21	3 28 21
Arline, E. Rendle.....	Disqualified.	
Dorothy, C. A. Marsland.....	Disqualified.	
Catboats—18ft. Class—Start, 12:00.		
Lobster, A. M. Brush.....	3 55 41	3 55 41

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.,
Wednesday, Aug. 5.

The midsummer series of invitation races of the Corinthian Y. C. was opened on Wednesday, Aug. 5, with a screeching northeaster, in which all the yachts were well reefed down. In the 25-footers Sally VII. got away first and led all over the course. In the 18-footers Arrow got the start, but on the first round Aspinquid II. took the lead. Miladi II. caught and passed her on the second round, holding her lead to the finish. In the handicap class Setsu won easily. The summary:

Class A—25-footers.		
Sally VII., L. F. Percival	Elapsed.	
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 06 30	
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 11 32	
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	1 13 18	
	1 16 10	
Class B—22-footers.		
Tayac, W. H. Joyce	1 27 37	
Class C—Raceabouts.		
Baggarah, R. C. Robbins	Withdrew.	
Class F—18-footers.		
Miladi II., F. R. Adams	0 45 42	
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster	0 45 48	
Chance, Reginald Boardman	0 46 36	
Arrow, E. A. Boardman	0 47 24	
Class D—Handicap.		
Setsu, Talbot & Lewis	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gringo, W. H. Brown	1 20 40	1 20 40
Ruth, H. S. Wheelock	1 24 10	1 21 45
	1 28 00	1 22 21

Thursday, Aug. 6.

For the second race of the midsummer series there was a light easterly breeze. In the 25-footers Great Haste was first over the starting line, but Sally VII. soon pulled out ahead of her and led to the finish. In the 22-footers Opitsah V. got the start and led all over the course, except once, on the windward leg, when Tayac forced her. Opitsah V. got her advantage back again, however, and was never headed again. In the 18-footers Arrow got the start, but Chance went out ahead of her on the first leg. On the reach and run Arrow again got first place and held it. Gringo won on corrected time in the first handicap class, and Ruth won in the same manner in the second handicap class. The summary:

Class A—25-footers.		
Sally VII., L. F. Percival	Elapsed.	
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 35 55	
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	1 36 10	
	1 38 05	
Class B—22-footers.		
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. J. Foster	1 36 58	
Tayac, W. H. Joyce	1 37 32	
Medric, H. H. White	1 38 22	
Chief, S. C. Winsor	1 42 06	
Class C—Raceabouts.		
Baggarah, R. C. Robbins	1 40 40	
Runaway Girl, C. H. Tweed	1 44 39	
Idol, C. E. Gibson	1 50 22	
Class F—18-footers.		
Arrow, E. A. Boardman	1 21 07	
Chance, Reginald Boardman	1 22 50	
Domino, C. C. Clapp	1 24 33	
Miladi II., F. R. Adams	1 24 45	
Myrmidon, W. C. Loring, Jr.	1 24 55	
Rattler, A. D. Irving	1 24 56	
Question, J. H. Hunt	1 27 10	
Piccadilly, C. H. W. Foster	1 27 25	
Mirage, J. W. Olmstead	1 28 52	
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster	1 29 03	
Humbug, Cole & Bacon	1 31 30	
Janet, C. F. Jaynes	1 31 32	
Nickack, E. B. Holmes	1 35 43	
Yo San, R. J. Randolph, Jr.	1 36 10	
Walada, W. W. Rouse	1 47 08	
Class D—Handicap.		
Gringo, W. H. Brown	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Setsu, Talbot & Lewis	1 41 27	1 38 28
	1 39 38	1 39 38
Class E—Handicap.		
Ruth, H. S. Wheelock	1 28 25	1 25 00
Dabster, Francis Skinner, Jr.	1 25 34	1 25 34
Suzanne, F. F. Brewster	1 28 10	1 28 10
Carmen, O. H. Johnson	1 38 05	1 33 49

Friday, Aug. 7.

The third of the midsummer series was sailed in a light southeast breeze. In the 25-footers Great Haste had the best of the start and led on the first short leg. On the beat to windward Sally VII. pulled out to the front, but carried away her mast, and Great Haste led over the rest of the course. Tayac had the best of the start in the 22-footers, but Opitsah V. soon went into the lead. On the beat to windward a shift of wind put Chief in first place. After turning the windward mark Opitsah V. again got the lead. Medric chased close after and near the finish caught and passed her. In the raceabouts Runaway Girl got the start and led all over the course. The 18-footers went over the starting line in a bunch. Arrow soon went into the lead, and she held it all over the course. The summary:

Class A—25ft.—Restricted.		
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	Elapsed.	
Seboomook, E. A. Smith	1 52 42	
Sally VII., L. F. Percival	1 55 32	
Great Haste wins by 2m. 50s.		
Class B—22ft.—Restricted.		
Medric, H. H. White	1 55 54	
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. J. Foster	1 56 27	
Chief, S. C. Winsor	1 59 53	
Tayac, W. H. Joyce	Withdrew.	
Medric wins by 33s.		
Class C—21ft. Raceabouts.		
Runaway Girl, C. H. Tweed	2 03 12	
Baggarah, R. C. Robbins	2 04 05	
Idol, P. D. Gibson	2 06 15	
Tunipoo, C. A. Cooley	2 19 30	
Runaway Girl wins by 53s.		
Class D—Handicap.		
Gringo, W. H. Brown	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Setsu, Talbot & Lewis	1 59 18	1 56 57
Sally IV., H. W. Mason	1 57 44	1 57 44
Gringo wins by 47s.		
Class E—Handicap.		
Dabster, F. Skinner, Jr.	1 05 26	1 05 26
Suzanne, F. F. Brewster	1 06 52	1 06 13
Ruth, H. S. Wheelock	1 09 20	1 07 22
Carmen, O. H. Johnson	1 17 25	1 12 50
Dabster wins by 47s.		
Class F—18ft. Knockabouts.		
Arrow, E. D. Boardman	Elapsed.	
Chance, Reginald Boardman	1 04 44	
Question, J. H. Hunt	1 04 58	
Myrmidon, W. C. Loring, Jr.	1 05 41	
Rattler, A. D. Irving	1 07 15	
	1 08 04	

Domino, C. C. Clapp	1 08 19
Miladi II., F. R. Adams	1 08 31
Kalmuck, Livingston Davis	1 09 31
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster	1 10 25
Mirage, J. W. Olmstead	1 11 12
Piccadilly, C. H. W. Foster	1 11 32
Janet, C. W. Jaynes	1 11 40
Nickack, E. B. Holmes	1 11 42
Walada, W. W. Rouse	1 11 54
Humbug, Cole & Bacon	1 12 16

Arrow wins by 14s.

Saturday, Aug. 8.

The special invitation race, winding up the race week, was sailed in a light southeast breeze. Great Haste and Seboomook were the only starters in the 25-footers. Great Haste got the start and led all over the course. In the 22-footers Medric got the start and led all the way out to the weather mark. After passing this Medric and Opitsah V. went into a luffing match, and Tayac got the lead by it. She held this to the finish. There was little choice in the start of the raceabouts, but Baggarah soon went into the lead and held it to the finish. The 18-footers, as usual, were over the starting line in a bunch. On the beat to windward Myrmidon pulled out a lead which she held to the finish. The summary:

Class A—25ft.—Restricted.	
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	Elapsed.
Seboomook, E. A. Smith	1 56 08
Great Haste wins by 4m. 16s.	
Class B—22ft.—Restricted.	
*Tayac, W. H. Joyce	1 57 07
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. J. Foster	1 58 26
Medric, H. H. White	1 59 57
Urchin, John Greenough	2 00 17
Athlon, H. H. Walker	2 04 18
Chief, S. C. Winsor	2 07 07
Tayac wins by 1m. 13s.	
Class C—21ft. Raceabouts.	
Baggarah, R. C. Robbins	2 01 45
Runaway Girl, C. H. Tweed	2 03 31
Idol, P. D. Gibson	2 10 09
Tunipoo, C. A. Cooley	2 19 47
Baggarah wins by 1m. 46s.	
Class F—18ft. Knockabouts.	
Myrmidon, W. C. Loring, Jr.	1 17 36
Chance, Reginald Boardman	1 18 03
Arrow, E. D. Boardman	1 18 14
Miladi II., F. R. Adams	1 19 13
Mirage, J. W. Olmstead	1 21 15
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster	1 21 26
Rattler, A. D. Irving	1 21 46
Janet, C. W. Jaynes	1 21 48
Domino, C. C. Clapp	1 22 00
Question, J. H. Hunt	1 22 18
Kalmuck, Livingston Davis	1 22 34
Humbug, Cole & Bacon	1 22 44
Nickack, E. B. Holmes	1 26 30
Walada, W. W. Rouse	1 30 35
Myrmidon wins by 27s.	
Class D—Handicap.	
Setsu, Talbot & Lewis	Elapsed.
Sally IV., H. W. Mason	2 00 10
Gringo, W. H. Brown	2 01 08
Helen, F. R. Neal	2 06 36
Yarico, W. H. Rothwell	2 09 37
Setsu wins by 58s.	
Class E—Handicap.	
Suzanne, F. F. Brewster	1 17 17
Dabster, F. Skinner	1 19 47
Ruth, H. S. Wheelock	1 25 27
Carmen, O. H. Johnson	1 37 33
Suzanne wins by 2m. 30s.	

*Medric protests Tayac for crowding at C. Y. C. mark buoy 1.

Beverly Y. C.

BUZZARD'S BAY, MASS.,
Saturday, Aug. 8.

The second Corinthian race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed in Buzzard's Bay, Saturday, Aug. 8, in a very light easterly breeze. In the 30-footers Mashnee got the start and led all over the course. Terrapin showed the same performance in the 21-footers. In the fourth class cats Allison won easily. Flickamaroo won a good race in the 15-footers. The summary:

30-footers.	
Mashnee, R. W. Emmons, 2d	Elapsed.
Arabian, Robert Winsor	2 15 53
Evelyn, John Hitchcock	2 16 27
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	2 18 15
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore	2 19 54
Zingara, E. N. Farnsworth	2 19 56
Gamecock, Louis Bacon	2 22 02
	2 23 45
21-footers.	
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 00 53
Jack Rabbit, Joshua Crane, Jr.	2 02 38
Edith, Clark King	2 02 39
Radiant, Mrs. C. M. Baker	2 04 58
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	2 05 18
Fourth Class Cats.	
Allison II., S. B. McLeod	1 56 26
Krieker, W. S. Jameson	2 00 12
Hod, H. B. Holmes	2 08 37
15-footers.	
Flickamaroo, Misses Emmons	1 53 17
Fly, Miss Williams	1 54 18
Spider, H. M. Stone	1 55 10
Teaser, Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d	1 56 28
Avalon, Frederick Ayer, Jr.	1 58 35
Ranzo, H. M. Richardson, Jr.	1 59 17
Fiddler, Miss Dabney	1 59 26
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr.	2 02 17
Uarda, J. Parkinson, Jr.	2 03 38

Western Yachts.

Kayosh of Oshkosh.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 15.—Commodore Libbey's Kayosh won its fourth race on Lake Winnebago yesterday and will represent Oshkosh Y. C. in the regatta of the Inland Lake Yachting Association, to be held at Oshkosh the closing week of this month. The Oshkosh men have planned a big time and an all-round gala occasion in sports for that week, and the event is very much worth the attendance of any yachtsman, or, indeed, a sportsman of any other sort.

At Ottawa Beach.

At Ottawa Beach Regatta, across the lake from Chicago, yesterday La Rita beat Little Shamrock and easily took the measure of Hoosier. Several boats failed to finish in the time limit in class 4A, and they go to the line again this morning, at which time there should start also Vencedor and Sallie, in class 1A, Iroquois, Doloma and Widsith, in class 2A, with others

variously classified. In the afternoon races of yesterday there was a sensational finish between Raven and Intruder, the latter being a Spring Lake boat. Raven won by a chance puff of air at the finish. Bonita won the junior specials. Summary:

21ft. Cabin Class—Start, 10:10.		
La Rita	Finish.	Elapsed.
Little Shamrock	3 04 25	3 54 25
Hoosier	2 18 00	4 08 00
	2 22 15	4 12 15
Judges: Chas. E. Scales, C. S. Roberts, William Cuthroll.		
Inland Lake Class—Start, 3:02.		
Intruder	Finish.	Elapsed.
Eaglet	4 23 41	1 21 41
Flying Dutchman	4 43 55	1 40 42
Macatawa	4 32 07	1 28 05
Boy-Hom-Ir	4 27 03	1 23 28
Raven	4 47 15	1 42 39
	4 23 44	1 20 51
Special Class—Start, 2:57.		
Ariel	3 42 50	0 45 50
Bud	3 55 30	0 57 30
Pup	Did not finish.	
Junior Special—Start, 2:52.		
Bonita	3 57 55	1 05 55
Secut	4 04 20	1 06 20
Judges: R. Baxter, C. F. Baxter, R. W. Irwin.		

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP, MASS.,
Saturday, Aug. 8.

The regular club race of the Winthrop Y. C. was sailed Saturday, Aug. 8, in a light southeast breeze. In each class the winner took first place on both elapsed and corrected times. The summary:

25ft. Class.		
Thordis, C. A. Heney	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alert, J. R. Hodder	1 33 50	1 28 50
Helen, C. A. Young	1 40 50	1 29 50
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	1 48 48	1 31 48
Noturus, C. O. Whitney	1 33 55	1 33 55
	1 48 58	1 34 58
21ft. Class.		
Harriett, Tew'y, Bird & Byram	1 36 36	1 36 36
Rhubena, J. J. Wilde	1 55 15	1 37 15
Mineola, S. C. L. Haskell	2 05 45	1 40 45
18ft. Class.		
Henrietta, J. J. McCloskey	1 05 42	0 51 42
Louise, W. D. Allen	0 57 13	0 55 13
Mentor, Cobb & Brainerd	0 59 15	0 55 15
Zetes II., J. A. McKie	0 55 40	0 55 40
Helen, W. E. Traiser	1 09 23	0 59 23
Martha, W. Jenkins	1 10 05	1 00 05
Marion, C. A. Newmarch	1 06 42	1 00 42
15ft. Class.		
Hattie, L. Harrington	0 55 05	0 55 05
Eva, H. Finn	1 05 07	0 57 07
Dory, Leighton	1 09 40	0 57 40
Spride, Dempsey	1 08 11	0 58 11
Flash, W. H. Mirick	1 07 01	0 59 01

Bar Harbor Yachting.

BAR HARBOR, MAINE,
Friday, Aug. 14.

Eleven of the 31-footers sailed a race on Friday, Aug. 14. The boats covered a course that was laid out in the upper bay. Papoose III. won, Indian was second and Bat was third. The summary:

Papoose III., V. E. Macy	
Indian, W. C. Allison	Elapsed.
Bat, Edgar Scott	2 06 14
Zara, J. M. Sears	2 07 25
Curler, R. H. Gallatin	2 09 01
Cricket, W. G. Ladd	2 09 15
Joker, H. M. Sears	2 09 26
Scud, A. J. Cassatt	2 11 26
Red Wing, T. G. Condon	2 12 23
Kawana, J. B. Trevor	2 12 45
Astrild, H. L. Eno	2 13 17
	2 23 23

Saturday, Aug. 15.

The 31-footers sailed the eleventh race of the series on Saturday, Aug. 15. The course was one laid out in the outer bay. The breeze was strong at the start, but softened somewhat toward the finish. Bat won, beating Indian, the second boat, 37s. The summary:

Bat, Edgar Scott	
Indian, W. C. Allison	Elapsed.
Cricket, W. G. Ladd	1 50 09
Ben, Stuart Bros.	1 50 46
Astrild, H. L. Eno	1 50 48
Joker, H. M. Sears	1 51 58
Scud, A. J. Cassatt	1 53 32
Curler, R. H. Gallatin	1 54 15
Kawana, J. B. Trevor	1 55 06
Zara, J. M. Sears, Jr.	1 56 22
Papoose III., V. E. Macy	1 56 32
Redwing, T. G. Condon	1 57 05
	2 02 37
	2 06 02

The Race Committee of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. announce the following changes in the racing fixtures for this year:

The open races scheduled for Sept. 10, 11 and 12 will be held only for the raceabouts and Seawanhaka 15-footers, and instead of the usual series, a tournament match will be sailed on these days.

The Robert Center Memorial Cup is offered for the 30ft. class, belonging to club members.

A special race for the Seawanhaka 15-footers will be held on Aug. 15, and the first race for the challenge cup will be postponed until Aug. 29, if possible.

A race for the Seawanhaka 15ft. class will be held on Aug. 22, at 3:20 P. M.

The Roosevelt Memorial Cup will be sailed for by raceabouts on Labor Day, Sept. 7.



Hollis Burgess has sold (in conjunction with E. A. Boardman) the Bar Harbor 25-footer Tiger, owned by Geo. L. Batchelder, of Boston, to Chas. Platt, Jr., of Philadelphia. Also (in conjunction with Gardner & Cox), the 18ft. knockabout Nethla, owned by Frank W. Atwood, of Winthrop, Mass., to F. J. Navens, of New York. Chartered the 50ft. waterline schooner Sunshine, owned by Dr. John Bryant

The Canada's Cup Races.

Second Race, Monday, Aug. 10.

THE second race went to Canada by an unexpectedly easy margin. It seemed incredible that the boat, which had made a hair raising finish on Saturday, should be 10m. astern at the start on the following day, but that is what happened. The course was nine miles to windward and return, on this day, and the light breeze and absence of reaching prevented any fast time being made. The wind was from the southward with a spice of west in it, taking the boats right out into Lake Ontario for their windward work. The breeze was never more than eight miles in strength, and at times it was much less than that.

The race was lost at the start by Irondequoit getting a calm spot near the starting line. Strathcona floated over at a gentle pace 7s. after the gun was fired, but Irondequoit was 2m. 10s. behind the signal. The yachts were not widely separated, owing to the light breeze, and they both crossed on the starboard tack. Time at the start:

Strathcona11 00 07 Irondequoit11 02 10

Two minutes after Irondequoit had got over she came about on the port tack, followed promptly by Strathcona. The challenger footed about as fast as the Canadian boat, but she did not point so high, and the defender was rapidly eating out to windward of her, as well as going ahead. Irondequoit came about on the starboard tack at 11:27:30, but Strathcona was so far ahead that she did not worry about following her, and held the port tack until 11:29:15. Then she came about, and both were on the starboard tack until 11:50. When they came about at this time Strathcona was a quarter of a mile or more to windward, and the case of Irondequoit was hopeless. The port tack was a long one, bringing the yachts away to the westward, opposite Humber Bay. Both came about at 12:30, and Irondequoit set her largest jib topsail in place of the working one. It made her foot well, but she was going to leeward all the time, and after 10m. of experimenting it was taken in, and the working one set in its place, but slowly.

The starboard tack was also a long one, lasting until 12:50, when Strathcona broke tacks and headed for the buoy on the port tack. Irondequoit stood on 6m. longer, and then also came for the buoy on the port tack.

Time at the weather mark:

Strathcona12 54 43 Irondequoit1 01 41

Strathcona's spinnaker was set in 40s. after rounding the buoy, being carried to starboard. Irondequoit took 2m. 30s. in breaking out her spinnaker, and it spread very slowly. The stops seemed to be too heavy and refused to part, but the wing was spread at last and the challenger followed tamely in the wake of Strathcona, at least a mile astern.

Irondequoit's course was remarkably different to that of Strathcona. By the time half the homeward course had been covered, she was at least a quarter of a mile to leeward. She hauled up at 2:25 P. M., but to get back on her course she had to take in her spinnaker and sail with her balloon jib for head canvas for 10m. At 2:35 P. M. she again set her spinnaker, but she was a mile or more away and was only making a poor second in a dull procession. The finish was, accordingly, by no means sensational, Strathcona having the enormous lead of 10m. 5s.

Time at the finish:

Strathcona2 48 47 Irondequoit2 58 52

Official summary of the race:

	Start.	Windward.	Mark.	Finish.
Strathcona	11 00 07	12 54 43		2 48 47
Irondequoit	11 02 10	1 01 41		2 48 52

Third Race, Tuesday, Aug. 11.

There was a council of war in the Irondequoit camp Monday night. Things were looking pretty blue, and 'tis said the atmosphere had a corresponding tint. It was Captain Barr who got the blame. Being nephew of Charlie Barr, of America's Cup fame, did not save him from censure. The loss of two races, one by a small margin and one by a big one, was exasperating. Designer Gardner, of Gardner & Cox, was particularly severe, as he had a reputation to lose if his product was beaten so. As a matter of fact, Barr was not entirely to blame for the loss of the two races. The Canadian crew won just as much by quick sail handling as they did by skilled maneuvering, and Barr could not be expected to be handling head canvas and the tiller at the same time. But at any rate, he got the blame, and it was decided to get Mr. Addison G. Hanan, of New York, to sail the boat, and the telegraph wires ticked accordingly.

Addison Hanan is a name to conjure with. His reputation had reached Toronto long before the Irondequoit was in the water. The Canadians had expected him to sail the boat at the start. His record of last season in Dorwina and Effort, and his record this year of eleven starts in Long Island Sound, and eleven first places, were enough to cause him to be regarded with respect and awe.

Mr. Hanan had not much time to reach Toronto. Irondequoit left her island moorings about half past 9 Tuesday morning and stood across to the city, coming in stays opposite the Royal Canadian Y. C. pier, but as there was no Hanan on the yacht club balcony, she filled away on the opposite tack and stood out to the race course with Captain Barr at the tiller. But the 10 o'clock train brought Mr. Hanan to Toronto; and without delaying for parley, he went aboard the steam yacht Navajo and started in pursuit of Irondequoit as fast as triple expansion engines could speed him. The Navajo reached the course in time and put the skilled amateur aboard, taking off Designer Gardner in his place. There was also a change aboard Strathcona, James McMurray, one of the amateur crew in charge of the headsails, being replaced by Wm. Fisher, the professional, who was forward in Invader when the latter carried off the Canada's Cup at Chi-

cago two years ago. Mr. McMurray was unable to sail in this race, owing to the death of his brother.

Captain Barr, in Irondequoit, went forward and took charge of the headsails, and ever after a noticeable improvement was shown in this line. The yachts hugged one another closely at the start, but the challenger got the best of it. Strathcona's balloon jib had been sent up in stops, but in the fresh breeze it started to break out, and had to be gathered down on the horn. Irondequoit's biggest jib topsail was broken out immediately on gun fire, and she crossed the line in advance of Strathcona. Skipper Jarvis, anticipating a luffing match and perhaps a battle at close quarters, was wise enough to keep his balloon on the horn until he found where he was at, but Strathcona, under reduced head canvas, did not travel so fast.

Time at the start:

Irondequoit11 00 18 Strathcona11 00 35

The course was again a twenty-one-mile triangle with a westerly wind, and the judges' signal, "All buoys to starboard," made it a reach and a beat and a reach again. There was plenty of wind, the velocity ranging from twelve to fifteen miles an hour, and there was a crisp, choppy sea, which flew in sheets from the cleaving bows of the racers.

After Irondequoit's performance reaching on Saturday, it surprised no one that she should outfoot the defender in the first leg of the triangle. Indeed, the surprise was that the difference between them was not greater at the end of the first seven miles. They sailed very evenly, and the challenger's gain was comparatively slight.

Time at first buoy:

Irondequoit11 50 46 Strathcona11 52 21

Elapsed time showed that Strathcona had just lost 1m. 16s. since the start.

But to the surprise of all Irondequoit stretched away like a greyhound when they jammed on the wind for the third to the second buoy. The stiff breeze heeled her until her weather bilge was clear of the water, and with the white waves churning in over her tumble home on the lee side, she plowed grandly through and over the seas, liking the rough going, footing fast and eating steadily to windward. It was a complete reversal of her previous windward performances, and strangers marveled at the burst of speed she was showing under the management of the new skipper. The yachts were not close enough together when they hauled on the wind to bring about a battle of short tacks, and they worked away to the westward in long, steady stretches. It was piping too hard for jib topsails to be of use in the first part of the beat, at any rate, but at 12:18 Skipper Jarvis ventured a baby jib topsail, which seemed to draw him along well. Strathcona pounded hard in the seas, the water shooting in cataracts about her bows, and Irondequoit, with the longer overhangs, took the seas much easier. She was sailed very high, Hanan reversing Barr's tactics of making her foot at the expense of her pointing. She sailed grandly under mainsail, staysail, jib and club topsail, the latter always a-flutter as it lay off a little more to leeward. Soon she had a quarter of a mile to the good.

The second buoy was only reached after an hour and a half's thrashing through jumping seas. There was not what is considered a big sea for Lake Ontario by any means, but it was a short, choppy jizzle that made things interesting for sailing craft, and put the passengers aboard many of the pleasure steamers hors de combat. Irondequoit led by 4m. 32s. at the second mark, having gained nearly 3m. in the windward work, which was supposed to be Strathcona's great hold.

Time at the second buoy:

Irondequoit1 19 22 Strathcona1 23 54

The wind held true out in the lake, but further inshore it had hauled a point or so to the northward, so that the third leg, begun as a broad reach, wound up as a close one. The only difference in canvas was that Irondequoit carried a reaching jib topsail and Strathcona set her balloon jib. The yachts came home at such a pace that steamers that had been plunging and spluttering about while they were beating to windward found themselves caught and passed. The judges' boat for the day was the steam yacht Tranquilo, and she could not keep up with the racers. They rushed past steamer after steamer, and the only steam craft to take their time at the finish was the Gooderham yacht Cleopatra.

Irondequoit shortened down half way in, and relieved of her jib topsail, she made better time. It was blowing so hard that the balloon jib threatened Strathcona's topmast every minute, but Skipper Jarvis grimly hung on to it as long as it would draw, shifting to working jib topsail when he had to flatten in sheets. It was a gamely sailed race, but Irondequoit gained on this, as on the other legs of the triangle, picking up 53s. and finishing with a half mile lead.

Time at the finish:

Irondequoit2 15 05 Strathcona2 29 19

Official summary of the race:

	Start.	First Buoy.	Second Buoy.	Finish.
Irondequoit	11 00 18	11 50 46	1 19 22	2 15 05
Strathcona	11 00 35	11 52 21	1 23 54	2 29 19

Fourth Race, Wednesday, Aug. 12.

Toronto yachtsmen were glad to see Irondequoit win the third race. After their easy victory on Monday the cup looked safe, and to keep up the courage of the challengers and the general interest in the sport, they were quite willing to lose the third race or even the fourth race—that is, always providing the fifth race should go to Strathcona. That, at least, was the public feeling; what Commodore Jarvis thought about it may be a different matter.

Conditions Wednesday morning favored the challenger. The wind was light, out of the north and north-west, and having blown off shore all night, the water was smooth. There was plenty of wind for a finish well within the time limit, but not enough to bother Strathcona. Prospects of her saving the cup were good on Wednesday. There was the additional favoring circumstance that the course again only involved windward and leeward work, being nine miles to leeward and return.

The start showed that both skippers were out for blood. The yachts rushed over the line with balloon canvas forward and spinnakers aloft in stops, but spinnaker booms still inboard. They went over the line with the wind over the port quarter.

Time at the start:

Irondequoit11 15 20 Strathcona11 15 30

The fight for the weather berth was better. Strathcona hung on Irondequoit's weather counter like a deerhound on the flank of a hunted stag. Luff, luff, luff was the order, and the yachts stood off to the eastward, an eighth of the compass off their course. Their wake became an arc, and soon they were tearing through the water close hauled on the wind, with balloon canvas slatting wildly. They were heading into the eastern piers of Toronto harbor when they gybed. Strathcona tried in vain to pass to leeward, and another gybe followed, and a luffing match succeeded it, Jarvis clinging tenaciously to a position on Irondequoit's weather quarter, until, after nearly 15m. of sailing, he gybed suddenly and stood back to the true course, setting his spinnaker when a quarter of a mile to windward of Irondequoit. The move was a repetition of the preceding Saturday's tactics on a grand scale—shooting across the wake of an opponent and throwing the silken cloud of the spinnaker to the breeze as soon as well clear.

It looked like a Canadian victory, and, indeed, it was one, although not final. From his position Jarvis was able to lay the buoy directly. Hanan, to avoid sailing by the lee, had to gybe over. Strathcona footed along beautifully, a quarter of a mile to windward and leading 200 yards.

But two miles from the buoy luck went against the defender. The breeze lightened. Then she struck a long roll, the remnant of dead sea after the preceding day's tumble, galvanized into life by the brisk north breeze early in the morning that had escaped from the lee of the land. Strathcona's sails slatted and banged about and spilled every breath. For a time she rolled helpless, her slack bilges allowing her to sway down until her decks were almost awash—and never a breath to steady her. And 300 yards off, on the port beam, the challenger was shouldering through the roll, swaying steadily upon the support of her full bilges, spilling a little wind, but carrying her lofty club topsail full all the time. This was the fateful moment of the race, the fateful moment, indeed, for the Canada's Cup. By the time Strathcona was swinging through the roll, instead of on it, the challenger had a lead of nearly half a mile, and to overtake her was hopeless.

Time at the leeward mark:

Irondequoit10 01 34 Strathcona1 04 26

And then the wind bit in steady and true, twelve miles strong at times, giving the yachts, with their loftiest canvas, all they could stagger under. They were too far apart for much to be accomplished by maneuvering; but Skipper Jarvis tried a bold ruse. His first port tack was a long one. Had Hanan held it as long as Jarvis desired, Irondequoit would have run into the calms that prevail off what sailors call The Highlands and landmen call Scarboro Heights, the 200ft. sand cliffs that line the shore east of Toronto. Strathcona, the following boat, would have been able to get away with a fresh breeze, while Irondequoit lay dead. Such, at least, seemed Jarvis' plan, but Hanan spoiled it by breaking tacks with him, instead of overstanding the distance. And after that it was plain, straightforward thrashing, with the Strathcona crew on her weather rail to help out her slack bilges. Strathcona was well sailed, and steadily drew nearer Irondequoit, but she had not far enough to go to overhaul her, and so lost the fourth race.

Time at the finish:

Irondequoit3 12 13 Strathcona3 13 31

Official summary:

	Irondequoit.	Strathcona.
Start	11 15 20	11 15 30
Leeward mark	1 01 34	1 04 26
Finish	3 12 13	3 13 31

Elapsed Time.

Spinnaker run	1 46 14	1 49 56
Windward work	1 10 39	1 08 55

Fifth Race, Thursday, Aug. 13.

The fifth and deciding race of the series was just as uncertain as any. The weather conditions in the morning favored Strathcona. The wind was northerly and light, and, after the manner of such summer breezes in the vicinity of Toronto it might have been expected to swing to the westward before night, following the sun steadily around. But the breeze did not act according to schedule. In two hours it had backed into the south-southwest, and there it held, disproving for once the old adage:

"When the wind shifts against the sun
Trust it not for back 'twill run."

Once it had settled to an eight-knot breeze it blew true and steady from one quarter.

Excitement was high in Toronto. Canadians are naturally optimistic, and while they were greatly alarmed for the fate of the cup, not a few expected their favorite Æmilus Jarvis to put forth a strong hand at the proper moment and save the trophy. If the effort required was superhuman, they expected it all the same. Besides, were not weather conditions in the defender's favor? To offset the disadvantage of a triangular course, there was the light breeze and smooth water. Strathcona looked to them a winner.

The spectator fleet was fairly large Thursday, and crowds lined the piers and shores. The maneuvering

before the start was as pretty a sight as could be seen in a lifetime. Hanan had no fear of Jarvis, and the latter was intent on a weather berth. For fully ten minutes before the signal the boats alternately gybed and stayed, and Strathcona kept the weather berth every time. Their jockeying brought them away to windward of the line, and as the judges' boat flew the red flag, for buoys to port, they had to wear and stand down, although they kept their mainsheets trimmed flat aft. It was in rounding the stern of the Cleopatra that Hanan cut in to windward, and when the whistle blew he crossed first, with Strathcona so close that main boom and bowsprit seemed touching. Strathcona broke out her jib topsail as she rounded the judges' boat, and Irondequoit was a trifle slower in setting her headsail, sheeting it home just on the signal. Skipper Jarvis tried a battle of short tacks, believing that Strathcona might stay quicker, but gained nothing by this in rom. incessant work. Strathcona's headsails were trimmed down a trifle faster each time, but Irondequoit was quite as quick in answering her helm, and every time she came about she was a little more to windward and ahead.

Time at the start:
Irondequoit11 15 09 Strathcona11 15 35

The yachts crossed the line on the starboard tack, but they only held this for 2m. About they swept, for an equally short port tack. The starboard tack that succeeded this was so very short that it was little better than a luff, the headsails barely drawing before they shivered again with the helm a-lee. The port tack following lasted 6m., and the succeeding tacks were longer. It was Skipper Jarvis who set the pace in tacking, but Mr. Hanan watched him like a cat watches a mouse, and so carefully was every movement aboard Strathcona noted and interpreted that although her helm was always put over first, the yachts swung as though controlled by one rudder, and it was not even a matter of seconds between them in coming about. Skipper Hanan gave a beautiful exhibition of rigid adherence to the principle of always keeping between the buoy and the following boat.

It was 12:15 when the two contestants filled away on the long port tack that laid the buoy. Irondequoit was by this time 200 yards in the lead, with Strathcona directly astern, as both could lay the buoy without pinching. It was a rude shock to all who had banked on Strathcona's windward qualities to find her thus out-distanced in her own weather, and it could hardly be explained by the change in skippers on Irondequoit, for in the windward work of the preceding day, under adverse weather conditions, Strathcona made better actual time than Irondequoit. It was a rather puzzling piece of conduct on the part of both boats.

A quarter of a mile from the first buoy Irondequoit's working jib topsail was taken in and her reaching jib topsail was sent up in stops. The move was not executed in remarkably fast time, and indeed it seemed a little previous, but the balloon canvas was broken out smartly just as the turn was made. Strathcona, on the other hand, carried her working jib topsail around the turn, then dowed it and sent up a balloon jib. It took 3m. to execute this maneuver. At least that was the time Strathcona was sailing under working jib and balloon staysail as her only head canvas.

Time at the first buoy:
Irondequoit12 47 50 Strathcona12 49 29

Strathcona's balloonier tugged her along in splendid style and she slowly but steadily gained on the fleet- ing Irondequoit. Both yachts took in their working jibs to give the balloon canvas free play, but Skipper Hanan realized that if he was to hold his lead he would have to change his head canvas, and at 1:30 P. M. his reaching jib topsail came in and a big balloon jib, filling the whole fore-triangle, was broken out, the move being made in admirably quick time. This helped Irondequoit along somewhat, but still Strathcona had cut down her lead on this broad reach by about half a minute by the time the second seven miles were ended.

Time at second buoy:
Irondequoit1 42 27 Strathcona1 43 39

A gybe over at the second mark brought mainsails to starboard. It was again a broad reach, under the same canvas, Strathcona carrying balloon staysail and balloon jib forward, and Irondequoit having nothing to interfere with the draft of her balloonier. If it had only been a spinnaker run, Strathcona could have at least caught Irondequoit in the last seven miles, and there would have been an exciting battle of gybes for the finish, but the wind held true and the last hopes of Canadians vanished. Strathcona did not repeat the surprise of the preceding day in sailing faster than Irondequoit on her best point. At times she footed faster, but on the whole she had hard work to hold her own on the run in.

Time at the finish:
Irondequoit2 40 55 Strathcona2 42 17

And so the Canada's Cup was once more lost and won. The official time of the last race is:

	Irondequoit.	Strathcona.
Start	11 15 09	11 15 35
First buoy	12 47 50	12 49 29
Second buoy	1 42 27	1 43 39
Finish	2 40 55	2 42 17
Elapsed Time.		
First leg	1 32 51	1 33 54
Second leg	0 54 37	0 54 10
Third leg	0 58 28	0 58 38

CHARLES H. SNIDER.
TORONTO, Aug. 13.

Tarantula, the turbine steam yacht purchased by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, arrived at New York on Aug. 12. The yacht was conveyed as far as Hamilton, Bermuda by a tramp steamer, and from there she went to Newport News, where she was joined by her owner, who made the trip to New York in her. Tarantula was designed by Messrs. Cox and King for the late Col. Harry McCalmont. She is 152.5ft. long, 15.3 breadth and 8.4ft. deep. On her trial trip she made a speed of 26.75 knots.

Regulations for Cup Races.

THE rules for patrolling the courses in the international yacht races will be if anything more strict than they were in 1901. The rules were arranged by Secretary George B. Cortelyou, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, after consultation with Secretary Leslie M. Shaw of the Treasury. They are as follows:

Rule 1.—Observe carefully the movements of the patrol vessels, and carry out promptly and cheerfully the instructions received from them. These vessels will fly the Revenue flag at the mast-head, and these only are hereby authorized to enforce the rules.

Rule 2.—A clear space of half a mile about the starting line will be maintained until the race has been started. To accomplish this, presupposing that the race is to windward, the vessels of the First Division of the patrol fleet will be formed in column extending from the vicinity of the starting line to the left, in a direction four points from the wind. The Second Division will form a similar line four points to the right of the direction of the wind. The two lines of patrol vessels will thus form a right angle. All vessels, except the judges' and committee boats, or vessels carrying the patrol flag, must keep outside of the patrol lines. The space enclosed in the right angle thus formed will be reserved for the competing yachts. If, on the other hand, the first leg be to leeward, Rule 6 will apply.

Rule 3.—If, after crossing the line, the competing yachts stand on the port tack, the Second Division will form column and stand on a course parallel with them. All vessels outside the Second Division will take the same course. The First Division will form line and take the same course as the competing yachts. All passenger vessels outside of this line will head in the same direction, and be careful to keep astern of the line of patrol vessels. The entire fleet of vessels will thus be heading the same course with the yachts, and will be entirely clear of them. When the yachts tack, all patrol vessels will at once change course and steer the course taken by them. Passenger vessels will do the same. The Second Division will find themselves in line in this case and the First Division in column.

Rule 4.—When the competing yachts turn the stakeboat for the run in, all patrol vessels will head for the vicinity of the finishing point. The First Division in column, inverted order, will head for a point half a mile to the right of the finish line. The second Division, in similar formation, will head for a point half a mile to the left of the finish line. Thus a clear space one mile wide will be maintained astern of and to windward of the competing yachts. But whether this space for the movement of the competing yachts be more or less than one mile wide, all vessels present for sight-seeing purposes must keep outside of the patrol lines. Any intrusion within the patrol lines, irrespective of the distance of the latter from the competing yachts, will be held as a violation of these regulations, and the offender will be rigorously dealt with.

Rule 5.—All passenger vessels will be careful not to cross astern of, or crowd in upon, the competing yachts on the run in, but will remain on the outside of the line of patrol vessels, and they must also avoid crowding about the finish line. This is imperative.

Rule 6.—If the race be to leeward and return the patrol vessels will form two parallel lines one mile apart, First Division to the left and Second Division to the right, and in this formation head the course steered by the competing yachts. Passenger vessels must keep outside of these lines and observe Rule 5. Until reaching the outer mark, Rule 4 will apply. When the yachts turn the outer mark and start on the beat back, Rule 3, with the patrol in inverted order, will be observed.

Rule 7.—Should the wind shift during any of the races, patrol vessels will immediately indicate the line to be formed, as in the rules laid down, and passenger vessels must keep outside of these lines with as little delay as may be consistent with safety.

All seafaring men will understand the difficulties in the way of keeping a triangular course clear, and it is hoped that the public will be patient with the rules, which must, from the necessities of the case, bar them from following the entire course. The fact that the competing yachts will be faster on the second leg of the course, with their sheets eased, than a majority of the vessels carrying passengers, renders it impossible to allow these vessels to follow the entire course. Therefore, the following rule becomes imperative and must be carefully observed:

Rule 8.—When the competing yachts reach a point on the first leg of the course, to be determined by the officer in charge of the patrol fleet, the patrol flags will be lowered to half mast and the steam whistles blown on all patrol boats. When this signal is made, all vessels carrying passengers will run at full speed for a position to leeward of the last leg of the course, and as near the second stakeboat as may be without approaching it nearer than a mile. The patrol boats will in this case establish a single line, the First Division in the lead, to the leeward of the line on which the competing yachts will run, and all passenger vessels must find themselves to leeward of this patrol line before the yachts turn the second stakeboat. On the run in all vessels must be careful not to cross the sailing line of the competing yachts, either ahead or astern of them, but keep to leeward of the patrol line until the race is finished.

The movement of the patrol fleet, steam yachts and excursion boats, across the triangle, from the first leg of the course (Rule 8) presupposes that the first or windward stretch of the competing yachts is to the right from the starting point. In the event that the direction of the wind is such that the Regatta Committee selects the left leg from the starting point as the first leg of the course, the movement of the patrol fleet, the steam yachts and the excursion boats—when the signal is given by the flag-ship—will be across the triangle to the right.

Rule 9.—A blank cartridge fired from any one of the patrol vessels will indicate that some vessel is persistently violating some rule. Prompt attention to this warning signal will obviate the necessity of sending the offender back to New York in charge of an officer of the Revenue Cutter service, and the revocation of the license of the master.

Racing Rules for Cup Races.

The Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C. has issued instructions that will govern the races between Shamrock III. and Reliance. The orders are as follows:

Start will be made from Sandy Hook Lightship at as near 11 o'clock as will be practicable, the preparatory signal being given fifteen minutes in advance.

But always with the understanding that should the direction of the wind prevent laying the course from the Lightship, the starting line will be shifted to the nearest available point, and that in this case the preparatory signal will be given about half an hour later than the time set for starting from the Lightship.

Courses.—No. 1, Letter S.—From the starting line to and around a mark 15 miles to windward or less and return, leaving the mark on the starboard hand.

No. 2—Letter T.—From the starting line, 10 miles to and around a mark; 10 miles to and around a second mark, and 10 miles to the finish line, leaving the marks on the outside of the triangle, to port or starboard, according as the vessels are sent around.

Starting and finish lines will be between a point on the committee boat, indicated by a white flag, and the mainmast of the lightship, or other stakeboat, if the start is shifted from the Lightship. These lines will be at right angles with the outward and home courses, respectively.

Compass Courses (Magnetic) will be set before the preparatory signal is given. The signals for Course No. 2 must be read beginning forward. Marks will be white floats carrying a red ball with horizontal white stripe showing letters N. Y. Y. C. in blue, and surmounted by a flash cone. The position of each mark will be indicated by a two-masted vessel lying about 100yds. beyond, and swinging a red ball from the triatic stay. Should the mark be wrecked, its place will be taken by its marking vessel, which will display a red flag with diagonal white stripe in addition to the other indications, and in turning the vessel the direction for the mark will govern.

Starting Signals.—Preparatory.—A gun will be fired, the club signal lowered and a "blue peter" cone hoisted.

Warning.—Ten minutes later a second gun will be fired and a red ball hoisted.

The Start.—Five minutes later, a third gun will be fired, the blue peter cone lowered, and a second red ball hoisted.

Handicap Time.—Two minutes later a fourth gun will be fired and both balls will drop. Should a signal gun misfire, a prolonged blast of the whistle will be given. At the finish, a short blast will be given, as each vessel crosses the line.

Special signals.—*, answering pennant; A, accident; C, assent; D, negative; G, the start will be shifted from the Lightship; H,

Do you assent to postponing start until later in the day? I, Do you assent to calling race off for the day? J, Start postponed until later in the day. K, Race postponed for the day. L, There will be a race to-morrow. M, Race is off. P, Preparatory.

Fog.—The committee boat and the marking vessels, when not under way, will "at intervals of not more than one minute, ring the bell rapidly for about five seconds," and at intervals of two minutes will sound five short whistle blasts.

Best three out of five races, each 30 nautical miles in length, over ocean courses outside of headlands, and with a time limit of five and a half hours; the first, third and fifth races being 15 miles to windward or to leeward and return, and the second and fourth around a triangle 10 miles to a leg. In every case the outward course shall be laid to windward, if possible, from Sandy Hook Lightship. The races will be sailed on Thursdays, Saturdays and Tuesdays, commencing on Thursday, Aug. 20. An unfinished race of one kind shall be repeated until decided. The starting line shall be established and the compass course signalled as early as practicable, and the vessel laying the course shall be started ten minutes prior to the preparatory signal. In case a serious accident occurs to either vessel prior to the preparatory signal, she shall have such time, not exceeding in any event four weeks, as the respective committees of the New York Y. C. and the Royal Ulster Y. C. shall determine to be reasonable, to effect repairs before being required to start; or, if such accident occurred during a race, before being required to start in the next race; but no such allowance of time to repair shall permit of any race being sailed after Oct. 31, 1903.

If either vessel be disqualified in any race, such race shall be awarded to the other vessel, whether she shall complete the course within the time limit or not. If through the fault of either vessel, the other be totally destroyed, or so injured as to be incapable of repair, and the latter shall be free from fault, the match shall be awarded to her. If in the opinion of the Regatta Committee, the weather shall at the time appointed at the start of any race, be or threaten to be of such severe character as not to afford a reasonable opportunity of fairly testing the speed of the two vessels, the race may be postponed in the discretion of the Regatta Committee, unless either contestant shall insist upon its being started. Each vessel shall stand by the consequences of any accident happening to her after the preparatory signal, and upon the occurrence of any such accidents disabling either vessel, the other shall sail out the race. The committee may postpone the start in case of accident, as stated; if the course cannot be laid from the lightship; if in their opinion the space around the starting line is not sufficiently clear, in case of fog, and if both vessels agree to a postponement, in which case the committee shall determine the time of the start. But no race shall be started after 1 o'clock.—From the Mutual Agreement.

The Committee Boat.—The Navigator.—Will display the committee flag, and at the finish will also show a red ball. The courses will be laid by the John S. Scully, in charge of Lieut.-Com. W. J. Sears, U. S. N. (N. Y. Y. C.). The Coastwise, in charge of Lieut. H. C. Poundstone, U. S. N. (N. Y. Y. C.), will be the guide vessel, and in running the courses she will show two red balls hung horizontally on the fore. The Unique, in charge of Com. Henry Morrell, U. S. N. (N. Y. Y. C.), will serve as an emergency vessel, and should the start be shifted from the Lightship, she will serve as stakeboat, and, like the committee boat, will show a red ball.

The America's Cup Record.

THE history of the America's Cup is told in the inscriptions upon it, which read as follows:

100 Guiana Cup, won Aug. 22, 1851, at Cowes, England, by yacht America, at the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta, "open to all nations," beating cutters, Volante, 48 tons; Arrow, 84 tons; Alarm, 193 tons; Mona, 82 tons; Bacchante, 80 tons; Freak, 60 tons; Eclipse, 50 tons. Schooners, Beatrice, 161 tons; Wyvern, 205 tons; Ione, 75 tons; Constance, 218 tons; Gipsy Queen, 160 tons; Brilliant, 392 tons.

Schooner America, 170 tons; Commodore, John C. Stevens; built by George Steers, of New York, 1851.

Presented to the N. Y. Y. C. as a challenge cup open to all foreign clubs, by the owners, John C. Stevens, Hamilton Wilkes, Geo. L. Schuyler, J. Beekman Finlay, Edwin A. Stevens.

1870.
Challenged to be sailed for over N. Y. Y. C. course, Aug. 8, 1870, by Mr. James Ashbury, with schooner yacht Cambria, representing R. T. Y. C. Cambria, beaten in the following order by schooner yachts: Magic, Idler, Silvie, America, Dauntless, Madgie, Phantom, Alice, Halcyon.

1871.
Oct. 16, 1871.—Schooner Livonia, James Ashbury, Esq., owner, vs. schooner Columbia, Franklin Osgood, Esq., owner. Columbia winner by 27m., 4s.; N. Y. Y. C. course.

Oct. 18, 1871.—Schooner Livonia vs. schooner Columbia. Columbia, winner, by 10m., 33s.; outside course.

Oct. 19, 1871.—Schooner Livonia vs. schooner Columbia. Livonia, winner, by 15m., 10s.; N. Y. Y. C. course.

Oct. 21, 1871.—Schooner Livonia vs. schooner Sappho; Wm. P. Douglas, Esq., owner. Sappho, winner, by 30m., 21s.; outside course.

Oct. 23, 1871.—Schooner Livonia vs. schooner Sappho. Sappho, winner, by 25m., 27s.; N. Y. Y. C. course.

1876.
Aug. 11, 1876.—Schooner Countess of Dufferin, Chas. Gifford, Esq., owner, vs. Madeleine, John S. Dickerson, Esq., owner; Madeleine, winner, by 10m., 59s.; N. Y. Y. C. course.

Aug. 12, 1876.—Schooner Countess of Dufferin vs. schooner Madeleine. Madeleine, winner, by 27m., 14s.; outside course.

1881.
Nov. 9, 1881.—Sloop Mischief beat sloop Atalanta; Bay of Quinte Y. C. (Canada); 28m., 39¼s.; N. Y. Y. C. course.

Nov. 10, 1881.—Sixteen miles to leeward from buoy 5, Sandy Hook and return, sloop Mischief beat Atalanta 38m., 54s.

1885.
Sept. 14, 1885.—N. Y. Y. C. course, sloop Puritan beat cutter Genesta, Royal Yacht Squadron of England, 16m., 19s.

Sept. 16, 1885.—Twenty miles to leeward of Sandy Hook Light Ship and return, sloop Puritan beat cutter Genesta 1m., 38s.

1886.
Sept. 9, 1886.—N. Y. Y. C. course, sloop Mayflower beat cutter Galatea, Royal Northern Y. C. of Scotland, 12m., 2s.

Sept. 11, 1886.—Twenty miles to leeward of Sandy Hook Light Ship and return, Mayflower beat cutter Galatea 28m., 59s.

1887.
Sept. 27, 1887.—N. Y. Y. C. course, sloop Volunteer beat cutter Thistle, of Royal Clyde Y. C. of Scotland, 19m., 23¼s.

Interstate at Ottawa.

OTTAWA, Ill., Aug. 14.—The Interstate Association gave another of its successful series of tournaments here this week under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. The attendance was not as large as expected, due partly to the fact that no added money was offered, and possibly also owing to the number of other tournaments crowded into the Western circuit this month. Elmer Shaner was at the helm, as usual, and left nothing wanting in any detail.

Weather the first day was quite pleasant, and scores averaged good. Hughes and Powers tied for first place with the excellent score of 170 out of the 175. Spencer was second, two birds behind them, while Connor and Riehl tied for third with 161.

Rain cut short good scores midway in the programme of the second day. On the first hundred Riehl and Powers were high with but three lost, but the latter finished stronger, and easily got top place for the day. Spencer got second and Hughes and Brown third. Powers, Spencer, Hughes and Riehl finished in the points for the meet.

The programme was at 175 targets each day.

First Day, Aug. 12.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	170
Hughes	13	19	15	20	15	20	14	20	14	20	161
Riehl	14	18	15	19	15	16	13	20	14	17	161
Powers	14	20	13	19	15	20	15	19	15	20	170
Waters	12	16	14	17	12	19	13	19	15	18	155
Spencer	15	20	14	20	14	19	14	18	15	19	168
Sperry	12	18	15	19	12	18	13	19	13	19	158
Meidroth	13	15	12	15	15	20	13	16	13	17	159
Buck	11	19	10	16	14	19	13	17	14	19	152
Pooler	12	14	10	18	12	16	13	18	13	18	144
Boissenni	11	14	9	14	9	18	11	15	13	18	132
Kneussl	13	16	13	18	13	16	8	17	13	17	144
Rambo	14	16	11	20	14	18	14	18	14	17	156
Connor	11	19	14	20	15	20	13	19	12	18	161
Sheldon	10	14	9	14	11	18	15	17	14	13	135
Tweeth	10	14	10	18	8	12	7	13	8	15	115
Norton	11	15	12	15	14	18	14	18	12	17	146
Tramp	13	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Bouxsine	10	14	13	15	13	10	10	10	10	10	100
Drennen	15	17	13	16	15	15	14	18	15	18	156
Hayes	14	18	11	18	14	20	15	18	13	16	157
Willard	13	17	14	20	13	18	15	19	10	10	149
Hannagan	14	20	15	17	12	19	14	17	10	10	149
Barto	11	18	15	19	12	20	15	16	10	10	145
Vietmeyer	14	19	14	19	14	17	15	18	10	10	145
Collins	14	19	12	18	14	20	14	17	10	10	145
Engstrom	12	12	9	13	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Hoon	19	14	19	14	17	15	20	10	10	10	145
Kinder	14	14	17	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Hope	16	12	15	11	15	12	12	17	10	10	145
Gentleman	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Clark	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Burgess	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Tuti	12	14	12	13	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Roll	13	16	15	17	15	19	12	17	10	10	145
Fowle	13	16	15	17	15	19	12	17	10	10	145
R. H. Pooler	13	16	15	17	15	19	12	17	10	10	145
Ball	13	16	15	17	15	19	12	17	10	10	145

Second Day, Aug. 13.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	160
Hughes	15	19	13	20	14	17	11	17	14	20	158
Riehl	15	19	13	20	14	17	11	17	14	20	158
Powers	15	19	14	20	14	20	13	18	15	19	167
Waters	14	20	13	19	13	18	15	14	11	17	154
Spencer	12	20	14	18	14	19	14	20	14	19	164
Roll	15	19	15	18	13	20	12	17	13	16	158
Willard	11	19	14	18	13	12	15	18	12	16	148
Barto	13	15	17	15	16	14	17	13	16	14	149
Hannagan	11	18	13	15	11	19	12	10	9	10	145
Norton	10	16	14	16	14	15	13	16	11	20	145
C. Brown	15	18	15	18	14	16	12	18	15	19	160
P. Buck	14	18	11	17	15	17	14	17	13	10	145
Collins	15	20	15	17	15	17	14	18	12	19	162
Ball	9	18	13	14	12	10	10	10	10	10	100
Hayes	15	18	13	17	11	20	13	19	13	19	158
A. J. Brown	12	16	12	17	13	14	9	17	11	15	136
Feeney	14	18	10	17	12	14	15	17	13	15	145
Sieben	15	17	13	19	14	18	15	17	11	18	157
Kneussl	13	15	13	19	12	16	12	19	11	17	147
Meidroth	11	15	12	16	13	13	15	18	9	15	137
Boissenni	11	16	10	16	10	17	9	14	11	10	130
Rambo	15	19	12	16	14	19	10	10	10	10	145
Pooler	11	17	15	17	13	10	10	10	10	10	145
Connor	12	19	15	18	14	17	12	17	13	17	154
Drennen	14	18	14	18	11	10	10	10	10	10	145
Tweeth	13	19	13	17	10	15	11	11	10	10	145
Gentleman	9	14	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Von Lengerke	13	15	14	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Shafter	18	13	17	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Hope	12	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Howlett	12	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100

WESTERN TRAP.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 15.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the second trophy shoot of the third series. Dr. Shaw won Class A trophy on a straight score of 25. R. Kuss, a visitor, tied the score, while Pollard, Meek, Ellis and Hartway were right after him with 24 each. Hartway, being a Class B man, won in his class. Bullard won Class C on 22.

The day was very cloudy and dark, and rain fell during several of the events; but notwithstanding the threatening weather, thirty shooters put in an appearance for the afternoon's sport.

Trophy event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Dr. Meek	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Pollard	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Ellis	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
McDonald	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Stone	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Thomas	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Eaton	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Johnson	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Kehl	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Dr. Shaw	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Wilson	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Wydell	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
W. A. Jones	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Richards	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Snyder	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Fort	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Bullard	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Keck	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Blair	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Waters	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Chesterman	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Trask	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Coppernail	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Hathaway	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Studley	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Pilz	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Kuss	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Cummings	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Dr. Meek	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Pollard	10	9	10	7	10	9	15	10	10	10
Ellis	9	9	8	7	10	10	13	10	10	10
McDonald	7	10	9	7	8	7	11	10	10	10
Stone	8	8	7	9	9	7	13	10	10	10
Thomas	7	8	7	6	8	9	8	10	10	10

Eaton	7	6	10	5	8	6	14	10	5	
Johnson	9	8	8	6	10	8	13			
Kehl	6	4	6							
Dr Shaw	8	8	8	8	8	9	15			
Wilson	8	4	8	7	6	9				
Wydell	2	2	5	1	7	4				
W A Jones	7		9	10	9	8	12	7		
Richards	8		6	7	10	9				
Snyder			7	5	9	10	12			
Ford			8	9	7	10	11			
Bullard			9	7	9	10	14	9	10	8
Keck			9		9	6				
Blair			10		2					
Waters			5	7						
Chesterman				2	7	6	10	5	2	6
Trask					5					
Coppernail				7	7	10	10	9	7	
Hartaway				9	5	10	11	10	7	
Studley				2	7	3				
Pilz					9	9				
Kuss				9	10	10	14	10		
Cummings				6	9	9				
Liddie					8	9	9			
Zorn								9	9	
*Pairs.										

Dr. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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THE AUTOMOBILE AND THE ROAD.

At the present time the big high-power and high-g geared automobile, considered as a vehicle of passage, holds its chief place among the belongings of the wealthy. It is in every particular essentially a vehicle of the classes who can afford to spend their money liberally. The first cost of it is prohibitive to the man of ordinary means, and to the man whose means are above the ordinary and who could afford the first cost, the second cost, that of maintenance, would likely prohibit its ownership. While in theory it only costs about two cents a mile to run an automobile, in practice it costs nearer to ten times as much. Therefore, during a long time to come, in ownership it undoubtedly will be confined to the cultured, wealthy class of leisure, to whom the phrase *noblesse oblige* has always been considered as being specially applicable. Yet, in the relatively few years in which automobiles have been in use, there is a well grounded public resentment over the lawless manner in which they, as a rule, are driven. The average chauffeur has a contemptuous disregard for anything that runs counter to his caprice or inclination. To him the average pedestrian or horseman is as naught. Legal restrictions as to the limit of speed are violated openly and flagrantly at every opportunity. If a man is bowled over the chauffeur turns on more power and escapes expeditiously. If a horse takes fright, overturning the carriage or running away in consequence, the average chauffeur heeds it not. He speeds away with a conscious feeling of contempt, power and immunity. The rights of other people are, as a rule, wholly disregarded. It is true that all who act as motormen to automobiles do not do so; but it is equally true that the majority do violate constantly all the rules of the road, statutory and common, and all the rules of common courtesy as well. One need but to station himself at any of the great thoroughfares in New York, or its suburbs, to obtain ocular proof of this statement. On some of the best and most attractive roads in the country adjacent to the city it has been found necessary to provide special officers to confine the use of the automobiles within certain safe legal limits, or to arrest the chauffeurs who were defiant and refractory. The man with the automobile has no more rights on the public highway than has the humblest man with the humblest wheelbarrow. A continued disregard of public rights on the part of automobilists is sure to work decided harm to automobile interests in the day. In itself automobiling is one of the best of pleasures; conducted recklessly, it is one of the most irritating and dangerous of public nuisances. For the good of themselves and for the good of the sport in general, those who now recklessly disregard law and property when running their machines, should reform. The public is slow to act, but when once thoroughly aroused, it is likely to overtake. The people in their might can take active means to enforce their restrictions, and they can further mitigate the evil by reducing the temptation to maintain it. The man who has a 30 or 40 horse-power machine is constantly tempted to pass everything else in sight. If called upon to justify the use of such a high-powered machine on the common highways of the people, he would find extreme difficulty in doing so. The public could force a reduction of speed by limiting the power of the machines allowed on the public highways. This is advanced as a suggestion of what might happen if the abuse of the highways by chauffeurs shall grow in the future. Useful from the viewpoint of utility or pleasure, devotees should seek to popularize it instead of making it a subject of public menace and odium. And those who practice it, being of great wealth and high station, should avoid fostering the greater class prejudice of the multitude directed against the smaller class who should keep in mind the phrase *noblesse oblige*.

WORDS.

THE English language is not very old, and the spoken and written tongue of to-day differs strangely from that of five hundred years ago, while a thousand years ago there was no English language. Similarly the tongue spoken in the United States differs in some degree from that used in Great Britain, and the speech of each country is changing from day to day. To each are constantly being contributed words from other languages. Every nation of Europe, but above all the German and the Latin tongues, are adding daily new terms, which, while strange at first, soon become incorporated in the language, and take their places in the dictionaries and finally in the best literature. New terms, not from foreign tongues, are continually being coined, and the slang of to-day may become the colloquial speech of next year, and enter into the written language of ten years hence.

In a new country like our own, made up of a heterogeneous mixture of races, from each of which words are likely to be drawn, additions such as these come rapidly. To say nothing of the fact that the Americans of to-day are made up of all the races of Europe with not a few from Asia, Africa and the islands of the western seas, is the fact that both on the north and the south the English-speaking United States territory has long been rubbing against peoples speaking different tongues, and the further fact that gradually being incorporated into our body politic are many tribes of the native American race, which, while we sweep over, absorb and obliterate them, still leave their impress on us as a nation.

Along the northern border of the United States the French have exercised an important influence on the spoken language, and in the same way on the south words of Spanish origin have come to be generally adopted and commonly used in writing as well as in speech. Words of Indian origin have come into common use and crowd our vocabulary, and it is not long since an eminent scholar, Prof. Alexander F. Chamberlain, of Clarke University, printed a list of 132 words now commonly used, many of which are so familiar that it surprises us to learn that they have come to us from the red man. Of the foreign words which have become a part of the language spoken in the United States, very many have been given by outdoor men, by hunters, fishermen, cowmen, travelers in the wilds.

It is in the West where, for nearly 300 years before men of English stock traversed it, the country was run over by the Spaniards, or in the Northwest, where the French trapper—the *coureur de bois*—was for generations pushing his way further and further from civilization, making friends with the natives, marrying their women, and rearing his "dusky brood," that the names of French and Spanish origin were chiefly applied, and occasionally such terms underwent curious transformations. The French trapper, for example, called the dry dung of the buffalo—often so useful as fuel—*bois de vaches*, or cow wood, which the American, many years later, translated, retaining the sense, though the sound was too much for him, and called "buffalo chip." There is no commoner word in the West than "cache," from the French *cacher*. Cache is used as a verb, to hide, or as a noun, meaning things hidden, or a place where things may be hidden. Another word very common in the Northwest is "cooly," properly, of course, "coulee," from the French *couler*, to flow, hence a ravine, a "draw," a place where water flows, a (dry) water course.

Some of the most familiar Western words are of Spanish origin. Every one is familiar with the term "cinch," from *cincha*, a girth. Cowmen commonly speak of the "caviya," the herd of horses, from the Spanish *caballo*. Caviya is pronounced in many ways in different places. The term *caballo*, by the way, appears in a phonetic form in the familiar pseudonym of our contributor Cabia Blanco, or White Horse.

An Indian word coming to us through the Spanish is the familiar "coyote," pronounced kă'ot, or koi o'ti; the Aztec word was *coyotl*, meaning the little prairie wolf.

Among the words which we have got directly from Indian tongues is "chipmunk," the little striped squirrel. Our word is from the Ojibwa term *atchitamo*, compounded of the two words *achit*, meaning "headfirst," and *am*, "mouth," and is given to the animal from its habit of running down trees head downward. The idea is ex-

pressed, if not exactly, at least nearly enough, in Longfellow's lines in Hiawatha:

"For hereafter and forever
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,
Tail-in-air, the boys shall call you."

"Pecan," the nut and tree, is another word of Indian origin, as is also "hickory." The pecan is a fruit of a species of hickory, and the Cree and Ojibwa word *pakan*, meaning nut or walnut, shows the derivation.

Of such words of foreign origin many have only a local application, and this is especially true of certain substantives adopted by the English-speaking race now inhabiting the regions formerly occupied by the peoples who gave the names. Some of these local terms are hardly known out of the district where they are used; others have a very wide application. The term Adirondacks, from the name of a tribe of Indians once dwelling in or near the section to which the name is applied, is known throughout the world, and there are certain other terms which have a world-wide significance, of which *totem*, and words formed from it, is one of the best known.

By no means all the words adopted from foreign tongues survive as parts of the language. Many of them, used for a time, prove inconvenient, pass out of common speech, and are forgotten; others, long employed in a thinly-settled country, may be overwhelmed by a rush of new inhabitants, to whom they are unfamiliar, and who will substitute for them some better known word which will come into common use and be adopted by the following generations. Something of this sort may well enough happen in certain portions of the West, where the old generation has died out, and its place is now being taken by a multitude of settlers from the East, who will bring with them their own speech as well as their ways of life. A word formerly in common use in the Northwest, which is now rapidly being forgotten, is *apishamore*, a saddle blanket, usually of buffalo hide.

A word very familiar among the Canadian French, and much used wherever snowshoes are employed, is *babiche*, meaning a thong or string of leather, or perhaps, more exactly, of the skin of an animal. This word comes to us through the Canadian French, but is probably from the Mic Mac *ababich*, meaning string or cord.

ANDREW LANG, poking fun at the Browning clubs and Tennyson clubs, whose members assemble to read poetry together and try to find out what it means, avers that he would as soon think of taking part in the English fishing competitions with their excitement and shouting and hilarity. This is a matter of taste. Reading poetry and fishing both have their rewards, whether pursued in solitude or amid the crowd. The Browning clubs, though they may appear to an irreverent world to verge on the daft, must find some compensation in their Browningizing or they would not do it; and it is not to be gainsaid that the fishermen who go in noisy flocks also find delight in their peculiar way of practicing the gentle art. Fishing is not of necessity a solitary pastime; it is not always a "gentle" recreation. If quiet and solitude were essentials, the sport would be denied to hosts who participate in it. Angling competitions are to be discouraged for the reason that the tendency of them is to cause the wanton waste of fish and the depletion of the parent stock of fish. The element of competition in men is a quality which pervades most of our outdoor sports, from the sailing of the America's Cup race to the fishing of the solitary angler, whose ambition is to take a bigger fish to-day than his companion did yesterday.

FLORIDA fishing is so generally associated with winter that the summer resources of those waters are likely to be overlooked. As the population of the State is increasing the seashore is coming to be more and more a popular summer resort; and just now there comes from the East Coast reports of fishing which excels that of the winter months. The sea bass fishing at Ormond, Daytona, Seabreeze, and other points is excellent; while the Halifax is yielding many tarpon, which, while smaller than the giants of the Atlantic and the Gulf, have the same game qualities. Thus the Florida angler finds a zest in his fishing not less in degree than that of the Maine trout waters or the Minnesota bass lakes.

The Sportsman Tourist.

To Elysium by Buckboard.

In Three Jaunts—Jaunt the Third.

"A FINE mornin' fer bar! This hyar fog's stickier'n chewin' gum!" The speaker was Beaug; the hour 3 A. M. The buckboard's ex-passengers were wide awake, the horses stood saddled and ready, and a breakfast of ham, scrambled eggs and coffee, warranted to remove the hair from a dog's back, smoked before them. Thus seated in Cimmerian darkness, in Beaug's hog camp, on the South Fork of Eel, while the soft, salt fog filled their nostrils, they gave heed, between bites, to their host's final instructions. These were neither long, nor hard to remember. Beaug was to go on foot with the hounds—he preferred it so. The guests were to be mounted. They were to keep well in earshot of the dogs; but were not to try to follow them. "Stick to the ridges," was Beaug's caution. At the same time he dwelt on the necessity of being always on the ridge immediately adjacent to the canyon where the hounds were working. They were to take food with them—"Mebbe, hunt'll last all day; mebbe, two days; mebbe, bar'll tree in an hour!" They were to shoot at nothing but bear—"ceptin' lion"; i. e., panther. They were to approach the bear, when treed, from up hill, because the hounds would be on the side of the tree nearest to the bear; that is, they would be as close to the bear as the ground permitted, and if he heard any one approaching from behind, he would back down, claw up a few dogs and make off. If the chase led where the horses could not follow, they were to abandon the horses and proceed on foot—the horses would reach camp all right. Lastly, the first man at the tree was to shoot the bear!

Up a precipitous trail they ride, Beaug and his hounds in the lead; and so, for an hour, until they were as wet from the constant slapping of the fog-laden underbrush, as if they had been drenched in a cistern. A halt! It is Beaug at the bridle! "Thar's plenty berries 'round hyar," he is saying; "I'll stop hyar; you follow trail to top of ridge." "But how in thunder can we? I can't see my hand." "Hosses knows." And they did know, for just as the first, faint glimpse of dawn came and one felt, rather than saw, that it was day, they stopped, and Bob and Marin managed to make out through the fog-rack that they had reached the summit. Then a tedious wait, a smoke, more waiting, several smokes. For the twentieth time Bob's eyes strive to pierce the impenetrable mist, and he asks: "Where do you suppose Beaug is now?"—when—hark! clear and shrill, up from the canyon's depths it wells—that canine chorus! Let him who hears that music and yet feels no fire in his blood, no answering throb of pulse, no responsive thrill of nerve, no revel in his breast, scan well his shoulder blades for budding wings—for, surely, he is something more than human! It is the oldest music in this world of ours. Centuries unnumbered have come and gone, since first its wild, sweet cadence smote man's ear and filled his soul with gladness, and when the end of Time and all things comes, whether by polar ice-cap slow creeping over earth and sea, remorseless and immense, or by a fiery rain and kindled sphere, of this be sure—that in that last, dread hour, when helpless, hopeless man stands at bay before the ravaging elements upon a dying world, his faithful little brother will be there to share his doom and wail earth's threnody.

Hark! There it swells again! The very horses neigh and prick their ears. "Let's after them!" cries Marin. Along the ridge they spur, heedless of switching boughs and snare-like creepers—a headlong, breakneck race—while ever from the canyon's mist-wreaths floats that wild pæan. "Hold up!" cries Bob. "They are swinging back again." Both turn and scamper madly back to their first halting place; beyond it, and ever further; through redwood groves, where the fog broods; through wild pastures, flower-decked haunt of deer and bee; up a ragged mountain side, furrowed and seamed; across its rock-clad peak and down again through seas of fragrant thyme; across a burnt-opening, where the shy redwood-lily blooms unseen of men; through woods of madrone and scrawny scrub oak; through brush and more brush—and still the pack gives tongue, somewhere, beyond in that illimitable fogbank. It was then, at the third brush patch, that Bob and Marin parted. "I'm going down here," he said, and turning his horse on to a lateral spur, vanishes. Poor Bob! That turn costs him the finish.

Bridle in hand, Marin picks his way around that brush patch, and when he emerges from the timber his ears are greeted by that soul-stirring melody upon the ridge itself, an instant—then, beyond it. The bear has crossed the ridge! Down, straight down, into the canyon's heart the wild chase leads. Marin rides furiously. He reaches a point above the dogs—how far above them he cannot tell—when—Ah ha! "Dinna ye hear the pibroch?" There's no mistaking that. Treed at last! He essays the steep slope on horseback, dismounts and scrambles down and ever down into the chill, wet fog. Surely he must be beneath the tree, he thinks. The din of the baying is all about him—it seems to pervade the fog, the earth, the very foliage. A hand—this Beaug's—clutches his arm and draws him forward. "Shoot thar!" says a voice. Where? But—surely, that shadowy patch in branching oak is darker, fuzzier, than the fog about it? Stay! It moved! A long, deep breath; a moment's struggle, ere mind has mastered muscle; the ivory foresight shows clear and true upon it. R-r-rip! "Mite too low!" Beaug says, "Bar's comin' down!" Hunched, with buttocks first, he comes; but the second shot strikes him fairly in the back, and with a pig-like squeal he falls among the dogs. Knife in hand, Beaug flings himself upon him, brushing the hounds aside with hairy paw, as if they were house flies. All is over. Two hounds, deep scored, limp whining back. The bear lies dead.

On Bob's horse, blindfolded with Marin's coat, ere he would consent to receive the uncanny burden, they packed the bear into camp. He was very fat, Beaug

said, but not a very large one—four years old, about; his weight, perhaps 240 pounds. It was the only bear they got, that trip; although they hunted hard two days; saw "sign" in plenty, but it was mostly old. Bob shot an otter one afternoon, sunning himself before a cleft in the rocks—his home. Trout there were in myriads, but bear hunting is close kin to strenuous toil, and when the shadows began to lengthen in the canyon, or rather, when the mist-rack floated in and wove its aerial cobwebs, that rough shake-bed within the cabin called oh, so loudly, to tired limbs and aching muscles. And yet, ye of the teeming cities, soul-weary of the never-ceasing struggle of the pit where snarling man gnaws man, what would ye give for one such week, a day, an hour?

On the morning of the 15th, the opening day for deer, Beaug packed them out, herding the animals before him like some old-time Nimrod, while Bob and Marin, on foot, hunted the gulches, and Bob secured a big Pacific buck, that is a deer whose antlers tower straight upward from the frontal bone a foot or more before they fork; and Marin scored a most inglorious miss at five short rods! Tell it not in Gath! Next day brought better luck, and he, too, got his deer, and then—the road again. Beaug, whole-souled, single-hearted Beaug, strove hard to stay them; but there were other mountains to be climbed and other canyons to be explored, and the wanderlust was in their blood.

Just here, a digression. When the war with Spain was declared, one day, through the human herd that thronged a city office, strode Beaug Bowman—a big-horn among a flock of common sheep. In that lonely ranch upon the mountain top, those two, mother and son, heard the belated news, discussed it, and with her blessing he had come 250 miles on horseback to enlist. What it cost her to give it—let some mother's aching heart reveal! And here steps in the irony of fate. It chanced that a pudgy politician, eager to exchange his title of "General," acquired by comfortably filling an arm chair in the attorney-general's office in some western State, for the less-imposing but far more honorable one of Colonel of Volunteers, was engaged in recruiting, on paper, a cavalry regiment, on the bare chance that the President might be cajoled into giving him the coveted commission. Poor, unsophisticated Beaug! He knew all the tricks of "bar an' varmint," but the "Generals" slink-eyed runners knew wiles not practiced by their kin-folk in Mendocino forests. They trapped him. For days he gnawed his heart, while his friends—there were many in the city who had bivouacked with him in his own far, free country—seeing his woe and weariness of spirit at the long delay, urged him to let the "General" and his paper regiment go, and enlist in the California Volunteers. "Can't do it, boys! I done sign; I done give mah word to the General; it's tarnation hard, but I must stick it out," he said. At length, two of Beaug's friends, without his knowledge, sought an interview with the "General" and gave that embryonic man-of-blood a talk, straight from the shoulder. He signed Beaug's release; whereupon the bear hunter let out a warwhoop, hugged the crowd to the serious detriment of their ribs, and struck a bee-line for the volunteers' rendezvous. They snapped him up, but poor Beaug's company never got nearer the firing line than Oakland. In that comparatively peaceful suburb, out by the powder works, the greatest bear hunter of California, a crack rifle shot, and one of the most expert trackers in all the West, put in the long, hot summer patrolling camp. Here his friends sought him often with gifts. Not whisky or tobacco—he never uses either—but candy! For be it known, Beaug has as sweet a tooth as any of his bears!

As Goliath labored up the slope of Red Mountain—an endless slope it seemed—the wayfarers came suddenly upon a bedraggled object seated by the roadside, head in hands. It was their friend, the tramp of Mark West. He was in a pitiful plight; one shoe was gone, the other tied on with a bit of rope, gaped widely; his clothing hung in ribbons; his whilom air of self-complacent impudence had vanished with the shoe, and when he spoke it was in whispers, broken by fits of coughing. He said that he was sick and starving. He looked both. Three days before, it seemed, he had committed the unpardonable imprudence of stealing a young porker—unpardonable, because in Mendocino no hungry man need ever ask twice at cabin door for food. He had been seen, the country-side assembled, men and dogs; they hunted the thief through canyons and up mountains; by some miracle, he baffled the trackers; wandered hopelessly bemazed; stumbled on the road, famished, half dead. What to do with him was the question that perplexed the buckboarders. They debated it, while Bob cooked a hasty meal and Marin administered a teaspoonful of quinine in a half tumbler of whisky. One thing was certain, the man was in no condition to walk. On to the buckboard they packed the tramp, and Goliath, albeit protesting, bore him to the summit, where they left him, together with a small store of venison and provisions, with a shepherd. Kind-hearted Bob supplemented this gift with \$2.50 for stage fare—"For," said he, "that camel yarn of his was all right, and, besides, I feel toward him about as the old colored mammy down in New Orleans felt toward General Butler, when she hallooed after him: 'Good-by, Massah Butler! Good-by! You's never stole nawthin' frum me, honey!'" What became of the man, they never heard.

Blue Rock—one house upon a barren, wind-swept ridge, and that vacant—did not detain the travelers, but they supped that night with the sole inhabitant of Bell Springs, an aged German. Their diplomacy was sorely taxed, ere they could gain admittance. "Dose campers vas der Teufel," he grumbled; "Dey shooted me mein olt chackass for a deer last week alretty." This remark, be it understood, was made to Bob, the best game shot of his county, and Marin maliciously told the story on their return to civilization. Unto this day, when Bob shows up with a gun, some one is sure to inquire, anxiously, whether there are any jackasses loose.

Goliath, after a night in a comfortable barn and a double ration of hay and ground barley, made a record run to where the map town of Dark Canyon should

have been, but was not. A soap box, nailed to a white oak, marked its site. Somewhere, no doubt, in the shadowy recesses of that deep, blue gulch to the right of them, was tucked away a pioneer family, striving with an united effort to wrest a tiny patch of arable land from the virgin forest; but the travelers saw nothing of them, nor could they discern their house. At noon they halted beneath a magnificent tan bark, which, with a stone monument, marks the dividing line of Mendocino and Humboldt counties. The oak, crowning the summit of the divide, was evidently a favorite stopping place for passing wayfarers, and penciled in a clerkly hand on the stone at its base, appeared the following:

Jas. M. Hedges & Wm. F. Marks
reached here on bicycles from S. F.,
in 4 days, 16 hrs., 27 minutes.

Just beneath, in the crabbed fist of one more used to plow handle than to pen, was scrawled this line:

WICH THEM SAME IS 2 LIRS.

Bob exploded. "Don't you see the picture?" he cried. "Old Mizzourah, resting his tired team, sees the inscription and laboriously spells it out, letter by letter. He has traveled this road many a year, and as he reads his mind runs over in review every grade and gulch between here and Healdsburg, let us say! He has, of course, never seen a bicycle. The more he ponders over it the more the shameless mendacity of the assertion that any human being could traverse the distance in any kind of conveyance in four days is borne irresistibly home to him. Then he gets real mad about it; climbs down; fishes in his overalls till he catches a pencil stub, and tells folks his opinion of the character of men who seek to mislead the traveling public by promulgating such a wilful lie!"

Night overtook them, before they reached Harris, which was to be their outfitting point for their deer hunt, and they pitched their camp at a spring in a little hollow beside the road. It was Marin's turn to cook, and he had just set the coffee pot on to boil when the brush crackled and out stepped a plump forked-horn, almost into the fire. It seemed little better than murder to shoot him, but the larder was bare of fresh meat and both travelers were blessed with robust appetites. The buck was dead before he knew what had happened, and his liver, minced in cubes, with red peppers, bacon, salt, thyme and butter, was stewing in a pan five minutes after he made his debut. It was a most successful first appearance, too—if the reader doubts it, let him try deer liver *à la Marin*; but let him be generous with his butter and shun lard and cottolene, and all their works!

In those days Twomey was Harris and Harris was Twomey! The persuasive personality of this anything-but-sad "exile of Erin" vivified every nook and corner of that small community. Twomey was the hotel, also the general store, eke the livery, board and feed stable, Wells, Fargo & Co., the Oregon stage station, the blacksmith's shop—in a pinch, the bank! If one subtracted Twomey from Harris, the remainder could be packed off in a gunny sack. His poll was frosted—not so his heart. His blue eyes, undimmed by years, laughed from a face, clean-shaven, save for a fringe of snowy whisker. His dress was broadcloth, with an immaculate shirt and old-fashioned black satin stock—and this in a country where the lord of 20,000 acres felt himself regally appalled if he shed his "chaps" and donned a blue flannel shirt, new overalls and a clean neckerchief! In short, Twomey looked like an ancestral portrait, and talked like an Hibernian angel who had been temporarily sojourning in southern Missouri! The voyagers required pack animals—Twomey procured two mules—created them, it almost seemed. They sought a hunting ground—Twomey knew the very place, a shepherd's deserted cabin, on the big divide over in Trinity, between Mad River and the main branch of Eel. A guide? Twomey had the man at the barn long before sun-up. Perchance, he, too, ere this has crossed that other Big Divide toward which we all are faring. *Quien sabe?* If this be so, then may the sod rest lightly on him in his long sleep, for he was a gentle, wholesome, helpful man.

Seated in the store, smoking their pipes, the evening before packing-in to Trinity, Bob's attention was attracted by the appearance of a customer. The man's dress was the wonted garb of the region, and his purchase was a "bah'l of flou-ah," but that face surely never saw daylight in a southern cabin. "Was that an Indian?" asked Bob. "Divvil a bit," answered Twomey—"That's Charley Lee, the Chinese."

"But I thought you Humboldt people drove all the Chinamen out of the county in the 'seventies and allowed none to come in since?"

"Roight ye are, me bhoys! We done that same, but Charley stayed. It was this way—this is the way it was. Ages ago, long afore Oi kum across the plains to Oregon, Charley was settled in this valley. Shure, he was a pioneer in these parts! He'd married a squaw woman and was raisin' childer and vigoitoibles, as aisy an' plisint as ye please, down in the hook of Eel River. Whin the bhoys kum in, Charley treated thim whoite. Showed thim the best locations an' was handy-loike in gettin' of thim started. Thim kum the Injun raids, an' the sojers were no good—leastwise, the Sicketerry in Washington wouldn't lit thim kill nobody—just pacify thim. Wurrat! Those were bad days for us! Iv'ry mornin' most, Oi'd hear tell of some woman or childer or lone proshpector bein' massacred by thim burnin', murtherin' divvils. So we hilt town-maytins an' called for volunteers, an' whin we foinally rounded thim up and woiped thim out at Shelter Cove, Charley was with us an' he done a man's wourk that day, he did, so he did. Whin some of the bhoys corralled a preacher an' thought as it'd look kind of rayspechtale loike to 'rect a Baptis' choorch,

Charley Lee donated all the shakes for the fince an' slabs for the foundation—an' him knowin' no more about the Sacrimints than a suckin' pig knows of dhraw poker! Whin Yreka Jack was lynched, he at-tinded. That poor haythen was as chuck full of public spoorrit, bhoys, as any Christian whoite man in the county. Well, whin the toime kum for the maytin' to droive out the Choinese, Charley was there. Big Bill Spottiswood, ye reck'leck, him that was sheriff layther, presoided, an' he read the resoloush' that after the first of May no Choinese should raymain in Humboldt undher pinilty of dith, an' it pashed wid a rush. Thin up shtood Charley Lee, an' his face was as yellow as goold an' the tears dhript from him—ah, it was pitiful! 'Bhoys,' he sez, 'It's bither hard,' sez he; 'but majorhty rules. Oi've done lived here pretty much all me loif,' sez he; 'Oi know no other home or country. Whin Oi look about me,' he sez, 'ivry face here is the face of a frind,' he sez. 'Oi have no frinds on this here earth,' sez he, 'onless they're thim a-settin' here forntin me,' sez he. 'Bhoys,' sez he, 'Oi'll go, but whin Oi think of me poor ole woife,' sez he, an' me ten childer,' sez he, 'an' the three that's buried out in the sunny shpot in our little garhden,' sez he, 'whoy'—an' he bruck down intoirely. Up joumped Hank Griswold—ah, but he was a foine man! A foine man, he was, but a bit impoolsive loike. 'Shtop that!' he cried; 'Shtop that, Charley, else, by God, there'll be morthier an' suicide in this room this minnit! Bhoys,' he sez, 'What are we? Digger Injuns, savidges, would beasts, that we can ploy this rashal thrick on Charley here? Oi'd rather have Charley's yillow hoide an' the whoite man's heart that goes wid it, than be anyone of you pack of skoonks that voted for that resolush,' sez he, plumb dishmemberin' that he had voted for it hisself. 'Oi offer a 'mendment that the foregoin' don't nohow apply to Mr. Charles Lee of Alder Crick, seein' as how he's whoite clar thro', 'ceptin' his skin, an' if ary coyote in this here room wants to vote 'gin the 'mendment, let him dhraw whin he votes, for Oi shall shooly kill him!' Of 'course, iv'ryboddy voted 'Oi,' for we all loiked Charley; an' to tell the thruth, whin the resolush' was dhrawed, what wid bein' used to considherin' of him as wan of us, nobody guv heed that he was a Choinese."

A glorious, wild, free life they led, for one short week, in that herder's cabin on Long Ridge—glorious freedom for them, but solitary confinement for poor dog Rondo. As an old-timer put it: "When God made Trinity, He chucked things in anyhow; mostly end-wise!"—Endwise, they have remained. On the evening of their arrival, they turned the old hound loose; he immediately struck a scent; ran the deer through dense timber into a gulch so cavernous that no call or whistle could penetrate it; stuck to his quarry and returned late in the forenoon of the following day, foot-sore, but with tell-tale blood flecks on his chops and a clean hoof-cut on his fore-shoulder. Thenceforward, they still-hunted, in the mornings and evenings, and fished a little sometimes between hunts. They killed four bucks—all that they cared to kill; for neither of them has ever felt that it was right to take the life of a beautiful, harmless animal, just to convert 120 pounds of carcass into 7, or, at the outside, 8 pounds, of jerked venison. Dire need alone can justify the doing of this deed; and let him who does it wantonly, forfeit the honorable name of sportsman. Packing-out time came all too soon—and what a to-do they made over it! Marin's painfully elaborated diamond hitch proved to be a granny's knot and it worked loose, of course, on the most ticklish slide on the whole mountain, and venison, camp-kit, fishing tackle and their spare gun went sailing down into the gulch. Next, Bob essayed to tighten the hind mule's girth, whereupon that gentle beast reached around and nipped a succulent chunk from the region of his short-ribs. Packing is one of the fine arts and good packers are born, not made. Item: Eternal vigilance is the price of corporal entirety, when mules are about.

Once more the buckboard, lightened of all superfluous dunnage, for a quick homeward run. Once more the ever changing panorama of ridge, glade, canyon, forest, mountain; the brief noon rest; the starry, silent night; the halt for friendly chat with wayfarer bound northward; the pause at lonely cabin door to buy bread or wild-oat hay. For Rondo's sake they tarried a day at Rowe's station in Sherwood Valley, where the true old dog got his deer and Marin saw his first gacomixle—as has been told. Then Ukiah; a waiting train; and a total cash capital of \$2.35! "Wonder if he'll cash my check," mused Marin, dubious, as he faced the old Vermonter in his little bank. He cashed it. "This is scarcely banking, sir," said Marin, first pocketing the gold. "Young man, banking's mostly a knowledge of human nater. When two sech disreputable-lookin' ruffians as you be come inter this bank and says they're professional men from the city, I knows they're tellin' me the truth. Ef you had come in here lookin' peart and wearin' a stove-pipe, you wouldn't have got a red cent, without full identification. You boys has been off on a deer hunt. Used to hunt 'em myself when I was sprier." Truly is there a free-masonry in sportscraft! May its spirit flourish!

MARIN.

It is our sad duty to announce the appearance of one of the most colossal lies of recent years. The story which the man tells is this: He has a farm on the Missouri River bottom, near Elk Valley. A week ago the river began to rise, and he saw that his land would all be submerged. He transferred his family and also his stock and movable property to higher ground. There was on his farm, so he says, exactly two miles of barbed-wire fence. It was five-wire fence, and there were 32 bars to the rod, or a grand total of 102,400 bars. Yet this industrious liar and the hired man baited every one of these bars with a small bit of meat. They finished and escaped to the bluffs just as the water came up. For twenty-six hours the water remained five feet above the top of the fence. Then the river receded, and the man went down and examined his fence. He found, so he has the assurance to say, a fish hanging from every barb except three, or 102,397 in all. There were pickerel, bass, pike, suckers, and many other varieties. They averaged 10 pounds each in weight, giving him the astonishing total of 1,023,980 pounds of fresh fish. He discharged the hired man because he had not properly baited the three bars which failed to catch any fish.—Farm and Home.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Camping in Ontario.

I.—A Windy Day.

THE wind arose in the night; and, becoming very strong, it swept through the spruce pines of our island with a prolonged "s-s-s-s-swi-i-i-ish" which, though muffled to softness in the evergreen panoply, yet denoted force. This sound and the dashing of the spray against the rocks at the water's edge, were the noises that awakened me. Peering from the doorway of our creaking shack I saw that no light of dawn was visible; yet it seemed to me I could detect a grayer shade where the surface of the lake, my ears told me, was being churned into a white froth. When, after a seemingly long period, the morning light prevailed, the guide arose and started the breakfast fire, with much stamping of boots and cracking of wood in reassurance.

The wind swept in gusts around the shack, blowing the camp-fire smoke fiercely about, and playing with the flame as if it only wished the guide's fire was a real forest conflagration, or some such wilder and bigger playmate. Swift clouds pressed upon each other in a jumbled, free-for-all race across the sky; and at odd intervals bursts of light from the now risen sun shone through the interstices in the cloud panorama, causing the rugged, wind-furrowed surface of the lake to give out a weird, unusual glister, and calling especial notice to the white trimming upon the largest of the dark waves. The old, heavy, fire-formed Indian canoe which we had found and tied to our wharf, danced about almost as lightly as if it were in the Happy Hunting Grounds obeying the spirit paddle of the red man who created it from a tree of the forest. A half dozen gulls from the not far distant bay hovered and circled over the water, now battling against and now with set wings sailing in long graceful sweeps before the gale.

My companions and I plotted continually how the wind might be outwitted. Buoyancy was in our every thought; and each of us, before actually launching the canoe, tried his muscle successfully in an imaginary battle with the waves. Because the canoe is a frail bark there is a sprightly satisfaction in feeling it takes one lightly over a wave crest, and in having it bound forward in obedience to each dip of the paddle. We swept along at a leisurely pace in the stiller waters, and then, leaving the shelter of the last of the islands in the semi-circular chain that stretched part way across the lake, we met the full force of the wind with our paddles buried. At moments our canoe seemed to stand motionless, and we were almost unable to complete the strokes; but once under the shelter of the opposite shore, such wind as reached us served only to sweep us gracefully before it as it had the gulls.

We had set our minds this day upon a sheltered little lake we knew of, and for this bit of water, which must have appeared from the sky like a sleepy eye of the woods, we now pointed our canoes. Evidently our plan conflicted with those of a mother loon, for we saw the bird swimming about with her young as we entered the lake. Immediately the old bird took alarm. She dived quickly and reappeared at some distance, calling in a frightened tremolo for her offspring. As for that little towsie-headed fellow, he seemed to have little of his mother's fear, and allowed us to approach so closely that we decided to capture him; but lo! when we went nearer, the innocent appearing young rascal dived before our eyes and was gone. But after some seconds he reappeared behind us, where he calmly ruffled his young feathers in an old fashioned way.

Fishing upon a windy day from a canoe which rises and falls with the frequent swells, which swerves about at the mercy of each new gust of wind, and in which one must sit patiently and quietly in a cramped position, is an occupation which few persons would abandon with regret after three or four hours of it. Yet, to the zealous fisherman and canoeist, it has its fascination, too. The strike of a game bass upon a windy day comes always as a surprise. The fact that the intervals between strikes are long, and that the fisherman is unable to see anything below the roily, boiling surface—even the glint of the white belly of a fish that is suddenly upturned as it attempts to take the bait—makes each tug upon the line a period of strong recurring interest. And when, after a few moments of vigorous battle, the fisherman is able to draw a small-mouth bass to the restless surface, where the swells at one instant engulf it, so that the fisherman is fearful that the fish has thrown the hook, and at another instant reveal half of its shining body, so that he is immediately reassured and begins to gloat over his prize, while a companion holds the little scales in readiness to weigh the new arrival as soon as it shall have been successfully caught in the dip net, it seems that a veritable miracle has been performed. And immediately the wonder is how any fish could have found its way in all the confusion and turmoil of the water to the bait.

Our day, even in that partially sheltered lake, was wild and reckless enough to try our endurance; but it was sweetened with an occasional circumstance of the kind which is a fisherman's moment of triumph, so that our net, when we ceased fishing for less active diversion on shore, trailed quite low in the water.

We ate our luncheon near the buildings of a deserted lumber camp that we discovered. A dreary place it was! Gloomy and forsaken the buildings stood on the shore of a little arm of the lake, quite sheltered from the wind. The glare of the now brilliant sun made the shadows in the open doorways of the neglected cabins seem dark and dungeon-like. Peering within we perceived that certain of the narrow passageways between the tiers of rough, closely built bunks which lined the walls were strung with wires, upon some of which still hung discarded coats and trousers and heavy underwear, all appearing as if they had been put there at night time to dry, as no doubt they originally had been. At one doorway a furious hissing noise that sounded in our ears like nothing we had ever heard before caused us to step back in alarm. Concluding, upon second thought, that we had disturbed a nest of rattlesnakes, we armed ourselves with clubs and crept back for a glimpse of the reptiles. The hissing continued louder than before; but, as our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we discovered that we had intruded only upon a colony of bats, for a number of the little creatures could be seen clinging to the walls; and now I knew how

uncanny had been that noise made by the evil soul of Procrustes, which "fled forth and went squeaking down to hades like a bat into the darkness of a cave."

We wandered a distance from the clearing into the woods, and stretched ourselves out at full length upon the ground near the summit and upon the sheltered side of a steep hill. By reaching out our hands we could almost touch the top branches of the pines that had their roots in the soil of the gully below; and between the upper branches of two of the trees we could look as through a window out upon the water of our sheltered lake.

How the wind droned through the forest behind us—suggesting sleep. If the woods are more lonely at one time than another, it is when the wind surges through them, for though the wind itself is company for a time, it is not unlike sweet music heard too long. Either it drowns out other sounds entirely or makes them sound distant and indistinct, always forcing its own monotonous presence in the ears until one is glad to shut them to the world and find a more animated presence in dreams. When the wind is high the finer voices of the woods are hushed. The twitterings, the love notes of the birds, are blown skyward as they are uttered, and even the penetrating call of the loon in northern woods seems to come from a great distance and to sound like a burst of Bacchanalian laughter that the wind is tossing riotously about, only now and then permitting a few notes to reach the earth. The wind, having snatched from one's very ears the pleasant sounds of the forest, seems to say in his conceit: "Here am I. Listen to me. Woo-oo-oo; woo-oo; woo-oo-oo."

Arousing ourselves finally from the stupor that was upon us, we explored the little plateau which stretched back from the top of our hill, plucking a few wild gooseberries that we found; and several times we came upon fresh evidences of deer, and it became plain, upon further investigation, that two or three of them had spent the night there. Perhaps, even at that moment, they were near at hand, for one may sometimes walk within a few rods of them and know nothing of their presence—such is the cunning of the deer, which has sense enough to save itself needless exertion when it perceives that it is not seen. Our pulses were quickened even by the thought that deer had been in that place the night previous, and by the thought that we were able to look out through the tree tops from one of their own retreats upon scenes which must have been their daily morning inspiration.

Warned at last by the waning sun, we launched our canoes with reluctance. When we entered the big open lake the wind swept upon us almost overwhelmingly, but by hugging the shore and landing frequently we crept campward, spurred by haunting visions of a supperless night in the woods. Yet there was pleasure in the struggle. Kneeling with our backs against the canoe's braces we looked straight upon every oncoming wave with thrills of joy and confidence. And our canoes rode each swell with a grace that belongs wholly to their kind, although one's prow rose now high out of the water and now seemed, for an instant, about to plunge beneath the surface. Our clothing, to be sure, was wet when we reached camp, and our appetites were keen; but we found the guide standing there before our home-like appearing shack waiting to put the finishing touches upon a bountiful supper. He smiled affably, and, pointing with a fork toward the reddening sunset, said: "Bad wind to-day. Good day to-morrow, maybe."

MILTON MARKS.

When I Am Gone.

WHEN I am gone whom would I have come round,
To make things cheerful near my grassy mound?

I'll tell you what would best
Become my place of rest:
Let my loved favorites of the field and air,
And circling forest, often visit there.

The lonesome turtle-dove
There call unto his love
At early morn, at noon or eventide,
Until his truant mate flies to his side.

The robin there be seen
Hopping o'er the green,
And stately field-lark sing his morning song,
And yellow-hammer, too, come lumb'ring long.

There from bush to bush
Should flit the gifted thrush,
Rich music make. The sweet-voiced catbird, too,
Should sing his love-song there the whole day through.

And in the tall trees near
One frequently should hear
The noisy blackbird calling to his mate
In early spring, at morn or evening late.

And there should sometimes come
And sit and beat his drum,
The gaudy woodpecker, as if he would
Awake to life the sleeper if he could.

And on some neighboring tree
A visitor should be
The old black crow, and, as he's wont to do,
Look round awhile and caw a time or two.

Then when the twilight comes,
And the whirring beetle hums,
I hope from out the wood the owl will fly,
And sound his doleful note near where I lie.

And slyly creeping out
From the stubble roundabout,
Bob White should come and perch and whistle there
In that lone place unto his lady fair.

The red-bird and the jay
I know will pick a day,
And from the thicket come to visit me,
And hop and fly about from tree to tree.

There one should often hear

That little creature queer,
The humming-bird, as busy as a bee,
Darting 'mongst the blooming shrubbery.

In gay and joyous spring,
The oriole should bring
His lady there to hang her nest on high
In some tall tree not far from where I lie.

And on a cloudy day
The chattering swallows, they,
When the rain is gone, should fly about my mot id,
Sailing swiftly low down near the ground.

And when the night is near,
The bull-bat should appear,
And fly around upon expansive wing
About the place where I am slumbering.

In snowy winter time
Should frequent there and climb
About the branches of the trees and sit
And pick the bark, sapsucker and tomtit.

And one should come there, too,
The little sparrow, who
Delights to flit around in playful rout,
Clinging to the weed-stalks roundabout.

When come the snow and sleet,
The snow-bird, too, should greet
The winter sparrow there, and there also
Pay his respects, the little Eskimo.

From early spring until
The frost is on the hill,
While other warblers wonder at his power,
The mockingbird should sing there hour by hour.

In summer time the shrike,
Upon a mullin-spike,
Should sit not far away and look as though
He'd lost a friend in him that lieth low.

And on the approach of night,
His solitary flight
The heron oft will bend o'er field and dell
To pass the place where I am resting well.

The rain-crow he should fly,
When it is hot and dry
In summer time, to some treetop that's green
And croak for rain to come refresh the scene.

When the moonlight's over all,
The whippoorwill should call,
Close by my grave his mate across the hill,
Or in the grove along the rippling rill.

If, then, when I am gone
None come to look upon
My grave but loved ones who bemoan my fall,
And these dear friends, what matters it at all?

F. A. McGUIRE.

MISSOURI.

Reforestation.

A paper by Chas. Cristadoro, of St. Paul, read before the American Forestry Congress, Minneapolis, Aug. 25, 1903.

LESS than ten years ago when one referred to forestry there was but a single stereotyped response: "What is forestry? What do you mean by it?"

The explanation that forestry in a broad sense meant firstly, the preservation of timber by intelligent and conservative lumbering, and, secondly, the perpetuation of the same through reforestation, brought forth a smile and oftener a loud laugh, and, strange to say, the man laughing loudest and longest was the one most interested—the lumberman himself.

But, "*tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*," and certainly things are different to-day, for forestry has come to stay for all time, and is already recognized broadly throughout the land. Those who best understand its meaning deeply regret that it was not better appreciated twenty years ago.

But a few years ago some broad minded members of the Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs visited the Chippewa Indian Reservation in northern Minnesota, and, after spending a few days in the vicinity of Cass and Leech lakes, as they turned their faces homeward, exclaimed: "Why cannot these beautiful forests be preserved for the people?" And suiting the action to the word they went about the work of preserving a part of these thousands of acres of crystal waters and virgin pines.

The history of their work can be written in a few words. Ridicule and opposition came from all directions, especially from some lumbermen and a few of those depending for their political welfare upon the campaign funds contributed by the lumbermen.

It was a long and stubborn fight. Appeals to the Legislature, to the Representatives of the State of Minnesota, to the public through the press, and to men of prominence, were made, but only to be met in most cases with scant consideration.

But the good work was pushed forward in the face of the fact that it was seemingly a crime in the eyes of the opposition to attempt to preserve a pine tree or to suggest the planting of one to replace the one cut down.

As one of our Representatives put it: "The forests have no other use than to be cut up into lumber, and the speedier it is done the better for all concerned." Certainly a case of "after us, the deluge!"

The fight was a bitter and stubborn one, but daily new friends of forestry were made and the cause of forestry grew apace.

One obstacle after another was overcome, and the opponents of tree preservation and reproduction laughed less and grew more and more concerned.

To ride roughshod over the sentiment that had been created was out of the question. It had come to a point where the opposition had to listen.

And finally the Morris bill, which gave to the people

for all time many thousands of acres of virgin pine, and in addition many more for the purposes of reforestation, was proposed and became a law. Thus will be perpetuated the name of one who bitterly fought the cause of forestry and reforestation in Minnesota from its inception.

Now that the wedge of forestry has been driven in we must go apace. Reforestation of cut-over and other wise unproductive lands should be the question of the day in Minnesota.

Where pine trees once grew they can be made to grow again. Soil that has once produced pine trees will sometimes grow nothing else. Heavily bouldered and stony land that once supported extensive forests of red or Norway pine can be made to produce its like again.

Unfortunately pine farming and wheat farming suggest varying temporal propositions. It takes eighty years to mature one crop and but a few months to produce the other.

And what will the pine farmer do and how will he raise the funds to meet his taxes annually while his crop is maturing? A Morgan, a Rockefeller and a Gould, we think, would balk on a proposition that meant a steady outlay for eighty years before a dividend was declared.

Therefore how can we have reforestation? The State might go into the pine raising industry, and it certainly would be a good investment for the State. And yet without going into the business itself it can help others who are willing to do so.

There are those who, if the taxes were waived by the State on their cut-over lands, might reforest them. To exact taxes on agriculturally worthless cut-over pine lands is to have them abandoned to the State to lie dormant and unproductive, a condition that carries no meaning of economy with it.

For years we have been told that our white pine stumpage was growing less and less, and in so many years it would be gone. We have heard it so often that it has been like the cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" Yet the white pine sun is fast setting beyond the horizon of Minnesota. Her days of magnificent cork pine trees are gone to return, let us hope, perhaps again to a limited extent, under reforestation.

The dismantled lumber mills along the greatest logging water way the world has ever known only too surely tell the tale. There are fewer mills running every year, and the cut is growing less and less.

The millions that have been made in the white pine forests of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota are to-day seeking investment among the giant firs, spruces and redwoods of the coast and among the cypress and yellow pine of the South. There are no more great solid bodies of white pine for sale within the former white pine belt.

That there is a crying need for reforestation within the States above mentioned cannot be questioned.

As an illustration of the advance in forestry, there are one hundred students following it up to-day as a profession and life work where there was one ten years ago.

The very men who only a short time ago smiled at the mere suggestion of forestry are to-day employing these selfsame visionary and theoretical foresters to tell them how to best handle their yet standing timber.

Forestry has not only come to stay, but to grow until the sentiment has reached that point when it will be considered a blunder not to plant a fresh pine aside the one just cut down. So may it be.

A Morning with the Squeteague.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Being on leave of absence revisiting the scenes of my boyhood, I received an invitation to visit a dear friend living in Providence; and, as an extra inducement, among other things, he said that we would go down the bay and fish for squeteague; he also said, "Be sure and bring Willie"—my son, aged fourteen. This friend, whom, for convenience, we will call the Doctor, is a prince of good fellows, bright, merry and generous almost to a fault. I had neither seen him nor his surroundings for ten long years, and I hastened to accept his invitation; and, profiting by Mr. Cristadoro's advice, I took "the boy along."

Omitting other details of the visit, I will commence the narrative of our trip down the bay after the squit. After an absence of ten years I was surprised to find how convenient and comfortable everything has become as regards travel, especially on short trips about New England. Electric cars have wholly reorganized local traffic. We left the Doctor's house one evening between 8 and 9 o'clock, neatly dressed, and carrying with us nothing but a basket of bait—live shrimp, dried and packed in sawdust. We might have caught the bait ourselves, if we had worked hard enough, but it seems that procuring bait is a greater undertaking than using it after it has been secured. The Doctor's professional duties would scarcely admit of his absence long enough both to catch and then use the bait; and as for Willie and myself, we were landlubbers from St. Louis, who, if sent for shrimp, would have known no better than to have gone to the nearest fancy grocery and purchased a can of Barataria shrimp—the kind that has a picture of a red lobster on the label. So the Doctor procured the bait from an expert; it was abundant and just what was needed. In addition to the bait we also carried a loaf of fresh bread. I have spent most of my hunting and fishing life on the plains of the West, when it was necessary, upon going out for a day or two's sport, not only to provide upon starting everything that could be needed for the entire trip, but also the mules and wagons wherewith to carry it; the Doctor's preparations consequently struck me as rather simple. I offered no suggestions, however, and awaited developments. We soon took an electric car that carried us swiftly to a point about ten miles down Narragansett Bay, called Oakland Beach. The car was spacious, comfortable and even elegant; one might almost suppose himself en route to a presidential inauguration instead of on a simple fishing trip. The only objection I can find with its service is the frequency with which the conductor came around and exacted nickels from the passengers. There is certainly room for improvement in this respect.

About 9:30 we got out at a little station with a miniature grocery beside it. We, that is, the Doctor, purchased a few potatoes, he then led the way in the dark across a field, and in a few moments we brought up at the clubhouse of the Oakland Beach Fishing Association. This clubhouse was a very small, unpretentious affair, but possessed the merit of having all that is ever required of it by the six members composing the club, and nothing else. In order to secure this desirable end, I doubt not, more real thought and care had been devoted to its arrangement than had been bestowed upon some larger and more pretentious affairs. Upon the Doctor's lighting up, we found ourselves in an unfinished frame room, about ten by fourteen, containing a small cook stove and furniture, table and chairs, well-filled cupboard and lockers, while on the ceiling joists above rested oars, rudders, rods, landing nets, gaffs and similar appliances; and still above, drawn up by neat little pulleys and cords, hung anchors, coils of rope, bait nets, fish bags and I know not what. Just off the main room opened two little alcoves, each containing a tier of two bunks well supplied with bedding, and a wardrobe fitted up with everything necessary to be worn while fishing, from rubber boots and slickers to old clothes and palm hats; so one had only to lay aside the neat dress worn down on the journey and put on one suitable to the occasion from the many at hand. A porch ran along the water side of the house; about six paces from the porch was Greenwich Bay, and between the two was a neat block of the proper size for dressing fish. Into the bay, for a short distance, projected a little boat pier, safely anchored beyond the pier were boats of various kinds, and a short distance behind the house commenced the cottages of the summer dwellers, where fresh water for the club is obtained. In order to gain a little time for the morning we got out our rods, jointed them, seated the reels and rigged the tackle; we then turned in. About this time a gentle rain commenced, and I don't know when I have been so pleasantly lulled to sleep as I was then by the patter on the low roof after our preparations were complete for fishing in the morning.

The Doctor's alarm clock summoned us at 4:30 the next day; we found the morning still and cloudy, but the rain had ceased. A fire was soon burning in the cook stove, and, while waiting for water to boil, the Doctor secured a boat from its anchorage, brought it alongside the pier, and bailed out the water from the last night's and previous rains, and we then placed in it our oars, tackle, bait, etc. We then made coffee and took a simple breakfast of bread and butter, corned beef and coffee with condensed milk, all of these stores except the bread coming from the lockers of the clubhouse. Breakfast over, we lost no time in embarking and getting under way. The boat was rigged for four oars, and Willie, having a great desire to learn to row, seized one pair while the Doctor took the other. The pull was two or three miles against the tide, and the boy picked up some idea of rowing, but, I fear, at the expense of the genial Doctor's, who had probably to furnish all the motive power and dodge Willie's oars besides. We reached the vicinity of the Black Buoy, and bailed up about six o'clock. The Doctor said that courtesy to his guests would not permit him to catch a fish till each of us had taken one, so he pottered about, showing us what to do and adjusting the boat, till soon Willie's reel burst forth into song. The Doctor gave the little fellow a few hints on managing his fish, and in course of time he had it alongside, and I laid down my rod and landed it with the net. It was a fine squeteague, and two to three pounds in weight, and lively enough on the hook. The little fellow had kept his wits about him, and had done very well with his first fish and felt a pardonable pride in its capture. While I was helping him to get his hook clear and baited again, my reel was set in motion with life, and in due season I landed my first squeteague.

For the information of unlearned readers like myself, I will explain that a squeteague or squit, a weakfish, and a sea trout are one and the same thing, squeteague being the old Indian name, the term weakfish being given doubtless on account of their mouths being easily torn out when hooked, and the term sea trout on account of a kind of lustrous marking, in appearance something like that of a trout, though they bear no relation to the family *Salmo*.

His guests having acquitted themselves fairly creditably, the Doctor set about fishing himself, and from then on till about nine o'clock business was good and we had about all the sport we could utilize. We used short Bristol bait rods with click reels; the tide running by kept our lines flat as we paid them out from the reel a little at a time with our hands, to something like forty feet; the click was of assistance when a fish was hooked, sometimes we further retarded his efforts by a regulated thumb pressure on the reel; our hooks were well baited with two or three live shrimp each. The fish bit well and we caught a fair proportion of them. It usually happened that we all three got bites about the same time, due, I suppose, to the fish passing in the vicinity of our boat in small groups. Almost every time I laid down my rod to help the boy land a fish, I would get a good one hooked on my own tackle; and all I would have to do would be to land him. This might be regarded as a reward for my paternal efforts to help my boy along, but I can't consider it very complimentary to my skill as a fisherman, the fish appearing to catch themselves better than I could catch them. The Doctor seemed to know all the arts for luring the fish to their destruction. He chummed them sometimes with bait and sometimes with sand, which he called economical bait; when they would no longer take the bait at the surface, he provided sinkers for our tackle, and we were soon catching them just as readily from a greater depth. In fact, while fishing with him, it seemed rather a simple thing to catch a good string of squeteague.

About 9 o'clock our interest began to flag, and the Doctor pulled up his anchor and told me to lift in the fish bag; we had kept this on the outside of the boat in the water so as to keep the fish alive and fresh, and as we have made no count while fishing, we had no accurate idea as to the number taken. I reached over, seized the sack, and endeavored to lift it into the boat,

but without avail; the Doctor then came to my assistance, and our united efforts succeeded in getting it out of the water and over the side—it must have weighed well on to a hundred pounds. We had observed a couple of other boats fishing in our vicinity, so we rowed over to the first one and asked, "What luck?" They had caught but one fish. We still had considerable bait left, which the Doctor bestowed upon them, receiving very grateful expressions in return. We asked them if they didn't want some fish. They admitted that they should like some but hesitated to accept any. The Doctor thereupon commenced throwing them one at a time into their boat and told them to stop him when they had enough. After the eighth had been thrown they declared they would not accept another one, so we rowed away, leaving three very grateful fishermen behind us.

We then pulled up to within hailing distance of the next boat and asked its occupants—a lady and gentleman—if they didn't want some fish. I suppose they misunderstood our motive, as the man replied rather stiffly that they preferred to catch their fish, or words of similar purport. We, nevertheless, pulled alongside their boat, and a glance showed that they had not only caught none at all, but had their tackle so fouled on their centerboard below the boat as to appear very doubtful about their getting it free again. We took three nice fish from our bag and tossed them over into the stranger's boat, telling them if they didn't want to keep them to throw them overboard, as they were still alive and would probably not be wasted. This was too much for them, and both occupants thanked us cordially and said they thought now their bad luck would change.

The algebraic resultant of the combined efforts of Willie and the Doctor at the oars finally brought us to the clubhouse. It was a good, long pull under any circumstances, and I fear it was somewhat lengthened by the boy's nautical ambition. The Doctor, however, was game, he insisted on the boy's being permitted to row, and protested against my spelling him at the oars; but he, nevertheless, looked relieved when he was finally at the house. As soon as we got the boat and tackle cleaned up and put away, we pitched in and dressed the fish nicely and packed them for the trip home. A count showed us still with thirty nice ones in our possession, thus giving us forty-one for the morning's score. We now re-kindled our fire, selected the smallest of our fish, and cooked a dinner fit for sportsmen, and then sat down and did justice to it.

While we were dressing our fish, a cat, belonging to a solitary resident of a nearby cottage, came up to where we were at work and annoyed us considerably by constantly reaching up and clawing us. We put her away gently a few times, but it did no good. Finally the Doctor picked her up and tossed her a considerable distance to his rear. He didn't hurt her any, but she unluckily fell into the briny deep and got pretty wet. When she came out she rolled in the sand, and, between the sand and the water together, she was an unusual object to behold. Unfortunately for the harmony of the camp, her owner appeared about that time, and, seeing his pet in so bedraggled a condition, inferred, I suppose, that we had endeavored to do him an injury, and at once opened a debate with us upon the subject. It developed, during the conversation that followed, that the Doctor is as good at talking as he is at fishing, and the other party withdrew from the scene. This detail has but little to do with the fishing, and I mention it merely on account of the amusement it afforded the junior member of our party. Boys seem to love a quarrel, and I doubt not to Willie this was by far the most pleasant part of the trip.

After dinner we cleaned up everything and put it away nicely in its place, dressed ourselves for the city again, locked the clubhouse, and, taking our burden of fish, wended our way across the field to the electric station, and were glad enough when we reached it. We reached home about 1 P. M., tired and happy, and spent the remainder of the afternoon in remembering grateful friends.

WM. F. FLYNN.

WOODSTOCK, Conn., Aug. 20.

The Zebra vs. the Mule.

RICHARD GUNTHER, Consul-General at Frankfort, writes: German papers say the mule will probably be replaced in the twentieth century by a more efficient animal, as it has been demonstrated that the mule, the cross between horse and donkey, is inferior to the cross between horse and zebra.

Formerly the opinion prevailed that the zebra was almost extinct. The opening up of Africa, particularly the eastern part, reveals these fine animals in large numbers.

Compared with horses and cattle, they possess peculiar advantages, as they are immune against the very dangerous horse disease of Africa and also against the deadly "tsetse" fly. The question was, therefore, raised whether the zebra could not take the place of the mule, commonly used in the Tropics. The greatest credit with reference to the solution of this problem is due to Prof. Cossar Ewart, who has been trying since 1895 to produce crosses between horses and zebras, with a view to developing an animal superior in every respect to the mule.

Three species of zebras still exist in Africa: the so-called "Grevy" zebra, on the high plateaus of Schoa; the common or mountain zebra, formerly found everywhere in South Africa; and the "Burchell" zebra, still frequently found.

Prof. Ewart produced crosses from mares of different breeds and zebra stallions of the Burchell kind. The offspring is called zebrula, and on account of its form and general bodily condition—especially the hardness of the hoofs—is specially adapted for all transport work heretofore performed by mules. The zebrula is much livelier than the mule and at least as intelligent.

The Indian Government has already experimented with zebrulas for transporting mountain artillery at Quetta.

In Germany much interest in this animal is manifested. The well-known Hagenbeck is experimenting

in this direction and intends to introduce the zebrula into Germany and America. The zoological garden at Berlin possesses some very fine specimens. The zebra stripes are often well preserved, while the undertone of the skin is generally that of the mother. A full-grown zebrula is 14 hands high and the girdle circumference about 160 centimeters (63 inches).

The experiments so far have been so successful that it is predicted that the zebrula during the present century will completely supersede the mule.

The Monkeys Counted to Three.

BUT as regards animals being able to count, a case once came under my notice where it was proved that monkeys could count up to three, but no further. A Colonel Bowker, one of Natal's most enlightened and enthusiastic naturalists, was once staying at an hotel near Durban, close to which was an oblong patch cleared in the bush and planted with mealies, which were ripe, the stalks being higher than a man's head. Monkeys were annoying the proprietor by making excursions from the bush into the field, and throwing down about fifty times as many cobs as they tackled internally. Colonel Bowker, who firmly believed that moneys could only count up to a certain number, took three friends with him into the field with guns, openly. Naturally the monkeys were not taking any lead just then. But shortly one man walked out with his gun over his shoulder, and made straight for the hotel; a second did ditto; and then a third. Then the monkeys went for that mealie patch, with, of course, the inevitable result, that some of them did not leave it!

—The Asian.

Rhode Island Agricultural Report.

PART II. of the Fifteenth Annual Report of the Rhode Island Agricultural Experiment Station, covering the years 1901-1902, shows the work done at this station in the line of horticultural investigation; and, under the Biological Division, in the investigation of various problems which have to do with poultry. Rhode Island has long been a poultry State—celebrated especially for its turkeys—but within the past few years these fowls have been attacked by various diseases which are as yet little understood. If the investigations of the Biological Survey should succeed in discovering the causes of these diseases and their remedies, it will have performed great service not only for Rhode Island, but for other States.

Natural History.

Our Batrachians and Reptiles.—VII.

AMONG vertebrated animals the *Testudinata* or turtles are as readily recognized by their shell-covered bodies and toothless, horn-covered jaws as the birds are by their feathers or the mammals by their hair. As inhabitants of the fresh waters of streams, ponds, and lakes, as well as the dry land and the coasts of the oceans and bays, they are common enough in most parts of our country to be well known to every one. Even in the larger cities they are frequently seen, for they are sent to market in great quantities. In fact, the demand for some species has become so great that they are being rapidly exterminated, and they are really more easily found in some of the larger markets than they are in their native haunts.

As has just been remarked, the most distinctive characteristic of the turtles is the shell, but as the reader is probably aware, this is subject to a great deal of variation. In all cases it covers the body both above and below, the upper portion (carapace) and the under portion (plastron) being united at the sides so as to leave, in front and behind, wide apertures through which the limbs, head and tail are extended.

In the great majority of turtles the shell is composed of bone overlaid with plates of horny material. The bony framework of the carapace consists of the dorsal vertebrae, the much expanded ribs and a number of dermal ossifications around the margin. The plastron consists of the modified clavicles and a few dermal ossifications. Upon the bone is a layer of skin containing blood vessels and upon this rest the horny plates. Of the latter there are in the carapace three rows of large plates, the median row being known as the vertebrals, and the lateral ones as the costals, and a marginal row of small plates called the marginals. On the plastron there are two rows of plates, and on the bridge which connects the plastron and carapace are a few others.

In the leatherback turtles of the ocean and the soft-shell turtles of the fresh waters the shell is leathery and flexible, and is not covered with horny plates. The underlying bony framework of the soft-shell turtles is very much like that of the hard-shelled turtles, but in the leatherback the ribs and backbone do not enter into the structure of the carapace, and to compensate for the deficiency there is a sort of mosaic of small polygonal pieces of bone forming a false roof over the rest of the skeleton.

Unfortunately there is no set of common names which can be applied with any degree of certainty to the three groups indicated in the preceding paragraphs. It is generally supposed that turtles, tortoises, and terrapins differ in some way from each other, and some of our dictionaries have attempted to show to which group each name should be applied. The name tortoise has been limited to the terrestrial forms, turtle to the aquatic species, and terrapin to those which are semi-aquatic, but both in popular and scientific literature as well as in common parlance the distinction has never been observed. The name tortoise comes from an old French word meaning twisted and alludes to the crooked, club-like legs of the common land tortoise of Europe. Turtle is probably a corruption of tortoise. Terrapin is apparently an American Indian word, and probably was first applied to the species now known as the diamond-back terrapin.

By whatever name they are known, our turtles or tortoises or terrapins are an exceedingly interesting group of animals, and deserve far more attention than is generally given to them. They are a difficult group to study, and there are not many collections complete enough to be

attractive to the few scientists who are interested in them. The last general work on our American turtles was written by Prof. Agassiz, of Harvard University, and was published over forty years ago. Since that time our knowledge of these creatures has increased considerably, but as yet no one has placed it within reach of the beginner.

By most zoologists the following three groups or sub-orders are recognized in the *Testudinata*:

1. The *Atheca*, including the leatherback turtle.
2. The *Thecophora*, including all the hard-shelled turtles.
3. The *Trionychia*, including the soft-shelled turtles.

So far as is known, the first sub-order has but a single living representative, the great leatherback turtle (*Dermatochelys coriacea*). It is apparently an inhabitant of the high seas, coming to the land only to lay its eggs. During the breeding season it is said to be not uncommon on some of the West Indies, but along our own coasts it is very rare, and is seldom captured. It is of no commercial value, and its large size leads the fisherman who finds a stray individual in his nets to liberate it rather than take the trouble to send it to some museum. The total length of a full grown specimen may be as much as eight feet and the weight over a ton. The species may be recognized at once by the leathery shell, by the limbs which are developed as flippers instead of feet for walking, and by the strongly ridged shell, the carapace having seven large longitudinal ridges and the plastron five. The shell is shield shaped, rounded in front and pointed behind, and in life is said to be mottled with black and yellow. Other common names for this animal are luth, trunk turtle, trunk back, and lyre turtle, the latter name having reference to the myth that the shell of one of these turtles was used by Mercury in the construction of his lyre.

In the suborder *Thecophora*, about two hundred and fifty species of turtles are included, and these are divided into nine or ten families. In the United States there are about fifty species representing five of the nine families. As stated before, all of these turtles have solid shells covered with plates of horn. In all the families which occur within our limits the head can be withdrawn into the shell and when in this position the neck is bent into a vertical S-shaped curve, thus contrasting with certain families of turtles found in other parts of the world in which the neck bends sideways, the S-shaped curve being horizontal.

In giving English names to the families of turtles which occur in North America we are again beset with difficulty, for in different parts of the country the same turtles will be found to have entirely different names, the name mud turtle, for example, being applied in some places to the snapping turtles, and in others to any turtle which happens to live in muddy places. With a little care, however, the following list can be understood:

1. The sea turtles, family *Cheloniidae*.
2. The snapping turtles, family *Chelydridae*.
3. The mud turtles, family *Kinosternidae*.
4. The pond turtles, family *Emydidae*.
5. The land turtles, family *Testudinidae*.

The sea turtles may be instantly recognized by their oar-like flippers in which there is no external trace of toes, except one or two nails or claws. The carapace is shield-shaped, rounded in front and pointed behind, broad

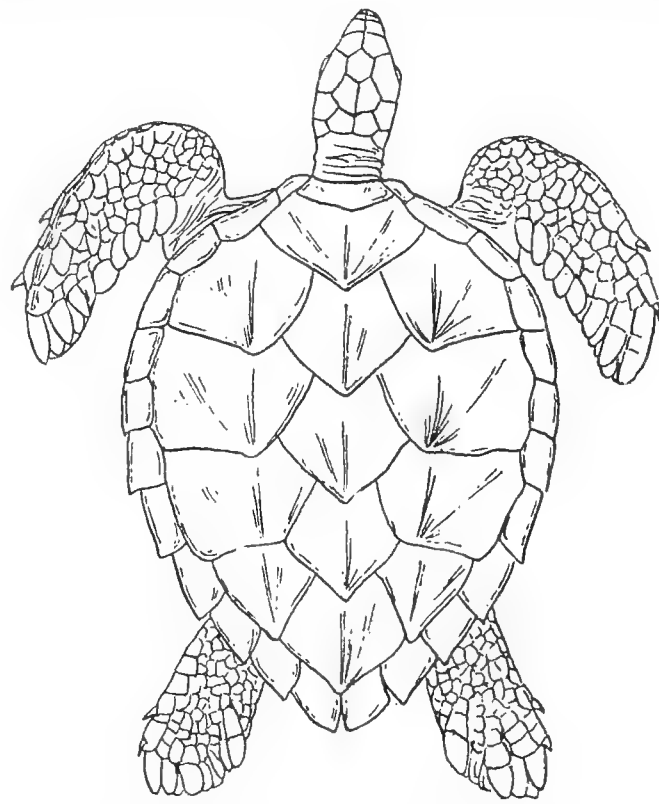


Fig. 1.—The Tortoise-Shell Turtle.

and flat and highest near the head. The common representatives of this group are the loggerhead turtle, the hawksbill turtle or tortoise-shell turtle, and the green turtle. The first and last of these may be known by the thin plates of the carapace which do not overlap to any great extent, in contrast with the second, in which the plates are thick and on the carapace overlap like the shingles on a roof. The loggerhead may be known by the very large and heavy head and the fact that the lower jaw has a smooth cutting edge. The tortoise shell turtle furnishes the tortoise shell of commerce; the other two, and especially the green turtle, are much used for food.

The family *Chelydridae* is represented by two species, the common snapping turtle and the alligator snapping turtle. The former is distributed from the Canadian lakes east of the Rocky Mountains, through the United States to Central or South America; the latter occurs in the basin of the Mississippi River as far north as southern Indiana. Both are large and repulsive looking beasts, with comparatively small shells, large heads and long tails. They may be easily known by the fact that the tail is about as long as the shell. They are savage in disposition, and their unusually strong jaws are efficient weapons of offense and defense. When attacked they usually make little effort to retreat, but rear themselves high on their legs and lunge forward, closing the jaws with a snap.

The common snapping turtle or snapper (*Chelydra serpentina*) is so well known as to require no description. Probably every boy and man who has lived near the coast or any fresh water has participated in the capture of one of these animals, and is well aware of its viciousness. The tenacity with which it will hang on to an object that it has bitten is also well known, but that it will not let go until there is thunder is a saying for which the author hesitates to vouch. The alligator snapper, apparently a rather uncommon animal, looks very much like its more abundant relative, but reaches a much larger size, and has a much larger and stronger head. In the United States National Museum there is a specimen of this species, said to be the largest on record, which measures 5 feet 4 inches in length, and which weighed 155 pounds. In speaking of the alligator snapper, Prof.

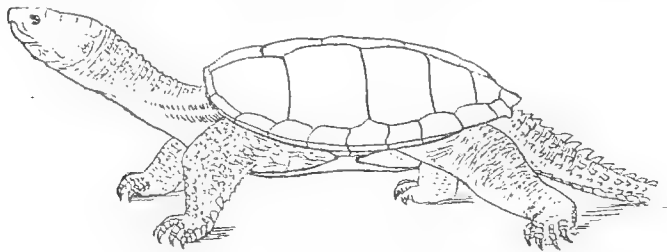


Fig. 2.—The Snapping Turtle (*Chelydra serpentina*).

Agassiz says: "They are as ferocious as the wildest beasts of prey, but the slowness of their motions, their inability to repeat the attack immediately, their awkwardness in attempting to recover their balance when they have missed their object, their haggard look, and the hideous appearance of their gaping mouth, constitute at such times a picture as ludicrous as it is fearful and revolting. Their strength is truly wonderful. I have seen a large specimen bite off a piece of plank more than an inch thick. They take hold of a stick with such tenacity that they may be carried for a considerable distance suspended to it free above the ground. Fishes and young ducks are their ordinary prey. They lay from twenty to forty or more round eggs only about the size of a small walnut, in holes which they dig in sloping banks not far from the water."

The mud turtle, family *Kinosternidae*, as regards size, stand at the opposite extreme from the snapping turtles, none of the three or four species attaining a length of over six inches. In all the mud turtles the carapace is rather narrow and high, the outline usually rising toward the back of the shell so that the bulk of the body is behind the middle. In the genus *Kinosternon* the front and back of the plastron are movable on the middle portion so that the shell can be closed. In the genus *Aromochelys*, which contains the turtles commonly known as stink pots or skill pots, from their disagreeable odor, the shell cannot be so closed. In both genera there are twenty-three small plates around the margin of the cara-

banks. These hatch in six or seven weeks, and the young go at once into the water. The growth is very uniform for the first few years, but later becomes rather irregular. In any case it is very slow, a specimen twenty-five years old and still growing measuring only five inches in length. The age in this species, and in most others as well, may be determined roughly by counting the concentric ridges on the plates of the carapace, but with advancing age these become indistinct, and at length disappear. For the winter the painted turtle digs a hole in the bank or buries itself in the mud at the bottom of the water and remains in hibernation until spring is well advanced. It is stated that this turtle, like some others, has a voice, a shrill chirp, which is uttered during the breeding season, probably to attract a mate. In the Mississippi Valley and further to the westward the painted turtle is represented by other species of the genus *Chrysemys*, which differ from it in the arrangement of the plates on the shell, the proportions, and colors, but which are essentially like it in habits.

In the salt marshes along the sea shore from Buzzard's Bay to southern Texas the famous diamond-back terrapin is found. It was formerly extremely abundant in the Chesapeake Bay, and Chesapeake terrapin, as they were commonly called, set the price in all the eastern markets, but the persistent pursuit of the animals and the barbarous method of catching and imprisoning the females has nearly exterminated the native diamond-backs, and the Chesapeake Bay supply is kept up by importations from the south. A terrapin farm, if properly conducted,

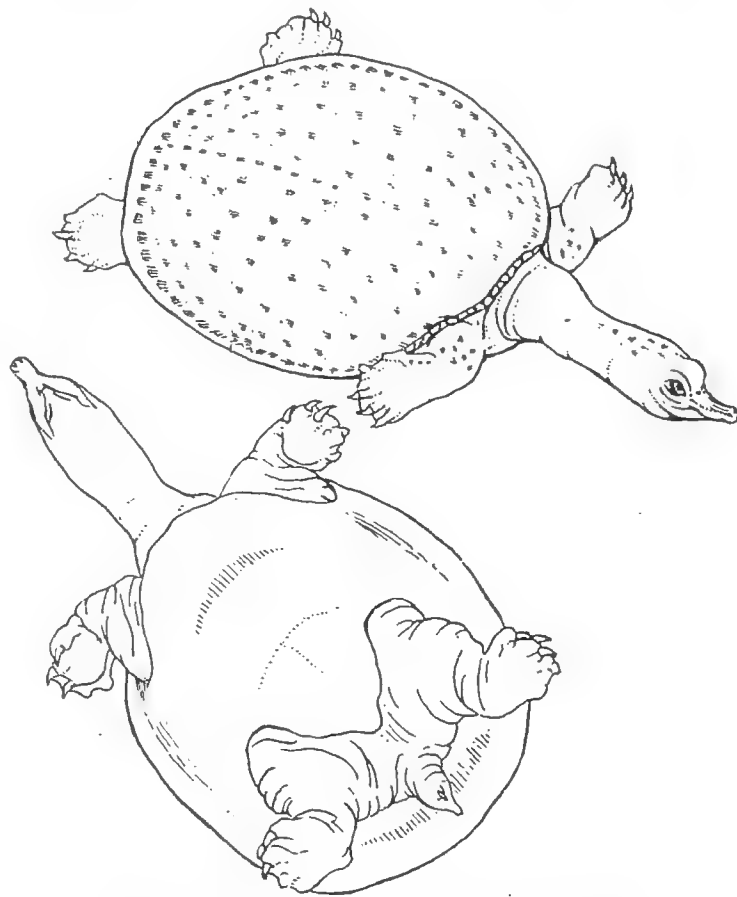


Fig. 4.—The Soft Shell Turtle (*Aspiderochelys spinifer*).

could probably be made a very profitable investment, for in captivity the females produce eggs in abundance, and the eggs hatch without difficulty. The care of the young is the only serious problem apparently, for if put back into the water with the adults they are never seen again.

Another extremely interesting group belonging to this family are the box turtles, belonging to the genus *Terrapin*, some three or four species of which inhabit the eastern half of the United States. They are strictly terrestrial in their habits, and are usually found crawling slowly about in the forests, in some places so abundantly that five or six can be captured during a short walk. They make very amusing pets, for they quickly become accustomed to captivity, and their actions are droll and ridiculous in their stateliness. The ordinary diet of the box turtles seems to consist of vegetable matter, succulent shoots of plants, fruits, and similar things, but when hunger presses they will eat insects, snails, and earthworms. They are inoffensive beasts, never offering to bite. When danger threatens they draw back into their shells, and, so to speak, close the door, for both the front and hind lobes of the plastron are movable on a fleshy hinge across the middle and can be drawn up so as to seal the opening very tightly. Although there are well authenticated records of box turtles which have lived nearly a hundred years, they have some enemies which destroy them in great numbers. The young are eaten by birds and foxes, and the adults are devoured by stronger animals, which can either crush their shells or drag out their flesh. Probably the greatest destructive agent is forest fires, the path of which is often marked by scores of whitened shells of these animals.

The family *Testudinidae* is represented in the pine barrens of the Southern States by one species (*Gopherus polyphemus*) which is commonly known there as the gopher turtle. The name alludes to its habit of burrowing in the ground, its long tunnels in favorable localities honeycombing the earth. The species lives to a great age, and reaches a length of fifteen inches. So far as is known they never enter the water. Eggs to the number of five or six are deposited by the female in a hole which she digs near the nest, and the young are left to care for themselves.

The soft-shell turtles belonging to the sub-order *Trionychia* may be recognized instantly by their flat, disk-like form and their naked, soft shells. The neck is long and slender. The head is narrow and ends in a pig-like snout, and the feet are strong and broadly webbed. The five or six species which inhabit the United States are found in streams from the Great Lakes southward to Louisiana and Texas. In the Mississippi Valley they are very common, and again in the streams of the Southern States which empty into the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean, but from the Savannah River north to the Mohawk they are not found in the Atlantic drainage. By nature they are eminently fitted for an aquatic life,

and they spend nearly the whole time in the water, where they can swim with great rapidity and find their proper food of mollusks and fishes. During warm days, however, they delight in a sun bath, and may be seen resting on logs and stones above the water. In the breeding season the female sometimes travels quite a distance on land to find a suitable position for a nest. The eggs, to the number of about twenty, are laid in holes in the sand, and on hatching the young go at once into the water.

In spite of the small size of the head, the soft-shell turtles have strong jaws which they do not hesitate to use when they are carelessly handled, and a bite from a specimen eighteen or twenty inches long would not be a laughing matter. Whenever it is possible, however, they make their escape, and even on the land can move with considerable speed. In some places they are eaten, and by those who are qualified to judge in such matters they are pronounced as equal to the best of the more highly prized food turtles.

W. P. HAY.

Birds and the Fruit Grower.

THE Rural New Yorker gives these observations and opinions on the birds and fruit question, as drawn from the experience of 1903 on the Rural's Grounds:

As the earliest strawberries paled and flushed to ripeness the robins and catbirds descended in force, selecting, as usual, the best fruits first, but later became so numerous as seriously to reduce all marketable sizes. Close covering was needed to save fair samples of certain new trial varieties. Juneberries and early cherries came next. There was a splendid crop of the former of both tree and bush kinds. The cherries were comparatively scarce, but just as acceptable to the birds. Not a ripe fruit of either species was secured except where bagged or netted for seed saving. Currants and gooseberries followed as a side issue, the destruction of the red varieties being almost complete before sufficiently ripened for use.

In previous years the fruit-eating birds have scattered as the later strawberries and cherries came on. The demand for insect food to raise the second crop of nestlings has always before saved the bramble berries from serious depredations, but this season there was only a brief intermission as the blackcap and early red raspberries colored up. The usual toll of choice fruits taken from these varieties was not grudged, as good pickings could be had by getting out early in the morning. Before the crop was gathered, however, the birds came back, bringing their families of fledglings, together with a great concourse of relatives and friends, and made short work of the remaining raspberries, a fine lot of dewberries and all the blackberries and wineberries to date. Not a berry is allowed to get to the edible stage from the human standpoint, but is promptly snatched off. Where pickings of 15 to 25 quarts should be had daily, not a good ripe fruit can be found. Since the days we explored "pokeberry clearings" in the Pennsylvania timber forests we have never seen such a persistent and clamorous gathering of berry eaters.

Grapes and apples have not yet reached a stage inviting to the birds, but we are concerned lest they may be attacked in due course. There are practically no peaches, pears or plums this year to succeed the berries. The only fruits so far ignored by the feathered pirates are mulberries, strawberry-raspberries, and the elæagnus fruits, all of which were in good quantity. The failure of the usual crop of roadside cherries and the local clearing up of waste lands and bramble thickets may account in part for the unusual destructiveness of the birds this particular season, but each successive year brings a noticeable increase in the birds infesting fruit gardens, until we may conservatively say that robins and catbirds not only form a greater menace to horticulture than the European sparrow, but are likely to cause more loss to the grower in the long run than the vagaries of our climate, insect pests and fungus diseases combined, as our present experience shows that they are capable of appropriating the entire crop before full maturity instead of a reasonable fraction, as is so often urged.

The Audubon Society and associated bird lovers have done grand work in furthering the legal protection of all harmless birds, but have gone too far in taking away the inherent right of the gardener to protect his crop from species having natural or acquired predatory traits. It is now a serious infraction of the law to kill or destroy the nests of robins, catbirds, thrushes, cedarbirds and other destructive birds in almost every State of the Union under any circumstances, and the fruit grower has absolutely no legal means of defense that is at all practicable. He should be allowed at least to rid his fruit garden of individual pests that prey on his products. It is not pleasant to think of killing birds, but in some localities they must be thinned if fruit is to be grown at all. To shoot robins or wildcats for the mere lust of slaughter is alike reprehensible in schoolboy or President, but we may be compelled in self-defense to war on unduly protected destructive birds as we do on potato beetles and codling moths. The trouble is due to misinformation regarding the life history of these birds under our present conditions of semi-domestication. The European sparrow has ceased to become especially troublesome in most places since the mantles of sentiment and protection have been withdrawn, and he may be dealt with according to discretion. The gardening fraternity has generally a kindly feeling toward bird life, and may be trusted to distinguish real friends from enemies as they come under daily observation among cultivated crops.

Many instances are recorded of alterations in the habits of native birds as affected by the rapid and dense settlement of localities. Species that were formerly able to glean their living in woodlands and pastures, often with apparent benefit to the farmer, have become annoying inhabitants of the orchard and garden, and seem disposed further to curtail their insect diet in favor of the fruits now so abundantly cultivated. It is rare in this locality to see a robin at work in the meadows in the old way, but in the fruit garden they gather in coveys. The catbird always was a sly and cunning thief, but the schoolboy prejudice against his peculiar cry quite effectually suppressed undue increase. He is graceful in

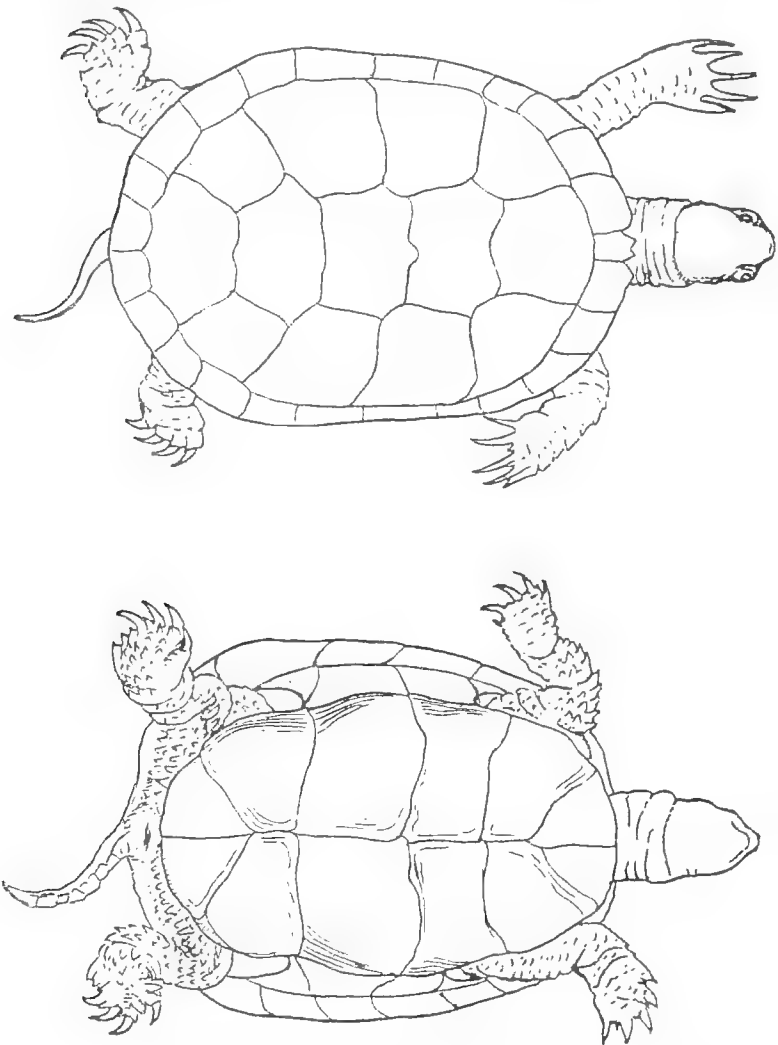


Fig. 3.—The Painted Turtle (*Chrysemys picta*).

pace, as against twenty-five in the families which follow. They are said by Agassiz to lay from three to five eggs in holes dug near the water's edge.

In the family *Emydidæ*, to which the name pond turtles has been given, there may be found an almost unbroken series leading from species which are strictly aquatic to others which are as strictly terrestrial in their habits. In the aquatic species the feet are broadly webbed and paddle-like, but in the terrestrial species they are hardly at all webbed, and are fitted for progression on land only. In all the species there are twenty-five plates around the margin of the carapace, and there are twelve plates on the plastron. A very common representative of this family in the eastern portion of the United States is the painted turtle, *Chrysemys picta*. It is an aquatic animal with a comparatively flat carapace very prettily marked with dark green, yellow, and red. It is most often seen perched on some log or stone above the water where it can enjoy the warmth of the sun, but never so far away that it cannot plunge instantly into the safe retreat on the approach of danger. Their food consists of insects, fish, frogs or worms; in fact, almost any animal diet which it can capture. The species lays about seven eggs less than three-fourths of an inch long in holes which it digs in the

form and a most agreeable vocalist when not caterwauling, but his appetite for choice cultivated berries is insistent and continuous. A pair or two about a farmhouse may well be tolerated, but their indefinite increase is to be deplored. The brown thrush is a delightful songster and an inveterate berry eater. He comes to the garden early and stays late, while his capacity for appropriating the finest fruits almost passes comprehension. He is, however, wary in nesting habits, and is not likely to increase with undue rapidity like the robins and catbirds.

The species thus far enumerated all consume insects when fruit is not to be had, and are especially active when feeding their young. In moderate numbers they will be tolerated in the future as in the past, but if the first two increase at the present rate they will put an end to fruit growing in many places. The golden-winged woodpecker or highholder—the “dicker” of Pennsylvania woodlands—seems to be an exception in resisting the modifying influences of civilization. These large and handsome woodpeckers were formerly much hunted for food, as the flesh of the young is of tolerable quality, but since the enforcement of protective bird laws they have become more numerous and confiding. They are fond of fruits, especially cherries, and will make an astonishing number of visits daily to favorite trees when in fruit, but do not forget their appetite for insects at the same time, as they may be constantly seen on the ground digging out grubs with a few strokes of their sturdy bills, from the toughest sod or baked hardpan by the roadside, as well as hammering out borers from the decaying limbs of trees. The robin, on the other hand, camps right out in your berry patch and stays as long as the fruit lasts. When he goes there is little left for the grower.

The Rural New Yorker would like definite information as to whether birds are generally more destructive to fruits this season than before. Much has been printed in former years about this really important matter, and the consensus of opinion seemed to be that certain of our native birds were learning new tricks of destruction, and were becoming serious pests of the fruit grower. Doubtless our statements will be criticised as a great outcry over the loss of a few hundred quarts of berries, but if the Rural Grounds' experience is duplicated all over the country or even in a considerable number of places, it may show the necessity of demanding legislation that will enable a grower effectually to protect his crops.

The Nest of the Lamprey Eel.

MEMBERS of the United States Fish Commission are very much interested at present in the two entirely new and curious developments of ichthyological life which have been quite recently brought to their attention. Several days ago the official in charge of the Government fish hatchery handed in his report for the month of May, to Mr. Titcomb, the official who attends to the distribution of fish about over the United States, and must be kept posted as to the progress of work at the hatcheries. In reading over this report, Mr. Titcomb was struck with the following that he had copies of it typewritten and sent to other members of the commission, as well as to leading ichthyologists throughout the country. In the following extract from the report mentioned, the chief of the Government fish hatchery describes, for the first time, the manner in which the lamprey eel builds and protects its nest, all of which he observed himself. He says:

"On May 19, a pair of lamprey eels were seen spawning in rather swift water above the rack. The larger of the pair, supposed to be a male, was probably 18 inches long, the smaller about 14 inches. Another small male was seen hovering around the nest. The nest was cleaned of sediment and gravel by fanning with their tails, at the same time holding themselves in place by fastening on to larger rocks with their suckers. When they encountered stones too large to be removed by fanning, they would fasten to them with their suckers and pull them down stream out of the way. If the stone was too large for one, they would both take hold of it, and by pulling together they would remove it. At one time they encountered a stone that was too large for the pair, when the smaller male, that was loitering around the nest, came to their assistance, and the three removed it. In pulling the stones they worked together, and never made the mistake of pulling in opposite directions. If the stones were not large they would frequently push them across the current and out of the way. I saw them remove stones as large as the bowl of a pint dipper, and that must have weighed over two pounds. After the nest was completed the female proceeded to deposit her eggs, and, after spawning, the eggs were covered by fanning fine silt and sand over them, the same as when cleaning the nest. The eggs were so small they could not be seen with the naked eye."

The other new development is equally interesting. Until the present year, the fish commission never succeeded in raising brook, speckled, rainbow, Scotch and steel-head trout, landlocked, British and Atlantic salmon in the glass display tanks of the museum and aquarium, which occupies the entire first floor of the Commission building. These fine food fishes, accustomed to clear and cold waters, were unable to survive the summers of this latitude, so that when warm weather arrived they either died or were shipped back to the stations in New England, the great lakes, the Rocky Mountains, or the mountains of North Carolina, and replaced with common bass, crappie, eels, English tench, golden ide, catfish, carp, buffalo fish, gold fish and other fish able to stand hot weather and warm water. This summer, however, visitors to the commission's museum and aquarium have been astonished over seeing all these cold water fishes in the very pink of condition, and have wondered how the commission managed to thus keep fish that can only live in cold water enough to give one swimming in it instant cramps.

The manner in which this was accomplished, however, was simple enough. Last winter the commission installed an ice plant in the basement of their build-

ing, and constructed a reservoir in the yard back of the building. A series of pipes, connecting the reservoir, ice plant, and display tanks were then installed, so that it is now possible to pump the water from the reservoir into the ice plant, cool it down to a temperature of 50 degrees, and pipe it into the display tanks containing the trout and salmon. If this water were allowed to remain in the display tanks for so much, even, as 30 minutes, it would turn warm, and to maintain it at the temperature above mentioned, it is led off immediately through a system of pipes back to the reservoir. Thus the same water is used over and over, continuously. Of course, the different species of salmon and trout come from widely separated sections, and some are used to colder waters than others, but it is impossible for the commission to prepare the water at different temperatures for each, and so 50 degrees has been adopted as coming nearer to suiting all species than any other temperature. The effect is at once noticeable in the condition of the fish. The brook trout, indigenous to New England, where the temperature of the brook waters is rarely above 50 degrees, are in fine condition. The rainbow trout, which thrive best in the mountains of Tennessee, North Carolina, Kentucky, West Virginia and Pennsylvania, are also looking well, although the water is a trifle too cool for them, while the Atlantic and landlocked salmon and Scotch trout, accustomed to the cold waters of Maine, New Brunswick, Labrador and Scotland, are not doing so well.

One of the new and attractive varieties of trout is the steel-head variety, from the north Pacific coast. This fish has been introduced by the commission into Lake Superior and Lake Michigan, where they have multiplied at an astounding rate, and reach an enormous size.—Washington Post.

Canadian Birds.

It is more than three years since the first part of the catalogue of Canadian Birds, by John Macoun, naturalist of the Geological Survey of Canada, was printed. Part II. has just been issued, and its preface bears date April 22, 1903. It includes the birds of prey, woodpeckers, flycatchers, crows, jays, and blackbirds. The volume is one of about 200 pages, and enumerates almost 200 species of birds, besides a great many sub-specific or varietal forms; for example, six forms of shore lark, four of red-winged blackbird, and four of Canada jay were observed.

The work is what it purports to be, a catalogue of Canadian birds. But it is more than that, being very fully annotated and containing a vast amount of interesting information, gathered not only by the naturalists attached to the Geological Survey, but by other observers as well. The catalogue includes the bird's English and its scientific name, and the date when the latter was given; a few lines as to the distribution of the species, quoting authorities; a more or less full account of its breeding habits, and finally a list of the museum specimens, published by the Survey. The plan of the catalogue is thus excellent, and it contains a very great deal of information in an astonishingly compact form. Prof. Macoun and his assistant, Mr. Spreadborough, as well as Mr. J. M. Macoun, naturalist to the Boundary Commission, deserve great credit for their industry.

There is strong temptation to quote freely from this interesting book, for on almost every page there is a bit of natural history that is worth referring to. We may at least speak of the occurrence of the California vulture in British Columbia, of the black vulture near Quebec, and of the silver-tailed flycatcher as far north as Manitoba, and even York Factory on Hudson Bay. If none of these occurrences are here announced for the first time, they nevertheless remain extremely interesting. Every bird lover should have this catalogue.

The Happy Hunting Grounds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Aug. 15 your intelligent correspondent, A. H. Gouraud, attributes to Mr. Hallock the suggestion that animals may enjoy an after life, and then proceeds to question the probability of such an hypothesis. I suppose this was inadvertence on his part, because the supposition is as old as the hills, and I simply introduced a comment upon the Scripture quotation (Ps. 30:7) which reads: "Thou, oh Lord, shalt save both man and beast."

In this connection, won't the editor do me the kindness to reprint a paragraph from your issue of July 25, which applies here? though with the main object to correct an unfortunate misprint in the text, where the word "inanimate" is substituted for the word incarnate, making nonsense? I wrote: "Indian folk lore teaches that animals are not lower than man, but different in mental organism and caliber, as well as in physical structure, speaking a different language, and having different viewpoints. The souls of their deceased ancestors are believed to be incarnate [not inanimate] in the animals they hunt, and they treat them always with profound respect; as the Siberians do their reindeer, never killing one without first apologizing. Indians wear the symbols of bear, wolf, beaver as totems from infancy, * * * allotting to them a future place in the immortal life."

If the very ancient belief in an after life for animals, which has obtained since before the flood, should come to naught, the poor Indian is doomed to disappointment when he arrives at his hypothetical "Happy Hunting Grounds." The like misfortune may befall us all!

CHARLES HALLOCK.

[We print Mr. Hallock's correction; but protest that we would contemplate with terror a speculative discussion of immortality for the lower animals.]

New Books Received.

Prehistoric Races of America and Other Lands, as Disclosed by Indian Traditions. By Rev. Dr. E. S. Curry, Christy, Mo. Published by the author.
The Call of the Wild. By Jack London. The Macmillan Co., New York.
Birds in their Relations to Man. A manual of economic ornithology for the United States and Canada. By Clarence M. Weed and Ned Dearborn. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

For Hunting License Laws,

Seasons for game and fish, limitation of bag, export regulations, or any other law point of any State or Province, consult the current issue of Game Laws in Brief. See advertisement elsewhere.

The Awakening of Virginia.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Legislature of Virginia, during its last session in effect re-enacted its game laws. This legislation is a great step forward, and will doubtless be highly commended by all those interested in preventing the useless slaughter of game. The object of game protection, primarily, is to preserve game from extinction, to increase the supply necessary for food and incidentally to provide sport with rod and gun.

Virginia has desirable game fields; deer abound in her mountains, wild turkeys and partridges in her woods and fields, shore birds and wild fowl in her tide water, and there is plenty of sport for the fisherman. Rightly cared for, this should be a source of wealth to the State.

Protection will increase the supply of game for the markets of the State, increase the number of men employed in the care of game and otherwise by sportsmen, entice non-residents to come within the State and expend their money in the employment of guides and the establishment of preserves and the propagation of game. The influx of non-residents is to be encouraged, as their private expenditure is great and the cost to the State of protection can be greatly reduced by exacting a license fee from every such non-resident. In return the non-resident should be treated liberally, and should be allowed to take his game with him provided it is for private use only, and under no circumstances for sale. The amount so taken can be controlled by limiting the number of birds to be killed in a day or else limiting the number to be taken out of the State. Perhaps it would be fairer to limit the number of birds to the gun for each day, and then allow the non-resident, who has paid a license fee, and perhaps, in addition, has maintained a preserve at great expense, to carry with him his game, provided the same shall not be sold or offered for sale.

Notwithstanding all natural advantages above alluded to, the game laws of Virginia have been heretofore extremely lax, and the value these resources might be made to the State seems to have been largely overlooked until the last session of the Legislature, when a bill for the better protection of game was passed.

The principal features of the bill, briefly stated, are substantially as follows: It prohibits the shooting of wild fowl by night and the use of sneak boats and artificial islands, but the law does not prohibit the use of batteries, and every sportsman knows that batteries will eventually drive out the game from any given locality. The law makes a close season for wild turkeys, pheasants or grouse, quail or partridges, and woodcock east of the Blue Ridge Mountains, between Feb. 1 and Nov. 1, and west of the Blue Ridge Mountains between Dec. 31 and Nov. 1; makes a close season for deer from Jan. 1 to Oct. 1, and a close season for wild water fowl from April 1 to Oct. 15; but allows the shooting of summer ducks after Aug. 1. The close season for shore birds is from Jan. 1 to July 20, and the law permits the shooting of robins from the 15th day of February to April 1.

It is also unlawful to shoot any game later than half an hour after sunset or earlier than half an hour before sunrise, or to shoot or hunt on Sunday.

The law also provides for the appointment of game wardens, but the number of these wardens is limited and there is no provision for their increase, nor for the appointment of an extra warden upon the petition of those willing to pay the salary of a warden. A license fee of \$10 is exacted from all non-residents, which license continues in force for six months. The money received for licenses is used to pay the game wardens.

The exportation of game from the State is prohibited, except any citizen of the State may, during the open season, ship as a gift and not for market or sale, one deer and not exceeding three wild turkeys, six pheasants, twelve wild water fowl, eighteen partridges or quail, provided such game shall be shipped exposed to public view, and shall be plainly labeled with the name and address of the donor and of the donee.

The law then provides, "Any person authorized to hunt under the laws of this State may, during the season, take with him out of the State either in his personal possession or as his baggage, on the same conveyance with him, not in a closed package, but exposed to public view, not exceeding thirty wild water fowl, fifty quail or partridges, ten pheasants or grouse, three wild turkeys, one deer, or plovers, snipe, sandpipers, willets, tattlers or curlew, not exceeding twenty-five of each, or not exceeding one hundred in the aggregate, when lawfully killed or captured by himself, provided the same be plainly labeled or tagged with the name and address of such person."

The law also protects wild birds other than game birds, their nests and eggs.

The final clause of the bill reads as follows: "Provided that nothing in this act shall be construed as repealing a special act approved March 8, 1902, restricting the shooting of wild water fowl in Black Bay and its tributaries in the county of Princess Anne."

This exception was undoubtedly intended to preserve the rest days in that county, but unfortunately, the exception is so broad it practically leaves that county without any protection as to its wild fowl, as the Act of March 8, 1902, not only does not prohibit the use of batteries, but directly provides that nothing in the act shall be construed to prohibit the shooting of a duck known as a "peler" or "blue peter," and this nullifies the rest day, as these pelers are shot from sailboats

on rest days as well as every other day, and in those waters where such shooting is carried on the duck shooting has been completely ruined. The effect of the shooting of blue peters was referred to in a communication entitled "A Disgrace to Virginia," which appeared in your valued paper of Dec. 13, 1902.

The law contains one provision which cannot be passed by without comment. It provides the Board of Supervisors of any county shall have the power to shorten the open season in their said county and may permit the shipment of wild water fowl from said county or out of the State. This is most pernicious. It virtually destroys the State law and authorizes a county law, which may differ in every county of the State, therefore making as many different game laws as there are counties in the State.

This experiment of giving the supervisors the power to enact laws, has been tried in several States, and in all has ended most disastrously, and in effect as if there were no law. If a charge was made of a violation in one county, it was always shown that the act happened in an adjacent county, and convictions were impossible. A game law is, and should be, a State measure, and not a matter of mere local legislation.

Taking it all in all, certainly the people of Virginia are to be congratulated on the passage of the bill. The lovers of game throughout the country will rejoice, and doubtless the sportsmen of Virginia, now that they have taken up the matter, will watch the operation of the law and procure additional legislation to remedy any defects in the law as it now stands. It is most respectfully suggested that the Legislature be requested to protect wild water fowl by prohibiting battery shooting and making the law apply to "pelers" or "blue peters." The open season, too, is too long, and in the writer's opinion the season should not open until Nov. 10, and certainly no shooting of wild fowl should be permitted after March 1.

Let a word be said in behalf of the summer or wood duck. This duck is almost extinct, and its killing should be prohibited for certainly a term of years, and if this be not possible, the open season should be the same as for other duck. Many of the young birds are but half grown in August, and to open the season the first of August is but to permit the complete annihilation of the species.

Cannot the potent voice of FOREST AND STREAM be raised to urge the reforms mentioned?

XPER.

NEW YORK, Aug. 17.

Adirondack Deer.

THE season for deer shooting in New York State is near at hand, and many hunters are making arrangements to be in the Adirondacks on the opening days. The law provides that the open season shall begin on Sept. 1, and continue up to Nov. 15. No person is allowed to take more than two deer in one season, and very few men outside of those who live in the woods have the opportunity of violating the provision of the law in this respect, even though they have a disposition to do so. Judging from reports received from the wilderness region of late, there seems reason for believing that deer hunters will have good sport this fall, but, of course, it is too early yet to arrive at any positive conclusion on this point. Large numbers of deer have been seen in the Adirondacks this summer, and their paths and runways traverse the woods in all directions, many of them being found in places where they have not been seen before in years. These facts encourage many enthusiastic people to believe that the cervine animals have increased considerably in numbers, but it is not always wise to jump at conclusions even when the indications all seem to point in just the direction we wish. Before accepting as conclusive the reports that deer are remarkably abundant, it is well to take certain things into consideration. In the first place the summer season is the time of all others during the year when deer most frequent the water, and as most visitors to the woods spend the greater part of their vacation on the lakes and streams, it stands to reason that they will be apt to see deer, the conditions being exceptionally favorable for it. Naturally the deer are quite tame now, as no shooting is allowed until fall and dogs are not permitted to chase them. Then there is another thing to be looked at and that is the fact that the extensive forest fires which prevailed last spring and which destroyed a vast amount of vegetation, obliged many of the deer to shift their feeding grounds. In some instances this change has brought them nearer to the outskirts of the wilderness and in closer proximity to human habitations and much-used lines of travel; hence the greater frequency with which they are seen. No doubt this fact also accounts to a considerable extent for the establishment of new runways in localities where they have been hitherto unknown.

Men who have had long experience in deer hunting have learned not to place too much reliance on reports of the great abundance of deer, which are based solely on the numbers seen during the summer, for it has happened repeatedly that the expectations thus aroused early in the season have not been realized. On the contrary there have been two or three years within the past decade when, though deer were reported plentiful in August, hunters found it almost impossible to catch a glimpse of one during September and October. The animals appeared to have vanished as soon as the shooting season opened, and they remained out of harm's way until very near its close. Sportsmen were completely mystified, as they could not even find fresh signs of deer in the localities where only a short time previous they had been seen in considerable numbers, but they were even more surprised during the last week or two of the open season by a complete reversal of the conditions and the reappearance of deer everywhere in the wilderness region.

The result of the hunters' work in these years was that there were more deer killed during the last fortnight of the hunting season than in the entire eight or nine weeks preceding. The best explanation of the strange disappearance and reappearance of the deer in the years referred to appears to be that as soon as the shooting season began the animals forsook their

summer haunts and retreated to the most secluded portions of the woods, remaining there until cold weather and occasional snowstorms caused them to make another change of base preparatory to going into winter quarters. Whether or not the shooting influenced their actions is immaterial, as it cannot alter the fact. Of course it is possible that somewhat similar conditions may prevail this fall and that the deer, which now seem so plentiful throughout the Adirondacks, may make themselves scarce immediately after Sept. 1. If the deer continue to show themselves as frequently and conspicuously after the shooting period begins as they have done lately, hunters may expect to have splendid success at the outset. On the other hand, if the game acts as it has been known to do in the past, the amateur hunter cannot hope to have much luck prior to Nov. 1, unless he secures a good guide and penetrates to the least frequented parts of the wilderness. It would be a source of extreme gratification to veteran hunters to be able to believe that deer are more numerous in the Adirondacks at present than they were last year or in other recent preceding years, but additional evidence will be required to convince those who are familiar with the existing conditions in that region that such is the case. It is altogether probable that a much more intelligent and accurate opinion in regard to this matter can be formed by the middle of November.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 24.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A New Day for the Western Forests.

CHICAGO, Ill., August 22.—Considerable attention has been given by FOREST AND STREAM during the past few years to the question arising in connection with the establishment of the national reserve, popularly known as the Minnesota National Park. The latter name, as applied to this new possession of the American people, is simply an incidental one, and indeed is in some sense a misnomer. This great park, near the headwaters of the greatest American river, is in no sense a State affair, but one in which the people not only of the West, but of all America are intimately concerned.

They are so concerned perhaps more deeply than at present they realize. They may perhaps not for years, perhaps never, be able to take personal advantage of this little portion of the wilderness which the wisdom and foresight of a few men have secured for them and their successors, yet they are now, and presently will be far more vitally affected by the animating principles connected with the project of this park.

In brief, the establishment of the Minnesota National Park has made not so much for the accomplishment of an enterprise conceded to be laudable, not so much for the added attractiveness of a great State wonderfully endowed in natural charm, not so much even for success in a praiseworthy and hard fought personal campaign on the part of those who won it through, as it has for the utter change and revolution of the hitherto existing attitude of the American people toward its own natural possessions. The Minnesota National Park as it exists today is a small body of land. Presently, as we shall show, it may be larger, very much larger; but identified with it are many greater things than can be assigned to its too narrow boundaries.

One of these things is the fact that the Government of America to-day admits that there is no West, that indeed there is no America such as that which once we knew. It admits that the forests of this country, so long wastefully and ruthlessly destroyed and stolen by a few, were worthy and are worthy of a better fate. It says to-day—though that fact is perhaps not well established in the mind of the average reader—that from and after the establishment of the Minnesota National Park the Government of the United States, which is to say the people of the United States, will no longer ignorantly sell to an unscrupulous few the pine bearing lands at a price of a pittance to the acre. Realizing all too late the value of this pine timber, the Government resolves from this day to sell not the land but the pine itself, and that under rules, restrictions and reservations. At last, all too late, we are beginning to take stock of our goods and to propose to market them hereafter upon principles more nearly allied with business sense and common justice. This, then, is the great story connected with the unselfish project of the establishment of this miniature National Park in the upper pine lands of Minnesota.

Details of the Reservation.

The national park, as it now exists under the Morris bill, comprises about 830,000 acres in all. Of this about 218,000 acres is made up of water. Indian lands cover about 150,000 acres more. Under the United States forestry regulations comes the great acreage of 460,000 acres, made up of all the forty acre tracts on which there is merchantable pine. There are about 260,000 acres on which there is not pine enough to redeem the land from its designation of agricultural lands. This acreage was, in the opinion of Congress, too great to be left intact as to its standing timber. It is to be forested under the regulations of the United States Government, except the island in Cass Lake, the great peninsula on Leech Lake, and about 12,000 acres of other land, about 25,000 acres of the tract being thus left absolutely virgin forest. Perhaps this is all the Government can afford at first. There is some fear that the little island in Cass Lake, known as Cooper Island, may cost the United States Government nearly a million dollars in purchase money from the Indians, who are entitled to that pine as much as any.

Now it is proposed in this bill which Col. Cooper will present next winter to Congress to increase this acreage by large tracts of cut-off pine lands, which will be deeded by their owners to the United States Government to be held in trust under United States forestry regulations, the new growing timber of such denuded lands later to be sold under Government reservations and regulations for the benefit of the heirs, successors or representatives of such devisors.

Good Game Cover.

This apparently has no specially attractive sound. But have you watched the swift way in which nature covers up her scars? Watch the sudden up-springing of the poplars, the maples, the soft wood trees, indeed of the little pines, over a tract which has once been cut off or burned over, provided only that the perpetually devastating forest fires be kept from such tract. As a matter of fact, a few years will serve to make a lumbered-off pine country once more into a lesser wilderness, with cover complete enough for the wild game and the wild waters. Hence, even before Col. Cooper and the rest of us are taken from this scene, there will be growing up all around the headwaters of the Mississippi River what one may hope to be able to call the first increment, the first addition to the Minnesota National Park. The virtue of the Cooper proposition, which will in all likelihood find expression in Congressional enactment, lies in the fact that to establish a wilderness you must keep out forest fires. It is expected that the United States Government will put all this tract, present and to be, under the vigilant guardianship of regularly trained fire wardens, many of whom will in all likelihood be drawn from the ranks of the native Indians, than whom no better fire wardens ever could be found.

The West that Was.

So this, then, is the history of at least one part of the West which has seen change; of a West which, let us hope, may still be preserved and retained and handed down at least in some part of its former beauty and dignity to the generation of sportsmen and wilderness lovers yet to come. If the FOREST AND STREAM in its humble way has done anything to make obvious the record of this enterprise and to place the credit thereof where it is properly due, it will, I am sure, never have occasion to regret that fact.

"Thirty."

So much for a little part of the outdoor history of that West which was this writer's native country. For many years I have wandered in one part or another of that West, and have loved it all. For very many years I have been privileged to write about it, as best I might in my own feeble way, in the pages of a journal always clean and dignified and strong and useful. Given an unusually free hand in my humble journalistic connection, I have been privileged beyond many of my fellow men in learning about many quarters of this West, though I am sure I love it no more than many others who know it. In this work, this undertaking as much of love as of labor, I have made a great many acquaintances and I hope a few friends. They are very dear to me. I love them all, every one.

Once upon a time there was a telegraph editor whose name is now forgotten, but whose sign manual under the code was just the number "30." He handled all the late telegraph news, and when the boys early in the morning got his signature, "30," they knew that all the stuff was in and that they could close up the forms. Therefore, after newspaper fashion, the sign of "30" came to mean that it was the end, that everything was finished; and to-day the character "30" on newspaper copy means "that's all."

It means that the story is told. Therefore it means, sometimes, good-by. I don't like to say just how I feel as I write to-night under my copy the old newspaper sign of "30."

E. HOUGH.

ASHLAND BLOCK, Chicago, Ill.

The Connecticut Trespass Law.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, Mr. Shurter, says: "Now I ask in all candor, and with envy and hatred toward none, is it wise to advocate a policy which is almost certain to bring ruin and destruction on the very things which we wish to preserve?" "In all candor" I answer no!—emphatically, no! And this is the identical reason why every description of game preserve should be encouraged—State, national, the poor man's and the rich man's. The discouragement of game preserves of any description invites the "ruin and destruction" of forests and game.

As proof of my claim that the rich man's preserve helps to stock the surrounding country with game, through its overflow, and that "it may possibly convince" Mr. Shurter "that there are two sides to this game preserve question," I submit the following Associated Press report to his careful consideration:

"FORCED TO FREE DEER.

"A Thousand Head to be Turned Loose to Prevent Starvation.

"Stroudsburg, Penn., Aug. 14.—A thousand deer are to be liberated from Buckwood Park, owned by C. C. Worthington, of New York, in a few days. The animals have multiplied so rapidly that they will starve unless freed. There are now over 2,000 deer in the park, and they have cleaned up nearly all the food to be had.

"Superintendent Smith intends to let down some parts of the fence inclosing the park and let the animals roam out wherever they choose. Farmers near the park do not favor the liberation, fearing the deer will do damage to their property. Eleven years ago nineteen deer were placed in the park, which covers thousands of acres, and the animals have multiplied rapidly. One hundred or so have been killed by hunting parties."

Then there is the note from Von W., in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 15. "I can only attribute the great number of deer seen in this vicinity, on both sides of the Connecticut River, within the past two years, in one case seven in a herd, to the overflow of the Blue Mountain Park twenty miles north of here, established by the late Austin Corbin." And right here, in the State of Connecticut, no one even dreamed a few years ago that deer would ever again be seen. But they are with us in increasing numbers, and much of the credit for this state of affairs is due to the fact that some of the animals escaped from a carload on their way to the preserve of William C. Whitney. All of which makes

to prove that the big private preserve is not "foolish in policy," simply because "it arouses bitter animosities," and "incites the spirit of revenge" in the criminal element. It can incite that spirit in no lawful element, and no law-abiding citizen can harbor anything but feelings of the deepest and most fearless contempt for the acts of the criminal.

Another side to this question is that agitation against landowners lawfully doing as they please with their land, is surely harming the cause of those who go a-field with dog, gun and rifle. As proof of this, I point to the law recently enacted by the Connecticut Legislature. It is no longer required that land shall be posted, whether wild or cultivated. Any trespasser may now be taken into custody without warning. And this is owing to trampling on the rights of those who own the land by those who don't. Agitation which steps on the toes of one landowner treads on the corns of another. The law reads:

Every person who shall throw down or leave open any bars, gate, or fence upon the land of another, or who shall enter upon the land of another without permission of the owner, occupant, or person in charge thereof for the purpose of hunting, trapping, fishing or taking or destroying the nests or eggs of birds, or bee hunting, or gathering nuts, fruits, or berries, shall be fined not more than fifty dollars, or imprisoned not more than thirty days, or both. The possession by any person, while trespassing upon the land of another, of a gun, dog, ferret, or fish rod, shall be deemed prima facie evidence of his intention of hunting or fishing thereon.

The owner, occupant, or person in charge of the land, or such persons as he may command to assist him, may arrest any person violating any of the provisions of the preceding section, and forthwith take him before some proper authority, who shall, upon complaint of the proper prosecuting officer, proceed to try such person.

The farmers had more to do with framing that law than any other element.

"If preserves are necessary let them be State or national preserves, and let everybody stand upon an equal footing with respect to them."

Everybody should and would stand upon an equal footing in that case. And I, for one, am heartily in favor of such preserves. But this neither argues that there should be no private preserves, nor that everybody should "stand on an equal footing" with the individual who owns, and pays the taxes on, a private preserve, in the enjoyment of the same. And no individual who is conscientiously working within the laws of this land, need or will fear threats of revolution, disaster, ruin, etc., etc. Such yarns carry one in memory back to the spooky fables of childhood, and should be classed with the same. They frighten only the imaginations which give them birth.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

HIGHWOOD, Conn., Aug. 21.

Sportsmen And.

See you now,
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth;
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlances, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out—
You have me, have you not?
—Polonius.

Veritatis simplex oratio est. Stet.

It is dangerous for contributors to FOREST AND STREAM to step out of the conventional covers and thickets into open ground. Hunters watch so narrowly. If a fellow makes a little bound or two and kicks up his heels, he is not only in danger of being shot with foreign phrases, from any corner of the world, but sleepy stags all about him prod him with their tines to scare him into the bushes again!

It has taken me a goodly number of years to accumulate what I consider a few authentic things relating to nature and mankind, but when I try to put some valued assertion upon record, other fellows shoot Latin, and philosophy as old as Latin, my way. Even the broad-gauge editor of this journal either fails to understand me, or he refuses to indorse my philosophy without reservations—but diplomacy is quite essential to any good captain or pilot. Even sky pilots—

"E'en ministers tha' ha' been ken'd
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid at times to vend,
And nail 't wi' Scripture.

And so, when those of wisdom and of reach do not indorse me openly, I lay it all to diplomacy of one kind or another, so that I am not jarred.

The trouble is that if I try to make a bland assertion, without qualifying it into obscurity, they jump upon me under the pretext that I am egotistic, dogmatic, or that I am describing an elephant blindly by the way it feels!

As instance, when I indorse Government preserves of wilderness and game, as well as private preserves, folks persist in advocating State reserves to which the public shall have free access (with measures taken that no one shall interfere with everyone taking everything!), and this with any number of great States destitute of all large game and much wild territory denuded of everything of value that was capable of being taken.

Does it conform with the motto: "The greatest good to the greatest number" that every deer and every beaver in a great State like Illinois should be exterminated in a period of forty or fifty years? That many of the States having no private preserves or national parks are as destitute of game, and forests, too, as Illinois, who will deny? Was it this policy to permit nearly every buffalo of a vast region to be the sport of the "people" until every living animal on the "play-ground" was destroyed?

As instance, when I assert that "in many cases it is the men who kill animals directly who are most active in preserving and increasing the animals for a useful purpose. The men who shoot game are at the present time the most earnest in efforts to protect and provide for it." Your correspondent, Mr. Abbott H. Thayer, asks if I mean this for a joke! Again, when I write, "Whoever hears of any one except sportsmen doing anything to protect game animals or birds or fish?" Mr. Thayer says I should know about the Biological

Survey and naturalists that are at work preserving species.

Now, the difficulty here is the old matter of defining that word "sportsman." Mr. Thayer forgets that the most active members of the Biological Survey, and the wisest naturalists, may be sportsmen also. He seems to catalogue sportsmen, as many other people do, as "men who kill game," or as Didymus did three or four years ago when he wrote "Sportsmen are men who shoot, and let it go at that."

The facts of the topic are that the word "sportsman" does not fit the men who contribute substance to these columns, for, in the minds of many, a sportsman is a sort of pot or market shooter; merely this and nothing more. But this is a worn theme. Three or four years ago I tried to tell FOREST AND STREAM that the word sportsman was a misfit, but I was like the Hollander shearing hogs—there was a great outcry, little wool.

As far as the word defines the class of writers who contribute to this journal, it would be as explicit to leave the "sports" off and call them men, perhaps, better, for they would not then be confused in the minds of many with all the sports in the category of human diversity. In the perspective I see, in my mind's eye, as I recall what I can of twenty-five years' reading of this journal, I conjure into being many explorers, naturalists, deep thinkers and students, artists with pen and pencil, poets and philosophers, with not a few profound scientists. With all my conjuring I cannot collect any notable group of real sports.

Doubtless the old word will stand, for it has stood terrific strain. But it chafes like cockle-burrs to have a tyroic paragraph like the following fired into us:

"As a choice of evils it (the Biological Survey) often joins ranks with sportsmen, preferring to keep up a species even for them to decimate rather than to see it vanish altogether."

Again, "Look at these two forces, side by side, in the effort to preserve game. The naturalists striving to save it to study and admire, * * * the sportsmen that they may kill it! Would any disinterested judge hesitate as to which of these attitudes is most representative of humanity's hopes to-day?"

The burrs chafe. But it is because Mr. Thayer has pot-shooters in his perspective and thinks them sportsmen. Webster's dictionary of the English language helps him to fortify his position while he fires such chain shot into us. *Ohe! jam satis.*

CHARLES L. PAIGE.

CALIFORNIA.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Two Sebago Salmon.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I recently had the opportunity to see two mounted specimens of landlocked salmon, such as an angler seldom has the chance to land. These were in the store of my neighbor in Brighton, which constitutes one of the suburban wards in Boston.

The proud possessor of these fish is Mr. T. F. Horrigan, as ardent and enthusiastic an angler as ever lived. One of the salmon, a female, weighed 17 pounds, as it came from the water, and its mate, a male, weighed 13½ pounds.

The story of the capture of these is as follows:

Mr. Horrigan and his wife were spending some days at Sebago Lake, Me., in the latter part of July, they having gone there for the purpose of salmon fishing. When they arrived the reports were somewhat discouraging, and the outlook gave little promise of success. They were told that people who had fished the lake for day after day had failed to land a single salmon, and the chances of their return to Boston with unfulfilled hopes as their traveling companion were more probable than any other result.

But the true sportsman is seldom balked by adverse reports of this kind, and that proved to be true in this case. Mr. Horrigan secured the services of Tom Hill as a guide, and started out to try his luck late in the afternoon of July 23. His wife did not go with him, as he expected to do little beyond "trying the ground." It chanced, however, that there was an exceptionally good run of smelts at the surface that afternoon, and as these are the food preferred by landlocked salmon, the latter were also higher in the water than they had been found for some time previously. It was not long, therefore, before Mr. Horrigan had a strike. And as the fish repeatedly sprang high in the air, and he could see the bulk of it and also more fully realize its strength and fighting capacity, he appreciated the task of bringing to net, with a six-ounce rod, a salmon of such proportions. Meanwhile the fish rushed as only "the gamest fish that swims" is capable of; it sprang into the air and fell splashing into the water, always trying to shake itself free from the hook that had pierced its lip. But there was a cool, experienced head and a steady hand at the other end of the line; also a keen appreciation of the fact that, with a slight rod and a fish not too strongly hooked, nothing short of care and skill could achieve victory. This was a contest where "giving him the butt" and "reeling him right in" could not be seriously considered—at least, until the storage battery of strength that at first animated the active fish, was exhausted to a considerable degree. Finally brute force yielded to human skill. The salmon was gradually brought near the boat, its noble proportions showing more plainly as it floated on its side, no longer able to struggle, and its dark spots and blue back contrasting with the silver iridescence of its lower parts. It was a moment of anxiety as well as exultation for angler; the moment of all the contest when he felt the keenest concern. For as the fish floated slowly in, Horrigan's keen eye had noted that the hook had only a slight hold, and the smallest error in using the landing net might cause the loss of the prize, so eagerly longed for. "Be sure and get the net

well under him and don't touch the hook," was the caution given to the guide, whose long experience had taught him what to do. Nevertheless, the net caught the hook, which quickly slipped from its hold and left the salmon floating—helpless to be sure, as it chanced, but with nothing to restrain him if, perchance, he had gained sufficient strength just then to move away.

"Quick! quick! get that net under him!" excitedly cried Horrigan, as he thought his treasure was about to slip from his grasp. But no sooner said than done, for instantly the bowed net was slid under the fish, and, before it had a chance to flirt its tail, it was lifted into the boat.

It is unnecessary to go into details about the triumph that shone in the captor's eyes; every angler can guess what it was like, especially if the has won victory where he scarcely dared look for it.

Did he throw in again? No. Great as the temptation was he did a manlier thing, he requested his guide to row to the shore as soon as could be, so that he could get his wife. Shortly thereafter they were all back at the same spot, and Mrs. Horrigan was told where it was thought she could get a rise. The cast was made, when, almost immediately, whiz, whirr, went the reel, a big salmon leaped into view and the second battle was on.

It goes without saying that Mr. Horrigan "coached" his wife with as much zeal and interest as would be shown by a professional coach when training a boat's crew for a regatta. "Give him the butt, a little. Easy on him, now! Don't let him get slack line on you! Your sleeves bother you, do they? Then let me roll them up. That collar is choking you, is it? I guess tain't quite the thing for this kind of exercise. You watch your fish and I'll get that collar off."

And off it came, with less ceremony, perhaps, than might have been observed under other circumstances, but the lady's sporting blood was now at high tension and she didn't even enter the gentlest protest. Her eyes shone with the light of battle, as her shapely bare arms bent hither and thither, following the movements of the struggling fish.

After one leap the salmon sulked and played deep, but he fought well, nevertheless. It was exciting, and the intensity of the sport was evidenced when Mrs. Horrigan turned to the guide, saying: "If I land that fish I'll give you \$5." "And I'll give you another five," exclaimed her husband.

It is probable that the guide, whose blood was up, too, might have done all possible without the spur of this promised reward. However that may be, it is not supposable that he felt less satisfied with the result when the old "hook-jaw" lay in the bottom of the boat, and two crisp bills were laid in his hand.

"Now, we'll go home," said Horrigan, and both he and his wife agreed that their experience was "quite enough sport for them at one time."

But the catching of the fish was not the sole satisfaction secured, for this generous sportsman shared with his friends the pleasure of eating the fish. The writer received a liberal piece of it, and enjoyed the gastronomic feast most fully, although ready to concede that the real edge of zestful appetite is known alone to the victorious angler, after he has landed this royal game fish. J. W. COLLINS.

Camp of the Oak Leaf Club.

WHEN the latter part of May came and the pleasant weather naturally suggested, to the person who loves to live, an outing of some kind during the weeks to follow, the Oak Leaf Rod and Gun Club met, making final arrangements preparatory to the departure on June 1.

The number consisted of two families of two and a third family that had in it a third member, a daughter about eleven years of age, who was the "Little Nell" of our camp.

June 1. The hour of 8:30 o'clock found us starting for Camp Mary Ann on the Rocky Fork of Licking River, near the ruins of what once was the Mary Ann Furnace. Arriving at 1 P. M., we pitched our tents and prepared to dine. Ever ready for camp life, the anglers started to try their luck in Rocky Fork. The first great splash was not a great fish, but one of the number had already been initiated by falling in.

Returned toward evening with two black bass, one weighing 2 pounds and one 3.

The saying that you must not question a fisherman as to the weight of his fish for the scales may be found wanting, does not apply to the members of our club, as they fish for the sport of it and not for pounds of fish. If any chance to see the diary kept by us of our outing, they can rely upon the truth of it, for it is a simple record with the genuineness of the fun left out, as that cannot be pictured by the pen.

June 2 found us all alive and well after a good night's rest and ready for another day, which was begun by taking a picture just after breakfast.

Seven black bass, ranging from 3 pounds down, and three fine channel catfish were the record of the second day.

The third day the catch was increased to nine bass, and we lost the three cats, stolen, as we supposed, while we had trusted to the honesty of our neighbors, and left the camp unguarded.

Investigation revealed the fact that they had escaped through a hole in the keep.

Upon the return of the men in the evening, they were asked to solve a problem, one probably not so difficult as the one about the fox, the goose and the corn, but how four ladies who wished to buy milk and eggs on the other side of the creek had crossed with only two pair of rubber boots that had been left in the camp.

June 4. We took some snapshots, fording the stream, just before the fish; also a group, including our visitors, who had arrived after a ten-mile ride and found us at the breakfast table. They were neighbors at home and had brought us the newspapers, the letters from our friends and other mail, with business letters, that reminded us of business cares that we would rather not hear of in our present surroundings.

We had almost forgotten in the few days away that there were such things as trolley cars, offices and electric lights.

The harshest note that broke the stillness there was the bass solo of the frog and the evening song of the whippoorwill.

June 5. A rainy morning. Got up late, late breakfast and late dinner. The day was spent in lounging about the camp until late in the afternoon, when it cleared off, and we went, taking pictures above the furnace.

On the 6th we broke camp at Mary Ann, and were en route for a new camp on the bank of the Wakatomaka by 7 o'clock. The camp at Mary Ann might have been more pleasant had the fishermen had better luck. The weather prophet had some sort of a spite at us, too, having a too plentiful supply of rainy weather on hand to suit camp life. At starting all were jubilant and continued to be so, singing and enjoying the beautiful scenery until the continued rain dampened our ardor, and when we were compelled to sit in puddles of water which had collected in the canvas that covered the load, and on top of which we sat, we were a blue looking crowd. We arrived at Frampton and soon had the tents pitched and dinner ready. The hospitality of the people soon made us forget our long rainy journey. The greatest catch so far, a two-hours' fish, resulted in bringing in about 20 pounds of bass.

June 7. Sunday morning showery. Spent very different from most Sundays. Nearly all the clothing and bedding belonging to the camp was wet. Every time the sun came out it was all hung on the line, and every time a sprinkle of rain was felt the alarm was sounded and all hands joined in bringing the things in.

Dinner was at 2:30, and scarcely over when company arrived, friends we had made when on a hunting trip. The faithful dogs, who did the fielding for us at that time, we had with us on our fishing trip, but they amused themselves by swimming in the stream, or running at will, sometimes making points on quail, but all in vain, for there was no report from a gun, only as we amused ourselves shooting at a mark.

June 8. The creek was muddy. A rain at the headwaters had raised it and spoiled the fishing. The men divided, one going down stream frogging having splendid luck; while the rest fished with the ladies near the camp. As the labor of fishing was very light, when evening came all seemed to have an unusual amount of energy on hand.

When the campfire had burned low and we were getting drowsy and began to think of retiring, one of the number, whom we had nicknamed Happy Bob, and who was always a little more hilarious than the rest, decided to entertain us in front of the big tent.

This was the second performance of the kind given by him, and was pronounced a grand success. The music was furnished by his assistant, Doc, on their bass drum, a store box and a big stick. Happy Bob performed in cream-colored tights to the music of the drum, and you may know did some graceful feats. The man who lived next to our camp, declared to us the next morning that he had seen a ghost, and no one doubted his word.

June 9. Creek still muddy and no fishing in the forenoon. About noon "Dad," who had been deprived of any part in the performance of the previous evening, ushered into camp a large turtle that had been captured along the creek. He had fastened to it eight or ten feet of rope and would start after us, one at a time, throwing the turtle to the end of the string. A stampede followed, and was ended when the turtle had been nailed to a tree and beheaded.

The evening of the 9th, Tuesday of the second week, the spirits of the fishermen were raised by another large catch of about a dozen fine bass.

June 10. Nine bass were brought in.

June 11. When camping, after you have cooked what you want and have eaten, you consider your work done. So this morning, just as we had finished breakfast, one of our neighbors drove down across the field toward our tents with the mule team and big wagon, expecting to take the men about four miles down stream to the old Gault mill, where they intended to fish in the dam. At sight of the team and the wagon we all wanted to go. No objections were made, and we soon donned our big straw hats, taking some light wraps and an umbrella, as it was cloudy and looked like rain. Thoughts of the breakfast table and preparation for another meal were thrown to the winds, and we all started for a merry ride behind the mules. The road to the mill was new to us and we enjoyed the ride.

Crossing the Licking county line, the road led us into Coshocton and on down to the mill. The old mill and the dam furnished good material for pictures, and we took several. The hooks were scarcely cast in the stream when it began to rain, a cold rain, too, for June; and the day's fishing was practically at an end.

Later in the afternoon bank fishing was tried, but with no success worthy of mention, save that we had fish for breakfast the next morning, our last breakfast in camp.

The morning of the 12th found the ladies busying themselves early with getting breakfast and packing a lunch, to be eaten on the way, while the men packed the sleeping tents and contents. The kitchen and dining tents were then torn down, and by 9 o'clock we were bidding our kind friends on the Wakatomaka good-by.

I. M.

Brown Trout in Vermont.

MANCHESTER, Vt., Aug. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few days ago a brown trout was taken in our river (the Battenkill) that weighed $7\frac{3}{4}$ pounds. It was $26\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, and a finely proportioned fish.

Some years ago I hatched out a lot of brown trout and of our native trout, and planted the fry in our streams about here; and many fine brown trout have been taken. Evidently the brown trout have thrived, and they are very fine fish in these waters; very gamy and rise to a fly quite as freely as our native trout, and as they grow much faster I consider them very desirable.

C. F. ORVIS.

The Asbury Park Tournament.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—The Asbury Park Fishing Club held its second annual casting tournament on the Athletic Grounds Wednesday, August 19, from 9 A. M. until noon, and from 2 P. M. to 5 P. M. It is one of the events of the season here, and attracts a vast throng of people.

Owing to the fact that the busy season is on, many of the most enthusiastic fishermen were unable to be present, and so were barred from a chance at the really handsome and valuable prizes offered by the club.

A heavy southeast wind prevailed all day, and severely handicapped the performers, as the casting lane lay quivering to the direction of the wind, making accuracy almost impossible. The appended rules and regulations governing the contest thoroughly explain the matter:

1. Contestants may use any make, size or weight of rod, reel or line, but no throw-off attachments on a reel will be allowed.
 2. A dry or wet line may be used.
 3. The regulation three (3) ounce bank lead with swivel attachment must be used, said leads to be furnished by the Contest Committee.
 4. The average of five casts to be counted.
 5. After the lead passes the starting line it constitutes a cast. If lead strikes inside of lane and bounds out, said cast shall be counted from place at which it struck within bounds.
 6. Snarls, fouls or breakage behind the line will give the contestant another trial.
 7. If the lead strikes out of bounds, it constitutes a cast, and is scored as nothing.
 8. The width of the lane shall be 25 feet.
 9. In the event of a tie, the contestants who are in the tie will cast over again. Best average of three casts winning.
 10. The longest individual caster will be awarded a prize, if not a winner of any other prize.
 11. The largest average of five casts shall be awarded a 2-0 Vom Hofe reel.
 12. The second best average of five casts shall be awarded a Seger rod.
 13. The third best average of five casts shall be awarded a belt rod holder.
 14. The largest individual cast, who is not a winner of any other prize shall be awarded a tackle book containing one dozen leaders, two dozen hooks and one dozen swivels.
 15. Each contestant will be given a number when he arrives on the casting grounds. Any contestant not answering to his number when called to cast shall lose his cast.
 16. No practicing of casting will be allowed on the grounds on the day of the contest.
 17. Prizes to be awarded at end of contest.
- The club also gives for the largest striped bass caught with rod and reel between north side of Manasquan Inlet and south side of Broadway, Long Branch, from May 1 to Nov. 1, 1903, a first quality Vom Hofe reel, 3-0.

To the inexperienced it would seem quite an easy matter to cast within the boundaries of a twenty-five foot lane at each and every cast; but when it is known that no more expert rod and reel men are to be found in the world than those belonging to our club, and the fact that many casts went badly astray, establishes conclusively that it is not a simple matter, but one requiring the utmost care and skill.

The prize winners were as follows:

First—J. F. Marshall, New York, average of five casts, 174 feet 5 2-5 inches.

Second—Winfield Scott, Asbury Park, average of five casts, 170 feet 8 4-5 inches.

Third—R. L. Fleming, Jersey City, average of five casts, 157 feet 4 3-5 inches.

Fourth—Longest single cast, Lloyd Marshall, Brooklyn, N. Y., 204 feet.

Fifth—Consolation prize, bamboo rod, W. W. Scheffler, New York, 12 feet 6 4-5 inches. The last named, usually a long caster, went so persistently out of bound that the summary was most remarkable.

The prize bass so far stands to the credit of Wm. Bumaker, of Trenton, $31\frac{1}{4}$ pounds; a close second, however, is to the credit of Wm. Harris, of newspaper fame, of our city, an even 30-pounder, taken Thursday night last. I had the pleasure of seeing the beauty landed, and it was as fine a specimen as I ever saw as regards symmetry and coloring.

Bass are, however, remarkably scarce, and the attention of thousands is directed toward the weakfish, which are fairly plentiful along the beach when the weather is favorable and westerly winds prevail. Barnagat is now at its best, and the fish, while not large in size, are very abundant, and good catches are to be had at all times. Bluefish are beginning to take the hook along shore, and are eagerly sought for at the favorite points, which are principally at Deal Beach to the north and Manasquan Inlet to the south.

LEONARD HULIT.

The Kennel.

Some Knowing Dogs.

II.

I SUPPOSE the subject of animal intelligence has been exhaustively treated, and it has been proven that animals possess both instinct and the power to think; but as nobody doubts their possession of the former, and only a few believe animals ever exhibit evidences of actual manlike thoughtfulness, I earnestly desire to add a few of my own observations as to the latter.

In the first place I shall not attempt to prove that any beast possesses a language as complete as that of even a savage tribe of mankind; nor will I deny that certain words or calls are inherited—for certain calls or utterances are purely instinctive with human kind, too. But I do assert and shall maintain, that some animals not only learn words, or calls, of other creatures, but of many other creatures, even of species very different from themselves. Not exactly to imitate the sound (though the parrot and several sorts of birds even do that), but to perfectly comprehend its import, do they acquire the power, and that by observation, just as man does.

Secondly, when they find themselves in situations new and unnatural to them, and probably never experienced by any of their ancestors, they sometimes show unmistakable evidences of thinking, of contriving, and of trying to adapt themselves to the conditions; not always successfully, of course—nor does man always succeed in new situations.

But just here, allow me to observe that, even if we never saw any evidences of animal intelligence, we

could not be sure they lacked it, as we cannot always know their motives for doing or not doing what to us appears the proper thing; nor can we see or understand, to a certainty, their viewpoint of every situation.

No doubt, if they could speak our language, they would often express surprise at what seemed our lack of reason and judgment.

Probably the majority of close investigators will agree that the dog more nearly approaches man in the sort of intelligence under consideration than any other animal—but I do not include hounds, as, in them—I suppose instinct is the most distinguishing quality. What I call intelligent dogs, are Newfoundlands, collies, terriers, spaniels and house and pet dogs of several varieties. And not all of these are remarkably intelligent, either, but mainly those who have kind, sensible, careful masters—which all the more proves their ability to learn, to think. If only instinct controlled them they would be alike—lacking in individuality; whereas, dogs of the same species, or even the same litter, differ almost as much as boys in character and ability. One is brave, gentle, obliging, fastidious, modest—another is timid, yet cross; resentful, selfish, dirty, without love of applause or sense of shame. Still another possesses some of the good propensities and some of the bad. I have been the fortunate owner and companion of at least two dogs—yes, three—each with all of the good qualities enumerated, and possessing many accomplishments impossible of acquirement by any animal incapable of thinking. One of them—a little slate-colored terrier—understood about 200 words in English, besides a dozen or so in other languages. She knew, by name, our most frequent visitors; the names of all the house pets and farm animals, and the household furniture most important; what was meant by "the yellow cat," "the black cat," "the pine tree," "the oak tree," "the hollow tree," and many other things which required an understanding and memory of words. I proved all this many times, by speaking to her in every sort of tone possible, with my back to her, or out of her sight, and in the presence of many witnesses. A history of her accomplishments and remarkable adventures would fill a 12mo. volume of 100 pages, in fine type. I did not, usually, "command" her, but made known my requests in the most polite and gentle manner—which is the correct way with any really good dog, as such are always proud, and once you humble him by unnecessary harshness you lessen his respect for you, and decrease your power over him. When I am too hasty, or make a mistake calculated to humiliate a wise dog (no matter whose dog), I straightway apologize, as sincerely as to a man—and no dog ever failed to forgive me. If you never apologized to a dog, just try it once and observe his unmistakable pleasure. If he is "first-class," he will show a variety of expressions—pleasure at your justice, pride that he is thought worthy, and sorrow for the self-humbling of so august a being as a man—for to a fine dog a man is a god.

The thoughtful memory of a dog may be illustrated by many stories. I will take space here for only one little incident: I had an ugly red dog, of no pedigree, who, in early puppyhood began to evince a fondness for playthings and curios—after the manner of a human child. Now, the odd thing about it was that he kept collecting "toys" until he soon owned a great variety; and, though he scattered them and seldom had them together in one place, he lost very few of them. One of these curiosities was a well-preserved dried frog which he had found flattened under some old shingles where it had been crushed to death. When we first saw him with it he was only a few months old. He tossed it up, caught it, ran away with it, and showed his delight with it in various ways, but did not chew nor tear it. He carried it to the house and returned to the shingle-mill with it, and carried it about, and concealed it in many places, and did so day after day, till near the time of his death (he lived only 3 or 4 years). He could catch any rabbit "on the fly," even in a jungle other dogs can scarcely penetrate (a tiny game preserve I value highly), and often amused himself—and us—by running them down. If he had his dear frog with him when the rabbit "up jumped," I thought, "Now he'll lose his pet sure!" But he always found it again and brought it home.

I desire to relate one instance of thinking in a cat. We had a large yellow cat who could not be trusted in the house—unless the little terrier was present to watch him and keep him out of mischief. One day Mrs. M. gave him a few beans in a sharp-edged lard can lid. He seemed to like them first-rate, and kept his nose down in the tin, eating in the usual cat fashion until only about a dozen remained, and these stuck so closely all around the low, sharp rim that he could neither get his mouth on them nor lick them out with his rough tongue. He was now evidently very hungry and tilted his head this way and that, and moved the tin about, and made many interesting attacks. We watched him, laughing at his comical antics. He seemed on the verge of despair several times, but would only pause a few seconds between his efforts. At times he would look up into our faces with an appealing, human expression. I kept talking to him, telling him to "try it again," but offering no assistance, though I meant to at last.

After a long while he held up his head and sat still, with a sorrowful expression. Suddenly he smiled—as truly as ever a man did—at a happy thought. Down darted his hand (I call a paw a hand when it is used like one), felt carefully under the rim, then returned with a bean clutched in it, which he put in his mouth with a dignity and confidence possibly equal to the bearing of our pre-historic ancestors. Sitting proudly erect, smiling with a look that seemed to say, "Ain't I dandy?" he continued feeding with his hand until the last bean disappeared!—while we stood and laughed until the remainder of the family and the chickens came to view the performance!

If circumstances permit I will at another time relate a string of original anecdotes upon the wisdom and eccentricities of dogs, cats, horses, birds, hogs and wild creatures I have known, and experiments I have made with some of them. I shall always be careful not to exaggerate, but to be "true to nature."

L. R. MORPHEW.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures for 1903.

Members of race committee will confer a favor by sending notice errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

America's Cup Races, Aug. 20 and alternate days.

AUGUST.

- Moriches, McAleenan cup race.
- 29. Columbia, Lipton competitive cup races, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
- 29. Cape Cod, Y. R. A., open, Provincetown.
- Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
- South Boston, club, City Point.
- Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
- Beverly, sixth Corinthian, Monument Beach.
- Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
- Corinthian, sixth championship, Marblehead.
- Savin Hill, club, Dorchester Bay.
- Huguenot, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1903, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent float along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

- First prize, \$75.00.
- Second prize, \$50.00.
- Third prize, \$25.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1903.
2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.
3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.
4. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.
5. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.
6. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.
7. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, on or before Nov. 15, 1903.

America's Cup Races.

TUESDAY, Aug. 18, was the day settled upon for the measuring of the two contestants for international honors—Shamrock III. and Reliance. Both of the boats had been in the dry dock at Erie Basin for several days previous, and the crews had been hard at work getting the boats' underbodies in as near perfect condition as possible. Shamrock III.'s entire hull had been painted with a white composition that gave a remarkably fine surface. A bright green stripe at the waterline and another at the deck relieved the otherwise white hull. Reliance's bronze bottom had been rubbed down until it was absolutely smooth and her topsides received a coat of white paint.

Mr. Charles D. Mower, the official measurer, reached Erie Basin shortly before noon on Tuesday, and he was accompanied by Mr. Albert B. Hunt, a member of the New York Y. C., who assisted him in measuring both boats. They had come from New York on Reliance's tender Sunbeam, together with Messrs. C. Oliver Iselin, Woodbury Kane, Herbert Leeds, Newberry Thorne, Butler Duncan, Robert Bacon, Col. Sharman Crawford and Dr. Monahan.

On their arrival both boats' hulls were exposed and each occupied a separate dock. The yard had been thrown open to sightseers and photographers, and there were many on hand.

It was decided to measure the spars of the boats first, and then in the afternoon to take the waterline lengths and, consequently, Mr. Mower began work on Shamrock III. at once. Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. William Fife, the yacht's designer, were on hand to watch the operation, as were Captains Wringe and Bevis. After Mr. Mower had gotten the length of the boom, gaff and the base of the fore triangle, he went aloft in a bos'un's chair to get the height of the perpendicular, that is, the distance from the boom to the topsail halliard block. Mr. Fife was an interested spectator, and as each dimension was taken he would jot it down on a piece of paper for personal reference. He stated at the time that he wished to change the position of the throat halliard block in order to reduce the boat's measurement, and that he might want a remeasurement on the day following. Such turned out to be the case, for when it came to measuring the spinnaker pole it was found that it was about eight inches too long, and a man was immediately set to work to cut the pole down to the length allowed. There was no representative from Reliance on Shamrock III. when the spar measurements were being taken, nor did anyone from Shamrock III. go aboard Reliance while Mr. Mower was putting the tape on her spars. After

finishing up work on Shamrock III. Mr. Mower turned his attention to Reliance, and it was nearly two o'clock when he had completed his duties.

By this time the water had been allowed to flow into both docks. Shamrock III. was water-borne first, and when Reliance was afloat the gate at the end of the dock was opened and she was warped into the same dock with the challenger. Shamrock III. lay at the head of the dock and Reliance lay well down toward the after end.

The measuring of the waterlines was a most delicate task, and great care had to be exercised in order to get the measurements correct. Mr. Mower started on Shamrock III. The crew was placed to the satisfaction of Mr. Fife and Captain Nat Herreshoff. After this was done Mr. Fife, Captain Nat, Mr. Mower and Mr. Hunt got into a flat bottom skiff, together with two sailors. Plumb bobs had been dropped over the bow and stern, and the punt was pushed up under the bow. The long batten was run under the overhang, and Mr. Fife and Captain Nat watched Mr. Mower with great interest. When the mark had been made on the batten the boat was shoved aft, and the same performance was again gone through. There was a fresh breeze blowing, and even in the basin the water was not quite smooth, and on this account extra care was used in order to get the length of the overhangs absolutely right.

The overhangs on Reliance were measured in a like manner, and Mr. Fife looked after Sir Thomas Lipton's interests here as Captain Nat had looked after Mr. Iselin's when Shamrock III. was being measured. The work was accomplished to the entire satisfaction of both these gentlemen. As the tide was beginning to drop, both Reliance and Shamrock III. were warped out of the dock as soon as the work of measuring was done, and each boat was taken in tow, and off they went to the Horseshoe.

Mr. Fife was under the impression that Shamrock III. would be very close up to the limit of goft. on waterline length, if not in excess of it, and he was relieved to find that she was well inside. Reliance was nearly 6in. longer on the waterline than she was when measured earlier in the season. Both boats were measured with two sets of club topsail spars on board. Mr. Mower painted two marks on both sides of the boats just at the waterline. The boats were measured with the headsails set in stops, as the rule requires.

Shamrock III. looks very small after one has been aboard Reliance, both on deck and below. While the challenger is beautifully built, she is hardly as interesting as would be expected. There are no nevelties or any unusual features in her construction.

Capt. Nat looked Shamrock III. over with Mr. Fife, and then the courtesy was returned when Mr. Fife went aboard Reliance. The two greatest designers in the world looked each other's productions over with a critical eye, yet little or no comment was made on either hand.

Thousands hung around the dock all the time the boats were being measured, and it was not until five o'clock, when the work was finished, that they left the basin.

Mr. Mower gave out the dimensions at the club house on Tuesday night. They are as follows:

	Shamrock III.	Reliance.
Length on load waterline.....	89.81	89.66
Length from after end of main boom to forward point of measurement.....	187.54	201.76
Length from fore side of foremast to forward point of measurement.....	81.4	84.29
Length of spinnaker boom.....	81.4	83.75
Length of main gaff.....	65.77	71.90
Length of topmast: Shamrock 69.15—1.5 less; Reliance, 72.00—1.5 less.....	55.32	57.60
Height from upper side of main boom to topsail halliard block.....	144.83	149.68
Square root of sail area.....	119.74	127.16
Sailing length, as per rule.....	104.77	108.41
Sail area.....	14,337.45	16,169.93
Number of persons on board.....	56	64

Reliance allows 1m. and 45s. to Shamrock III. over a 30-mile course.

This is a little more than Reliance allowed Constitution in the racing this year.

It was not a surprise on Wednesday morning when Mr. Fife called for a remeasurement.

On Wednesday Shamrock III. and Reliance went out for a little spin, but both skippers kept well away from one another. As soon as the mainsail was set on Shamrock III. Captain Wringe found just how much he could shift his throat halliard block. When the boat got back to her moorings Mr. Mower was sent for, and he went down to the Horseshoe on Wednesday afternoon. The change in Shamrock III. make quite a little difference in her measurement. Reliance now has to allow Shamrock III. 1m. and 57s.

First Day, Thursday, Aug. 20.

It was a great disappointment to everybody that there was not wind enough for Shamrock III. and Reliance to finish within the time limit of five and one-half hours on the occasion of their first meeting. While it was not a race, it gave those who went down the bay an excellent chance to get a line on the two boats.

In the early morning the prospects of wind were not good. It was cloudy and the atmosphere was filled with humidity. The thunder squall that took place on Wednesday had not cleared the air.

The crews on both Shamrock III. and Reliance were about early, and about half past seven the crew on the former boat began to remove sail covers and the jib and staysail were sent up in stops. By eight o'clock Shamrock's mainsail was hoisted, and Reliance's crew was busy following suit. The big club topsail was set on Reliance, and everything was put in readiness on both boats for the race.

Just before nine o'clock Reliance slipped her moorings and started down the bay in tow of the tug Guiding Star. On the defender was Messrs. C. O. Iselin, W. B. Duncan, Newberry D. Thorne, Woodbury Kane, Herbert C. Leeds, Dr. Monahan and Captain Nat. Herreshoff. Mr. H. M. McGildowney represented the Royal Ulster Y. C.

As soon as Reliance left her moorings the tug Cruiser took Shamrock III. in tow, and they started for the lightship. On board the challenger were Mr. William

Fife, Col. Sharman Crawford and Col. D. F. D. Neill. Mr. Robert Bacon represented the New York Y. C.

Captain "Lem" Miller, who sailed Columbia all the season, joined forces with Captain Barr, and was aboard Reliance. Captain Bevis, who commanded Shamrock I. was on Shamrock III. to assist Captain Wringe.

Shamrock III.'s big club topsail was set after she got well outside.

At ten o'clock both of the boats had cast off their tows and were sailing around the lightship.

The big tug Navigator arrived on the scene soon after having on board the Regatta Committee Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Newbury D. Lawton and Edward H. Wales.

Shamrock III. ranged alongside the committee boat, and Mr. Fife, hailing them through a megaphone, said that through an oversight Shamrock III. had been measured without an anchor and cable on board, which was not as the rules of the club required. The Regatta Committee informed Mr. Iselin of the fact and asked him if he was willing that Shamrock III. should sail subject to a remeasurement at the earliest possible date. This met with Mr. Iselin's approval, and off the boats went. Shamrock III. sailed with her anchor and cable on board, but an equivalent amount of ballast had been removed.

The first race was to windward and return, and just before half past ten signals were set on Navigator announcing that the compass course would be S. S. W. The committee boat had anchored to the S. E. of the lightship. The tug John H. Scully was sent away to log off the course, and a little later the tug Coastwise followed, acting as a guide boat for the two yachts.

At 10:45 the preparatory signal was heard. The wind at this time was S. S. W., and having a strength of not over four miles.

There was a large fleet of excursion boats and steam yachts on hand, and those on board saw but little of the race, for the revenue officers on the patrol and guide boats were over-zealous in their duties, and they kept the attending fleet miles further away from the yachts than was necessary.

The breeze was so light that the skippers on both boats had broken out their baby jib topsails long before the start. The wind hauled quite a little in the few minutes that elapsed between the preparatory and starting signals.

Just as the warning gun sounded Reliance headed N. toward the line on the port tack, crossing Shamrock's bow. The challenger was put on the port tack after Reliance. Both boats had the wind abeam, and Reliance was kept off again across Shamrock's bow. Reliance was moving along smartly and she drew away from Shamrock fast. When the starting signal was given at eleven o'clock both boats were some distance from the line.

Barr and Wringe had kept well away from one another and did not seem anxious to try conclusions. Reliance gybed around the lightship and crossed the line way in the weather berth. Shamrock had started a few minutes ahead of the defender, but she had tacked right on the line, about half way between the committee boat and the lightship. She had no headway on, and what few honors there were lay with Barr so far. The start was very flat indeed.

The boats were timed as follows: Shamrock III., 11:01:14, and Reliance 11:01:47. They crossed on the starboard tack and all the men on both boats were sitting well to leeward in order to give the boats enough list to prevent the ground swell from rolling what little breeze there was out of their sails.

Reliance had more headway on and seemed to draw away from Shamrock fast at the start, but the challenger was kept off and her jib topsail, which was considerably bigger than Reliance's, was allowed to draw well, and she footed very fast. Barr was pinching Reliance, and his jib topsail did not stand at all.

The breeze had freshened a little, but it did not last for long. Shamrock III. was certainly footing faster than Reliance, but she was not pointing so high. No man can excel Barr in sailing a boat to windward, and in the conditions that prevailed at this time he was working his ship out slowly but surely.

Clouds had been banking up in the W. since early in the morning, but they indicated more rain than wind. A half hour after the start Reliance was well out to windward of Shamrock, and Wringe ordered their jib topsail taken in and another smaller one set in its place. Some 3 minutes was consumed in making this change. This sail was even larger than the one carried on Reliance.

At 11:30 the squall broke, and it rained very hard for half an hour. The rain hid the yachts from view, and when it subsided somewhat, about noon, there was a little more wind, and the boats moved along with more life.

Shamrock was seen to be some distance ahead but not far enough to cross Reliance's bow should she tack. Then it began to rain in torrents again, and it came in thick, and the boats were again obscured from view.

When the second shower was over it was seen that a shift of wind had given Reliance a nice lift, and she was over a quarter of a mile to windward of Shamrock.

At 12:19 Shamrock was put on the port tack, and when the yachts came together Reliance crossed Shamrock's bow. Barr tacked on top of Shamrock, but the challenger had her wind clear, and Wringe rapped her off, and she pulled out through Reliance's lee.

At quarter of one Shamrock was put on the starboard tack. Again the boats came together, and Reliance crossed Shamrock's bow, but by a smaller margin than she did the first time. Reliance tacked on Shamrock's weather bow. Shamrock soon went about, and Reliance followed a few seconds later. The breeze was very light, and at 1:23:50 both boats were put on the starboard tack.

Just before 1:30 the baby jib on Reliance was taken in and another larger sail was set in its place. The same change was made on Shamrock. The guide boat was seen off to the southward, and the mark could also be made out, the cone flashing at intervals. Just before two o'clock Reliance's staysail was taken in

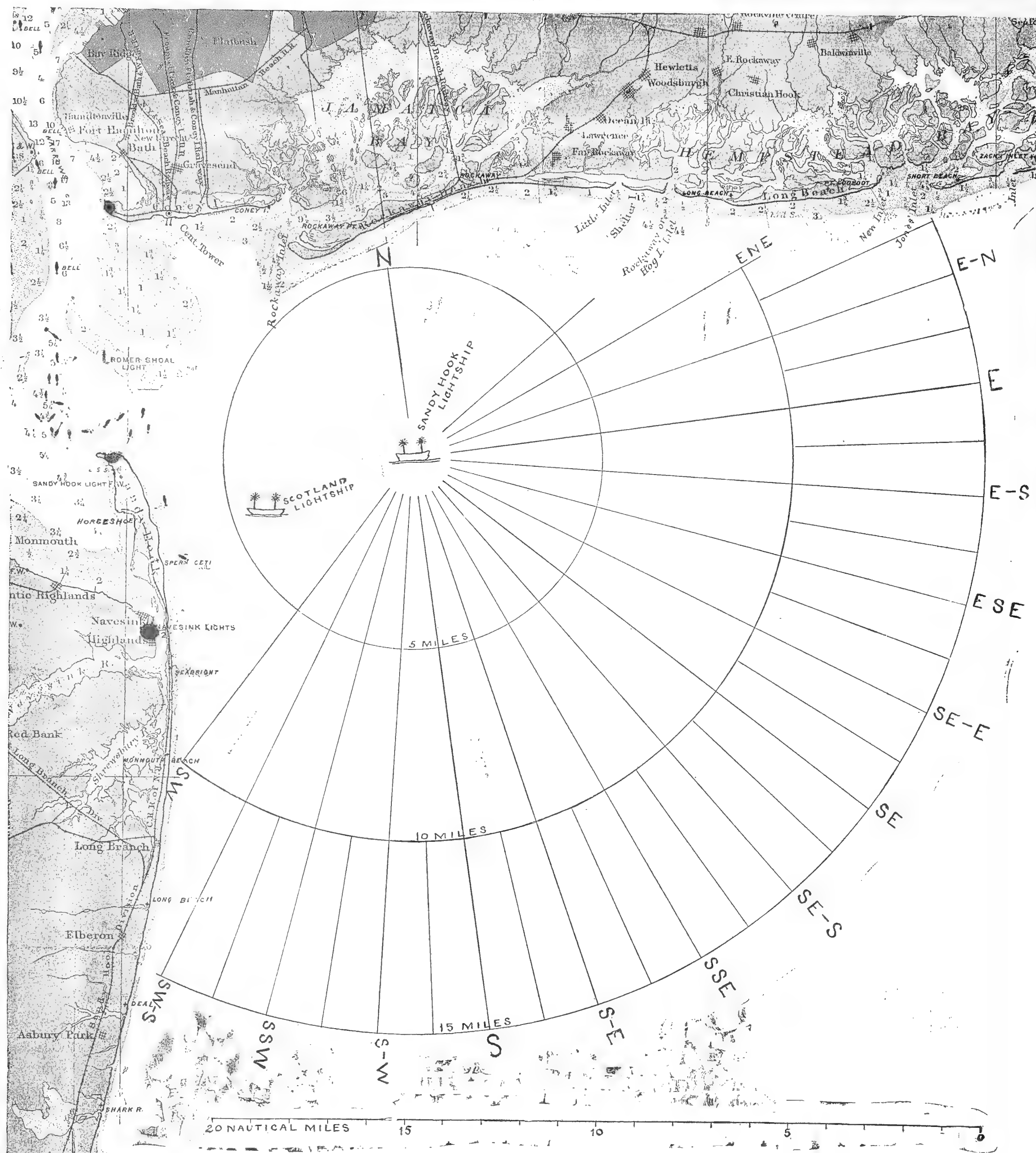


CHART OF THE AMERICA'S CUP COURSE.

and a balloon fore staysail was set flying in its place. This sail appeared to do some good, and after Shamrock had been headed off by the ever changing breeze her jib topsail was taken in and a small balloon jib was set in its place. As soon as the sail filled out her jib and staysail were taken in. Of course she was headed away off her course in order to keep the big sail full, but she undoubtedly gained by the change. About 2:15 Reliance took in her jib topsail and 4 minutes later she broke out a small balloon jib and took in her jib and staysail. This was the first time that the contestants in an America's Cup race had ever used a balloon jib with which to beat to windward.

Reliance continued to improve her lead, and the big sail lifted her flat bow over the long ocean roll. Reliance held a better breeze than Shamrock did, and she was moving along at a fair clip, while Shamrock was almost becalmed.

Reliance took the port tack and stood in toward the Jersey shore lee bowing the tide that runs along the beach. Reliance worked into a nice little air from the N. W., which enabled her to lay her course for the mark. As the defender came up to the mark her working staysail was set. When she had the mark abeam, her balloon jib was quickly taken in, and she rounded at 3:37:30. Her jib was set, and she was put on the port tack. Shamrock was a long distance behind, and it would probably have taken her eight minutes to round. Shamrock finally caught the puff that had

helped Reliance around the mark, and she began to move along at a good clip. It was quarter of four when Reliance passed Shamrock, and the latter boat took in her balloon jib topsail, set her headsails, tacked and started on after Reliance. As there were only forty-five minutes before the time limit expired, there was no chance of finishing the race, and Shamrock gave up, as she did not care to go on and round the mark fifteen minutes or more behind Reliance.

At ten minutes of four Reliance signalled the tug Guiding Star, and she was taken in tow. Her club topsail was sent down on deck. Shamrock III. was also taken in tow, and the race was off for the day.

First Race, Saturday, Aug. 22.

It was fifty-two years ago to-day that the schooner America won the America's Cup off Cowes. Aug. 22 appears to be a red letter day for the American boat in races for the Cup, as Reliance distinguished herself by beating Shamrock III. 7m. and 3s. in a fresh breeze.

The morning held out every prospect for a good race. There was a rattling breeze blowing from the S. W. that gave every indication of holding throughout the day.

The crews of Shamrock III. and Reliance were aboard their respective boats early, and all were elated over the prospect of a good race. The amateurs were also on hand early.

All day Friday a crisp N. W. wind blew, and it took all the dampness out of the yachts' sails, and they were in good condition when they were hoisted on Saturday morning. Reliance's mainsail went up two feet higher than it did on Thursday, and it set perfectly. If anything, Shamrock's headsails were a bit better than Reliance's, but both were good.

Reliance was towed out by the tug Guiding Star, and Shamrock was brought out to the line by the big tug Cruiser. Reliance set an intermediate club topsail when nearly out to the lightship. As soon as the sail was in place her tow line was cast off and she began jogging around the lightship. Shamrock III. was under lower sails when she was dropped by Cruiser, and those on board waited some time before sending a club topsail aloft. The one selected was larger than Reliance's.

The S. W. breeze had a strength of ten or twelve miles, and there was a lump of a sea on. With the wind from the S. W., the Regatta Committee found it impossible to lay a fifteen-mile and leeward course from the lightship, so a signal was set on Navigator announcing that the starting line would be changed.

Navigator steamed off to the eastward, and the yachts and excursion fleet followed. After going five miles E. from the lightship, Navigator signalled the tug Unique to anchor, thus marking one end of the starting line. Then Navigator took up her position to the S. E. of the mark boat Unique, making the starting

line. After Navigator had taken up her position signals indicating that the compass course would be S. W. were set.

It was noticed that Shamrock's club topsail was not standing at all, and it was finally sent down on deck and another sail was sent up in its place. This one was about the size of the sail carried by Reliance.

The start had to be postponed, owing to the change in the starting line, and it was 11:30 when the preparatory signal was given.

About three minutes before the starting gun Shamrock was headed for the tug Unique, located at the N. W. end of the line, Reliance being at this time about three lengths behind. After passing to the W. of the mark boat Shamrock gybed, Reliance following suit and stood on after her. Shamrock was kept off, and Reliance came up on her. Then Shamrock was headed up and she crossed the line just on the gun, luffing sharply to avoid hitting the committee boat. Reliance was behind and to weather of the challenger. The times at the start were: Shamrock 11:45:17, and Reliance 11:45:21. Both boats were on the starboard tack.

A baby jib topsail was set on Reliance soon after crossing, and the challenger followed the example set by the defender.

Headed as they were, the boats were catching the seas under the weather bows, and it was shaking them up somewhat. Shamrock was sailing a truer course than Reliance, and was unquestionably improving her position. After carrying her jib topsail for about a quarter of an hour she took it in and appeared to do better without it.

Shamrock was sailing like a witch, and was bettering her position all the time. At 12:11 Barr put Reliance on the port tack because she was getting back winded by the challenger, and because the wind had shifted a point and a half, and the Jersey shore is the place to be when a S. W. wind begins to shift.

Two minutes after Reliance tacked, Shamrock followed. The jib topsail was taken in on Reliance, and she did not feel the sea so badly on this tack. At 12:40 the defender was put on the starboard tack, and the two boats drew together. There was considerable speculation as to whether Shamrock would cross the defender's bows, but Reliance on the starboard tack had the right of way. Wringe found he could not cross Reliance, so he took a starboard tack. Reliance was out on Shamrock's weather quarter, and the boats were in relatively the same positions they were when they crossed the starting line.

The sea did not seem to bother Reliance as much as it did at the start, and she did much better without her jib topsail. At two minutes past one Wringe put Shamrock on the port tack, and Reliance was also put about at once. Shamrock was now on Reliance's weather quarter. Shamrock was getting Reliance's back wind, and Wringe found it advisable to tack to starboard. After holding this tack for a little over a minute she was about on the port tack again. As the boats worked inshore, Reliance found the smoother water more to her liking, and moved along very fast.

At 1:25 a baby jib topsail was set on Shamrock, and less than a minute later Reliance's sail was set and drawing. The wind was letting up a little, and these little jib topsails did considerable good.

About this time the mark was sighted, and Reliance could lay her course for it. Shamrock had overstood a little, as she had taken one more starboard tack than Reliance, and her sheets were checked.

Just at this time the wind chopped around to W. S. W. This headed Reliance off, but Shamrock suffered much more, for it put her behind after she had occupied the weather berth.

Reliance was put on the starboard tack, and after two minutes was put back to port again. Reliance crossed Shamrock's bow by a good margin. The defender was put on the starboard tack at 1:50, and Shamrock followed just a minute later.

When Reliance was well up on the mark her baby jib topsail was run down smartly and her balloon jib topsail was sent up in stops. Everything went like clock work on Reliance, and cleaner work has never been seen on any boat. The main sheet was eased off, the balloon broken out and the spinnaker pole lowered to port. The spinnaker was set and drawing in a little over two minutes after rounding.

Reliance rounded at 1:55:17 and Shamrock at 1:58:34. The work of handling sails at the mark on Shamrock was noticeably different from that on Reliance. The spinnaker was hoisted and broken out before the balloon was lowered and reset flying, for there was a turn in the sail when hoisted the first time. Much time was lost in this way. The spinnakers acted badly on both boats at the start, but were soon gotten under control.

Reliance's spinnaker was so trimmed as to spill the breeze into her balloon jib, and the two big sails were pulling all the way back to the finish line. Shamrock's spinnaker was not trimmed so well and her balloon jib did not begin to do the work Reliance's did.

On Reliance the jib and staysail were taken in on the run home, but on Shamrock her jib was kept in place.

On the way back Shamrock's spinnaker caught in the spreader, and it tore quite a rent in it. The tear did not get any worse, however. Reliance ran away from Shamrock on the way back to the finish line. Her larger sail area made a tremendous difference in running, and she swept across the finish line the easy winner at 3:17:38. Light sails and jack yarders were taken in on both boats, and they were towed back to their moorings. The summary:

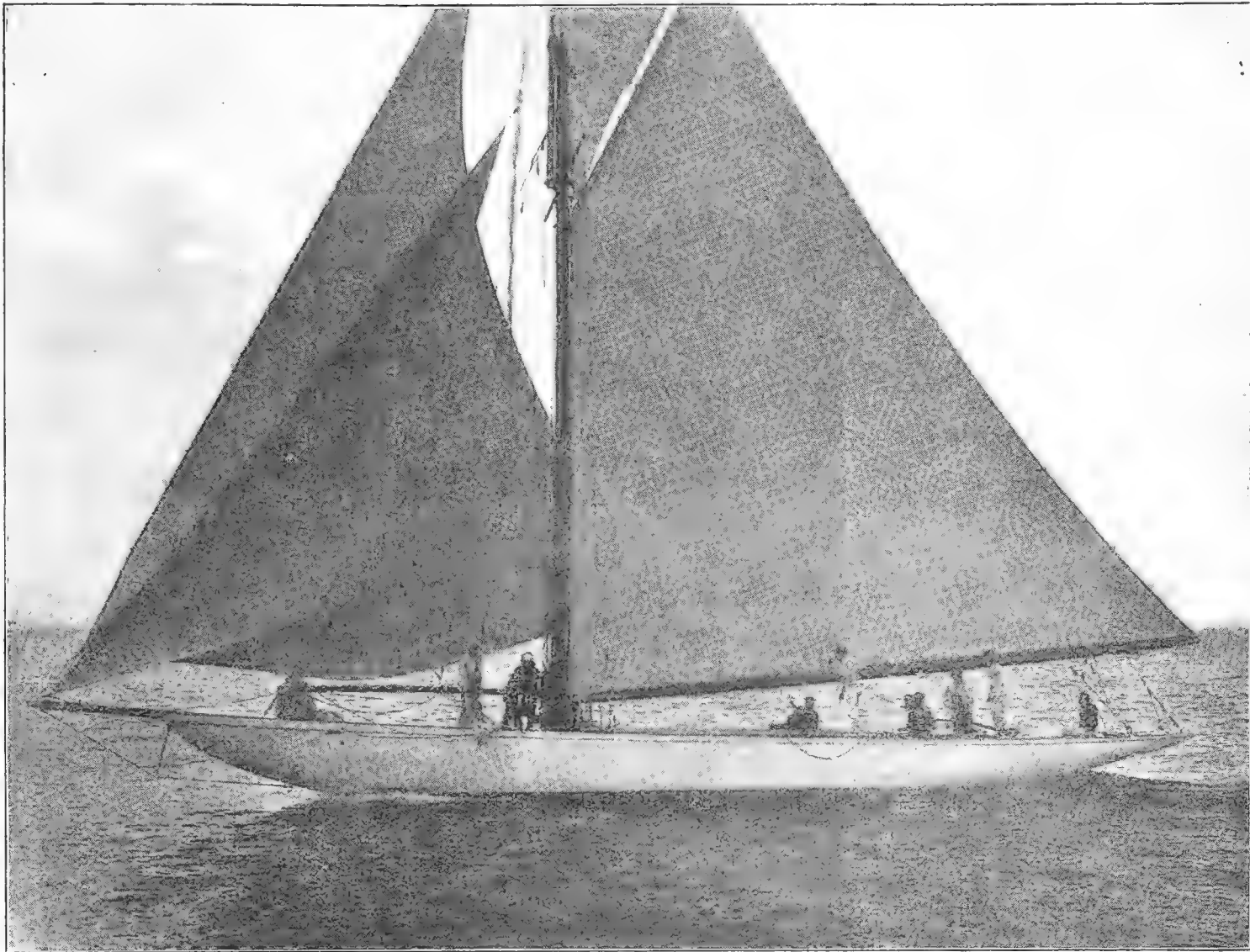
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Reliance	11 45 21	3 17 38	3 32 17	3 32 17
Shamrock III.	11 45 17	3 26 34	3 41 17	3 39 20

Reliance beats the Shamrock by 9m. elapsed time, and 7m. 3s. corrected time.

The following table shows the elapsed time for the fifteen-mile beat to windward:

	Start.	Turn.	Elapsed.
Reliance	11 45 21	1 55 17	2 09 50
Shamrock III.	11 45 17	1 53 24	2 13 17

Reliance gained 3m. 21s.



IRONDEQUOIT—CANADA'S CUP CHALLENGER.

The elapsed time for the fifteen-mile run back to the finish is shown in the following table:

	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Reliance	1 55 17	3 17 38	1 22 21
Shamrock III.	1 53 24	3 26 34	1 23 00

Reliance gained 5m. 39s.

On Sunday morning the two Shamrocks were towed from the Horseshoe up to Erie Basin, where the challenger was put in the dry dock. Her bottom was scrubbed, but it had not fouled up any. Monday at nine o'clock the dock was filled and Mr. Charles D. Mower again measured the boat's waterline and also her boom. There had been some question as to whether the sail did not project beyond the end of the boom when the boom slide was pulled well out. The waterline was found to be about one quarter of an inch shorter than before, but this was accounted for by the fact that Mr. Fife removed a little more ballast than the anchor and chain weighed. The measurements were practically the same as before, and there will be no change in the time allowance that Shamrock III. gets from Reliance. The length of the overhangs were learned and they are as follows:

Length on L. W. L.....	89.78ft.
Overhang forward	21.30ft.
Overhang aft	23.34ft.

134.34ft.

Much criticism had been made about the mainsail in Thursday's race, but Mr. Fife remarked that it was a very satisfactory piece of canvas.

Second Race, Tuesday, Aug. 25.

The second race was sailed over a 30-mile triangular course to-day and Reliance won by 1m. 19s. corrected time.

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Tuesday, Aug. 18.

Carolina beat four of the other boats in her class in a race sailed on Tuesday, Aug. 18, in a light S. W. breeze. The course was from Brenton's Cove to and around the Compass Buoy. Carolina was first over the starting line and led all through the race. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, P. Jones.....	5 03 02	1 40 02
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....	5 04 23	1 41 23
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	5 05 48	1 42 48
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.....	5 07 17	1 44 17
Vaquero III., P. Whitney.....	5 18 13	1 55 13

At the annual meeting of the Sea Cliff Y. C., held a short time ago, the following officers were re-elected: Com., Theodore W. Sheridan; Vice-Com., Charles E. Silkworth; Sec., C. S. Chellborg; Treas., C. S. Dunning; Trustees for three years, Charles Berner, Francis Foerster; Trustees for two years, Joseph Kling.

Monday, August 24.

Five of the 30-footers and a like number of the 15-footers sailed a race on Monday, August 24. The wind was light from the S. W., and the boats covered a windward and leeward course. It was a down-the-wind start, and Carolina was first around the leeward mark, and she won by 30s. Minnow won in the 15ft. class. The summary:

30-footers—Start, 3:26.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Carolina, P. Jones.....	4 57 04	1 31 04	
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....	4 57 34	1 31 34	
Breeze, J. G. Roelker, Jr.....	4 59 58	1 33 58	
Barbara, W. G. Rutherford.....	5 02 36	1 36 36	
Vaquero III., P. Whitney.....	5 04 11	1 38 11	
15-footers—Start, 3:31.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Minnow, H. Lippitt.....	4 51 09	1 20 09	
Hawk, W. Gammell.....	4 52 03	1 21 03	
Whisper, Master Morgan.....	4 54 49	1 23 49	
Eaglet, Miss Grosvenor.....	4 57 46	1 26 46	
Yo San, F. A. Plummer.....	5 00 54	1 29 54	

Chesapeake Bay Y. C.

CHESAPEAKE BAY, MD.,

Saturday, August 8.

The seventeenth annual open regatta of the Chesapeake Bay Y. C. for Chesapeake canoes was sailed on Saturday, August 8, starting off Toun Square, Oakland, at mouth of Tred Avon River, thence to Beacon's Point Light, thence to Castle Haven buoy, thence back to light, thence to Cook Point Buoy, back to light and return to starting point. Distance, 17.320 nautical miles. Time allowance, 8.66 seconds per inch for above distance measured on waterline. Wind S. E., hauling to S. Boats entered: John B. Harrison, sailed by Capt. Hinnaman; Island Blossom, sailed by Capt. Gibson, and the Parson boat.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.
Harrison	35 6.7	1 05 41	3 46 21
Blossom	31 3.4	1 06 13	3 53 32
Parson	29 0	1 06 25	Upset.

Blossom's time allowance 7m. 24s.; Harrison ahead in elapsed time 6m. 39s. Blossom wins by 45s.

Blossom also wins a leg in service of silver presented by the club. Harrison also holds a leg won in last year's regatta. Silver must be won by a boat three times, not necessarily in succession. The Island Blossom won the anchorage cup presented by General Charles A. Chipley, sailed for under the same conditions as the present service of silver.

Erie Y. C.

ERIE, Pa., August 22.—Only five boats started to-day out of about twenty-five of one class and another that lie at anchor here in the club's basin; the rest seem not to want any races.

The wind that had been blowing half a gale all day from the southwest and west only held until the start, then nearly died out, after bringing a light rain for the boats to finish in. Another race two weeks from to-day finishes the series. The Iroquois, which has held the lead in the 30ft. class, was beaten to-day by the Mingo, which is an old boat, while the Iroquois is a new one.

The Una of the 30ft. class attempted to cross the bow of the Mingo while rounding the stake boat and just escaped a collision, its captain afterwards filed a protest but it was not allowed; he seemed to be in the fault himself if anyone was.

No official time was taken, but the seven-mile course was sailed in 1h. 20m. CABIA BLANCO.

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

In order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of **FOREST AND STREAM** offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First, \$50.00.

Second, \$25.00.

Third, \$15.00.

Fourth and Fifth, \$10.00 each.

Sixth to Eighth, \$5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept, and all incidents

and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, N. Y., on or before December 1, 1903.

A. C. A. Membership.

THE following have been proposed for membership to the A. C. A.: F. W. Bodwell, Manchester, N. H.; John R. Bowker, Waltham, Mass.

Atlantic Division—Louis Reichert, Carl Moore, Geo. H. King, A. Wenworth Scott and Charles H. Parsons.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—At the regular meeting of the Cincinnati Rifle Association on Aug. 16, the following scores were made. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, German ring target:

	222	220	213	212	211	Honor.
Payne	222	220	213	212	211	63
Hasenzahl	221	219	218	214	210	64
Strickmeier	220	217	215	213	209	65
Roberts	214	213	212	212	207	61
Odell	211	208	205	204	202	69
Lux	211	201	194	194	192	64
Bruns	207	206	204	201	195	62
Drube	207	184	177	153	...	55
Hohman	206	200	199	195	192	64
Freitag	197	197	196	189	188	56

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

*Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.
 Aug. 20-22.—Kansas City, Mo.—Midsummer shoot of the Schmelzer Arms Co.
 Aug. 22.—Wanderers' Field Day, at Frog Inn, Jamaica Bay, L. I.
 Aug. 22.—Friedensburg, Pa., Gun Club shoot. H. L. Stein, Sec'y.
 Aug. 25-26.—Derry, Pa., Gun Club tournament. A. S. Hollingsworth, Sec'y.
 Aug. 26.—Hartford, Conn.—Fall tournament of the Colt Hammerless Gun Club. R. McFetridge, Sec'y.
 Aug. 26-27.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club's annual tournament. Dr. R. E. Dinger, Mgr.
 Aug. 25-28.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Annual Indian tournament. Frank C. Riehl, Chief Scribe.
 Aug. 28-29.—Putnam, Ill.—Charles Grubb's tournament.
 *Sept. 1-2.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.
 Sept. 1-3.—Williamsport, Pa.—West Branch Rod and Gun Club fall tournament. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.
 Sept. 2-3.—Rochester Rod and Gun Club two-day tournament, added money \$100. F. E. McCord, Sec'y.
 Sept. 2-3.—Akron, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
 Sept. 7.—Dover, N. H., Sportsmen's Association annual field day. D. W. Hallam, Sec'y.
 Sept. 7.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club all-day tournament; special handicap. Central New York championship for trophy. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
 Sept. 7.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club annual Labor Day shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
 Sept. 7.—Concord, S. I.—Labor Day shoot of the Richmond Gun Club. Albert A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
 Sept. 7.—Columbia, Pa.—Excelsior Rod and Gun Club tournament.
 Sept. 7.—Stoughton, Mass., Gun Club all-day shoot.
 Sept. 7.—Labor Day shoot of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club. J. S. Wright, Mgr.
 Sept. 7.—Exeter, N. H., Sportsman's Club Labor Day tournament. W. S. Carlisle, Pres.
 Sept. 7.—Meriden, Conn.—Parker Gun Club's ninth annual Labor Day tournament. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.
 Sept. 7.—Labor tournament given by the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club. \$25 added. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
 Sept. 7-9.—Lynchburg, Va.—Virginia Trapshooters' Association tournament. C. W. Scott, Pres.
 *Sept. 9-10.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
 Sept. 10-12.—Prescott-Arizona Sportsmen's Association tournament. W. L. Pinney, Sec'y, Phoenix.
 *Sept. 15-16.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
 Sept. 15-16.—Chattanooga, Tenn.—Tournament of the Mountaineers' Gun Club; \$250 added money. P. B. Plummer, Sec'y.
 Sept. 16-18.—Williamsport, Pa.—West Branch Rod and Gun Club tournament. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.
 Sept. 20.—Middleton, Wis., Gun Club tournament.
 Sept. 22-24.—Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club opening or dedication tournament. W. T. Nash, Sec'y.
 Sept. 23-24.—Springfield, O.—Young & Wilson's tournament.
 *Sept. 23-24.—Scottdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
 Sept. 23-24.—Rensselaer, Ind., Gun Club shoot.
 Sept. 23-24.—Scranton, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Scranton Rod and Gun Club. J. D. Mason, Sec'y.
 Sept. 25.—Binghamton, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. H. W. Brown, Sec'y.
 Sept. 25-26.—Lexington, Ky., Gun Club two-day shoot; live birds and targets. Robert R. Skinner, Mgr.
 Sept. 28-29.—Louisville, Ky.—First day, State championship at targets; second day, State championship at live birds. J. S. Phelps, Jr., Sec'y.
 Sept. 30-Oct. 2.—Florists' Gun Club's first open amateur tournament at flying targets. J. K. Starr, Mgr., 1216 North Twenty-eighth street, Philadelphia.
 Oct. 1-2.—Austerlitz, Ky.—Two-day live pigeon tournament of the Hill Top Gun Club. Geo. W. Clay, Sec'y.
 Oct. 6-7.—Des Moines, Ia.—Two-day shoot of Messrs. Whitney & Milner.
 *Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.

Sept. 29-Oct. 1.—Pekin, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament. John Smith, Sec'y.
 Oct. 8-9.—Clinton, Ont., Gun Club tournament.
 Oct. 8-9.—Dalton, Ohio, Gun Club's fifth annual tournament. H. Santmyer, Mgr.
 Oct. 14-17.—West Baden, Ind., Gun Club tournament; \$500 added. John L. Winston, Mgr.
 Oct. 20-22.—Paducah, Ky., Gun Club tournament. W. A. Davis, Sec'y.
 Oct. 23-24.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
 Oct. 22-24.—St. Louis, Mo.—Combination live-bird and target shoot at Du Pont Shooting Park. Open to all. Special event, 50 live bird handicap. Alec D. Mermod, Mgr.
 Oct. 26-31.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—First grand tournament of the National Gun Club. John M. Lilly, Pres.

*Members of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg.
 **Members Southern Trapshooters' Game and Fish Protective Association. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y, Vicksburg, Miss.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Mr. D. W. Hallam, secretary of the Dover, N. H., Sportsman's Association, was a visitor in New York last week.

Mr. C. G. Blandford, captain of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club, mentions that there are good prospects for his club's Labor Day shoot. Programmes of it will be sent to applicants.

The Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Rod and Gun Club announces that on Sept. 7, Labor Day, it will hold a cup shoot, open to members only, 50 targets, no entrance. Open sweeps also will be shot.

Mr. Alexander McKnight, of Hollidaysburg, Pa., died at his home on Aug. 17, in his 61st year. His death was caused by paralysis. He was a member of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club. In every walk of life he made warm and lasting friendships.

The Spring Valley Gun Club was defeated by the North River Gun Club in a team race, on the grounds of the latter club at Edgewater, N. J., on Aug. 22. There were ten men on each team, 25 targets per man. The scores were 185 to 159.

The Milbrook, N. Y., Gun Club held a shoot on Aug. 22, at which the expert trapshot, Mr. I. Tallman, was present. He broke 98 out of 100 targets, leaving himself a very narrow margin for future improvement, and setting a very high standard for his fellow sportsmen.

Mr. C. L. Kites, secretary of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club, calls attention to an error, as follows: "In your fixtures of coming trapshooting events, in the notice of the Labor Day tournament of this club, it should read \$25 added money instead of \$250, as you have it."

Mr. Arthur Gambell's son met with a serious accident recently, concerning which we express our profound sympathy. In a letter to us, Mr. Gambell refers to it as follows: "I am sorry to inform you my boy Lutie has met with another accident. While playing he fell, dislocated his hip and broke his leg between the hip and knee. He is getting along as well as could be expected. This is his sixth fracture."

We heartily wish him a speedy recovery.

Mr. John M. Lilly, president of the National Gun Club, writes us as follows: "We have to announce the first grand tournament of the National Gun Club, which will be held at French Lick Springs, Ind., Oct. 26-31. Targets and sparrows, \$500 added money. For information, programmes and hotel accommodations address Mr. T. Taggart, French Lick Springs, Ind. This is an ideal spot for holding a tournament, the shooting field being forty acres, with sky background. The hotel and casino is one of the finest in the country, and no effort will be spared which will add to the comfort of the guests. We sincerely trust there will be a large attendance."

The ninth annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club, at Meriden, Conn., is open to all. The programme provides ten events, alternately, 15 and 20 targets, \$1 and \$1.40 entrance, totaling 175 targets, and \$12 entrance. Competition commences at 9:30. Sergeant system. Rose system, 7, 5, 3, and 2. Targets 2 cents, included in entrance. Shooters may enter for price of targets. Guns and shells shipped to the secretary, Mr. C. S. Howard, prepaid, will be delivered on club grounds free. A palatable event will be the renowned Bristol Sheep bake, deliciously compounded of baked lamb, sweet potatoes, fried sweet corn, etc., grateful to the palate and satisfying to the stomach.

The programme of the Mountaineers Gun Club tournament is now obtainable of the secretary, Mr. P. B. Plummer, 127 East Eighth Street, Chattanooga, Tenn. Mr. Arthur Gambell, superintendent of the Cincinnati Gun Club, will manage. Targets, 2 cents. Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock. The Rose system will govern the divisions of the purses. Manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets. Round trip tickets at reduced rates are on sale. The dates are Sept. 15 and 16. Ship shells, etc., to Mr. Plummer before Sept. 11, and they will be delivered on the mountain. There are ten programme events each day, 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50, added money \$7.50, \$10 and \$12.50. High guns for total programme, \$25, \$15 and \$10. Professionals eligible to first and second high guns, but not to third.

The Cleveland, O., Gun Club Company's twenty-third annual tournament, fixed to be held on Sept. 7, has a good programme. There are ten regular events, of which two are at 10, eight at 15 targets, entrance 50 cents and \$1. Total targets, 140; total entrance, \$9. Events 3 and 7 are for merchandise prizes. The fifteen high and five low guns in the ten events will be awarded merchandise prizes. There also are two special events, namely, the 10-man team race between the Akron, O., Gun Club and the Cleveland Gun Club, for the northern Ohio 10-man team championship trophy, presented by the Akron Gun Club, and the northern Ohio 5-man team contest for the championship trophy presented by the Cleveland Gun Club Co. Class shooting in the programme events, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Manufacturers' agents are welcome, but may shoot for targets only. Magautrap, expert traps and blue rocks will be used. Programmes, etc., are obtainable of Mr. F. G. Hogen, 15 Craw Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

BERNARD WATERS.

Chicago Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Aug. 22.—Owing to the fact that a great many of the members of the Chicago Gun Club are at summer resorts at this season of the year, the attendance is rather small compared with what it would be if all members—or at least the greater portion of them—were in the city. However, interest in the sport does not lag, and the attendance is very good considering the season of the year. There is not a dull moment during the entire afternoon, and the boys continue shooting until they cannot see the targets.

Charley O'Brien put in an appearance at the club Saturday, it being the first time his smiling countenance has been seen there for some weeks, owing to the rush of business, which prevented him from joining the boys at the trap.

The race between O'Brien and Willard for first honors in the trophy was a pretty one, O'Brien winning out.

Arthur A. Walters, the genial secretary of the Chicago Gun Club, has been absent from the club for several weeks past, devoting his time to fishing at the nearby lakes, but was out again Saturday with the boys at the trap.

Lem Willard, one of the directors of the Chicago Gun Club, is shooting a splendid pace this season, and has little trouble to land inside the money at all times. His score Saturday was 98 out of 103 targets, and Lem shot poorly at that.

Event No. 1, 25 targets and added handicap, monthly trophy:

Willard, 3	11111111111111111111111111111111	—28
A W Morton, 5	11110111110110111011011111111111	—25
Young, 6	01110110110110110110110110111111	—23
Boroff, 9	1111011111011011011001101101111111	—27
Walters, 6	00111111111111111111111111111111	—27
Franklin, 10	1011111111111111111111000010110011	—26
Parker, 5	11111111111111111111111111111111	—29
Dr Morton, 7	11011111101011111110011011011111	—25
Stannard, 1	11001010111011111110110101	—17
O'Brien, 7	111111111111111011111111111101	—28
Brown, 10	010011001111111111111111111101	—26
Dr Burcky, 6	11111111111011011011011011111111	—26

Shoot-off:

Willard, 1	111111111111	—11	Parker, 2	110111011001	—8
A Norton, 2	111110111110	—10	Dr Morton, 3	1100111101000	—7
Boroff, 3	10010011111111	—9	O'Brien, 3	111111011111	—12
Walters, 2	111111111111	—12	Dr Burcky, 2	110110001010	—6
Franklin, 4	10111010100100	—7			

Shoot-off:

Willard, 1	111111111111	—11	Walters, 2	111001100011	—7
A W Norton, 2	1011101110	—6	O'Brien, 3	111101111111	—11

Shoot-off:

Willard, 1	11011111011	—9	O'Brien, 3	1111110011011	—10
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O'Brien first, Young second, Stannard third.

Event 2, 15 targets and added handicap: Lem Willard (2) 15, A. W. Morton (3) 16, Young (3) 11, Boroff (3) 15, Walters (3) 13, Franklin (6) 14, Parker (3) 15, Dr. Morton (4) 16, W. D. Stannard (0) 14, O'Brien (4) 16, Brown (6) 15, Dr. Burcky (4) 14.

First: Willard, A. W. Morton, Parker, Dr. Morton, O'Brien, Boroff and Brown.

Second: Stannard, Franklin and Dr. Burcky.

Third, Walters.

Event at 25 targets: Willard 24, Morton 21, Young 13, Walters 23, Parker 19, Dr. Morton 19, Stannard 23, O'Brien 17, Burcky 20.

National Gun Club.

MILWAUKEE, Wis.—The live-bird tournament of the National Gun Club, held Aug. 15 and 16, was open to the world. The scores are appended:

The entrance in events 1 to 5 totals \$30. Ten birds, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Five, 60 and 40:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Birds:	5	10	10	10	10	10	Birds:	5	10	10	10	10	10
Barto	4	5	9	7	5	6	F A Nolan	5	4	10	7	5	7
J S Boa	5	2	9	6	5	...	Bush	...	9	7	5	...	
W Ell	4	5	9	6	4	6	T Thomas	...	8	6	5	7	
G Premo	3	4	9	6	3	7	Dieter	...	9	7	5	...	
J R Thomas	4	2	10	6	...	6	Klapinski	...	5	
J M Hughes	5	10	6	5	Clark	...	6	
J Ell	5	10	6	5	7	...	Dreyfus	...	6	
E Stuth	5							

Second Day, Aug. 16.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Birds:	5	10	10	10	7	5	Birds:	5	10	10	7	5
Hughes	4	9	...	5	Von Lengerke	...	10	9	7	...
Bush	4	7	Hughes	...	8	7
W Ell	5	9	9	6	5	...	Browne	...	6	5	4	...
Boa	5	8	9	R Dwyer	...	9	7	5	...
J Thomas	3	7	9	6	5	...	Klapinski	...	10	6	4	...
Kaufman	5	10	9	6	5	...	Horn
Hensler	4	8	10	7	5	...	Schubring
Barto	5	8	9	6	4	...	Premo	...	7
Stuth	3	J Tubbs	...	5	2
P Browney	4	8	Bush	...	6
Nolan	...	10	8	6	5	...	Jones	...	7	4

The entrance in the five events totaled \$37.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Aug. 22.—The accompanying scores were made at the regular bi-monthly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club to-day. Events Nos. 7 and 8 were for the prizes which are regularly offered by the club. Coleman got first and Ball second in the 7th, and in the 8th Ball captured first and Blandford second. These were handicap events; the distance of the shooters is indicated by the figures following the names. Burns stood at 18 yards, with his 16 gauge "pump," which was a little stiff, but then Burns is liable to shoot "way up" at any time without warning. In event No. 9, all the ladies were new at the game and objected to the recoil of any load that would be of any use. The outlook for our Labor Day shoot is good. If any have failed to receive programmes, please send names to the secretary or captain. J. Blandford 2d is 8 years old.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	15	5
C Blandford, 21	9	...	7	...	7	7	9	13	...
C Oliver	2	...	4	...	3	6	5
Hans	4	7	5	6	6	9	9
W Coleman	8	4	5	6	7	14	9
E F Ball	6	4	9	2	7	13	14
J C Barlow	9	6	7	...	11	6
A L Burns	...	5	7	5	9	11
I T Washburn	8	...	8
A Bedell	w	12
JG Blandford, 2d	1
Mrs E F Ball	5	6	1	...
Miss F Gibson	0	...
Mrs F Lee	0	...
Miss Schlocker	0	...
Mrs C Blandford	0	...

C. G. B.

Clearview Gun Club.

DARBY, Pa., Aug. 22.—The 50-target handicap event of the Clearview Gun Club, shot to-day, resulted as follows:

Hdcp. 1st.	2d.	Tot'l.	Hdcp. 1st.	2d.	Tot'l.				
Armstrong	21	19	16	56	Sanford	1	22	20	43
Jones	5	23	24	52	Robinson	5	16	19	40
Ludwig	6	23	23	52	Lang	24	10	5	39
Ford	17	19	16	52	Uring	5	15	19	39
Fisher	...	23	23	46	Carr	18	7	13	

ON LONG ISLAND.

[illegible]

Hot Springs Gun Club.

HOT SPRINGS, S. D., Aug. 19.—The Hot Springs Gun Club entertained thirty trapshooting enthusiasts very pleasantly. This was the first tournament given by the club, a new organization, but nothing was lacking in the way of management or the usual equipments for the convenience of guests in such an event. The programme consisted of 190 targets daily, sweeps limited to amateur competition, money divided on the per cent. plan, and all shooting from 16yds. The background was rather difficult for one unaccustomed to it, but the boys went right to work and did excellent execution. Harry G. Taylor, who has been making them all go some in the South Dakota circuit this year, ran away from the crowd the first day, making a run of 117 and finishing the day with 187 kills. Harry Gayhart, of Hot Springs, and Riehl tied for second place, with 12 each lost. The Black Hills championship gold medal was won by Ted Ackerman, on a clean score of 25.

The weather was again fine the second day, and many good scores were made, Taylor, Riehl and Carter being at the top in the order named. The general averages went to Taylor, Riehl and Sievers.

First Day, Aug. 17.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Targets:	20	15	25	15	20	20	15	25	15	20	173
Dorton	20	13	21	12	18	18	15	24	13	19	174
Sievers	20	15	23	14	19	19	12	23	12	17	162
Townsend	18	14	24	14	19	16	11	19	9	18	169
Carter	20	14	24	14	16	18	13	24	10	16	178
Riehl	19	13	21	15	19	19	14	23	14	19	173
McDowell	19	13	21	14	18	18	12	24	15	19	187
Taylor	20	15	20	15	20	20	13	25	15	19	159
Ackerman	13	10	21	13	18	20	13	25	10	16	178
Gayhart	20	15	24	15	18	19	15	22	12	18	164
Wooster	18	12	21	12	18	20	13	21	12	17	157
Smith	18	10	23	14	16	15	14	22	10	15	160
Marty	16	11	15	12	17	17	7	10	15	10	158
Juckett	15	8	25	13	17	17	14	19	14	18	153
Hargens	17	13	21	15	17	15	14	20	9	17	157
Brook	16	14	19	13	20	13	10	22	10	16	143
Sheffner	18	14	21	12	19	13	12	12	18	14	148
Coats	15	13	21	14	15	19	12	17	14	17	148
Reid	14	14	21	12	16	13	8	16	10	14	148
McNish	16	10	19	13	16	18	10	19	11	16	148
Mead	12	12	12	12	14	10	9	10	9	10	148
Palmer	12	12	12	12	14	10	9	10	9	10	148
Graven	12	12	12	12	14	10	9	10	9	10	148
Mattimer	12	12	12	12	14	10	9	10	9	10	148
Hummel	12	12	12	12	14	10	9	10	9	10	148
Morgan	12	12	12	12	14	10	9	10	9	10	148
Miner	12	12	12	12	14	10	9	10	9	10	148
Kimball	12	12	12	12	14	10	9	10	9	10	148
Bonekamp	12	12	12	12	14	10	9	10	9	10	148
Connor	12	12	12	12	14	10	9	10	9	10	148

Second Day, Aug. 18.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Targets:	20	15	25	15	20	20	15	25	15	20	179
Dorton	18	15	21	15	20	20	14	24	14	18	179
Sievers	17	15	23	15	20	18	15	22	15	19	162
Townsend	19	14	23	14	15	15	14	22	11	15	180
Carter	17	15	23	15	19	19	15	22	15	18	171
Riehl	19	13	24	15	20	19	13	25	14	19	182
McDowell	20	13	24	14	18	19	14	21	14	18	164
Taylor	20	15	23	15	20	20	13	24	13	19	182
Ackerman	19	15	21	14	18	17	13	21	12	14	164
Gayhart	20	14	21	13	18	20	13	24	12	18	174
Wooster	16	12	23	13	16	18	11	20	13	17	159
Smith	16	14	22	15	18	18	11	20	13	17	164
Marty	16	11	21	12	15	14	11	19	12	14	143
Juckett	16	15	20	12	14	19	13	20	15	19	163
Hargens	17	13	20	13	19	19	15	22	14	18	170
Brook	19	14	25	13	14	17	12	17	12	16	159
Sheffner	17	15	22	11	14	17	9	10	10	10	166
Coats	17	11	21	15	19	18	14	21	12	18	166
Reid	14	12	21	13	15	14	18	14	16	16	159
McNish	15	13	22	13	19	18	13	22	11	17	163
Miner	13	11	14	17	19	14	23	13	17	17	163
Craven	10	10	11	11	12	11	11	11	11	11	163
Reeder	12	12	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	163
Morgan	12	12	12	12	16	11	18	14	15	15	163
Palmer	12	12	12	12	16	11	18	14	15	15	163
Kimball	12	12	12	12	16	11	18	14	15	15	163
Mortimer	12	12	12	12	16	11	18	14	15	15	163

Griesemer's Tournament.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Aug. 20.—Griesemer's tournament, his second annual, held Aug. 18 and 19, at the Duck Farm Hotel, was visited by a number of noted shots, among whom were Messrs. Neaf Apgar, Edward Banks, New York; C. F. Trafford, Lebanon; G. W. Fields, H. B. Ten Eyck, North Branch; Frank Butler, Nutley, N. J. The summaries follow:

First Day, Aug. 18.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	15	20	20	20	25	Broke.
Apgar	7	15	20	13	16	14	20	20	17	24	166
Coleman	9	12	19	13	16	13	20	16	17	19	164
Banks	10	11	15	13	19	14	21	19	20	23	165
Kramlich	8	15	14	15	19	11	21	17	17	23	160
Trafford	7	12	13	12	11	11	23	19	16	15	139
J. Bahr	7	12	14	13	13	9
C. F. Hankee	7	9	11	9	11	13
S. Steckel	8	12	13
Burke	5	12	14	12
Hendricks	8	11	17	14	14	10	20
C. Miller	9	9	12	9	20	12
Croll	10	14	14	13	17	7	11
M. H. R.	5	13	18	13	15	12	21
Heil	8	11	15	12	16	14	21
G. W. Fields.	7	12	14	12	18	11	20
H. B. Ten Eyck	4	10	..	9	20
Graff	6	9	11	11
Englert	..	14	16	9	16	12	20
Boehm	..	14	17	13	15
S. Weiler	..	11	19	13

Second Day, Aug. 19.

High scores were conspicuous in the second day's events. Among the noted shots who participated to-day were Fen Cooper, Mahanoy City; M. H. Ruppel, North Branch; Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Park, Philadelphia, and Lee and Fred Wertz, of Temple. Charles F. Kramlich made the highest average in the amateur class of the tournament, scoring 103 out of a total of 185. The summaries:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	15	25	20	20	25	Broke.
Apgar	10	13	18	14	18	13	25	19	19	23	172
Coleman	9	13	17	14	17	14	21	18	16	23	162
Banks	8	12	16	12	19	13	21	15	19	25	160
Kramlich	8	14	15	11	17	13	21	19	20	25	163
Trafford	6	13	15	15	18	13	17	15	17	20	149
Cooper	9	13	17	11	16	13	22	17
Schlicher	9	13	18	14	16	12	20	...
Croll	8	14	18	11	15	5
F Wertz	5	11	14	12	12
Hendricks	6	13	15	12	18	11	17	13	...
L Wertz	9	13	18	15	17	15	22	13	19
M H R.	8	13	14	11	16	7	21	18	17	20	145
I Fredericks	13	19	14	23	20	19	...
I L E	10	17	13	21	16	17	...
E Markley	11	18	15	23	19	15	...
Morgan	11
Graff	4	7

Alabama State Shoot.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Aug. 19.—The two days of the Alabama State shoot, Aug. 11 and 12, were days of activity on the grounds of the Birmingham Gun Club, under whose auspices the shoot was held. About fifty shooters participated in the first day's competition. Of the amateurs, John Fletcher, of the home club, was first with 187 out of 200 targets, and he was third in the standing of the day. Lawrence was second. The visitors were as follows: W. H. Heer, Concordia, Kans.; J. T. Anthony, Charlotte, N. C.; A. L. O'Connell, Chattanooga; William Brown, Chattanooga; C. W. Goodlake, Dallas, Tex.; Abe Frank, Memphis; Tom A. Devine, Memphis; A. L. Baker, Griffin, Ga.; C. W. Phillips, Cincinnati; John S. Sanders, Atlanta; George H. Hillman, Nashville; Maurice Kaufman, New Orleans; V. S. Vidd, Pensacola; William Yates, Jr., Pensacola; Walter Huff, Macon, Ga.; Eugene Dupont, Wilmington; R. L. Norvell, Monroe, Ga.; B. C. Crook, Memphis; J. N. Hightower, Americus, Ga.; W. A. Long, Columbia, Tenn.; Dr. T. C. Wilson, Savannah, Ga.; Eli Abbott, Tuscaloosa; G. G. Vaughan, Selma; W. W. Cooke, New Orleans; C. N. Morton, Blocton; Al Briles, Blocton; J. M. Muldon, Pensacola; F. C. Ethridge, Macon, Ga.; T. R. Ward, Greensboro; A. Lawson, Greensboro; Jeff Blount, Greensboro; Lewis Williams, Nashville; Andy Meaders, Nashville; A. C. Barrell, New York; P. B. Plummer, Chattanooga; W. G. Bellinger, Gadsden; J. S. Paden, Gadsden.

Shooting at 200 targets each the results were as follows:

First Day, Aug. 11.

Broke. Per C't.		Broke. Per C't.			
Huff	190	95	Briles	171	85.5
Heer	189	94.5	Vaughan	169	84.5
Phillips	183	91.5	Brontes	169	84.5
Hightower	181	90.5	Novell	169	84.5
Kelly	178	89	O'Connell	168	84
Faniste	177	88.5	Baker	165	82.5
Anthony	173	86.5	Moody	165	82.5
Dupont	160	80	Frank	163	81.5
Kaufman	159	79.5	Vidal	161	80.5
Dr Dix	151	75.5	Baugh	161	80.5
Fletcher	187	93.5	Brown	161	80.5
Lawrence	185	92.5	Green	160	80
Ethridge	184	92	Cocke	155	77.5
Wilson	177	88.5	Ward	154	77
Muldon	176	88	Abbott	154	77
Frazier	176	88	Yates	152	76
Lupton	174	87	Eastman	150	75
F Quiller	173	86.5	Soucier	132	66
Mathews	171	85.5	Paden	130	65
Pratt	171	85.5			

Second Day, Aug. 12.

Mr. John Fletcher was high average for the two days, with a percentage of 91.75. He broke 367 targets out of 400 shot at. Heer was first in the professional class in the high two-day average, with 93.5 per cent.

Each contestant shot at 200 targets. The results follow:

Broke. Per C't.		Broke. Per C't.			
Phillis	185	92.5	Baugh	163	81.5
Heer	184	92	Lupton	163	81.5
Faurote	179	89	F Quiller	160	80
Skelly	177	89.5	Plumber	160	80
Huff	174	87	Meaders	160	80
Anthony	167	83.5	H C Abbott	159	79.5
Kaufman	162	76	O'Connell	158	79
Dupont	144	72	Hill	158	79
Dr Dix	141	70.5	Blount	156	78
Fletcher	180	90	Frank	157	78.5
St. Clair	179	89.5	Muldon	156	78
Baker	175	87.5	Vaughan	155	77.5
Wilson	171	85.5	Brown	153	76.5
Vidal	171	85.5	Ward	151	75.5
Matthews	169	84.5	Pratt	150	75
Smith	168	84	Moody	150	75
Frazier	167	83.5	Yates	145	72.5
E Abbott	165	82.5	Paden	144	72
Broxles	148	74			

Dominion Tournament.

THE Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's third annual tournament was held on Aug. 12, 13, and 15, at Woodbine Park, Toronto, and was an unqualified success. The weather was all that could be desired, and the attendance very large, 151 competitors taking part. So far as the writer knows, this is the second largest target tournament ever held in America. It was open to Canadian amateurs only who were members of any one of the seventeen affiliated gun clubs, or who had paid the individual affiliation fee. Had the tournament been an open one the Grand American Handicap shoot at Kansas City in April last would easily have been eclipsed, because over one hundred applications from non-members for permission to shoot were received and refused. The Stanley Gun Club, of Toronto, had charge of the arrangements, which were complete in every detail.

Woodbine Park is the property of the Ontario Jockey Club. It is situated on the shore of Lake Ontario, and was an ideal place for the sport, giving a perfect background. Nearly every club had a large tent for the use of the members, which added to the beauty of the scene. One gentleman from the United States suggested to the writer that it was an ideal place to hold the Grand American Handicap at live pigeons.

Mr. Thomas A. Duff, president of the Association, took the management of the tournament, and was ably assisted by Messrs. Charles T. Logan and Alex. Dey, secretary and field captain respectively of the Stanley Gun Club. These three gentlemen also shot through all events in the four days, and considering the circumstances made very creditable scores.

The handicap was pronounced by every one as the best yet. The history of its adoption is as follows: Mr. W. A. Smith, Kingsville, Ont., produced a sliding handicap system, which was used last year. The distances were from 16 to 22yds., and a competitor who broke straight at 16yds. was compelled in the succeeding event to go back to 22yds., which frequently resulted in an injustice being done. Furthermore, shooters frequently "dropped" for position. The president of the Association set to work to prepare a new system of handicapping, and while engaged at it observed a letter in the American sporting papers explaining a system proposed by Dr. C. E. Cook, secretary of the New London, Ia., Gun Club, and entered into correspondence with him. By the Doctor's system, each competitor had a 3yd. limit, thus a 16yd. man breaking straight would go to 17yds.; straight again, to 18yds. Mr. Duff, however, felt that it would be an improvement to modify this, and accordingly did so, whereby a 16yd. man scoring straight would go to 19yds., 19 to 18yds., 18 to 17yds., and 17 or less would remain at 16. This system was adopted and proved an unqualified success. Mr. R. O. Heikes was so enthusiastic over it that he declared he would endeavor to have United States clubs use it at their tournaments. Any individual or club desiring a copy of the system as used in Toronto will be cheerfully sent one by applying to Thomas A. Duff, Toronto, or Dr. C. E. Cook, New London, Iowa.

Competitors were present from Sherbrooke, P. Q., on the east to Winnipeg, Man., on the west, the five gentlemen (Messrs. Bain, Allan, Carruthers, Hargrave and Miller) from the latter city traveling nearly 3,000 miles to make the round trip.

The trade was represented by Messrs. J. H. Cameron and J. A. R. Elliott, Rolla O. Heikes, John S. Coler, Jr., Capt. A. W. du Bray, Forest H. Conover and R. H. Watson. The Association is under the deepest obligations to these gentlemen for the valuable assistance given. Messrs. Cameron, Cole, Conover and Watson performed the duties of squad hustler, yet withal had time to do missionary work in the interests of their respective companies. Our own "Injun" was here, there and everywhere. No better representative could be found. He also shot through the entire programme.

The high average prize for the first day—a gold badge donated by the Hunter Arms Co.—was won by Capt. J. F. Higginson, of the St. Hubert Gun Club, Ottawa, with 179 out of a possible 200. He was closely followed by Messrs. W. A. Smith, Kingsville, and J. E. Hovey, Clinton, with 176, while Messrs. F. Westbrook, Brantford, and H. Scane, Ridgetown, scored 175 each, H. D. Bates 174, and C. G. Thompson, Sherbrooke, 173.

The high average among the experts was made by Mr. R. O. Heikes, 179, followed by Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, 174, and F. H. Conover, 163.

The office was in charge of Messrs. W. H. Hayes and L. A. Des Rosiers, Ottawa, and Geo. Cashmore, Toronto. They gave every satisfaction.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Association was held on Aug. 12, in the magnificent banquet hall of the King Edward Hotel, and was largely attended. Mr. Thomas A. Duff, president, was in the chair, and after calling the meeting to order congratulated the Association upon the splendid work it was doing, and upon the success of the tournament. He bade a hearty welcome to all competitors.

The financial reports, as read by Mr. A. W. Throop, St. Hubert Gun Club, Ottawa, the secretary-treasurer of the Association, was received with applause and adopted. It showed the Association to be in a prosperous condition financially. A new constitution, by-laws and rules were adopted, ordered to be printed and distributed to the various affiliated clubs.

A vast amount of important business was disposed of.

After a spirited contest between Brantford and Ottawa for the next tournament the former city was selected.

The president, on vacating the chair, paid a tribute to Mr. A. W. Throop for the work he had performed, and also to Messrs. Logan and Dey. He announced that he was not again a candidate for the presidency, and called upon Mr. Thomas Reid, of Walkerville, to assume the chair and conduct the election of officers.

Mr. Thomas A. Duff was twice unanimously re-elected as president, and was compelled to twice write his resignation before the meeting would permit him to retire, and not even then, until he had pledged himself to give the Association all the assistance in his power.

The following officers were then elected: President, F. Westbrook, Brantford; First Vice-President, J. C. Cantelon, Clinton; Second Vice-President, D. McMackon, Highgate; Secretary-Treasurer, A. W. Throop, Ottawa. Executive Committee: Thomas A. Duff, Toronto; Capt. J. F. Higginson, Ottawa; M. J. Miller, Winnipeg; P. Wakefield, Toronto Junction; J. W. Aitken, Chatham; C. Hacker, Brantford; W. A. Smith, Kingsville; Dr. R. W. Hunt, Hamilton, and C. J. Mitchell, Brantford.

The executive committee was ordered to provide a suitable testimonial for Messrs. Duff and Throop in recognition of their services.

After votes of thanks to the Stanley Gun Club, of Toronto, and the King Edward Hotel Company, the meeting adjourned.

First Day Aug. 12.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	
T. A. Duff.....	13	15	14	14	19	15	17	16	17	17	157
C. T. Logan.....	16	17	14	16	16	16	17	15	17	14	159
G. W. McGill.....	13	14	16	13	16	14	13	17	14	12	142
D. McMackon.....	16	17	18	13	16	17	16	18	15	20	166
J. H. Thompson.....	17	15	14	15	18	11	17	14	15	12	148
T. Upton.....	16	19	12	16	19	15	16	15	17	19	164
Dr. Hunt.....	14	18	11	16	20	18	13	14	19	18	161
Frank.....	17	19	17	13	20	14	17	15	14	14	163
Dr. Wilson.....	18	17	18	16	12	16	18	19	15	17	166
M. J. Fletcher.....	17	17	20	14	19	16	17	16	16	17	169
F. Westbrook.....	18	16	19	17	14	18	19	19	16	19	175
C. A. Montgomery.....	16	16	17	18	16	17	17	16	16	18	167
C. J. Mitchell.....	17	17	18	18	17	17	17	15	14	14	168
M. J. Miller.....	17	16	16	15	13	16	17	18	15	15	158
C. Hacker.....	16	17	19	17	15	15	19	19	17	16	170
H. Scane.....	18	17	18	17	19	15	17	18	17	19	175
A. Tolsma.....	15	16	18	15	19	17	12	15	17	16	160
W. L. Cameron.....	14	16	11	17	15	18	18	16	10	12	147
G. A. Heney.....	19	13	14	15	15	16	14	17	15	15	153
S. White.....	15	13	14	12	12	16	15	13	15	16	141
J. Wayner.....	14	10	18	17	17	15	19	18	15	16	159
H. T. Westbrook.....	12	15	19	4	12	10	12	16	15	12	127
R. Patrick.....	14	11	17	16	14	16	11	16	20	15	150
W. J. Jack.....	12	15	10	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	62
J. L. McLaren.....	19	16	17	15	18	16	17	16	15	17	166
Church.....	14	12	12	18	14	17	14	16	13	14	173
C. G. Thompson.....	15	16	16	16	19	19	19	18	17	19	173
P. Wakefield.....	16	17	16	17	13	14	14	16	13	15	151
T. M. Craig.....	18	18	18	15	15	14	18	14	15	20	165
A. W. Throop.....	14	15	15	18	17	18	17	13	14	19	160
Capt. J. T. Higginson.....	16	18	18	19	18	17	18	19	18	18	179
N. G. Bray.....	14	16	14	18	16	19	19	17	16	19	168
R. Green.....	11	11	14	10	10	13	13	8	9	9	108
A. Dey.....	14	14	13	16	15	15	12	15	25	20	149
H. D. Bates.....	18	17	19	18	17	19	16	16	19	15	174
W. J. Henry.....	13	13	15	17	17	14	13	11	11	11	102
A. D. Bates.....	19	13	18	14	14	18	11	11	11	11	96
J. E. Cantelon.....	19	17	17	12	12	18	17	18	15	17	162
J. E. Hovey.....	16	18	16	18	18	20	17	20	17	16	176
W. G. Doherty.....	14	15	12	15	14	13	16	13	15	17	144
Dr. Dollie.....	19	13	13	16	9	16	17	13	15	16	147
J. Dodds.....	15	15	17	12	9	11	12	12	15	14	132
W. A. Smith.....	20	16	18	19	17	17	18	16	16	19	176
R. Graham.....	12	19	15	16	18	17	16	14	13	10	156
W. J. Morehead.....	13	14	13	18	14	11	13	16	14	17	132
J. Ireland.....	12	13	15	13	14	8	11	11	11	11	75
A. J. Morrish.....	8	12	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	55
W. Stanley.....	14	14	17	13	14	17	16	15	15	15	120
C. J. Packham.....	16	18	14	13	15	14	11	11	11	11	90
T. E. Henry.....	15	16	18	12	14	14	11	11	11	11	89
J. McNab.....	15	16	14	15	15	11	11	11	11	11	75
J. Cline.....	15	12	18	13	13	11	11	11	11	11	76
C. W. Scane.....	15	14	16	18	14	14	14	14	14	17	150
J. W. Aitken.....	12	16	20	14	15	14	13	11	11	11	104
C. Burgess.....	12	11	17	16	15	17	15	16	10	11	129
G. Dumont.....	17	17	15	13	14	16	18	13	14	18	155
L. St. Jean.....	16	14	18	18	16	19	17	14	16	14	162
N. Ball.....	11	15	14	12	19	15	11	11	11	11	86
J. W. Allan.....	15	15	15	15	17	17	18	18	14	14	158
G. A. Carruthers.....	17	19	18	15	18	14	17	14	16	19	167
A. W. Reid.....	15	17	16	17	12	13	17	14	14	16	151
W. M. Miller.....	14	12	13	11	11	16	10	11	12	11	113
J. S. Lunney.....	15	16	13	9	7	14	11	11	11	11	85
W. P. Thompson.....	15	14	11	15	16	11	11	11	11	11	71
M. Reardon.....	16	14	16	12	17	11	11	11	11	11	75
F. Hargrave.....	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	13
W. C. Smith.....	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	9
G. B. Smith.....	17	16	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	50
P. G. Dorsam.....	12	14	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	42
R. O. Heikes.....	18	15	16	19	20	16	20	16	20	19	179
J. J. Coulter.....	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
Capt. A. W. Du Bray.....	16	17	13	14	13	10	11	11	11	11	83
F. H. Conover.....	20	17	17	14	15	20	15	17	14	14	163
A. E. Fakins.....	13	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	20
J. Kress.....	14	13	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	55
J. A. R. Elliott.....	17	17	19	16	17	19	18	15	18	18	174
J. M. Deslauriers.....	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	43
Ben It.....	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	26
T. Sawdon, Jr.....	15	18	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	82
D. J. Taylor.....	14	15	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	58
J. Skeeter.....	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
J. F. Burrell.....	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16
R. Buck.....	8	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	8
C. Turp.....	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
F. W. Martin.....	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	19
W. F. Cantelon.....	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
C. Thompson.....	16	13	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	43
F. Smith.....	11	15	14	12	13	11	11	11	11	11	5
R. G. Davidson.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	7
H. M. Sheppard.....	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	8
W. E. Mitchell.....	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12

Second Day, Aug. 13.

The feature of to-day was event No. 6, the two-man team championship of Canada, open to members of same clubs and residents of same town, and was won by Messrs. P. Wakefield and G. W. McGill, of Toronto Junction Gun Club. A magnificent silver trophy went to each. These were donated by Charles Shangman, Montreal.

Amateur high average for the day was won by F. Westbrook with 162 out of 180, who took the silver cup presented by the Toronto Silver Plate Co. He was closely followed by Mr. N. G. Bray, Sherbrooke, P. Q., with 155; T. M. Craig, Sherbrooke; H. D. Bates, W. A. Smith, J. E. Hovey and M. J. Fletcher, with 154 each, and G. W. McGill with 153.

Professional high average for the day went to R. O. Heikes with 163, followed by J. A. R. Elliott with 155.

With 100, followed by J. A. R. Emott with 100.											
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Events:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Broke.
Duff	12	18	12	16	12	18	13	15	15	15	131
Logan	16	15	13	17	11	15	18	15	19	19	139
Scane	16	19	15	15	20	15	15	17	17	16	146
Tolsma	16	20	18	18	14	15	15	17	16	16	149
McGill	19	16	16	17	17	18	17	20	13	13	153
McMackon	15	18	18	15	17	14	16	18	17	17	148
J H Thompson	19	16	17	17	12	15	11	11	11	11	96
F Westbrook	18	20	16	17	20	19	15	18	19	19	162
Montgomery	18	17	16	14	16	15	16	19	19	19	147
Mitchell	15	17	19	18	16	16	17	13	18	18	149
M J Miller	15	12	14	16	18	16	15	15	11	11	132
Hacker	17	20	13	16	16	17	16	14	19	19	148
Craig	18	18	19	15	17	16	16	17	18	18	154
Bray	19	16	17	19	17	17	18	16	16	16	155
Higginson	13	18	16	16	18	17	19	16	16	16	149
Throop	14	16	18	15	17	16	19	14	17	17	146
C G Thompson	18	14	12	15	15	17	15	15	16	16	137
Heney	15	13	18	15	16	15	17	18	16	16	143
Wayer	16	12	12	18	15	17	11	11	11	11	90
Dr G Smith	12	17	15	13	15	14	15	14	12	12	132
P G Doesam	10	11	15	15	11	8	7	11	18	18	106
W A Smith	19	16	18	18	16	18	16	18	15	15	154
Burgess	13	12	7	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	42
Wakefield	17	48	13	17	15	13	17	16	17	17	143
Dumont	17	18	13	17	17	14	17	14	14	13	140
St. Jean	12	15	19	16	13	15	11	11	11	11	90
W M Miller	12	13	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	38
Church	14	15	14	16	13	13	13	16	13	13	127
Cameron	18	16	16	14	13	13	13	16	13	13	137
Lunney	15	12	10	10	9	8	12	14	11	11	101
Morehead	15	18	13	12	12	15	15	13	13	13	126
H D Bates	19	13	16	19	16	18	18	18	17	17	154
C Scane	10	16	15	20	20	12	15	16	17	17	138
McColl	14	13	11	15	11	11	15	8	16	16	114
A W Reid	16	16	14	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	55
J E Cantelon	14	14	19	16	14	16	16	15	17	17	141
Hevey	19	18	18	15	16	17	16	18	17	17	154
Ross	16	15	15	18	18	16	17	16	11	11	131
Graham	14	16	15	18	15	14	16	11	11	11	119
Dr Dollie	18	17	18	17	15	15	14	18	17	17	149
Ireland	23	7	16	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	57
Doherty	14	14	15	10	11	14	16	15	15	15	124
T E Henry	13	16	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	39
Campbell	9	6	9	6	7	13	12	13	11	11	72
Packham	12	12	16	14	15	13	14	15	11	11	111
Smeaton	8	13	13	12	8	11	11	11	11	11	66
Dent	12	16	14	12	16	12	11	11	11	11	82

W P Thompson.....	19	18	17	15	15	84
A W Reid.....	25					25
M J Miller.....	13	25	16	12	12	97
T Hargrave.....	16	9	11			36
Capt Du Bray.....	8	11	14	13	23	100
F H Conover.....	16	15	18	14	25	154
J C Kress.....	21					21
J A R Elliott.....	18	18	19	16	26	112
J M Deslauriers.....	11		13			35
J Skeeter.....					19	37
A D Bates.....				22	14	36
J F Burrell.....						22
R G Davidson.....					15	15
H M Sheppard.....					8	8
Smeaton.....	12		12			24
J Dent.....	14		21			35
J Kidd.....	12		22			34
G Kidd.....			10			10
McCague.....	6					6
W J Campbell.....		6	17			39
G S McColl.....	16	13	14	19	12	129
Fred Root.....			13			26
L Singular.....			14	19		49
W Mullis.....			15	23		54
F W Matthews.....			11	26		53
C Tippet.....					8	8
T Sawdon, Sr.....			18	18		36
A B Cutcliffe.....	11	12	15	17	14	88
J Forrester.....		10				10
J Douglas.....			20			20
D Chapman.....				10		10
Clifford.....		15				15
W Stevens.....			9	13		22
J Collins.....				14		14
C Casey.....				20		20
A Hulme.....				20		20
S W White.....					15	30
S Ketcham.....					15	15

Fourth Day, Aug. 14.

The eight-man team club amateur championship of Canada was won by the Hamilton Gun Club, who took the magnificent silver cup presented by the Dominion Cartridge Co., Montreal.

The grand Canadian Handicap was won by Mr. T. M. Craig, Sherbrooke, P. Q., with 93 out of 100, followed by Capt. Higginson and N. G. Bray, each with 92. Mr. Craig takes the Association's loving cup and gold medal.

The Mail trophy, emblematic of the five-man team club championship of Canada and the championship flag presented by the President, went to the Brantford Gun Club, together with five gold medals.

The individual amateur championship of Canada and the cup presented by the Montreal Rolling Mills Co., was won by Mr. D. Bain, Winnipeg, with 48 out of 50.

The Brantford cigar trophy, presented by Messrs. Stirton & Dyer, London, for high average for the tournament (except team races) was won by Mr. J. E. Hovey, Clinton, with an average of 88.37, followed by Mr. F. Westbrooke with 88.24.

The medal presented by Comptroller John Loudon, Toronto, for high average of representative of Stanley Gun Club was won by C. T. Logan, 78.93, followed by A. Dey, 78.51, and T. A. Duff, 77.85.

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Targets:	20	50	Targets:	20	50
Logan.....	18	41	Smith.....	17	40
Heney.....	17		*Ben It.....	16	39
Duff.....	15	43	J H Thompson.....	19	39
F Westbrooke.....	19	45	Montgomery.....	19	46
Wallace.....	14		Cline.....	17	
Church.....	16		Sawdon, Jr.....	16	
H F Westbrooke.....	10	21	Mitchell.....	19	48
C G Thompson.....	17	42	*Wayner.....	17	36
Craig.....	19	42	W J Henry.....	16	44
*Cantelon.....	13	19	A D Bates.....	14	
Graham.....	15		Slaney.....	15	37
Packham.....	16		Buck.....	15	42
T Henry.....	18		*Turp.....	10	10
Dey.....	16	41	Martin.....	34	34
Wakefield.....	17	40	Ross.....	18	
McGill.....	18	43	Dent.....	15	
H D Bates.....	18	45	Campbell.....	8	
Hovey.....	19	47	J Kidd.....	12	
Ireland.....	12		McCull.....	18	
*Dr Dollie.....	16	22	T Reid.....	9	
Doherty.....	19	45	Mullet.....	13	
Upton.....	17	45	Matthews.....	16	
Hunt.....	17	42	Summerhayes.....	19	44
Frank.....	19	44	Mason.....	13	42
Dr Wilson.....	17		Brigger.....	18	
Fletcher.....	17		*Bowron.....	11	15
Higginson.....	17	46	Hunter.....	18	41
Bray.....	16	47	Granger.....	16	34
McLaren.....	16	44	Harrison.....	14	31
Aitken.....	15		Cline.....	12	
C Scane.....	17		Waterworth.....	29	
Green.....	13	39	Patterson.....	36	36
Cameron.....	17	36	McDowall.....	29	29
R O Heikes.....	17	44	*J Dixon.....	13	13
McNab.....	38	38	H Graham.....	18	18
W P Thompson.....	12	39	*Gray.....	17	17
Carruthers.....	16	42	Wilson.....	19	19
M J Miller.....	18	45	Taylor.....	20	20
Allen.....	17	43	*F Dixon.....	10	10
Bain.....	18	48	Wiggins.....	21	21
Conover.....	17	41			

*Retired.

Eight-man team club championship of Canada, 20 targets per man:

Hamilton Gun Club.	St. Hubert G. C., Ottawa.
Graham.....	Throop.....
Bates.....	Slaney.....
Brigger.....	White.....
Hunter.....	Ketchum.....
Fletcher.....	Higginson.....
Hunt.....	Henry.....
Wilson.....	Heney.....
Upton.....	Cameron.....
Brantford Gun Club.	Clinton Gun Club.
H G Westbrooke.....	Ball.....
Dr Cutcliffe.....	Dodds.....
Mitchell.....	Hovey.....
Brown.....	Ross.....
Montgomery.....	Dr Dollie.....
Hacker.....	Cantelon.....
F Westbrooke.....	Doherty.....
Summerhayes.....	Graham.....

Mail trophy, emblematic of the five-man team club championship of Canada, 50 targets per man:

Brantford Gun Club.	Clinton Gun Club.
F Westbrooke.....	Hovey.....
Mitchell.....	Ross.....
Montgomery.....	Dollie.....
Hacker.....	Cantelon.....
Summerhayes.....	Doherty.....
Hamilton Gun Club No. 1.	Stanley Gun Club, Toronto.
Upton.....	Duff.....
Hunt.....	Dey.....
Fletcher.....	Green.....
Wilson.....	Logan.....
Hunter.....	Thompson.....
St. Hubert G. C., Ottawa.	Hamilton Gun Club No. 2.
Higginson.....	Graham.....
Throop.....	Brigger.....
Slaney.....	G Cline.....
Heney.....	Thompson.....
Cameron.....	Cline.....
Brampton Gun Club.	
Packham.....	Burrell.....
Mullis.....	Campbell.....
Henry.....	

Grand Canadian Handicap, 100 targets:

Hdcp.	Score.	Hdcp.	Score.
Heikes.....	19	M J Miller.....	17
Craig.....	18	Dey.....	17
Bray.....	18	Bain.....	18
Higginson.....	18	Duff.....	18
Conover.....	19	Church.....	15
Montgomery.....	18	Smith.....	18
I D Bates.....	18	Logan.....	16
T Westbrooke.....	19	Wallace.....	16
J H Thompson.....	16	Wayner.....	17
Carruthers.....	18	Green.....	17
Mitchell.....	18	Graham.....	17
McLaren.....	17	Cantelon.....	17
McGill.....	18	W P Thompson.....	17
Scane.....	18	Dr Hunt.....	18
Summerhayes.....	18	Matthews.....	16
Hovey.....	19	C G Thompson.....	18
Dr Dollie.....	19	Brigger.....	17
Wakefield.....	17	Davidson.....	15
Upton.....	18	Bowron.....	16
Doherty.....	16	Throop.....	17

General averages, exclusive of team competitions:

	1st Day.	2d Day.	3d Day.	4th Day.	Total Targ'ts.	No. Score.	Per Cent.
Logan.....	159	139	148	138	740	584	78.93
Heney.....	153	143	117	17	560	430	76.78
White.....	141	124	109	...	540	374	69.25
Duff.....	157	131	150	138	740	576	77.85
H T Westbrook.....	127	111	120	10	590	368	62.37
F Westbrook.....	175	162	163	153	740	653	88.24
Wallace.....	62	113	270	175	64.44
Church.....	144	127	70	96	590	437	74.06
Throop.....	160	146	156	50	690	512	74.20
C G Thompson.....	173	137	167	132	740	609	82.29
Craig.....	165	154	160	154	740	633	85.54
J E Cantelon.....	162	141	139	103	715	551	77.06
Dodds.....	132	112	54	...	420	298	70.95
R Graham.....	156	119	129	94	650	498	76.61
Ball.....	86	7	140	93	66.42
Packham.....	90	111	56	16	370	273	73.78
T Henry.....	89	39	30	18	290	176	60.68
Dey.....	149	144	150	138	740	581	78.51
Wakefield.....	151	143	147	141	740	582	78.64
McGill.....	142	153	158	147	740	600	81.08
W M Miller.....	113	38	240	151	62.91
Hacker.....	170	148	160	...	570	478	83.85
H D Bates.....	174	154	165	153	740	646	87.29
J E Hovey.....	176	154	173	151	740	654	88.37
Morrish.....	55	6	140	61	43.57
Ireland.....	75	57	27	12	389	171	45.00
Dr Dollie.....	147	149	154	123	715	573	80.13
Doherty.....	144	124	141	147	740	556	75.13
Morehead.....	132	126	40	...	420	298	69.30
Upton.....	164	80	165	145	660	554	83.93
Hunt.....	161	145	162	134	740	603	81.48
Frank.....	163	68	108	63	520	402	77.30
Dr Wilson.....	166	138	143	17	590	464	78.64
Fletcher.....	169	154	168	17	590	508	86.10
Lunney.....	85	101	320	186	58.18
Bray.....	168	155	161	155	740	639	86.35
Higginson.....	179	149	165	155	740	648	87.43
Aitken.....	104	107	63	15	390	289	74.10
G B Smith.....	80	132	53	...	330	265	80.30
Dorsan.....	42	106	45	...	330	193	58.48
McMackon.....	160	140	147	...	590	447	75.76
W C Smith.....	9	20	9	45.00
I Scane.....	175	146	166	86	740	573	77.43
C W Scane.....	150	138	164	17	610	469	73.26
Green.....	108	148	152	129	740	537	72.56
Burgess.....	129	42	50	...	340	221	65.00
Cameron.....	147	137	151	94	640	529	81.09
Dumont.....	155	140	107	...	570	402	70.52
St Jean.....	162	90	67	...	400	319	79.75
Tolsma.....	160	149	147	...	590	456	77.28
Heikes.....	179	163	172	157	740	671	90.67
Coulter.....	14	20	14	70.00
Reardon.....	75	...	79	...	210	154	73.33
McNab.....	75	38	150	113	75.33
W P Thompson.....	71	...	84	126	360	281	78.05
A W Reid.....	151	58	25	...	310	234	75.48
Carruthers.....	167	143	143	145	740	598	80.81
M J Miller.....	158	132	97	145	680	532	78.23
Allen.....	158	125	149	60	660	492	74.09
Bain.....	...	147	167	147	540	461	87.03
Hargrave.....	13	61	36	...	200	110	55.00
Du Bray.....	83	62	100	...	390	245	62.82
Conover.....	163	136	154	149	740	602	81.35
Edkins.....	20	40	20	50.00
Mallory.....	80	36	25	...	200	141	70.50
Kress.....	55	17	21	...	130	93	71.53
Elliott.....	174	155	112	...	510	441	86.47
Deslaurier.....	43	24	35	...	140	102	72.14
W A Smith.....	176	154	151	137	740	618	82.16
Ben It.....	26	114	185	140	75.67
J H Thompson.....	148	96	111	147	640	502	78.40
Montgomery.....	167	147	156	155	740	625	84.45
J J Cline.....	76	17	120	93	77.50
Sawdon, Jr.....	82	46	...	16	180	144	80.00
Mitchell.....	168	149	161	154	740	632	85.40
Taylor.....	58	30	120	88	73.33
Skeeter.....	15	9	37	...	80	61	76.25
Wayner.....	159	90	143	115	635	507	79.84
Patrick.....	150	26	260	176	75.38
W J Henry.....	102	71	157	60	500	390	78.00
A D Bates.....	96	...	36	14	190	146	76.84
W Slaney.....	120	109	84	52	452	365	80.75
Burrell.....	16	12	22	...	70	50	71.42
Buck.....	8	42	70	50	71.42
Turp.....	14	10	45	24	53.33
Martin.....	19	34	90	53	58.88
W F Cantelon.....	9	20	9	45.00
C Thompson.....	43	60	43	71.66
F Smith.....	5	20	5	25.00
Davidson.....	7	...	15	60	140	82	58.57
Sheppard.....	8	...	8	...	40	16	40.00
W E Mitchell.....	12	22	60	34	56.66
Ross.....	...	131	144	18	370	293	79.18
Smeaton.....	...	66	24	...	170	90	52.94
Dent.....	...	82	35	15	190	132	69.42
J Kidd.....	...	56	34	12	170	102	60.00
E Kidd.....	...	43	10	...	130	53	40.76
McCague.....	...	46	6	...	130	52	43.33
W J Campbell.....	...	72	39	8	250	119	47.60
McColl.....	114	129	18	...	390	261	66.92
F Root.....	...	32	26	...	80	58	72.50
Cull.....	...	46	106	...	230	152	70.43
Singular.....	...	47	49	...	130	96	73.84
Marshall.....	...	75	120	75	62.50
T Reid.....	9	60	32	53.33
Hewson.....	...	30	40	30	75.00
Mullis.....	...	74	54	13	190	141	74.21
Lewis.....	...	92	154	...	310	246	79.35
Matthews.....	...	25	53	16	230	94	40.86
Jones.....	...	15	20	15	75.00
Rowntree.....	...	15	60	15	25.00
Jackson.....	...	14	20	14	70.00
C Chapman.....	...	27	40	27	67.50
Tippett.....	...	11	8	...	40	19	47.50
J Patterson.....	...	27	...	31	90	58	53.33
Bowman.....	...	8	20	8	40.00
Jeffers.....	...	12	20	12	60.00
Sawdon, Sr.....	...	25	36	33	140	94	67.14
Cutcliffe.....	88	...	130	88	67.68
Summerhayes.....	162	148	360	310	86.11
Brown.....	135	...	190	135	71.05
Forrester.....	18	...	40	18	45.00
Douglas.....	30	20	66.66	
D Chapman.....	10	...	20	10	50.00
Clifford.....	15	...	20	15	75.00
Stevens.....	22	...	50	22	44.00
Collins.....	14	...	30	14	46.66
Casey.....	30	20	66.66	
Hulme.....	20	...	30	20	66.66
White.....	30	...	40	30	75.00
Ketchum.....	15	16	40	31	77.66
Mason.....	55	70	55	78.57
Bowron.....	80	145	80	55.17
Brigger.....	89	120	89	74.16
Granger.....	50	70	50	71.42
Harrison.....	45	70	45	64.28
G Cline.....	12	20	12	60.00
Waterworth.....	29	50	29	58.00

FOREST AND STREAM.

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WORDS.

OVER the word "carcarjou" there has been much discussion, some declaring that it is a French word, others that it has Indian origin. Those who contend for this last, say that it has the same derivation as "quick-hatch," coming from a Cree word *kikwakes*—by which name the wolverine used to be called in the Canadian northwest.

The most common explanation of the word "caribou" is that it is from the French *carre-bauf*, meaning square ox, but Dr. A. S. Gatschet, perhaps our most eminent authority on Eastern Indian tongues, recently showed that it is a Mic Mac word *xalibu*, meaning scratcher, or pawer, from the habit of the caribou of pawing away the snow to reach its food. The change of l to r is too common to need explanation.

Such words as "chébog," one of the names for the menhaden, "chequet," a name for the weakfish, "chogset" for the cunner, "cisco" and "ciscoet" are all of Indian derivation, but of limited range.

Of far wider general interest is the name "hickory," already alluded to, applied to several species of the genus *Carya*, and which seems to come from some of the Virginia Algonquian dialects. Capt. John Smith and others give various words, such as *pawcoliccora*, *po-hickery*, and *pehickery* as the names either of a preparation of food of which walnuts form an ingredient or as names of trees.

All older readers are familiar with the discussion as to the origin of the word "muscalonge." The proper term was at length decided to be *maskinongé*, from the Ojibwa word *maskinonje*, *mask*, meaning ugly, and *kinonje*, meaning fish. The word, as well known, has been used in a variety of forms.

"Moccasin," or, as it used to be called in the Canadian northwest, "skin shoe," belongs to eastern Algonquin dialects of Virginia and New England, and also to the Ojibwa, who used the term *makisin*.

The largest of the deer, the moose, takes its name from the Indians, the Virginia Algonquin calling it *moos*, the Delawares *mos*, and the Ojibwa *mons*. The name is said to mean eater. The Cheyenne term for elk is somewhat similar to this word, or at least it has the same root, being *mo we*. "Wapiti" the round horned elk of America, probably derives its name from the Cree *wapitaw*, "dirty white, grayish" from the color of the animal.

The muskrat, whose common name in Canada is musquash, receives this appellation from the Abnaki *muskwessu*, and the Ojibwa *miskwasi*, meaning "it is red," referring to the animal's color. In the same way our opossum seems to have been named from its color, the reference being to its whiteness or grayness.

The pemmican of the Northwest, a food made of buffalo meat and grease, which none of us are ever likely to eat again, is derived from the Cree *pimikkan*, said to mean a bag full of grease and pounded meat, *pimiy*, meaning grease.

Capt. John Smith, to whom we owe so much of our knowledge of the early southeast, calls the raccoon *aroughcun*, and other writers give other forms, all of them, however, carrying very nearly the sound of our own word.

"Terrapin" is another common word from one of the Algonquin tongues, some of the forms being *torope*, little turtle, *turpa*, tortoise, and *toarche*, tortoise. We have now "taurup" or "torope" on the Long Island shore, as the name of a form of snapping turtle.

"Toboggan," "togue," tomahawk," "totem," and "wampum" are all familiar, as is also wananish, which has been spelled in as many ways as the different forms of muscalonge. This word is said to be a diminutive of *wanans*, salmon, and so to mean little salmon.

A word now rapidly passing out of use is wavy, applied to certain geese in the Hudson's Bay and adjacent

territory. This probably comes from the Cree word *wewe*, which is obviously from the bird's cry, just as is another Indian name for wild goose, *wawa*, been Dertien, the *thirteen*."

Whisky-Jack, the name of the gray jay, or Canada jay, was originally "Whisky John," and this comes directly from the Cree term for the same bird, *wisketjan*.

A good illustration of the way foreign words are brought into the language and given new meanings because of their sound and through ignorance of the original significances, is found in the names of fishes current on Manhattan Island in the early days of New York. In that extremely scarce work, Miller's "New Yorke," printed in 1695, it is related of the natural resources of the province:

"Fish there are in great store both in the Sea & rivers many of them of ye Same kinds as we have in England & many strange & such as are not to be seen there some even with out name except such as was given them from the Order they were taken in as first second third &c."

An explanation of the naming by numbers is found in Benson's Memoir (1825), wherein it is said of the fish in the Hudson:

"A few only will be noticed—some denoted by numbers as their names—the Twaalf, the twelve, the Streaked Bass, and the Elf—the Shad, the name of the Shad in Dutch is Elft, in German Aloft, and in French Alose, all perhaps from the same root; but being pronounced here Elf, the number *eleven*, the number itself possibly came to be considered as its name, and so led to denote others in the same manner—the Drum is said to have

A volume might be written on this subject, but enough has been said to show that the words contributed by the Indian tongues to the English are neither few nor unimportant. While the tracing out of many of these words has been well done for the East, there still remains much work of this character to be done in the West, and especially on the northwest coast.

THE EARLIEST SHOOTING.

IN many States the shooting season opens this week. In the West the hopeful sportsman with wagon and water keg and dogs, drives over the stubbles, looking for the great grouse that used to be so plenty, and in many localities is now so scarce. The prairie resounds with the cracking of the nitro shells, the dogs run themselves down in the hot sun, and some good bags have been made. Now the birds are strong and well grown, and wilder, too, than they were two weeks ago, better able to take care of themselves. If they present a more difficult mark to the shooter, they are a prize better worth having when won.

Back in the East the real opening of the season is still weeks or months distant. To be sure, there are birds in season—the casual sandpeep or the unobtrusive and deprecatory rail. The sandpeep offers slight reward for the gunner, but, because he is so toothsome, the rail is worth pursuing. He is not at all difficult to capture, for usually he gets up slowly and seems to fly away reluctantly. Often the effort of getting up seems too much for him, and he drops down after a few yards' flight, only to be stirred up again by the push pole of the shover.

Rail shooting is a sport for ladies and children; yet because it comes to us at a season when for a long time we have not been able to use the gun in the field, we are most of us likely to wish to have at least one day in the grass with our long-legged friends.

Not so very many years ago in most States, the rail were absolutely without protection. They might be shot at any time and in any numbers. Men began to shove for them just as soon as the wild oats or corn grass commenced to ripen, and thus speedily killed off all the local birds, leaving the meadows bare, until the advancing fall and the cooler nights brought down another flight from the north.

In those days heavy bags were made. A friend recently reminded us of a time when he brought in eighty-four birds, killed after having used eighty-seven cartridges—all he had, and the tide had scarcely turned. The bags of a well-known New Haven sportsman who, we believe, killed 212 birds on a tide on the North Haven meadows, are still remembered there. Happily, nothing of this kind is now possible in Connecticut, the bag being limited to fifty rail.

In view of the easterly storm which prevailed last week, the tides all along the coast should be high and rail shooting should be good all over the meadows.

THE DYNAMITER.

THAT was a sound homily on the public rights in fishing which Judge Smith, of Helena, Mont., delivered the other day when he imposed a fine of \$400 upon a prominent citizen for dynamiting fish. The iniquity of the dynamiter lies in part in the useless destruction he causes beyond the fish he secures for his own use. The fisherman who uses hook and line can kill only such fish as he brings to hand; the netter may, as a rule, if he wishes to do so, set free the small fry and the species he cannot make use of; but the dynamiter wreaks universal destruction to marine life, killing not only the few or many fish he can use for himself, but others which are simply wasted. It is thus impossible for a dynamiter to take from public waters a mess of fish for himself without at the same time robbing others of what belongs to them; and for this reason dynamiting is very properly and almost universally under the ban of the law. This fine of \$400 for dynamiting is, we believe, a record breaker; but if prominent citizens will persist in setting an evil example to the rest of us who are less conspicuous in the community, it is only fitting that the penalties they pay should be such as will teach the rest of us a lesson. One thing as certain as the safe keeping of the America's Cup on this side of the water for another year, is that in the vicinity of Helena, Mont., the dynamiter will not brag of any big fish he may capture in that way.

Fish dynamiting is a practice which often brings its own speedy and terrible punishment. In Florida one day last week another "prominent citizen" went fishing with dynamite in an Alachua county lake. He lighted the cartridge fuse, which went out. Then he relighted the short fuse, and before he could throw the cartridge from him, it exploded and blew off both his hands. Such warnings are by no means infrequent. By reason of the peril to limb and life involved in it, if for no other reason, the use of dynamite for fishing should be forbidden by laws enforced as stringently as the Montana law is when Judge Smith is on the bench.

THE woods of Franklin county, Mass., are reported becoming restocked with deer. The Gazette of Northampton reports that the game park established on the farm of Joshua Hall in Ashfield, in Franklin county, has proved a great success; the twenty-six deer and six elk originally confined in it have largely increased, and, says the Gazette, there are within four miles of the park more deer in a wild state than there are within it. The Massachusetts and Connecticut deer are demonstrating the recuperative qualities of the wild game supply under favorable conditions of protection. There is in both these States a vast territory of wild and partially cultivated land, in every way adapted to the support of a large number of deer; and there is no reason why the future deer stock should not be abundant and permanent.

Freedom from pursuit and from harrying is a condition which makes for increase. The moose and elk put out in the Adirondacks are fully cognizant of their security; they have put themselves on terms of confiding intimacy with the summer cottagers, and come to the kitchen door of a morning for their treat with all the *sang froid* of a Yellowstone Park grizzly making his free-lunch route of the hotel swill heaps.

At this writing, Tuesday, Sept. 1, the sport of international yacht racing as practiced off the port of New York, has degenerated into a dreary, dismal, and irksome waiting for the final race. The foregone conclusion of the defeat of Shamrock III. has been held by all who witnessed the sailing of the first race, or who have read our reports of the races. It is not too much to say that the winding up of the 1903 series will be a relief to all concerned. With this result of Sir Thomas Lipton's third attempt to lift the Cup, and the discouragement into which British yachtsmen have fallen, there is extremely slight probability of any new challenger in the immediate future. The conviction is generally held, both here and abroad, that the America's Cup cannot under existing yachting conditions be wrested from the possession of the United States.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Santa Catalina.

AVALON, Santa Catalina Island, Cal., August 12.—"The Angler's Paradise." That is the way the advertisement read, and the words are enough to start an angler dreaming. His dreams will run to wooded streams in the north; to mountain brooks where pure cold waters dash over the rocks; to deep, black pools where the big trout lurk. The paradise he pictures may include the soul of the gentle Walton; dreaming over a book in some quiet shaded dell beside some soothing stream or penning those quaintly sweet verses still so dear to the heart of anglers. But the thought that there are no trout or trout streams on the Catalina may come to the dreamer and dispel visions in that direction. That it is sea fishing at Avalon brings to us the remembrance of Walton's lines:

I care not, I, to fish in seas;
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate.

I made my arrangements to spend a few weeks at Avalon, and those plans were very nearly upset by a picture on a folder handed me by the agent of the company which owns and operates the island. The half-tone reproduction showed six racks loaded with fish and about twenty men sitting within the semicircle formed by the racks; some of the men are armed with what appears to be pitchfork handles. About half a cord of dead fish are stacked in the foreground. The line under the picture reads: "478 albicore, weight, 5 tons. Caught with rod and reel in one-half day at Santa Catalina Island, Sept. 15, 1902."

It is a sickening and a discouraging exhibit. The men look like boatmen. They were probably out for a record and they certainly made one; but it is an enviable one.

"Anglers' paradise" forsooth! I decided to come over here anyway, for there is always the hotel veranda and the white choker and the fashionable hour.

But Avalon is not nearly so bad as the company's advertisement would indicate. In fact, I have been able to cut out the hotel and the choker and have, at times, been able to avoid the "fashionable hour."

Catalina is a delightful place to boat, to swim, to climb mountains and, after a manner, to fish. As for the fishing, it has been "written up" and exploited so that most of the FOREST AND STREAM family know the story, and they may be more interested at this time in a few observations on the general make up of the Magic Isle.

The island of Catalina has a superficial area of 55,000 acres, is 25 miles long and has an average width of 4 miles, being 8 miles wide at the widest and half a mile at the isthmus. As to general appearances, it is very lumpy; some call it mountainous, though the highest peak, Mt. Orizaba, rises but 2,109 feet from sea level. From the sea at almost all points the hills rise straight up from the shore cliffs and are extremely picturesque. At this time of the year the color scheme is much the same as all of dry Southern California, a brownish gray, dry and dusty. Most of the hills have a fair sprinkling of live oak scrub and manzanito bushes, and these greatly relieve the monotony of the scenes. Plentiful sprinkling of cactus are on every hand. A Spanish explorer, Cabrillo, is credited with the discovery of the island, and the date is set as September, 1542, 361 years ago. He is thought to have anchored in what is now Avalon Bay. Cabrillo named the island San Salvador, thus showing his lack of versatility, and sailed away, and the name didn't even take. Vizcaino got here in 1602, and ignoring Cabrillo's efforts, called it Santa Catalina, got rid of a thumping quid, drank a hearty bumper to the new island, and sailed away. This time the name stuck. Phillip III. of Spain gave the island to one of his generals, who never proved up his papers, and eventually Mexico granted it to Don Pio Pico, the last Spanish governor of California. Pico one day needed a horse and saddle more than he needed a barren island in the Pacific, inhabited sparsely by rude and uncouth Indians, he made a deal with Nicolas Covarrubias of Santa Barbara; then a lawyer of that town by the name of Parker, got possession. He sold out to James Lick, of observatory fame, who later sold it to George Shatto. Mr. Shatto laid out the town of Avalon, held an auction sale of lots, built a portion of the present Hotel Metropole, and on the strength of a wonderful showing of the mineral richness of the island, sold it to an English syndicate for the consideration of \$400,000. The syndicate, after paying almost \$100,000, discovered that the mines "pinched out," and they refused to make other payments. The Banning Brothers, seeing the possibilities of the place as a resort, opened negotiations with the syndicate and with Shatto, which resulted in the transfer of the island to them.

About 160 lots were sold by Shatto, but the Messrs. Banning have succeeded in buying up 80 of these, so they now are virtually the sole owners of the island. It is to be hoped they may succeed in their efforts to get possession of the remaining lots. Their excellent management of the transportation system and in fact of everything their company controls, leads one to wish them success. It is through them and the "Canvas City" plan that thousands of us are able to "dodge the piazza, the choker and the fashionable hour. Some day the Bannings will cut out the Coney Island appearance of the front street of Avalon. Some day all the unsightly stores, shops, stands and shake down shacks that disfigure the town will all be torn down; a boulevard 150 feet wide will be built there, a sea wall, wide and deep, stretch around the magnificent sweep of the bay. Some day a great casino will stand at about the center of the curving horseshoe, and there will be a great bridge from the casino to the broad marble steps, which will let the multitudes who come here for their rest and recreation, down to the waters edge, and to boats and launches; there will be a sand beach, and there will be no garish, unsightly bath house, nor ghast-

ly fish racks with their horrid array of butchered and imported victims, offensive to sight and smell. But the Bannings cannot crowd the millenium. Then, too, they are not yet posing as philanthropists. When all this comes Canvas City and Island Villa may go, and then what of the thousands who now come here because they can tent and not cook; where one big kitchen hidden somewhere furnishes forth hot meats and a great variety of vegetables and food for the multitude?

There are something like 10,000 people on the island now; 8,000 of them are tenting to-night. Canvas City alone has about 700 tents, Island Villa 300 more, and there are about 600 private tent houses here. It is the most orderly and quiet city I ever saw. It is the easiest place on earth to police, and those who might do a wrong fear most banishment from the island. We have macadamized streets, rolled and sprinkled while we sleep; electric lights on all corners, and in our tents, water piped to the door, and the most improved sanitary system; scavenger wagons daily and no scraps of paper escapes the vigilant eye of the man with the rake. Every inch of the ground is covered and cleaned daily, and the system never seems to slip a cog. No city in the world can be cleaner or more sanitary than our own Canvas City. So-called tent cities are everywhere, but nothing like this. As for shade, the streets are all lined, both sides, with eucalypts of several years' growth, so that every tent is shaded and every tent has from two to five trees from which swing his hammocks. From the top of the nearby hills a view of our town shows only here, and a glimpse of the white and blue canvas, so thick is the foliage of the eucalypts. Streets are named, tents are numbered. Tents are furnished or bare, you order what you want from the office; pay for what you use. You can get anything from a needle and thread to a gasoline stove. It isn't roughing it; it isn't what we have been used to in the Maine woods, but it's tenting and we are fishing and swimming and climbing mountains, and it cuts out all the hotel and summer resorts.

One slight drawback, however, should not be overlooked. Our drinking water, distilled, costs us 12 cents a gallon, and is about the only expensive necessity on the island. The hydrant water, pumped to a reservoir high among the hills, is so full of iron and magnesia that it cannot be used for drinking purposes, and so "hard" that soap curdles in it. I am told that the company has two wells under way, and that one of them is now an assured success, so that next season we shall have good home manufactured water.

The fishing here is all judged by the hard test of results. Izaak Walton's ideas are all reversed, for he was

"As well content no prize to take
As use of taken prize to make."

Here it is numbers and pounds, and how quickly they are brought to gaff. It is butchery and waste.

"Fish for photographic purposes only" seems to apply to the greater number of the fishers.

But there are gentlemen and anglers who come here to take their tuna, jewfish, yellowtail and white sea bass, who are sportsmen and do not fish for the camera. They are in one class. "Senor X." gives us, from time to time, good accounts of the doings of these gentlemen, and I have no desire to poach on his grounds. Then there is the man out for a record. He doesn't care how many fish he destroys just so he makes a good camera record, but he is not always a killer. There, too, is the jay with a hard hat and a standing collar. He and another of his sort have come over for two or three days, they dig up the price of a launch for half a day, and depend on the boatman for tackle, and calls the rod a pole. Once on the water, a system of coaching by the boatman and a lift and a turn of the reel now and then from the same gentleman, a strong arm drag for ten minutes on the heavy tackle; a killing rip of the gaff and the Rube has "caught a yellowtail." He has not soiled a glove nor sweat his high collar. Inside of twenty-four hours he is back to the ribbon counter with a mighty tale to tell.

Next we have the rowboat crowd, and they are all of the good-natured sort. Its mostly a handline outfit, a good many women and children. They know nothing of rod nor reel, though occasionally one may be seen fishing with a "pole." But they are out for fish to put in the pan, and they get them, too, good, old rock bass, from half a pound up to 8 pounders, and the earnestness with which the fair dames yank them over the side is intensely amusing. This class, however, never get so far from home as the game fishing grounds. I saw a lady hoist from the deep a measly slimy sculpin. Instead of the indignation, horror and disgust I expected to see, her face showed only joy and exultation.

On the Massachusetts coast she would have at once been the subject of ridicule; here she was congratulated. I found they were considered a delicacy here, and one lady who wore a pink sunbonnet and brown gloves, smilingly assured me she had caught three "scorpions," and she held up three red sculpins, the monstrosities of the sea fish family.

The sand dabber is in a class of his own. He has a wooden reel as large as an old-fashioned well windlass, and about 500 feet of cod line, a dozen or two bass hooks and a modicum of fresh yellowtail for bait. He goes out to a given spot three miles from shore—he carefully conceals the chosen place. There he lowers his line weighted with ten pounds of lead, and after filling his pipe and puffing for ten minutes, he gets his basket ready and winds up his line and removes from one to a dozen sand dabs. The sand dabs are an excellent pan fish, range from 5 to 8 inches long, and weigh about five to a pound, and always bring a good price on the market. The dabber frequently brings up a large, flat sole, which looks like the grandfather of the sand dab, both being of the pinkish white family of flat fish, which lie flat on the bottom and appear to be unfinished on the lower side. The Spanish mackerel are mostly taken by the inshore rowboat people, and though they run small, seem to be popular. Strings of fish are frequently seen containing rock bass, mackerel, sculpins and now and then a kelpfish, the latter being readily recognized by his close resem-

blance to a piece of detached kelp, the glistening brown of his sides and a fragment of the giant sea weed are strikingly similar. His dorsal fin ran from the head right back and around the fish continuously to the gills on the under side. The kelp fish I saw weighed about three-quarters of a pound, and were 11 inches in length; Mexican Joe said they were "very fine to eat." No barracuda are now taken, or I have been unable to see any at close range. They are said to resemble the great northern pike. I saw one from a glass-bottom boat, he appeared to be about 30 inches long, handsomely marked—perhaps reticulated—and from the manner the blue perch, green bass and other fish were literally taking to the tall grass, he is probably of the pike-pickrel ilk. Sheephead, 20 and 17 inches long, weighed 8 pounds and 5¼ pounds; red, long, protrusive teeth imperfect dentistry and repulsive as to countenance; instantly recognized as sheephead by form of head and teeth; food fish. Whitefish—taken in seine, 18 inches, 8 pounds, excellent and popular food fish. Blue sea perch—1 pound to 2 pounds, taken in seine; food fish; myriads of them over marine gardens and almost everywhere except where game fish live, jump like mackerel, but I could not tempt any to take bait. Bonita—took our smelt while trolling for yellowtail; weighed but 17 pounds; came right in, and, as the name indicates, was very pretty; in fact, the smooth skin stretched over his round, hard tapering body showed most beautiful iridescent coloring, running from white to turquoise; thrashed the bottom of the boat 1,000 whacks to the minute; died quickly and made very poor food, being dark and strong. Saw bonita up to 18 pounds. Not many are being caught.

The flying fish are very interesting, length about 12 inches, weight of a dozen of them about 15 ounces each. They are very pretty when first caught, and are valued as food fish, but more highly prized because they are the tuna bait. In times when they are plentiful they sell two for two bits, but when they become very scarce and the tuna are running at the full height of the season, they have brought as high as \$5 apiece. They are taken in seines and make good yellowtail bait, but are seldom used because the smelt and sardines, if fresh, make good yellowtail lure.

The flying fish, as seen from the steamers, are a constant source of delight to the passengers, and are a diversion that makes some of them forget the mal de mer they have long in advance decided to experience when crossing the channel. The fish burst from the water so suddenly that one can scarcely say how it is done, but they seem to be in full flight as soon as they are in the air. They are capable of at least 15 knots an hour, judging from the way they left the steamer, and I saw one make a flight of a quarter of a mile. They soar and have perfect control of their movements in the air, turning and forming great semi-circles in their flight. I saw none of them rise over six feet from the water, and some flew so low that their tails, which are slightly lower than the body in flight, cut through several blue waves before their plunging splash showed they were momentarily weary of playing the bird. Most of them rose near the bow of the steamer, probably thinking they were pursued by some huge enemy, and flew parallel with and then ahead of the boat, usually curving far away in their flight and almost invariably flew at best 100 yards, and one or two, I feel sure, covered a distance of half a mile in the air. The body of a flying fish is long and slender and seems rather square, that is, a distinct corner shows where the sides meet back and belly. The color scheme runs from blue to white, the back being a very dark blue, the sides ranging from a light blue to white, and, in life and flight, glistens like polished silver, belly pure white. Some of them arose from the water, and in turning from the ship showed such an expanse of white and such rapid motion of wings that it was almost impossible to realize that it was not some startled sea bird arising from the waves. The wings are filmy, white, tough skin, stretched over hard spines and are about 6 to 8 inches long and 2½ to 3½ inches at the widest part, and do not look to be capable of sustaining the fish in flight. The method seems to be a quick flapping, somewhat labored and then long, luxurious soaring, more flapping of the glistening wings, more soaring, etc., until the awkward belly-fish dive back to the briny deep. The flying fish has the unhappy faculty of not looking like his photograph, so I shall not try to illustrate him.

The school of whales the advertisements play up so strongly, did not materialize. The transportation company should be compelled to hang up a sign, "No school to-day."

The game fish are as follows, the order being that used by the Tuna Club, shows the relative esteem in which the fish are held: The leaping tuna, black sea bass (Jewfish), white sea bass, yellowtail, albacore, rock bass, sheephead, white fish. This is not a tuna year, and so far but four tuna have been taken, the largest weighed 144 pounds, and may be the record for 1903. They were all killed at the first of the season, early in June. I have been waiting a month and there are no tuna yet in sight. They are believed to be "outside feeding on mackerel," and are daily expected to come in. Col. C. P. Morehouse, of Pasadena, holds the record for the largest tuna—251 pounds—taken in 1900. The Tuna Clubs offers a magnificent cup to the angler who holds the record for three successive years. The cup will likely remain in its glass case for some years.

Quite a number of black sea bass are being taken. About four per day are being brought in. They range in weight from 150 to 415 pounds, one of the latter weight being taken by Dr. Tibbitts a few days ago. This was within 4 pounds of the record fish taken by Mr. H. T. Kendall, of Pasadena, last season. I have been told that Dr. Tibbitts' fish will not be allowed, owing to some technicality. The rules of the Tuna Club do not admit fish taken with the assistance of the boatman or fish taken by a launch having out more than one line for each sportsman.

Yellowtail average close to 17 pounds. I do not know how large the season's fish will run, but the fiercest one I know of cost me 23 minutes' continuous effort, or a minute to the pound, a portion of a thumb

nail and a bruised knuckle. We were in a light rowboat and a choppy sea was running. Mr. R. F. Stocking, of Los Angeles, got his 48 pound yellowtail in 1900 and still holds the record. Dr. Trowbridge's 47½-pound record yellowtail of 1902 gave Mr. Stocking a close run. I want one of those.

No albacore are being taken. Rock bass are gamy, and some I took on a 9-ounce rod gave me excellent sport, but an 8-pounder gave me less enjoyment than my 4¼-pound black bass, taken with the same tackle last summer in a Massachusetts lake.

A few white sea bass have been taken, but I didn't see them. They are said to be good sports. Why sheephead and white fish are classed among game fish I do not know, as I saw none taken except by the seiners.

The Tuna Club conditions restrict anglers to rods not less than 6 feet 9 inches in length, the tip of which must not weigh more than 16 ounces. By "tip" is meant that portion of the rod from reel seat to end of the rod. The line must not exceed 24 threads or strands, and be capable of sustaining a dead weight of not more than 48 pounds. Anglers must bring their own fish to gaff (reeled in), broken rod disqualified.

Very little use is made of the game fish and tons of passably good food fish, such as yellowtail are daily (or nightly) taken out to sea and dumped. And this within fifty miles of a large city where they would be very acceptable to a large number.

There are no restrictions as to catches or seasons. Those who have no savvy as to the fitness of things or are lacking as to moral sense, may come here if they have the money to pay the launch hire and do a deadly slaughter. Nothing short of a law restricting the number of fish taken per day and each season will ever put a stop to the senseless practice.

When this is done and some of the objectionable features are removed from Avalon, it will be the nearest an ideal sea resort of any place I know. The marvelously clear waters, the wonderful submarine gardens, the matchless climate, and all that goes to make up the mystic Catalina are known to the world, and so surely as Southern California is destined to become the most thickly populated portion of the world, so is Catalina Island to be some day the most sought for refuge for those who love the sea and the mountains. But that will be when all the mountains are covered with green forests and every bay has its Avalon and every Avalon its city of canvas.

FRANK E. WOLFE.

Some Landsmen Afloat.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There were two of us who had suddenly become intensely interested in matters nautical, my partner and I. Our interest had its source in the then forthcoming international yacht races for the America's Cup, so-called, roundly and sonorously, though without warrant; for, while they are international, as a matter of fact, they are not so as a matter of law or dependency. Nevertheless, no parliamentary or congressional recognition could have added one iota to their importance and popularity from the viewpoint of the world's people.

The yacht races of this year promised to be a struggle far surpassing all others, consequently the preliminary doings of the colossal yachts, Reliance and Shamrock III., butterfly water sprites of the territorial ocean, excited our interest and enthusiasm both in our capacity as American citizens and as private individuals. In our private capacity we could hardly afford the expense incident to an actual view of the races; as patriots, all sordid considerations were cast adrift, and as patriots we decided to go. As private individuals we might derive some satisfaction from our doings as patriots, and, indeed, we did.

There was much to invest the yacht races of 1903 with superlative interest; Reliance had beaten, directly or constructively, all the American trial boats which had previously beaten the Shamrocks I. and II.; on the other hand, Shamrock III. had beaten all the other boats which had been beaten by the prior American defenders. Therefore Reliance would beat Shamrock III.; therefore Shamrock III. would beat Reliance. The American boat, furthermore, had a greater sail area, and would perforce have to give the challenger an allowance; the defender had bullhead bows while the bows of the challenger were sharp and beautiful; Capt. Barr would sail the defender, while Capt. Wringe would sail the challenger; therefore again Reliance would beat Shamrock III.; therefore Shamrock III. would beat Reliance, and therefore the civilized world was either to be present to behold the wonderful deed in its doing, or to have its ears aprick to catch the first news of the doings.

Nor was there any dearth of collateral incident. It was Sir Thomas Lipton's third magnificent attempt to "lift the Cup," and if he succeeded it would fill his heart and that of his good friend, King Ned VII., with sparkling delight, besides affording cause for national rejoicing in Great Britain, followed in a lesser degree by rejoicings in America; for if America could not hold the Cup, Americans would need a reasonable interval of time in which to organize and to launch their rejoicement. If Sir Thomas could lift the Cup he would perform a deed the counterpart of which does not exist in the world's history. Each side, too, had its strong features. For a captain, Reliance had that wizard of the wheel, Barr, who can sail his yacht in any direction even in a vacuum; and Shamrock III. had the equally great wizard, Capt. Wringe, who could be counted on at all times to point skillfully two or three points closer to leeward than could Capt. Barr.

Everybody was interested in the yacht races. Everybody was going to see them; that is, everybody who was anybody in the yachting world or who wished to appear as an integral part of it, barring the quite important class who have always some of that very uncommon mental equipment, common sense.

Nevertheless, there was general and profound enthusiasm exhibited by the public; yet of all the enthusiasts, the owners of craft for hire—steamboats, ocean and inland, of every size, kind, model, age, color, and condition of servitude—were in the first place in their devotion to the public service.

But all the public was not dependent on public boats. There were many people who owned private yachts, beautiful marine visions of comfort and luxury, whose owners discovered that they, at that particular juncture, possessed concentric circles of friends spreading far away in the area of the social perspective; who, as friends aboard, were expectantly desirous of seeing the yacht race, free of cost and full of comforts, which, all else failing, was quite sufficient warrant betimes to present themselves aboard uninvited, oblivious to all snubs and checks. To this vivacious and loyal class belong, presumably, the people who, actuated by a feeling of profound personal esteem, crave mementoes or souvenirs, such as the host's silver plate, cut-glass ware, wardrobe, bric-a-brac, the yacht engines, the masts, the anchor, or, in short, anything fit as a token of appreciation, or in keeping with the opportunity when the eye of the host is not upon them.

Having resolved to see all the races, the next step was to determine upon the manner of seeing. The big, fast boats of approved speed, comfort and equipment, were rejected because of the high fares demanded, that is, \$5 and upward. The low fares of \$1 to \$1.50 denoted journeying by the tug boats which, while speedy, were uncomfortable; or by little dinky steamboats, overcrowded and still more uncomfortable; and furthermore these were rejected because of their inferiority as points from which to view the races, and of their plebeian patronage. At least that was the way in which we figured it in our minds. We settled at last on a boat of medium fare, the Shinnecock, advertised as a new, magnificent, ocean-going steamer; licensed to carry 1,800 passengers, but limited on this occasion to 900; speed, 18½ knots; meals, table d'hôte and à la carte; military band; tickets, \$3; state-rooms, \$2 up.

The transformation of a landsman into a yachtsman is the simplest and the soonest thing in the world. He simply changes his clothes, and uses at haphazard a few nautical phrases which he does not clearly understand. When afloat and he observes that a racer has tacked, he loudly and learnedly exclaims, "She has come about," whereupon everyone else newly bedecked in yacht costumes, in unison exclaim: "Ah!"

Still, in a measure, at least, it is proper to conform to custom. All the yachting portrayals in the illustrated papers show the yachtsman in natty costume standing majestically erect on the quarter deck, in propinquity to a pretty girl gowned becomingly in yachting costume appropriate to her sex, and a marine glass airily suspended from her shoulders, all of which may properly be accepted as the true yachting mode. As a compromise, I donned a bicycle cap, an old office suit, and a pair of field glasses, thereby acquiring quite an amphibious appearance; and I pondered deeply how it was possible for a yacht to sail against the wind.

We bought our tickets many days before the races began, for the boat with a capacity of 1,800 was limited to 900, you know; still, that was a reasonable limitation when one considers the fact that it denoted a revenue of \$2,700, which, with moneys for berths, café, etc., made the aggregate receipts for one day about \$5,000.

On the morning of the first race I was ready to start in good time; so, after weighing anchor, I boarded a street car loaded with a cargo of working people whose port was in the top of some skyscraper where they were belayed all day long. On the car were a few other people with field glasses hung on their persons whom I identified thereby as yachtsmen. I was further confirmed in the identification by observing that their hands had a firm timber hitch around lunch baskets the size of ditty bags. At the ferry I met my side partner, who was becomingly attired in the every day clothing which he had been wearing for a certain length of time during past years. We immediately began a discussion as to whether there was or would be any wind. In our discussions with landsmen we had gotten into the habit of using the term miles instead of knots, and we found that it was a habit most difficult to break, so we let knots and miles go as meaning about the same quantity anyway; and, to the true yachtsmen aboard that day, we noted that a knot more or less had no great significance one way or the other.

We mounted the steamboat on the port side. There was quite a crowd at the gang plank, although it was more than half an hour before sailing time. We arrived thus early for we had cunningly planned that we would select some nice, easy, comfortable chairs which we would place in a sequestered, cosy and advantageous nook, in which we would seat ourselves, and then view in comfort and calmness the flitting single-stickers as they galloped nautically on to victory or defeat.

The idea was lovely. There were, however, more powerful ideas at work which completely avasted our ideas. There were a number of menial Ashantee and Senegambian Americans on board as servants who had cornered all the camp stools on the Shinnecock. With true race instinct in matters concerning the unearned increment, they were dealing out the camp stools impartially yet ostentatiously to the white man who held forth expeditiously a silver honorarium. No tip, no stool. To us it seemed an intolerable imposition that we should pay a good price for passage, which included a seat, and then be so held up by a lot of unscrupulous menials whose methods were not quite piratical.

We hastily decided to go fore and aft and amidships, upstairs and downstairs, in search of chairs and in defiance of the Ashantee trust. We noted, however, with some consternation, that the places of vantage were already taken, that the second best places were full to their limit, that all places were rapidly filling, and that the people were swarming in from every ingress, much after the manner observable on a bridge car during the rush hours when Brooklynites are homeward bound. We plied our search more expeditiously, but, thus seeking a chair, we found no chair, for the chairs were not—without a tip.

Every deck was crowded. At length we reached the hurricane deck, and even that was well occupied. A life raft offered the only accommodation in the way of a seat, so we quickly took possession, for to hesitate was to lose.

The raft was belayed to the deck, about two feet from its edge, and not far from the giant smokestack or stovepipe of the boat. Each cylinder of the raft had about two inches of lengthwise plank which served for a keel,

and on the edge of this plank we sat. Men soon took possession of the seats on our port and starboard sides, other men stood up behind us on the raft, while still other men stood on the space in front of us, and all this before the boat had cast off the ropes with which she was tied to the posts ashore.

Surrounded thus we could not see at all. The sun was shining with fervid warmth. The big stovepipe of the boat was making the air still hotter. The flags hung limp and still, denoting that there was no breeze. Everyone began to perspire violently, and it was a pleasure to note that the discomfort was shared equitably in common. And still the passengers swarmed in. Every deck had its crowd. We congratulated ourselves on the fact that the number of passengers had been limited to 900, though the boat was licensed to carry twice as many, for had it carried its full allowance of twice as many, several hundred necessarily would have hung off the rail over the side. And still the people swarmed aboard. A photographer stationed himself in front of me, and by gradual expansion of his territory inch by inch, he spread his tripod. I now was tucked up into the smallest possible compass. The boat started at last. I, by a simple process of calculation, had decided that the edge of a plank was uncomfortable, and that I preferred to stand. A camp stool also had been gouged into my back, my elbows were pinioned on each side from the pressure of those seated to the right and left; and in front was a wall of backs. I stood up, and therewith faded away all the pre-sailing anticipations of a comfortable seat during the race.

One could see but little better standing, for the crowd of 900 was so dense, and so many had taken every higher point of vantage, that vision in many directions was cut entirely off. But we were "seeing the races!" Besides, we had paid for a day of discomfort; that is to say, discomfort if one is not a seasoned yachtsman as we were.

We gained more comfort as the Shinnecock (limited) steamed slowly toward the racing course. The passengers had settled into such places as they could best possess. There was less elbowing and less scouting for good places which no longer were to be had. It was noticeable, however, that the yachtsmen in the beautiful navy blue suits and deep blue caps of navy shape and heavy gold braid on the bows thereof, were loath to be seated. They stalked about portentously, clapped their field glasses to their eyes as they paused for a moment to gaze earnestly into vacancy; or they strutted hurriedly and ostentatiously a fathom or two to shake the hand of some friend or acquaintance; or they stood with feet well braced apart, chest nobly expanded and head erect at magnificent heights, conscious of the admiration won from all beholders.

It was an incomparable opportunity to study human nature off its guard. No peacock or turkey cock, in the full flush of health and the full panoply of beautiful feathers, was ever so conscious of meriting the deserved admiration of his fellows. No tinsel king of the mimic stage ever felt more realistically the pride of real kingliness. Each landsman in navy costume believed that his externals were accepted at their face value; and they lived the part. They were pretty creatures.

We at length reached the starting point, just as the racers were jockeying for position. Soon the race began. There was a rush to the port side, and the boat listed so far over that some of the natty yachtsmen thought she would turn turtle, so they modestly stood nearer to the center of gravity. Soon a black cloud spread more and more skyward.

Shamrock seemed to outfoot Reliance in the work to windward, the race being fifteen miles out and back. A number of the yachtsmen in dustless costume agreed that Shamrock was gaining. Some quiet, unassuming gentlemen in citizens clothes observed that Reliance was pointing closer into the wind, and that Shamrock therefore was abating. I give only the substance of their remarks.

Forward on the hurricane deck sat a yachting avatar, a male being of surpassing loveliness. He was dressed in a yachting jacket of resplendent newness, on the lapel of which was embroidered a lovely yacht flag, and on his head sat jauntily a cap, heavily laden on the weather leech with gold braid, and it was faultless in shape. His legs were encased in duck of snowy whiteness, close hauled, and creased with skillful accuracy, while his feet reposed in canvas shoes whose whiteness was in keeping with his trousers. He sat on a camp stool with knees wide apart, arms akimbo, one hand grasping a field glass which he slowly and gravely placed to his eyes betimes. A big moustache, titian red in color, gave added beauty to his mature face. All made a figure of faultless symmetry. So white, so blue, so neat, so correct, he looked almost pure. He had seen perhaps about fifty springtimes.

Soon it began to rain heavily, and there was a general scramble for cover. In the disintegrating upheaval, I captured a camp stool. My side partner captured another. Anything nailed securely was safe from appropriation. A lot of us got to leeward of the big stovepipe, and thus were well protected from the rain. We could hear a faint, metallic sound of beer band music from below—that was the military band at work.

After a time the boat changed her course, leaving a lot of us exposed to the rain. A lot of other people gained protection from the rain by the change, so the ones left in the rain scampered for downstairs, or rather down a rickety ladder. We found the decks crowded to their full capacity. Also the table d'hôte and a la carte were overrun with patrons. I went below to the first deck carrying my treasure, the camp stool, with me. I attempted to buy a sandwich on the first floor at an improvised lunch counter behind which were several black waiters crowded together and constantly in each other's way. Yachtsmen were, in numbers of two to six, all calling for something of each waiter at the same time. After waiting about twenty minutes, the candidate for sandwiches would learn that he must first purchase checks. The cashier was seated at a cheap table, on which was a small satchel containing all his checks. He kept the satchel partially open, never left any checks loose on the table, and at every purchase made change from his pocket. He seemed to have a profound suspicion that yachtsmen were dangerous characters. About half a dozen people, as many as could surround him, were asking for six different things all at once, but he was calm and slow and methodical, and furtive and unper-

Camping in Ontario.

II.—A Still Day.

THAT morning, although we arose early, as usual, the sun seemed to be higher in the heavens than upon other mornings. Scarcely enough air was astir to disturb the perpendicular spiral of our camp-fire smoke. The expanse of water about the island seemed a vast mirror; and the only living things which the eye could readily detect were three loons that swam at no great distance from our camp. Occasionally, it is true, chancing to drop the eye to the dead branches of a fallen pine at the water's edge, one saw tiny flutterings of wings denoting the presence of small marsh birds; but casual observation failed to reveal further signs of life, unless one except the frequent buzzing of strange insects.

The shade of our tall spruce pines was a grateful contrast to the glaring, sun-heated areas in other portions of the island. A re-christening of "Burnt Island"—across the channel—would have seemed, that day, an especial sacrilege. Its broken, rocky surface; its studding of dead, bare, bleached pine trunks; its tangle of recent growth underbrush and small poplars; and its other inevitable signs of the forest fire that had at one time swept over it, gave the island a character that no other name would have fitted so appropriately.

A few cumulus clouds, of curious fantastic shapes, were the only companions of the sun in a sky of deep blue. When the bosom of the lake was ruffled by the movements of the loons below, sharp glints of reflected sunlight reached the eye, these occasional sparkles seeming only to emphasize the spell of endless quiet.

After a light breakfast we sat down to prepare our fishing tackle, but with none of that feverish haste that often characterized our movements. Indeed, the most delightful moments of the morning were those spent with the soap and towel at the water's edge on the shady side of the island. When the canoes were in readiness we did not start at once upon the day's trip; but we lounged about under the trees, watching the playful and graceful movements of the loons—for the birds seemed not to take the smallest notice of us; but sported themselves in the limpid water as if they had discovered the very heart of a wilderness never visited by man. Only when our morning caller, the game warden, brought out his rifle and disturbed the stillness with a trial shot, did the loons take alarm. He who watched closely saw dashes of spray as the bullet skipped along the surface of the water near the birds; and when he had blinked and looked again, the loons had disappeared, and only the ripples told where they had dived at the flash. In vain we watched the surface of the lake for many seconds for the reappearing heads until, at last, weird, high, tremulous calls told us where to look for a last glimpse ere they dived again. Soon they were gone, leaving us to comment upon the peculiarities of these strangest of birds, which laugh so fiendishly in lonely places.

So intense was the morning sun that the water in the Indian canoe at our wharf was already too hot for the perch which had been placed there the evening previous for bait, and which were now lying upon their sides gasping. A tender-hearted companion held one of these perch for a moment in the cooler waters of the lake, and then, opening his hand, permitted the revived fish to dart away with what seemed a joyous flop of the tail.

We paddled our canoes that morning with quiet deliberation, seeking the shady side of the lake before beginning the six-mile journey to the first portage. How dark were the shadows there, and comforting! How cool the water felt to one's trailing fingers! And how deep and dense were the pine woods! We kept our canoes ever within the shelter of the shore—now pausing to comment upon the strange appearance of some moss-grown granite rock that rose perpendicularly at the water's edge, or to listen to some crackling of brush back in the woods, and half expecting to see a deer emerge where yonder runway crept down to the water's brink. Compelled, however, to leave the grateful shade of that shore, we became subjects for the sun's displeasure as we wound a tortuous course up a marshy inlet toward the portage. At the portage we toiled painfully up the steep activity by a narrow, rocky pathway that now wound among stubborn underbrush and now emerged and ran along the very edge of some huge boulder, where a slip meant an ugly fall into the log race below. At the top we rested long under the pretense of examining into the nature of the surrounding region from the little summit, and then, lurching and stumbling with our load, we descended to the water's edge beyond. And now the mosquitoes from the stagnant marsh ahead discovered us. Not a breath of air stirred to drive them away; and our canoes wound very slowly along the sinuous channel among the lily pads, so ineffective were the strokes of our paddles. In this breeding ground of pestilent insects the water was silent, stagnant, and filled with decayed matter; while, on either side of the long, narrow slough were the white and silent trunks of sunken pine trees, whose roots had long since been killed by the water, and whose bare, straight, upright bodies standing close together presented the appearance of such a forest as one might expect to find along the river Styx. A solitary heron rose out of the marsh ahead of us and flew awkwardly to a perch upon a distant limb, its long legs trailing rudder-like behind it in its flight. A brace of duck a little further on rose with sudden flurry out of the still water when our presence disturbed the quiet of their summer retreat. But above all and always the mosquitoes hummed and stung with clamorous persistence. Once far enough into the open water of the lake beyond, however, these enemies left us for their own dismal swamp, and we were able to paddle about with some degree of comfort, in search of grass beds, and of likely logs at the water's edge, where bass are most at home.

The surface of Kahpeekog Lake seemed but another sky, so plainly did the blue ether, the white clouds, and the glaring sun reflect themselves there. We cast our baited hooks in the usual manner; but no fish arose when to take the bait required the least exertion. After a few trials, therefore, those seconds of expectancy which usually followed a cast became periods of careless indifference. So clear was the water that, looking over the shady side of the canoe, one could see every inch of

the bottom and determine easily the boundaries of the grass beds—could even see the wary bass, large and small; moving slowly, torpidly near the bottom, their bodies often half hid by their shelter of green.

The day was not a sportsman's day. Fishermen and fish alike seemed listless. We held our lines in hand over the shady side of the canoe, peered down into the transparent depths, and guided the bait cautiously before the very noses of the largest bass, jerking it away when small fish approached. And if, in a moment of awakened energy, one of them took the bait, away he went with it with surprising life and vigor—and "whir-r-r-r" sounded the deceitful reel, as if the cast had been honestly made.

At noon we landed and crawled away to a woody nook to eat the luncheon which the guide had provided; and finding the shade most comfortable we lay long upon our backs beneath the spruce trees, stirring only to pluck peppermint leaves and berries, or to dig resinous gum; and once, when we heard a rustling of leaves near at hand, to investigate it and, finding it to be a porcupine, promptly to tree the creature and to spend a fruitless hour in trying to dislodge him, and coming away anyhow with some of his quills. But on the whole the weather was too warm for this sort of exertion, and we spent the remainder of the afternoon dozing in the shadow, and gazing upward through the tree tops into the always mysterious blue.

Nor did we quit the spot and start upon the campward journey until, near evening, a freshening breeze from the bay began to whisper among the bows overhead, telling us that our still day was ended.

MILTON MARKS.

608 STEINWAY HALL, CHICAGO

Natural History.

Visits with Apes and Monkeys.

II.—Visits with Old World Monkeys.

THE monkeys of the Old World can be readily identified from those of this continent by the following characteristics:

The partition which divides the nostrils of the Old World monkeys is narrower than that of the American monkeys. Again, the monkeys under consideration possess naked posterial patches called "callosities," which are often large and brightly colored. While not universal, the majority of Old World monkeys possess cheek pouches. They are on the inside of the cheeks and are only visible when in use. A monkey's cheek pouches are his pantry and upon giving him an over supply of food, if his cheeks begin to swell, and the more you give him the larger they become, you may at once know that his home is in the Old World.

With the exception of the baboons and Macaque monkeys, the Old World monkeys are more graceful in shape and appearance and brighter looking than those of the New World. Comparatively few of the slick-coated, bright-eyed members of the Guenon and Langur groups reach this country, so the majority of people, judging from the ugly Macaques or some of the unattractive Capuchins, imagine that all monkeys are as repulsive. If these people could visit the New York Zoological Park and carefully study the Guenons, which are represented by the Diana, Campbells, Mustache, Green, Sykes, and above all a specimen of the rare and beautiful *Brasus* monkey, I am sure that they could not help admiring them.

The disposition of monkeys is as varied as that of human beings. Some refuse absolutely to fraternize with anyone, even with their keepers, and it sometimes takes an animal loving person several weeks to persuade others that he is their friend. Then there is the crafty little fellow who would like to be friendly, but he knows that it will not do to trust every one. He comes to meet you, and when you try to encourage him, he stands just beyond reach, wrinkles the skin of his forehead, chatters and watches you distrustfully as if saying, "I know you act friendly, but experience has taught me caution. So many coax me within reach, then catch my hands and squeeze my fingers or wrench my joints when I pull away." If you are not able to win his confidence then, treat him with fruits or nuts, and it will not be many days before he grows friendly. Other monkeys are friendly with everyone. Though often subjected to torture, they seem never to learn from experience. They come promptly to the front of the cage, thrust out their hands or rub their sides against the netting to invite attention, but are often roughly treated. When this is the case, the other monkeys in the cage cluster about their companion and scold. The keeper, who can read the actions of his animals as one does a book, hears their cries for help and shouts at the miscreant, who answers, "I haven't done nothing," yet the agitation of the monkeys proves that the man does not tell the truth. I have known a culprit of this kind to re-enter the building several hours after teasing the monkeys and they recognized him immediately. Is it any wonder, then, that they look upon all strangers with suspicion? Only after many visits, during which I was bitten and scratched repeatedly, was I able through kind treatment, and frequent gifts of nuts and fruits, to convince the little Simians of my friendship. They learned my call, and when I gave it, on entering the building, answers coming from various parts of the room showed plainly that my visits were appreciated.

In the London Zoological Gardens, the monkey cages were not protected by guard rails, the lack of which gave visitors an excellent chance to torment the little creatures, and this opportunity was often taken advantage of.

To the right, before entering the monkey house, were two Japanese monkeys confined in a small cage. On my first visit they walked restlessly about, and as I came to the guard rail and extended my hand, they uttered hoarse, guttural sounds and made fierce grimaces. Kind words could not pacify them, and they

turbed, keeping his lunch checks and money safe first, and filling orders with languid deliberation afterward.

After securing the checks, the procedure then was to return to the lunch counter. Everybody was filling but no one was backing. The orders were flying in the air in cross volleys. "Here you, Charlie, six ham sand—" "Cup of coffee, quick, and there's a dime in it for—" "Hurry up with that chicken—" "Spoons. No I won't steal—" "Will you ever have those?" "Yes, sir, soon as—" "I ordered twelve sandwiches a half hour—" "Yes, sir," "Yes, sir," "All right, sir," etc. The black men, untidily clad, were scrambling about, worn down to stolidity and unresponsiveness. Great crystal drops of perspiration rolled off them. The man who was slicing bread and ham and assembling the parts into sandwiches was nearly blinded by the copious rills from off his head. Yes, it was fortunate that the passengers numbered only 900, else there would have been difficulty in serving food to them. The elaborate preparations of table d'hôte and a la carte were very nice—reading.

I consumed about one half hour in obtaining a sandwich. Natty men, wolf glare of eye, sharp of elbows, and with a clamorous yelp, were supplied in a few minutes, as a rule, as was also a mild mannered man with a piece of silver extended on his finger tips toward the Senegambian princes.

In the meantime the yachts were lost to view. After a while the heavy downpour of rain partly ceased, and we returned to the hurricane deck. There was our immaculate yachting knight still seated in the same position and same place. He had remained throughout it all partially protected by an umbrella. But his splendor was tarnished. He resembled a crushed lily. His crest-white snowy, smooth trousers clung wet and limp around his legs, his shoes looked sour, and there was a general air of the visit of the vandals. Nevertheless he wore his ancient smirk and his mind was well taut. When Reliance and Shamrock dimly appeared far away in the distance, he made expert nautical comment on the situation. He explained how it all happened. He criticised every movement of the skippers, exposed their bad judgment, explained a multitude of their mistakes, and gave his growing circle of listeners the benefit of his expert volubility. Had Barr and Wringe known how inefficient they were in yacht sailing and racing, they would have abandoned the sea forever.

There was abundance of acute criticism on every hand. On the deck below was a male dream in blue who swaggered and chattered simultaneously. "The Reliance sails best going to port," he loudly exclaimed. "Isn't it too early to go to port?" questioned his lovely yachtslady companion. "I mean that she sails best on a port tack," said he, compassionately. "Is that a hard tack?" queried she, sweetly. He looked deep into her sea-blue eyes and was silent for a few moments.

The excursion boats belayed every once in a while. A landsman would have said that they stopped. The long swell of the sea caused them to rock heavily to and fro as they awaited permission from the customs yachts to move forward. Our boat would stagger sidewise till she hit the water a mighty slap with her side, then slowly recover and stagger again. It was as if one were sliding back and forth on the upper side of a semi-circle. There was a general diminishing of vivacity and babble. Many of the ladies took on pale hues delicately shading into blue and green around the chin, with a general air of helpless languor. Soon they would disappear into the depths of the cabins. Also strong men seemed to grow grave. Opposite us a black ocean steamer rolled far to and fro, and some of her passengers had their heads over the rail in deference to old ocean. They were seeing the races practically.

The race was a failure. It was not possible to finish it within the time limit. Soon after Reliance turned the mark, a Sabbath day's journey ahead of the Shamrock, the boats all started for home. Now, thought I, we will show these other cart horses what a race horse boat really is like; for our boat of 18½ knots will leave them as if they were lampposts.

The Monmouth and the Peck were about abreast with us. I felt a pity for them. They nevertheless began to draw away. They began to lead us far forward. They disappeared at a point directly over our bows. Still other boats passed us. The Shamrock, with her tug towing her, was holding us even. A tug came along with a mighty wave on each side of its bows, a cavern on each side nearly down to her keel. She belched volumes of heavy, black smoke. We abated. She drew ahead. She crossed our bows. She, a traction boat, disappeared in the distance ahead. Other boats followed her and passed us. The tugboats of the ruck were gaining on us. We were doing a lot of first-class abating, our magnificent sea-going steamer of large fractional knots. Few men have been privileged to secure so many nots for \$3.

But we arrived in port at last, in a clear harbor, all the other boats having tied up long before, and all their passengers having disappeared in the spar decks of the trolley cars, arrived home, eaten supper and retired to rest.

My partner and I sought a good restaurant, ordered the biggest dish on the menu, ate till we were exhausted, dragged our weary selves to our dreary homes, slept the sleep of the exhausted, and started life the next day, and little we recked whether Sir Lipton lifted the Cup or upset it.

The first day demonstrated that Sir Thomas and the Cup would not affiliate, and that Shamrock III. was really Dennis de Grosse. But to see the races and to read of them are quite different matters. To read of them is easy and pleasant. To see them from the deck of a magnificent sea-going steamer, overcrowded, elbowed, trod upon, with accommodations wholly inadequate to the situation, is to gratuitously face innumerable petty troubles. Hereafter I am quite satisfied to read of the races in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

CHARLES DAY.

The Game Laws in Brief

Gives all the laws as now in force for fish and game throughout the United States and Canada. The provisions respecting non-resident and resident shooting licenses, limitation of amount of game and fish lawfully taken, export of game and fish, modes of hunting, and implements allowed, and all restrictions are here set forth for the guidance of the shooter and angler. The Brief is for sale generally by dealers in sporting goods throughout the country. See partial list in the advertising columns.

worked themselves into such a frenzy, that they seized pieces of vegetables and handfuls of sawdust and flung them at me. They did not throw as a person would, but struck out more as a pugilist does. In this way they feebly throw such solid articles as vegetables from five to eight feet with considerable accuracy.

These monkeys regarded everyone as an enemy and never became reconciled to anyone, not even their keeper, who was compelled to shut them in their sleeping dens whenever he entered their cage. For the head gardener they had a particularly strong dislike, and whenever they saw him, though he might be at a distance, their excitement rose and became more violent as he drew near.

Another large monkey, a Magot, occupied a similar position at the opposite end of the building. For several weeks he refused to accept attention from me, behaving much like the animals which I have just mentioned. When we first met he made faces so comical that I could not help laughing. This so infuriated him that he jumped against the bars, shook the cage and tried hard to reach me, and his fits of anger did not abate until I left. At each meeting his anger grew less, until one morning, during one of these outbreaks, he suddenly ceased his demonstrations and became quiet. Turning his head slightly upward, he looked away with a dreamy expression, not paying the slightest attention to me. His arms extended through the bars, and he allowed them to remain within my reach. I took his hand, stroked it, examined his fingers and spoke kindly to him. He seemed to be thinking, "This man has never teased me as many have done, perhaps he means no harm, I will appear to be off my guard and watch the result." I did not attempt to prevent him from withdrawing his arm, and this action, together with fruit which was offered him, touched the soft spot in his heart, and he "buried the hatchet" then and there.

After that meeting Freddy expressed his pleasure on seeing me, by smacking his lips, chattering his teeth and violently scratching his side. Should a visitor approach when I was near, or if I pointed at a stranger and said, "Catch him, Freddy," he became as infuriated as when first we met, though now his anger was concentrated on the stranger, but he allowed me to fondle him with impunity.

Freddy had his friend, better friend, and best friend. The first was the writer, the second, Mr. Clarence W. Bartlet, the superintendent of the gardens, and the third, his keeper. When the keeper appeared with the superintendent, his love for the latter turned to wrath, and should I accompany either, he immediately forgot my kindness. This jealousy I noticed was true with nearly all the Old World monkeys.

I left London and was absent three months. Upon my return I found Freddy in the "Monkey Hospital" suffering from a severe skin disease. He had not forgotten me, and his delight at seeing me did not subside for several minutes.

Every zoological garden has its complement of Pig-tail, Rhesus, Bonnet and Macaque monkeys. They all belong to the genus *Macacus*, which have rightfully been named the "grimace monkeys." To understand this term a person has only to point his finger at a member of the genus and laugh, and he will usually be treated to a series of facial expressions equalled only by a contortionist.

The aggregation of Macaque monkeys numbered about 175 specimens. They were confined in several large cages, occupying the center of the room, and they kept the building in an uproar.

They were nervous, extremely irritable and treacherous, and spent much time quarreling among themselves, or with monkeys in the adjoining cage; those in one compartment being pitted against those in the other. Wildly they would rush about the dividing screen like so many huge spiders, and amid defiant monkey chatter and encouragement from members in other cages the fight would open. Each would try to bite his opponent's fingers or toes, and at the same time protect his own. Of course, in grasping the netting their digits were laid liable to laceration, to avoid which they kept lifting one hand or foot, then the other, as though the wires were uncomfortably hot. A few gruff words from the keeper were sufficient to hush the uproar and send the combatants scrambling to the top of the cage. Quarrelsome though they were among themselves, they never failed to assist a companion when in trouble.

A boy once offered a Macaque monkey a nut, and as he reached for it, caught the monkey's hand and pulled him against the netting until the animal cried out. The keeper saw the act, and shouted to the boy in a loud, angry voice. The same tone and words which had many times been used to rebuke the monkeys, they now recognized as being addressed to someone else. Instantly every monkey in the inclosure was at his comrade's side and a dozen tiny arms were thrust out at the youngster, who escaped through the open door, frightened more at the monkeys than at the keeper.

They never missed an opportunity to snatch a hat, cap, bit of ribbon or bunch of flowers, and many complaints against them were made to the keepers.

I remember watching an elderly gentleman, who wore glasses, standing by a cage. A monkey came over to him and began to scold. The man became deeply interested and tantalized the little fellow with his cane. A second monkey, unobserved by the visitor, sneaked down from the top of the cage, and snatching the man's glasses, scampered back. It was the quickest piece of Primate devilry I ever saw. The man blinked a few times to convince himself that the glasses were not there, then looked at the monkey he had been teasing, and finally on the floor. Even when I showed him where the glasses were, he insisted that they were not his, and it took the keeper several minutes to convince him of the fact.

By far the handsomest creature in the building was a Brusus monkey. One could not look at his long white beard, heavy eyebrows, slick coat and beautiful form without expressing admiration. He was sedate, quick and treacherous, and scarcely noticed people unless they passed with fruit. He then drew their attention by shaking the loose wire netting, and as they

turned gave several nods of his head as if to say, "Yes, I am the one who did it." On receiving more than he was able to eat, he held the surplus in his feet until they were full, then stored the rest in his cheek pouches. He was fond of destroying pencils, and when teased with one, would snatch it and break it into splinters. The temptation to pet him was great. Although I had been warned repeatedly that he could not be trusted, I frequently ventured to scratch his side, to which he would submit for a time, then suddenly grab at me, but I was always too quick for him.

Occupying the other half of the same cage was a playful pair, a Green and Talapoin monkey. The former was extremely timid and never became fully reconciled to me. As I approached he would scud to his box in the corner and from there peep out. But when I appeared unconcerned and leaned against the cage, he ventured forth and inspected the buttons of my coat or ran his fingers through my hair, but the minute I turned he was off like a shot. Occasionally the two engaged in a romp, although their cage was too small to allow much exercise.

They were not so much disposed to play as their neighbors, a Diana and Ludio monkey, who wrestled like little acrobats and were sometimes so occupied in fun that they failed at first to notice me. As soon as they did, however, play ceased. The Ludio monkey would take my finger in his mouth and gently bite it, but always took care not to pinch too hard. When I playfully attempted to catch him, he scampered about and kept up a succession of springs, all fours in the air at once, and every time he struck the floor he threw the straw between his legs with his hands, until it was banked against the back of his cage.

A half-grown Mona monkey stationed at the far end of the building, became one of my best friends. After a little practice I could imitate his call quite accurately, and when I gave it on entering the building, he always answered and was ready to greet me.

From the innocent look in his light brown eyes, one would never suspect him full of deviltry, unless having seen the cunningness with which he allowed ladies to approach within reach, then out would shoot his long, slender arm, and before they had time to step away, he had an ostrich plume, bit of ribbon or other hat decoration, and was back to his perch enthusiastically pulling it to pieces. One day I found him with face and hands stained with indelible ink, the result of his handiwork at pickpocketing.

He, too, like the Brusus monkey, was fond of pencils, and his first act was to push back the lapel of my coat and look into my vest pocket. Experience had taught me to hide all articles of this kind before entering the building, but one morning I overlooked a fountain pen. During the course of his inspection he found it, and before I was aware he snatched it from my pocket and rushed to the top of the cage, where he tried his teeth on the rubber. I called a keeper, who brought a stick, and by feigning to strike the monkey, forced him to drop the pen. After the cage door was closed my little pet came down and showed his anger by scowling and crouching on the bottom of his cage, then rising suddenly, which act he repeated many times. For the rest of the afternoon he was ill-tempered.

Several times I came into the building with my hat pulled down and coat collar turned up, and walking un-naturally took a seat near his cage. He climbed about nervously and finally uttered his usual note in doubtful recognition. I once entered without giving the usual call, and as I wore a different hat, he failed to recognize me. When I put my finger into the cage he grabbed it and bit until the blood flowed. I spoke to him, but he did not heed, I called again and took off my hat; he at once answered, released my finger and looked into my face inquiringly as if to say, "Oh, I didn't know it was you."

For a long time I was in doubt whether the lively actions and somewhat fierce looks of a very interesting Sykes' monkey were his way of expressing pleasure or dislike, I finally mustered courage to test him in the usual manner. He bit my hand gently, but soon became excited and shut down too hard, whereupon I said "Careful, careful." This seemed to please him, for he rushed about the cage like a squirrel in a wheel, rolled over and over and then returned to play.

To attract attention he shook the netting and was the recipient of many choice dainties he otherwise would have missed. Of all my monkey acquaintances he seemed to enjoy my visits most.

Among the "white eye-lid monkeys" were several white-collared and Sooty Mangabeys. They had a peculiar way of showing their affection, putting their arms through the netting, then around my neck and drawing me close to the cage, where they held me as long as I submitted; meantime showing hostile demonstrations toward passing strangers.

I must tell of a Chacma baboon that was chained in one corner of a cage containing a miscellaneous lot of monkeys. He bubbled over with mischief, and was continually fighting or getting others into trouble. As the mesh of the wire netting was too small to admit his whole hand, he would put through the first finger of each hand and awkwardly try to pinch or gouge my flesh with his nails, at the same time throwing back his head, opening his mouth and seeming to laugh as though it was a great joke.

The other monkeys avoided their large antagonist, but occasionally became so interested in playing or picking among the straw that they fell victim to his watchfulness. The baboon was chained by his neck, and when a monkey was not within easy reach, I have seen him run the length of his chain, whirl quickly and stretching himself to the fullest extent, grab the monkey with his foot and drag it to him. Seated on the floor, the Chacma held his prisoner in front of him and subjected it to a half hour's inspection. If it attempted to escape it was unceremoniously hauled back by the leg, arm or tail. When a few of the monkeys came to their companion's assistance, the Chacma held it with one foot and fought off the others, but when they were joined by the reserves, his baboonship was compelled to release his prisoner and had an uncomfortable time indeed. Clustered about him, they

charged from every quarter, and while defending himself on one side he was attacked from another, and finally retreated to his corner squalling for mercy.

After being fed, he often turned his large square feeding dish on edge and tried to balance himself on it. Though it was only three inches deep, he frequently succeeded in doing so, much to the amusement of the spectators.

An infant baboon was placed in a cage near him. Its disproportionately large head gave it an extremely idiotic appearance. Its older relative, however, seemed to recognize the baby as one of its own species, and I fully believe that had the keeper put them together the little one would have been killed by affection.

J. ALDEN LORING.

OWEGO, N. Y.

The Spring Migration of 1903.

NEW YORK, August 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Like J. L. Davison, I noticed a remarkable falling off of birds stopping on their migrations last spring, which I believe was due to the late spring, followed by clear moonlit nights. The former delayed the travelers, therefore they took advantage of the latter to make up for lost time. Naturally, as each flock stopped at fewer resting places than usual, each place had fewer visitors. Those which I did see were later than schedule, which helps to support this theory. I noted one marked exception to this rule in the black poll, which I saw on May 10. My observations are made in Central Park. Has anyone any other idea? If so, why not present it?

E. M. STRINGHAM.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Sportsmen and Others.

(FROM FOREST AND STREAM Editorial of Aug. 8.)

"It is now coming to be generally believed that the less nature is interfered with the better, for it is nature that makes the world beautiful. There is beauty in art, but art can never equal nature. On the other hand, civilization is directly opposed to nature, and in the highest development of civilization nature scarcely exists."

(From Mr. Abbott H. Thayer's article in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 8.)

"Look at these two forces, side by side, in the effort to preserve game. The naturalist striving to save it to study and admire, and so that they may know that each wild region still has its wonderful typical inhabitants; the sportsmen, on the other hand, that they may kill it! Would any disinterested judge hesitate as to which of these attitudes is most representative of humanity's hope to-day?"

Now, Mr. Editor, much has been written in your columns of late on the above large and interesting subject, and much more can be written upon it. As this seems to be a "free-for-all" discussion, I propose to have my say also, taking for my text the above two quotations, in both of which apparent fallacies crop out, to the writer's apprehension of the subject.

In the several able and interesting articles that have appeared, each writer has expressed himself from his own viewpoint, with exclusion of other views; and, while there is more or less truth in all that has been said, there is a lack of co-ordination of the truths presented in different phases of the subject. It is now proposed to make an effort to round up the discussion from a more general point of observation.

Here is a significant matter for reflection, that in all the uncounted centuries of man's relations with nature in the past, his dealings with his fellow creatures of the lower orders have been of a haphazard and impulsive sort, merely to satisfy present needs or gratify existing whims, with little or no thought of the future—that is, leaving out domesticated creatures and confining the observation to the *fera natura*; and it appears that he is just now awakening to a realization of the fact that the supply of nature's children is not inexhaustible; that they have other important functions besides supplying meat or sport to mankind; that there is an ethical principle involved in the exercise by man of his dominion over his helpless fellow creatures, and that it has become necessary to study these relations with a view to their proper adjustment to suit all the requirements of the case for the present and future.

All of the discussions that have sprung up during the past few years, both upon the main issue and along collateral lines, involving the general subject of the ethics of sportsmanship, the conservation of the wild creatures, etc., attest the truth of the proposition that the present is the turning point in the history of man's relations to his fellow creatures who acknowledge only nature as their master, which has now become the subject of serious reflection by thoughtful people.

Reverting now to the "text" I have chosen for this homily, in the quotation from FOREST AND STREAM's editorial, there is matter for a more extended argument than is here designed, as being not strictly germane to the points at issue. But, taking the two propositions—"the less nature is interfered with the better," and "civilization is directly opposed to nature"—if both are accepted without qualification, it follows that man must either go back to a state of nature, or retire from the field altogether.

Man began to interfere with nature when he first set a snare for bird or beast, instead of picking up fruit for his subsistence. As he advanced to the art of cutting down trees, building habitations, and cultivating the soil, he interfered with nature still more, as also in the destruction of such creatures as were directly inimical to his interests, and the subjection of others that were useful.

It is evident that interference with nature is an

inevitable accompaniment of man's progress, and a prime necessity of his well being. The whole question must necessarily be viewed from the standpoint of man's own interest, and it becomes a question of degree merely—to what extent shall nature be interfered with, and in what manner, in order to accomplish the most good to man, or the greatest good to the greatest number of men, or to the men who most deserve the good, by earning it.

Let us stand afar off, as it were, and endeavor to take a comprehensive view of this whole question of man's treatment of the lower orders of nature from an outside and disinterested standpoint, dissociating our minds from the idea of being ourselves part of the *dramatis personæ*. What kind of a drama do we see being enacted on this globe of ours?

Well, we shall see that from a time in the dim and distant past this earth and its waters have been occupied by countless myriads of living creatures, composing innumerable multitudes of families, genera, species and varieties that are visible to man's eyes and obvious to his senses, without stopping to consider the more numerous inhabitants of the invisible "microbe world" of existence; that these multitudinous inhabitants are and have always been in continual toil and struggle, each endeavoring to climb upward in the scale of existence at the expense of his neighbors, regardless of any interests but his own, the two great dominating laws everywhere in control—"the struggle for existence," and the "survival of the fittest."

We then see man emerging from the struggling mass, and by rapid strides, relatively speaking, attaining a position far above the rest of the animated world, a towering height from which he looks down upon all other creatures and rightly assumes dominion over them, regarding them all as his servants, and demanding that all shall yield unquestioned allegiance to the "lord of creation," even to the sacrificing their lives for his needs or pleasures without murmuring.

But man's immensity of intellectual height above the rest of mundane creatures is associated with a still higher quality in his mental makeup; that is, the moral element. However the moral spirit became implanted in man's nature—and there are two opposing schools of opinion on this point, the natural and the supernatural—it is a potent factor in shaping his conduct, and is essential to a proper regulation of his relations to his fellow man.

But it has been a habit of mind to consider that all "soulless" creatures were without the domain of man's moral obligation, whose natural and proper destiny is simply to serve him in any way that he may choose to use them, with sole reference to his own needs or desires. And even where the moral sentiment of emotional persons has so expanded itself as to take in the welfare of the lower creatures, and feel a solicitude for them, this pseudo altruism has its real basis in self interest, as it is the pain that is suffered by these creatures reflecting a feeling of discomfort in our own minds, that is the real cause of our solicitude. Thus, a humane person may hire another to kill a superannuated pet, and think little more about the matter, whereas, doing the deed oneself would be shocking to our sensibilities.

Mr. Thayer's "humanity's hope," then, and all ethical considerations connected with the subject, must have sole reference to the further and higher development of man's moral faculties, and none to the good of the "soulless" creatures, except as so related.

Accepting this as the only rational basis of treatment of the subject of man's relations to the lower orders of mundane life, it follows that the only question involved is as to how these creatures can be so used in their totality as shall most conduce to the welfare of man in his totality.

There must necessarily be some conflicts of minor interests between men and men, in the application of the above principle, giving opportunity for the play of the true ethical spirit between them, or, on the other hand, for the display of intolerance or selfishness.

These conflicts of interests are determined by a difference in local conditions—as whether, for example, robins should be divided between Southern tables and Northern lawns, or wholly appropriated to the one or the other; or whether "game" should be used solely to satisfy the sportsman's appetite for sport, or the student's appetite for study and contemplation, or should be divided between them.

Here is a wide field, and a difficult one, for the exercise of a wise administration of man's common heritage in the children of the woods, fields and waters, so as to insure, as far as practicable, an equitable distribution of these bounties to all who are entitled to a share in them.

The problem is one of too great complexity for the application of categorical rules of treatment; but the general rule man be laid down that a just and wise consideration of the whole subject demands that we all recognize a diversity of interests to be served, and a difference of opinions existent, resulting from a difference of environment, all of which have equally valid claims to recognition, excluding only that class of claimants who are disposed to appropriate more than their proper share of the common store.

Returning briefly to Mr. Thayer's contribution to my "text." He contrasts the purpose of the sportsman in his efforts to preserve game with that of the naturalist, the latter's object being only to "study and admire," while that of the former is only to "kill it!"

The inference to be drawn is that in Mr. Thayer's opinion it is a very noble thing to study and admire game, and a very ignoble performance to kill it.

It is scarcely worth while to go into an ethical analysis of this proposition, but it may be pertinent to remark that while the cultivation of flowers, for example, with its implications, is highly commendable, that of edible vegetables need not be despised; and there is ground enough for both.

Furthermore, from even the naturalist's standpoint, it should be recognized that the purpose of the sportsman to preserve game to be killed, necessarily carries with it provision for a continuance of the supply; and the potential energy of the whole body of sportsmen in a combined and systematic effort to accomplish their

ends, should be the naturalist's surest recourse for realizing his cherished objects.

But there is another class of persons whose views are to be considered in a discussion of this subject, besides the naturalists and sportsmen, that is the economists. Students of this class have devoted much time and labor to the economic side of bird life and bird destruction. Much valuable and interesting information has resulted from their researches in the ascertainment of the character, and the proportions of different kinds of food devoured by various birds, and its relation to human interests.

The students have thrown a great deal of light upon the parts played by various birds in human affairs, and have dispelled many popular errors that were entertained on the subject.

But even this very intelligent class of workers, with their minds intent upon one line of thought, may be prone to carry a single idea to too great a length. For example, it may be stretching a theory too far to assume that because certain birds devour a great many insects or certain others a vast number of noxious seeds, that therefore there can be no higher nor more useful function for them, though they may furnish good sport for the gunner or highly prized delicacies for the table. In some "educational sheets" recently issued by the Audubon Society, it was shown that insects constitute a large proportion of the food consumed by certain birds that occasionally fall before the gun and do good service on the table. Also that in the stomachs of two mourning doves were found some 23,000 minute seeds of some weed. It was assumed that each one of these seeds would have produced a weed had it not been devoured by the birds, and that each weed would have required an additional stroke of the farmer's hoe to rid his field of it.

When Dr. Slop declared that he did not see how babies could be born without the use of his particular obstetrical instruments, Uncle Toby exclaimed: "Dr. Slop, you ought to have seen what prodigious armies we had in Flanders."

It may be assumed as a matter of common knowledge that in the economy of nature provision is made for enough seeds to feed all the seed-devouring birds in the world, with a large surplus left for propagating all the weeds that can find room to grow, and that a vast number must perish for lack of such room.

As regards the insect-eating birds, it may be said that among the numerous varieties of such birds only a very few of these varieties are habitually sacrificed to the gun, and that only a small percentage of the total number of individuals in each variety is so sacrificed; so that there is at least ground for argument as to whether there are not birds enough to serve both purposes, and whether a moderate tribute levied upon a limited number of the many varieties of insect-eating birds by the gunners, to serve a laudable purpose, shall materially curtail the cereal, vegetable and fruit crops of the country, by such appropriation of a small part of the insect destroyers.

COAHOMA.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Adirondack Trout Season.

LAST Monday, Aug. 31, marked the close of the period fixed by law in which speckled trout can be legally taken in the waters of New York State. Various causes have conspired to make the fishing good this year, and the season as a whole has been the best that has been known in central and northern New York in a great while. Owing to the unusual amount of rain that fell in the summer of 1902, the larger streams were swollen beyond their normal volume nearly all of the time, and as a result the trout fishing in these waters was exceedingly poor. It is true that some fine catches were made last summer, but most of the trout taken were captured in the lakes or small brooks, and not in the big streams. As a matter of fact the fishing last year in the rivers and large creeks, in the Adirondack region especially, was the poorest on record, and in view of the small number of trout taken, anglers of experience predicted that if conditions were favorable there would be excellent sport on those waters this year. That their conclusions were correct has been clearly demonstrated by the splendid fishing which has been enjoyed this year ever since April 16, the date when the season began. It will be remembered that very little rain fell during the latter part of April, all of May and the first week of June this year, and owing to this fact the streams were much lower than they commonly are in the spring. For that reason, probably, the trout made their appearance on the rifts remarkably early and remained there much longer than they ordinarily do, thus affording the finest kind of sport for the angler. As a general thing trout fishermen expect to obtain the best rift fishing about the first week in June, but this year the speckled beauties were taking the fly in swift water fully a month earlier, something which has rarely if ever been known before in the Adirondack region. Last summer there was very little rift fishing, but this year the conditions have been exactly right for the prolongation of this ideal pastime. After the drouth had lasted a number of weeks, experienced anglers began to think that hot weather would speedily come on and that the water in the streams would then warm up so that the trout would forsake the rifts and take refuge on the cold-beds or spring-holes. Such was not the case, however, as the drouth was broken the fore part of June and the frequent but not excessive rains served to keep the water at a temperature congenial to the trout, while at the same time the streams were not swollen to such an extent as to scatter the fish, as they were last year. As a consequence rift fishing was enjoyed for a much longer period than usual, and when the trout finally sought the spring-holes they continued active, and are still biting, for that

matter. It is a noteworthy fact, too, that the fishing has been good this year in the lakes, ponds and small brooks of the wilderness region, as well as in the rivers and big creeks, and practically all of the trout waters have yielded an abundance of their carmine spotted denizens. From the standpoint of the fly-fisherman, as well as that of the angler who prefers bait, and the eclectic fisherman who uses both artificial flies and bait as conditions appear to warrant, there has been fine sport on the trout waters of northern New York throughout the season, and in central New York the fishing has been fully as good as could reasonably be expected. The assertion can also be safely made that a remarkably large number of big trout have been taken this year.

One of the largest speckled trout that has ever been captured in the waters of the southern Adirondack region, so far as records show, was taken in South Lake about May 20, by Jerry Shaw, of West Utica. It measured 28 inches in length and weighed 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ pounds after it was dressed. Mr. Shaw caught it while fishing for salmon trout at a buoy, which was located off the point below the cottage owned by George W. Williams, of Remsen. The trout had been feeding on the bait which had been scattered around the buoy to attract the lakers, and had gorged himself with it. R. L. Guiteau, proprietor of Hotel Brunswick, Port Leyden, who chanced to be at South Lake at the time, in company with G. W. Williams, is an enthusiastic angler, and he secured the head of the big trout to take home. The lower jaw of the fish measured 5 inches from the point to the back end.

Another record breaking brook trout was captured last spring in the Unadilla River at New Berlin, its weight being 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds. These are remarkably large speckled beauties, and it is very rare indeed that such specimens are taken in New York State waters. It is on record, however, that an Adirondack guide, while trapping on Loon Lake, in the fall of 1896, found a speckled trout which had died and drifted ashore, that weighed 8 pounds. On July 10, 1888, A. Ames Howlett, of Syracuse, while fishing on the inlet of Cranberry Lake, in company with Chester S. Lord and J. Earl Knox, of New York City, caught the largest brook trout of which there was any record in that part of the wilderness. It was 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, 6 inches deep, 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick and weighed 5 pounds 14 ounces. On July 7, 1887, Mr. Mills, who was then keeper of the State dam at Cranberry Lake, captured a speckled trout in the Oswegatchie River which tipped the scales at 5 pounds 13 ounces. It is said that Walter Aiken, a resident of Franklin Falls, N. H., caught a speckled trout in Graves Pond in 1884 that weighed 6 pounds and 2 ounces. There is excellent authority also for the statement that in October, 1901, seven brook trout, weighing in the aggregate 42 pounds, were exhibited in the village of Morehouseville, Hamilton county. Reports have also been heard of a trout weighing over 11 pounds being taken from a small pond in Essex county, without regard to the ethics of fair angling, and of another weighing 13 pounds and 3 ounces that was taken from the inlet stream of the same pond during the spawning season some years ago. It is such an extremely rare occurrence for a speckled trout weighing over 5 pounds to be taken from the waters of New York State, that it would be interesting if all the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, who have any knowledge of such lucky captures, would write what they know about it for publication in these columns.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 24.

The Sleep of Fishes.

SANDY GRISWOLD, in the number for August 22, mentions a correspondent who has asked him if fish sleep, and he says in reply that they do; he has often seen them asleep. So have the rest of us who have had an opportunity to watch them and the curiosity to do it. All fish, birds and animals must sleep part of the time, of course. Among the birds and animals, except a few of the nocturnal ones, they select the night to do their sleeping in; but in case of the fish I do not suppose it makes any difference to them when they sleep; they can go to sleep whenever they feel like it, always, providing, that none of their enemies are in the neighborhood.

Some of us have seen the whale lying asleep on top of the water, and if we used care when we approached him he continued asleep until the harpoon was thrown into him.

Early this summer I was across in Misery Bay one afternoon; it is a small bay about one mile wide, that opens into the harbor here; a boat house stands in 6 or 7 feet of water on the far side of the bay, and landing here I made my boat fast to the platform, then went to take my oars off the pins, and when doing it happened to look down into the water, and saw that I had a good view of the bottom, the water being clear and the sky bright overhead. Several good-sized black bass lay on the bottom just below me. I had seen larger ones than these, but not in this bay. No fish in these waters except the carp and muscalunge get a chance to grow very large or die of old age before some man or boy pulls them out of it.

Without making any noise to waken the fish, I lay with my head over the side of the boat watching them as they lay on the gravelly bottom, not making the least movement except a slight one with their gills, while a number of small bass swam around and over them without seeming to disturb the sleeping fish at all.

After I had watched them a while I moved off quietly, not wanting to waken them, and met two boys in a boat, who wanted a good place to fish, they told me.

I might have sent them to a good place, the one I had just left, but did not want these fish caught just now, so I sent the boys across to the wreck of the Niagara, a few hundred yards away, and told them to fish there. The Niagara was Commodore Perry's flagship in the battle of Lake Erie in the War of 1812, and when wanted no longer was brought here and let sink in 10 feet of water where, what is left of it, still lies. A gentleman here in Erie has at his own expense

marked its site with a neatly painted spar buoy lettered on its sides, "Perry's flagship Niagara."

Just across the channel from this bay, on the south, is another small bay that goes under the name of the "Mud Flats." It is occupied by German carp and mud turtles, nothing else could live in this water at some seasons of the year, as the sewerage of half the city is emptied into it; this seems to suit the carp, though. I have seen them throw themselves clear out of the water here, and have been within a few feet of some of them when they did it. It reminded me of a whale sounding; why they do this I could not find out. There is nothing in there to chase them, unless it is the mud turtle, and a carp should be a match for him; he is a match for everything else. Some of these carp are all of 18 inches in length. They will not take any bait that I have ever seen offered them. If I wanted them (but I don't, and can't imagine why any one else should want them) I would use flour dough for bait; that, I think, would suit them.

It has occurred to me that the man who first brought these carp here must have been a near relative to the man who brought the first English sparrows here, and if both these men are still living they must recognize now that a hind sight at times is far better than a foresight.

I know a man who, when the carp were first brought here, spent several hundred dollars in making a fish pond to raise them in, and when he found how worthless they were it cost him as much more to get rid of them and restock his pond with fish that were worth raising.

I afterward tried to interest him in the raising of a goat that had been brought here to make the fortune of any farmer who took hold of him; but the carp had soured him on all foreign importations, he said, using some of his emphatic language to express himself, that sheep would do for him from this out. I dare not laugh at him. He had a large place of some 300 acres, and had about as many trespass signs painted all over it, but I could shoot on it where I pleased.

In fishing, I suppose you will have the most success if you use the kind of bait that the fish happen to want just then; almost any kind of bait will be a killing one at some time or other. There is one exception though; there is a kind of bait that is sold by barkeepers in pint flasks that, though it is often taken along, does not kill many fish. I have been told that it will kill the fisherman if enough of it is used, but have never tried enough of it at one time to find out.

I did some fishing at one time in the Red, Colorado, River, Texas, near where the town of Paint Rock now is. The first fish that I caught here, a yellow catfish, I had to shoot before I could land him. The men in my wagon train estimated his weight at 110 pounds, he weighed at least 90 pounds; I used fresh beef as a bait, and leaving two lines out all night, I had a smaller fish on each of them next morning.

I tried this river again some time after this, and below where I had fished before. I told the cook to keep me fresh beef for bait; he kept it, but kept it where my dogs could get at it, and they got the bait before I did, and I would have to look around for something else; I did not want to use the dog for bait, as the cook had suggested I might. These dogs would have been used as a target by that cook long before, only he did not want to be made a target out of himself, as he would likely have been if he had shot one of these dogs of mine. The only bait I could find was boiled bacon, and I concluded to try it. Baiting a 5-0 hook on a cotton line, about No. 10, I got out on a pile of drift in a bend in the river, and began fishing; in less than an hour I had three catfish, the largest one would weigh 20 pounds, the others were smaller.

CABIA BLANCO.

ERIE, Pa.

Fish and Fishing.

Fall Rush of American Anglers.

SENATOR PLATT, of Connecticut, his son, Judge Platt, and a party of friends from New Haven, are guests of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club at Kiskisink, on the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, and from all reports are having excellent sport with the now fairly well educated trout of this famous preserve. Twelve to fifteen years ago, when I first fished Briggs' Pool, the lily pads below the railway bridge, and the rapids a little higher up stream, with the late Mr. Chase, of Waterbury, Mr. John Wallace, of Ansonia, and others who have since dropped out of sight, it required no art to catch the 2-pound trout that abounded in all these localities, and the larger ones which frequently diversified the sport. There are probably just as many fish in the waters of the preserve now as ever there were, for the protection has been conscientious and constant, but better fishing is now required in order to make as good a basket, in an equal space of time, than was necessary a decade ago, and I know a good many anglers who prefer the fishing as it is to-day, both in the Kiskisink waters and in those of the Metabetchouan River, on the other side of the club's limits. For those who do not, and who find their chief delight in casting over waters where the uncultured fish lack the refined discretion which comes alone with experience of the angler's lure, there are virgin waters enough still, though it is necessary to travel much farther north now for them than it was a few years ago.

Senator Platt and party are likely to go to Lake St. John for ouananiche fishing before returning home, for just now this sport is at its best in some of the Lake St. John waters, especially in those of the Metabetchouan. In addition to the sport which has been afforded of late by the Grand Discharge, I understand that fishing for ouananiche has produced good results during the last few weeks, in both the Peribonca and Ashuapmouchouan rivers. I should strongly advise American anglers who intend to seek the ouananiche in September, to bring with them larger flies than those employed in the Grand Discharge in the summer months.

Large Salmon Flies.

Speaking of larger flies for ouananiche, especially in the heavy water of the Metabetchouan in the month of September, recalls some enormous salmon flies shown me on board the King Edward last month by Mr. Charles Stewart Davison, of New York, while on his way home from his salmon fishing on the Riviere a la Truite. Some of the flies which he had with him and which had proved so successful, were at least four times as large as the largest flies generally used on Canadian salmon rivers. Notwithstanding their successful use this season, Mr. Davison admits that they have always been regarded as abnormally large, at least on the Labrador coast. This makes their success all the more interesting. Of course the six weeks or more of almost constant easterly winds and the almost continual rains during the period covered by Mr. Davison's fishing, produced conditions of light and water which were a little out of the common, and he says that it is well also to note that the large flies appeared of most use over deep, smooth, swiftly flowing water, under overcast conditions of the sky and during showers. The notes on the subject, with which Mr. Davison has been good enough to furnish me, show, incidentally, that contrary to ordinary experience, on at least one occasion, the fish took these flies during a rain storm which was accompanied by occasional thunder. It should be explained that the locality was the pool below the first falls on the Riviere (also called the Riviere a la Truite), which is about eight miles east of the Moisie, and that Mr. Davison resorted to the abnormally large flies tentatively and only after exhausting effort with smaller ones.

The noted, so far as they refer to this matter, read as follows:

July 10.—Air, 8 A. M., 60 degrees; 3 P. M., 54; 8 P. M., 54. Water, 8 A. M., 58 degrees; 3 P. M., 58; 8 P. M., 58. Eight A. M. to 11:30 A. M., at the pool below the first falls, the wind was southeast to east to northeast, half a gale; early, showers; later, heavy rains with some thunder and a little lightning. Hooked and killed four fish: (1) 13 pounds on No. 6 double Durham-ranger. (2) 10 pounds on No. 6 double Durham-ranger. (3) 22 pounds on No. 2-0 sun-fly. (Note: This is an English fly, which fills the gap between the dusty-miller or silver-doctor and the Jock-Scott, so far as brilliancy is concerned. It is practically unknown on this side of the Atlantic.) (4) 11 pounds on No. 2-0 double sun-fly. N. B. Very black and very showery while fishing. Tried without result No. 4 and No. 6 double thunder-and-lightning, ditto dusty-miller, ditto Jock-Scott. P. M., same pool very dark, heavy rain. Hooked and lost one fish 16 pounds on No. 4-0 double silver-doctor. Very active fish, fresh run with the sea-louse still on him.

July 11.—Air, 8 A. M., 58 degrees; 3 P. M., 56; 8 P. M., 58. Water, 8 A. M., 59 degrees; 3 P. M., 58; 8 P. M., 58. River, which had fallen about 18 inches, now up 8 inches. A. M. In the pool below first falls, hooked and lost one fish (fly broke) on No. 8 double dusty-miller. P. M. Same pool, hooked and killed one fish 10 pounds, fresh run (very strong and active for his size), on No. 4-0 silver-doctor. River up from 14 to 18 inches more, since morning.

July 13.—Air, 8 A. M., 52 degrees; 3 P. M., 56; 8 P. M., 54. Water, 8 A. M., 58 degrees; 3 P. M., 58; 8 P. M., 58. A. M. Did not fish. 4 P. M. to 8 P. M. hooked and lost (cast line broke) heavy fish on No. 2-0 double Jock-Scott; hooked and lost very heavy fish (line broke); he took a No. 5-0 single Jock-Scott. Hooked and killed three fish: (1) 14 pounds on No. 3-0 double Jock-Scott. (2) 13 pounds on No. 4-0 double silver-doctor. (Later, weather much brighter.) (3) 12 pounds on No. 2 double Jock-Scott.

July 14.—River run down to about normal height; overcast, easterly wind, showers. Air, 8 A. M., 54 degrees; 3 P. M., 56; 8 P. M., 60. Water, 8 A. M., 61 degrees; 3 P. M., 61; 8 P. M., 60. In the morning, in the pool below upper falls, hooked and killed one fish 11½ pounds on No. 8 double thunder-and-lightning. In the P. M. hooked and killed three fish: (1) 11½ pounds on No. 1 double sun-fly. (2) 13½ pounds on No. 4-0 double Jock-Scott. (3) 21 pounds on No. 4-0 double Jock-Scott. (Last two were fresh run fish.)

Mr. Davison draws special attention to the sun-fly, which he thinks might be largely used to advantage in this country in sizes from No. 3 up. He believes it is hardly suitable for and not necessary in smaller sizes, as the dusty-miller or silver-doctor in the smaller sizes are not so obtrusive as to need toning down.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Craved Salmon and Oregon Water.

MANY Oregonians were inclined to laugh at the Missouri woman mentioned a short time ago who insisted on going back to her native State because there were no catfish in Oregon. It appears, however, that Oregon women are as whimsical as Missouri women, as a citizen who has two sons practicing law in Brooklyn, N. Y., and doing very well, went on there with his wife to visit them a short time ago, and at her desire left her there. She thought she could look after the boys and enjoy life in the East, but she has quite unexpectedly returned home. When asked why she did not remain in Brooklyn, as arranged, she said such a craving came over her for a slice of Chinook salmon and a drink of Bull Run water that it seemed as if she could not live without them, and so she came back.—Portland Oregonian.

A Catch of Lake Trout.

TIM, Maine, August 27.—On August 17, at Spring Lake, Maine, Dr. Joseph Pettit, of Philadelphia, and the undersigned, of New York, hooked and landed twelve lake trout in three hours and fifteen minutes, the smallest 2 pounds, the largest 4¼ pounds. We used Archer spinners with smelt, and for line used copper wire, no sinkers. We trolled very slowly, and but about 100 feet run off our "quad" multipliers. The fish were weighed and counted in the presence of J. B. Carville, proprietor of the camps, and several witnesses.

ROBERT STODART.

The Known History of the Salmon.

RECENT researches of scientific experts and the lengthy inquiry held by the Royal Salmon Commissioners point unmistakably to the fact that our actual definite knowledge of the life history of the salmon is very limited; that many of the theories held by men who have been regarded as authorities are, in some cases, erroneous, and in others based upon insufficient evidence; and that the subject offers abundant opportunities for extremely useful and far-reaching research. We propose to set forth briefly what is known definitely concerning the life history of the salmon, and to indicate a few of the points on which further research is desirable.

In the first place, as every one knows, the eggs of the salmon can only be developed and hatched in fresh water, and, with few exceptions, they are deposited between October and January. Where unwise netting operations upset the balance of the sexes there are considerable losses on the breeding grounds, owing to the warfare between the males. The proportion of eggs fertilized is at present unknown, but they lie covered for a period varying with the temperature of the water. For example, if the water be at a temperature of 45 degrees, eggs will hatch in about ninety days. The spawners which enter the river late in the year, lay their eggs in the lower reaches, which in some rivers are seriously polluted, with the result that the eggs do not hatch. Many pollutions, which do little harm to mature fish, destroy, not only the eggs, but the young fry. The newly hatched alevins, as they are termed, are about 1 inch in length. At four months they are about 2½ inches, assuming that their growth is the same in the river as it is in the hatchery, which may be assuming too much. The year-old salmon is about 4½ inches to 5 inches, and two-year-olds about 7 inches. Most of the young salmon put off the appearance of trout and become silvery fish when they are from eighteen months to two years old, and then descend to the sea, the majority making the descent between April and July. This is a time of danger to the future 40-pounder. Pike, perch and possibly kelts, lay in wait for him in the lower reaches. There may be a seriously polluted estuary to pass through, and once in the sea there are shoals of coal fish, porpoises and other predatory fish all hungering for the little smolt, while gulls and other sea birds never lose an opportunity of destroying them. How many smolts reach the sea in safety as the result of the deposit of a hundred salmon eggs under the gravel we do not know, and it is of great importance that this should be known to enable a comparison to be drawn between the artificial culture of the salmon and the natural increase of the fish. Nor of the travels of the smolt in the sea have we any definite knowledge. Occasional fish are caught two miles or more from land. Norwegian experiments tend to show that smolts, after their descent, are absent from the estuaries or river, and there our knowledge ends. When do they return? To test this question the managers of the Stormontfield Hatchery on the Tay carried out experiments many years ago. They cut the adipose fin off a number of smolts, which they then released. It was said that a small proportion of these fish came back the same summer as good-sized grilse, while others, and these were the majority, returned the following year. This would seem to settle the question, but there are high authorities who decline to accept the evidence on the grounds that the experiment was not carried out with scientific precision.

Whatever their age, grilse usually enter fresh water in shoals, ascend the river again between May and September, and some of them, at any rate, develop ova and breed the same season. After they have spawned and entered the sea they lose their delicacy of scale, fineness of shape, and forked tail, and are known henceforward as salmon. The periods at which salmon run up rivers, the sizes of the fish of different runs, and their ages, are all points of practical importance. It is not wise to draw general conclusions from observations made on one river, but we may mention that it has been ascertained that on the Tweed the salmon of May and June average 73.8cm. in length, in July and August 82.9cm., and in October and November 87.76cm. Speaking generally, salmon which run earliest are those which ascend to the highest tributaries to spawn, while those that run in autumn breed in the lower reaches, which, as we have already pointed out, are often polluted to such an extent as to destroy every egg. In the spring run there are, in many cases, far more females than males, but later on in the year the two sexes become more even in numbers. It would appear from these facts that our scheme of salmon preservation is altogether wrong; for, by heavily netting the spring fish, and taking the nets off early in the autumn, a quantity of females are destroyed, and an insufficient number of early salmon are left in the river to populate the upper reaches at spawning time. The system leads to most of the spawning being done in the lower reaches, and to an undue proportion of males on the spawning beds. A wiser course would probably be to so arrange that a proportion of every run of fish was preserved for spawning purposes, but the wisest would unquestionably be to prohibit netting in rivers altogether.

Where the salmon goes when in the sea we do not know. That they travel up and down the coasts is evident from the fact that thousands are caught in fixed nets, but that they make many deviations also appears certain. It is quite evident from the marking experiments of late years that the majority of salmon which escape the sea nets return to their own river, a certain number, however, ascending other rivers. Some fish go down as kelts in the spring and return to breed in the autumn of the same year, but it seems probable that the majority breed in the following year; in other words, are biennial breeders.

With regard to the growth rate and food of the salmon while in the sea there seems no doubt from the examinations of fish which have been caught in salt water, that the chief food of salmon is the herring; but there is also no doubt he picks up any small fish

which comes in his way and is not active enough to escape. In the Baltic salmon are caught in the sea on lines, the hooks of which are baited with herring. Sand eels also seem to be a staple article of salmon diet, and the fish, without much doubt, lives largely on the shoals of herring, mackerel and sprats. Thanks to his liberal diet in the sea, consisting largely of oily food, the salmon puts on fat rapidly, and at the time he ascends the river he is so well stored with superfluous adipose tissue that he can stay in fresh water for several months without requiring food. That he does occasionally pick up inconsiderable trifles there seems no doubt, and were it otherwise salmon fishing would lose much of its interest. There is, of course, more known concerning salmon than we have stated in the foregoing remarks, but we have confined ourselves chiefly to those points which have to be considered and are of importance in connection with the preservation of the fish.—London Field.

The Old Colony Club.

BOSTON, August 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yesterday afternoon your correspondent had the pleasure of attending the annual meeting of the Old Colony Club. It has been customary for the club to hold a summer meeting and dine at some one of the hotels on the Buzzard's Bay shore, but this year the members were invited to a clam bake on Mashpee Island, situated a mile from Monument Beach Station on the Wood's Holl branch of the railroad. Steam launches were in readiness to convey the members and their guests from the beach to the island from 10:30 A. M. to 12:30 P. M., the hour set for the meeting, although very many came in their private yachts.

The tables were set up under a tent to provide for about 100 persons, but on account of the unexpected number in attendance several other tables were spread outside to accommodate the overflow.

The announcement in the daily papers that Mr. Jefferson would preside and that ex-President Cleveland would speak, served to bring together a much larger number than usual, and the day proved to be most auspicious for an outdoor meeting. President Cleveland brought Mr. Jefferson and Mayor Collins, of Boston, over from "Gray Gables" in his private launch, and on their arrival at the island they were greeted with hearty cheers from those who had gathered on shore.

At the business meeting Vice-President Gerard C. Tobey, of Wareham, presided, and the officers of last year were all re-elected. Mr. Jefferson has been president ever since the club was organized, about twelve years ago. On the list of vice-presidents and directors are representatives of the summer residents and prominent citizens of all the towns on the bay shore, among them being Commissioner Delano, Hon. Charles S. Hamlin, Henry R. Reed, Esq., and Dr. Maurice H. Richardson, Vice-President of the State Association.

After the clams, oysters, lobsters, green corn, sweet potatoes, etc., had been disposed of, the President, in his inimitable manner, and with happy allusions to the distinguished guest at his right, introduced Mr. Cleveland. It was evident that Mr. Cleveland felt very much at home as a fisherman among fishermen, and I venture to say he never received a warmer greeting. From the moment he rose to speak he must have felt the sympathetic heart beats of his auditors, who frequently interrupted him by their hearty applause. While his first words were exceedingly humorous and excited much merriment, there was an under tone of serious convictions regarding the importance of the work for which the club was organized.

He said:

"I am full of clams and enthusiasm for the welfare of the Old Colony Club and zeal for its interests."

"I fish because I like it. For those who jeer and deride me for it I have unqualified contempt, and the hardihood to keep right on, and I hope I shall continue to go a-fishing until as near the end of the chapter as possible."

"I wish to say right here, I am more interested in the protection of the fishing in Buzzard's Bay than the protection of our hoary-headed infant industries. I care more for these fishing interests than I do about the policy of the next federal administration. I hope the Old Colony Club will keep up the fight for the protection of the fisheries. Let there be no relaxation nor compromise. Keep up the fight without ceasing; for 'eternal vigilance is the price of protection.'"

In the course of the happy response to the call of the presiding officer, Mayor Collins referred to Mr. Cleveland as "the most illustrious citizen of the United States," and he might have added, equally conspicuous as a sportsman. As he stood before the audience, erect and stalwart, the proud father of a three-weeks-old boy, he was in his person, aside from what he said, an illustrious example of the benefits of outdoor life.

Referring to the work of the club in a former letter, I said it had the laboring oar in the stopping of seining in the Bay and abolishing the use of traps and pounds. Messrs. Cleveland and Jefferson were charter members and their influence has been of great advantage to the club from its inception. Great credit is due Mr. Charles H. Taylor, Jr., the Secretary and Treasurer, who had charge of the arrangements, for the success of the meeting and dinner.

The Old Colony Club was formed about a dozen years ago with a small membership, which has steadily grown until it comprises nearly all the summer residents along this bay shore and also many prominent citizens of Cape Cod. The objects of the club are these:

To secure and protect—by obtaining, maintaining, and enforcing proper laws—the salt water fishing of Buzzard's Bay from depletion and destruction by nets and pounds.

To create interest in and obtain public and private attention to the making and maintaining of convenient, comfortable, attractive and economical highways and roads within the limits of the Old Colony.

To induce and aid the preservation of all places of historical, peculiar or picturesque interest within the limits of the Old Colony.

To procure attention to, and the planting and preservation of, forest, shade and ornamental trees within the limits of the Old Colony.

Some Big Fish.

MR. CHARLES A. SHRINER records in the Paterson (N. J.) Chronicle of August 30: While the politicians have been busy during the past few weeks in endeavoring to fathom the new primary elections law and circumventing the will of the people, the disciples of Isaac Walton have been doing things never heard of before in this part of the country. Following hard upon the taking of a large muscullonge in Greenwood Lake came the taking of a 16½-pound channel catfish out of the same water, an incident rendered more remarkable still by the fact that the same boat took a 6 and a 7-pound wall-eyed pike the same afternoon. Mr. Joseph Rigby, of No. 141 Huron street, this city, surpassed the record for small-mouthed bass. In one afternoon last week he took four of these fish which weighed 6 pounds and 3 ounces, 5¾ pounds, 5½ pounds, and 4½ pounds, the scene of his exploits being Franklin Lake. About the same time Mr. John P. Cronin took a 3 pound white bass out of Greenwood Lake, the capture of this fish taking place within a few minutes of the taking of another of the same kind, but of less size.

None of these fish were of a kind indigenous to New Jersey. Although we have plenty of natural perch and pickerel ponds the black bass is an immigrant, but it is evident that he has done well here, and that he is about as well established as any of the fish indigenous to the State. The size of the fish taken is remarkable, for it is no onetime that black bass of the small-mouthed variety are taken exceeding five pounds in weight. It is doubtful whether another such catch as Mr. Rigby's has ever been made in this country.

The channel catfish, the wall-eyed pike and the white bass are comparatively recent additions to the fish life of the State, for the first of these fish in New Jersey did not arrive here until about six years ago. The taking of the large fish establishes the fact that these fish will live in New Jersey waters, but whether they will propagate there is an entirely different question. Although the wall-eyed pike may have propagated in Greenwood Lake there is still no evidence that the channel catfish or the white bass have done so, for those removed from the lake were evidently all stock fish. In fact, the experiment looks rather dubious, for if these fish had propagated smaller specimens should have been taken in considerable numbers long before this.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., August 17.—A mud cat weighing 55 pounds and measuring 48 inches in length was landed by John A. Faddis, proprietor of the Monongahela House at Rice's Landing, assisted by his son James and B. F. Wilson, of Dayton, Ohio.

AUBURN, August 17.—Sportsmen of this city were much interested to-day in a monster Oswego bass that was on exhibition at the meat market of L. Stanton in State street. The bass measured a full twenty-three inches in length, was 3½ inches across the back, and its side was over seven inches broad. The mouth was a cavernous opening that could easily have taken in a two-pound fish, and the monster this afternoon tipped the scales at 6¼ pounds, and when it was taken from the water two days ago it must have weighed seven pounds.

To John Gruner, of this city, belongs the honor of taking the fish from the water of Cayuga Lake. Mr. Gruner and his son John were at the lake Saturday trolling with minnows near Red Banks. They had already lost a big pickerel, when the bass struck and broke from the water. Mr. Gruner saw he had a big fellow and he made a careful fight that lasted a quarter of an hour before the big one was put into the landing net and drawn into the boat. The fish is the biggest bass taken from Cayuga Lake in many years.

CORTLAND, August 15.—W. R. Cole, who is spending a few weeks with a party of friends at Skaneateles Lake, reports that he has the honor of catching the largest trout that has been taken out of the lake in many years. It measured thirty inches in length and weighed 11½ pounds.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

Fined \$400 for Dynamiting.

A FISH dynamiter arrested by Game Warden W. F. Scott, on the Prickly Plan River in Montana, was sentenced by Judge Henry C. Smith, at Helena, last week, to pay a fine of \$400. The defendant, who was formerly a Helena business man of considerable prominence, pleaded guilty, and his counsel asked for clemency in consideration of his long residence and previous good repute. In passing sentence, Judge Smith said:

"What your counsel has stated is very true. You are a man who has been in business in this community, an intelligent man, a man who I understand has been fairly successful in your pursuits. Of course, in dynamiting fish you must have acted advisedly. I am informed by the game warden that you were very well posted as to the penalties for dynamiting fish, thoroughly understood the difference in penalty between seining them and dynamiting. I regard dynamiting fish as a very serious offense; it is an unnatural offense."

"Catching fish out of season, if there was a close season for fish, or occasionally transgressing the law by killing a grouse or prairie chicken out of season, is not the same character of offense as dynamiting fish at all. A man must be absolutely devoid of any sportsmanlike qualities who will dynamite fish. People who dynamite fish have been designated in the journals relating to sports of that kind as hogs, and it strikes me that is a very appropriate designation. One man is compelled by the law to catch fish with a hook and line, another man comes along and clandestinely drops a stick of giant powder into a hole and kills, not only the large fish that are good to eat, but every fish that is in the hole, and the fish food besides. Not only that, but the fish are mutilated and some of them rendered unfit for food. And in passing sentence upon you I desire to act in such a way as that others may thoroughly understand the situation. I don't care to impose a penalty that will be said is too severe; at the same time I believe that the Legislature must have

thoroughly recognized the heinousness of this offense by placing the minimum penalty at the sum of \$200.

"I don't want to make a martyr of you, and still I want to punish you, and I want to deter others from doing what you have done. My private information is that there is a good deal of dynamiting going on in the streams of this State. I shall impose a fine upon you, but I want to serve notice that the next man that comes here charged with the offense that you are charged with, if he is found guilty, and I am here, I shall certainly send him to the penitentiary."

"I have known you quite a number of years, and it is not an agreeable duty to pass sentence upon you, but I am bound to punish you for what you have done. I regard it, as I say, as a heinous offense, and I am surprised that a man of your intelligence and standing in the community should do such a thing. You knew it was against the law; it is the very worst infringement of the game law in my judgment. There is no excuse for it whatever."

"The sentence of the court is that you pay a fine of \$400, and that you stand committed to the custody of the sheriff until that fine is paid."

Fins.

FINS and wings, fish and birds, water and air, each of these pairs resembling the other, and so enabling us to study the more mysterious water creatures by what we can observe with greater ease in those that live in the air. Birds are heavy in the air, fish are light in the water; birds become light in the water and fish heavy in the air; and both pass through their own element in a way that is similar yet not the same. Fish use their tails and birds their wings as propellers, so when under water the diving bird flies with its wings, and when out of the water the flying fish floats on its great pectoral fins, and is driven forward by the force exerted by the tail before it left the water.

A bird like the gull with slow wing strokes and its habit of sliding through the air with motionless wings helps us to understand the use that a trout makes of its pectoral and ventral fins.

To raise itself from the ground a gull runs along first with uplifted wings, following up the impetus thus gained by powerful downward strokes, which quickly take it to a great height, when its flight can be changed to floating on outspread wings. Suspended thus in the air it is really from the weight of its body gliding down an inclined plane often at great speed. This falling force is easily directed upward by altering the angle at which the wings are set, and thus the perfection of aerial navigation depending on a heavy body and horizontal sails is attained. The tail, though never used as a propeller, is in constant use, acting either as a rudder or balance or as a powerful brake.

The trout swims through the water with its tail. It does not use its horizontal fins as propellers, and when going at great speed the tail actuated by the lateral movement of the backbone, is alone in action.

The nearest approach that we can make to this movement is with a single oar at the stern of a boat, which closely imitates the zigzag course of the upper ray of the fish's tail. A fan-like set of rays, the outer being the stiffer, while the inner ones are split into two about half way, make an elastic framework over which is stretched that wonderful membrane that becomes at its edge so fine that it is almost as impalpable as the water itself. The whole structure from its tough beginning at the body to its broadened soft ending forms a very perfect propeller.

It is in the horizontal fins that we see the likeness to wings, for the fish sets them to the different currents it is in, and rises and falls by their help, as the gull does when sailing in the air. A trout, however, can raise or lower itself in the water with no noticeable movement of fins or tail, and as it certainly does not depend upon an air-bladder to effect this, it must employ some other means.

To answer any puzzling question in natural history it is well to look for similar instances in other cases, and here we find the whale lowering its vast bulk through the water with ease, even after taking in gallons of air, which must make its body more buoyant. Now to do this it contracts its skin, and so lessens its bulk, becoming at once heavier for its size and able to sink. To raise itself its muscles are relaxed; its bulk is again increased, and so it becomes lighter. The trout is a mass of muscles, supported on a slight framework of bones, and as it floats when dead we may conclude that, like the whale, it has the power of contracting and expanding its body. When death relaxes its muscles the trout floats, and when alive it can so regulate their action that it is able to rise and fall without using fins or tail.

In a stream, however, the fins are all in use, and though the unconscious contracting and expanding of its bulk may be going on, they are its chief aids to reach any desired position or object. The angler well knows the resistance that can be offered by them, and the fish takes advantage of every current, setting its fins and straining rod and tackle in every possible way. To appreciate fully their effective force the fact that the fish is about the same weight as the water should not be lost sight of. The back fin acts as a keel, and with the tail and anal fin helps to balance the fish, which, strange to say, is top-heavy in the water. We are so wise that we never would have thought of making such a creature, and yet nature points out to us in a quiet way how very little we know and how much we have to learn.

In quite still water trout cruise about, fanning their tails and fins, and taking the flies without any fuss. When a party are so occupied, the dry fly, if well put on the water, is confidently approached, the jaws move, and the fish as he proceeds to lower himself is surprised to find that his freedom is gone. A wild rush is made, and the fight begins. In such still water every fin can be studied, and as the fish cannot get help from currents, his resistance is more deliberate, and it often takes a long time to tire him out. A favorite way to try to escape is by swimming slowly along, followed by a rush and spring out of the water. This violent exertion soon ends in defeat, and the trout with side up is landed.

A trout has eight fins—the pectorals and ventrals, the anal, caudal, adipose, and dorsal. The first four act more or less horizontally, although this is not the only motion

they are capable of. The remaining four are set vertically, and acting with the others complete the wonderful balancing and motive power of the fish.

In sharp turnings the lateral action of the backbone shows how the driving force is communicated to the tail, and when extra power of stroke is wanted the anal fin and after part of the body really constitute the propeller. The adipose fin is too pliant to be of service, but in the pike we find this and the dorsal represented by one large fin set near the tail, and forming with the anal and tail, or caudal fin, a propeller which gives the pike the power of making a quicker sudden rush than any other fresh water fish. The long shape of the body, too, is well suited for the dart-like flight through the water to which this fish trusts for safety and the capture of its prey. The pectoral and ventral fins are used especially in backing water, and the fish can disappear quietly in a ghost-like way by their help. The rush of this fish, whether it be from fright or when a bait tempts it from its lair, is a thing to see and remember.

The pike has seven fins—the single dorsal, caudal, and anal making on occasion a splendid propeller. The four others, besides being used for backing water, seem to suggest almost walking power, and are used for slow backward and forward progression in the water.

We see that in the water fish have little weight, and the frightened flying fish, shot out of the water by the action of its tail, becomes in the air a heavy projectile. Its great pectorals are spread, and its leap lasts as long as the forward force is greater than the force of gravity. So it does not fly as a bird flies, but floats through the air like a trout in the stream. This wonderful leap, which for convenience we may call flight, has a disappointing finish, for it ends in an awkward fall, which shows plainly how unlike true wings even these great fins are. The sailing of a gull on different planes of air helps us to understand the sailing of a trout in different currents of water, and so we see that fins and wings are near relations. The great fins of a flying fish are set high as in a bird, and consequently, although top-heavy under water, this wonderful fish's center of gravity is lowered the instant it leaves the water.

Both air and water have weight, and the same creature may be said to be heavy or light according to the element it happens to be in at the time. The diving bird becomes light and flies with its wings under water, and the flying fish becomes heavy and floats on its great fins through the air.

Wings for the air, fins for the water, and their action remains the same when the wings are used under water or the fins in the air.—E. F. T. Bennett in Badminton Magazine.

The Successful Man.

"WELL," said the business partner of the successful man, "how did you enjoy your trip? Seems to me you don't look quite as yellow as usual."

"I don't notice any improvement in my health myself," said the successful man. "Native air may suit some people, but it's my impression that a man has to stay in it all the time to get the good of it. If I'd never left it in the first place I'd have been all right to-day. They're a sleepy lot down there, though. They don't seem to notice that the world's moving or to care a continental if it does. Nine-tenths of them don't know the meaning of the word 'hustle.'"

"Well, we know the meaning of it here," said the partner. "Look at that batch of contracts piled up since you left. Look over the papers now, will you?"

"What's the use?" said the successful man, fretfully. "If you ever want to realize what a failure you are, just go to your home town and interview the village loafer. I did that."

"I hadn't seen Billy since I left the place to come to Chicago. I remember him as a hulking, overgrown boy, about five years older than I was, and even then he had acquired a reputation as the triflingest, no accountest cub in seven counties."

"I ran across him while I was out walking. He was sitting with his back against a big willow, well in the shade, fishing, and the minute he turned his head I knew him. I said: 'Hello, Bill! What luck?'"

"He looked at me in a puzzled way and pointed to the string of fish he had tied to a root of the willow. Then I sat down by him and began to talk to him. After a while he hauled in a big two-pound bass. 'That's good enough to eat, Henry,' he says. 'It's about noon now, I reckon.'"

"He started a fire. Then he groped in a hollow of the tree and pulled out about a dozen ears of green corn and a frying pan and some salt pork. He had some tins of stuff hidden there, too, and a big muskmelon and a chunk of bread rolled in a newspaper. First of all he coated the ears of unhusked corn with the mud from the bank and covered them with coals and then he cleaned and cut up the bass and got some slices of pork to frying. Next he shook out some corn meal on the newspaper and rolled the fish in it and got that to frying, and in about twenty minutes there was a meal ready that I'd have given \$50 to eat."

"I was asking him questions while he was cooking. He said he wasn't doin' much of anythin', specially in the summer. Not much of anythin' any time. He hadn't never married, so there wasn't no need of it. There was always birds in the air and fish in the river an' rabbits in the ground, an' there was corn growin' in the fields an' melons an' such. No need o' goin' hungry, and a man could always peddle a string o' fish or suthin' for what terbacker an' store truck he wanted. 'Winter time,' he said, 'I c'n do a few chores for my board an' lodgin', an' I play the fiddle for dances. But what's the matter with you Henry? Why don't you eat?'"

"I told him my diet was principally oxygenated wheat germs. 'What's them?' he asked."

"I explained and told him what dyspepsia was. He didn't know. Happy man!"

"Then he began to eat."

"What are you doin', Henry?" he asked, between mouthfuls.

"I told him, but the fact that I had been successful hardly seemed to impress him. He kept on questioning me."

"So you work all day from 7 or 8 o'clock in the mornin' an' sometimes till late o' night?" he said. "Then you have to eat this truck you tell me about an' have a misery in your stomach half the time! An' you lie awake nights an' can't git ter sleep! Can't eat good vittles, can't sleep, an' work all the time! What d'ye do it fer, Henry?"

"I don't know," I said.

"He threw away the last of the melon rind, sighed contentedly, and pulling a corn-cob pipe from his pocket, filled and lighted it. Then, leaving his seat on the log, he stretched himself out on the grass and smoked, looking at me thoughtfully the while. Presently he took his pipe from his mouth and said: 'Henry, I'm mighty sorry for you.'"

"I've been sorry for myself ever since," concluded the successful man.—Chicago News.

By the Stream.

Where the river seeks the cover
Of the trees whose boughs hang over,
And the slopes are green with clover
In the quiet month of May;
Where the eddies meet and mingle,
Babbling o'er the stony shingle,
There I angle,
There I dangle,
All the day.

Oh, 'tis sweet to feel the plastic
Rod, with top and butt elastic,
Shoot the line in coils fantastic,
Till, like thistle-down, the fly
Lightly drops upon the water,
Thirsting for the finny slaughter,
As I angle,
And I dangle,
Mute and sly.

Then I gently shake the tackle,
Till the barbed and fatal hackle
In its tempered jaws shall shackle
That old trout so wary grown.
Now I strike him!—joy elastic!
Scouring runs!—leaps acrobatic!
So I angle,
So I dangle,
All alone.

Then when grows the sun too fervent,
And the lurking trouts, observant,
Say to me, "Your humble servant!"
Now we see your treacherous hook!"
Maud, as if by hazard wholly,
Saunters down the pathway slowly,
While I angle,
There to dangle
With her hook.

Then somehow the rod reposes,
And the book no page incloses;
But I read the leaves of roses
That unfold upon her cheek;
And her small hand, white and tender,
Rests in mine. Ah! what can send her
Thus to dangle
While I angle?
Cupid, speak!
—Fitz-James O'Brien.

The A B C of the Fish School.

Away from imitations keep,
Be sure you "look before you leap."
Contrive to watch the little dun,
Desist from snatching minnows spun.
Eschew the luscious worm on hook,
For anything suspicious look.
Great anglers fish with tackle fine,
Holts were made for breaking his line.
Independent action take,
Jump, turn and twist, and head well shake.
Keep using your sagacity,
Likewise with some audacity,
Make brave to keep among the wet,
N. B.—The angler has a net.
Oh, yes! I speak with some authority,
Proved by the finny great majority,
Quick start with prompt temerity,
Run to your holt with all celerity.
Safest the trout that comes out late,
Turn early home and master fate.
Under the roots when breath is spent,
Vive la trouty! The rod is bent.
Wearing the gut—you know the game—
XX or drawn—it's all the same.
You're the biggest trout he ever ran,
Zounds! list the sulphury words of man.
—L. M. B. in London Fishing Gazette.

S'pose Fish Don't Bite at Fust.

S'POSE the fish don't bite at fust,
What be you goin' to do?
Chuck down your pole, throw out your bait,
An' say your fishin's threw?
Uv course you hain't; you're goin' to fish,
An' fish, an' fish, an' wait
Until you've ketched your basket full,
An' used up all your bait.

S'pose success don't come at fust,
What be you goin' to dew?
Throw up the sponge and kick yourself,
An' go to feelin' blue?
Uv course you hain't; you've got to fish,
An' bait, an' bait ag'in.
Bimeby success will bite your hook,
An' you will pull him in.
—Houston Post.

New Books Received.

Our Feathered Game. A handbook of the North American game birds. By Dwight W. Huntington. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
The Big Game Fishes of the United States. By Charles Frederick Holden. The Macmillan Co., New York.
Musings by Camp-Fire and Wayside. By William Cunningham Gray. Fleming H. Revell Co., Chicago.
Camp-Fires in the Wilderness. By E. W. Burt. National Sportsman Press, Boston.
My Dogs in the Northland. By Egerton R. Young. Fleming H. Revell Co., Chicago.
In and Around the Grand Canyon. By George Wharton James. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.
Bass, Pike, Perch and Others. By James A. Henshall, M.D. The Macmillan Co., New York.
The Sports of the World. Edited by F. G. Aflalo, Cassell & Co., New York.
"Practical Dog Education," by Recapper (Thos. C. Abbott), published by the M. T. Richardson Co., is a work of 38 pages, devoted to the education of setters and pointers in the best methods of work to the gun. The inductive method of teaching dominates the methods of the author, while he on the other hand, earnestly deprecates the unnecessary use of the whip and other forms of punishment.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

A Truthful Angler.

"Just throw me half a dozen of your biggest trout," said the man with the costly angler's outfit.

"Throw them!" exclaimed the astonished fish dealer. "That's what I said," replied the party of the first part. "Then I'll go home and tell my wife I caught them. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."—Chicago News.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 7-10.—Toronto Industrial Exposition's thirteenth annual show. Dr. A. W. Bell, Sec'y.
Sept. 4-5.—Newport, R. I., Kennel Club, Newport, R. I., Sept. 4 and 5.
Sept. 15-17.—Ottawa, Can., Kennel Club show. Robert McAllen, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-9.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society's show.
Oct. 20-23.—Frederick County, Md., Agricultural Society show. J. Roger McSherry, Sec'y.
Nov. 17-19.—Boston, Mass., Terrier Club show.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 31.—La Salle, Man.—Western Canada Kennel Club trials. H. S. Rolston, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Man.
Sept. 1.—Huron, S. D.—Minnesota-North Dakota Field Trial Association trials. Frank Richards, Sec'y, Peever, S. D.
Sept. 1.—Brandon, Man., Kennel Club trials. J. P. Brisbin, Sec'y.
Sept. 8.—Carman, Man.—Manitoba Field Trial Club trials. Eric Hamber, Sec'y, Winnipeg, Man.
Oct. 26.—Clare, Mich.—Sportsman's Field Trial Association trials. E. C. Smith, Sec'y, Midland, Mich.
Oct. 26.—Washington Court House, O.—Monongahela Field Trial Association trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Oct. 27.—Paradise Valley, Nev.—Nevada Field Trial Association trials. Dr. C. E. Wilson, Sec'y, Elko, Nev.
Nov. 2.—Washington Court House, O.—Ohio Field Trial Association trials. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y, Circleville, O.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 9.—Fourteenth annual beagle trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y.
Nov. 9.—Missouri Field Trial Association trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Nov. 9.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Association trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 9.—Hutsonville, Ill.—Independent Field Trial Club trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Western Irish Setter Club trials. Dr. T. L. Fenn, Sec'y, Chicago, Ill.
Nov. 10.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven, Conn.
Nov. 16.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.
Nov. 23.—Robinson, Ill.—American Championship Field Trial Association trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Dec. 1.—Clay City, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club trials. C. F. Young, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Thomasville, Ga.—Continental Field Trial Club trials. John White, Sec'y, Hempstead, N. Y.
Nov. 16.—Holmdel, N. J.—Pointer Club of America's trials. C. F. Lewis, Sec'y, New York city.
Nov. 30.—Chase, City, Va.—Virginia Field Trial Association trials. Charles B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.

A Brief Friendship.

OUR near neighbor is the owner of a very affectionate and beautiful coach dog, which was left in the charge of the care taker during the winter. This spring when we moved down there for the first time, Rak, as we called him, came over to see us at once, as though to bid us welcome. He came nearly every day, and went to each member of the family to be petted, and then returned home.

When we began to unpack, the dog was always on hand to superintend the job. Sometimes he would lie on the mat for a time, but never remained very long. One day he came with a bone wedged in his teeth, and plainly asked to have it removed. In fact, he made himself perfectly at home with us, although we never fed him.

When we found our neighbor was at his place again, we thought best that Rak should not come to us any more, and, much against our wish, we ordered him off, and after two or three attempts succeeded in driving him away. For several days after this he came to the gate entrance and looked up at the house with a pleading look on his face, and, while he slowly wagged his tail, said in language that was plain: "May I come up? I know you love me, and I love you. What have I done? We used to have good times together before you drove me away. Only say 'Hello, Rak!' and you will have me bounding to your side again." But the word was not spoken, and the dog now trots past our place without even looking at it. E. R. W.

Pointer Club Trials.

NEW YORK, Aug. 21.—The fourth annual field trials of the Pointer Club of America will be held at Holmdel, Monmouth county, N. J., commencing Nov. 16. The historic breeding estate of Holmdel exceeding 4,000 acres, over which the trials will be run, has been always noted as restricted grounds, and its owners have boasted that a gun has not been fired on the preserve since their occupancy. Quail have always been plentiful in that section, but un hunted; and the club may therefore consider the concession granted it as most desirable. The country thereabouts is open and free of scrub woods—distinctly a grain-raising section—and the field trials committee may therefore be congratulated on its selection.

The events to be run will be a repetition of last year, viz.: The Derby, Members' All-Age and Championship stakes. Entries to all but Members' Stake will close on Oct. 15. With the exception of the Championship Stake, which is open to the world, competition in the other events is confined to members. Messrs. Bernard Waters and G. Muss-Arnolt will officiate as judges. C. F. LEWIS, Sec'y.

Points and Flushes.

The premium list of the Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society's annual dog show, to be held on Oct. 6-9, may be obtained on application to the secretary, Mr. C. E. Rundle. Mr. James Mortimer is the superintendent. Entries close on Sept. 22.

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

IN order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of *FOREST AND STREAM* offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First, \$50.00.

Second, \$25.00.

Third, \$15.00.

Fourth and Fifth, \$10.00 each.

Sixth to Eighth, \$5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept, and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, N. Y., on or before December 1, 1903.

American Canoe Association.

Twenty-fourth Annual Camp, Sugar Island, Near Gananoque, Canada, Aug. 7 to 21.

Friday, Aug. 14.—Event No. 14, novice sailing race, 3 miles—Weather, clear; wind, strong S. W.; sea, choppy: First, F. LeRoy Pratt, Winchester B. C., Pioneer II.; second, L. C. Kretzmer, Knickerbocker C. C., Papoose; third, T. Bentley, Grand Trunk B. C., Eva; fourth, R. H. Kretzmer, Knickerbocker C. C., Foggy Dew; A. W. Scott, Knickerbocker C. C., did not finish. Start, 11:33:00 A. M. Finish, 12:13:15 P. M. Winner's elapsed time, 40m. 15s.

Saturday, Aug. 15.—Extra Event No. 26, Atlantic division, sailing trophy, 3 miles—Weather, clear; wind, light; sea, smooth: First, F. C. Moore, N. Y. C. C., Zaidee; second, D. B. Goodsell, N. Y. C. C., Guenn; third, R. H. Kretzmer, K. C. C., Foggy Dew; fourth, L. C. Kretzmer, K. C. C., Papoose. Start, 11:47:00 A. M. Finish, 12:55:40 P. M. Winner's elapsed time, 1h. 8m.

Event No. 3.—Record sailing race, 4½ miles; time limit, 2½ hours—Weather, clear; wind, S. W., light; sea, smooth: First, H. D. Murphy, Winchester B. C., Bee; second, J. A. Newman, Winchester B. C., Damosel; third, W. I. Ladd, Winchester B. C., Pioneer II.; fourth, D. B. Goodsell, N. Y. C. C., Guenn; fifth, G. W. MacTaggart, N. Y. C. C., Torment; sixth, F. C. Moore, N. Y. C. C., withdrew. Start, 4:13:00 P. M. Finish, 5:27:38. Winner's elapsed time, 1h. 14m. 38s.

Monday, Aug. 17.—Event No. 8, one-man single blade paddling race, ½ mile, straightaway—Weather, clear; wind, light; sea, smooth: First, A. McNichol, Toronto C. C., Gyp; second, Chas. Booz, Grand Trunk B. C., —; third, Ernest J. Minnett, Grand Trunk B. C., Witch II.; fourth, F. LeRoy Pratt, Winchester B. C., —. Start, 10:20:50 A. M. Finish, 10:27:16 A. M. Winner's elapsed time, 6m. 26s.

Event No. 12, fours, single blade paddling race; ½ mile, straightaway—Weather, clear; wind, light; sea, smooth: First, O. J. Brownrigg, Gordon Brown, Chas. Boaz, E. J. Minnett, Grand Trunk B. C.; second, A. I. Ward, A. McLean, C. N. Marshall, A. L. Marshall, Grand Trunk B. C. Start, 10:48:35 A. M. Finish, 10:53:50 A. M. Time, 5m. 15s.

Event No. 10, tandem, single blade paddling race, ½ mile straightaway—Weather, clear; wind, light; sea, smooth: First, E. J. Minnett, Gordon Brown, Grand Trunk B. C.; second, C. N. Marshall, A. L. Marshall, Grand Trunk B. C.; third, O. J. Brownrigg, Chas. Boaz, Grand Trunk B. C.; fourth, F. LeRoy Pratt, J. A. Newman, Winchester B. C. Start, 11:24:51 A. M. Finish, 11:30:46 A. M. Winner's elapsed time, 5m. 55s.

Event No. 9, novice single blade paddling race, ½ mile, straightaway—Weather, cloudy; wind, fresh; sea, smooth: First, A. Murray Hannah, Grand Trunk B. C.; second, F. LeRoy Pratt, Winchester B. C.; third, B. Irving Rouse, Jr., Rochester, N. Y.; fourth, Ralph Britton, Gananoque, Canada. Start, 12:30:55 P. M. Finish, 12:38:05 P. M. Winner's elapsed time, 7m. 10s.

Event No. 20, war canoe paddling race, 1 mile, straightaway—Weather, cloudy; wind, light; sea, smooth: First, Grand Trunk B. C., Captain C. W. McLean; second, Y. M. C. A., Brockville, Captain Geo. W. Smith. Start, 1:46:36 P. M. Finish, 1:53:21. Time, 6m. 45s. Won by one length and a quarter.

Special, sailing race, off Gananoque Inn, 3 miles—Wind, strong breeze; weather, clear; sea, choppy. Racing canoes, 112 sq. ft. sail area: First, H. D. Murphy, Winchester B. C., Bee; second, G. W. MacTaggart, N. Y. C. C., Az Iz; third, W. J. Ladd, Winchester B. C., Pioneer II.; fourth, I. A. Newman, withdrew. Start, 5:01:45 P. M. Finish, 5:29:08 P. M. Winner's elapsed time, 27m. 23s.

Cruising canoes, 75 to 85 sq. ft. sail area: First, M. Ohlmeyer, Jr., K. C. C., Chiquita; second, R. H. Kretzmer, K. C. C., Foggy Dew; L. C. Kretzmer and A. W. Scott, withdrew. Start, 5:11:45 P. M. Finish, 5:45:00 P. M. Winner's elapsed time, 33m. 15s.

First prizes in each class presented by citizens of Gananoque.

Special, paddling race, off Gananoque Inn; ½ mile, straightaway; open canoe; single blade; down the wind—Weather, clear; wind, strong; sea, rough: First, Arthur McNichol, Toronto C. C., Gyp; second, E. J. Minnett, Grand Trunk B. C., Witch II. Start, 5:59:05. Finish, 6:02:00. Winner's time, 2m. 55s.

First prize presented by citizens of Gananoque.

Sailing and paddling courses not measured.

Tuesday, Aug. 18.—Event No. 2, record paddling race, ½ mile, straightaway; double blade—Weather, cloudy; wind, strong; sea, choppy; down the wind: First, H. D. Murphy, Winchester B. C., Bee; second, G. W. MacTaggart, N. Y. C. C., Torment; third, J. A. Newman, Winchester B. C., Damosel. Start, 10:37:15. Finish, 10:39:35. Winner's time, 2m. 20s.

Course not accurately measured.

Extra event No. 27, fours, paddling race; complimentary to "ex-Commodores"; course not measured nor officially timed: First, A. McNichol, Toronto C. C.; R. Britton, Gananoque, Can.; O. C. Cunningham, Medford B. C.; C. H. Parson, N. Y. C. C. Second, F. LeRoy Pratt, Winchester B. C.; ——— Walkling, Medford B. C.; W. J. Ladd, Winchester B. C.; H. D. Murphy. Third, ex-Com. MacKendrick, Ubuque C. C.; ex-Com. Thorn, Buffalo C. C.; Com. G. W. Gardner, Cleveland C. C.; ex-Com. Edwards, Peterboro C. C. Finish, 11:15:31 A. M.

Event No. 6, decked or open, canoe sailing race; 6 miles; time limit, 2½ hours—Weather, cloudy; wind, S. W., moderate; sea, smooth; racing canoes, 112 sq. ft. sail area: First, F. C. Moore, N. Y. C. C., Zaidee; second, G. W. MacTaggart, N. Y. C. C., Az Iz; third, H. D. Murphy, Winchester B. C., Bee; fourth, D. B. Goodsell, N. Y. C. C., Guenn; fifth, W. J. Ladd, Winchester B. C., Pioneer II.; J. A. Newman, withdrew.

Cruising canoes, 75 to 85 sq. ft. sail area: First, L. C. Kretzmer, K. C. C., Papoose; R. H. Kretzmer, A. W. Scott, M. Ohlmeyer, Jr., withdrew. Start, 12:32:00 P. M. Finish, racing canoes, 1:42:35 P. M. Winner's elapsed time, 1h. 10m. 35s. Finish, cruising canoes, 1:52:45 P. M. Winner's elapsed time, 1h. 20m. 45s.

Event No. 9, one-man, double blade, paddling race; ½ mile, straightaway: First, Ernest J. Minnett, Grand Trunk B. C., Witch II.; second, Arthur McNichol, Toronto C. C., Gyp; third, O. J. Brownrigg, Grand Trunk B. C., —. Start, 3:20:54 P. M. Finish, 3:27:12. Winner's elapsed time, 6m. 18s.

Event No. 13, fours, paddling, double blade race; ½ mile, straightaway—Weather, clearing; wind, light; sea, smooth: First, Ernest J. Minnett, A. McLean, O. J. Brownrigg, Chas. Boaz, Grand Trunk B. C.; second, A. McNichol, R. Britton, O. C. Cunningham, ——— Walkling, picked team, no one club. Start, 3:55:03. Finish, 4:01:22. Winner's time, 5m. 59s.

Event No. 16, open canoe sailing race; 1½ miles—Weather, clearing; wind, freshening; sea, smooth: First, G. W. MacTaggart, N. Y. C. C., Torment; second, F. C. Moore, N. Y. C. C., Kitt; third, J. E. Plummer, N. Y. C. C., ———; fourth, C. H. Parson, N. Y. C. C., Bertille; fifth, W. A. Furman, Park Island C. A., ———. Start, 4:26:00 P. M. Finish, 5:01:28 P. M. Winner's elapsed time, 35m. 28s.

Event No. 22, gunwale paddling race, double blade; ½ mile, straightaway: First, G. W. MacTaggart, N. Y. C. C., Torment; second, R. Britton, Gananoque; third, H. D. Murphy, Winchester B. C.; fourth, F. LeRoy Pratt, Winchester B. C. Winner's time, 1m. 35s.

Event No. 24, hurry scurry race, 300 yards; run, swim and paddle: First, F. LeRoy Pratt, Winchester B. C.; second, H. D. Murphy, Winchester B. C.; R. Britton, Gananoque, did not finish. Time, 1m. 32s.

Wednesday, Aug. 19.—Event No. 4, trophy sailing race; 9 miles; time limit 3½ hours—Weather, cloudy; wind, moderate to light; sea, smooth: First, J. A. Newman, Winchester B. C., Damosel; second, W. J. Ladd, Winchester B. C., Pioneer II.; third, F. C. Moore, N. Y. C. C., Zaidee; fourth, G. W. MacTaggart, N. Y. C. C., Az Iz; fifth, H. D. Murphy, Winchester B. C., Bee; sixth, D. B. Goodsell, N. Y. C. C., Guenn; seventh, L. C. Kretzmer, K. C. C., Papoose; M. Ohlmeyer, Jr., K. C. C., withdrew. Start, 10:56:00 A. M. Finish, 12:58:00. Winner's elapsed time, 2h. 2m.

Time by rounds:

Newman—Start, 10:56:10.					
First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Fifth.	Finish.
11 13 17	11 30 45	11 51 03	12 10 31	12 35 18	12 58 00
Ladd—Start, 10:56:32.					
11 15 45	11 34 30	11 54 00	12 13 52	12 37 48	1 01 05
Moore—Start, 10:56:21.					
11 13 47	11 31 17	11 51 45	12 12 55	12 38 08	1 02 35
MacTaggart—Start, 10:56:12.					
11 14 00	11 34 27	11 52 17	12 13 35	12 38 47	1 03 05
Murphy—Start, 10:56:18.					
11 15 25	11 34 32	11 57 11	12 18 15	12 40 53	1 04 40
Goodsell—Start, 10:56:14.					
11 15 07	11 34 10	11 55 20	12 18 12	12 43 40	1 09 42
*Kretzmer—Start, 10:56:19.					
11 15 40	11 37 52	12 06 22	12 44 20	1 14 45	1 51 40
*Ohlmeyer—Start, 10:56:47.					
11 19 17	11 46 29	12 17 00	1 40 10	Withdrew.	

*80 to 85 sq. ft. sail area.

Wednesday, Aug. 19.—Event No. 7, trophy paddling race, double blade, 1 mile, straightaway—Weather, clear; wind, moderate; sea, smooth: First, Ernest J. Minnett, Grand Trunk B. C., Witch II.; second, Arthur McNichol, Toronto C. C., Gyp; third, A. Murray Hannah, Grand Trunk B. C.; ——— Marshall, Grand Trunk B. C., withdrew. Start, 11:32:12. Finish, 11:41:20. Winner's elapsed time, 9m. 8s.

Event No. 11, tandem paddling race, double blade; ½ mile, straightaway—Weather, clear; wind, brisk; sea, choppy: First, E. J. Minnett, A. M. Hannah, Grand Trunk B. C.; second, A. McNichol, R. Britton; third, Marshall, Schnafer (?), Grand Trunk B. C. Start, 12:46:10. Finish, 12:50:15. Winner's elapsed time, 4m. 5s.

Event 21, upset paddling race; about ⅛ mile, straightaway: First, A. McNichol, Toronto C. C.; second,

E. J. Minnett, Grand Trunk B. C.; third, R. Britton, Gananoque, Can.; F. LeRoy Pratt did not finish. Time, 1m. 50s.

Event No. 23, tail-end paddling race, 5 P. M.; about ¼ mile, down the wind: First, F. LeRoy Pratt, Winchester B. C.; second, A. M. Hannah, Grand Trunk B. C.; third, C. H. Parson, N. Y. C. C.; fourth, R. Britton, Gananoque; fifth, ——— Walkling, Medford B. C.; G. W. MacTaggart, N. Y. C. C., did not finish.

Event No. 25, tilting tournament, 5:30 P. M.: First round, Walkling and Britton beat Sparrow and MacTaggart; second round, Pratt and Newman beat Hannah and Minnett; third round, King and Ohlmeyer beat Murphy and Bowker; fourth round, King and Ohlmeyer beat Walkling and Britton, Pratt and Newman, Bye. Adjourned until next day.

Thursday, Aug. 20.—Event No. 25, tilting tournament, finals, 10 A. M.: F. LeRoy Pratt, tilter, J. A. Newman, paddler, Winchester B. C., vs. G. H. King, tilter, M. Ohlmeyer, Jr., paddler, Knickerbocker C. C. After a contest lasting over 1 hour and 25 minutes the judges, Messrs. J. W. Sparrow, Toronto C. C., and O. C. Cunningham, Medford B. C., declared the tournament a tie. The Regatta Committee has accordingly awarded first prizes to the tilters and second prizes to the paddlers of the two crews.

Friday, Aug. 21.—Event No. 1, record combined race, sail and paddle; 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours—Weather, clear; wind, fresh; sea, smooth: First, G. W. MacTaggart, N. Y. C. C., Torment; H. D. Murphy and J. A. Newman, Winchester B. C., withdrew. Start, 11:02:30. Finish, 11:48:50. Time, 46m. 20s.

Event No. 15, club sailing race, 2 miles to leeward and return. Won by first three canoes of any club finishing. Race called at 2:15 P. M., there being but three entries from the Winchester B. C. and none from the N. Y. C. C., the Regatta Committee called the race off and substituted, therefor, sailing race of 1 mile to leeward and return, for individuals, but no club prize. Race called at 5 P. M.—Weather, cloudy; wind, S. W., strong; sea, heavy: First, H. D. Murphy, Winchester B. C., Bee; second, J. A. Newman, Winchester B. C., Damosel; W. J. Ladd, Winchester B. C., withdrew. Start, 5:28:15. Finish, 5:54:34. Winner's time, 26m. 19s.

Owing to the unsatisfactory weather prevailing a great part of the week, for sailing races, it was not deemed advisable to call event No. 5, Dolphin sailing trophy race. The Regatta Committee unanimously awarded the trophy for the year 1903 to W. J. Ladd, Winchester B. C. canoe Pioneer II., who finished second in the trophy sailing race.

Regatta Committee 1903, C. E. Britton, H. C. Hoyt, F. C. Hoyt, vice Friese, J. K. Hand, chairman.

Referees, H. M. Stewart, C. F. Walters and F. C. Moore.

Judges, J. B. Taylor, W. W. Crosby, E. A. Burns, J. W. Sparrow, J. R. Robertson, A. W. Scott, ——— Bowker.

Timekeeper, E. H. Demmler.

Starter, F. C. Hoyt.

Clerk of the course, J. K. Hand.

Officers for 1904: Com., C. F. Walters, Rochester C. C.; Sec.-Treas., J. S. Wright, Irondequoit C. C.

Atlantic Division: Vice-Com., L. C. Kretzmer, K. C. C.; Rear-Com., W. A. Furman, P. I. C. A.; Purser, M. Ohlmeyer, Jr., K. C. C.; Executive Committee, H. L. Pollard, N. Y. C. C.; N. S. Hyatt, Shattemuc C. C.; H. C. Allen, P. I. C. A.; Racing Board, H. L. Quick, Yonkers C. C.

Central Division: Vice-Com., H. W. Breitenstein, Duquesne C. C.; Rear-Com., C. P. Forbush, Buffalo C. C.; Purser, Frank C. Demmler, Duquesne C. C.; Executive Committee, Jesse J. Armstrong, Deowainsta C. C.; J. S. Wright, Irondequoit C. C.; Racing Board, H. M. Stewart, Rochester C. C.

The Northern Division has elected Mr. E. J. Minnett as its Racing Board member. The Eastern Division has elected Mr. Paul Butler to a like position, with Mr. H. D. Murphy as alternative.

A. C. A. Membership.

THE following have been proposed for membership to the A. C. A.: F. W. Bodwell, Manchester, N. H.; John R. Bowker, Waltham, Mass.

Atlantic Division—Louis Reichert, Carl Moore, Geo. H. King, A. Wenworth Scott and Charles H. Parsons.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures for 1903.

Members of race committee will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

SEPTEMBER.

- 4-5. Eastern, open, Marblehead.
5. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
5. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
5. Royal Canadian, cruising race, Toronto.
5. Southern, Fornaris cup, New Orleans.
5. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, fall regatta.
5. Eastern, special, open, Marblehead.
5. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
5. Columbia, cruise to Indian Harbor.
5. Hempstead Bay, open.
5. Penatquit Corinthian, special, Bay Shore.
5. Beverly, open, Mattapoisett.
7. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich.
7. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
7. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
7. Moriches, annual, open.
7. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
7. Jamaica Bay Y. R. A.
7. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont.
7. Lynn, Y. R. A., open, Nahant.
7. Williamsburg, cruise.
7. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
7. Sachem's Head, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
7. Penatquit Corinthian, open, Bay Shore.
- 9-11. Columbia, races for Webb cup, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
- 10-12. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, specials, and fall regatta.
12. Keystone, open, Woodmere, L. I.
12. Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Monument Beach.
12. Bay State, Y. R. A., open, Lynn Bay.
12. Chicago, handicap race to Kenosha.
12. Columbia, fall regatta, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.

12. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales cup race, Toronto.

19. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.

19. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.

19. Larchmont, schooner cup race, Larchmont.

19. Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate.

19. Bensonhurst, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.

19. Manhasset Bay, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, fall regatta.

26. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, fall regatta.

26. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.

26. Chicago, handicap, Lake Michigan.

27. Williamsburg, open, fall regatta.
- OCTOBER.

3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.

3. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.

5. Southern, fall, New Orleans.

10. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.

17. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

With the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1903, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, \$75.00.

Second prize, \$50.00.

Third prize, \$25.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1903.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

5. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

6. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

7. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, on or before Nov. 15, 1903.

America's Cup Races.

Second Race, Tuesday, Aug. 25.

A BRIEF paragraph in our last issue stated that Reliance won the second race for the America's Cup by 1m. 19s. corrected time. The boats covered a triangular course of 30 miles and, everything considered, it was a very fairly interesting and conclusive race. Strange as it may seem, Reliance, in all her trials with Constitution and Columbia, had never been tested with those boats on a broad reach and in a fresh wind. So in a measure her speed on that point of sailing was problematical, but the impression prevailed that this was her poorest point of sailing. As it turned out, Shamrock III. sailed a wonderful race, and Reliance was given a run for her money from start to finish. The rival skippers and crews did well by their boats, and very few mistakes were made on either hand.

In the morning the prospects were for a light weather race, and so it turned out. The sea was smooth and the wind averaged from seven to twelve miles. Shamrock III. was supposed to be at her best under such conditions.

It was just after eight bells when Reliance and Shamrock left their moorings in the Horseshoe in tow. Mainsails were hoisted on both boats as they were towed out to the lightship, and jibs and staysails were sent up in stops. After Reliance's big club topsail had been set, her topline was cast off and her jib broken out. Although Shamrock cast off her tow line soon after Reliance did, some time elapsed before her club topsail was sent aloft. Shamrock was carrying a new mainsail and club topsail, and these looked very much better than the ones carried in the previous race.

The tug Navigator arrived at the lightship about 10 o'clock. On board was the Regatta Committee, ex-Com. S. Nicholson Kane and Messrs. Newbury D. Lawton and Edward H. Walls. The wind enabled the Regatta Committee to lay their course from the lightship, and the compass courses for each leg were accordingly signaled. The first leg was S. 10 miles, the second was N. E. by E. ½ E. 10 miles, and the third was N. W. by W. ½ W. 10 miles. Making the first leg a beat, the second a broad reach and the third a close fetch. One towboat started off to place the marks and the tug Coastwise followed along later to act as guide boat to the yachts.

Navigator was anchored W. of the lightship, and at quarter of eleven the preparatory gun was given. The wind was still light, but it had increased in strength a little. At the time the preparatory signal was given both boats were on the starboard tack with Reliance on Shamrock's weather quarter. As they approached Navigator both skippers brought their boats up into the wind, killing their headway. Just before the warning gun was fired, both gybed and stood down the line toward the lightship. Reliance was in the weather berth, but Shamrock forereaching fast pulled out ahead and to windward. Reliance gybed over and headed for

the W. end of the line, while Shamrock hauled around the lightship. After Shamrock had gone around the light vessel she jogged along after Reliance. When about half way between the lightship and the committee boat Reliance was put on the starboard tack and crossed the line 36s. after the gun. It was apparent that Wringe was going to take the full two minutes allowed at starting, but the timekeeper on Shamrock III. must have been slightly in error, for the boat did not cross until 19s. after the gun, and was accordingly handicapped that time. The times at the start were: Reliance, 11:00:36; Shamrock, 11:02:00.

As Shamrock crossed the line, Reliance was put on the port tack, and the challenger also took a port tack as soon as she was clear of Navigator. Wringe profited by the blunders he made in the first two races, and kept between the defender and the shore. In a S. breeze the boat nearest to the beach gets the advantage. Reliance was quite a distance out on Shamrock's weather quarter.

Both boats were moving fast, and their baby jib topsails appeared to be lifting them out a good deal. Reliance was, as usual, being sailed very close, while Shamrock was not pinched so much. The breeze seemed to be stronger under the Jersey beach, and several fresh puffs laid the boats well out.

At 11:42 Reliance was put on the starboard tack. A thick haze had obscured the guide boat, but it was thought that Reliance ought to come pretty near to fetching the mark. Shamrock held her port tack over a minute longer than Reliance did, and when she took the starboard tack she was well to windward of the defender.

When the mark boat was made out it was evident that both boats had overstood the mark, and Shamrock had thrown away over a minute by holding the port tack longer than Reliance did. Sheets were eased a little, and the boats made fast time running down to the mark. At 12:17 Reliance's baby jib topsail was taken in and Shamrock's followed just over a minute later. Barr set a reaching jib topsail in stops on Reliance, while Wringe had a balloon put up. Wringe's men worked very much cleaner and smarter at this mark than Reliance's men did.

The time over the first leg of the course follows:

	Start.	Turn.	Elapsed.
Reliance	11 00 36	12 21 08	1 20 32
Shamrock	11 02 00	12 23 40	1 21 40

Reliance gained 1m. 8s. on this leg, but if the 19s. that Shamrock was handicapped at the start is deducted from this, Reliance only beat Shamrock 49s. in the ten-mile beat.

It was a broad reach to the second mark, and the boats had the wind just abaft of the starboard beam. Shamrock had her balloon jib broken out before Reliance's No. 1 jib topsail was drawing. It turned out that Wringe had used the best judgment in setting a balloon, as the wind was far enough aft for it to draw well.

Barr took in his staysail as soon as the jib topsail was drawing, and a balloon staysail was set in its place. On Shamrock the jib and staysail were both taken in. Four minutes after Reliance had rounded Barr saw that a balloon jib was the only sail for that leg, and accordingly the jib topsail was taken in and the balloon jib was sent up in its place. Two minutes was consumed in making this change, and Shamrock made quite a gain. Wringe kept well to weather of his course, and all his sails were trimmed a little flatter than Reliance's.

The wind had been working to the W., and Shamrock's spinnaker pole was put in place on the starboard side at 12:36. Reliance's pole was also run out and the spinnakers were sent up to the mast heads and out to the end of the poles on both boats. Barr had his spinnaker broken out first, and the pole was allowed to run well forward in order to make it draw. Shamrock's spinnaker was not broken out for over a minute after Reliance's was. As long as spinnakers could be made to draw well Reliance gained, as running is one of her best points of sailing. The wind began to work back to its original quarter, and Reliance's spinnaker was lowered at ten minutes of twelve, and the balloon did better work. Shamrock hung on to her spinnaker six minutes after Reliance had taken her's in.

The second mark had also been obscured by haze, and Reliance was within a mile of it when she picked it up. Both boats had stood to leeward of the mark, and sheets had to be flattened down in order to leave the mark to port.

The times for the second leg of the course follow:

	First Turn.	Second Turn.	Elapsed.
Reliance	12 21 08	1 18 07	0 59 59
Shamrock	12 23 40	1 22 02	0 58 22

Reliance gained 1m. 23s. on the broad reach of ten miles.

Barr gybed around the mark without taking in his balloon jib topsail, thinking he could carry it on the leg home. The wind had hauled a little and it was a close reach back to the finish line.

Shamrock's balloon had been taken in before she reached the mark and her jib and staysail had been set in stops and broken out. Some two minutes after gybing around the mark Reliance's balloon was taken in, and her jib and staysail were broken out. A baby jib topsail was set flying on Shamrock soon after she gybed around the mark. Barr sent his baby jib topsail aloft in stops, but it was not broken out.

The wind had lightened a bit, but both boats were moving along at a smart clip. When those on Reliance could pick up the lightship it was found they were to windward of their course. At eight minutes of one the baby jib topsail was broken out on Reliance. This sail was carried just over ten minutes, when it was lowered and a No. 2 jib topsail was hoisted in its place. The baby jib was taken in on Shamrock also, and a reaching jib topsail was set and drawing soon after Reliance's was.

Reliance crossed the finish line at 2:15:30 and Shamrock at 2:20:10.

The challenger was so close behind that until she really crossed the line and her time was taken few were sure which boat had really won.

The elapsed time over the third leg of the course follows:

	Second Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Reliance	1 18 07	2 15 30	0 57 23
Shamrock	1 22 02	2 20 10	0 58 08

Reliance had beaten Shamrock 45s. on the close reach of ten miles.

The summary follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Reliance	11 00 36	2 15 30	3 14 54	3 14 54
Shamrock	11 02 00	2 20 10	3 18 10	3 16 13

Reliance wins by 1m. 19s. corrected time.

Fourth Day, Thursday, Aug. 27.

Reliance carried another gaff in Tuesday's contest in place of the one used in the first two races. The original spar buckeled slightly and had been sent up to Erie Basin to be strengthened and straightened. The gaff that was substituted was used on Reliance in some of the races off Newport. A measurement of the spar was necessary, and Mr. Charles D. Mower went to the Horseshoe on Tuesday, but after measuring the gaff found it to be the same length as the one originally used, and consequently there was no change in the racing measurement.

Reliance crossed the finish line on Thursday 6m. 30s. after the time limit of five and one-half hours had expired. The race was a most uninteresting one, and was hardly more than a procession from the start. Reliance showed remarkable speed in the light air, and the way she dropped Shamrock III. was a revelation. Reliance and Shamrock III. left their moorings at 8 o'clock in tow.

When the boats got out to the lightship the wind was light from the S. E., and the sky was overcast. The prospects were for a paltry and fluky day, and even at that time there was little hope of the boats being able to finish within the time limit.

The committee boat Navigator was on hand bright and early, and she anchored S. W. from Sandy Hook Lightship. It was about half past ten when signals were hoisted on the committee boat, and these read that the course would be fifteen miles to windward and return, and that the compass course was S. E. from the light vessel.

The yachts were moving slowly along with their biggest club topsails set, and baby jib topsails had been sent up in stops. Reliance seemed a little livelier than Shamrock, but her larger sail area gave her more life. Shamrock broke out her jib topsail in order to enable her to maneuver more smartly. The baby jib on Reliance was broken out soon after Shamrock's.

At 10:45 the preparatory gun was given. At this time Wringe rather had the best of Barr, but having a slower boat, he was unable to hold his advantage. As the warning gun sounded, both boats were on the starboard tack heading E., but they were kept off and were headed back toward the line. Although the wind was very light—about four knots—the maneuvering was the keenest yet seen in any of the starts. Both boats were close hauled, heading toward the light vessel, with Reliance on Shamrock's weather, two minutes before the starting gun. Reliance drew ahead of Shamrock and passed to the E. of the lightship. Here she tacked, but still kept Shamrock to leeward. When the starting gun was fired both were on the port tack. The boats were kept off and headed for the line. Reliance, with more headway on, passed Shamrock, and when clear of the lightship, was brought up close on the wind and sent across the line 41s. after the handicap gun. Shamrock was some distance behind, and was handicapped 1m. 42s. The boats were officially timed at 11:02. Shamrock took a starboard tack soon after crossing, and Reliance followed suit. Reliance was eating out to windward all the time, while Shamrock kept off and was allowed to foot.

The boats had a head tide and the wind kept hauling and backing constantly, but the shifts did not favor one boat more than the other. After holding the starboard tack some twenty minutes, Shamrock was again put on the port tack. Reliance crossed her bow with a good margin to spare, and after doing so she was also put on the port tack. Reliance held the port tack for over an hour, and she then tried a starboard tack again. After three minutes of this she was put back on the port tack.

Five minutes after Reliance tacked to starboard Shamrock did likewise, and less than a minute later Reliance followed. Reliance seemed to be improving her position steadily, and she was a long distance ahead. At two minutes after one Shamrock was again put on the port tack, and fifty seconds later Reliance was also put about. Reliance held on this tack for a little over a quarter of an hour, when she went about; three minutes later Shamrock followed. Just before half past one Reliance took a port tack, which she held for less than three minutes, and then went back to the starboard tack. While Shamrock was a long distance behind she was holding a better breeze and was cutting down Reliance's lead somewhat.

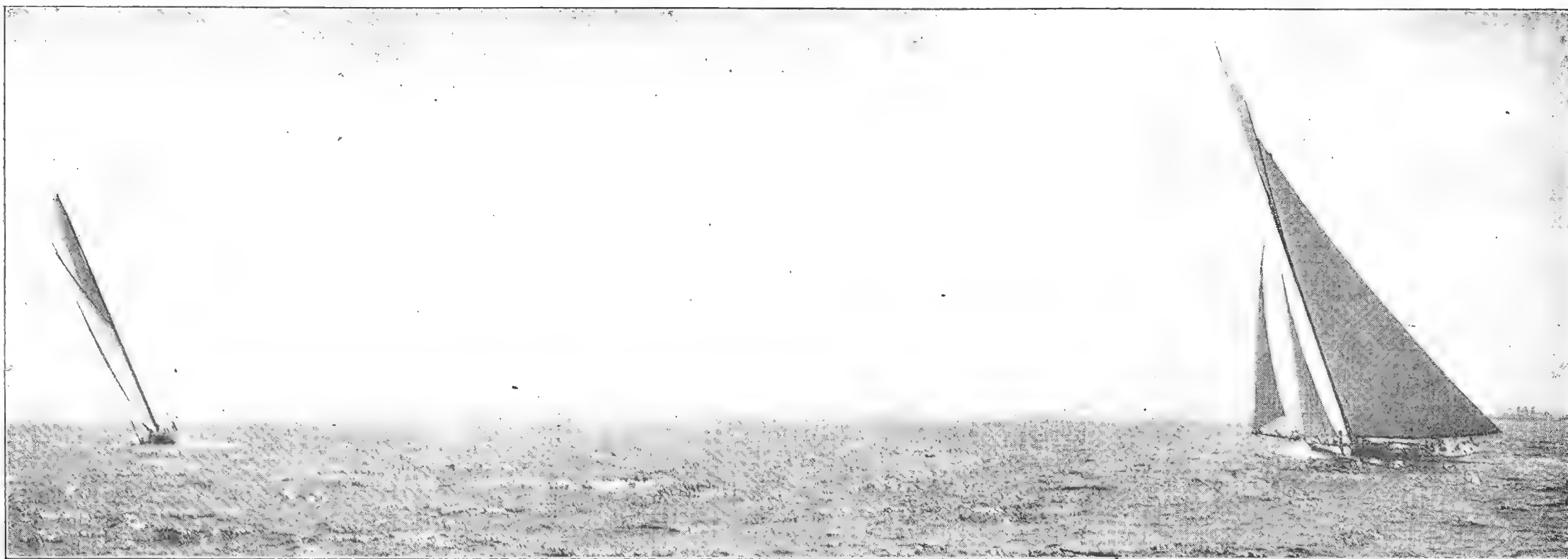
Shamrock was put on the port tack at 1:40, and as she did so, ran out of her favoring breeze. Reliance took a port tack a little less than three minutes later, which she held for four minutes, and then Barr put her on the starboard tack. Shamrock took the starboard tack a little over a minute later. At 1:55 Reliance took a port tack and headed for the mark. Shamrock was a long distance behind. The times for the fifteen-miles beat follow:

	Start.	Turn.	Elapsed.
Reliance	11 02 00	1 55 15	2 53 15
Shamrock	11 02 00	2 07 46	3 05 46

Reliance had beaten Shamrock 12m. 31s.

The breeze was very light, and as the tide had turned, the boats had to stem it all the way back to the finish.

Shamrock's crew were smarter in setting their balloon and spinnaker than Reliance's were, and better judgment was used on the American boat in the trimming of the light sails. At half past three the wind let up a lot, but it picked up again after a little. Reliance's spinnaker was taken in, and she was headed up quite a bit in order to keep her balloon drawing and also to make allowance for the tide, which was setting down to the E. Just after four o'clock the spinnaker was again set on Reliance. It was apparent that she could



Reliance.

AMERICA'S CUP RACES—START, AUGUST 22.
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Shamrock.

not finish within the time limit, and at 4:32 a gun was fired from Navigator, and a signal was set, which signified that the race was off for the day. Reliance took in her balloon jib topsail before reaching the line, and she crossed at 4:38:30. Both boats were picked up by their tenders and towed back to their moorings.

Fifth Day, Saturday, Aug. 29.

The race that was to have been sailed between Reliance and Shamrock III. on Saturday was postponed on account of a heavy E. N. E. gale that had been blowing since Friday morning. There was a big sea running off Sandy Hook, and altogether it was not a fit day to send the big machines over an outside course. Col. Sherman-Crawford and Mr. Gildowney went aboard Sunbeam, Reliance's tender, early in the morning and conferred with Mr. C. O. Iselin, and they decided it would not be safe or wise to race the two yachts, and the Regatta Committee was notified in writing. This is the first time a race for the America's Cup had ever been postponed on account of too much wind. The next race was scheduled for Monday, Aug. 31, and will be continued on consecutive days, excepting Sundays, until three out of five races have been determined.

Sixth Day, Monday, Aug. 31.

The storm blew itself out on Sunday, and on Monday there was but little wind. The day was anything but pleasant, and the sky was still overcast, and the easterly breeze made the atmosphere raw and uncomfortable.

The two yachts were towed from the Horseshoe, where they had ridden out the gale in safety, out to the lightship. Reliance set a medium-sized club topsail, and a still smaller one was sent up on Shamrock.

The wind was E. N. E., and the Regatta Committee found it impossible to lay a windward course from Sandy Hook lightship, and accordingly Navigator steamed about three miles S., where she was anchored, and the tug Unique anchored at the other end of the line. During the delay, caused by the change in the starting line, Wringe hoisted a larger club topsail in place of the one originally set. The course signalled from Navigator was E. N. E.

It was 11:30 when the preparatory gun was given. The tide was running flood, and there was a long roll coming in from the E. The wind was light and did not exceed five or six knots.

Reliance's baby jib topsail was sent up in stops soon after the preparatory signal. At 11:40 the warning gun was fired, and at this time the boats crossed the line with Shamrock ahead and Reliance out on her weather quarter. After crossing the line both skippers kept their boats off, and they stood back again. The challenger had worked out on to Reliance's weather bow. Three minutes before the starting signal the boats were

running before the wind with sheets aft. Then they hauled on the wind and stood on toward Navigator. Shamrock was put on the starboard tack a little over a minute before the gun. Reliance was just able to cross Shamrock's bow, and after doing so she was put on the starboard tack. Reliance's jib topsail had been broken out, and both boats were reaching along the line. When the starting gun was heard Reliance was to leeward of Shamrock, and both boats crossed on the starboard tack. While Shamrock crossed in the weather berth, Reliance had her wind clear. Both boats were timed at the start at 11:45:26.

Barr was rapping Reliance off and trying to draw clear of Shamrock, while Wringe was pinching his boat in an effort to get her further out to windward. The boats were catching the rollers about abeam on this tack, and they were not bothering them any.

Five minutes after the start Shamrock took the port tack, and Reliance followed a few seconds later. The boats were now catching the seas under their weather bows, and while both were jumping about quite a little, Shamrock was making rather better weather of it. After holding the port tack for seven minutes Reliance was again put on the starboard tack, and Shamrock followed at once. Shamrock was footing fast and doing pretty well. The wind was veering a little all the time, and first one boat would get a lift and then the other. Finally the wind headed both craft off quite a little, and at 12:10 Wringe put Shamrock on the port tack. About a minute later Reliance also took a port tack.

Although the sea seemed to shake Reliance up more than it did Shamrock, she improved her position steadily. At four minutes past one Reliance went back to the starboard tack, which she held for three minutes, and then went back to the port tack. Just after half past one Shamrock went on the starboard tack, and less than three minutes later Reliance followed. Reliance was now a long distance out on Shamrock's weather bow.

At 1:43 Reliance took the port tack, and four minutes later was put back on the starboard tack, which she held for ten minutes. At 1:58 Reliance went on the port tack, as did Shamrock a few seconds afterward. Reliance's baby jib topsail was taken in, and a slightly larger one was substituted. At 2:33:15 Reliance tacked to starboard, and Shamrock did likewise at once. Reliance was put back on the port tack nine minutes later. Shamrock held her starboard tack three minutes longer and then she tacked to port also. Reliance was again put on the starboard tack at 2:52:20, and her jib topsail was taken in and her balloon set in stops. Five minutes later Reliance took the port tack and stood for the mark, which she rounded at 3:00:35. The balloon jib was broken out on Reliance smartly, and everything was put in shape for the run home.

At 3:06 Shamrock was put on the starboard tack, and five minutes later she took the port tack and headed for the mark. She was timed at 3:20:57. After gybing, her balloon was broken out and she stood on after Reliance.

The times for the fifteen-mile beat follow:

	Start.	Turn.	Elapsed.
Reliance	11 45 26	3 00 35	3 15 09
Shamrock	11 45 26	3 20 57	3 35 31

Reliance had beaten Shamrock 20m. 22s.

The spinnaker was not broken out on Reliance until 3:12, although the pole had been run out and the sail hoisted in stops some time before. It was taken in at 3:19, as it was now drawing well and was killing the balloon.

The tide had turned and the boats were again bucking it. Shamrock's spinnaker pole was run out and her headsails were lowered in order to give her balloon every chance. Just after 4:30 Reliance again set her spinnaker, as the wind had gone to the E. again. Shamrock broke hers out three minutes later. At 4:51 Reliance's spinnaker was taken in, but at five minutes past five it was again set.

At quarter past five the time limit gun was fired, and signals were hoisted on the committee boat, signifying the race was off. Shamrock was far astern, and could hardly be made out through the haze.

Tuesday's No Race.

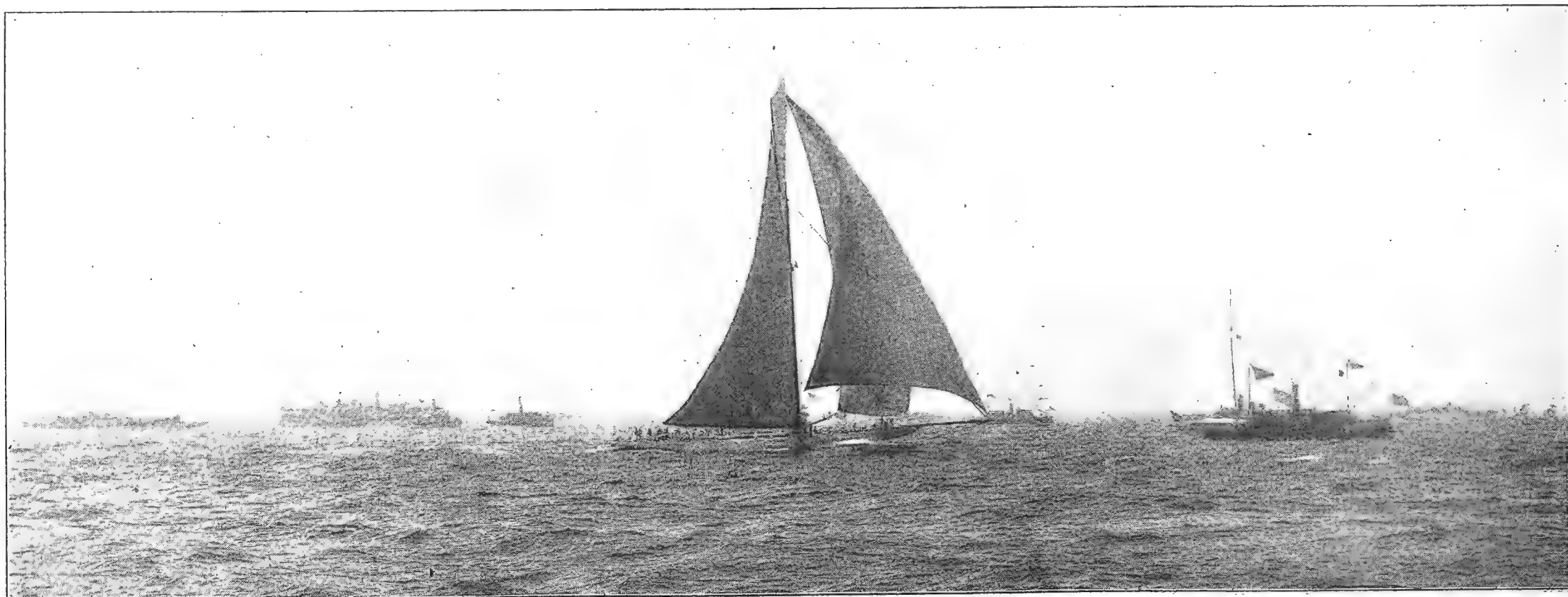
THE third America's Cup race, unfinished on Monday and postponed to Tuesday, was, because of the unfavorable weather conditions and lack of a sailing breeze, again deferred.

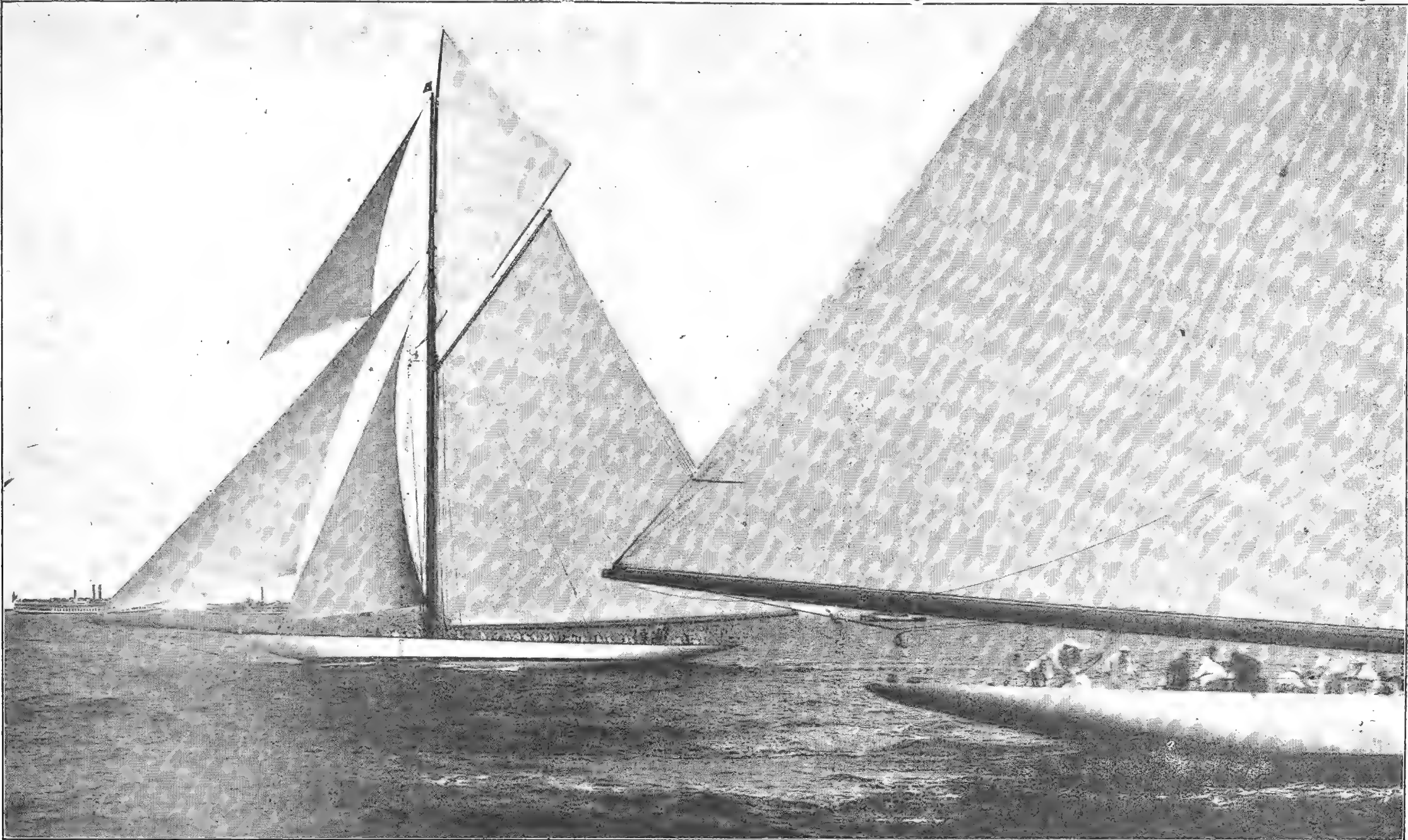
Annisquam Y. C.

ANNISQUAM, MASS.,

Friday, August 14.

The most successful series of races of the season were the Y. R. A. open events of the Annisquam Y. C. sailed in Ipswich Bay on Friday and Saturday, August 14 and 15. On Friday there was a southwest breeze light and strong. In the 25-footers, was first over the starting line, but Chewink III. went into the lead on the first leg and remained there to the finish, while Seboomook found her chance in the strong breeze and finished second. In the 22-footers Tayac got the start and led to the first mark. On the second leg Opitsah V. and Medric passed her, but on the beat home she went into first place again. In the 18ft. class, Arrow got the best of the start, and was never headed. In the first handicap class, Kit easily led to the finish, but lost to Osprey on corrected time. Princess won easily in class A, handicap Princess won easily. The Swampscott

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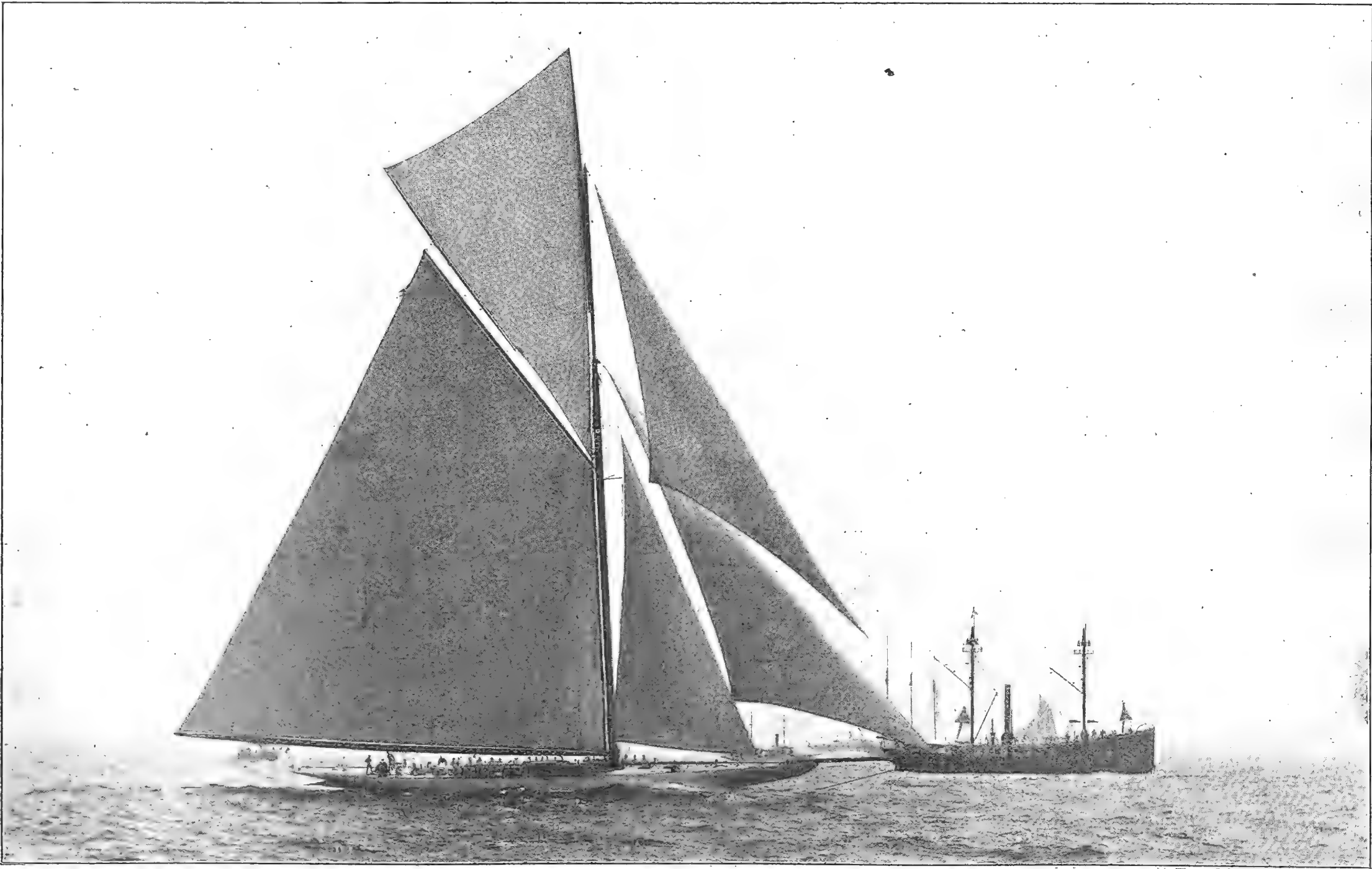
AMERICA'S CUP RACES—START, AUGUST 25—RELIANCE CROSSING; SHAMROCK TAKING HANDICAP TIME.
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dories were again victorious, and the Tarr launch won in the power class. The summary:

Class D—25-footers.		Class S—Dories.		Class A—Handicap.	
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	Elapsed. 1 59 44	Valleo	1 48 36	Princess, ———	Elapsed. 1 02 40
Seeboomook, B. A. Smith	2 01 00	Oom Paul	1 54 20	Little Comrade, L. B. Haskell	1 07 37
Sally VII., L. F. Percival	2 01 26	Class F—Handicap.		Class P—Handicap—Power Launches.	
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	2 03 48	Osprey, C. R. Hanson	Elapsed. 1 29 00	Tarr launch	0 42 30
Early Dawn III., J. E. Doherty	2 10 50	Alice and Maud, A. McCurdy	1 28 15	Stewart launch	0 41 30
Class E—22-footers.		Kit, H. B. Whittier	1 26 57	Essex	0 48 10
Tayac, W. H. Joyce	2 09 45	Eclipse, A. F. Leary	1 34 15	Coot	0 48 52
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. T. Foster	2 10 12	Mildred,	1 34 41	Perkins launch	0 49 05
Medric, H. H. White	2 11 25	Lobster, T. J. Murphy	1 36 43	Dobinson launch	Did not finish.
Urchin, J. B. Greenough	2 11 25	Vim, C. Y. Ferris	1 40 30		
Athlon, H. H. Walker	2 14 13	Hobgoblin, O. F. Harvey	1 42 07		
Chief, S. C. Winsor	2 16 12	Class H—Dories.			
Class T—18ft. Knockabouts.		Red Devil, Swampscott	Elapsed. 1 37 08		
Arrow, E. A. Boardman	1 29 37	Barbara, Swampscott	1 37 48		
Myrmidon, W. C. Loring, Jr.	1 31 48	Catspaw, Swampscott	1 37 58		
Miladi II., F. R. Adams	1 32 10				
Miss Modesty, B. S. Permar	1 32 32				
Question, J. H. Hunt	1 32 50				

Saturday, August 15.

The second race of the Y. R. A. open series of the



AMERICA'S CUP RACES—RELIANCE WINNING, AUGUST 25.
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Annisquam Y. C. sailed on Saturday, was the more largely attended of the two. It drew the largest attendance that has been seen in a Massachusetts Bay race for years. There was a fine southwest breeze blowing, and the racing was good. In the 25-footers, Great Haste got the best of the start, and was in the lead at the first mark. On the second leg Sally VII. went up by Great Haste, as did Chewink II. On the beat home Great Haste went up again and finished first. In the 22-footers Opitsah VII. got the start and led all the way around until near the finish, when Urchin and Athlon got a fluke and went up by her, finishing first and second. In the 18-footers, Arrow got the start and led all over the course. Catspaw won a close race in the dory class. In the first handicap Osprey was first by a good margin. In the second handicap class, Princess again won easily. The summary:

Class D—25-footers.		
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	Elapsed.	
Sally VII., L. F. Percival.	2 11 54	
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	2 14 34	
Seeboomook, B. A. Smith.	2 19 17	
Early Dawn III., J. E. Doherty.	2 26 56	

Class E—22-footers.		
Urchin, J. B. Greenough.	2 18 57	
Athlon, H. H. Walker.	2 19 25	
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. T. Foster.	2 21 16	
Tayac, W. H. Joyce.	2 22 09	
Chief, S. C. Winsor.	2 23 48	

Class T—18ft. Knockabouts.		
Arrow, E. A. Boardman.	1 34 38	
Question, J. H. Hunt.	1 37 20	
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.	1 38 35	
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster.	1 39 30	
Mirage, J. B. Olmstead.	1 39 45	
Miss Modesty, B. S. Permar.	1 40 22	
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch.	1 41 20	
Domino, C. C. Clapp.	1 41 45	
Myrmidon, W. C. Loring, Jr.	1 43 48	
Patrice, A. W. Finley.	1 44 53	

One-Design Dories.		
Catspaw, Melzard Bros.	2 14 19	
Teaser, Fred Collins.	2 15 31	
Barbara, John Blaney.	2 16 03	
Pointer II., B. C. Melzard.	2 17 07	
Gardner.	2 17 58	
Red Devil, E. H. Curtis.	2 22 22	
Bugaboo II., Horace Ingalls.	2 21 31	
Jessica, J. W. Finch.	2 24 06	
Sister, D. H. Woodbury.	2 26 38	
Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggins.	2 31 43	
Little Un, Donald Howes.	2 32 20	
Gale dory, Lyman Gale.	2 34 59	

First Dory Class.		
Ventus, Keith Pevear.	1 23 55	
Soubrette.	1 27 25	

First Handicap Class.		
Osprey, Conrad R. Hanson.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alice and Maud, A. McCurdy.	1 45 54	1 43 54
Kit, H. B. Whittier.	1 47 55	1 46 25
Eclipse, A. F. Leary.	1 48 14	1 48 14
Æolus II., R. Jacoby.	1 53 13	1 47 13
Lobster, T. J. Murphy.	1 57 42	1 55 42
Jabiru, R. C. Andrews.	2 00 36	1 54 36
Vim, C. Y. Ferris.	2 02 05	1 56 05
Comforter, J. M. Whittemore.	2 02 07	1 59 17
Hobgoblin, E. F. Harvey.	2 06 38	2 03 08
Strideaway, Snow.	2 10 58	2 04 58

Second Handicap Class.		
Princess.	1 23 55
Soubrette, Hodgkins.	1 27 27

East Gloucester Y. C.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.,

Thursday, August 13.

The most largely attended race of the season, up to that date, was the Y. R. A. open race of the East Gloucester Y. C., sailed off Gloucester Harbor Thursday, August 13. There was a good breeze and fine racing was enjoyed in all classes. In the 25-footers, Great Haste got the start and she held the lead all over the course, while Sally VII. and Chewink III. had the hottest kind of a scrap for second place. In the 22-footers Medric held the lead until near the finish, when Opitsah V. and Chief got a fluke and came up on her, Opitsah finishing first and Chief second. There were only three seconds between the three. In the 18ft. class, Arrow got the start and led all over the course. In the interclub dory race, Red Devil and Barbara, Swampscott boats, finished first and second. In the first handicap class, Kit led around the course. In the second handicap class, Twinkle sailed a great race and finished first, but lost to Lobster on time allowance. The summary:

Class D—25-footers.		
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	Elapsed.	
Sally VII., L. F. Percival.	1 24 06	
Seeboomook, B. A. Smith.	1 28 05	
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	Disqualified.	

Class E—22-footers.		
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. I. Foster.	1 35 46	
Chief, S. C. Winsor.	1 35 49	
Medric, H. H. White.	1 35 50	
Tayac, W. H. Joyce.	1 36 12	
Urchin, John Greenough.	1 38 51	
Athlon, H. H. Walker.	1 42 28	

Class I—18-footers.		
Arrow, E. A. Boardman.	1 44 57	
Miss Modesty, B. S. Permar.	1 46 57	
Chance, Reginald Boardman.	1 48 08	
Question, J. H. Hunt.	1 48 12	
Mirage, J. W. Olmstead.	1 49 21	
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch.	1 51 37	
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.	1 53 11	
Patrice, A. W. Finley.	1 53 19	
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster.	1 53 27	
Domino, C. C. Clapp.	1 53 41	
Myrmidon, W. C. Loring, Jr.	1 57 12	

Interclub Dories.		
Red Devil, Swampscott.	1 06 53	
Barbara, Swampscott.	1 09 40	
Jessica, Annisquam.	1 10 11	
Ventus, Annisquam.	1 11 08	
Bugaboo II., Swampscott.	1 11 16	
Little Un, Annisquam.	1 12 10	
Sister, Annisquam.	1 14 46	
Tabasco IV., Annisquam.	Did not finish.	

First Handicap.		
Kit, H. W. Whittier.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Helen, F. R. Neale.	1 39 19	1 38 49
Alice and Maude, A. McCurdy.	1 42 55	1 39 55
Onda, John Greenough.	1 41 41	1 40 49
Osprey, C. Hanson.	1 41 41	1 41 41
Eclipse, A. F. Leary.	1 42 14	1 42 14
Lillian, A. Bates.	1 48 37	1 47 07
Mavis, Smithers & Brooks.	1 52 02	1 50 02
	1 55 24	1 53 24

Second Handicap.		
Lobster, T. J. Murphy.	1 09 22	1 04 22
Hobgoblin, O. Harvey.	1 10 31	1 05 31
Sonny, A. S. Parker.	1 12 03	1 06 33
Twinkle, C. E. Hodges.	1 08 22	1 06 52
Commodore, C. P. Lovell.	1 11 48	1 06 48
Vim, C. Y. Ferris.	1 08 28	1 08 28

Cape Cod Y. C.

PROVINCETOWN, MASS.,

Thursday, August 20.

The opening race of the three days' series of Y. R. A. open events of the Cape Cod Y. C. was sailed in Cape Cod Bay on Thursday, August 20, in a light northerly breeze. In the 25-footers, Sally VII. got the start and led all over the course. In the 22-footers, Opitsah V. won a good race. Mildred II., a fast 21-footer, won from Usona. The 18-footers were all in a bunch at the starting line. They kept close together all over the course, Aspinquid getting first place and Domino a close second. The summary:

Class D.		
Sally VII.	Elapsed.	
Chewink.	1 48 12	
Great Haste.	1 51 39	
Early Dawn III.	1 53 10	
Calypso.	2 04 27	

Class E.		
Opitsah.	1 38 22	
Medric.	1 40 45	
Chief.	1 44 43	

Class S.		
Mildred II.	1 47 34	
Usonia.	1 51 49	

Class I.		
Aspinquid.	1 57 05	
Domino.	1 58 48	
Myrage.	1 59 32	
Miladi II.	2 00 04	
Wink.	2 01 09	
Gertrude.	2 01 45	
Miss Modesty.	2 02 55	
Osprey.	2 05 30	

Friday, August 21.

The second race of the Cape Cod series was sailed in a light northerly breeze. In the 25-footers Great Haste got the start and led all over the course. In the 22-footers, Tayac went away first and was never headed. Miladi II. and Miss Modesty had all the best of the start in the 18-footers, and Miladi II. came home a winner by a longer margin than is usually found in this class. The summary:

Class D.		
Great Haste.	Elapsed.	
Sally VII.	2 52 34	
Chewink III.	2 53 41	
Calypso.	2 59 14	

Class E.		
Tayac.	2 37 52	
Opitsah.	2 38 19	
Medric.	2 39 23	
Urchin.	2 43 01	
Chief.	2 45 45	

Class I.		
Miladi II.	2 55 48	
Miss Modesty.	2 58 09	
Aspinquid II.	2 58 56	
Wink.	3 03 51	
Domino.	3 04 13	
Gertrude.	3 04 31	
Mirage.	3 05 08	
Osprey.	3 11 38	

Sweepstakes.		
Hustler.	1 06 33	
Marvel.	1 09 35	
Mildred.	1 12 16	
Onawa.	1 17 26	
Vim.	1 20 58	

Saturday, August 22.

For the last race of the Cape Cod series there was a stiff southwest breeze and a lump of a sea. It was Calypso weather in the 25ft. class, but Sally VII. got away from her, and finished over 4 minutes ahead. The 22-footers got away together, and Chief led all the way around. Opitsah carried away her bobstay before the start. There was another close race between the 18-footers, in which Miladi II. and Domino finished first and second. The summary:

Class D.		
Sally VII.	Elapsed.	
Calypso.	0 53 31	
	0 57 31	

Class E.		
Chief.	0 58 12	
Medric.	1 01 56	
Tayac.	1 02 47	

Class I.		
Miladi II.	1 04 06	
Domino.	1 05 08	
Gertrude.	1 08 52	
Aspinquid.	1 13 11	

Manchester Y. C.

MANCHESTER, MASS.,

Monday, August 10.

Fluky weather conditions almost made a fizzle of the Y. R. A. open race of the Manchester Y. C. sailed off West Manchester on Monday, August 10. The wind was about south, and very unsteady. In the 25-footers, Chewink got the start and led to the first mark. On the second leg Great Haste got a streak of wind which pulled her out far ahead while Chewink was becalmed. Great Haste finished first, with room to spare. In the 22-footers, Opitsah V. led to the first mark, and Medric pulled ahead on the second leg. Opitsah V. went hunting for wind on the run home, and succeeded in getting first place. In the 18-footers, Arrow pulled out a lead soon after the start, which she held all over the course. Sally IV., in the handicap class, made the fastest time over the course with the aid of flukes. The summary:

Class D—25-footers.		
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	Elapsed.	
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	2 34 00	
	2 42 05	

Class E—22-footers.		
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. I. Foster.	2 25 53	
Medric, H. H. White.	2 28 20	
Urchin, John Greenough.	2 36 25	
Chief, S. C. Winsor.	3 18 00	

Class I—18-footers.		
Arrow, E. A. Boardman.	2 59 28	
Myrmidon, W. C. Loring, Jr.	3 05 40	
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.	3 05 36	
Patrice, A. W. Finley.	3 06 00	
Domino, C. C. Clapp.	3 10 50	
Mirage, J. W. Olmstead.	3 19 27	
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster.	3 21 35	
Question, J. H. Hunt.	Withdraw.	
Chance, Reginald Boardman.	Withdraw.	

Class A—Handicap.		
Sally IV., H. W. Mason.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dureen, L. Morgan.	2 25 35	2 25 35
	3 16 55	3 10 30

Avorset, G. Wigglesworth.	Withdraw.
Khalifa, W. A. Tucker.	Withdraw.

Tuesday, August 11.

The open race of the Manchester Y. C. for the Crowhurst cup offered by Mr. Francis W. Whitehouse, was sailed off West Manchester on Tuesday, August 11, in typical Manchester fluky weather. Chewink III. got the best of the start and led all over the course. The summary:

Chewink, F. G. Macomber, Jr.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Medric, H. H. White.	2 27 53	2 27 53
Perhaps II., J. E. Robinson.	2 36 15	2 33 23
Baggarah, R. C. Robbins.	2 45 12	2 40 42
Arrow, E. A. Boardman.	2 45 15	2 48 57
Khalifa, W. A. Tucker.	2 54 35	2 46 58
Chance, Reginald Boardman.	2 48 43	2 47 16
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.	2 56 15	2 48 38
Myrmidon, W. C. Loring, Jr.	2 57 16	2 49 39
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster.	2 58 08	2 50 31
Chief, S. C. Winsor.	2 58 43	2 50 46
Setts, Talbot & Lewis.	Withdraw.	
Mirage, J. W. Olmstead.	Withdraw.	
Lobster, J. J. Murphy.	Withdraw.	
Dureen, G. Morgan.	Withdraw.	

Boston Y. C.

BOSTON, MASS.,

Wednesday, August 12.

A club race of the Boston Y. C. was sailed off the Marblehead station of the club on Wednesday, August 12, in a moderate northwest breeze. Sally VII. and Chewink III. had a great battle. Chewink III. got the start, but on the reach Sally VII. pulled through her lee and turned the weather mark first. Chewink III. caught Sally on the next leg, but Sally tried to force a passage inside of her and they came together. On the beat home Sally went out ahead and finished first. There were poor starts in the 22-foot class, Chief going over first. On the first leg Opitsah V. caught Chief and took the lead, but not until Chief had carried away her steering gear. Opitsah led the rest of the way around. In the 18-footers Chance got the lead on the first leg, and she held it to the finish. Chasca was first in the first handicap, and Clarice won on time allowance in the second handicap. The summary:

Class D—25-footers.		
Sally VII., L. F. Percival.	Elapsed.	
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 41 30	
	1 42 52	

Class E—22-footers.		
Opitsah V., Sumner H. Foster.	1 45 45	
Tayac, W. H. Joyce.	1 50 30	
Medric, H. H. White.	1 52 50	
Chief, S. C. Winsor.	Disabled.	

Class I—18-footers.		
Chance, Reginald Boardman.	1 28 30	
Miss Modesty, B. S. Permar.	1 31 31	
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.	1 34 55	
Domino, C. C. Clapp.	1 35 49	
Mirage, J. W. Olmstead.	1 36 30	
Myrmidon, W. C. Loring.	Disabled.	

First Handicap.		
Chasca, D. H. Follett.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Runaway Girl, C. H. Tweed.	1 01 40	1 01 40
Kit, H. W. Whittier.	1 05 00	1 01 55
Tunipoo, C. A. Cooley.	1 03 30	1 03 30
	1 10 33	1 06 51

Second Handicap.		
Clarice, Walter Burgess.	1 11 25	1 02 33
Dabster, F. Skinner, Jr.	1 05 30	1 05 30
Anne, C. B. Pratt.	1 15 55	1 08 03
Baggheera, F. H. Allen.	1 19 20	1 10 10

Nobnocket Y. C.

VINEYARD HAVEN, MASS.,

Thursday, August 13.

A race of the Nobnocket Y. C. was sailed off Vineyard Haven on Thursday, August 13, in a stiff southwest breeze. The feature of the day was the race of the junior knockabouts, in which Gull, sailed by Miss Edith Carey, with two girl companions as crew, won by a long margin. The summary:

Auxiliary Class.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mable D., J. S. Reynolds.....	1 57 26	1 57 26
Ruby, B. G. Collins.....	1 52 21	1 50 20



PRAXILLA.
Buzzard's Bay One-Design Class. Owned by John Parkinson. Designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., 1902.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins, 1902.

Sippican Y. C.

MARION, MASS.,
Wednesday, August 12.

The second ladies' race for the Reed cup was given by the Sippican Y. C. at Marion, Mass., on Wednesday, August 12. Miss Reed won easily, with No. 46. This is the second race she has won, and she takes the cup. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
No. 46, Miss Reed	1 24 00	1 21 37
Eleanor, Miss Brewer.....	1 24 30	1 23 27
Shrimp, Miss Richardson.....	1 23 39	1 23 39
Ariana, Miss Austin.....	1 24 44	1 23 51
Sanpan, Miss Lionberger.....	1 25 21	1 24 18
Elsa, Miss Knowlton.....	1 26 24	1 25 26
Snag, Miss Kutter.....	1 27 29	1 26 26

Stuyvesant Y. C.

New York, Aug. 31, 1903.—The fourteenth annual regatta of the Stuyvesant Y. C. will be held on Sunday, Sept. 20, over the club course, Port Morris to Gangway Buoy, starting at 11 A. M. Entries should be addressed to J. Kraus, chairman Regatta Committee, East 132d Street and Locust Avenue, City.

Correspondence.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me space in your columns for a few remarks on the challenger and challenged, or should I more correctly say "defender," the Shamrock III. and the Reliance. I have been struck by the claims made on behalf of these two boats by their respective partisans, resulting in some curiosity on my part as to the strength of the foundation therefor. Dealing first with the Reliance, does it not seem that her superiority is to be gauged by the amount by which she is superior to the Constitution? in which case, though no doubt the best defender yet produced, she is not so very much so. I do not think that her superiority to the Columbia in the latter's apparent present form is the true test. It seems to be altogether out of the question that in two years of idleness the Columbia should have so much deteriorated or the Constitution so much improved as to account for the Columbia's being so much behind the Constitution in the late trial races; and I venture to submit the theory that the difference is to be found in the handling. It must be borne in mind that Barr—who appears to be unexcelled, if indeed equalled, as a yachting skipper—is transferred from the Columbia to the Reliance. I would like to see a match between the Columbia with Barr back at her wheel and the Constitution. If the result of such a match put Constitution still as much superior to the Columbia as the recent trial races seemed to place her, it would be fair then to conclude either that the Columbia has gone back, or that the Reliance is really a wonderful improvement on any racing machine yet built.

Taking up Shamrock III., it has seemed strange that Sir Thomas Lipton did not use Shamrock II., already on this side, as a trial boat. Her capabilities against the

seems to be a crucial point. She may happen to be five minutes slower, and if not any faster, why, Shamrock III. is but a doubtful improvement. I cannot help thinking that one could with a good deal of safety venture the opinion that besides Reliance, the following, Columbia, Constitution, and Shamrock II. can beat Shamrock III. It would be an interesting spectacle to see a race between these five boats, and perhaps the Shamrock I. thrown in.
CANADIAN.

About T. Lipton.

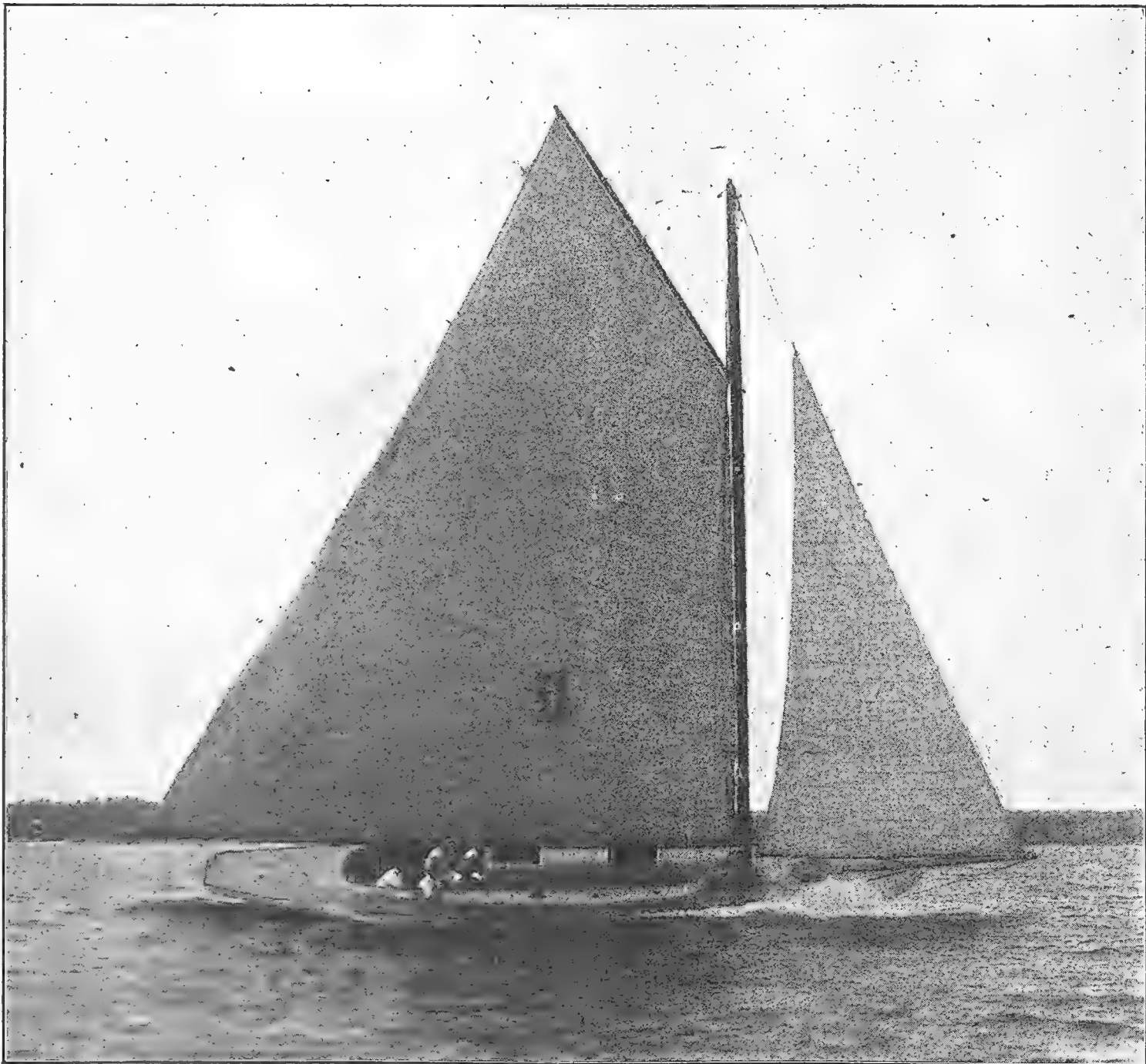
About T. Lipton (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw an angel with a fountain pen
Scribbling upon a sheet of foolscap. Then,
Regaining his composure, Tom sat up
And asked the angelic one to have a cup
Of his best tea. The angel shook his head.
"I'm on the water wagon, now," he said.
About T. Lipton waved his hand. "I see,
but, by the way, what writest thou?" said he.
The heavenly vision answered, "Well, I write
Here on this little sheet, in black and white,
The man whose boat will get the needed place,
The winner in the coming yachting race."
The gallant Lipton brightened up. "Pray tell,"
He queried, "does the name begin with L?"
"I'm sorry," said his guest. "It is a shame,
But as things stand, I cannot write your name."
T. Lipton made reply, "Would I were it,
But put me down as one who never quit!"
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night,
He called on Tom again, but not to write.
Said he, "I have on this large handsome chart,
(A fine example of the engraver's art)
The names of some true sportsmen—just the best."
And lo, T. Lipton's name led all the rest!
—William F. Kirk in Milwaukee Sentinel.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle Shooting at Old Guard Fair.

The following press matter has been received by us:
During the month of September the Executive Fair Committee of the Old Guard fair, which will fill Madison Square Garden from the floor of its basement to the roof, throughout the week of Oct. 5 to 10, has planned to have "open house" every evening at the Old Guard armory, Broadway and Forty-ninth street, where the General Committee and all the sub-committees that are getting busy building the fair, can rendezvous. During the month of August the stay-at-homes have been meeting every Monday evening and devising many features for the fair, which will add to its attractions and swell the profits to form the nucleus of their Armory Building Fund.

The latest sub-committee appointed by Major S. Ellis Briggs, Chairman of the Executive Committee, and Commandant of the Old Guard, is the Rifle Range Committee. This important committee will be headed by Col. Leslie C. Bruce, of the Old Guard, who, more than any other one man, made possible the sending of an American rifle team, of which he was the captain, to Bisley, England, and defeated the picked sharpshooters of all competing civilized nations, and placed Uncle Sam in secure possession, probably for a long time to come, of the Palma trophy. Among Colonel Bruce's able colleagues is Lieut. Thos. H. Keller, who plays a valuable part in the triennial successes of the national shooting festival, which in 1904 will be held at Union Hill, N. J. The Rifle Range Committee, besides Colonel Bruce and Lieut. Keller, is composed of Capt. George E. Libbey, Capt. T. W. Timpson, Lieut. Fred W. Seybel, Mr. Fred T. Alder, Mr. James McNevin, Lieut. C. H. Rockwell, Capt. James C. Summers, Lieut. James W. Miller and Lieut. Lee R. Townsend, secretary of the committee.



MIMOSA.
Owned by T. L. Park. Designed by B. B. Crowninshield. Built by the Geo. Lawley & Son Corp.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

The Indian Tournament.

ARNOLD'S PARK, Ia., Aug. 25.—The fifth annual tournament of Indians commenced this morning with sixty entries. The weather was cloudy and cool. The Tribe was represented by Chiefs Long Talk and squaw and daughter; Dago and squaw; Heap Talk and squaw; Wipe Stick, Bald Eagle, Kinnikinnic, Piasa and squaw, Spoon River and squaw and son; Bull Seal; All Aboard and squaw; Little Hatchet; Toboggan and squaw and family; No Smile; Quick Trigger and squaw; Hoot Mon and squaw; Back to the Woods and squaw and daughter; Follow Trail and High Temper.

The programme had eight 15 and four 20 target events each day, with \$100 to the 15 and \$15 added to the 20 target events. The traps were from two sets of traps fitted with traps. The traps were set facing the lake, to the northwest, about 30ft. above the water. There were \$94, divided \$7, \$15, \$10, \$9, \$8, \$7, \$6, \$5 and \$5 to the ten high guns.

Three cups will be awarded to highest averages for the four days as follows: First, 90 per cent. and over; second, 80 to 89 per cent.; third, to contestants below 80 per cent. All ties for cups will be shot off at 50 targets. Two shower sticks were donated by Chief All Aboard, and squaw All Aboard; one open to contestants who have squaws and one to contestants who have no squaws. Mr. Maurice Kauffman presented the Indians with an address watch fob. The Dickey Clay Manufacturing Company gave the tribe a fine gold medal. The above prizes will be shot off in special events on the third and fourth days. The Mallory brothers, from Parkersburg, W. Va., accompanied by their families, are attending the tournament and are doing some good shooting. They are welcome visitors. The Indians are more than pleased to have them in attendance, and will spare no pains to make their visit a pleasant one.

On Monday afternoon twenty-six men shot four 15 and two 20 target events. Bald Eagle was high with 96. J. F. Mallory and Wipe Stick were second with 94 out of the 100. In today's events Kinnikinnic was high with 190. F. E. Mallory, Little Hatchet and Wipe Stick were second with 188. Dago and Hughes were third with 187.

The weather prospects are good for to-morrow, and a number of new entries are expected.

First Day, Aug. 25.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	188
F. E. Mallory.....	15	15	15	15	15	19	13	14	20	13	15	19	188
T. Mallory.....	13	14	16	12	11	17	14	15	15	8	12	16	161
J. F. Mallory.....	13	15	16	13	12	17	12	13	19	15	13	19	177
Toboggan.....	15	15	20	13	20	14	13	16	13	13	17	182	
Back to the Woods.....	9	14	17	11	15	17	13	12	15	13	13	19	168
Crothcup.....	9	12	18	14	13	18	12	12	17	14	13	16	168
Heer.....	11	6	11	11	8	15	12	11	14
Nichols.....	13	13	19	13	15	20	15	19	18	14	14	18	186
Black.....	14	14	16	13	13	18	14	12	20	14	13	17	178
All Aboard.....	10	15	17	11	13	15	13	14	16	12	14	17	169
Squaw All Aboard.....	11	9	17	13	12	13	12	9	16	14	14	17	157
Follow Trail.....	12	11	19	10	10	15	8	14	16	12	9	11	147
Long Talk.....	14	14	18	15	13	15	13	16	13	14	17	175	
Townsend.....	13	14	18	13	13	18	12	14	11	13	15	20	179
Little Hatchet.....	11	12	17	11	14	17	11	13	17	12	13	13	161
McKay.....	13	14	19	14	14	19	13	14	20	15	14	19	188
Hughes.....	11	13	15	12	14	19	12	13	19	15	13	19	175
Taylor.....	14	14	20	13	13	19	11	15	20	13	15	20	187
Kinnikinnic.....	14	14	16	15	12	19	11	13	14	15	12	19	174
Defenderfer.....	13	12	18	14	13	19	12	15	19	14	14	20	183
Piasa.....	14	15	20	13	15	20	15	14	19	15	12	18	190
Cup Talk.....	15	14	17	15	15	20	13	16	15	11	20	186	
No Smile.....	12	14	15	11	14	15	12	13	14	15	14	19	168
Spoon River.....	15	15	18	12	13	18	14	12	15	14	14	17	177
Henshaw.....	9	12	19	14	11	18	12	13	18	14	17	178	
Proctor.....	12	15	19	14	15	17	15	13	19	14	14	20	187
Proctor.....	15	13	17	14	11	20	15	11	17	15	14	19	181
A. Smith.....	10	11	13	11	11	14	10	14	15	12	8	18	147
Bernhardt.....	10	12	14	12	9	16	11	13	15	12	11	17	152
High Temper.....	11	13	18	14	12	15	12	14	15	14	8	18	164
Kerr.....	12	14	16	12	13	18	11	14	15	14	14	19	175
Morrison.....	13	14	19	14	12	17	12	15	18	13	13	20	181
Converse.....	12	13	18	14	15	18	12	15	15	9	11	11	161
Bird.....	15	14	19	13	17	14	13	16	9	15	19	180	
Piasa.....	13	13	19	15	14	19	11	14	19	15	14	19	185
Cunningham.....	12	12	18	14	12	17	13	14	17	14	14	15	172
Wipe Stick.....	11	15	18	12	15	14	11	17	11	13	16	15	165
Schwartz.....	11	12	17	9	13	20	10	12	16	12	15	16	163
Murphy.....	13	12	18	14	15	19	12	15	20	12	11	17	178
A. Smith.....	11	12	17	12	12	19	15	15	20	15	14	20	182
Tramp.....	11	14	17	14	13	16	11	13	16	13	11	19	168
Maytrum.....	12	12	17	11	12	15
Barber.....	11	12	18	11	12	17	15	14	15	12	15	16	167
Hoot Mon.....	14	12	20	15	13	15	13	14	19	15	12	16	180
Wipe Stick.....	15	14	20	12	12	20	14	17	12	15	16	16	179
Holden.....	10	13	16	11	10	12
Gold Medal.....	11	14	19	14	11	14	13	17	14	12	17	14	170
Wallace.....	15	15	20	13	13	18	12	14	18	13	15	20	186
Wipe Stick.....	15	14	19	15	14	18	13	14	18	15	14	19	188
Bald Eagle.....	15	13	17	15	14	18	14	13	18	11	13	19	180
Heer.....	13	14	19	14	15	17	14	13	15	15	10	16	175
Bull Seal.....	14	14	17	13	14	19	12	15	18	11	12	18	177
Garlow.....	14	15	16	11	13	20	13	12	15	13	14	14	170
Dr. Cook.....	13	13	14	13	19
Lewis.....	13	12	18	10	14	15	13	11	17	12	15	16	166
...	10	7

Second Day, Aug. 26.

About 3 A. M. it commenced raining, and when squad No. 1 was called the rain was falling fast and furious. When event No. 1 had been finished, it was decided to postpone the shoot until after lunch. After waiting until 3 P. M. for the rain to cease, the shoot was postponed until to-morrow, when, the unfinished events in to-day's programme and the programme for to-morrow will be completed if the weather will permit.

The Indians held their annual meeting this afternoon, and the following business was transacted:

The annual meeting and pow-wow of the Indians was held this day at the above address, High Chief Long Talk (Marshall) presiding, and all officers present. The annual reports of officers were read and adopted. Resolutions of thanks to donors of special prizes were adopted, also to officers for services rendered, and to the management of Arnold's Park for courtesies extended during this meet. Former officers were indorsed and re-elected by acclamation, and the office of First Assistant High Chief was created. The officers for the following year, therefore, are: J. A. Marshall, (Chief Long Talk) High Chief; W. R. Crosby, (Chief Kinnikinnic), Vice-Chief; Frank C. Riehl, Chief Scribe; Jas. W. Budd, Chief of Wampum.

Standing committees were left unchanged, and John Burmister (Chief Back to the Woods) was added to the Tournament Committee. The recent demise of Mr. B. Le Roy Woodward, Chief of the Fid, was announced in a letter from his sister, together with one from the departed chief, which was written the day before he died. This and the memento of the Indians, as prepared by the Chief Scribe, were ordered spread upon the records and submitted to the press for publication, as follows:

16 South street, Campello, Mass., Aug. 8, 1903.

From A. Marshall, Chief Long Talk, and Fellow Chiefs: I regret exceedingly my inability to be present with you at our annual pow-wow, as I already have the Happy Hunting

Grounds in sight. I have had a long, suffering illness for about a year, but think it is about over.

While you are chasing the elusive bluerocks with your guns I shall be after the wily buck with my bow and arrow.

An affectionate farewell to you all, as well as to your squaws and papooses.

I trust you will have an enjoyable time at Spirit Lake, and some time or other we will all be together to line up in a squad of five again. Affectionately yours,

B. LE ROY WOODWARD,

Chief Dub the Fid.

The memento dedicated by the Indians to their departed fellow chieftains is subjoined:

Dark is the forest; all is still;

No more the magic wand,

Attuned to life from Nature's heart,

Obeys the master hand.

Again the Manitou has sent His summons to the Council of the Indians, and the sad-faced messenger from the Far East is here to announce that B. Le Roy Woodward, Chief Dub the Fid, has passed to the better, broader hunting grounds that lie beyond the shadow of the last sunset, in the infinite unknown.

Summoned in the prime of young manhood, when all the best of the hunt should lie before him, we find it hard to how to this decree. But in the short time that he abode with us in this council, and in the work of honorable competition and conquest, he fully demonstrated his title to the place accorded him by his fellow braves, as a fearless, faithful and untiring worker. And not less shall we honor his memory and lament his departure for those rare times when in lighter vein he beguiled the idle hours with sweetest melody in the art which earned him his tribal name.

Wherefore, in this hour of mutual sorrow, we dedicate this memento to his faithful service and true worth, and extend to those near and dear to him by the ties of home and kindred, the sympathy and condolence of the Indians, while over his grave the hand of love rears the fair flower of an undying faith.

Subscribed by the Indians, assembled in annual conclave, Lake Okoboji, Ia., Aug. 26, 1903.

A large number of applications for membership in the tribe being presented, it was decided to slightly increase the membership list, and five new chiefs were chosen by vote from the list of all candidates submitted.

The new members, with their tribal names, by which they will be known in council, are as follows: F. E. Mallory, Parkersburg, W. Va., Chief Tell 'Em How; J. F. Mallory, Parkersburg, W. Va., Chief Hole Digger; S. T. Mallory, Parkersburg, W. Va., Chief Life Saver; W. H. Heer, Concordia, Kans., Chief Three Scalps; C. B. Adams, Rockwell City, Ia., Chief Drink Water.

Meeting adjourned.

Tom A. Marshall, High Chief.

Frank C. Riehl, Chief Scribe.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	180
F. E. Mallory.....	12	13	18	12	13	20	15	14	17	15	14	19	180
S. T. Mallory.....	12	13	18	13	10	17	14	11	19	10	13	19	166
J. F. Mallory.....	12	13	18	13	13	12	15	17	14	14	19	179	
Toboggan.....	14	14	18	14	13	20	15	19	14	15	19	187	
Back to the Woods.....	9	8	15	13	14	17	9	9	17	12	12	16	151
Crothcup.....	15	12	15	13	12	17	14	11	18	10	11	19	167
Lane.....	11	13	16	12	15	11	12	16	15	14	18	165	
Foley.....	11	14	16	13	13	19	12	14	19	13	14	18	176
Nichols.....	14	13	15	14	13	17	13	14	16	12	15	19	175
Black.....	12	13	16	13	6	17	13	13	15	11	14	18	161
All Aboard.....	11	9	11	10	11	14	10	11	14	8	10	11	130
Squaw All Aboard.....	10	12	14	13	12	13	11	12	15	11	11	18	152
Follow Trail.....	14	12	18	13	13	19	13	15	20	15	11	16	179
Long Talk.....	12	15	17	14	14	19	13	15	18	13	15	19	184
Townsend.....	11	15	17	10	11	14	11	13	18	7	14	16	157
Little Hatchet.....	14	15	19	15	14	20	14	14	19	15	14	18	191
McKay.....	12	14	16	13	12	16	13	13	15	11	11	17	163
Hughes.....	14	13	16	13	13	18	12	13	17	14	15	19	177
Taylor.....	13	15	18	12	13	19	12	13	16	13	14	18	176
Defenderfer.....	12	15	19	12	14	18	14	12	13	12	14	16	178
Kinnikinnic.....	14	15	16	14	15	17	15	15	19	15	15	19	189
Heap Talk.....	12	13	17	13	14	19	15	17	14	15	19	18	183
No Smile.....	11	14	18	14	13	19	13	14	19	15	13	18	181
Spoon River.....	14	16	16	15	13	18	9	14	19	15	13	18	179
Henshaw.....	13	14	19	14	12	19	10	14	16	15	14	16	176
Dago.....	12	14	20	13	11	17	15	15	17	14	13	20	181
Horn.....	15	13	18	13
Proctor.....	8	12	17	6
Dr. Cook.....	12	11	14	12	13	17	14	15	18	14	14	15	169
Bernhardt.....	8	10
Holden.....	15	12	17	12	12	15	14	14	20	12	17	174	
High Temper.....	12	13	15	13	12	17	14	13	18	13	18	18	171
Kerr.....	12	15	14	15	14	13	12	13	18	14	14	16	170

Nichols	178	175	163	176	692
Black	169	161	166	171	667
All Aboard	157	130	160	154	601
Squaw All Aboard	147	162	143	141	583
Follow Trail	175	179	186	181	721
Long Talk	179	184	190	170	723
Townsend	161	167	173	161	652
Little Hatchet	188	191	194	191	764
McKay	175	163	158	177	673
Hughes	187	177	193	191	748
Taylor	174	176	186	182	718
Diefenderfer	183	178	176
Kinnickinnic	190	189	194	198	771
Heap Talk	186	183	189	183	741
No Smile	168	181	177
Spoon River	177	179	184	181	721
Henshaw	170	176	173	171	690
Dago	187	181	174	185	727
High Temper	175	171	175	172	693
Kerr	158	170	162	151	641
Morrison	181	173	181	167	702
Converse	161	160	169	185	665
Bird	180	170	178	170	698
Piasa	185	188	185	186	744
Cunningham	172	176	188	185	721
Felt	165	161	171	168	665
Schwartz	163	167	175	161	666
Murphy	178	169	185	155	687
Patch	164	169	171
Barber	180	178	186	171	715
Hoot Mon	179	178	159	177	693
Holden	170	176	176	160	682
Wipe Stick	188	185	186	188	747
Bald Eagle	180	180	193	183	736
Heer	175	189	183	186	733
Bull Seal	177	181	173	178	709
Garlow	170	174	169	168	679
Lane	177	166	179	170	692
Dr Cook	166	173	161	182	682

HAWKEYE.

Derry Tournament.

DERRY, Pa., Aug. 29.—Appended find the scores of the shoot at Derry, Pa., Aug. 25 and 26. Thirty-one shooters participated, thirteen shooting through the programme.

The trade was represented by Frank Lawrence, E. D. Fulford, Chas. G. Grubb. Messrs Frank Lawrence and Chas. Grubb hustled squads.

On the first day it rained almost continuously, and there were frequent severe storms, accompanied by thunder and lightning. The wind blew in the faces of the shooters, and on one occasion blew the targets so high they sailed back over the firing line.

A sad accident occurred during the storm. Lightning struck a small house near the shooting grounds, killing a young man and wrecking the house. The scores follow:

	Aug. 25.	Aug. 26.	Total	Total
	Shot at. Broke.	Shot at. Broke.	Shot at. Broke.	Shot at. Broke.
Fulford	200	186	200	191
*Knode	200	186	200	190
Fleming	200	183	200	183
Denicker	200	170	200	190
Bessmer	200	168	200	178
*Best	200	187	200	182
*Meyers	200	168	200	169
Pontefract	200	164	200	176
Low	200	161	200	169
Lane	200	167	200	160
Lint	200	160	200	165
*Yealy	115	90	200	176
*Hackett	165	112	115	100
*Howard	200	173
Withrow	200	164
*Stewart	200	161
Andrews	200	156
*Smith	20	151
*Miller	200	...	200	148
Joe	120	109
Ramsey	130	109
Laughrey	130	108
Brenizer	130	107
Nicely	130	97
*Talbot	115	92
*Holly	100	88
Dice	65	48
Mills	50	36
D. Lint	15	9
*Kuntz	135	115
Pyle	65	61

* Members of Derry Club.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 22.—The Cincinnati Gun Club gathered its best scatter gun artists together last Friday and journeyed to Dayton, O., with the determination of regaining their reputation, which they lost recently at Mechanicsburg, and also to gain possession of the Phellis trophy, the ownership of which gives the right to claim the six-man team championship of the State.

The race was shot over a magautrap, the targets being thrown about 55yds.

The day was an ideal one for the sport.

A more exciting race could hardly have been made, as it was nip and tuck until the last 15 targets, when the pace got too warm for one of the Daytonians and he "blew up."

When Gambell and Sunderbruch went to the score for the last time against Craig and Cairn, the home team was one target ahead. Gambell took a "smile" or two, Sundry gritted his teeth and said, "Now, 'Old Scout,' get at 'em, and break 'em all." Just to show he could do it, Cincy's superintendent got his 25, Sundry 23, Craig 24 and Cairn 16, giving Cincy the race by 7 targets. An eight-man team race followed. Results:

Dayton Team—Craig 47, Jack 46, Ermel 44, Miller 41, Raymond 40, Cain 39; total 257.

Cincinnati Team—Gambell 46, Medico 46, Sunderbruch 45, Grau 43, Don Minto 43, Osterfeld 41; total 264.

Eight-man team match:

Dayton Team—Jack 48, Raymond 48, Ermel 47, Craig 45, Cain 43, Ryan 43, Spangler 41, Tippy 28; total 343.

Cincinnati Team—Gambell 46, Medico 45, Maynard 45, Grau 44, Sunderbruch 42, Don Minto 42, Barker 41, Osterfeld 41; total 346.

Cincinnati Gun Club cash prize event, 50 targets, distance handicap, resulted as follows: Maynard, 17yds., 46; Sunderbruch, 19yds., 45; Gambell, 20yds., 44; Barker, 19yds., 41; Nye, 16yds., 40; Medico, 19yds., 38; J. B., 17yds., 38; Falk, 17yds., 36; Randall, 20yds., 35; Linn, 18yds., 34; Jack, 16yds., 33; Norris, 15yds., 24; Colonel, 15yds., 21; Hobart, 15yds., 16.

Sparta Gun Club.

SPARTA, Mo., Aug. 27.—Only four of the regulars faced the trap to-day. About one-third of our members are traveling men and are seldom present. A new trap and a strong wind blowing across the traps made good scores impossible.

The scores in the 15-target event follow:

Lee, 13.....1100100100010—6 Farmer, 8.....010100000101011—6 Johns, 12.....11100100101101—9 Hornbeak, 14.....01011101101110—10

Hornbeak won merchandise prize, and was high man on trophy.

The committee offered as a prize one year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM to high gun, 25 targets per man. Scores follow: Downs (12) 13, Rains (12) 12, Barnes (8) 8, Bird (12) 14, Farmer (12) 5, Johns (12) 13, Dye (12) 16, Wall (10) 9, Lee (14) 12, Baker (12) 14, Morris (12) 9, Hornbeak (14) 18. Hornbeak won on 18.

T. E. HORNBEAK.

IN NEW JERSEY.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Aug. 29.—We were to have had the Wanderers with us to-day, but the hard rain kept them away. Event 6 was for a solid silver cup. It resulted in a tie between Glover, Eickhoff and Morrison. Event 7 was a shoot-off of the tie, which resulted in a tie between Eickhoff and Glover. This tie will be shot off at some future date. The handicaps apply to the cup event only. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	20	10	15	10	25	25	15	10
Eickhoff, 3	12	16	4	11	9	19	20	7	10
Morrison, 2	12	16	9	10	6	20	17	14	8
Glover, 0	14	18	9	14	9	22	23	14	8
Merrill, 3	11	11	5	13	4	18	...	11	7
Allison, 1	13	9	9	11	9	19
Truax, 2	4	9	6	19	...	10	...
Marshall	5

J. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Hackensack River Bridge, N. J., Aug. 25.—The shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club for August was held at Outwater's grounds, Hackensack River Bridge. Mr. H. Kracke, a guest, was the only one to kill straight in the club event at 10 birds. Twenty-six contestants participated in the main event. The scores:

L. H. Schorty, 30.....12111122*2—9	Col J. H. Voss, 30.....1110121122—9
Van Valkenburg, Sr., 28.....12102*111—8	J. Dannefeller, 28.....21222020012—7
Dr. Davis, 26.....022101102—6	P. Albert, 28.....112121220—9
J. Schlicht, 28.....0222211102—8	F. Baudendistel, 28.....2221111010—8
H. Kracke, 26.....2212112122—10	W. W. Balch, 26.....0200102000—3
P. Cresci, 28.....1021110122—8	L. T. Muench, 28.....2112102000—7
G. K. Breit, 28.....2100020000—3	C. Lang, 28.....111221110*—8
J. A. Belden, 28.....2000222222—7	J. Hughes, 28.....2010102020—5
A. Dietzel, 30.....2011221012—8	C. Welber, 28.....0021111022—7
H. Foster, 28.....1111120100—7	H. Wellbrock, 28.....2021222222—9
P. Esner, 28.....2112112200—8	F. Trostel, 28.....212*222121—9
H. Mesloh, 28.....2111*11211—9	A. Knodel, 26.....0102021111—7
J. Klenk, 28.....102*122020—6	E. M. Meckel, 28.....1102112*11—8

Five birds, \$3, Rose system, ratios 6 and 3, 28yds.

Van V.	22112—5	Wellbrock	12012—4
Esmer	22212—5	Hughes	101*0—2
Kracke	22112—5	Mesloh	11221—5
Meckel	22112—5	Outwater	21212—5

Pattensburg Gun Club.

Pattensburg, N. J., Aug. 29.—The regular monthly shoot of the Pattensburg Gun Club was held to-day. Stamets and Bonnell tied for the medal, and in the shoot-off Bonnell broke his first target and won the first medal, and Stamets missed his first target and won the second medal. A very pleasant time was enjoyed, but the shooting was difficult on account of the strong east wind. The scores were as follows:

A. E. Holbrook.....01101110111101101001001—16
H. Gans.....11011111110100111110011—19
W. S. Bowly.....0111110*11010000101010—13
C. W. Bonnell.....11110111111101101111010—20
R. Stamets.....11100001111101101111111—20
Milburn.....11011010010010111111111—18
N. Stamets.....11111110111101101101101100—19
V. Williamson.....10101111010111011010101—17
Dimmig.....1110001011100110101010110—14
Barker.....1110011110111111101011011—19

Shoot-off: Bonnell 1, Stamets 0.

Arkadelphia Shoot.

ARKADELPHIA, Ark., Aug. 22.—The liberal programme of the Arkadelphia Gun Club for their first annual shoot, Aug. 20 and 21, did not draw a very large attendance, but notwithstanding that the shoot was quite a success, and those present were well repaid for coming. The chances to win expenses were excellent, for with the liberal amount of added money one always received more than his entrance money when sharing in a division of the purse, even though it was fourth or fifth money. Thus even the poorer shot won some money and is thereby encouraged to try it again.

Why the attendance was not larger is hard to say, for with \$212.50 added money and a fine trophy to compete for, the club should have received a generous patronage, and thereby encouraged to greater effort next time.

In addition to the generous amount of cash, everything was in first-class shape, and the events were rapidly disposed of. The shooting was done over expert traps, arranged on the Sergeant system. The shooters faced east, and there was practically a sky background, so little fault could be found in this respect. The weather throughout was clear and pleasant, and not too warm. The first day there was quite a wind, which caused the contestants some annoyance, as is shown by the scores; but on the second day the conditions were almost perfect.

W. B. Powell, of English, was high on the first day with 163 broken out of 185, Wright and Camden being second with 158.

On the second day, Turner, Hubby and F. M. Faurote, of Texas, two experts, put in an appearance, and they were in the van, with 171 out of 185. In the amateur class Farmer John M. Pemberton, of Little Rock, was high, with 164, closely followed by W. B. Powell, with 163. W. B. Powell won high average for the two days, \$10 in cash, with 326 out of 390.

The Peters challenge trophy, a new emblem donated by the Peters Cartridge Company, for the occasion, was contested for on the first day. This was a handicap event, and was won by Gibson Thibault, of Little Rock, with 44 out of 50 from the 18yd. mark. C. E. Pierce, of Camden, was second, with 43. This was the inaugural contest for the emblem, a beautiful gold watch charm; but the holder is subject to challenge and must defend the same every sixty days. Already there are a number of aspirants, and Mr. Thibault will be kept busy defending the emblem.

The success of the shoot is due to the efforts of Messrs. L. E. Knott, Ed McCorkle, Dr. E. K. Williams, H. W. Allen and D. L. Graves.

There were three Powells present, W. B., of English; S. M., of Little Rock, and H. S., of Camden; they were not related.

There were three M.D.s. present, and all answered to the name of Williams: Dr. H. E., of Pine Bluff; Dr. A. U., of Hot Springs, and Dr. E. K., of Arkadelphia; these, too, have no family connections, to the best of their knowledge.

First Day, Aug. 20.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot
Targets:	15	10	15	20	15	15	15	10	15	25	15	15	at. Broke.
W. B. Powell.....	13	10	12	18	12	14	14	8	13	25	13	11	185
Wright.....	14	8	11	18	12	15	13	7	11	23	13	13	185
Morgan.....	13	10	12	16	12	11	13	9	15	22	9	12	185
Pierce.....	13	10	12	17	12	11	12	9	11	19	11	14	185
Farmer.....	12	9	10	16	11	14	12	9	12	20	11	12	185
G. Thibault.....	13	7	14	17	13	13	12	10	10	17	10	11	185
Younts.....	11	7	10	20	13	12	12	8	10	12	10	10	185
Allen.....	8	9	12	14	11	11	10	9	12	20	9	10	185
Duley.....	12	4	12	14	10	13	13	8	10	19	10	6	185
Knott.....	8	8	10	17	10	5	11	4	11	20	11	13	185
Omo.....	10	6	9	13	6	9	12	8	9	13	7	10	185
Litzke.....	9	5	8	8	8	9	9	7	9	11	8	13	185
Lloyd.....	7	4	10	6	14	...	7	5	6	15	12	10	170

Chatfield.....	8	14	14	14	11	13	10	12	25	11	...	155	132
Dr. E. K. Williams.....	12	9	11	15	13	...	10	6	13	20	9	...	155
Dr. H. E. Williams.....	10	5	7	5	...	4	3	8	9	4	11	...	155
S. M. Powell.....	5	2	11	10	10	...	8	6	11	7	...	135	86
Graves.....	8	6	...	16	12	8	85
McCorkle.....	7	10	7	...	16	10	80
Leonard.....	5	8	...	8	3	75
C. Thibault.....	10	8	8	10	...	55

Second Day, Aug. 21.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	15	10	15	20	15	15	15	10	15	25	15	15	at.	Broke
Hubby	14	10	14	16	14	14	12	10	25	24	14	14	185	171
Faurote	14	9	11	17	15	15	13	8	15	25	14	15	185	171
Farmer	13	8	9	18	14	14	14	8	14	23	15	14	185	164
W B Powell.....	14	9	14	19	13	13	11	10	12	21	15	12	185	163
Morgan	15	8	13	15	14	11	14	9	12	23	13	13	185	160
Wright	14	9	14	16	12	13	10	7	14	21	14	15	185	159
G Thibault	14	9	12	15	12	14	15	8	13	21	12	11	185	156
Knott	12	10	13	18	10	14	12	10	14	24	13	14	185	153
Dr A U Williams..	10	7	12	17	11	10	14	8	14	23	13	14	185	153
Allen	8	8	11	15	12	13	12	9	14	22	13	14	185	151
H S Powell.....	14	8	10	15	9	10	12	7	9	19	13	11	185	138
Dr E K Williams..	10	7	12	17	9	9	12	7	11	21	10	10	185	133
Lloyd	8	9	10	15	11	7	15	6	8	15	9	8	185	121
Litzke	11	9	8	12	10	9	8	8	7	14	10	11	185	117
Duley	10	7	12	10	10	9	8	7	11	11	155	109
Younts	13	5	8	16	13	11	10	5	10	130	91
Hinton	10	9	11	12	19	9	..	100	70
Crow	14	13	..	40	27
Skilern	16	10	..	40	26
Graves	8	6	9	40	21
Chatfield	12	6	25	18
C Thibault	14	15	14

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{ No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK }

A SENTRY'S BLANK.

A NEW LONDON press dispatch reports that Sergeant L. Bryson, of the Second Company, Coast Artillery, stationed at Fort H. G. Wright, Fisher's Island, was shot and instantly killed last Saturday by a sentry. The explanation given out is that the sergeant and some companions were cutting up pranks in the rear of the mess house while dinner was being served, and an officer ordered the sentry, Private Price, to fire a blank cartridge at the sky-markers. "Price slipped a loaded shell into his piece and fired at Bryson. The ball passed through Bryson's body, killing him instantly. While on guard, the soldiers carry five rounds of blank ammunition and five of loaded cartridges. It is claimed that Price got a loaded shell in mistake for a blank. He is under arrest, pending an investigation."

This is an extraordinary explanation. Is the public to understand that it is a practice in the United States Army to fire blank cartridges at human beings? A more ingenious system to insure the inevitable did-not-know-it-as-loaded style of manslaughter could not be contrived in the army or out of it. Give a man a supply of blank and loaded cartridges and order him to shoot a blank at a man, and sooner or later, seldom or frequently, as pure luck may fall out, he is certain to do just such slaughter as this of Sergeant Bryson. That man does not live whom any one of us would trust to shoot blanks at us if he had also in his equipment a stock of shells loaded with bullets.

Of all men in the world soldiers, whose trade it is to handle weapons of death, should be taught always and under all conditions to remember that the gun is a deadly weapon and must without any exception whatever be handled as such. Of all men in the world the soldier should be the last one to fire a gun at a human being unless the intention be to wound or kill. If the Fort H. G. Wright blank cartridge firing at a skylarking sergeant is in accordance with the regular procedure in such cases made and provided, the regulations cannot be too speedily amended. If, as is more probable, the order to discharge a blank cartridge was simply a manifestation of criminal foolishness on the part of the officer who gave the command, that individual, too, should be put under arrest along with the agent who executed the order.

THE ORANGE COUNTY LAW.

The last New York Legislature enacted two special laws relating to Orange county. Section 26, amended by Chap. 520 of the session laws, provides as to Orange county grouse:

Sec. 26. Grouse shall not be taken . . . in the county of Orange from December first to October fifteenth, both inclusive.

And Section 27b, added by Chap. 475 of the session laws, reads:

Sec. 27b. The close season for grouse, woodcock and quail in the county of Orange shall be from December sixteenth to October fifteenth, both inclusive.

As a natural result of these conflicting enactments the gun clubs of Orange county have resolved themselves into debating societies to determine where they may lawfully go shooting.

While the law at first glance appears to be complicated, it is comparatively clear and simple when examined and construed by the rules which govern in such cases; and we give the construction as adopted by the *Game Laws in Brief*.

First, as to woodcock: Sec. 27b holds, and the season is as stated therein.

As to grouse: Sec. 26 prevails over Sec. 27b; because Chap. 520 which amended it was a later enactment than Chap. 475, which added Sec. 27b. The grouse season for Orange county is therefore the season specified in Sec. 26. The quail season is the one about which there is most question in Orange county; but there is no room for uncertainty as to it. At the time when Sec. 27b was enacted, the quail close season for the State, as prescribed by Sec. 22, was December 16 to October 31. Subsequently to the enactment of Sec. 27b, the general quail law (Sec. 22) was amended, to make the close season December 1 to October 31. But this later amendment of the general law Sec. 22 did not affect the special Orange county law Sec. 27b. Section 22 might have been changed accordingly without affecting Sec. 27b. The purpose of amending Sec. 27b was, as to quail, to provide a special

Orange county season differing from the general season given in Sec. 22. The general law in Sec. 22 did not apply to Orange county previously to the amendment of Sec. 22, no more could it apply after its amendment.

The close season for quail in Orange county then is from December 16 to October 15, both inclusive; and the open season is from October 16 to December 15, both inclusive.

We understand that the protective authorities have given out conflicting opinions on the Orange county seasons. It is clear, however, in view of the constructions which must be given to these sections, that no close seasons can be enforced other than such as we have designated.

THE AMERICA'S CUP.

THE outcome of the recently completed races for the America's Cup was to us a foregone conclusion. After studying the performances of both the challenger and the defender closely and dealing with the situation from every point of view, we did not see how Reliance could help but win, not only the series but every race. Early in the year we ventured the statement that Constitution could successfully defend the Cup, and as subsequent events have proven she could have done so handily, and in some instances when the weather conditions were to her liking she would have beaten Shamrock III. worse than Reliance did. However, we are not sorry that Reliance was built; not because she was necessary for the safe defense of the Cup, but because it is interesting to know that a scow could be produced in the largest racing sloop class that was a fast all around boat and a consistent performer in all weathers and under all conditions. As the next challenger and defender will be designed under the new rule which it is hoped will produce a more normal and wholesome boat, it was educational if nothing more to know before making a radical departure that a more extreme boat in every particular than Constitution could be built and made successful. The indifferent showing that Independence made two years ago rather created the impression that boats of the scow type were not practical in the ninety foot class. Reliance's success upsets this theory and demonstrates again the Herreshoffs' wonderful ability both as naval architects and engineers. Nevertheless, the design and form of the hull is becoming less of a factor, and the boat that has the great advantage is the one with the best sails and the most competent skipper.

In Shamrock III. Mr. Fife turned out a remarkably beautiful boat of a normal type, compared with Reliance, that at times displayed unusual speed. To our mind Mr. Fife made the mistake of going to extreme refinement in form and taking a comparatively small amount of sail. Had he turned out a little more extreme and powerful boat than Shamrock III., taken less waterline length and given her the same amount of sail that Reliance carried, the result of the races might have been different; they certainly would have been much closer. It is the old story that the boat that carries the extra sail can invariably afford to pay for it, and such was the case in the last races, for it was Reliance's extra sail that saved the day (together with Barr's superior handling), and she could have paid a much heavier penalty for it than she did and still have won.

Much of Reliance's success was due to the discipline that prevailed on board and to the excellent way she was managed. To one who has been aboard the challenger and defender the difference was, to say the least, very marked, and a comparison showed that the superiority lay in favor of the Reliance. Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, the managing owner of Reliance, is well known as a great disciplinarian and a splendid organizer. From the time he first interested himself in the defense of the Cup his efforts have met with pronounced success. He has surrounded himself with well-known amateurs, and the best procurable professionals. Captain Barr caught Mr. Iselin's spirit early in the game, and this, added to his knowledge and ability as a yacht skipper, has made him so superior in his line that to-day he is in a class by himself, without a peer. He in turn surrounds himself with the best possible talent. His mate, Christensen, has been with him for years, and has adapted himself to his requirements and needs in every way. When it came to the selection of a crew, men were picked from the smaller racing boats where quickness and intelligence is more of a factor than in the larger ones. Many of the racing boats on Long

Island Sound lost the crews that had been with them several seasons because the pay on Reliance made a position there more attractive to them, and after having sailed on a Cup defender it is possible for them to secure a better berth the next season. The men on Reliance were almost without exception Scandinavians and Norwegians, men not as well educated or with the natural intelligence of the Englishmen on Shamrock III., yet under the training they received they turned out to be a better and more efficient racing crew in every particular. The men on Reliance were worked very hard, just as the men on Columbia and Constitution were, yet they were given sufficient recreation, excellent food, and Dr. Monahan not only looked after the comfort and sanitary conditions of their living quarters, but each man came under his watchful eye and care, and they were kept in the best physical condition. Such are the details that are part and parcel of the management and the running of the successful defender. On Shamrock III. the men had much the same attention and care, but the system and discipline seemed lacking, and the men did not work with the same snap and vim as those on the defender. Barr received a salary of eight thousand dollars for his season's work, two thousand dollars more for winning out in the trial races against Columbia and Constitution, and two thousand dollars more for successfully defending the Cup. The owners dealt very liberally with the crew, and they received a bonus in addition to their large pay.

All those who came in contact with Mr. Fife during his stay here were greatly drawn toward him, and his quiet, unassuming manner won for him a host of admirers and friends. Many would have liked to have seen Shamrock III. win out on his account rather more than on Sir Thomas Lipton's. Mr. Fife proved himself a fine loser, and he took defeat like the thorough sportsman that he is.

We hope no more challenges for the America's Cup will be forthcoming for at least three years, for the racing between these big boats is ruinous to our yachting in general, but now is the time to challenge, if it is desired to strike home, for many reasons. The designer of the defender and challenger will begin on even terms, for both the boats will have to be designed under a new and untried rule. Even Mr. Herreshoff himself has turned out but one large boat under it—the schooner Ingomar. The rule is supposed to produce a compact boat of a normal type, and if anything the English designers have been more successful at designing boats of this description than our own. A new boat would have to be built, as Reliance would be so penalized under the new rule that she would not be a practical defender, so both sides would be without trial boats, for what we have just stated would apply to Shamrock III. as well, only in not so marked degree.

The courses for the Cup matches were excellently patrolled by Captain Thomas D. Walker's boats, and the yachts have never had less interference from the attending fleet than this year. The work was difficult, particularly on the day of the triangular race, but the revenue cutters and the yachts in charge of revenue officers had the situation well in hand all through the series.

The Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C., Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Newbury D. Lawton, and E. D. Wales, deserve great credit for the able way in which they handled and managed not only the final races for the America's Cup, but all of the events that the club has given this season. Their work has been very arduous, and all through the summer their attention to their duties has been untiring and the responsibility very great. The New York Y. C. is to be congratulated on being fortunate enough to secure the services of three such able and capable men who are willing to devote all their time and energy to making the racing—the life of the sport—and the club a success.

Of the 34,989,000 acres of forests in Germany, 17,443,188 acres, or nearly one-half, are under public control, belonging to the States and municipalities. All this public forest, as well as that held by private owners, is maintained in a high state of scientific cultivation. The systematic economy practiced by the Continental people in their use of the products of the woods is a revelation to Americans traveling in Europe. Every part of the felled tree is utilized; even the smallest branches and twigs, which in America we burn to get rid of, are in Germany bundled for fire wood.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Thoreau.

A Little Study of a Great Man.

It is difficult to characterize Thoreau; it is difficult to understand what his chief motive in life was; but he seems to have had in mind to give to the world a practical illustration of the doctrine of plain living and high thinking. For this purpose he retired to the bank of Walden Pond, near Concord, where he built a small house with his own hands, and in which he lived for two years at a minimum of expense. In his book, "Walden," he gives details of his experiment in living a life of simplicity. The entire cost of his house was \$28.12½; he specifies the items of his building expenses to the cost of the chalk he used—one cent. Of his house he said: "I intend to build me a house which will surpass any on the main street of Concord, in grandeur and luxury, as soon as it pleases me as much and will cost me no more than my present one." His expense for provisions, exclusive of vegetables, which he raised in his garden, for a period of eight months, from July to March, were \$8.74. "Yes," he says, "I did eat \$8.74, all told; but I should not thus unblushingly publish my guilt if I did not know that most of my readers were equally guilty with myself, and that their deeds would look no better in print."

What did he do there by Walden Pond? For the most part he read, he wrote, he mused, he walked about, he worked in his garden, he talked with his friends, he cultivated an intimacy with the fish in the pond and the squirrels in the woods. It is said that he could take the fish out of the water in his hands, while the squirrels came down from the trees and climbed over his head and shoulders. He was one of nature's noble men. He was a mathematician; he was a scholar; he read Homer daily in the Greek for his own recreation; in the old days, when abolitionists were few, he was the enemy of the slave power, and his "Plea for Captain John Brown," delivered in the public hall in Concord, was one of the most powerful and eloquent utterances at a time when few had the courage to speak out. He was a man of the woods, and he was a man of books. To hold intercourse with Thoreau, Hawthorne said, was "like hearing the wind among the boughs of a forest tree." He died comparatively young in the year 1862.

President Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, characterizes Thoreau as the chief prophet of the "Order of Saunterers." Thoreau described himself as belonging to the "Church of the Sunday Walkers." He had an intense love of nature, and of home. Concord was everything to him. "Nothing can be hoped of you," he said, "if this bit of world under your feet is not sweeter to you than any other in this world—in any world." The admirers of Thoreau form an order of themselves. They resent all criticism of his life or his words. They are impatient of all analysis of his methods or of his motives.

President Jordan says that the most illiterate man he had ever known who had ever heard of Thoreau was an Irishman, Barney Mullins, of northern Wisconsin, with whom he had once ridden on an ox sled through the deep snows of that region. In the course of conversation Barney stated that he had lived at one time in Concord, Massachusetts, before coming to Wisconsin. "I asked him," says Dr. Jordan, "if he had happened to know a man there by the name of Henry Thoreau. He at once grew enthusiastic, and he said, among other things: 'Mr. Thoreau was a land surveyor in Concord. I knew him well. He had a way of his own, and he didn't care much about money; but if there ever was a gentleman alive, he was one.' And so great was his affection for Thoreau, though it was many years since he had lived in Concord, that he urged the Doctor to accompany him to his house and spend the night with him. 'He hadn't much of a room to offer me,' says he, 'but there was always a place in his house for a friend of Mr. Thoreau.'"

"Here is a test for you," adds President Jordan. "Thoreau says: 'I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle dove, and am still on the trail. Many are the travelers I have spoken to regarding them, describing their tracks, and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who have heard the hound and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind the cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves.'"

"Now if any of you, in your dreams," says Dr. Jordan, "have heard the horse, or seen the sunshine on the dove's wings, you may join in the search. If not, you may close the book, for Thoreau has not written for you."

T. J. CHAPMAN.

Life in the Rockies.

FROM earliest boyhood the inherited love of the woods and undisturbed nature reigned in me supreme and choked out all ambitions for trade or profession, leaving only a longing desire to flee from civilization, from the burdens, disappointments and hypocrisy of society, to be alone in the corridors of nature's great domain, which had not been defaced by the hand of man, the study of whose inhabitants makes life a joy. From the day when the house dog treed an animal, we knew not what, a few rods from the house, on a sapling, and we boys, by an hour or more of hard work with an ax, felled it, and after great effort killed what proved to be an opossum, up to the time of manhood, the passion grew.

Still fighting against what seemed, when soberly looking into the future, an aimless desire, in a half-hearted way I applied myself to books, until able to secure a position as teacher of a country school, and worried through two terms with success which would have gratified one ambitious of professional work. The last term had nearly expired: I was wending my way one morning toward the structure where the foundations for greatness are laid, one of those calm winter mornings when a few snowflakes were lazily falling from the dark clouds, when I stopped to drink in the beauty of the snow-covered landscape.

I heard a faint sound floating down from a wooded

ridge, so faint and yet so familiar, and dear to my heart: I at once recognized the familiar voice of a foxhound in pursuit of a fox. Such a morning for a fox chase! Warm and pleasant with just enough snow for good tracking, and not a breath of wind blowing to carry away the music.

I stood enraptured and oblivious to my surroundings, then looked over at the schoolhouse on the hill, and knew that I must pull myself inside its walls and allow the sweet music, wooded landscape and pure air to be replaced by the buzz of restless children, pencil-marked walls and chalk dust. It was then and there that my long unsettled mind was brought to a sudden and decisive point. I would finish my present obligations to the young and rising generation, and to those who had employed me, then I would break the bonds which had held me, and go, I knew not where; anywhere to get away from the turmoil and strife of mankind.

Accordingly, I set about deciding on a location. To my mind, from boyhood, the Rocky Mountains were my idea of a wild and rugged place, and there my mind turned instinctively. Having heard of Fort Collins, Colorado, being at the foot of the Rockies, I pictured it as a border town and a proper place to make my first stop. In due time I landed there, and found a thickly settled and highly cultivated community, entirely different from that I was looking for. Idleness being one of the hardships to which I was not accustomed, I set out to find work on a farm until I could get my bearings for another move, inquiring in the meantime for any person who might give me information concerning the farthest settlements in the mountains and the facilities for getting there. Securing employment on a farm four miles from town, I worked a week amid unpleasant surroundings, when I went to town to get my mail and look around. Having heard of a ranchman, hunter, trapper and guide by the name of Luke Wheeler, whose home was far up in the mountains, where big game abounded in such numbers as I had never even hoped to see, and who was staying temporarily at Fort Collins, I proceeded to find him, just to see what a real, live frontiersman looked like. Having found his abiding place, I proceeded out to the stable, where he was taking care of a number of horses which he had brought down from his mountain ranch. He met me at the stable door, a giant in stature, over six feet tall, powerful, raw-boned, with heavy black beard and a voice like thunder. I at once began to offer my apologies and excuses for calling on him, hardly knowing myself why I had called; only to see what he looked like. Like a true frontiersman, he received me with hospitality, gave me a brief description of the wild mountain country where he lived, and proposed, unsolicited, that if I was inclined to go to that locality, he would give me employment for the summer; that he was going to start for the ranch in a couple of weeks with two wagons, and that my transportation would be free if I cared to engage myself to him. It seemed too good to be true; the very opportunity I was looking for. After learning from him that I should provide myself with bedding if I was going to that country, as every person was expected to furnish their own bed, and getting all needed information, I left him and just walked on air for days after that.

To say that I was happy would put it very mild. A mint of money would not have made me happier, and long and fondly will Luke be remembered for the generous way in which he took hold of the "tenderfoot."

Of course the next important matter for me after getting my blankets was what kind of a gun to get. I decided finally on a .40-82 Winchester, and once in possession of that and a supply of ammunition, I felt rich, no matter what else might be lacking.

The eventful morning came for starting. Luke and his wife, with the lighter loaded two-horse wagon, took the lead, and Bert Reed, Bob Wheeler and myself clung to the other wagon, in which were four veritable broncos, which, not having worked any all winter, succeeded in making things "wild and woolly" at the start; which was right to my taste, for I wanted to see everything as it was. Bob Wheeler was a younger brother of Luke's, who had a ranch joining Luke's, and assisted him in his hunting and guiding expeditions. Bert Reed was an old-timer of that section of the Rockies, and had also spent the winter in Fort Collins, and was going back to the mountains, and subsequently became my trusted companion and partner in later years, in some of my most interesting experiences in the West. I frankly told the boys in the start that I was a sure-enough "tenderfoot" and wanted to learn the ways of the West, and asked them to give me such instructions from time to time as they might see opportunity and need. This they kindly did, showing me how to cinch up a saddle, mount a horse properly, bake biscuit and all the many necessary requirements of a Westerner. Bert being an expert four-horse driver, handled the ribbons over the four broncos, and after a few wild breaks and mix-ups, we got them untangled and strung out, and were off for the mountains.

The ranch was 140 miles from Fort Collins, and the trip looked long to me, never having been used to long overland trips. The first night we rolled up in our blankets under the wagons, and the wind blew a hurricane all night. The next evening we stopped at the ranch of a friend of Luke's, where we were to stop over for a day or two to rest. The trout fishing was fine, and we enjoyed the stop and caught some fine strings of the speckled beauties. The "tenderfoot" sprained his ankle climbing among the rocks, which stopped all walking for a couple of days, but it was not until the evening of the last day of our stay at camp, so it did not cause any inconvenience, only the loss of a night's sleep. The last night there we left a pan full of trout, cleaned, ready for breakfast, sitting near the tent door, on the bank of the stream, and in the morning there wasn't a trout in the pan: a mink had been to breakfast ahead of us.

On the evening of the third day's travel we reached the "Sheep Grove," a little swampy place covered with a growth of alders and willows, out on the Laramie plains, in a blinding snowstorm. This was my first rough experience; at least I thought it was rough. Of course the first work was to build a fire, and then to put up a tent to protect Mrs. Wheeler and her little

baby. Anyone who has camped out in a snowstorm knows the rest of the programme; any who have not must try it to fully appreciate it. The next morning everything was snowed up so that moving our loaded wagons was not to be thought of, and there was only one thing to do: Luke took his wife and the horses and went back about four miles where there was a "road ranch" (which is a public stopping place along the road), and left us to take care of the outfit until the snow would go off. It was a very uninviting place to "put up." We could barely find enough wood, and of a very poor quality at that, to do our cooking, and the remainder of the time we kept warm the best way we could. It was there in the sheep grove, in the midst of a snowstorm, with a very poor fire, that I was informed that every fellow had to take his turn baking biscuit in the Dutch oven.

I had never baked a biscuit, and had not the remotest idea how it was done, but a protest would not go; so I "took my medicine," but when the biscuit were baked, or rather dried hard, then it was that the other fellows had to "take their medicine"; there was no alternative; it was eat them or go hungry. At night we could hear the coyotes howl, which was the first greeting I had of wild life. We wore away three of the longest days that it was ever my lot to see, and with them the snow was wearing away; at last we were gladdened by seeing Luke come to release us from our prison, and we were soon on our way, all the happier for the discomfort. When within fifteen miles of the ranch I saw my first antelope. Oh, how they could run, and how I wished to try my new gun on them. When within seven miles of our home we stopped at a large stock ranch for dinner, where our whole outfit was fed with the hospitality prevalent among frontier ranchmen. With much interest I wandered around among the outbuildings and saw hanging everywhere some evidence of big game in the way of old deer, elk or antelope horns and hides. I felt that at last I had reached the ideal place, the place I had thought and dreamed of and longed for from boyhood. I could hardly stay indoors long enough to eat; the air was so pure and bracing, the atmosphere so clear and everything so bright.

About four o'clock in the evening we rounded the curve, which brought us in full view of our destination, when Bob let forth one of his Comanche yells, which was no doubt familiar to any living creature which may have been in hearing. The buildings were all little one-story log cabins, which was the only kind of buildings to be found in that locality. I dumped my belongings into the bunk-house, which was a little 10x12 cabin, with the ground for a floor, and bunks made of poles fastened up in the corners. The location was a small park called Big Creek Park, six miles long by one mile wide, in the midst of the rugged Rockies, hundreds of miles from any settlements in most directions; a place too picturesque and beautiful to describe, within ten miles of where snow lies all summer and at an altitude of 8,200 feet above sea level. I felt just as I imagine a young duck would feel which had never been in sight of water, and which was suddenly turned loose to abundance of water; I just reveled in my surroundings.

The snow falls there to a depth which drives all big game to other localities in winter, and we had as yet no opportunity to learn whether it had come in, but I could not wait to find out; I was up next morning and out in the woods before it was clear daylight, to see if anything might be in sight. In the woods, just back of the house, I found old deer trails beaten solid with their travel, and many tracks of the year before were visible, but no fresh tracks. I was back in time for breakfast, and was ready to begin work. During the entire day I could see a fine bunch of antelope feeding on the hillside, less than a mile away, and I plotted their destruction.

The next morning I was up before daylight, took my gun and determined to go over and hide among some rocks near where they had been feeding and surprise them when daylight came. When I got half way over, while going through the meadow, I suddenly came to Big Creek, a good-sized stream and much swollen by the melting snows in the mountains, so that I could not cross over. I had not figured on any such obstacle in my way, and felt sort of "up a stump." In the darkness I could see the dim outlines of some of our horses nearby and soon found one which I knew to be gentle. I took off my suspenders and made a halter, and was soon mounted and agoing merrily over the stream. The first streak of dawn found me safely hid near the favorite feeding grounds of the antelope. When the light of day revealed the surroundings there were no antelope in sight. Not having time to wait, I crept over to another rocky ledge, which overlooked a draw or swale of low ground, where the green grass made a tempting bait for game. There I saw, about 200 yards away, a fine bunch of antelope, all unconscious of danger, if a tenderfoot could be termed dangerous. There was no way of getting nearer, and I ventured a shot, but they all got away with whole hides.

A few evenings after that Luke was going up to the other end of the park on horseback, where there had been no settlements, to try for a deer, and he took my gun to initiate it. When he came back he had a fine deer lashed on behind his saddle.

Bert and Bob purposed spending a few weeks trapping for beaver, and soon had their traps strung out for several miles up the creek. One morning we found several inches of snow on the ground and I gladly accepted an invitation to go with them to visit their traps. They went on horseback, and as I had neither horse nor saddle, Luke allowed me to take one of his horses. When about two miles from the ranch, we crossed the trail of a big bull elk which had passed less than half an hour before, where it went through the snow-covered willows. It made a path through the willows like a "steer in a cornfield," and the tenderfoot's eyes bulged out to see such huge tracks made by a wild animal. I was fairly wild to get out with my gun and kill something, but as I was employed as a ranch laborer, and my employer was an experienced hunter and could easily keep himself supplied with meat, my opportunities for hunting were limited; but since

I had at least gotten where I wanted, I was content to "say nothing and saw wood."

It was still early in the season for much game to be around. Our meat was running low, and a neighbor, Mr. Burkett, from twenty miles distant, came to Luke's on some business, and wanted some wild meat to take home with him. They had spent the whole day hunting, and got no meat. It was a cold and chilly evening; the men were in the house lingering over their supper while I had gone to the bunk-house. I happened to look up in a pasture about 300 yards from the house and there saw six bull elk coming down toward the house. I gave the alarm, and let Bob take my gun, as he had none there, and away they went. By that time they had turned, and were going back the other way, and Luke took a run of a half mile up a steep mountain side to head them off and drive them back to the other fellows, which he succeeded in doing. They all began shooting at long range, and Luke finally landed a shot in the hind quarters of one as it was going away from him, and it fell. After the band had disappeared we all came together. Luke's gun was empty and he was out of ammunition. Bob gave him my gun, and he and Mr. Burkett went after the band, while Bob and I went to take care of the one which was down; it was not killed, but was making desperate efforts to get up. Of course we had nothing to shoot with except our knives. I said I thought I could get on its head while Bob would cut its throat. I got on its head and grabbed it firmly by the horns, which were then in the velvet, and Bob commenced operations. Suddenly I found myself flying through the air and lit about twenty feet below, as it was on a steep little bluff. I looked back and the bull was on its feet and coming right toward me. I "scooted" to one side and it went on past, for it was not after me; it was only trying to get away.

It went directly toward the house, about 150 yards, and lay down among the willows. We found it and repeated our tactics, and that time succeeded in killing it, not more than 150 yards from the house.

Luke and Burkett shot away the last of their ammunition at the band and wounded one so badly they could almost catch it, but had to leave it and come home. The next morning I went after it and found it dead but still warm, evidently having been dead but a few minutes, and the meat was all right and I dressed it, and we packed it home that afternoon.

My opportunities for hunting that season were limited, but I managed to get out occasionally and succeeded in getting several fair shots at deer, but could not kill anything. I had never been used to the big guns, and nearly became disgusted with my luck. The worst disappointments were when Luke would send me out to get meat, and I would come home empty, which I always did, for I was envious of a reputation as a successful hunter. A ditch was being surveyed up in the mountains above Luke's by a stock ranch company, in the latter part of the summer, in which Luke was interested; they were at work about three miles from the ranch, and Luke instructed me one morning to take a saddle horse and go up and help with the surveying, and to take along my rifle in the hope of getting some meat, as we were out of meat. When half way up I saw an antelope away up on a hill. I left the horse and slipped up through a thicket of jack-pines and got within 100 yards of it. I shot at it, with very little hopes of getting it, but was surprised to see it rear up, make a few plunges and fall, rolling several rods down the hill toward me. I went through the intervening thicket of quaking asp like a scared wolf, and found my antelope still and dead, with a shot through its heart. I dressed it and hid it in the bushes and went on to work; going home in the evening with the antelope tied on the horse behind the saddle, feeling much uplifted.

EMERSON CARNEY.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lost on the Staked Plains.

A WRITER in a late number of Frank Leslie's Monthly gives an account of a scout, as he calls him (he was really an enlisted man that was being used as a courier), who was lost "in the far Northwest"; the exact locality is not given, but it was probably up in the northwestern part of Montana, just south of the Missouri River.

The man, mounted on a bronco, had started from some post there to carry a dispatch to an outpost. The story is all right, except the bronco part of it, he was not likely to have a bronco but a large American horse that would have more horse sense and use it in an hour than a bronco would in a life time.

The bronco was tried and found to be worthless as a cavalry horse thirty years ago, after our regiment, the Fourth Cavalry, had killed up about 2,000 of him. He is not heavy nor strong enough to carry what a cavalry horse has to carry, and has hardly sense enough to learn the drill. It may seem curious, but a good cavalry horse often knows more about the drill and trumpet calls than his rider does.

This man had started early in the spring, "when the midday sun thaws the surface of the snow, and a light frost afterward hardens the surface of the ice to a glaze that had crushed the snow over the trail, and the scout had to keep a sharp lookout so as not to lose the trail altogether." But he did lose it, then became snow blind, and finding himself lost tried to get his horse to take the back trail, letting the horse find it for himself.

This failed, and next the man, taking off the saddle, turned the horse loose, thinking he would find his way home, then cause a party to be sent out to hunt his rider.

The horse refused to leave, but stood over the man as he lay there until he was found by a mail rider five days after this. Why the man did not freeze to death at night long before this is not explained. Most men who are sent out as couriers are men who are not likely to get lost in the first place, and if they do happen to get lost, they have generally brains enough to find themselves again. I have often ridden as a courier,

but would be ashamed to get lost so badly anywhere that it would need some one else to find me. A country that is covered with snow looks far different, even to a man who knows it well, from what it does when covered with grass; but one must bear that in mind and keep his eyes open; if he does that and uses his brains he won't stay lost long.

I once had a job hunting up a lost man, but this one left on foot and was a man who would be about as likely to get lost on Broadway, New York, as he would on the Staked Plains, where he did get lost.

The Fourth Cavalry began to build Fort Concho in the fall of 1867, our troop H being the first one to start at it, but several other troops came soon after. That winter a few of our horses took what was called in after years the epizootic, we thought they had the glanders, and as no horse could be shot until it was sure that he had the disease, unless the officer who was charged with him wanted to have to pay for him, we tied the sick horses out in the timber away from the post, to observe the course of the disease, feed and take care of them. But we only had to do that one day; then the Indians relieved us of the job; for on the second night a small party of the Kohowdi Comanches made a raid on the horse hospital and lifted the whole of them. There could not have been a horse doctor in the band, or they may have been in too great a hurry to start for home to call the doctor. The horses were missed next morning, and a detail was sent after them. About noon they overtook the Indians, who dropped the horses and lit out. All except one of them escaped; this one a sergeant ran down, and after having a running fight with him, shot him, then took his pony, bow and arrows and shield and a Colt pistol, and brought them back with him. This sergeant was a young, smooth-faced fellow twenty-two years old; he had come from a good family in the East, had been turned out of a law college for some scrape, and then had come to us; he had probably been the black sheep of his family, but he conducted himself all right here, and on account of his being better educated and keeping himself neat and clean a great many of the men disliked him and gave it as their opinion that if an Indian would get after him the sergeant would faint. I had seen a good deal of him and thought that when the Indian did get after him it would not be the sergeant who would do the fainting; and the result proved that I for once was right.

When the sick horses were brought back, Major Cram, the commanding officer, announced that he would now proceed to drive these Indians to—well to a country where the squaws would not need to pack in any wood if the climate of this country is as warm as it is claimed to be. The major did not know then what a large contract he was giving himself and us. He never drove them anywhere in his time, though the rest of us kept on driving them on and off the Staked Plains for the next few years, until finally, on the 20th of September, 1872, our troop, F, of the Fourth Cavalry, under Major Wirt Davis, single-handed and alone, drove them into the North Fork of the Red River, then after thinning them out drove them on a reservation to stay on it.

After I had got to be a part Comanche myself, I asked them about this affair of the sick horses, and was told that the young man we had shot was the chief's son, and that when his party had got home minus any horses the squaws had lamented his death in sack cloth and ashes, principally ashes.

The major sent a troop after the Indians, and there not being men enough in this troop he detailed nine men and myself—I was a corporal then—to go with this troop.

We traveled northwest up as far as the Double Mountains, then directly west to a fine creek known afterward among us as Catfish Creek. The Indians had been in camp here in several places; it was their favorite camping ground always, but they were not here now, they had no doubt seen us coming and had made a hurried march out on the Staked Plains that begin right here at the creek.

We put in several days going up and down the creek, to make sure that the Indians were not on it, then went into camp here. I went as far out on the plains as it was safe to go, and wanted very much to get a chance to cross them clear to the Pecos. I got the chance several years after this, and saw a good deal of them, and while on them saw the only lunar rainbow I have ever seen; it was a beautiful one, too.

After this, Catfish Creek got a visit from us at least once a year, but with one exception the Indians were never at home when we called.

The exception was in the fall of 1869. Major Bacon, with a large command of colored troops and thirty-six of us white troops, paid them the annual visit and took in a few families that had been too slow about packing up; they were doing this when we called on them. We lay in camp a few days to rest the horses, we could not follow the Indians across the Staked Plains; in fact, it was supposed at that time that these plains could not be crossed without a good guide who knew where there was water. When we crossed them years after this, early in the spring, we found plenty of water; later in the season most of these small ponds would be dry, no doubt, but these plains may be farms now, plenty of water could be found on them by going down deep enough.

Our rations were running short, and the captain prepared to return, intending to go east of the Double Mountains, then south as far as an old post called Phantom Hill on the Clear Fork of the Brazos.

This post had a curious history. It was built by a few companies of an infantry regiment about the year 1859, and as soon as they had it finished they were ordered away, and when leaving they camped the first night only ten miles away. That very night the post was burned. The Indians got the credit of burning it, of course; but years after I learned from a man who

*This is the way the editor spells that tribe's name. I have always made it Cohattie, and have never but once seen it in print when written by any one else until now, then it was spelled Quehada. I am not a good enough Spanish scholar to be able to pronounce that properly. I called the name of the tribe as it sounded to me when they themselves pronounced it.

had helped to build it how it had been burned. While the infantry were in camp this night, a man borrowed a horse belonging to an officer, without going through the form of asking for it; and riding back to Phantom Hill set the whole place on fire. When I first saw it all that remained were the stone foundations and a small stone magazine.

The captain meant to send a courier in from Phantom Hill to the Concho and have rations and forage sent out to meet us; then we started and had got back as far as this small California creek and were in camp on it when, one afternoon, soon after going into camp, a corporal and half a dozen men went off hunting on foot. They came in again about an hour before sunset and reported that they had shot a buffalo three miles west of camp, and had left a man named Caldwell to keep the wolves off from it until they had brought out a mule, if the meat was wanted. The captain did not want it, as the corporal ought to have known; we were then getting as many buffalo as we wanted without hunting for them. He told the corporal to go and bring the man in, but on learning that the man had orders to come in before sunset, he told the corporal that he need not go. But Caldwell did not come in; and early next morning the corporal was sent out to where he had left him to see what had become of him. The corporal could not find him. Soon after this the first sergeant of the troop told me to report to the captain. "He wants to send out and see what has become of that man, and I told him that you knew the country, don't you?" said the sergeant.

"I know it no better than the rest of you. This is the first time I have been in it. But I have kept my eyes open while we have been in it. I can find him unless the Indians got him ahead of me."

The captain asked me what I thought had become of the man. "I hardly think he would desert here, do you?"

"No, sir; he has got lost. He may have remained out there until after dark, then has missed the camp. There is no telling where he is now, all I can do will be to find his trail if I can, then follow it."

"Go and do it, then, and when you have found him or are satisfied that you cannot find him, join me at Phantom Hill. I will remain there a few days. Now, in what direction is Phantom Hill from here?"

I gave him the direction.

"Yes, that is right. You won't get lost, I think. Go and do the best you can; I am not to blame for the man getting lost, but I hate to lose a man; we all do."

"I won't get lost, sir; I can travel by the map and compass; I have both of them here."

I had a copy of the same map the captain had and a good pocket compass, and never left camp without taking them with me.

I filled my horse's nose bag with wheat biscuit and raw bacon to carry as rations. I always carried a small bag of coffee, one of sugar and another with salt in it in my saddle pockets, along with a lot of extra ammunition, a small camp hatchet, and a pair of front shoes for my horse with the nails to put them on. I shod him myself, never letting the blacksmith touch him; he would want to put on heavy Burden shoes, then let them stay on until worn out; I wanted light Good-enough shoes on him and wanted them re-set or replaced once in every six weeks, and the quickest way to have that done was to do it myself. Any time that I was a troop quartermaster-sergeant no horse had to wear his shoes out before having them reset, but I was not one now.

I had a young greyhound, Spot, with me here, he went along also, and it was he who found Caldwell. I first went to where the buffalo had been killed, to try for the man's trail; but the corporal had been here on his horse to-day and had ridden and tramped all over the place and I could not now tell one man's trail from another. Next, going back on the prairie toward camp, I rode slowly around in a half-circle, but found no trail. Then trying the prairie to the west of this, I at last struck a trail, but it led straight west, and I followed it.

This country out here has a number of large creeks, most of them running south, while their branches came in from the west. Most of them were nearly dry now; what water was in them stood in pools; the most of it was brackish, to begin with; and the buffalo that used it did not improve it any.

I followed the trail at a walk for a mile or two; then it crossed a dry water course, and after a short time crossed it again. He had been going here in a circle, and his trail led out on the grass again. He was going east now at last.

Just now Spot, who had run ahead of me, stopped, and after smelling at something on the grass, began to eat it; going to him I found about ten pounds of that buffalo's tenderloin. I had noticed it missing when at the buffalo, but did not know which of the men had taken it. When we shot a buffalo we would take the tongue and tenderloin, even if we left everything else.

I picked up the trail here again, and soon after it led back to this dry creek, going directly west, and following the bed of the creek. I could follow it at a gallop, and at the same time keep a good lookout all around the country for Indians. It was true that we could not find any of them out here, but they were here, that I know, and could find me without any trouble. The trouble would commence when they had found me.

At last I came to the head of this dry creek, and here the trail took the grass again, still going west, and it was quite fresh now. I kept following, and when I had gone several miles further the trail led into another creek that had a pool of water in it here, and stopping I watered my horse, while Spot, who had drank already, ran on and up on a small rise, then stopped and began to wag his tail—he never barked at anything. I galloped to him, but the dog, instead of going on as he generally did, stood there looking up the creek; and looking up it myself I found my man, about 300 yards away on the side I had just left. He was kneeling with his back to a low bank, and his carbine up and pointed at me. I had heard of men who, when lost, had gone crazy, but I hardly expected a man would lose his mind in less than twenty-four hours.

Caldwell had no doubt been looking for Indians until now he had them on the brain, but I did not want him to shoot me for one. Taking off my hat I waved it, and then called his name. He still kept the gun up.

I got off my horse, and then going to one side held both my hands up; then calling my horse to follow we went slowly toward Caldwell, keeping a good look out that he did not shoot me. I was ready to drop at the flash of his gun.

Caldwell jumped up now, and throwing his gun down began to dance. Then I ran the rest of the way to him.

When I had got to him the first question he asked was, "Where am I?"

"Why, you seem to be right here. I don't see any of you missing," I told him. "Where did you suppose you were?"

"Well, where is camp?"

"Oh, camp is a little short of 24,000 miles from this. That is, if you mean to go to it by the route you have been taking. It is only about twenty-five miles behind you, though, that is a shorter route. What brought you here?"

"Why, I started after dark and must have taken the wrong direction."

"That is what you did. You should have gone east; you went west."

He had taken his boots off and his feet were so badly swollen that he could not get them on again, so I sent him down to the water, telling him to bathe his feet, while I made camp and got us something to eat. Then after I had taken off my saddle and staked my horse out on grass, I started a fire and boiled coffee.

I was well pleased, I had found my man in less than twelve hours after starting to hunt him, but it would be a job now to get him to Phantom Hill. I would have to do most of the walking, while he rode, and I had no use for walking, else I should not be in the cavalry.

Caldwell got back just as I had the coffee boiled and we ate supper, he would have eaten about all I had if I had let him; but I told him to eat only moderately, this being the first he had eaten since yesterday morning. We were only fed twice a day when on the march, and he had missed his supper last night. He said that while he was bathing his feet he saw what he took to be a lot of deer come across the prairie toward the water, but they saw him and ran back again.

"They were antelope, most likely," I told him. "I have not seen any deer here, but just before sunset I will go down and wait for them; I want one; I would sooner have them than the buffalo. If I can't get one I must shoot a buffalo, we must have something to eat."

Just before sunset I had Caldwell ride my horse down and water him, then had the horse tied out where he could not be seen from the water. Then going about fifty yards from the pool I lay down in the grass to wait for the antelope. The buffalo were coming in in long files for water. I did not want them here, but was afraid to run them off lest I might scare off any antelope that might be following them, and if the antelope did not show up before it had got too dark to shoot I would drop a buffalo. At last I saw a band of half a dozen or more antelope coming in from the west just across from where I lay flat in the grass. I let them come, meaning to shoot one just as they were leaving; but as they reached the water one of them threw up his head and looked in my direction; he had winded me.

I cut loose on them now with the Spencer, and put three shots into them just as they started to run, and one of them dropped. Then I stopped firing and going over to him found him to be a rather small one, but more than we needed; and carrying him down to camp I got my saddle on, then put him and Caldwell on it, then carefully putting out my fire, I moved back a mile or more away from this water and camped for the night without fire, just as an Indian would do when in the enemy's country. Then I got my antelope dressed ready for breakfast and to carry with us to-morrow.

"I cannot imagine," I told Caldwell, "what ever led you to go west. A school boy would know that as we had come from the west and you had left camp west of it, the camp must be east of you."

"How could I tell the east from the west after night?" he asked.

"I can, and if I could not I would not move an inch from where night found me."

"Well, we ain't all scouts and trailers," he said, "and anyhow, I never paid any attention to where camp was when I left it. I expected the rest to do that."

"Well, depend on yourself after this; and if you do get to be a scout and trailer it won't hurt you any. If you had been one you would not be here and need not furnish a subject for a lot of fools to laugh at when you get back. Some of them would get lost as easy as you did, but that won't prevent them from laughing at you."

We took turns sleeping and watching; I did not want to run any risk of losing my horse; there was small danger of our being found here, but it was well to be careful. At daylight we were back at the water ready to get breakfast, and were ready to start soon after sunrise.

Caldwell now began to study the first principles of a scout. He wanted the points of the compass, and pointing to the sun that was just rising he asked, if that was not east.

"No, not exactly east; it is a little south of it."

"Well, when I went to school the sun rose in the east and set in the west."

"You only thought so. In fact, it has about 360 days in the year in which it does not rise in the east nor set in the west, but it comes so near it that we can use those points if we have to to determine the east and west. I use the compass." And taking it I gave him the true east.

I followed my trail this day back to the camp I had left to come here, and it was well I did so. I had looked at the map before starting this morning, and had seen that to go through this camp would not take me much out of a straight line, and I knew that there was water there; I might not find any by keeping west of it without having to go too far for my horse to travel and keep in good order. He was not getting any forage now and had not had any for the past two weeks.

Caldwell and I rode turn about to-day, each of us riding five miles at a time; he had been able to get his boots on again this morning, and could do his share of the walking, I telling him that he was a better walker than I was—his trip west had proved it. I got to the camp I had left yesterday morning at about three o'clock in the afternoon, and on going into it the first thing I saw was a paper tied to a tree where I would not fail to see it. The captain had left it to tell me if I came this way to follow him into Fort Griffin; he had concluded to go there and not to Phantom Hill. I had been wondering why he did not go there in the first place, but I suppose he may have thought that they would not have much forage or rations there to spare him. This was a new post that had been started after our post at the Concho had been begun, and everything needed at both had to be hauled by ox trains all the way from San Antonio. Griffin was built on the Clear Fork a few miles west of the old town of Palo Pinto.

Caldwell wanted to go hunting again as soon as we had made camp.

"No, not to-day, I don't want to do any more hunting for you; take a rest here to-day. I mean to go clean through to Griffin to-morrow; it will be a long ride but my horse can stand it. There is a feed of corn for him when he gets there."

We started as soon as it was light enough to see the trail next morning, and got into Griffin a few hours after the troop did, they having taken two days to go in while I made it in one.

Then I reported my return and turned Caldwell over to the captain, I had expected that he would get a calling down from the captain; but all the captain said to him was, "You have got off very lucky, Caldwell; you probably owe your life to the corporal. After this keep your eyes open and watch where you go; it pays to do that in this country."

CABIA BLANCO.

Camping in Ontario.

III.—A Rainy Day.

Drip! Drip! Drip! No heavy showers had fallen during the night; yet the branches of the pines drooped with the weight of moisture in them, weeping copious tears upon our shrouded island—like near relatives. From the doorway of our camp shack we cast our eyes about, from the ground to the water, from the water to the nebulous mist that hung above it, from mist to sky, and from the sky back to the ground and the saturated branches of the trees. All were in league. The ground seemed to perspire in all places; the lake's surface gave off a vapory steam; somber night clouds seemed to linger in the vault of the sky as the first smoke of the camp-fire lingered in our shack; and down through the fog percolated a fine, misty, drizzling rain. Drizzle, drizzle; drip, drip. When a breeze should start to blowing from the bay, and things should cool off a bit, we might expect to receive our showers clean-cut; but that would come later in the day.

Upon high, bare limbs of three of the tallest of the dead, white pine trees of "Burnt Island," across the way, sat three stately eagles. A rain storm is always a thing to rejoice over in the feathered kingdom. Like three grave saints the birds seemed silently to return thanks to the Sender of all Good Things. It seemed to be their hour of consecration. Irreverently a small rifle was produced and bullets were fired; but the aim being poor at that distance they made as little impression upon the eagles as a peasant's gibes upon a king.

The breakfast fire sizzled and sputtered, meanwhile, with a noise like that which comes from a blacksmith's tempering tub. Drip, drip; drizzle, drip. It took the guide longer to get breakfast than usual, so it seemed; but we were not without employment in the interval in searching out our rainy-day apparel.

After our morning meal we made ready to put off, as usual, in the canoe, this morning determined to coast along the shores trying each favorite hole and testing the truth of the commonly accepted belief that fish bite best on rainy days. Out upon the water it seemed that the rain fell to more purpose than previously. A million fine drops made their quick impacts upon the water's surface, each creating a tiny series of rings, the widening forms of which were immediately destroyed by succeeding drops. A light breeze, at first scarcely perceptible, but feeling comfortably cool against the wet cheek, began to give a slant to the rain. The mist above us vanished so stealthily that our first knowledge of its withdrawal came when, chancing to glance skyward, we ascertained that the clouds had taken definite shape and that they moved with the upper air currents. Now a darker cloud blew over us and the rain from it came in larger drops and more fiercely, so that instinctively we drew our mackintoshes closer about us; now it came again mildly.

The soft "thur-r-r-r-r" that comes from an unreeling line when the bait is cast, and the gentle splash as the bait strikes the water, told me that my companion had stolen a march upon me; but my laugh was best, for he was soon permitted to take from his hook a hungry "rockie" for his pains. How voracious the rock bass were! A moment's fishing in that place taught us that we must move further on for the small-mouths. Holding our rods expectantly aloft, like delicate masts to our canoe, we drifted slowly near the wet foliage of the shore, impelled by an occasional dip of the paddle, and cast our frogs or bits of perch into this or that likely appearing hole. Suddenly I knew by a quick bending of my rod that a fish had struck. With a rapid succession of movements my rod whipped the water's surface as the bass swam with powerful tug in a downward slant under the canoe. A momentary release of the reel freed my pole; but now I found it necessary to reel in quickly to take up the slack, for the fish had turned upward in another direction. Away he went with it again, however, tugging like a spirited horse upon the reins. With instant courtesy my companion for the day attempted to handle our bark in the manner which should prove most to my advantage in the struggle. Ever alert between the necessity of letting out line and of taking in slack, so that the fish should not be left for a second without proper bridle, I held firmly to the throbbing pole, while the fish dived, rose, tacked this way and now in the opposite direction,

at one time keeping the pole bent and the line taut, and at another time making me work to keep them so. Now he dived under the canoe; now he started upon a straight away run, tugging with all the vigor that was in him.

At the end of one of these long runs I felt a sudden slack in the length of line I had let out; and before my reel could do its work a splendid fish leaped clear of the water and dived back with a powerful twist of its shining body, striking the water with a great splash. My hand worked quickly, nervously, at the reel; but a turn or two told me that the fish had thrown the hook. Groans of regret escaped from my companion's lips before I could bring in the line for a glimpse of the empty barb. Immediately he pronounced the fish a "whopper," and the "king of bass"—and I believe it grew faster there in ten minutes than it had ever done before in an entire season or two.

Again and again we cast into this deep hole from which the grandfather of bass had arisen, and once or twice we thought that we had tempted him; but not again could he be coaxed above the rain smitten surface. Once especially a vigorous tug and pull aroused momentary hopes; but the fish that was hooked was brought quite easily to the surface and proved to be a lusty pike. Throwing this fish disgustfully back into the water—to which he took very kindly, indeed, dashing immediately away in quest, no doubt, of a fish surgeon to patch his lacerated jaw—we gave up the bass for that day and paddled down the lake for other grounds, talking over the encounter on the way and planning how we might catch the fellow at another time.

Shower after shower swept over us. Whenever, looking behind us, we saw a heavy wall of water advancing down the lake, we merely paused in our fishing, meekly took the dousing and proceeded again good naturedly when the cloud had passed. But our sport, for some reason, began to give out. This was due, I think, to the fact that rock bass, perch, and bullheads looked upon our bait as legitimate food for their stomachs and rushed upon it with their rainy-day appetites whenever it came within their reach, leaving the more wary bass to appease their hunger elsewhere. Overwhelmed at last by this voraciousness of the common rabble of fish, we settled down at a likely pool to catch for the morrow's breakfast a mess of bullheads—lazy, yet savage fighters, whom one, nor two, nor three pricks of the hook does not teach discretion.

So our rainy day became a careless, jolly day, as such a day will. We laughed immoderately at each new wetting. We ate our luncheon between showers, with poles in hand, remaining in the canoe all day. As the afternoon wore on the sun burst now and then through the clouds, lighting up distant storm areas and adding a peculiar beauty to the showers that passed over us in shadow and receded with the light upon them.

Resuming, upon our homeward journey, however, our more serious fishing, we whipped each likely pool with thoroughness. So zealous were we, indeed, that, in hugging the shore line, we passed unwittingly beyond our camping place, and when, at last, we turned the nose of our canoes about we beheld the island in the mellow light of a waning sun. For a moment before dipping the paddles we lost ourselves in admiring contemplation of the picture; there, arching the eastern skies above our camp, we beheld with fresh joy that signal of the mightiest of truces—the Bow of Promise.

MILTON MARKS.

Natural History.

Wild Rice.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of March 29, 1902, we called attention to Mr. Albert Ernest Jenks' most interesting paper on the wild rice gatherers of the Great Lakes and said something of the importance of this food to primitive man in this country and to many of the wild creatures that at certain seasons swarm over our inland waters. There has just been issued by the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture an interesting paper on Wild Rice: Its Uses and Propagation, which contains so much information and of so practical a sort that we are glad to make full extracts from it here. The many unsuccessful efforts made by gunners to propagate this food for wild fowl justify our speaking of it at length, and it is advised that this article be retained for reference. From the article we take the following paragraphs:

The importance of wild rice as a food for wild fowl and the interest in its artificial propagation are indicated by the large number of inquiries regarding it that have come to the Department of Agriculture during recent years. These inquiries have emanated from many different localities widely separated, thus showing that the interest in this plant is not confined to any limited region. The general demand has been to know where viable seed of this plant could be obtained and how and where it should be sown to bring successful results. Some interest has also been manifested in the possibilities of preparing from this seed a commercial cereal food.

The seed of wild rice has been used for food by the Indians, particularly those of the middle Northwest, since as long ago, at least, as the first acquaintance of the white man with their customs. Notwithstanding the abundance of other forms of cereal food, such as flour and corn meal, since the advent of the white man, the Indian of the upper Mississippi Valley has continued to use large quantities of wild rice, and this, too, in spite of the fact that the harvesting and curing of the seed require considerable arduous labor. Wild rice, as prepared for food by the Indians, is highly esteemed by the white men who have had the opportunity of testing it, and the entire available supply now sells at from two to three times the price of ordinary white rice.

While by far the largest demand for information regarding this plant has come from men or organizations wishing to secure viable seed for planting near shooting grounds to attract wild fowl, the possibility of preparing from the seed a large and regular supply of a nutritious and highly flavored cereal food has received some attention. The importance of maintaining good

feeding grounds for wild fowl, of which the propagation of wild rice is a very important element, needs no discussion, and the desirability of propagating a plant which will make the otherwise waste-water areas of the upper Mississippi Valley yield a valuable and highly esteemed cereal is also evident.

Distribution and Habitat of the Plant.

The wild rice plant (*Zizania aquatica* L.) occurs naturally over a wide area in the United States and southern Canada. The same species is also reported from Japan, Formosa and China. It finds its best environment in the United States in fresh-water lakes and river sloughs and along the seacoast where streams meet tidewater. It requires that the water in which it grows be fresh, that is, not brackish, and that it be neither quite stagnant nor too swiftly moving, and while it thrives on a wide variety of soils under these waters, it does best where the bottoms are soft and muddy.

The change in water level, where the plant grows, is an important item. For instance, it will frequently fail to do well or to grow at all in some of the northern lakes through which the Mississippi flows, especially if the annual change in water level in these lakes is more than 2 or 3 feet. There is, on this account, in the minds of some observers an opinion that wild rice normally grows only alternate years, or, at least, that it does not grow every year in a given locality. This idea is without foundation, and its existence is probably due to the fact that occasional years of high water prevent the development of wild rice for that year, while a normal level the following year permits the regular growth.

This calls attention to the peculiar vitality of the seed of this plant. It is evident that if the growth of wild rice in a given locality is wholly prevented for a year by high water, and there is an abundant growth the next year when the water level is normal, there must be a large proportion of the seed which remains dormant and viable for at least eighteen months after it reaches maturity.

In streams affected by tidewater, however, where the daily change of water level sometimes amounts to 3 feet or more, wild rice may grow vigorously. It is abundant along the shores of the lower Potomac, where it grows on mud flats that are nearly or quite exposed at low tide and submerged by 2 or 3 feet of water at high tide. The plant has, in this case, become adapted to this frequent change of water level, but if for any reason high water were retained over these beds for any considerable length of time during the early spring the plants would hardly develop.

Wild rice will grow on a wide variety of soils, but it needs for its best development approximately the following conditions:

Soft alluvial soil, covered with from 12 inches to 4 feet of water. The water level should not have an annual variation greater than 18 or 20 inches. The water should be constantly freshened by slight movement and consequent aeration.

Life History and Natural Propagation.

The wild rice plant is an annual. It bears abundant crops of seeds which fall directly into the water as soon as ripe and lie buried in the mud below until the following spring when, if conditions are favorable, they germinate and produce new plants. In the northern lakes the long ribbon-like leaves appear floating upon the surface of the water late in May. By the latter part of June the stems have grown sufficiently to raise the leaves above the water. In the South the growth starts much earlier. On the mud flats of the lower Potomac the plants may be 6 inches high by the first of May. Strange as it may seem, the period of flowering and ripening of wild rice is almost the same in northern Minnesota and along the Potomac River, near Washington, though on account of the earlier start in the southern region the period of growth is much longer.

The panicles appear during the latter part of July, and the flowers open immediately. The glumes of the pistillate flowers separate at the base to allow the stigmas to protrude and be pollinated and closing again soon after fertilization is accomplished leave the withered stigmas outside. Immediately after fertilization the young seed begins to elongate, and gradually fills the space within the floral envelope. This development requires about two or three weeks, and as soon as it is completed the connection with the stem is weakened and the seed falls off. The time of maturing of the different seeds in a single panicle extends over several days, the seeds on the tips of the branches ripening first.

The seeds, on falling, usually strike the water with the point of attachment below and sink immediately to the bottom. If by accident the distal end strikes first, enough small particles of air are caught by the barbs borne there to keep the seed on the surface of the water for a time, but as these air bubbles escape the seed sinks.

Varieties.

While distinct differences in size and form of panicle, the coloration of the plant, and the size of the seed have been noticed in wild rice from various regions, there is as yet insufficient evidence to justify making a new species. It is impossible to say at the present time to what extent these differences are due only to environment. The wild rice of northern Minnesota and that growing along the lower Potomac show the extreme variations in some respects. The Potomac plants grow 8 to 10 feet high and 6 to 7 feet above the water and have a very large panicle, often exceeding 2 feet from the lower joint to the tip of the pistillate end. The pistillate portion of the panicle in the Potomac plant is distinctly spreading and the branches often bear 17 to 27 seeds. The plant common to the northern Minnesota lakes is smaller than that of the Potomac, usually reaching only 3 or 4 feet above the water. The panicle is shorter, rarely if ever exceeding 20 inches in length, more often 16 inches or less. The pistillate portion rarely exceeds 10 inches in length and usually has its branches closely appressed. When spreading of the

branches of the pistillate portion of the panicle does occur in the wild rice of the northern lakes it is seldom that all the branches of a panicle are spreading—frequently only 1 or 2 of them, rarely more than 4 or 5—and the branches of the panicle of the Minnesota plant rarely carry more than 9 seeds, usually from 3 to 7.

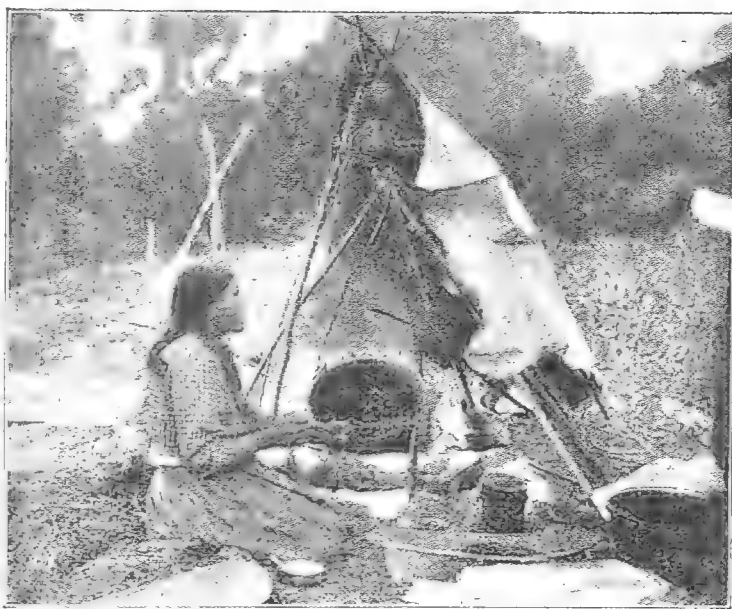
The seeds from northern varieties are larger, particularly much thicker, than those of the Potomac variety.

There is also in the northern-grown wild rice a marked distinction in coloration. Some of the plants are a rich purple color in the panicle, and have a large amount of purple coloring in the leaf sheath and along the margin of the leaf blade, while others remain with almost no suggestion of any color but green, except, perhaps, a pinkish tinge in the glumes of the staminate



FRESHLY GATHERED WILD RICE DRYING ON A SCAFFOLD.

flowers. The stamens in all cases are uniformly of a rich bright yellow, and the mature seeds are always black. Some seeds are green or greenish brown in color, but this is due to their immaturity. It is difficult to understand this difference in color in wild-rice plants. It has been shown that the plants are uniformly cross-pollinated, and plants of both colors grow side by side in the northern lakes, though in some localities plants of one color or the other predominate; and while one may find a few cases of colors intergrading between these two, the extremes of coloration are the rule, and, except in rare cases, marked coloration, when it occurs, extends throughout the plant. For instance,



INDIAN WOMAN PARCHING WILD RICE.

a dark purple pistillate panicle almost invariably accompanies dark purple staminate flowers, and a large amount of that color in the leaf sheath and blade. Color variation is found in the Potomac wild rice, though to a much less degree.

Harvesting the Seed.

Almost all the wild rice seed now harvested is gathered by Indians into birch-bark canoes. This is done usually by two persons working together, one standing in the bow of the canoe and propelling it with a forked stick, and the other seated in the stern with two short sticks, by means of which the plants on either side of the canoe are gently pulled over it and the ripe seed beaten off. No attempt is made to get all the seed off the plants at one time. It is customary rather to take only the seed which falls readily and to visit the same plants later as more seeds ripen. The period of ripening extends over nearly two weeks for any field and over several days for any single plant, so that were one to attempt to harvest all the rice on a given area it would be necessary to go over that area at least four or five times at intervals of from two to three days. Recently some attempts have been made to construct machinery for harvesting wild rice seed from boats driven by screw or drawn by cable. So far, however, such endeavors have not been entirely successful.

It is customary in some sections for the Indians to prepare wild rice for harvesting by going through the field before any of the seed is quite ripe to draw the heads of adjacent plants into bunches, which are firmly tied together, so that the seed, as it ripens, will not fall. This custom, however, is not universal, and is only resorted to when the supply of wild rice is not abundant and it is desirable to gather as much as possible from certain fields. When a portion of a field is so tied up it can be left until after all the untied seed has been harvested or has fallen, and in this way the harvesting period is extended. This preliminary tying is, of course, a tedious operation, and would be expensive

were the time of the operator a salable quantity. The harvesting of wild rice is not regarded by the Indians as a particularly arduous task, though attempts by white men to do the same work have not proved very successful.

Preparation of the Seed for Food Purposes.

After the wild rice seed is harvested into the canoe, it is taken ashore and put in piles or spread out for a preliminary drying. (Pl. VI., fig. 2.) If allowed to remain piled up for more than a few hours when fresh, fermentation sets in, as the seed is very damp and soft when gathered, so that almost immediately after it is harvested it is either spread out thinly to dry, or is parched ready for hulling. The parching is at present done by the Indians in a very primitive way, as is shown in Plate VI., fig. 1. The seed is put into a kettle over a slow fire and stirred with a stick until it is roasted, so that the hull is brittle enough to be easily broken. Not much more than a half bushel can be parched at a time, and it requires from half an hour to an hour to parch a single lot, and the seed demands constant attention throughout the parching process to keep it from burning. Unless stirred evenly the kernels pop open or become so brittle as to break up badly in the subsequent hulling process. There is a most excellent opportunity for the development of some simple device for the uniform parching of wild rice seed. The parching is what gives the seed its highly esteemed flavor as a food, and if this operation and the subsequent hulling can be done uniformly the percentage of burned and broken seed will be much less than at present, and, furthermore, the cost of production of the food will be very greatly reduced.

After the seed has been parched it is spread out to cool, and soon after it is hulled. The hulling is at present the most tedious operation in the whole process of preparation. The Indians ordinarily accomplish it by putting about a bushel of the seed into a hole in the ground, lined with cedar staves or burnt clay, and then beating or punching it with heavy sticks. Often three or four men work together on one lot. After the seed has been beaten until the hulls have all been cracked or broken, the grains and hulls are separated by tossing the mixture up into the wind from light birch-bark baskets. After the parching and hulling are finished the grain is sufficiently dry to keep indefinitely. Plate VII. shows some wild rice seed with the hull on, some with hull removed, and some parched seed, also with the hull removed.

As a food material this parched wild rice is highly esteemed by those who like the "gamy" flavor which it acquires by parching. It is cooked with wild fowl and also used as a breakfast food. For either purpose it should have several preliminary washings in cold water to remove any disagreeable smoky taste. It is also used to a limited extent for making rice cakes. For this purpose it is milled and the darker outer coat is sifted out. When milled without being parched this outer coat is difficult to remove, as it breaks up into small particles that do not readily separate from the flour, so that for all use as food the seed should be first parched and hulled.

The results of chemical analysis given below show approximately the comparative value of wild rice for food purposes. For the table and the statement concerning it the writers are indebted to Dr. C. F. Langworthy, of the Office of Experiment Stations of the Department of Agriculture.

The Food Value of Wild Rice.

Wild rice resembles common cereal grains quite closely in composition. As is the case with wheat, rye, barley, and other grains, the greater portion of the nutritive material consists of carbohydrates, although the amount of protein is proportionately large. Wild rice contains little fat, in this respect resembling rice, barley and wheat more closely than corn and oats. Judged by its composition and fuel value, it compares very favorably with the common cereal grains. So few analyses of wild rice are available that but little can be said regarding the range in the proportional amount of the different constituents. Furthermore, little is known of the comparative digestibility of wild rice and other grains. From its extended use by the Indians and others it seems safe to assume that this grain is wholesome, and as said above, analysis shows that it is, like the more common cereals, a nutritious food.

When wild rice is soaked in water a peculiar odor is noticeable, recalling that of damp hay. When it is boiled it also possesses a characteristic odor, something like that of boiled barley. The raw grain has a starchy taste, while the cooked grain resembles barley much more than white rice in taste. The flavor is characteristic and is relished by many. When cooked, the wild rice kernels expand to about two or three times their original size, and except for the bits of dark outer covering ordinarily present the cooked material is of a grayish-white color. In Minnesota and adjacent States, where wild rice is best known, it is usually eaten as a breakfast cereal, or cooked in much the same manner as ordinary white rice.

Artificial Propagation.

When wild rice seed is to be used for propagating purposes it is now customary to secure it from Indians as soon as possible after it is harvested, and to spread it out thinly over some sort of a floor in the shade and stir it frequently until it is dry. Since it has been extremely difficult to germinate seed so treated, or to secure successful plantings from seed obtained upon the market, there is good reason for believing that it is the present methods of curing seed that are at fault. It was largely for the purpose of determining where this fault lay and how best to remedy it that investigations were instituted. It is true that many of the unsuccessful plantings made during the past owe their failure to the improper selection of the place for planting, due to ignorance regarding the nature of the plant and its environmental requirements; but it is certainly true that the plant may grow in many localities where it is not now found, provided good seed is obtainable.

Previous Failures in Planting.

Some instances are reported where successful plantings have been made, but the greater number have proved entire failures. This is no doubt due to the fact that the seed which is ordinarily obtained from the Indians, is treated in such a manner as to kill the germ. It is allowed to ferment during the curing process or to become too dry, either of which conditions seriously injures its vitality. Practically all attempts to germinate thoroughly dried seed have proved unsuccessful.

Plantings Made in 1902.

In order to determine the best methods to be used in curing, storing, and planting the seed, a series of plantings was made both in northern Minnesota and at Washington, D. C. The seed was collected fresh and planted in tubs of mud sunk into the muddy bottoms where wild rice naturally grows. The tubs were covered with fine screens to prevent other seeds getting in and to prevent the removal or destruction of the seed planted. These plantings were examined from time to time. No signs of germination were noticed in the autumn immediately following the planting, but at the time the naturally sown seed around the tubs began to grow, in the spring of 1903, the seed in the tubs was found to be germinating freely, thus showing that when the seed is planted in a fresh condition and never allowed to heat or dry it will grow well.

Plantings were also made by Mr. D. W. Hallam, of Dover, N. H., in a number of ponds where wild rice had never grown. In some the seed was planted in the fall of 1902, and in others in the spring of 1903. These ponds were visited the second week in June, 1903, and the plants were found to be growing well in all cases.

Storing Seed.

Mr. Hallam has succeeded in keeping wild rice seed over winter with its vitality uninjured. The following extract from a letter from him under date of April 15, 1903, shows how this was done:

"The wild rice was ordered with instructions to ship as soon as gathered without drying. I received it on the 27th day of October, 1902. The barrel was placed on end in the shade out-of-doors, the head taken out, with about a bushel of seed, and a faucet was put in at the bottom to drain the water. The seed was weighted with a cover, and cold water enough to fill the barrel put in each morning and drained out daily. The barrel was kept full. On the 5th of December ice began to form on the inside of the barrel. Care was taken in adding water so as not to burst the barrel. By the 25th of December there was a frozen mass of ice and seed that filled the barrel. No water was then added until the middle of March, and then only enough to keep the barrel full, for as yet there was quite a mass of ice and seed. Since April began it has been necessary to change the water daily. Our water here is quite cold, 45 to 55 degrees F. I have sent a sample bottle."

The seed received from Mr. Hallam with this letter had germinated and had sprouts from one-half to one inch in length when it arrived. Later, a larger quantity of seed, about two quarts, was received from Mr. Hallam, of which 75 per cent. had germinated.

It seems from the results of the experiments referred to that wild rice can be successfully grown from seed either by sowing the fresh seed as soon as it is gathered or by keeping it in water over the winter and sowing in the spring. In most instances it will no doubt be found more satisfactory to sow in the fall, providing the place sown can be protected from waterfowl and other animals likely to destroy the seed, since such a practice will avoid the trouble of keeping the seed wet during the winter. When the seed is kept in water, either for storage or transportation, the water must be changed frequently or aerated, as fermentation sets in if it is allowed to stand for any length of time.

The seed can be shipped or stored for a short time by packing it in dampened moss or excelsior, and this is a convenient way to prepare it for shipment. It is necessary to separate the seed from the moss or excelsior by layers of cloth, as it cannot conveniently be sown when mixed with either. The package, when made up thus for shipment, must not be too thick or too tight to prevent some slight circulation of air, or fermentation will at once set in.

Suggestions for Harvesting, Storing and Planting.

(1) Orders should be placed before the harvesting season is commenced, so that the seed may be shipped immediately after it is gathered.

(2) Care should be taken to gather only fully matured seed.

(3) Seed should not be allowed to dry when it is to be used for propagation. For shipment or storage it must be kept wet, with frequent changes of water or packed in damp moss or excelsior in ventilated packages.

(4) Wherever practicable, autumn planting is recommended.

(5) Care should be used in selecting the place for planting seed to get the proper depth of water—from 1 to 3 feet, with a thick layer of soft mud underneath—and the water should be neither quite stagnant nor too swiftly moving.

The Carcajou.

ABOUT that carcajou. I wonder if you are right? My query is because our old standby, Mayne Reid, was, on the whole, a pretty reliable duck on natural history, and it is my impression that in one of his books, I think the "Desert Home," he speaks of both the carcajou and the wolverine as two different beasts, his description of the former being distinctly one of the big cats of jaguar propensities. Ever read it?

J. P. T.

[Carcajou was a name given to several species of carnivora, just as has been the term catamount. Carcajou sometimes meant cougar, or Canada lynx, or even badger. Most often, however, it was used for the wolverine (*Gulo luscus*).]

Our Batrachians and Reptiles.—VIII

WITH the exception of the snakes, there is no other group of reptiles which has taken a greater hold on the popular imagination than the members of the order *Loricata*, a group represented among living animals only by the family *Crocodylidae*. These large animals, commonly known as crocodiles, alligators, caymans, gavials, and jacares, are common inhabitants of the streams, lakes, and swamps of the tropical portions of the earth, where their unprepossessing appearance and disagreeable habits make them at once fit subjects for almost superstitious dread.

We have all read of the crocodiles of the Nile and the Ganges. Along the former stream they were held in veneration and worshipped as deities by the inhabitants of some cities. During life they were attended and fed in temples erected in their honor, and after death they were embalmed and laid away with all the ceremony due to a god. In other cities in the same region the inhabitants, evidently with a better knowledge of the crocodile's real character, regarded them as the embodiment of evil, and destroyed them whenever possible. Along the Ganges, even at the present time, the crocodiles are said to enjoy a certain amount of protection from the natives, but, thanks to the influence of English civilization, they are no longer fed on such tidbits as tender babies or beautiful young women.

There can be no doubt that in some parts of the world, and under some circumstances, some of the crocodilians are dangerous beasts, and do not hesitate to attack other creatures as large as themselves, or even man. There are numerous, apparently well authenticated, accounts of such onslaughts in the writings of various travelers, but it must be believed that in most cases the animals are not as bad as they are painted.

The family *Crocodylidae* is represented in the United States by two species, an alligator (*Alligator mississippiensis*), and a crocodile (*Crocodylus americanus*). The latter inhabits only the lower end of the Florida peninsula, from Lake Worth southward; the range of the former extends from North Carolina to Texas, but is limited to a comparatively narrow belt along the sea coast, except on the larger streams, which it ascends for a considerable distance. It has been found on the Mississippi River as far up as Jefferson county, Miss. In the swamps of Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana and Texas it abounded until the value of its skin and teeth led to indiscriminate destruction.

In habits both the alligator and the crocodile are eminently aquatic, but may, and often do, leave the water to bask in the sunshine. In times of extreme drouth they may bury themselves in the mud and lie in a semi-dormant condition until their pond is filled again; but usually they travel across country to the nearest body of water. The crocodile is more partial to brackish water, and lives nearer the sea, as a rule, than the alligator.

In general appearance the two animals resemble each other very closely, but differ in many minor characteristics. The head of the alligator is broader and heavier, and the outline of the sides from the back of the jaws to the snout is rather strongly convex, in contrast with which the same outline in the crocodile is straight, or even concave. In the alligator, the teeth of the lower jaw, when the mouth is closed, are completely concealed, as they are received within the upper jaw, but in the crocodile one of the larger tusks of the lower jaw passes outside of the upper lip and is plainly visible from the side. In the crocodile there is a sort of crest or high ridge of large scales along the back of the hind leg, a character which is only slightly or not at all developed in the alligator.

Living specimens in the water may be distinguished by the fact that the upper surface of the alligator's head is nearly flat, while the crocodile has a strong ridge running lengthwise from the nostrils back nearly to the eyes.

The presence of the crocodile in the United States was first made known by Dr. Jeffries Wyman, who secured a skull of the animal from Florida as early as 1870. Five years later, Mr. Wm. F. Hornaday visited its haunts and in a small creek near Biscayne Bay succeeded in shooting a large male fourteen feet in length, and in the weeks following collected quite a series of specimens. According to his account (*American Naturalist*, Vol. IX., p. 498, 1870), the animal is quite rare, is very difficult to approach, and is extremely tenacious of life. They are much more savage than the alligator, and the males fight each other to such an extent that almost every full grown individual shows marks of many conflicts; the teeth are shattered, tails and even jaws are bitten off, and the skin is covered with great scars.

The females produce their eggs in the early spring, and place them in layers in a shallow cavity, which they scoop out in the bank of the stream or pool. Each layer of eggs is covered with grass and leaves, and over the whole a considerable amount of decaying material is placed. The number of eggs is stated to be from twenty to thirty. The heat of the fermenting pile of damp vegetation hatches the eggs in about thirty days. What becomes of the young after they emerge from the nest is not recorded.

The food of the crocodile consists of such mammals, birds, and other animals as it can capture in the water or near its margins. The prey is dragged beneath the surface and either eaten as soon as it is dead or is kept until putrefaction is well advanced, and then pulled ashore and devoured.

The habits of the alligator are comparatively well known, a fact doubtless due to the former abundance of the animal throughout the greater part of its range, and the persistency with which it has been hunted. In the preceding paragraphs, however, mention has been made of the general life history with sufficient exactness, for there is very little to make it remarkable, and only the food and the egg laying habits remain to be described.

The food consists of nearly every kind of animal matter which the alligator can capture. Fish are caught in the water and great destruction is wrought among the wading and swimming water fowl. Small animals of any kind feeding along the bank are liable to be rushed at and captured, and it is said that large animals like cattle and horses have been seized by the nose as they drank. Whatever the prey, it is drawn down under the water and held until life is extinct, and is then dragged ashore and eaten. In the winter the alligator passes a portion of the time in hibernation, and as a preparation for this event is said by old hunters to swallow pebbles and pieces of wood. These, of course, are indigestible, but they serve to keep the walls of the stomach apart and reduce the pangs of hunger to a minimum; in the spring they are ejected as rounded and polished bits of stone and wood.

The time of mating has not been recorded, but in April or May the females repair to some secluded spot for the purpose of laying their eggs. They scrape together a low mound of decaying vegetation and on it deposit a

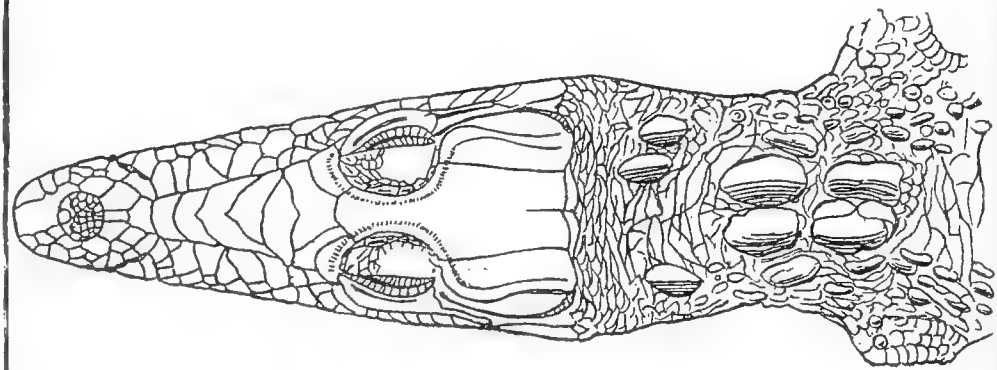


Fig. 1.—Head of the American Crocodile.

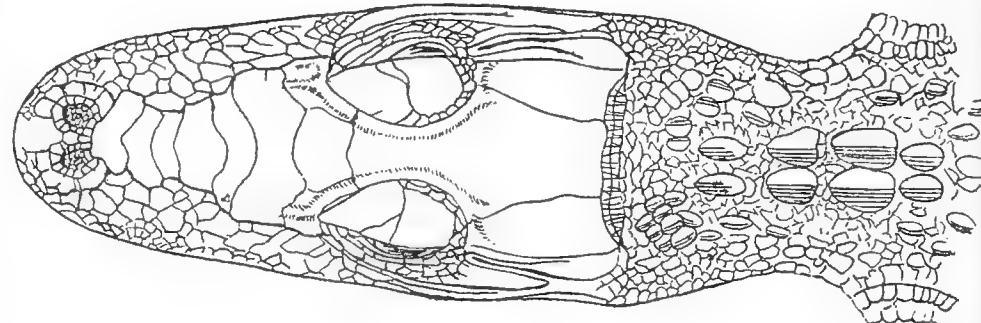


Fig. 2.—Head of *Alligator mississippiensis*.

layer of eggs and cover them carefully with more vegetation. A day or two later a second layer of eggs is placed above the first and covered in the same manner. This continues until from 100 to 200 eggs have been deposited and the mound has reached the height of two or three feet. During the period of incubation, a process which is effected both by the heat of the sun and the decay of the pile of humus, the female remains in the immediate neighborhood of the nest, and is said to defend it with vigor against any intruders. The eggs, which are about the size of those of a goose, are protected by a strong, rough shell, and are so placed in the nest that the slightest disturbance will make them rattle about and give warning to the mother. As soon as the young are hatched they dig their way out of the nest and are conducted to the water by their mother. She feeds them on food which she disgorges and to the best of her ability protects her tender offspring from their natural enemies, the turtles, fishes, and water birds. Nevertheless great numbers of the young alligators perish, probably not more than two or three per cent. reaching maturity. They soon forsake their parent, and probably take no further interest in her movements. Growth in this animal is very slow. At the age of fifteen years they are only two feet long, and a specimen twelve feet in length is probably at least seventy-five years old.

It is only within recent years that the alligator has come into prominence as an article of commerce. When Josh Billings stated of the animal that it "was made for sum useful purpose, but, like the muskeeter, the bedbug, and the kokroach, their usefulness has been carefully hid from us," he was certainly not aware that the traffic in mounted specimens, teeth, and hides would soon amount to some hundreds of thousands of dollars annually. Such, however, is the case, or at least was the case until the indiscriminate destruction of both young and old practically exterminated the animal in many localities where it once abounded. It has been estimated that in the fourteen years between 1880 and 1894 in the State of Florida alone 2,500,000 alligators were killed. In addition

to this innumerable eggs were collected and destroyed, or blown and sold as curios to northern tourists.

The valuable portions of the animals are the skin and the teeth. The former, as is well known, makes a most excellent leather, while the latter are worked up into trinkets of various kinds.

The family *Crocodylidae* was by all the early zoologists combined with the suborder *Lacertilia* under the name of *Sauria*, since all the crocodilians appear in outward form to be nothing more than gigantic lizards. Even today they are often spoken of as lizards; but an examination of their skeleton and the soft parts of their anatomy shows them to possess characteristics which stamp them at once as a distinct group among the reptiles. Moreover, they have been distinct as far back as our knowledge of them goes, numerous fossil remains of undoubted crocodiles having been discovered in the rocks which lie just above the great coal measures. To quote Josh Billings again, our living forms "are chips of the old block." All the members of the family are fitted for an aquatic existence, and the nostrils, eyes, and ears are provided with lids or valves by means of which they can be tightly closed when the body is submerged, an adaptation of the utmost value to an animal which drags most of its food beneath the water. Their legs, although too weak to be of much use on land, are strong enough for their needs in the water. By means of them and their long, strong tails they are able to swim with great rapidity.

They differ from other reptiles and approach the mammals in having a four-chambered instead of a three-chambered heart—two auricles and two ventricles—so that there is a double circulation, and the blood is kept at a higher temperature than that of their relatives. There are also traces of a diaphragm and the teeth are set in sockets instead of simply resting on the bones. The teeth also are limited to a single row in each jaw, and are shed at intervals, the new one growing up within the base of the old one and displacing it. They are further characterized by the possession of a more or less complete armor, consisting of ridged bony plates imbedded in the skin and overlaid by large scales of horny material. The bones of the neck bear ribs which lie almost in contact with each other, and thus deprive that part of the body, to a great extent, of the power to move. In the skull there are numerous peculiar arrangements of the bones, but a description of these would involve too many technicalities and will therefore be omitted.

With these animals, the most highly developed in the class of reptiles, the series of chapters on Our Batrachians and Reptiles comes to a close. It must not be imagined that even for the types described more than the most condensed outline has been given. In many cases our knowledge of some of the commonest and most interesting species is woefully deficient, and in other cases extremely interesting and well known facts have been suppressed. It is the hope of the author, however, that the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* will be led to pay more attention to the animals which they have been taught from childhood to despise, and in the future try to assist the zoologist by recording such observations as they may happen to make during their expeditions to the forests and streams of our country. W. P. HAY.

Man and the Brute.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In the August number of *FOREST AND STREAM*, page 125, A. H. Gouraud objects, in part, to the sensible and interesting paper from the pen of that keen observer, Charles Hallock. Mr. Hallock's paper appeared in July, page 44, and was entitled, "Man and the Brute."

Mr. Gouraud quotes from Mr. Hallock's paper: "Words, or the number used, are not the measure of intelligence, brute or human," and then denounces the statement. He gives his own conception of words: "Words are the implements of thought; without them complex mental processes are impossible; in short, as Max Muller declares, 'thought is identical with language.'"

"Words are the implements of thought" is all right; but the remainder of the statement cannot stand the light of scientific investigation. I don't believe Mr. Hallock will take his science from Max Muller, a Sanskrit scholar. He, doubtless, would prefer Mandsley, Horsley, Golgi, and Rumon de Cajal, modern biological investigators. There are scores of other investigators, too numerous to mention, so one need not go astray if he is a student in this direction. I wonder how Mr. Gouraud disposes of the unfortunate beings that are born deaf and cannot use a word of any language? His theory would deprive them of the power to think, for thinking is a complex mental process which, he claims, would be impossible without words.

Mr. Gouraud gives us another exhibition of impossible science. He writes of the pugilist: "The boxer, of course, has no time to think, and, like the animal, depends upon the operation of habit."

It seems to me that it would be impossible to put more error into the same number of words. If we are to discuss questions from a scientific standpoint, let us have the pure article. Scientifically stated, the boxer sees every movement of his opponent. Suppose a blow is aimed toward his eye, does he act without thinking? If he did he would probably be knocked out in one round. The movement of the coming blow is flashed to the retina. A network of nerves collect the impression and through the optic nerve and its aids it reaches the tract in the brain where the knowledge of sight is located. Consciousness, that has charge of the welfare of that particular organism, is warned and instantly puts in operation some method of defense. The blow could be stopped, or turned to the right or left, or the boxer could step back, or side step or dodge. If the boxer is proficient in dodging it would be the best defense, for the only movement needed would be to jerk the head one side. Consciousness concludes to adopt this method. An impulse is sent down the different nerve channels to a nerve center in the medulla oblongata; from there it is carried to a nerve center in the spinal cord, and then continues to the trapezius muscle, which contracts and jerks the head to one side and the closed hand passes harmlessly by.

I have tried to explain the operation without the use of technical terms beyond those necessary to make my

meaning plain. It may be thought that the movement would be too slow to be of use, but practically the movement is instantaneous. To change an apparent into an efferent impulse, or, in other words, to change a sensory into a motor impulse, takes six-thousandths of a second in time. Now, consciousness may conclude to strike back; if so, an efferent impulse comes down from the cortex of the brain, where ideas originate, and the proper muscles are called upon to give the blow. Want of thought does not enter into a boxing contest. I know this from experience as well as through scientific study.

It seems to me that Mr. Gouraud is playing double. He objects to about every statement in relation to the intelligence of the higher animals, even to man. At the same time he admits everything in the fragments which I herewith quote:

"Animals undoubtedly have a limited vocabulary." It is not to be denied that animals have imagination. I have little doubt that in this particular the horse and various other roving animals have memories equal to or even superior to the best among men. I hold that the marrow never enters its consciousness."

We see from the foregoing that he grants the animals language, imagination, memory and consciousness, with all that these attributes may imply. After granting the dog a superior memory, he makes this statement: "This oblivion of the past and future is the secret of the animal's contentment." I really cannot understand what Mr. Gouraud is driving at. He emphatically denies that an animal's ears may be manipulated to mean yes or no, and then goes the theory one better by claiming that an animal's ears, retracted, is a sign of displeasure, real or affected. Then he goes on to state this proposition: "An animal that will invent signs for yes and no will not stop at that accomplishment." How about an animal that invents a sign of *real* displeasure? How about the same animal that invents a sign for *affected* displeasure?

Consistency thou art a jewel!

I will quote once more from Mr. Gouraud's paper: "A dog, upon observing evidences of an impending outing, may be transported with delight, but his emotion is stirred by visible and well recognized preliminaries. That he ever of himself contemplates such outings I do not believe."

If I mistake not the writer will hear from dog lovers, but here in the woods I see evidence that dogs contemplate an outing. They come in pairs, without their masters, to hunt rabbits. One mismatched pair hunted near my cabin for years. One was a small beagle, the other a big Saint Bernard. As the years passed the big fellow got too fat to hunt; besides, his feet were tender. I well remember the last hunting they did. Three or four times a week I would meet the dogs while on my way to the city for breakfast. It was during the summer months. The beagle was always ahead of the big dog. If the morning was warm the latter would give up and lie down in the shade. The beagle would come back and invariably the dogs put their lips together. The beagle had some method of enticing the Saint Bernard to make another effort. One very warm morning I saw the big dog give up four times, and each time the beagle whispered something that induced him to try again. When I returned to my cabin the Saint Bernard was resting in the dooryard and the beagle was giving tongue in a nearby swamp. The rabbits often ran by the cabin in the old woods road, and the big dog, when he heard the beagle coming, would watch from behind a boulder. The rabbit loped by this morning, and the dog made a lunge, but missed and lost his footing. He remained where he fell, and when the beagle saw him he knew it was a hopeless case and did not return to the swamp.

This summer there are eight dogs that hunt in pairs about my cabin. The masters of one pair live about a mile from each other. When one of the dogs contemplates a hunt, he goes after his running mate, and together they journey to my cabin. The home of one of these dogs is in the city and the home of his mate is a mile away on a country road. When the country dog goes to the city after his mate, as he often does, he certainly must contemplate hunting and contemplate sharing the sport with his friend.

M. A. WALTON ("Hermit").

A Summer Song.

In the hush of morn in the fields of corn
I hear the Bob White calling;
At the close of day o'er the fields away
Again its cadence falling.
Bob White! Bob White!
"This is his roundelay;
Bob White! Bob White!
He's singing all the day.

Where the sunflowers bold in green and gold
Are growing, away from the city,
By the tangled hedge, in the blue stem sedge,
He ever singeth his ditty:
Bob White! Bob White!
Summer's the time to sing;
Bob White! Bob White!
List to its mellow ring.

In the prairie grass as I by him pass,
His motion and vesper together,
He sings away through the summer day
This litany for all weather:
Bob White! Bob White!
Molest me not, I pray;
Bob White! Bob White!
This is his roundelay.

In the hush of morn in the fields of corn,
You hear him far away calling,
There's a whir of wings, then again he sings,
Nearer its cadence falling:
Bob White! Bob White!
My nestlings are on the wing;
Bob White! Bob White!
Summer's the time to sing.

WM. FELTER.

MOUND CITY, Kansas.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

In Pine County Deer Woods.

ST. PAUL, Minn., August 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have never written an article for publication, but as we are all invited to give accounts of our hunts, I will just imagine that I am Charles Cristadoro for a short time, and make my first attempt.

The hunt was made last fall in the eastern part of Pine county; the party consisted of a younger and taller brother, whose camp name was Professor; another and shorter brother we called Whiskers, and the writer. We took the train for Nickerson, Nov. 7, arrived safely in the morning, and after the usual skirmish—where a team has not been engaged ahead of time—we succeeded in getting a good team and good, patient driver. Next morning we got loaded early, started on a ten-mile trip over a tote road, the terrors of which are well known to most sportsmen of the North, but which after all became a source of pleasure to the penned-up city sport. After getting well into the slashings or choppings, we found we were the first ones in that far, and on the last part of the road we had to chop the fallen trees, which were thick enough to get us well tired by the time we reached our camping spot, well along in the afternoon. It was a nice level place, well protected from the north winds and near a nice brook. After a short rest we got out our camp stove and got up a hasty lunch, with hot coffee, after which we got the driver started back. Then we proceeded to make camp, and by dark we had both tents up, bunks made, balsam boughs cut and brought inside, stove set up in one tent and principal part of baggage stored in the other tent. Then we got out our two lanterns and looked up a dry treetop which we had spotted before dark and proceeded to get a good hot supper, for we were good and hungry by that time. After supper we rested a while, and almost wished that we were users of tobacco, so that we could indulge in that seemingly enjoyable evening smoke; but we all failed to get the habit when young, although we had our trials. The last one I had was when my chums filled up an old clay pipe with fine-cut and gave it to me for an evening smoke. That was my last smoke! But as it was, we proceeded to cut the boughs and soon had our beds ready and rolled in.

The next day we cleaned up around camp, cut out a nice path to creek, got up some dry wood, cut away a few old stubs that they might not fall on our tents, and the next morning, the opening day, we were up early and started out after breakfast to explore a little and get the lay of the logging roads. The Professor went south and Whiskers and I went north up the logging road which ran by our camp. We were talking and visiting along, not expecting to see any game so very soon. But as the old saying, you always see a deer when you least expect to, we had not gone more than a hundred rods when I saw a fine large buck standing in the logging road, looking straight at us. I was in front and was an experienced hunter, and knew just what to do; but I didn't do it! I motioned to Whiskers to stop, and then took aim at a white streak going into the brush. Whiskers also blazed away, but the laugh was on me, for the old fellow bounded away unharmed. We then separated, and I struck out to try to redeem myself, and did well. In the afternoon I took a stand on a logging road, and after an hour or so a small doe started to cross about 120 yards away, and I dropped her with a broken back. This was extra fine for the first day. I skinned out the front quarters and took them into camp. Whiskers also saw another, supposed to be a doe, and wounded it, but did not get it. The Professor did not see anything. We were all glad to think we were to have fresh meat from the start. I cut out some loin chops, and you can bet they tasted good.

We spent the next two days tramping over new territory, but did not get a shot, though we saw good signs. On the 13th we had a very little snow which aided us some in tracking. We each took our own course. I struck the track of a doe and followed her for an hour or more in the afternoon, and finally saw her feeding, and had a standing shot at 100 yards and broke her back. I strung her up, tramped around, met Whiskers, and we walked together for a while. We passed up over a piece of open timber, which had been logged the winter before, and just as we were crossing a skid road or snake road a small buck jumped up and went bounding down the road. Whiskers did himself proud here by taking a quick aim and sent a ball straight through him lengthwise, and it lodged in his neck. I congratulated him and helped him dress the deer and string it up. Then we made for camp. The Professor had succeeded in getting a shot at a couple of tails in the brush, but missed the mark.

Two more days with their ups and downs and stories of the big ones that got away, then on the 16th it was all the Professor's day. He went about a mile south and took a stand on a high ridge, and after a long and patient wait a fine old 12-point buck came cautiously along in the brush at the foot of the ridge. He took aim at his side and fired. He had the fever some, and the shot struck far back, but just high enough to break his back, and the Professor was the happiest man in the woods; and well he might be, for he had the finest specimen brought out of that locality, and the mounted head adorns his parlor now.

Whiskers and I came in empty that night, but enjoyed hearing the Professor explain all about how he did it. Only a shot or two on the 17th, by Whiskers; all came in empty handed, but on the 18th Whiskers and I both landed one. Whiskers took a stand upon a creek bank, after getting some tired, and a nice two-prong buck came snuffing along on a doe's track, and

he gave him a lung shot, which soon brought him down, while I was further down the same creek.

In the afternoon, and as I was coming up over a high bank I heard some brush crack. I looked, and soon a rack of horns came into sight; then a big buck bounded into sight with a sort of bawl, like the bawl of a calf, only shorter and not very loud. He did not see me, and came straight toward me. I put my gun on him as soon as his horns came into sight, and when he got to the top of the ridge, about two rods from me, I fired. The shot struck him in the breast. He gave a slight snort, wheeled around and took his back track, ran about one hundred yards, and fell. I followed him up and soon found him dead. I sized him up a little, then started to cut a gamble, when a big buck let out a snort and went tearing out of the brush only a few yards away. I grabbed my gun and ran out into an open, and just got a glimpse of him—did not get a shot. I mistrusted then that there had been a scrap, and upon examination I found a fresh horn mark on the right ham of my buck, which was still bleeding some. He was a fine, big fat fellow; only eight points, but he weighed within ten pounds of as much as the twelve-pointer. I now proceeded to dress and string him up clear of the ground, although he weighed 50 pounds more than I did, a thing that not all hunters know how to do. It was my turn to be happy now. I had my full quota and one a big buck. The Professor visited the place where he had killed the big buck, and routed a big doe only a few rods from where the buck hung. He took a running shot at her, but missed her. We all came in tired and hungry that night. The Professor and I cut the wood, brought in the water, and Whiskers did himself proud as chief cook, and was rewarded by having his traveling expenses paid in and out.

No game on the 19th. That night a nice snow came. Next morning I went out with the Professor, and we succeeded in successfully stalking a large doe. It snowed some during the day, and in the afternoon Whiskers had a standing shot at a nice buck, but gun missed fire. 'Snow and ice had got frozen in front of the hammer. He then conversed a little with himself, and came to camp. We all told our tales, while Whiskers got supper, and sang "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we" get a buck!

The morning came, but the best he could do was to get a yearling doe. The Professor and I stalked another, and so we all came in happy, as we all had our quota. We enjoyed a good supper and spent an hour or two telling stories of the hunt. On this day I lost my bearings and had to compass my way out of the woods, causing an extra walk of several miles. Also on this day the Professor ran on to a fresh moose track, and we learned from an old camp man that a bull moose had been in that vicinity all summer, and he had seen him once.

On the 23d and 24th we packed our game into camp. We had arranged with the tote man to be there on the 25th; so by good management and four good horses we were able to get into the station late in the evening. It had turned rather warm and melted the snow mostly off, making a lot of water, and the road was bad. We had to go slow, and it was pitch dark before we got in. About three miles from the station there was a corduroy bridge over a creek with a wide, flat bottom. This bridge was about a foot under water, and you can imagine our feelings while we were going over that bridge in the pitch dark, with only the light of a lantern, and the water about 10 feet deep on each side of the bridge. It was only about four rods long, but it seemed about forty. We finally got to the station without a mishap and soon had our stuff off and into the baggage room. Then we were shown a sickening sight. Up in the corner of the room was the body of a man with his head severed clear from the body. He had become intoxicated the Sunday night before, and on his way down the track he had gone to sleep with his head resting on one of the rails, and was caught by the night train. We had to lie over a day on account of a wreck of a few miles south. We pulled out the following night. We passed the wreckage in the night, but could see it quite well by light of the train. They seemed to be paying more attention to a lot of hard coal than anything else. It was mighty scarce about that time, and they had men out with sacks gathering it up.

We got into St. Paul in the early morning, where we met the familiar face of Deputy Warden Boyd, Sam Fullerton's right-hand man, who never fails to find the game when it comes to hunting around the Union Depot. You can generally see a long steel box opener sticking out of his overcoat pocket.

We were soon at our houses, where our wives were anxiously waiting.

E. D. SPICER.

A Morning Among the English Grouse.

IMAGINE a highland glen buried in the purple and supreme silence of sunrise; an amphitheatre of mountains about it rising from the darkness of night at their feet into an upper region where the molten fires of the ascending sun burnt on their foreheads in diadems of refulgent gold. Imagine the clear metallic tinkle of a highland brook chattering softly over the pebbles by a shepherd's shelter on a hillock, and you have the surroundings of the scribe who pens this modest narrative. But it was not the splendor of coming day above, or the burn's pleasant prattle singing the heather fairies to sleep that woke him, but frying bacon!—the comforting, soul-rousing scent of rashers in the pan—that brought him from a couch that tartans and dry fern had made a bed fit for a king. And there, beyond the open door, was Rob, most faithful of attendants, turning the aforesaid rashers methodically until all of a sudden he stops with one poised upon the fork-point, and down the valley comes that magic and unmistakable sound, the crow of a cock grouse. Another and another responds from different quarters, and Rob, all aglow with interest, hurriedly spreads the little meal he has prepared just as the master appears at the hut door. When was ever food more inviting or coffee more ambrosial than under such circumstances? Already the shooter is recompensed for the waywardness which

has tempted him to sleep out on the moor for the sheer pleasure of sunrise, and a grouse or two thrown in before his companions at the Lodge are down to breakfast. As he unties the couple of setters for a preliminary canter, while the man puts the things away into the hut, he feels to the full that joy of the morning which Christopher North called a benediction, and Scrope held to be worth a year of afternoons.

And now he makes a start, beating, as a beginning, along the lower ground and gradually working up into those hills from which the wind is blowing. Don and Spot are a bit timid at first, and a duck getting up directly under their noses scares them rather badly. But they soon thaw, settling down to work beautifully until, a quarter of a mile from camp, one of them becomes interested, draws ahead a little, then suddenly becomes rigid before a heathery clump, its companion backing away on the right in a manner which brings a smile of pleasure even to the grim and weather-stained face of the old game-keeper. A few swift strides up into the quarter whence the dog has caught the tell-tale scent and six chestnut colored birds spring up with a resounding hustle and go down the valley—four of them, to be accurate, for a right and left account for two—and the gillie fervently drinks to the omens as they are retrieved.

Then on again, a fine confidence in himself and his weapon tingling in the shooter's veins, while the light pours down through the corries and the dew, that magic vintage of the morning, falls soft as lawn and condenses at the first touch of rosy light into moisture, a soft haze in the distance and a glittering garden of living jewels close at hand, a web that twinkles through the brief hour of its existence, every bead of it more beautiful than any fruit in Aladdin's garden, ripening from gray beginnings through soft lavenders and yellows to fiery crimsons when the sun is up; and each bent and sprig on the moorside trembles then as it sheds those shifting, scintillating jewels of ruddy red and purple back into the grateful bosom of their mother earth; whirr! whirr! another covey of grouse gets up from the enchanted ground, and is away unharmed round a ferny hillock in an instant.

"Perhaps ye were na thinking of grouse just then," says the old Scotchman, delicately blending reproach and excuse for an easy chance let slip, and the shooter shamefacedly has to acknowledge it was so, pulling himself together as he confesses and henceforth hardening his heart against the golden infatuation of sunrise.

After this it is good hard tramping and keen shooting. The birds lie well, being probably afraid of soiling their feathers till things are a little drier, and the experienced hand who knows a chirper from a full-grown bird when he sees it, and is not to be tempted by any stress of nerves to fire into the brown of a family party may have as good and varied shots as he can wish for under such conditions. He will not get the old cock birds, they are taking remarkably good care of themselves on the higher ground, but half a dozen brace of well-grown grouse should easily be got, and the bag may contain one or two other items to lend a pleasant variety to it. There is always a chance of a hare between the heather and the ling, and the ducks which go to inaccessible tarns when shepherds begin to move about, are thus early scattered in all sorts of unlikely places. Teal, too, who whirl round overhead with the sunlight on those wonderful green wing feathers of theirs may be chanced upon, and thus Rob may have quite as much as he can carry conveniently when the waiting dog-cart is reached on the confines of civilization. Later on the shooter may do greater things, but he has earned a glorious appetite for a second breakfast, and will not be likely to forget in the conventional success of mid-day the delights of that stolen march through the morning mists.

E. L. A.

In the West.

GAME WARDEN CARTER and his subordinates have been having lots of trouble with the unlawful chicken killers up in Holt county. Deputy Hunger made several arrests up there one day last week and had the day fixed for the offenders' preliminary hearing, but was informed that if he returned to prosecute he would be killed. The case has been deferred until the October term of court.

Sportsmen throughout Nebraska and the neighboring States of South and North Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, and Wyoming are immensely pleased with the folder the ever popular sportsmen's route, the Chicago and Northwestern, has just issued. It contains a clear and comprehensive digest of the game and fish laws of these States, together with a vast amount of desirable information anent the hunting and fishing grounds along its numerous lines and tributaries. It can be had by addressing H. C. Cheyney, the company's general agent, 1401 Farman street, Omaha.

Sam Richmond, the best known wildfowler, oarsman and guide in Nebraska, and who presides over a hunters' camp spring and fall on the legendary Platte below Clarks, writes me that he was out after plover with a couple of New York tourists last Tuesday and Wednesday, and the three guns bagged 208 birds, among which were a number of golden plover. Sam says the uplands almost exclusively confined themselves this season to the newly plowed fields, and that but little shooting was enjoyed on the big hay fields. This, of course, is accounted for by the continued damp condition of the hay and pasture lands, the rains recently being the heaviest in the history of the State. The Bartramian sandpiper is a bird that seldom alights in a wet hay or grazing field. The birds are about all gone now, and what shooting the gunners are getting is on young doves—capital sport, *en passant*.

Paul Hoagland is just back from the Red Squirrel's Nest at Lake Washington, where he made the biggest catch on big-mouth black bass that has been reported from these favorite old waters this season. Paul says that he found the fish principally on the overflowed hay and wheat fields bordering the south bay, and that he caught most of them in less than two feet of water. However, Paul inherits his angling skill from a worthy sire, and it is little wonder that he scored abundant success where others, of late, have signally failed. He is the young son of George A. Hoagland, a millionaire many times over, an inveterate hunter and fisher, and the best known sportsman in the whole West.

There is no route, wagon or rail, to the Pacific Coast

from this point that is so interesting and furnishes the attractions for the sportsman as the grand old Union Pacific. All along the route, while nature's panorama is an endless series of scenes that are both wild and beautiful, they constantly suggest to the sportsman's mind the worlds of exciting recreation and enjoyment that is to be had by a sojourn among them. While returning home from San Francisco a few days ago I saw many little pictures that awakened the most pleasing memories, made my blood flow quicker and warmed the cockles of my heart. Streaming low over the Suisun marshes I saw swarms of some species of the plover which I could not identify; a cloud of blue crane and a few geese. A few miles this side of Winnemucco, on the plain, where a long slough like a fabulous serpent twists and contorts through the verdure, our train was brought to a standstill for nearly a quarter of an hour, and while standing there we saw from the Pullman windows an old hen blue-wing teal endeavoring to entice her newly hatched brood into the water. The tiny little fuzzy balls of yellow down were grouped in a little dry hollow on the muddy bank, which sloped to an abrupt fall of perhaps two or three feet to the water, and was bordered behind with slough grass, flags and squaw cane. The mother duck was evidently in a great stew, the nearby train undoubtedly adding much to her anxiety. She would put her black bill close down to the sticky mud, and, extending and contracting her neck, utter a sort of a low, coaxing musical cluck, then turn round and trot spryly to the verge of the bank, looking back and ducking forward until she was brought to a halt just above the water's edge. But the addleheaded balls of golden fuzz, several of whom had small particles of the egg shell still clinging to their backs, showing that they had just been hatched, only huddled more compactly together and refused to budge. Again and again the old hen made the trip to and fro between them and the verge of the bank, but in vain. I was wondering whether the train's delay would be extended long enough for us to see the end of this little nature lesson when suddenly down the tortuous slough, skimming close over the tops of the sunlit tules, came the male bird, the bright sky-blue patches on his wings glancing in the amber light and his dark head bobbing searchingly from side to side, uttering as he whizzed toward us that little low, plaintive and peculiar whistle of his. When opposite the shelving shore where the old lady and her babies stood, papa blue-wing, with a quick move of his choppy wings, swerved in, and, dropping his orange legs, dove viciously, it seemed, down among the bunch of fuzzy infants, knocking them down and rolling them about him in the black loam like so many tennins!

With an indescribable squawk or cry of rage, Mrs. Teal flew at her liege lord, and with her sturdy wings knocked him back into the agglutinative soil upon his mottled back, whacking him right and left, until he finally recovered himself, and rising straight up into the air he tore off over the plain toward the distant and shadowy mountains. Then the mother, shaking herself so vigorously that a delicate little ticked feather or two were loosened from her dress, waddled quickly, with a low, soft clucking, to the nearest duckling, which was teetering uncertainly and forlornly on a clot of mud, and, seizing it in her black bill, dragged it speedily to the rim of the muddy bank and dropped it over into the water. Then she repeated this operation until the last one, and there were eleven of them, had been tossed over into the slough, and the next instant, as if they had been through the experience hundreds of times before, they were darting and criss-crossing around over the smooth surface like so many golden water bugs.

In the mountains, among the blood-painted rocks of Echo Canyon, we saw a big Coopers hawk rise from the hot sands with a three-foot black snake dangling from his talons. On the Laramie plains we saw four antelope watching the rushing train from a distant knoll, and all along through Utah and Nevada, amidst the skeleton undergrowth and sage brush, jack rabbits, coyotes and cottontails were seen scurrying away from the flying cars every hundred yards or so; over Donner's Lake, the scene of a woeful tragedy in the days of the gold fever, three huge bald eagles wound round and round in one grand aerial spiral over the lonely waters, while from a jutting peak in the Sierras we saw a splendid specimen of the golden eagle, and several more high in the air. There were ravens in the passes and magpies and butcher birds along every stream and arroyo, while always over the plains the ever-present buzzard soared. This side of the fabled Rockies, bordering the backwater from the rivers, and all the low wet places, were swarms of yellow-legs, sandpipers and killdeer, and a few miles east of Lexington, Nebraska, I saw several flocks of golden plover, while the uplands rose on long, pointed, down-curved wings from every pasture and every new plowed field. Pintail grouse and prairie chicken dotted every cut-hay field and barren stretch through the State, or sailed away on stiffened pinions from the path of the rushing train. Turtle doves scarcely ever out of sight; across the plains, from the outskirts of Omaha, over the sandhills and through the mountains, they were to be seen everywhere in pairs, fours or dozens. Across the dreary, stifling alkaline desert of Utah and the sterile waters of Nevada, it was just the same, even on the California marshes and in the shadows of the coast range, it was doves, doves, doves, from early morn till gathering twilight. How prolific they must be; what breeders, and in these little slate-colored habitants of all lands can easily be foreseen, in the ages to come, our one plentiful game bird.

Along the Truckee and the Laramie, storied streams, I saw many anglers casting for trout, and at Wadsworth we saw a party of Shoshone Indians bring in on an old dilapidated Government wagon four black-tail deer, a badger, and dozens of willow withes of rainbow and speckled trout, the most of the latter finding their way into the ice box of our diner. All through Nebraska and Colorado prairie dog towns and cities are of frequent occurrence, and in one of these, just the other side of Ogallala, we saw, grouped around the entrance to one of their subterranean palaces, thirty of forty half-grown short-eared owls, with a big, fat, rufous bellied dog, sitting erect on his haunches, in the middle of them. Such are the scenes in nature to be witnessed along the great Union Pacific every day at this time of the year.

The Yellowstone Gun Club, to the number of thirty-

seven, enjoyed an outing yesterday among friends in the vicinity of Waterloo and Elkhorn, and they made fur, fin and feather fly. In the evening Otto Spethmann wined and dined the party, while Gilbert Hopper and Dan McLain provided quarters for the night. President Hoyer says that Spethmann's spread, with its dove and upland plover pot-pie, vegetables, fruit, dessert and Yellowstone, could not have been beaten. The Yellowstone Club's fall hunting camp on the Platte will be opened September 15.

Charlie Metz returned last night from Pat Sheehan's, on Lake Shautaska, the Indian name for Lake Washington, and he reports the very best kind of bass, pickerel, pike and croppie fishing. He made a catch of thirty-two yesterday forenoon, the largest weighing a fraction over six pounds. In the lot were six or eight four-pounders. Alex. B. Rutherford and a party of Union Pacific attaches, also came down from the Red Squirrel's Nest and they report the same kind of luck.

Wilber Fawcett writes me from Webb Lake, northern Minnesota, that the bass fishing up there is very poor this season. He says the lake has been seined so systematically that it is a rare thing to get over six or eight strikes a day. Just last June a year ago Judge Ogden, Mr. Fawcett and myself put in a week at this lake, and then, I doubt, if there was another body of water in the known world that could equal it for its black bass. On a wager I boated nine in less than ten minutes, and not one of them weighed less than four pounds. But that is another story to be told at another time. But what a shame it is that such a lake could be depleted in so short a time.

The close season on prairie chicken ended in both South Dakota and Iowa on September 1, and a number of Omaha gunners, not content to await the opening of the season in their own State, have already departed for these foreign grounds. The law in Kansas opened on August 15, but the birds are not so plentiful down there this year as they usually are. In Nebraska the shooting has been wisely deferred until October 1. That there are more chicken in this State than there has been for twenty years, that is, in certain localities, cannot be disputed. The shooting, therefore, is going to be grand.

OMAHA, Nebraska

SANDY GRISWOLD.

The Preserves and the Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your numerous able contributors who have written arguments and dissertations on the subject of Game Reserves of late, appear to be aligned on two sides of an issue, to wit, shall rich men be allowed to buy up large tracts of wild land, and convert them into game preserves for their own exclusive use, or shall they not be so allowed?

There have been able arguers on both sides of the issue, the preponderance in numbers being on the contra side.

The first question that presents itself for consideration in contemplating this subject, is, assuming that the consensus of public sentiment is decidedly on the contra side of the argument, how is the object to be effected? What is the practical aspect of the case? Shall a law be enacted forbidding any individual from purchasing more than a prescribed number of acres of land? Or, if there is no restriction on the extent of the purchase, shall he be excluded from the exercise of the fundamental right of property, to forbid strangers from invading his premises without his consent? Can a restrictive law be made to apply to the rich man and not to the poor man, or the man of moderate means? If so, where shall the line be drawn? Shall a man be restricted to the ownership of 100 acres, or 1,000 acres, or 100,000 acres? Or may he exercise the full rights of ownership upon a limited part of his land and only partial rights over the remainder?

The legal aspect of this problem seems to be fraught with grave practical difficulties.

But the opponents of large game preserves for private use have given no clear indication as to what agency is to be employed by way of a correction. One writer hints at the "ballot"—that means law, if anything, and involves the difficulties above suggested. The more frequent recourse alluded to, however, is the torch, which would logically lead to murder, and must embody the principle of anarchy, which is something not pleasant to contemplate as a remedy for social evils.

The controversy is simply one phase of the ancient warfare that has been going on since human history began, of the poor versus the rich.

There have been many utopian schemes for the equalizing of the good things of this world among its inhabitants, all of which, in the nature of human relations have necessarily proven to be chimerical. As long as some men are lazy, thriftless and incapable, while others are industrious, provident and efficient, so long shall we have the poor and the rich, with all the gradations between the two extremes, according to the distribution of such human qualities as go to success or failure in the struggle of life.

The only practical remedy for such inequality of possessions that has even been applied on a large scale, has been social revolution. When the poor have grown more than usually discontented, and the rich more than usually arrogant, and unmindful of the needs and desires of the less favored classes, occasionally, in the world's history, social revolutions have resulted, that have for a brief time turned society upside down and down side up; but have in all cases proved abortive in the main object, of the equalization of worldly goods and the abolition of poverty. For among the revolutionists themselves there must be inequality of mental endowments, resulting in a speedy segregation of wealth in the hands of those best equipped for acquiring and retaining it; the final effect being to substitute a new set of rich people for those who were overturned, the poor remaining pretty much as they were before.

The discontented poor have always looked with envious eyes upon the possessions of the rich. Whether these possessions be in the form of broad acres of woodland with the incidental game they contain, the envious feeling is not exceptional as compared with that pertaining to other forms of property.

But with us, in America, at this juncture, there is a difference, and the envious feeling is not confined to the proverbial poor as antipodal to the rich, nor, perhaps, is it even shared by them to any great extent; but to a different class of citizens, with sportsman's proclivities or associations, who find themselves becoming more and more restricted in a freedom they formerly enjoyed of roaming at will and pursuing game and fish over unappropriated wild lands, that have become private possession. This is no doubt a hardship that must of necessity engender resentments.

But let us look at the compensatory side of the picture.

It seems certain that, with the rapidly increasing number of people among our population who have the means, the leisure, and the inclination to hunt and fish, with the constantly improving effectiveness of the agencies of destruction, added to the peculiarly American trait of hogishness (I dislike this word, but cannot well escape it), in the destruction of everything in sight, with no thought for to-morrow, it seems certain I say, that the time is near at hand, when, unless some of it is saved by special effort, practically all the game and fish shall be destroyed, and none be left, either for the public or for private ownership.

Another closely allied subject is that of forest destruction, which is going hand in hand with game destruction, and any agencies that tend to conserve the one, shall reflect beneficially on the other. At the present rate of progress the insatiable greed of the mammon of commerce shall soon utterly denude all our remaining forest lands, and leave barren and repulsive wastes in their stead, incidentally spoiling the streams and ponds by filling them with sawmill refuse, as well as converting them into dry beds in the summer and fall, and muddy torrents in the winter and spring months.

Now, by whatever means this march of general destruction can be stayed or restricted; by whatever agencies even some of the brands can be snatched from the burning; by just so much shall the whole country be benefited.

The ideal plan for such preservation should, of course, be by the appropriation and setting part of large tracts of land by the States or the general government, to be used as game "preserves," and a limited portion of each tract applied for use as game "reserves"; the public to be admitted under wise regulations, to the pursuit of game and fish within the "preserves" and without the "reserves."

But if we are to sit down and wait upon the halting action of the State Legislatures or the United States Congress, for effective work along this line, the chances are that most of the horses shall escape before the stable is locked.

So, by whatever motives they may be actuated, whether of pure selfishness or a broad philanthropy, if certain of the wealthy class are disposed to invest their money in large holdings of forest lands, for the breeding and preservation of game, and for the maintenance of the forests, by all means the good of the whole country demands that they shall be encouraged to do so, rather than villified; for if these things are preserved from destruction now, they can easily be converted into public domain at a later period by expropriation if necessary, when the need for such measures shall have become more obvious and imperative; whereas, if they are destroyed in the meantime, even this recourse shall be lost.

In any view of it, however, the present is a mere passing phase of changes that are an inevitable accompaniment of the progressive development of our country. Heretofore, there have been large areas of unoccupied lands that were free to all, to roam upon at will, to utilize for hunting and trapping, or pasturage. This outside domain has been undergoing rapid restriction for some years past, and the time cannot be very distant when it shall all come under private ownership, except such portions as may be specifically set apart as public domain.

In the process of such restriction of privileges that had been freely enjoyed, either for commercial or recreation purposes, the distasteful changes have given rise to exacerbations, resentments and passing conflicts between parties whose interests collided; but when the novelty of the situation wore away, people have settled down into an acquiescence in the changed conditions and society has wagged along as before.

MISSISSIPPI.

COAHOMA.

In California.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A copy of the April 18, 1903, issue of FOREST AND STREAM having just fallen into my hands, I read with much interest the article entitled, "Deer in Colorado Wilds," and particularly that portion thereof which speaks of the need in the Centennial State of more and better game wardens. I don't go much on the derogatory statements made by the teamsters to En Ami as to certain deputy game wardens, for in many of the old isolated communities of Colorado the inhabitants have a habit of "back-capping" or "knocking" their neighbors, and many such statements must be taken with plenty grains of salt, but there is probably enough truth to them to warrant En Ami's conclusions that game is not as well protected in Colorado as it ought to be. The State has good enough laws, but they are not always properly administered or interpreted, and the present game warden system offers very poor protection to animals or birds. On the other hand, the law is often used to carry out petty spite or annoyances, and I am strongly inclined to the belief that the experience of Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson in Colorado was that of persecution rather than prosecution. Too often the deputy game warden is a political tool, if not a "grafter" for the money he can make out of "game hogs" or "sooners." Others think that to be a deputy warden means license to kill without respect to the law, and at the same time be immune from arrest. One fellow told me himself that he sought the position because he understood he could shoot when, what, and as much as he pleased, and no one had the power to make

him amenable to the law! I knew another that used to fill his basket at Lake San Christobal with trout below the limit of minimum length. He was a lawyer and ought to have known better. At Tywin Lakes a game warden had his fingers blown off while dynamiting fish. I knew other wardens who, before they became such, had no visible means of support, but as soon as they became wardens were quite "flush," and continued to have "money to burn" while they were in office. They seemed to have very important financial transactions with certain "high toned" restaurants and "first-class" hotels in the larger towns every once in a while.

There are conscientious wardens who will do their best to see that the laws are observed, but they cannot be everywhere, and they do not always get the co-operation, assistance, support or sympathy they should get from the citizens. And often pot-hunters, hide-hunters, and trophy-hunters are encouraged to infractions of the game laws by the very kind of citizens who should set a good example for others. A few winters ago a band of eleven deer appeared on a hill overlooking the town of Ohio City; the whole camp got the loco, and inside of two hours the entire band was slain, everybody able to get a gun taking a hand in the slaughter. It is that kind of people who make a "kick" only when others also kill at wholesale.

A mountain sheep with immense horns makes his home in the Suwatch range. His head is wanted as a trophy, and a bonus of \$300 to \$500 has been offered by certain prominent people of Leadville for it, and every unscrupulous hunter goes on a quest every once in a while for the sheep whose only crime is his beauty and magnificence. As a rule, there are three classes of people in Colorado who hold the game laws in contempt. One class, and the least harmful, are such old timers who have been in the State so long that they believe they own it, and resent the enforcement of any laws that interfere with their customs or comforts. When they want fresh meat they go and get it, law or no law, and for this class the game laws are a benefit, as it makes game more easily to get for them by preventing others from hunting for it.

Another class is the foreign population of the large mining camps, chiefly Austrians and Italians. Let these people once get a gun in their hands and they kill anything and everything in the fur and feather line that they can get within range of in or out of season. In northern Hinsdale county, once the home of deer and sheep, large game is seldom met with nowadays because of the merciless depredations of these conscienceless and game-hungry foreigners. They are exterminating the ptarmigan, erroneously called Rocky Mountain quail. These are hunted by gangs of Huns and Italians with trained dogs on the still, the birds being murdered with clubs when the dogs have pointed them and the birds are corralled by the gang.

The other pernicious class of hunters are such as the men from Chicago that En Ami speaks of. They come also from St. Louis and other large eastern cities, and are well enough to do so that they can spend weeks or months at outing in the mountains, but kill just for the love of killing, and not for the noble sport of hunting. They merely slaughter and butcher in mere wantonness, and make great inroads into the stock of game when they do find it plentiful. They seem to get pleasure only out of the numbers they kill, and not from the fun, skill, adventure and woodcraft or mountaineering involved, and appreciated by the real sportsman.

I have in my day, as have others, seen the bison so thick on the plains as to stop the railroad trains, and later, in the early 80's have seen numberless bands of antelope in the parks of Colorado. I've seen antelope and bison shot down without any attempt on the part of the shooter to get his game—the killing being done with no other purpose than to give the shooter the opportunity to say that he had killed his buffalo or pronghorn. I also saw the passenger pigeons in flocks so dense that they obscured the sun when the pigeons were on the way from the wild strawberry patches in the prairies of southern Illinois to the pea and buckwheat fields of southern Michigan. We all know these are now practically extinct.

California is finding that the game hog, game butcher, poacher, pot-hunter and all that ilk are making serious inroads into the game supply of all kinds in the Golden State. For years men were hired, at so much per diem and found, to kill off geese in the San Joaquin Valley to prevent them pulling up the young wheat. People are beginning to think it would have been better if the Commonwealth had purchased the wheat fields and let the geese had them as breeding and recruiting grounds. At any rate the press of California is waking up, and is endeavoring to rouse public opinion or attention to the peril that not only all furred and feathered game stands in, but also that which menaces even the fish. Charles F. Lummis, editor of Out West, has been throwing hot shot into the ranks of the conscienceless or thoughtless class of people who by their acts threaten our dumb friends with extinction. And another valiant and trenchant pen is being wielded by Grant Wallace through the columns of the San Francisco Bulletin. I would ask you to reproduce his most recent article in full, as it is, aside from its moral worth, a timely and very entertaining dissertation, under the heading, "Veneered Human Nature." It is as follows:

"All healthy and normal souls love the society of trees and mountains. Solitude is the mother of thought—solemn thought, divested of pettiness, dipping into the margins of the eternal; for, as Lowell has said, all thought is sad.

"What a relief to be away for a season from the crowded pavements and the marts of sordid men, where familiarity begets contempt and weariness of spirit, where all is artificial, and where men do not live, but merely exist for purposes of mutual throat-cutting, to the wilderness of crags and pines, fresh and inspiring as when spilled from the hand of the Creator, where familiarity begets only respect and tenderness!

"Forever, the highest wisdom springs from the tenderest feelings. Every great thought is fathered by a deep emotion. Your laboratory scientist, your dissector of butterflies, coldly intellectual, unemotional, may observe external facts, and tabulate and compare, and reason about the clothes his soul wears, iterating with solemn air

many an undisputed thing; but he shall never lay hold on the big, eternal truths of life until he lets emotion play under intellection, even as the flame plays under the crucible of cold minerals in his laboratory. Then the gold cometh.

"Your city man comes forth encrusted with materiality, commonly functioning brilliantly enough on the mental plane, but lacking in that close sympathy with his brother men and his brother beasts and birds and that tender interest and consideration for their lives and comfort which the quiet, observant rustic displays.

"The city for intellect, the country for genuine human feeling. The city for smug, refined hypocrisy in half the acts of life, the country for uncouth candor and unmanicured sincerity.

"For the most astounding examples of ironed and perfumed savagery, commend me to the urban product. The countryman—particularly the mountaineer, who has time for meditation—may wear clothes that do not fit him; he may mispronounce some of his words; but, as a rule, he is genuine and tender-souled and humane; and he never shoots a deer if he does not need it.

"The city either breaks or hardens the heart. It is forever the grave of innocence and wholesomeness and rest. Forever the unnatural conditions of modern city life, the development of low cunning, the mad scramble for pelf and place, make brutes of men, and encase whatever of soul there may be left in them in a crust of heartless materiality, thick, impenetrable, like the hard, bitter shell of the pinon nut that rattles down upon me from yonder pine tree. All nature is beautiful, save human nature.

"Civilization has ever developed the physical and the intellectual at the expense of the psychic, the humane and the spiritual.

"Such are a few of the reflections that crossed my mind as I lay last night, rolled in my blanket on a luxurious and fragrant bed of yellow pine needles and blossoming wild buckwheat in a gloomy rhus thicket on the lonely summit of the Sierra de la Liebre range. The sun had dabbled his bloody fingers across the horizon behind the blue frondage of sugar pines and firs on the distant Alamo, and sunk to rest an hour before.

"Range on range of sun-baked mountains, covering hundreds of square miles to the west and south, practically uninhabited save by the deer, the puma, the wildcat and the quail, had melted into hazy blue and now had merged into the general blackness.

"It was the heart of the deer country, and my duties as Government Ranger in the great forest reserve had been rendered doubly arduous for a month by the necessity of keeping a watchful eye on the bands of deer butchers from the cities, and in seeing that forest fires were not started from their camp-fires.

"These conscienceless hunters seem, many of them, to take a vicious pleasure in seeing how rapidly and completely they can pull off their veneer of urban civilization and revert to their true characters of irresponsible savages, as soon as they are out from the sight of the blue-coated policeman. Time after time, in ranging up and down the mountain streams of Ventura, Los Angeles, San Diego, and San Bernardino counties, I have found the outlets of the trout pools dammed up where these sportsmen from the city had waded in and thrown all the fish out on to the banks, in order that they might carry into camp a great catch of seventy-five to one hundred trout, and so make a record.

"It is these same gentry who boast of shooting a hundred doves a day, whether nesting or not; who slaughter mother-does and tiny milk-drinking, spotted fawns, whenever the ranger or the deputy game warden is not watching; who scatter leaden death among the mockingbirds, the orioles and the little families of half-grown quails, piping behind their mothers around the waterholes in the canyons; and whose motto is Kill—kill! No matter what it is, kill!

"And so, as I drowsed under the stars, I remembered how, a few hours before, in following the trail of a puma or California mountain lion over the Liebre, it had led me on to the recently abandoned camp of a party of four deer-slayers hard by the only waterhole in that region. I caught a glimpse of the tawny terror of the mountains as he slunk away, waving his long, black-tipped tail with quick jerks as an angry house cat does. At the same time two coyotes and a family of silver foxes scampered away into the buckthorn chaparral at my approach.

"All had been devouring fragments of venison and gnawing at the half-stripped carcasses of deer surrounding the abandoned camp.

"In all I counted portions of the carcasses of fourteen deer, large and small. Two spoiled hides lying near were clearly those of does, which it is never lawful to kill here. I am told they admitted killing twenty deer, in two weeks, by the murderous and unsportsmanlike method of lying in wait at night at the spring and shooting them down as they came to quench their thirst.

"And these sportsmen are the highest product of our urban civilization. All of these four veneered savages are professional men, two being physicians who, having broken down their own health in a mad scramble to build up the health and deplete the pocketbooks of other people, had sought retirement in the wilderness to commune with nature with repeating rifles and pump guns loaded with buckshot. Health to them spelled death to every wild thing within range.

"Yet (curious commentary on the helplessness of man), were these banal lead-slingers to be deprived of their breechloaders and be compelled to wrestle with the wilderness for an existence, they could not for a day compete with the chipmunk or the blue cottontail.

"Were we to dub such sportsmen beasts we would owe an apology to the four-footed ones, for none, save the puma and the grizzly bear when angered, will kill more than it needs. Only man kills for the mere sake of killing. Only civilized man swings the besom of annihilation. It was not the Indians who annihilated the millions of bison on our plains. It was sportsmen such as I am describing.

"Last night I was awakened at two o'clock by the blood-chilling cry of a mountain lion. A little later, from a distance came the sound of squealing, and the 'woof-woof!' of terrified pigs. On my way down the mountain this morning I passed the spot—an ancient hog corral built of chemical brush, in which possibly two dozen wild hogs had taken refuge. Here the lion had found them

in the night, and with a savage ferocity almost equaling that of the college-bred deer-butcher, he had struck dead eleven of the pigs. I found five or six others wandering about in the canyon, some with their throats or sides torn open, others with eyes scratched out; for the puma strikes with extended, rigid claws, and the results are frightful.

"And so I have found does wounded and left to die by the heartless gunners, and birds and fishes killed for the sake of killing, and thrown away.

A friend of mine, a mountaineer, had half a dozen pet does and fawns which fed with his cattle, and which he prized highly. While absent one day some city sportsmen killed them all.

"Speaking of swine, the only hogs indigenous to the mountains have bristles down their backs and travel on four cloven hoofs; but as for the city, it has a superabundance of two-legged things filled with the hog-spirit.

"All sounds are musical in the woods save the crack of a rifle. There is nothing more terrible than case-hardened Pavement-Civilization with a gun. It is not the settlers (many of whom do not kill one deer apiece per year), but the kid-glove type of hunter from the city who slaughter remorselessly, and sweep the California hills clear of every form of wild life.

"They are as senselessly destructive as the ravening kangaroo rats which carry off my spoons and pencils—objects entirely useless to them. They are the pickpockets of nature, nor have they the excuse of the wild justice of revenge, or the necessity of self-protection. Ancestral blindness wraps them up. They wear beards and eyeglasses, but morally and spiritually these profaners of nature are babes and sucklings.

"To remonstrate with such sportsmen is like feeding meat to a horse. Had they other eyes than those of corded fat and gristle they might get a far greater pleasure out of hunting the wild creatures of the wood with a camera; and they would find it would require greater patience, knowledge and acumen in stillhunting thus than in making the ground wet with the blood of fawns and orioles.

"Yet year after year these cultivated victims of the continuous calamity of bloodthirstiness are permitted to roam the woods and mountains, blind to all the real beauty about them, forever gripping a long-range gun and groping about, like the puma or the giant in the nursery tale, with his 'Fee-fo-fum,' smelling blood and prey. At this rate it is only a question of a few years when there will be left in California neither game nor songsters larger than the cicada.

"May the gods endow such Goths and Huns of the fields with a conscience, equal, at least, to that of the wolf, which kills only what it needs!"

Ah! all of the foregoing, here is an item showing to what depths of depravity or cussedness the human animal may sometimes descend to get the best of a harmless little creature:

"A so-called hunter, but one who is a disgrace to the name, set fire to a tree on the August Guillaume ranch, near Indian Springs, Friday, in an attempt to bring down a squirrel. Only timely help prevented another disastrous forest fire, as the fellow walked off, leaving the flames to spread where they might."

That happened near Grass Valley, almost on the very site where the sportsmen of Eastern California hold their annual celebrated "camp stews." Needless to say the affair has caused loud expressions of indignation.

WM. FITZMUGGINS.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1903.

Our Feathered Game.

UNDER this title Mr. Dwight W. Huntington has published a most interesting and useful volume of over 400 pages devoted to bird shooting, and illustrated in a copious and beautiful manner. These illustrations consist of eight full-page shooting scenes in colors, which are distributed through the book, and of twenty-nine full-page plates of photographs of mounted birds which we shoot, the number of figures being no less than 135, and including everything from the wild turkey and swan down to the least sandpiper and the bobolink. The specimens are well mounted, and the photographs for the most part exceedingly good, and enable the reader to identify each species beyond a peradventure.

The colored shooting scenes cover a variety of forms of sport—partridge, grouse, woodcock, snipe and various forms of duck shooting. All are interesting, and show much familiarity with the use of a gun in a great variety of situations.

Mr. Huntington is a sportsman of long experience. His memory goes back to the days when game was far more abundant than it is at present, and having seen the extraordinary decrease in the number of our birds, he has very clear ideas of what should be done to preserve what we have left, or even to increase it.

Mr. Huntington's work is introduced by three chapters which have to do with the present conditions of things, so far as the numbers of our birds are concerned, with guns and dogs and with game clubs, parks and preserves. He believes thoroughly in the establishment of National and State parks, wherever these can be set aside, and feels there should be refuges for game in the north and south alike. He says, "There should be parks, State and National, in Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana, to include small lakes and ponds, where the wild fowl still build their nests and where the northern grouse, the sharp-tailed and the great sagecock could be safe from persecution. There should be parks of refuge for the swans, geese and ducks adjacent to the Gulf of Mexico, where these birds might safely pass the winter.

"The wild fowl which now nest in these Northern States, in a very few years will be found there no more. The Southern refuge is equally important. The slaughter, not alone in our marshes, but on the haciendas of Mexico as well, is something beyond belief. Many of the ducks which go to winter to the armadas of Mexico, to seek the peace and quiet which precedes the slaughter, are driven from our Southern marshes by continued persecution."

Louisiana, Oregon, Washington, Northern and

Southern California, Maine, the sounds of North Carolina and the everglades of Florida, are all places where such refuges should be established. Mr. Huntington believes that the bag should be limited, as in fact is now done for many States; but it should also be limited for clubs and private associations.

Writing of a grouse preserve for the sharptail grouse, Mr. Huntington says he can imagine no better territory for this than the country from Minnesota and the valley of the Red River of the North, to eastern Oregon and Washington. "The vast number of small lakes and ponds, and the little streams and sloughs overgrown with reeds and rushes and wild rice, are full of the best ducks that fly, both the sea ducks, such as the canvasbacks and redheads, and the shoal water mallards, teal, wood duck, and all the river ducks or dabblers. Many remain in North Dakota to build their nests, and when chicken shooting I have often seen a pond full of young mallards and teal, and once made a double shot, killing a duck and a chicken, a large mallard and a swift-flying sharptail. The sharptail grouse is very similar in its habits to the prairie grouse. It struts and scratches and fights in the spring; many performing at a time on the scratching places, and as the birds bow and slip past each other with their tails up they present an amusing appearance, which has been compared to the dancing of a minuet."

The volume is divided into books, the first of which include the Gallinaceous Birds; the second the Wildfowl; the third the Shore Birds or Waders, and the fourth, the Cranes, Rails, Reed Birds and Pigeons.

To the different groups chapters are given, the length varying according to the importance of the subject. Something is told in each of the life history of the species, of its distribution, and the time when it may be shot. Thus, to the wild turkey and the imported pheasant, brief chapters are given, and much longer ones to the various grouse, beginning with the different prairie species, then treating of the ruffed grouse, dusky grouse and spruce grouse, and lastly of the ptarmigan, which really hardly falls under the observation of any sportsman.

America is well recognized as the land of the partridges, which have their greatest development in the Southwest, while the sportsmen in the Northeast know only of the Bob White, often called the typical game bird of America. Mr. Huntington enumerates and describes the chief species of these birds and the method of hunting them.

Swans, wild geese and ducks, divided into sea ducks, river ducks and mergansers, occupy 100 pages of the volume, and something is said about the pursuit of each. The author has much to say about the danger of shooting behind wildfowl, and gives numerous examples drawn from his own experience to reinforce his advice. This, in fact, is one of the charms of the volume; that it is full of bits of personal experience, which are both interesting and useful.

The Shore Birds form a long list, and while much space is given to the pursuit of woodcock and snipe, the shooting of the smaller beach birds is less full.

The last division has something to say about miscellaneous birds, and this is followed by an Appendix, giving the names and descriptions of the 135 species figured in the plates of the volumes. These descriptions are taken from standard works, and are entirely reliable.

Mr. Huntington's volume contains much natural history, and above all much information useful to the gunner, young or old. It is quite the best book on general bird shooting that we have seen for a long time.

The Maine License.

A. B. F. KINNEY, of Worcester, Mass., has partially planned a short hunting trip to Newfoundland for the last of the month, Mr. Kinney going in quest of caribou and moose in preference to deer, of which he has already killed a large number upon his previous numerous trips into the great game regions.

Mr. Kinney voices the sentiments of practically all the Worcester sportsmen when he says that a comparatively small portion of New England hunters outside of Maine men will hunt the Maine woods the coming season. "In an average year," said Mr. Kinney to a Worcester Telegram reporter yesterday afternoon, "about \$3,000,000 is carried into Maine and left there by visiting sportsmen. About \$1,000,000 of that amount comes from the fishermen, and the rest from those who are in quest of deer and moose. I venture the assertion that less than three-quarters of a million will be left there this fall and winter by the hunters of big game. The greater part of this loss falls directly upon the guides and the stores where supplies and hunters' articles are sold.

"I hear the same story on all sides. Sportsmen are going to give Maine a wide berth this fall, and hunt in Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and the Provinces instead. I have usually gone into Maine, but have no thought of troubling them there this year. I wouldn't be willing to 'baby' them enough to pay the license fee, which the State Legislature there saw fit to adopt at its last session in the very teeth of all kinds of opposition, not only from sportsmen outside of the State, but from guides and keepers of supplies who were themselves citizens of Maine. Think of the number of Worcester county men that spend a week or two, and in some cases a longer time, every fall in the Maine woods, spending their money and having a good time. From what people tell me, not more than one man in four of the old guard is going to hunt Maine, preferring to keep on to the Provinces."

Labor Day Rail Shooting.

STRATFORD, Conn., September 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Hitherto the rail shooting on the Housatonic River has not been good. The birds killed are neither numerous nor in good condition, so far as I can learn. The best of the early bags was 23, and later there was one of 26. For the rest, most of the shooters got two, three, four six, and so on. A few reed birds are in the marshes, but they are protected by law and are not openly shot. At the same time, a day or two

since, I heard a man shoot eight or ten times in a piece of grass, and, later, asking his shover how many rail he had started there, was told "One." Possibly the shooter fired all those shots at a single rail, or he may have been shooting at reedies and blackbirds.

On Labor Day a large number of boats were out, but there was no shooting. Now and then half a dozen guns would be heard, and then for half an hour not a shot would be fired. Unquestionably a few birds are moving, as shown by the situation in which birds are found; and also by the reluctance with which they take to wing. However, the nights are not yet cold enough to make them come along in any number, and it is quite possible that there will be no heavy flight until toward the end of the month.

A. B.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

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A Picture.

SCENE—a little lake, deep set among the hills, long and narrow, fringed with lilies, the water lying level like a sheet of steel. Back and forth along the northern end plies a sharp-nosed boat, with scarce a wake. Amidships a brown-necked young college lad in bathing suit propels it, with an easy, rotary motion of the hands in alternate strokes, with barely a ripple. In the bow, both small hands on the gunwales gripping in nervous tension, a lovely girl of nineteen, her delicate color coming and going, her hair awave, her eyes aflash with excitement; and in the stern a middle-aged man whose hair in the right light shows a touch of iron gray. In his hand arches a fly-rod of split bamboo, well back over his shoulder, the quivering tip darting in irregular thrusts far astern like the lunging beak and serpentine throat of a giant crane, pointing to where the line is weaving this way and that in surging tugs. The lake grows sullen. Dark, white dimples show upon it. Gray light steals down the hills, gray mist shrouds them. There is a patter of falling drops, large ones, here and there. But the rod keeps up its lunging, the line its weaving to and fro. Slowly the bamboo straightens, a bull-necked fish sculls slowly in resentful, then with a surge and splash darts back again in rage. Still the pliant cane keeps fast its yielding urging, again the fish is guided alongside. There is no net. Nathless, there is a hand, that has been an expert frog-catcher in its day, which gently hovers ready, grips, and swings into boat with a single motion a burly three-pound pickerel, so lightly hooked in the cheek that it seems not possible the hook could have held through all that striving, granting, as it did, to the fish to keep his nose well turned away from the angle of the pulling of the line. But hold it did. And then the rain comes down in very truth—or we awake to it at last—and the boat perforce flies shoreward.

I would that I could make you see it as I saw it! For it was a lifting of the curtain to just the scene that William Black delighted in—the bare-armed, bare-legged gillie at the oars, the delicately beautiful young American girl in the bow, and in the stern—the same old, yet never old, lad in the hair of iron gray; and all in the heart of the hills, of the gray mists, on the level of that sullen lake.

J. P. T.

The Maine Whitefishes.

BY WILLIAM CONVERSE KENDALL, ASSISTANT, UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION, IN U. S. FISH COMMISSION BULLETIN.

ABOUT forty years ago Ezekiel Holmes published a list of the fishes of Maine, chiefly compiled and containing but few fresh water species. Over thirty years later the present writer published a report upon an investigation of the fresh waters of Washington county, which contained about the first record of observations upon Maine fresh water fishes since Holmes's publication. Prior to this time there had been no systematic collecting in the inland waters of the State. In the four years immediately following some small collections were made, upon which there has been no detailed report.

In 1898 the United States Fish Commission, realizing that knowledge directly valuable to fishculture and indirectly to the public could be derived from a study of the landlocked salmon and its native habitat, detailed the author to make such an investigation of Sebago Lake basin. Since then up to the present time the fresh waters of Maine have received considerable attention and a large amount of important information has been obtained.

In ten years twenty-two salt and fresh water species not previously recorded from the State, twelve of which are fresh water forms and three of which are new to science, have been found. This raises the list of native fresh water (including anadromous) fishes from thirty-five to forty-seven species. Others have had their recorded range considerably extended in the State, and some which have not been recorded since their description, or known, perhaps, from only a single locality, have been found widely distributed. These statements are not astonishing when the great extent of the fresh waters in the State and the small amount of work done there are taken into consideration. There still remains a large unexplored area, and doubtless other forms new to the State and perhaps new to science may be discovered.

It is not the aim of this paper to enter into the details of the results of this work, this being reserved for a future more comprehensive paper, but to call attention to a few interesting fresh water species of Maine fishes and put on record some observations regarding them.

One species of whitefish has for many years been known to occur in certain Maine waters. Holmes mentions two species under the names of *Coregonus albus* and *Coregonus (Argyrosomus) clupeiformis*. The former the writer has

decided must be the species formerly recognized as *C. labradoricus*, and the other doubtfully as *C. quadrilateralis*; but they are assigned to no particular locality. In the first report of the State Fish Commission, 1867-68, Mr. Charles G. Atkins, the commissioner, says, under the heading "Whitefish (*Coregonus*)," page 25:

Of this genus we possess at least one, and probably more than one species. They occur principally in the central, northern, and northeastern portions of the State. The species found abundantly on the St. John and its tributaries has been referred to the species *C. albus*, but we doubt whether that is correct. Whether or not our whitefish is identical with the famous whitefish of the Great Lakes, it certainly partakes of that excellence which is a characteristic of all the members of this genus. In the Fish River region, in Moosehead Lake, in Schoodic Grand, they pronounce the whitefish the best of fishes. Like nearly all the salmon family, to which they belong, they spawn in the autumn, and seem to prefer running water. On the Schoodic they resort to Pocompus and Grand Lakes, where the water is flowing from three to five feet deep, and the bottom sandy and gravelly. In November each year small quantities of them are taken here with the spear. One night, Mr. B. W. French, of Calais, set a net 30 feet long at this thoroughfare, and in the morning had a barrel of whitefish. In Moosehead Lake they sometimes take the fly. In June last we saw one taken with a fly near Mount Kineo by Artemas Libby, Esq., of Augusta. It weighed 1½ pounds. Two trout weighing a pound each were taken at the same cast. They can be taken with the hook at any season of the year in deep water. Almost any bait will answer, but the best is a piece of small fish. The most of them are taken in winter. The greatest success is obtained by sinding through a hole in the ice, at the end of a line, a "cusk" thoroughly gashed with a knife. This remains there one day and tolls a great many whitefish around. They are then taken by smallest baits on small hooks. One winter many of these Moosehead Lake whitefish were sold in Augusta, and their weight was so uniformly one pound that they received the name of "pound fish," and the trouble of weighing was dispensed with by the mutual consent of seller and buyer.

The whitefish differs from most of its family in being nearly or quite destitute of teeth. Its mouth is small and tender. It has therefore none of the fierce predatory character of the trout and togue. It probably feeds mostly on small aquatic animals of various kinds, such as insects, crustaceans and mollusks, being guiltless of the death of any of its fellow fishes.

Several other annual reports of the State Fish Commission allude to these fish under the general name of "whitefish," but give no localities besides those mentioned above by Atkins and nothing further indicating more than one species.

For many years the common whitefish of Maine bore the name of *Coregonus labradoricus*, but a few years ago the well-known ichthyologist, Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, announced the identity of this species with *Coregonus clupeiformis*, or the common whitefish of the Great Lakes. Whatever changes the names may undergo, the fish remains the same for the table, unexcelled by any other fresh water fish in Maine.

During most of the year this species (the others, too, for that matter), affects the deep water of the lakes or streams. It is essentially a lake fish, but is found throughout the year in some fresh water streams, probably having strayed from its lacustrine home over falls which were barriers to its return. In the lakes early in the evening and throughout twilight these fishes often appear at the surface to feed upon insects, and their "rises" may be seen everywhere at some distance from the shore. The whitefish rarely, if ever, leaps from the water, and his "wake" is inconspicuous compared with that of the trout or most other fishes. At this time it will occasionally take an artificial fly, as also sometimes on cloudy days, but the most successful method of angling for it is that described above by Atkins.

This species is known to occur in Maine in the St. Croix waters—both east and west branches—Moosehead Lake, Debsconeg lakes, Allagash, St. Francis, and Fish rivers. It undoubtedly is a resident of nearly all, if not all, of the larger lakes of Maine. It is propagated to some extent by the State Fish Commission.

There is another whitefish found in Maine which is not so well known as the above, consequently no one disputes the right to its name of *Coregonus quadrilateralis*, or round whitefish, Menominee whitefish, frostfish, shad-waiter, pilotfish, chiven, Chateaugay shad, black-back, etc., according to the locality in which it occurs. It is found from New Brunswick westward through the Adirondacks and the Great Lakes, thence northward into Alaska. It may be distinguished from other Maine species by its more elongate, rounder body, more pointed snout, and much smaller mouth. Its habits are similar in almost every respect to the above, but it is more seldom noticed owing to its smaller size and less abundance, perhaps, and from its never being taken on a hook. It has doubtless been observed by residents of the State and its difference from the others noticed, but it has been previously recorded from but one locality in the State—Clearwater Pond, Industry.

In 1901 the writer collected this whitefish in Umsaskis Lake, October 3, and the Cross Lake thoroughfare of Eagle lakes, Aroostook county, October 23. Late in November some were also received from Mr. John Story, who collected them with the common whitefish in Square Lake thoroughfare of the same region. It is doubtless more commonly distributed in the State than recorded observations indicate.

Supported by the opinions of such eminent ichthyologists as Dr. Jordan, Dr. Everman, and Dr. Bean, and an abundance of material and data, the writer has no hesitation in describing a new whitefish from Maine, which will be designated *Coregonus stanleyi*, named for Commissioner Henry O. Stanley. It was found in abundance upon its spawning beds in the thoroughfare from Mud Lake to Cross Lake on the night of October 23, 1901. At one haul of a hundred-foot seine fully two barrels of these little fish were captured, with them being one large specimen of *C. quadrilateralis*, several small *S. sebago*, numerous common suckers (*Catostomus commersoni*), and a few *Catostomus catostomus*.

There are but two instances of the introduction of non-indigenous whitefishes into Maine waters. One was *Coregonus clupeiformis*, the other *Coregonus albula*, with either of which *Coregonus stanleyi* is unidentifiable. Regarding the former, in a letter dated April 1, 1901, Commissioner H. O. Stanley says:

Some twenty years ago the United States Commission sent me some whitefish eggs, I think from one of the lakes in Michigan. I hatched them at Rangeley and planted them in the upper lake—Rangeley. This winter they have been caught with hook and line in considerable numbers in Umbagog Lake, which is the fourth lake below. This is the only lake in which fishing through the ice is allowed. It is a pickerel lake. These whitefish were caught with a small live minnow. I have had some sent me twice this winter; they run in size from 1½ to 2 pounds. I presume they

are in the lakes just the same, and could be caught if fished for in the same way. It seems queer that they should turn up in the lower lake first, some forty miles or more away. They are surely whitefish, and none has even been seen in Rangeley waters, to my knowledge, till this year, and I have been familiar with them all my life.

The other case was a single plant, concerning which Superintendent Charles G. Atkins, of Craig Brook Station, writes that having searched the records, as well as his own memory, he finds that he has knowledge of only one introduction of such species—namely, that of *Coregonus albula*, of which an importation of eggs was hatched at Craig Brook in the spring of 1886, and all the resulting fry, estimated at 51,000, were planted in Heart Pond at East Orland, April 21 of that year.

This fish abounds in the chain of Eagle lakes, and is doubtless a conspicuous item in the menu of salmon, togue, and trout. Reports of small whitefish from other parts of the State indicate that this species may be common in other waters. It is never, or very seldom, seen, except in breeding season, but very likely could be caught with fine-meshed gill nets made of fine twine if set in deep water. It is an excellent pan fish.

Massachusetts Fish and Game.

BOSTON, September 5.—Editor Forest and Stream: Capt. Collins and his able corps of deputies are making it warm for violators of the fish and game laws. As your readers know, the use of dynamite in "fishing waters" is prohibited by a law passed last winter. At Revere Beach this week a carnival is on, and among the many outdoor attractions Prof. Oldrieve has been exploding dynamite sticks, thus producing huge "geysers" to the delight of the great crowd of onlookers. But on Wednesday two deputies appeared on the scene and forbade the use of the dynamite sticks as a violation of the law above mentioned. The managers of the show have since been trying to see the Commissioners, even following the chairman to Gloucester, whither he had gone on business, in the hope of convincing him that the surf at Revere is not included in what the law styles fishing waters. It is reported that many fish floated on the water after the explosions, but that no dead ones were found on shore. The managers have, however, desisted from further use of dynamite.

Warden Otis Thayer writes that on the approach of the "Scoter" the lobster fishermen hustle to get their shorts overboard as soon as possible. Deputies Bent and Paradis were able to convict the men arrested two weeks ago, as mentioned by your correspondent, and have also caused the arrest of still another culprit for illegal fishing in Watuppa Lake, Fall River. Several other violators of the law in various parts of the State have been successfully prosecuted, and other cases are now pending.

Evidence of the increase in the number of deer are multiplying constantly. Several persons have reported damage to crops to the Commissioners, and one of the Selectmen of West Medway has sent a statement of damages in that town to your correspondent with a request for information as to the method of securing payment for the same. I have some interesting items from Maine and New Hampshire, but will only add that reports indicate good fly-fishing for the current month.

CENTRAL.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

Medal Contests.—Saturday, contest No. 11; held at Stow Lake, Aug. 29. Wind, southwest; weather, fair.

	Event	Event	Event No. 3			Event
	No 1, Distance, Feet	No 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Acc. %	Del %	Net %	No 4, Lure Casting %
C. G. Young.....	103	91	94.4	87.6	90.11	95.8
C. R. Kenniff.....	112½	93.4	91.4	90.10	91.1	97.9
Dr. W. Brooks.....	105½	91	93.4	83.4	88.4	..
H. Battu.....	103	87	90	84.2	87.1	95.3
G. C. Edwards.....	100	85	93.8	80	86.10	86.4
G. W. Lane.....	92.4	88.4	90.4	..
T. C. Kierulff.....	112	86.4	87.4	80	83.8	85.8

Medal Contests.—Sunday, contest No. 11; held at Stow Lake, Aug. 30. Wind, southwest.

C. G. Young.....	93.8	91.8	81.8	86.8	96.4
H. Battu..... 97	88	92.4	77.6	84.11	96.5
C. R. Kenniff.....	93.8	92	85.10	88.11	98.6
G. W. Lane.....	...	91	72.6	81.9	..
F. M. Haight....	74.4	85.4	73.4	79.4	..
H. D. Sperry.... 101	82.4	84.4	65	74.8	..
A. W. Blade.... 91	82.8	85.4	71.8	78.6	..
G. H. Foulks.... 102	90.8	92.8	75.10	84.3	..
Dr. W. Brooks... 98	89.8	88.8	86.8	87.8	..
F. H. Reed.....	88	90.8	86.8	88.8	..
H. C. Golcher... 124½	...	89.4	84.2	86.9	..
T. W. Brotherton. 123	89.4	92	86.8	89.4	92.9
T. C. Kierulff.... 105	84.8	85.8	80.10	83.3	85.2
J. B. Kenniff.... 120	91.8	89	87.6	88.3	95.9

Judges, Reed, C. R. Kenniff. Referee, Battu. Clerk, Benney.

The Mink and the Fly.

TROUT fishing in northern Michigan I find is liable to furnish a line of incidents worthy of record, queer in detail, grotesque to a degree worth remembering. Not by any means the least of the number coming under my notice during the few days spent on the Big Manistee is the one of the mink and the fly.

Mr. Harry Widdicomb, of Grand Rapids, caught a full-grown female mink on a No. 10 Cahill fly in three feet of fast-running water. The fight which followed lasted three-quarters of an hour, at the end of which time the mink was drowned, and Mr. Widdicomb was somewhat relieved. To relate Mr. Widdicomb's sensations during this struggle would be unfair to this sage of the brook. He best expresses all he felt by relating the experience of a southern Indiana judge, who brought on an engagement with a newspaper man. The judge had figured that the first blow would put that editor's paper out of business, but when the blow had been struck and the editor was still on his feet, he felt that he would rather be on his own front porch reading an account of what a scoundrel he was. The mink, too, got busy.

T. E. BATTEN.

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National Fish Culture.

(From the Boston Globe, Aug. 31.)

As ONE course along the shores of our seas, bays and rivers in these days, he cannot but notice the extent to which our "infant industries" are spreading as they pertain to fish.

We used to think that nature had filled the waters of the earth with a supply of fish for all ages and that all we had to do was to catch the store, but we now see our mistake, and find that the waters, like the land, must be replenished with animals if we would not have the stock fail us.

The great whale was the first marine animal to show signs of running out. We have not corrected the depletion yet, for the whale, being classed among the mammals, is not so easy to restore by artificial methods. Next to the whale there has been a gradual falling off of all the food fish that inhabit the seas as well as the lakes and rivers, for the fish are no exception to the universal law that constant consumption of nature's products followed by no restoration must inevitably result in depletion. To this must be added the barbarous practices of seining, and even stunning fish by concussion, which are resorted to by fishermen in order to supply the market. But exhaustion could not go on forever without an effort to counteract it.

The Government has taken hold of the matter with very commendable zeal and with gratifying success. There are now scattered along our coasts and rivers thirty-five national fish nurseries, located in twenty-five different States. The two devoted to marine species are on the New England coast. Eleven for the cultivation of river fishes, on the eastern and western seaboard, now deal with the important species of the Great Lakes, and fifteen are situated in the interior regions, devoted chiefly to the rearing of trout and bass. Besides this a large steamer is employed as a floating hatchery on the eastern rivers.

Upward of thirty different species of fish are bred at the Government stations, but a very large portion of the energy of the commission is applied to the great commercial species used as food, the cod, the salmon, the shad, the whitefish, the lake trout, the pike, the flounder, and the lobster. The total annual catch is worth \$7,000,000, and one and three-quarter billions of young are often liberated in a single season to swell the world's great fish reservoir. The number of eggs taken is almost innumerable, and every egg taken is capable of providing a healthy fish if nothing overtakes it in the process of hatching.

There is no infant industry in the world that compares with fish hatching for the size of the return. A large proportion of the eggs handled are taken from fish which have been caught for the market and would have been lost, but for the commission's efforts. In the case of the lobster, the shad, the lake trout, the pike, perch, and some other species, every egg taken, every fry hatched, represents a clear gain over nature. From 1885, when the largely increased plants of fry began to produce results, until the present time, the trend of the fisheries has been steadily upward.

Results are already apparent. Against a product of 18,000,000 pounds, worth \$995,000, in 1880, we now have an annual catch of over 50,000,000 pounds, valued at \$1,700,000. The Government is every year increasing the number and scope of its plants. Artificial clam cultivation is now being prosecuted in Rhode Island. Lucrative cod fishing is being established on grounds that had never contained cod in noteworthy numbers within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The shad, the lobster and the trout are being multiplied everywhere and but for the barbarous methods of the seining and trapping fraternity the effect on the nation's fish supply would be more apparent than it is.

And yet the reader may ask the very natural question, If all this is so, why does the price of fish still continue to reach such sky-scraping prices? If the Government has almost unlimited power to increase the supply of fish food in the country, has it no power to curb the rapacity of the fish dealers so that the price of fish may no longer be kept within hailing distance of beefsteak? Here we fall back upon the power of the trust to hold the people by the throat. But the people will in the end prove mightier than their plunderers.

At School.

THE bees in the meadow,
And the swallows in the sky;
The cattle in the shadow
Watch the river running by,
The wheat is hardly stirring;
The heavy ox-team lags;
The dragon-fly is whirring
Through the yellow-blossomed flags.

And down beside the river,
Where the trees lean o'er the pool,
Where the shadows reach and quiver,
A boy has come to school.
His teachers are the swallows
And the river and the trees;
His lessons are the shallows
And the flowers and the bees.

He sees the fly-wave on the stream,
The otter steal along,
The red-gilled, slow, deep-sided bream,
He knows the mating-song.
The chirping green-fly on the grass
Accepts his comrade meet;
The small gray rabbits fearless pass;
The birds light at his feet.

He knows not he is learning;
He thinks nor writes a word;
But in the soul discerning
A living spring is stirred.
In after years—O, weary years!
The river's lesson, he
Will try to speak to heedless ears
In faltering minstrelsy!

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

The Kennel.

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Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 15-17.—Ottawa, Can., Kennel Club show. Robert McAllen, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-9.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society's show.
Oct. 20-23.—Frederick County, Md., Agricultural Society show.
J. Roger McSherry, Sec'y.
Nov. 17-19.—Boston, Mass., Terrier Club show.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 26.—Clare, Mich.—Sportsman's Field Trial Association trials. E. C. Smith, Sec'y, Midland, Mich.
Oct. 26.—Washington Court House, O.—Monongahela Field Trial Association trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Oct. 27.—Paradise Valley, Nev.—Nevada Field Trial Association trials. Dr. C. E. Wilson, Sec'y, Elko, Nev.
Nov. 2.—Washington Court House, O.—Ohio Field Trial Association trials. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y, Circleville, O.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 9.—Fourteenth annual beagle trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y.
Nov. 9.—Missouri Field Trial Association trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Nov. 9.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Association trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 9.—Hutsonville, Ill.—Independent Field Trial Club trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Western Irish Setter Club trials. Dr. T. L. Fenn, Sec'y, Chicago, Ill.
Nov. 10.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven, Conn.
Nov. 16.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.
Nov. 23.—Robinson, Ill.—American Championship Field Trial Association trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Dec. 1.—Clay City, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club trials. C. F. Young, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Thomasville, Ga.—Continental Field Trial Club trials. John White, Sec'y, Hempstead, N. Y.
Nov. 16.—Holmdel, N. J.—Potter Club of America's trials. C. F. Lewis, Sec'y, New York city.
Nov. 30.—Chase, City, Va.—Virginia Field Trial Association trials. Charles B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.

Nebraska Trials.

THE second annual field trials of the Nebraska Association, held out in Holt county, near O'Neill, recently, were undoubtedly as interesting as any trials on chicken ever held in the country. Barring the sultry intervals, the weather was most satisfactory, and many of the old dog men present said the competitions were the greatest ever held in a prairie country. They opened with the Derby, in which there were 32 starters, the largest number that was ever known in a Derby before, and in the All-Age there were 42-44 being the record in this stake. The judges were W. J. Baughn, of Ridgeville, Ind., and William Elliott, of Selma, Ia., and those present from outside the State were Nat B. Nesbitt, Chesterville, Miss.; W. D. Gilchrist, Courtland, Ala.; A. B. Caldwell, Caledonia, O.; Asher Cody, Holland, Mich.; George McLinn, Mexico, Mo.; W. W. Henry, Butler, Mo.; E. R. Sheeley, Clare, Mich.; W. J. Wilson, Sparta, Ill.; E. S. Munger, Clyde, O.; Tucker Brothers, Staunton Depot, Tenn.; J. A. Gude, Bruceville, Ind.; Edward Garr, Louisville, Ky.; W. B. Stafford, Trenton, Tenn.; Chas. Askins, Marion, Ill.; D. C. White, Courtland, Ala.; J. T. Jones, Wheeler, Miss.; James Pease, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. Hickerson, Moberly, Mo.; together with a representative of the FOREST AND STREAM and other newspaper men.

On account of the large number of entries and the high class of the dogs there was considerable dissatisfaction after the Derby, and handlers representing ten dogs in the All-Age declared they would not start, as the judges had shown partiality in their decisions. But they were all on hand the next morning, and there was not a single defection from the list. I do not believe there ever was a Derby or All-Age stake run with as many high class puppies in them.

There was \$500 in each stake; first, \$150; second, \$125; third, \$100; fourth, \$75; fifth, \$50. The Derby was run with Ossee O. against Buckle; Rodfield with Pioneer, Kate Cyrus with Dixie's Pearl; Dervish Girl with Lakefield's Pride, Phoebe Rod with Baby Ale, Keno with Topsy's Dots, Belle Oakley with Chevalier's Pride, Brett's Sport with Chesterfield's Sue, Countess Sue with Kent's Ruth, Kate Jingo with Trap, Ortez Masterpiece with Ruby Stone, Sport's Dan with Lady Mealley, Genis Oakley with Rachel Rodfield, Copper Coin with Oakley Hill's Pride, Rap's Pointer with Jingo Rock, and La Belle with Plain Rex. They were all run the first day with the following prize winners:

First—Plain Rex, English setter, owned by Thomas Griffith, Grand Forks, N. D., and handled by Nat Nesbitt. Plain Rex is by Dan Bo-ex-Thelma S., not a wonderful dog at all, but with impressive style.

Second—Lad's Meally, pointer by Lad of Jingo-ex-Margaret, W. P. Austin, Mansfield, Pa.; handled by A. B. Caldwell. Fast, stylish and steady.

Third—Brett's Sport, English setter, by Sport Count Gladstone, ex-Pride Belle; owned by William Brett, Ava, Ill.; handled by Charles Askins. Ordinary good ranger, but far from strong. His opponent, Plain Rex, a fair ranger with good pace and stylish. Decision unsatisfactory.

Fourth—Ossee O., English setter, by Count Rodstone ex-Marie's Dot; Dr. Hickerson, Moberly, Mo.; handled by Ed. Garr. Good speed, ranged well and a handsome looker.

Fifth—Divided; Chesterfield's Sue, English setter, by Jack, ex-Tigner's Vick; J. C. Tigner, Richmond, Va.; handled by W. D. Gilchrist, and Dervish Girl, English setter, by Robert Count Gladstone, ex-Fleety A., owned by the American Llewellyn Kennels, Robinson, Ill.; handled by W. W. Updike. Both good goers, Chesterfield Sue a trifle the more impressive.

All-Age Stake.

Four pairs of the All-Age were run in the afternoon, finishing just before dark; eight pairs the next morning, and the balance the next morning—a dubious piece of work. To run an All-Age stake of 42 starters and finish and announce the decisions in less than two days is hard to accomplish in August and give all the dogs a fair and equal chance and return verdicts satisfactory to all. As

they decided and ran the stake, a dog lucky enough to be put down in the cool of the day, or where the birds were plentiful and made a point or two and had class, was a sure winner. A great mistake in this stake was not calling Sir Rodney into the second series. He is a capital going dog, with plenty of class, which he showed off to an advantage in his heat with Dan Stewart. He went wide and fast, hunting his ground well, pointed twice and handled his game superbly, and was anxious for more of it when called to by the time limit. But another dog was carried in this series that did not have the class that Rodney did, and when he did have an opportunity on game went bang into them. I also think Lad of Jingo should have been taken into this series, for he is a high class dog, and was put down first brace after dinner in high cover where his work could not be viewed. But it has come to pass that a dog without style cannot win in a modern field trial, no difference how much bird sense he possesses, or how well he hunts. This high class business in a way is farcical, and should be eradicated in measuring the worth of bird dogs. Bird sense, hunting qualities, and speed should be the desiderata in determining the valuable qualities of a hunting dog, which are desirable for service, not ornamentation.

Dr. J. E. Summers, Jr., of this city, started two dogs in the All-Age stake which I know are magnificent bird dogs. They found the chicken, pointed, held, and did everything that is expected of a thorough shooting dog, but they were shy the high class the judges were looking for, and which controls the bird dog market above efficiency and genuine capacity for the field. Parties interested in the sale of dogs, or any particular strain, should never be selected to fill the important position of a judge at a field trial. Call on the intelligent, practical sportsman, the hunter and field worker, aloof from kennel influences, and you will receive justice for your dogs. High class dogs, in blood and looks, are all right, but to win my money they must do high class work afield also; then they are really high class, a class of their own. There are too many high class dogs with poor noses and little bird sense that get rank over the real thing with the modern field trial judge. A gentleman at O'Neill offered to bet \$100 that one of Dr. Summers' dogs would find more birds in a half day than any dog on the grounds in a whole day, and yet he found no takers, not even among the erudite judges.

The All-Age with Gracie's Rod and Elgin's Sport, Dod's Frank with Question, Jessie Rodfield's Ct. Gladstone with Patentee, Sport's Boy, Jr. with Repstone Jingo, Victor Okah with Abdullah Rodfield, Sank with Ortez King, Northern Huntress with Lakenfield's Rod, Jingo Jones with Alford's John, McKinley with Alpine Lad; Dan Stewart with Sir Rodney, Chief Other Day with King Dodo, Sam B. with Lad of Jingo, Prince Danstone with Jack D., Fantasma with May Fly, Hal's Pearl with Slap Dash, Prince Lyndon with Blue Danstone, Jingo's Lady with Sport's Lady, Sure Shot with Sport Webster, Jingo's Mike with Cap Jack, Boy Blue with Mascot, Pride of Rodfield with Count's Clip.

First—Prince Lyndon, English setter, by Marie's Sport, ex-West Wind, owned by John Crowley, Milwaukee; handled by E. R. Shelley. The Prince is eight years old and never started in a trial before. Good range, good speed, good nose.

Second—Alpine Lad, pointer, by Lad of Jingo, ex-Fanny Flash; owned by Charles Proctor, Union City, Ind.; handled by Garr. Fast and stylish, down thirteen times, a good one, and a former eight-time winner.

Third—McKinley, English setter, by Hickory Gladstone, ex-Thelma S., owned by Thomas Griffith, Grand Forks, N. D.; handled by Nesbitt. Very fast, admirable ranger, drops to point, good finder, steady, intelligent. A winner before on chicken.

Fourth—Dad's Frank, English setter, by Matt Ellis, ex-Belle Wilson II.; owners, Booker and Kennard, Louisville, Ky.; handled by Garr. First start, wide worker, speedy, handsome, staunch and all-round winner.

Fifth—Blue Danstone, English setter, by Count Danstone, ex-Fairland Dot; T. A. Tucker, Peoria, Ill.; handled by owner. A high class dog in all details, a winner by a tremendous margin, the very best dog that won a prize, according to my judgment.

The Nebraska trials next year will be held again during the last of August, when the card will be an All-Age stake, \$500; Derby, \$500, and a subscription stake of \$300; total, \$1,300. These trials are bound to become immensely popular, owing to the great grounds, and in 1904 I expect to see here the largest stake for dogs ever assembled in this or any other country.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Nebraska Coursing.

OMAHA, Neb.—The Nebraska State coursing meet, which for many years has been the one big event in the annual routine of life out at Friend, will be held near the city of Kearney this fall, opening on Monday, Oct. 19, and throughout the week. The meet this autumn will be under the auspices of the Mississippi Valley Futurity Club, of which Dr. L. D. Ravencroft is president; W. D. Turner vice-president, and George Dayton secretary and treasurer. All of the preliminary arrangements, the securing of the rabbits and so forth, will be attended to by the Kearney Coursing Club. W. H. Roe, president; W. C. Chase, vice-president; N. P. Hansin, secretary, and J. S. Adair, treasurer. Nebraska jacks will be used at this meeting, and if there are any bigger, stronger or swifter on earth I'd like to know where they come from. The Montana or Nevada rabbit isn't in it. The management intend to make a big thing of this meet, and prominent coursing devotees will be here from all parts of the country.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures for 1903.

Members of race committee will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

SEPTEMBER.

9-11. Columbia, races for Webb cup, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
10-12. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, specials. and fall regatta.
12. Keystone, open, Woodmere, L. I.
12. Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Monument Beach.
12. Bay State, Y. R. A., open, Lynn Bay.
12. Chicago, handicap race to Kenosha.
12. Columbia, fall regatta, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
12. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales cup race, Toronto.
19. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
19. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
19. Larchmont, schooner cup race, Larchmont.
19. Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate.
19. Bensonhurst, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
19. Manhasset Bay, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, fall regatta.
26. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, fall regatta.
26. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
26. Chicago, handicap, Lake Michigan.
27. Williamsburg, open, fall regatta.

OCTOBER.

3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
3. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.
5. Southern, fall, New Orleans.
10. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.
17. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1903, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, \$75.00.
Second prize, \$50.00.
Third prize, \$25.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1903.
2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.
3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.
4. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.
5. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.
6. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.
7. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, on or before Nov. 15, 1903.

America's Cup Races.

Third Race, Thursday, Sept. 3.

After Monday's race had been declared off, as the boats were unable to finish within the time limit and the Regatta Committee had been unable to start them at all on Tuesday and Wednesday, owing to lack of breeze, it began to look as if the matches this year would be as long drawn out as those between Columbia and Shamrock were in 1899.

Although there was very little air stirring Thursday morning, the prospects of breeze coming up later were better than on the two previous days. The preparatory gun was to be given at 12:45, but at this time it was hazy and there was very little wind. A member of the Regatta Committee on Navigator hailed Reliance and Shamrock III. and asked them if they were agreeable to a postponement. Both consented to this.

The breeze gained strength very slowly, but by noon time it had increased somewhat. Shortly after 12 o'clock Navigator anchored, establishing a line from the lightship. About this time Reliance's club topsail was taken in and her largest jackyarder was sent aloft. It was nearly 12:30 when Shamrock cast off from her tender and broke out her headsails. Reliance also cast off her tow line about this time. On Shamrock a small jib topsail was sent up and broken out.

Signals on the committee boat indicated that the boats would sail fifteen miles to windward and return, and the compass course was S. At 12:45 the preparatory gun was heard. The sea was smooth, there being very little roll on, and the tide was running ebb. Reliance had broken out a larger jib topsail than the one Shamrock was carrying.

There were very few boats on hand, the excursion fleet that was so much in evidence during the first few days had dwindled away entirely, and there were only a very few steam yachts to be seen.

The warning gun was given at 12:55, and at this time both boats were S. of the committee boat headed W. Shamrock was brought up on the wind, and then she was put on the starboard tack. Reliance also took a starboard tack. Shamrock was on her weather quarter. They were headed toward Navigator. Shamrock

was kept off, and Reliance ran out on her weather bow. With two minutes to go, Barr put Reliance on the wind again, and she passed to the S. of Navigator. Reliance and Shamrock were drawing together. After Reliance was clear of Navigator, she was headed for the line of the starboard tack. Shamrock was just off her lee quarter. Both boats stood down the line headed E. Shamrock was swung up on the wind, and then put on the port tack just before the handicap gun was fired. Reliance crossed on the starboard tack. The boats were timed at the start as follows. Reliance 1:01:56, Shamrock 1:02, the latter boat crossed three seconds after the gun, and was handicapped that time. The breeze had freshened slightly, and now had a strength of five or six knots. A little over a minute after crossing Reliance was put on the port tack and headed after Shamrock.

The skippers of each boat adopted the same policy in sailing their boats that they did on previous days. Barr pinching his boat out all he could, while Wringe gave his boat a good full and kept her footing. The crews of both boats were lined up to leeward in order to heel them down.

The wind freshened noticeably at half past one, and it cleared away the fog that had partially obscured Shamrock. On Reliance the jib topsail was taken in, as it was dragging her head off, and a smaller one was substituted. Reliance footed faster and headed higher than the challenger, and by 2 o'clock she was abeam of the English boat and a long distance to windward. The boats were getting well in toward the Jersey beach, and at 2:07:40 Shamrock, which boat was nearer shore, took the starboard tack. Reliance followed a few seconds later. Barr was sailing his boat in fine shape, and he worked every puff and change in the wind. At 2:31:30 Wringe put Shamrock back on the port tack, but it was over a minute later before Barr put Reliance about. Had the breeze held true the boats would have probably been able to make the mark after making the first long port tack, but it headed them off considerably. The wind was picking up steadily, and the jib topsail was taken in on Shamrock and another smaller one was set in its place. At one minute past three Reliance tried the starboard tack, which she held for three minutes and a half, then she was put back on the port tack again. When Reliance was again put on the starboard tack at 3:13:15, Shamrock followed. Reliance was a long distance ahead and to windward. At 3:36 Reliance was put on the port tack, and she stood for the mark, which she left on the starboard hand at 3:40:39. Her baby jib had been taken in before coming up to the mark and her balloon jib topsail had been sent up in stops. After gybing over her balloonier was broken out. The spinnaker pole was run out smartly, and the big sail was set and drawing a little over two minutes after passing the mark. Her jib and staysail were taken in and everything on deck was cleaned up. Shamrock's jib topsail was taken in five minutes before she reached the mark, and the balloonier was sent up in stops. It was 3:43:55 when Shamrock took the port tack and headed for the mark, and 3:51:46 she rounded. Her light sails were handled very smartly, and her balloonier and spinnaker were set quicker than Reliance's were.

The times over the windward leg were as follows:

	Start.	Turn.	Elapsed.
Reliance	1 01 56	3 40 39	2 38 43
Shamrock	1 02 00	3 51 46	2 49 46

Reliance had gained 11m. 3s. in the fifteen-mile beat, but as Shamrock was handicapped 3 seconds at the start, she beat her boat for boat, 11 minutes. Reliance had taken seven tacks to make the mark and Shamrock had done it in four.

Running down the wind, both the boats rolled considerably, as the sea was catching them on the starboard quarter. In order to prevent the booms from going into water, quarter lifts on both boats were set well up. Shamrock did not roll nearly so much as Reliance did, but the latter's light sails were trimmed better than the challenger's, and she opened up the gap between them steadily. At twenty minutes past four Shamrock's spinnaker was taken in, as a shift in the wind prevented it from drawing. Just at this time the fog struck in again, and it shut down thick. Shamrock was hidden entirely, and a little later Reliance was also screened from view. All the steamboats kept their whistles going, so as to give those on the yachts some idea where they were.

Navigator had anchored at the finish line, and every two minutes she sounded five short whistles. The fog-horn on Sandy Hook lightship was blowing five-second blasts at twelve-second intervals. The fleet had gathered around the finish line, and every one was peering anxiously into the fog trying to get a glimpse of one of the boats. It was half past five when Reliance shot into view out of the bank of fog. She was traveling very fast, but Barr had gone a bit to leeward of the finish line, and she was headed up sharply for the line. The balloonier was lowered so fast that the men could not secure it, and was dragging in the water when the yacht swept over the finish line. From the time Reliance burst out of the bank of fog up to the time she crossed the line, she made a picture that was most stirring and spectacular. Nothing like it had ever been seen before in yacht racing. Reliance was timed at 5:30:02, and she was lost again in the fog soon after she finished. Wringe had gotten way off his course in the fog, and half an hour after Reliance finished Shamrock was made out to the N. and E. of the finish line heading back. She was on the port tack fully half a mile off. As she never crossed the finish line, it will never be known how much Reliance beat her. The fog cleared soon after the finish. The summary follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Reliance	1 01 56	5 30 02	4 28 04	
Shamrock	1 02 00	Did not finish.		

The fall regatta of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. will be sailed on Saturday, September 12. The date of the race has been advanced one week by arrangement with the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. The Manhasset Bay Y. C. will put down new marks for courses to replace the ones removed a few days ago.

Wellfleet Y. C.

WELLFLEET, MASS.,
Monday, Aug. 23.

The first Y. R. A. open race of the Wellfleet Y. C. was sailed off Wellfleet on Monday, Aug. 23. The breeze was so light and fluky that there was no opportunity of testing the yachts. The yachts in classes D and E were unable to finish within the time limit. The summary:

	Class D.	Corrected.
Sally VII.	3 02 20	
Chewink III.	3 03 00	
Early Dawn	Time not taken.	

	Class E.	
Opitsah V.	3 01 08	
Tayac	3 03 10	
Medric	3 03 12	
Urchin	3 05 00	

	Class I.	
Miladi II.	2 20 20	
Domino	2 25 37	
Question	2 23 52	
Wink	2 28 27	
Mirage	2 48 00	
Gertrude	2 58 44	

	Class S.	
Mildred II.	2 27 12	
Usonia	2 37 33	

	Handicap Class.	
Vim	2 49 57	
Scylor	2 54 41	
Hustler	2 56 44	
Osage	2 57 40	
Mildred	3 03 40	
Strideaway	3 16 36	

Tuesday, Aug. 24.

For the second Y. R. A. open race of the Wellfleet Y. C. there was a very heavy breeze, from E. to E. S. E. In the 25-footers Chewink III. was first across the starting line, but Sally VII. soon caught and passed her, finishing with a big lead. Opitsah had an easy win in class E, as did Miladi II. in the 18ft. knockabouts. The summary:

	Class D.	Corrected.
Sally VII.	1 15 39	
Chewink III.	1 26 25	

	Class E.	
Opitsah V.	1 23 52	
Medric	1 27 12	
Chief	1 28 55	
Urchin	1 29 35	

	Class I.	
Miladi II.	1 31 29	
Domino	1 36 32	
Gertrude	1 36 40	
Question	1 36 55	
Wink	1 38 45	

	Class S.	
Iola	1 29 48	
Mildred	1 31 47	
Usonia	1 35 46	

	Handicap Class.	
Vim	1 38 40	
Hustler	1 44 55	

WORK BOATS.

	Class 1.	
Ella Ellsworth.	1 02 42	
Oyster	1 10 15	
Nettie	1 18 50	
Osage	1 35 12	
Eagle	1 25 57	

	Class 2.	
White Fawn	1 04 38	
Niobe	1 10 40	
Celia D.	1 14 15	
Rosie	1 20 31	

	Class 3.	
Gracie	1 16 40	
Surline	1 17 45	
Prude	1 35 03	

SPECIAL RACE.

	Class D.	
Sally VII.	1 03 03	
Chewink III.	1 07 52	

	Class E.	
Opitsah V.	1 20 07	
Urchin	1 21 21	
Chief	1 21 48	
Medric	1 22 30	

Bensonhurst Y. C.

BENSONHURST, L. I.,
Saturday, Aug. 29.

THE sixth regatta of the Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay was held on the afternoon of Saturday, Aug. 29, under the auspices of the Bensonhurst Y. C. It was the event postponed from July 18 because of adverse weather conditions.

At a meeting of the Association held recently, it was decided to make the last three regattas open to boats of any recognized yacht club, series prizes to be awarded on points in each class. The regular Association series for the year was continued unchanged.

A disagreeable storm from the N.E. raged all day, cutting down the entry to one of twelve boats, four of which did not finish. In the Marine and Field One-Design Class Esperance lost her centerboard. Her only opponent, Kelpie, withdrew and towed her back to a safe anchorage. During the latter part of the race the Class P boat Ogeemah lost a man overboard, which put her out of the running.

The usual Association courses were sailed. A N.E. wind gave the boats reaches to the Marine and Field, Fort Hamilton and Sea Gate marks, and a few hitches of windward work home to the start off Ulmer Park. The sea was running heavy. Most of the boats were reefed. The summary:

	Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:36.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cockatoo, W. A. Bartow		4 56 45	1 20 45
Karma, J. C. Erskine		5 04 50	1 28 50
Folly, John A. Sutter, Jr.		5 08 45	1 32 45
Ogeemah, Brophy & Mackay		5 29 24	1 53 34
Vagabond, T. A. Vernon		Did not finish.	
Smoke, L. H. Dyer		Did not finish.	

	Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:39.	
Cicada, A. D. O'Neil	5 14 08	1 35 08
Spots, D. D. Allerton	5 21 47	1 42 47

	Sloops—Class R—Start, 3:45.	
Sandpiper, W. W. Redfern	4 33 35	0 48 35

	Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:48.	
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock	4 32 40	0 44 40

Sandpiper and Rascal covered course once.

Esperance, T. A. Hamilton.....Disabled.

Kelpie, W. K. Brown.....Withdrew.

The winners were Cockatoo and Cicada. Rascal and Sandpiper took sailover prizes.

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.,
Thursday, Aug. 27.

The first of a series of three Y. R. A. open races of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed on Thursday, Aug. 27, in a light, fluky air. In the 25-footers Chewink III. got the start, but Sally VII. passed her before the first mark was reached, and from this out she led. In the 22-footers Tayac had the start, but Opitsah soon went to the front and stayed there to the finish. In the 21-footers Usonia, helped by flukes, won out by nearly 12m. In the 18-footers Aspinquid got the start and first place was held by several boats throughout the race. Mirage finally went up through the bunch and won out. The summary:

Class D.		Elapsed.
Sally VII., Percival.....	2	07 00
Chewink III., Macomber.....	2	33 53
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	2	38 23
Class E.		
Opitsah V., Foster.....	2	27 10
Tayac, Joyce.....	2	30 40
Chief, S. Winsor.....	2	35 45
Medric, White.....	2	36 38
Class S.		
Usonia, A. F. Lincoln.....	2	47 25
Perhaps II., Robinson.....	2	59 05
Mildred II., S. P. Moses.....	3	11 02
18ft. Knockabouts.		
Mirage, J. Omstead.....	2	07 24
Question, H. Hunt.....	3	10 44
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.....	3	11 16
Aspinquid, C. M. Foster.....	3	42 49
Crow, M. L. Crow.....	3	21 20
Osprey, A. Train.....	3	22 05
Kittiwake II., H. M. Jones.....	3	25 29
Wink, L. B. Goodspeed.....	3	27 01
Gertrude, Lynch.....	3	31 04
Domino, C. C. Clapp.....		Withdrew.
No. 1 Handicap Class.		
Rooster, Etherington.....	2	58 47
Mildred, Coleman.....	3	07 18
Hustler, Whitmore & Robbins.....	3	07 42
Kit.....	3	09 35
Wintuxet, Potter Bros.....	3	10 30
As-You-Like-It, Whitman.....		Withdrew.
Joansett, J. C. Dawes.....		Withdrew.
No. 2 Handicap Class.		
Challenger, E. B. Atwood.....	3	06 00
Shiela, Cummings.....	3	10 30
Aureolus, H. Kellogg.....	3	13 19
Biddy.....	3	14 26
Maud.....		Did not finish.

Friday, Aug. 28.

The second race of the Duxbury Y. C. series was sailed in a fresh S. E. breeze. Sally VII. and Early Dawn were the starters in the 25-footers, and it was all Sally VII. In the 22-footers Tayac got the start and led all over the course. In the 21-footers Mildred II. won by a safe margin. The 18-footers went over the starting line in a bunch, and on the first leg of the course kept well together. On the second leg Domino went up in front and led to the finish. The summary:

Class D.		Elapsed.
Sally VII., Percival.....	1	11 13
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	1	14 11
Class E.		
Tayac, W. H. Joyce.....	2	36 26
Chief, S. Winsor.....	2	38 11
Medric, H. White.....	2	39 09
Opitsah V., S. Foster.....	2	41 39
Class S.		
Mildred II., S. P. Moses.....	2	42 03
Usonia, A. Lincoln.....	2	45 20
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson.....	2	45 26
18ft. Knockabouts.		
Domino, C. C. Clapp.....	2	57 24
Crow, Lauriat & Hooper.....	2	59 06
Question, J. H. Hunt.....	3	01 38
Aspinquid, C. M. Foster.....	3	01 59
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch.....	3	02 22
Kittiwake, H. M. Jones.....	3	04 33
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.....	3	04 39
Yo San, R. J. Randolph.....	3	05 05
Mirage, J. Omstead.....	3	05 30
Wink, L. B. Goodspeed.....	3	13 21
Osprey, A. R. Train.....	3	18 00
No. 1 Handicap Class.		Elapsed. Corrected.
Kit, H. B. Whitaker.....	1	18 34 16 04
As-You-Like-It, Whitman.....	1	25 06 18 06
Hustler, Whitmore & Robbins.....	1	24 40 10 40
Rooster, Etherington.....	1	20 09 12 04
Mildred, Coleman.....	1	20 23 12 23
Wintuxet, Potter.....	1	34 19 12 41
No. 2 Handicap Class.		Elapsed. Corrected.
Shiela, L. F. Hewitt.....	1	23 55 12 55
Challenge, E. B. Atwood.....	1	27 58 12 58
Ranger, W. Ormond.....	1	35 24 12 24
Aureolus, H. Kellogg.....	1	41 25 13 25
Biddy, Atkinson.....	1	38 24 13 24
Solitaire, Amesbury.....	2	06 18 14 18
Pokonoket, W. J. Johnson.....		Did not finish.

Saturday, Aug. 29.

The last race of the Y. R. A. open series of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed Saturday, Aug. 29, in a fresh N. E. breeze. In the 25-footers Early Dawn was first across the starting line, but Sally VII. caught her before the first mark had been reached and opened up a good lead. Early Dawn's steering gear was broken soon after this, and Sally VII. finished it out alone. In the 22ft. class Tayac and Medric went over the line ahead of the gun and had to return. Opitsah V. led by a small margin on the first round, but on the second Chief caught and passed her, finishing in first place. There was a warm race in the 18ft. knockabouts, which was won by Miladi II., after sailing a much longer course than was necessary on account of one of the buoys being carried away. The summary:

Class D—25-footers.		Elapsed.
Sally VII., Percival.....	0	42 45
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....		Disabled.
Class E.		
Chief, S. Winsor.....	1	32 09
Opitsah V., S. Foster.....	1	33 05
Medric, H. White.....	1	33 54
Tayac, W. H. Joyce.....		Disabled.
Class S.		
Usonia, A. Lincoln.....	1	43 30
Mildred II., S. P. Moses.....	1	43 40
18ft. Knockabouts.		
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.....	1	38 14
Domino, C. C. Clapp.....	1	38 32
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch.....	1	38 35
Kittiwake, H. M. Jones.....	1	39 34
Question, J. H. Hunt.....	1	40 49
Crow, Lauriat & Hooper.....	1	41 54

Osprey, A. R. Train.....	1	45 25
Mirage, J. Omstead.....	1	45 57
Aspinquid, C. M. Foster.....	1	46 02
Wink, L. B. Goodspeed.....	1	46 10
Yo San, R. J. Randolph.....		Did not finish.

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

Monday, September 7.

Nearly fifty boats started in the fall regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. sailed on Labor Day.

The start was scheduled for 12 o'clock, but the Regatta Committee deemed it advisable to postpone it until one, owing to the lightness of the wind. It was a day of fickle breezes, and the racing was not conclusive. At the start the wind was N. W., then it worked around to the E., but finally a good sailing breeze came out of the S. S. E. A Government boat removed the permanent racing buoys set out by the Larchmont Y. C. a few days ago and temporary marks had to be put in place at the last moment.

The 60-footer Neola and the 43-footer Effort had no competitors in their own classes, so they raced against one another in the same class. Neola had to allow Effort a large amount of time, something over eighteen minutes, but even with this big handicap she was able to win, and with a good margin to spare.

In class M there were three starters. Anotok took another first prize, beating Spasm easily. Breeze did not finish.

Tern had a very easy time of it in the yawl class, and at the finish all her competitors were a long distance behind.

Alert added another winning flag to her long list by beating Mimosa in class N. Little Peter, the third boat to start in this class, parted her bobstay on the windward work and withdrew.

Four of the Larchmont Y. C. 21-footers came to the line. This is the first time Vaquero has appeared in the racing this season. Houri won and Vaquero was second.

In class P, Chingachook managed to win out, beating Naiad, a new boat, by over two minutes. Lucille withdrew.

The four starters in the Manhasset Bay one-design class sailed a pretty race and they were well bunched at the finish. Falcon won by 14 seconds, and Lambkin was only one second behind Bab, the second boat.

Nine boats started in the raceabout class. Maryola and Rascal had a hot race for first place, but the latter won out by 10 seconds.

In class R, Flim Flam won easily. There were four starters in the New Rochelle one-design class. Knave won and Capar was second. Deuce withdrew.

Out of three starters in class Q, Montauk was the only boat to finish. Gosling won in the Hempstead Harbor one-design class. Trilobite had no trouble beating Joke in class N. The summary:

Sloops—Class I—Start, 1:05—Course, 2½ Miles.		Finish.	Elapsed.
Neola, G. W. Pynchon.....	5	08 21	4 03 21
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	5	42 08	4 37 08
Sloops—Class M—Start, 1:15—Course, 2½ Miles.			
Breeze, W. L. Roelker.....		Did not finish.	
Anotok, W. G. Brokaw.....	6	01 04	4 46 04
Spasm, E. B. King.....	6	06 55	4 51 55
Yawls—Class M—Start, 1:45—Course, 2½ Miles.			
Columbia, C. M. Gould.....	6	30 34	5 15 34
Tern, John Hyslop.....	6	09 36	4 54 36
Zenobia, H. W. Eaton.....	6	34 03	5 19 03
Sakana, A. B. McCreery.....	6	24 23	5 09 23
Sloops—Class N—Start, 1:20—Course, 2½ Miles.			
Mimosa, T. L. Park.....	6	05 40	4 45 40
Little Peter, F. M. Weeks.....		Disabled.	
Alert, J. W. Alker.....	6	02 48	4 42 48
Raceabout Class—Start, 1:25—Course, 10½ Miles.			
The Kid, Oliver Harriman.....	4	16 32	2 51 32
Jolly Tar, Slocum Howland.....	4	14 06	2 49 06
Grasshopper, Harold Pryor.....	4	15 29	2 50 29
Mavis, G. Pirie.....	4	14 09	2 49 09
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	4	16 04	2 51 04
Maryola, C. W. Allen.....	4	13 40	2 48 40
Rogue, A. B. Alley.....	4	22 38	2 57 38
Cricketer, Howard Willetts.....	4	17 29	2 52 29
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins.....	4	13 20	2 48 20
Larchmont One-Design Class—Start, 1:30—Course, 10½ Miles.			
Dorothy, L. G. Spence.....	4	35 16	3 05 16
Houri, J. H. Esser.....	4	15 04	2 45 04
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer.....	4	35 57	3 05 57
Vaquero, W. A. Marble.....	4	20 03	2 50 03
Sloops—Class P—Start, 1:30—Course, 10½ Miles.			
Chingachook, E. A. Stevens.....	4	24 03	2 54 03
Lucille, D. A. F. Black.....		Did not finish.	
Naiad, J. B. Palmer.....	4	26 40	2 56 40
Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start, 1:35—Course, 10½ Miles.			
Arizona, G. A. Corry.....	5	13 21	3 38 21
Falcon, Stevens & Cole.....	5	12 39	3 37 39
Bah, J. R. Hoyt.....	5	12 53	3 37 53
Lambkin, G. W. Roach.....	5	12 54	3 37 54
Sloops—Class R—Start, 1:25—Course, 10½ Miles.			
Plover.....		Did not finish.	
Pandora, S. Towle, Jr.....	5	11 53	3 36 53
Flim Flam, A. W. Prince.....	4	52 45	3 17 45
New Rochelle One-Design Class—Start, 1:35—Course, 10½ Miles.			
Knave, P. N. Bavier.....	4	38 48	3 03 48
Capar, E. C. Howard.....	4	40 09	3 05 09
Ace, A. Bavier.....	4	56 11	3 21 11
Deuce, N. D. Lawton.....		Did not finish.	
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 1:35—Course, 10½ Miles.			
Jeebi, A. D. Bearn.....		Did not finish.	
Montauk, G. P. Sheldon.....	4	26 09	2 51 09
Gazabo, H. T. Nulte.....		Did not finish.	
Hempstead Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 1:40—Course, 10½ Miles.			
Scud.....		Did not finish.	
Gosling.....	5	08 52	3 28 52
Wif Waf.....	5	17 56	3 37 56
Sloops—Class W—Start, 1:40—Course, 10½ Miles.			
Joke, C. C. Converse.....	5	52 53	4 12 53
Trilobite, J. D. Starkman.....	5	40 51	4 02 07

The winners were Neola, Anotok, Tern, Alert, Rascal, Flim Flam, Knave, Montauk, Gosling, and Trilobite.

Erie Y. C.

ERIE, Pa., September 5.—Several boats were away on a cruise and only four started in the final race. They had a fair N. E. wind and made the seven miles in very good time.

30ft. Class.		
Kingfisher.....	1	54 20
Una.....	1	57 10
25ft. Class.		
Mingo.....	1	53 00
20ft. Class.		
Turtle.....	1	56 40

CABIA BLANCO.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.,
Saturday, Aug. 15.

The fourth championship race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on Saturday, Aug. 15, in a light southeast breeze. In the 22-footers Setsu got the start, but Medric went into first place soon after, and went out so fast that Setsu withdrew. In the raceabouts, Runaway Girl got the start, but before the first mark was reached the Baggarah took the lead and held it to the finish. In the 18ft. knockabouts, Chance won an easy race. In the handicap knockabout class, Ruth finished first and Carmen took first place on corrected time, but Carmen was protested by Ruth. The summary:

22ft. Restricted Class.		Elapsed.
Medric, H. H. White.....	1	59 55
Setsu, Talbot & Lewis.....		Withdrew.
Raceabouts.		
Baggarah, R. C. Robbins.....	2	11 48
Runaway Girl, C. H. Tweed.....	2	16 18
18ft. Knockabouts.		
Chance, R. Boardman.....	1	28 24
Moslem, B. D. Barker.....	1	36 53
Rattler, A. D. Irving.....	1	39 54
Handicap Knockabouts.		Elapsed. Corrected.
*Carmen, C. H. Johnson.....	1	35 11 1 28 33
Ruth, S. H. Wheelock.....	1	33 53 1 30 05
Dabster, F. Skinner, Jr.....	1	34 29 1 33 32
Suzanne, F. Brewster.....	1	34 44 1 34 48

Saturday, August 29.

The sixth championship race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead, on Saturday, Aug. 29, in a strong N. E. breeze. Great Haste got the start in the 25-footers and led all over the course. In the 18ft. knockabouts Piccalilli was away first, but Arrow soon caught her and held first place to the finish. In the handicap class Dabster won handily. The summary:

25-ft. Class.		Elapsed.
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	1	24 12
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	1	25 49
Raceabout Class.		
Baggarah, R. C. Robbins.....	1	32 03
18ft. Knockabouts.		
Arrow, E. A. Boardman.....	1	14 22
Chance, R. Boardman.....	1	15 15
Moslem, B. D. Barker.....	1	16 49
Piccalilli, C. H. W. Foster.....	1	17 59
Class B—Handicap.		Elapsed. Corrected.
Dabster, F. Skinner, Jr.....	1	12 15 1 12 15
Carmen, C. H. Johnson.....	1	17 12 1 13 50
Ruth, H. W. Wheelock.....	1	18 23 1 16 15

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.,

Monday, Aug. 31.

THE 30-footers covered a 16-mile windward and return course on Monday, Aug. 31. Barbara got the start, but was passed by Carolina on the windward leg. From that time on Carolina was never headed, and won the race. The 15-footers sailed over an 8-mile course, and Eaglet won. The summary follows:

30-footers—Start, 3:33.		Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, P. Jones.....	6	07 07	2 34 08
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	6	10 29	2 37 29
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....	6	11 49	2 38 49
Vaquero, III., P. Whitney.....	6	15 18	2 42 18
15-footers—Start, 3:38.			
Eaglet, Miss Grosvenor.....	5	14 21	1 36 21
Whisper, Master Morgan.....	5	15 06	1 37 06
Hawk, H. Lippitt.....	5	15 11	1 37 11
Minnow, W. Gammell, Jr.....	5	15 34	1 37 34

Monday, Sept. 7.

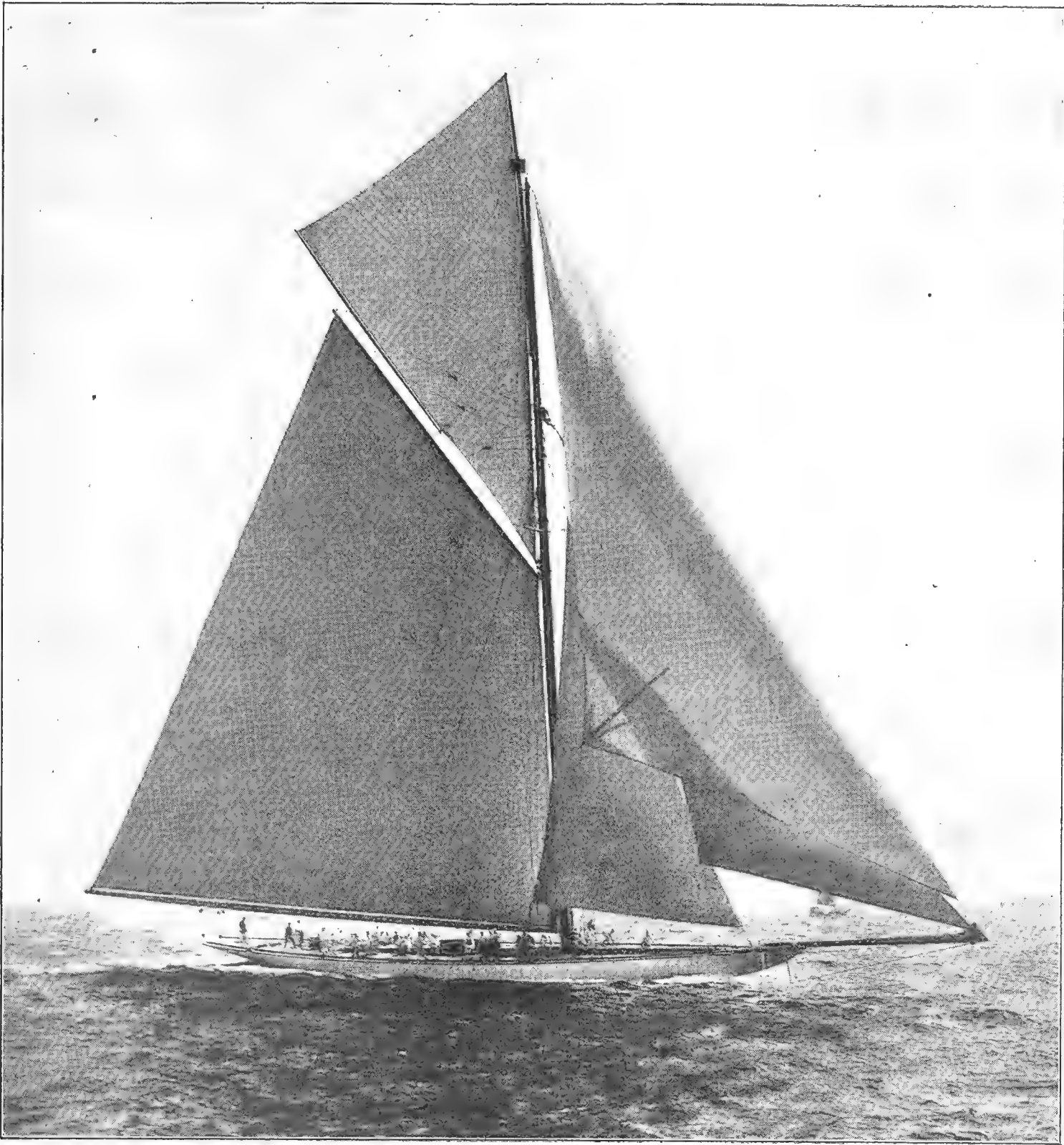
The 30-footers and the 15-footers sailed a race in a light S. wind on Monday, Sept. 7. The thirties sailed around the Compass buoy in Coddington Cove, while the 15-footers went around the bell buoy off Castle Hill. Both were windward and leeward courses.

Barbara got the start in her class, but was passed by Carolina on the windward work, and she was never headed afterward.

Eagle got the start in the 15ft. class, but was passed by both her competitors. Hawk won and Minnow finished second. The summary:

30-footers—Start, 3:45.		Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones.....	5	41 44	1 56 44
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherford.....	5	45 58	2 00 58
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....	5	49 16	2 04 16
15-footers—Start, 3:50.			
Hawk, W. Gammell, Jr.....	5	10 12	1 20 12
Minnow, H. Lippitt.....	5	13 24	1 23 24
Eaglet, Miss Grosvenor.....	5	16 31	1 26 31

Jamaica Bay Y. C.



SHAMROCK III.
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Canarsie Y. C.

JAMAICA BAY, L. I.,
Sunday, Aug. 30.

THE regatta given by the Carnarsie Y. C. on Sunday, Aug. 30, was open to all boats belonging to clubs enrolled in the Jamaica Bay Y. R. A. The race was sailed in a heavy N.E. wind, and there was quite a sea on. The list of starters was greatly reduced by the bad weather. The courses for all boats were the same, and the first leg was a run; the second a close reach on the port tack, the third a run, with booms to starboard; the fourth a beat to windward; the fifth a run, and the sixth a beat home. The summary follows:

Class A—Launches.		
	Start.	Finish.
Florence, A. Winkemeier	2 35 00	Not taken.
Gracie, Mr. Greene	2 35 00	Withdrew.
Class B—Sloops.		
Marion, A. E. Smith.....	2 41 30	4 39 16
Yank, Charles Dhuy.....	2 41 45	4 53 31
Lassie, Fletcher Bros.....	2 41 33	4 54 58
Class C—Cabin Cats.		
Klyo, A. Brooks.....	2 48 39	4 47 55
Ida, J. B. Acker.....	2 47 32	Not taken.
Kate, E. Hayes.....	2 46 30	5 12 10
Irene, G. Winters.....	2 49 36	4 56 15
Class D—Cabin Cats.		
Diana, H. B. Beyer.....	2 50 00	5 07 15
Burton	2 50 00	Withdrew.
Class E—Open Cats.		
Caddie, E. X. Karr.....	2 52 26	4 59 02
Meteor, W. G. Herx.....	2 52 24	Withdrew.
Aurora, A. Wirsching	2 51 34	2 02 38
Pauline B., J. H. Rogers.....	2 51 55	Withdrew.
Bill Nye, Kopf Bros.....	2 51 45	4 58 32
Class F—Open Cats.		
Vision, C. B. Fitzmaurice.....	2 55 48	5 05 09
May P., J. B. Patterson.....	2 57 40	Withdrew.
Alice, A. Bishop	2 57 42	Withdrew.
Amaranth, F. Wolff.....	2 56 20	Withdrew.
H. C. Miner, C. Werner.....	2 57 00	5 09 25

The winners were Marion, Klyo, Diana, Aurora and Vision.

Eastern Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.,
Friday, Sept. 4.

A special open race for restricted classes of the Y. R. A. was given by the Eastern Y. C. on Friday, Sept. 4. There was a fresh S. E. breeze and a lump of a sea. Both Great Haste and Chewink III. were over the starting line ahead of Sally VII., but on the beat to windward Sally went out into the lead and held it to the finish. The Chewink was dismasted on the windward leg. The 22-footers went over the starting line bunched. Peri II. got the lead on the windward leg and held it to the finish. In the 18ft. knockabout class Question and Arrow had a warm scrap all over the course, Question winning out by 29s. The summary:

Class D—25-footers.	
	Elapsed.
Sally VII., L. F. Percival.....	1 48 45
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	1 51 07
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	Disabled.

Class E.	
Peri II., Mr. Lee.....	1 57 31
Opitsah V., S. H. Foster.....	2 01 05
Tayac, W. H. Joyce.....	2 01 07
Medric, H. H. White.....	Withdrew.
Class I.	
Question, J. H. Hunt.....	1 33 26
Arrow, R. Boardman.....	1 33 55
Chance, E. A. Boardman.....	1 34 31

Myrimidon, W. C. Loring, Jr.....	1 36 26
Rattler, A. D. Irving.....	1 38 33

Saturday, Sept. 5.

The second special open race of the Eastern Y. C. series was sailed off Marblehead in fresh to strong breezes, on Saturday, Sept. 5. At the start the wind was strong from the S. E., but it shifted to N. W. later with a thunder squall. In the 25-footers Great Haste was a little ahead at the start, but Sally VII. took the lead on the windward leg and was never headed. In the 22-footers Medric got the start and led all over the course. In the 18-footers Arrow led to the windward mark, but on the last leg Moslem came down with the squall and finished first. The summary:

Class D.	
	Elapsed.
Sally VII., L. F. Percival.....	2 03 11
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	2 11 12
Early Dawn, J. H. Doherty.....	Disabled.
Class E.	
Medric, H. H. White.....	2 02 01
Opitsah V., C. H. Foster.....	2 08 03
Tayac, W. H. Joyce.....	2 11 29
Peri II., G. H. Lee.....	Time not taken.
Class I.	
Moslem, B. D. Barker.....	1 22 00
Arrow, C. A. Boardman.....	1 26 15
Question, J. H. Hunt.....	1 26 52
Myrimidon, W. C. Loring, Jr.....	1 27 46
Rattler, A. D. Irving.....	1 29 35
Chance, R. Boardman.....	1 43 20

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH, L. I. SOUND,
Monday, Sept. 7.

On Labor Day the Indian Harbor Y. C. held handicap and sailboat races. The wind at the start was from the W., but later shifted to the E. The boats in the club handicap class covered a ten-mile course, while the club sailboats went over a five-mile course. Cymbra won in her class, Neola was second and Verona was third. Bug won out in the sailabout class. The summary:

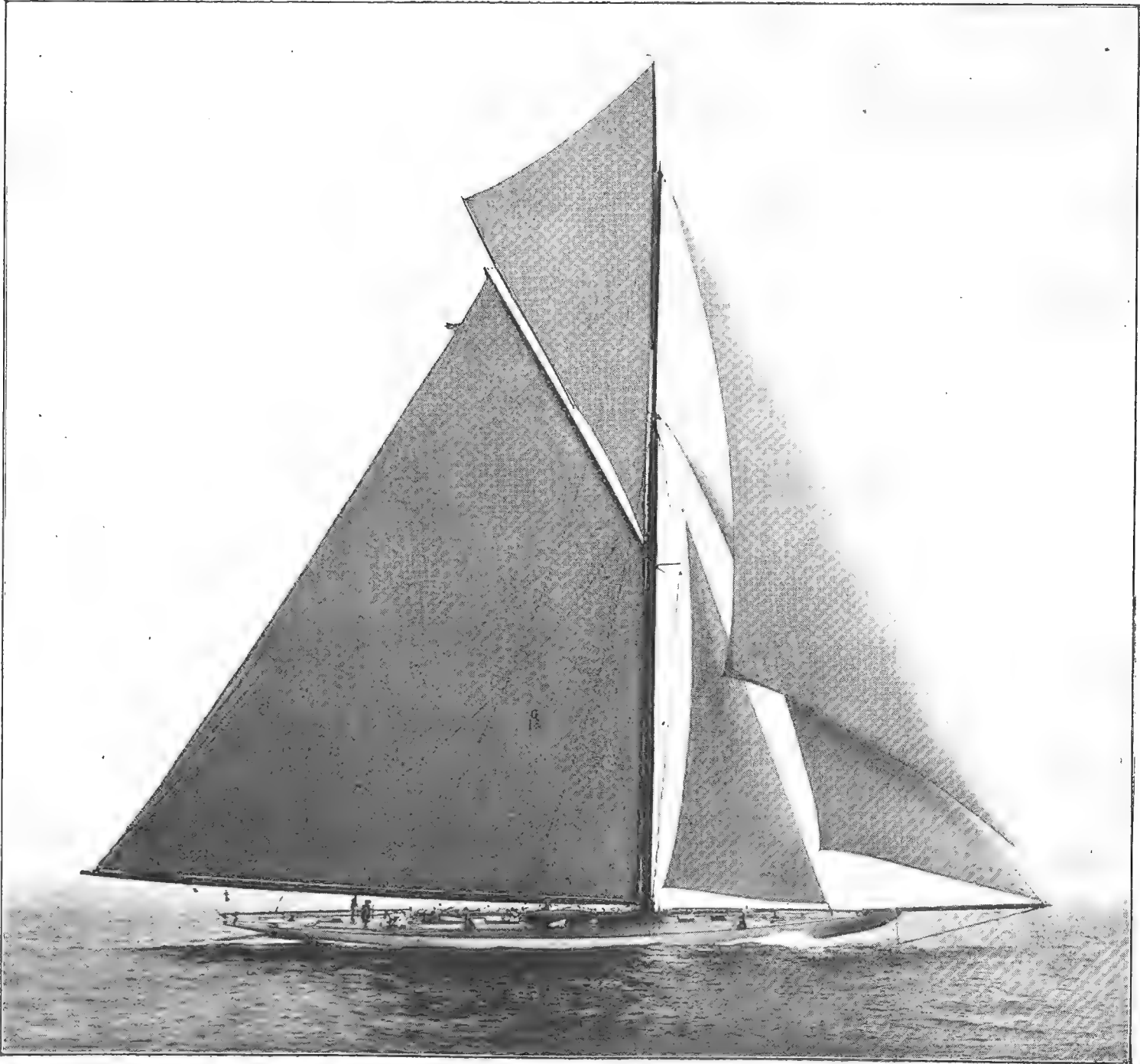
Club Handicap.		
	Start.	Finish.
Mingo, T. L. Guild.....	3 05 00	6 08 30
Mayita, G. B. Watts, Jr.....	3 20 00	6 23 19
Dorothy, F. Remington.....	3 35 00	6 33 43
Verona, H. S. Osborne.....	3 20 00	6 03 36
Neola, E. W. Russell.....	3 35 00	6 01 19
Slipper II., Clarkson Cowle.....	3 35 00	6 24 41
Robin Hood, G. Gartland.....	3 45 00	6 18 31
Cymbra, F. C. Henderson.....	3 50 00	5 56 43
Hanley, C. Mallory.....	3 55 00	6 14 16
Indian Harbor Sailabouts.		
Stingy, E. E. Zittell.....	3 10 00	4 44 38
Bug, G. F. Dominick, Jr.....	3 10 00	4 43 39

Brooklyn Y. C.

BENSONHURST, L. I.
Saturday, Aug. 29.

THE fifth regatta under the rules of the American Power Boat Association was scheduled to occur under the auspices of the Brooklyn Y. C. on the afternoon of Saturday, Aug. 29. The heavy weather made it advisable to postpone the event to Wednesday, Sept. 2.

An interesting race, however, was held between two modern power boats of speed type, each with a reputation of having done better than 20 miles an hour. They were Adios and Standard. The course was 10½ nautical miles in extent, going from the start off Brooklyn



RELIANCE.
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Y. C. anchorage in Gravesend Bay, up through the Narrows to and around the bell buoy off Robbins Reef and home.

Shortly after the start, Standard, which had gotten away in the lead, had a slight mishap to her pumps and was obliged to slow up for a few minutes. This put her out of the running. Adios won by 8m. 3s. elapsed time, doing the course at better than a 21-mile clip. The summary:

Power Boats—Class II—Start, 3:35.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Adios, J. H. Leighton.....	4 09 17	0 34 17
Standard, E. A. Riotte.....	4 17 20	0 42 20

Adios receives 3m. 16s. time allowance for course of 10½ nautical miles. Her corrected time is 0.31.01.

New York C. C.

BENSONHURST, L. I.,
Saturday, Sept. 5.

The seventh regatta of the Y. R. A. of G. B. was held on the afternoon of Saturday, Sept. 5, under the auspices of the New York C. C. Twenty-one boats started in the event. A bad thunder squall toward the end caused seven of the craft to withdraw.

The wind at the start was E. S. E. Courses were covered in reverse order, leaving all marks to port. This gave classes M and N, which went once over the outside course, a series of reaches. The first mark was the Craven Shoal bell buoy, the second the Red Can buoy off Coney Island Point. The start was off the New York C. C. anchorage.

Classes P and under at the start of the race had a run to the Marine and Field Club mark, a reach to Fort Hamilton, windward work to the stake boat off Sea Gate and a reach home. When the squall broke the wind shifted into the W. and finally into the N. W. Most of the boats were then between the Fort Hamilton mark and the one off Sea Gate. The shift gave them a run and then a beat home. The summary:

Sloops—Class M—Start, 3:35.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.....	4 30 15	0 55 15
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb.....	Did not finish.	
Vivian II, S. E. Vernon.....	Did not finish.	

Sloops—Class N—Start, 3:03.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Adeline, J. B. O'Donohue.....	4 06 27	1 03 27
Squaw, H. J. Heath.....	5 09 17	2 06 17
Indian, H. F. Menton.....	Did not finish.	

Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:06.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ogeemah, Brophy & Mackay.....	4 42 50	1 36 50
Folly, John A. Sutter, Jr.....	4 45 20	1 39 20
Karma, J. C. Erskine.....	5 11 55	2 05 55
Cockatoo, W. A. Barstow.....	Did not finish.	

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:09.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Spots, D. D. Allerton.....	4 43 45	1 34 45
Trouble, W. H. Childs.....	4 44 15	1 35 15
Cicada, A. O'Neil.....	Did not finish.	

Sloops—Class R—Start, 3:15.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sandpiper, W. W. Redfern.....	5 34 30	2 19 30
Sealawag, E. S. Ludlow.....	Did not finish.	
Apukwa II, E. S. Tefft.....	Did not finish.	

Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:18.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Martha M., Richard Moore.....	4 59 10	1 41 10
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock.....	4 53 15	1 40 15
Boozie, C. D. Durkee.....	5 20 05	2 02 05

Corrected time, Martha M., 1:39.18.

Marine and Field Class—Start, 3:21.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperance, T. A. Hamilton.....	4 19 54	0 58 54
Kelpie, W. K. Brown.....	4 21 45	1 00 45

The winners were: Bobtail, Adeline, Ogeemah, Spots, Sandpiper, Martha M., and Esperance.

Atlantic Y. C.

SEA GATE, L. I.,
Saturday, September 15.

The Atlantic Y. C. held a race for yachswomen on the afternoon of Saturday, Sept. 5, over the regular inside club courses in Gravesend Bay. Eleven boats started in the event. Bobtail won a special prize, offered by Com. Robert E. Tod to the boat making the best corrected time, all sailing in one class, on allowance, regardless of the launching date. She also took first honors in class M.

The helm of each boat was handled by a woman. Vagabond was looked after by Mrs. Miller, Smoke by Mrs. Eagle, Mary by Miss Hanna and Wraith by Miss Chew. The other starters were guided by the wives of the owners. The summary:

Sloops—Class M—Start, 2:05.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.....	3 19 10	1 14 10	1 12 32
Vivian II, S. E. Vernon.....	3 21 35	1 16 35	1 16 35
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb.....	3 24 00	1 19 35	1 18 27

Sloops—Class P—Start, 2:05.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cockatoo, W. A. Barstow.....	3 34 10	1 29 10	1 27 22
Vagabond, T. A. Vernon.....	3 35 30	1 30 30	1 28 27
Smoke, L. H. Dyer.....	3 43 30	1 38 30	1 31 23
Kate, yawl, John S. Negus.....	3 50 05	1 45 05	1 45 05

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 2:10.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Careless, F. J. Havens.....	3 53 00	1 43 22	1 42 00
Mary, M. Grundner.....	3 52 52	1 42 52	1 42 52
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins.....	3 57 40	1 47 40	1 47 40

Pecina, George H. Church.....Disabled.

The winners were: Bobtail, Cockatoo and Careless.

Quincy Y. C.

QUINCY, MASS.,
Saturday, Aug. 29.

A club race of the Quincy Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 29, in a strong E. breeze. In the first class Marvel won a good race on both elapsed and corrected times. In the special 21-footers Omeme won by a good margin over Cleopatra. Betty B won a close race in the one-design class. The summary:

First Class.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marvel, A. A. Lincoln.....	1 11 19	0 47 35
Argestes, G. H. Wilkins.....	1 12 02	0 49 43
Staying, J. Laird.....	1 13 40	0 51 43
Ariel, G. M. Sheehan.....	1 27 05	Not meas.
Alma, R. L. Pond, Jr.....	Withdraw.	

Second Class.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Thelma, M. M. Cannon.....	1 30 07	1 00 37
Clara, Mr. Glidden.....	Withdraw.	

Special 21ft. Class.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Omeme, W. P. Barker.....	1 13 39	1 13 39
Cleopatra, F. F. Crane.....	1 17 47	1 17 47

Enigma, W. Sargent.....	1 19 04
May G., A. J. Cavanagh.....	1 20 23
Special One-Design Class.	
Betty B, R. R. Bolles.....	0 40 26
Ethel, S., G. F. Swift.....	0 41 02
Marjorie A, Adams & Bennett.....	0 46 12

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

At the annual meeting of the Penataquit Corinthian Y. C., held at Bay Shore, L. I., on Aug. 20, the following officers were elected: Com., J. Adolph Mollenhauer; Vice-Com., Willard L. Candee; Rear-Com., Chas. A. O'Donoghue; Sec'y, Joseph E. Owens; Treas., Richard A. Bachia; Board of Governors: Rawson Underhill, Allan Pinkerton, Edward C. Blum, Robert W. Haff, William A. Hulse, Charles O. Grim, William Lucker, J. Campbell Smith.

The annual meeting of the Woods Holl Y. C., was held on Aug. 29, and the following were elected: Com., H. K. Dyer; Vice-Com., J. J. Veeder; Rear-Com., F. K. Gifford; Sec'y, Joseph Walsh; Treas., T. H. Howes; Meas., E. W. Bragg; Executive Committee: H. K. Dyer, E. G. Gardiner, George E. Davis, F. R. Gifford, J. J. Veeder, T. E. Howes and F. P. Robinson; Regatta Committee: H. E. Hibbard, Sam Cahoon, W. T. Harrison, H. I. Jameson and J. J. Veeder; House Committee: J. J. Veeder, L. A. Howes, W. L. Howes and F. P. Robinson.

Messrs. Tuthill & Higbie, of Greenport, L. I., have completed a new sloop for Mr. Oscar A. Webber, of New York. The yacht was named Woglinde, and she is 28ft. waterline, 44ft. over all, 11ft. breadth and 6ft. 6in. draft. She carries three tons of lead on her keel, and is planked with mahogany.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association.

To the Members of the A. C. A.:

I wish to thank the officers, chairman and members of the various committees for their labor and efforts to make the meet at Sugar Island a success this year. The work of Mr. James K. Hand and the balance of his Regatta Committee was especially pleasing and satisfactory.

To each and every member that attended camp, I wish to extend my gratitude for their kind indulgence in overlooking many things which are apt to occur of an exasperating nature in preparing camp, etc. Also their kindness to myself and good fellowship made is most heartily appreciated.

The courtesies of the mayor and citizens of Gananoque, which were extended to the members of the A. C. A., were exceptionally cordial and pleasant.

Thanks are due to Dr. Serson and Dr. Ullman of the Church of England for conducting an inspiring service during the afternoon of the second Sunday in camp.

Just a word about the island. If nature had tried to make an island and surroundings for the special use of the A. C. A. it would have taken Sugar Island as a model, and, by the way, don't agitate changing its name, after you have once been there, you will have a sweet remembrance suggestive of its name.

Mr. Alfred Wentworth Scott, of the Camera Club, 5 West Thirty-first Street, New York City, took several official photographs of camp, camplife, members and officers. Mr. C. Fred Wolters, of Rochester, your Commodore for 1904, is the right man in the right place; he has selected Sugar Island for the annual meet of 1904. I predict a large and joyful meet under his administration.

NATHANIEL S. HYATT, Commodore.

A. C. A. Official Photographs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Commodore Nathaniel S. Hyatt, of the A. C. A., has asked me to forward to you the following notice:

The official photographs of the Sugar Island meet of the A. C. A. may be obtained from A. W. Scott, 1123 Broadway, New York city.

A. WENTWORTH SCOTT.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. James K. Hand has been appointed Chairman of the Committee to revise the Constitution and By-laws of the American Canoe Association, and Mr. Robert J. Wilkin and Mr. H. L. Pollard have been appointed members of said committee to act with him.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

National Rifle Association.

THE great rifle tournament of the National Rifle Association of America, the New Jersey Rifle Association, and the United States Revolver Association, held at Sea Girt, N. J., Sept. 2 to 12, began under most auspicious conditions. There was a large attendance. This was the twelfth annual meeting of the N. R. A., the thirty-first of the N. J. R. A., and the fourth of the U. S. R. A. There was much of the competition which was open, and this, in connection with the impetus given to rifle competition in general by the recent international contests, doubtlessly contributed materially to the large attendance.

The Wimbledon cup match was open to all citizens and residents of the United States; distance 1,000yds., 20 shots, any rifle, any position without artificial rest. Entrance \$2 to members; all others, \$3. Post entry \$1 additional. First prize the Wimbledon cup, value \$500, presented by the National Rifle Association of Great Britain to the National Rifle Association of America, and to be held by the winner till the next annual meeting, when it will

be shot for again under the same conditions. There were 125 entries:

Those scoring 75 points or more were: Capt. W. H. Richards, Bloomingdale, O., 91; Pvt. S. B. Wetherald, D. C., 88; Pvt. Geo. E. Cook, D. C., 88; Pvt. E. J. Fink, D. C., 88; Lieut. W. M. Farrell, D. C., 88; Lieut. Thomas Halcombe, U. S. Marine Corps, 87; Lieut. Wm. A. Tewes, First N. J., 87; E. C. Robinson, 71st N. Y., 87; Sergt. F. X. O'Connor, 71st N. Y., 87; Lieut. K. K. V. Casey, 71st N. Y., 85; Capt. W. B. Martin, Second N. J., 85; Andrew S. Corbett, 71st N. Y., 85; Corp. C. B. Wender, O., 85; Major G. B. Young, D. C., 84; Sergt. J. H. Keough, Mass., 84; Pvt. Adam Hubschmidt, First N. J., 83; Alex. Stephens, N. Y., 83; Capt. H. M. Bell, Second N. Y., 83; Lieut. W. C. Gannon, Fourth N. J., 83; Lieut. W. W. Cookson, D. C., 83; E. A. Leopold, N. J., 83; Pvt. H. E. Evans, Ninth N. Y., 83; George W. Read, Sixth Mass., 82; Corp. W. Fay, O., 82; Sergt. George H. Doyle, 71st N. Y., 81; Lieut. F. H. Turnbull, Sixth Mass., 80; Lieut. H. L. Smith, First N. J., 80; Henry Pope, Mass., 80; Pvt. H. H. Leizear, Sixth Penna., 80; Lieut. W. B. Short, Seventh N. Y., 78; A. E. Wells, 71st N. Y., 79; Lieut. E. Y. Breese, Second N. J., 78; Capt. E. J. Flack, 71st N. Y., 77; Capt. S. S. Stebbins, 12th N. Y., 77; Capt. Robt. Byars, First N. Y., 76; Pvt. Howard Gensch, First N. J., 76; Lieut. C. S. Benedict, O., 76; F. A. Wessel, N. Y., 75; Capt. J. M. Have, Third N. J., 75; Corp. Maybee, U. S. M. Corps, 70; D. D. McTaggart, Mass., 75.

Capt. Richards' win was something of a surprise, as he was opposed by a number of renowned, seasoned veterans.

The Columbia trophy match, one of the events of the N. J. S. R. A., was won by the First Infantry of Newark. The conditions were 5 shots at 200 and 500yds.; teams of six men from each regiment, troop, battery and separate company of the National Guard, or battalion of the Naval Reserve of New Jersey. Prize, Columbia trophy and a medal to each member of the winning team:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
First Regiment.....	133	129	262
Second Regiment, first team.....	123	133	256
Fourth Regiment.....	126	129	255
Fifth Regiment.....	123	123	246
Second Regiment, second team.....	121	123	244
Third Regiment.....	125	118	243

The Interstate trophy, emblematic of the Interstate championship, a regimental six-man team competition, was won by the First Regiment of New Jersey. The conditions were 10 shots at 200 and 500yds. Scores: 200yds., 258; 500yds., 275; total 533. The Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts was second with a score as follows: 200yds., 261; 500yds., 272; total 533. First Regiment, D. C., third as follows: 200yds., 256; 500yds., 276; total 532.

The Inspectors' match, open to all Inspectors and ex-Inspectors of Rifle Practice, distance 500 and 600yds., 10 shots each distance, any rifle, was won by a Jerseyman, Capt. C. H. Springsted, of the Fourth New Jersey, who scored 95, one point ahead of Private H. M. Bell, of the Second New Jersey, and Pvt. H. H. Leizear, of the Sixth Pennsylvania, and Capt. Jeffords, of the Third Pennsylvania.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

*Sept. 9-10.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
Sept. 10-12.—Prescott-Arizona Sportsmen's Association tournament. W. L. Pinney, Sec'y, Phoenix.
*Sept. 15-16.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
Sept. 15-16.—Chattanooga, Tenn.—Tournament of the Mountaineers. Gun Club; \$250 added money. P. B. Plummer, Sec'y.
Sept. 16-18.—Williamsport, Pa.—West Branch Rod and Gun Club tournament. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.
Sept. 17.—Annual tournament and sheepbake of the Bristol, Conn., Gun Club. E. R. Burwell, Sec'y.
Sept. 20.—Middleton, Wis., Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 22.—Fredericktown, O., Gun Club tournament. A. D. Rhinehart, Sec'y.
Sept. 22-23.—Milton, Pa., Run and Gun Club fall tournament. Fred A. Godcharles, Capt.
Sept. 22-23.—Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club opening or dedication tournament. W. T. Nash, Sec'y.
Sept. 23-24.—Springfield, O.—Young & Wilson's tournament.
*Sept. 23-24.—Scottdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
Sept. 23-24.—Rensselaer, Ind., Gun Club shoot.
Sept. 23-24.—Scranton, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Scranton Rod and Gun Club. J. D. Mason, Sec'y.
Sept. 25.—Live bird shoot on J. H. Outwater's grounds, Hackensack River Bridge, N. J. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr.
Sept. 25.—Binghamton, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. H. W. Brown, Sec'y.
Sept. 25-26.—Lexington, Ky., Gun Club two-day shoot; live birds and targets. Robert R. Skinner, Mgr.
Sept. 28-29.—Louisville, Ky.—First day, State championship at targets; second day, State championship at live birds. J. S. Phelps, Jr., Sec'y.
Sept. 29-30.—Target tournament of the Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club. S. V. Vocum, Sec'y.

*Members of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburgh.
**Members Southern Trapshooters' Game and Fish Protective Association. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y, Vicksburg, Miss.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Mr. Howard Ridge, an eminent trap shot of Philadelphia, is prostrated with a severe illness.

At Mahanoy City, Pa., Sept. 3, Mr. Fen Cooper was high gun with a total of 142 out of a possible 150.

The Bristol, Conn., Gun Club has fixed upon Sept. 17 for its annual tournament and sheepbake. Mr. E. B. Burwell is the secretary.

We are informed that there will be a two-day shoot at targets on Oct. 9 and 10 at Olney, Ill., of which Messrs. Moore & Marks will be the managers.

We are informed by the manager, Mr. F. B. Cunningham, that the thirteenth annual tournament of the Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association will be held at St. Joseph, Mo., Oct. 8, 9 and 10.

Mr. Ira McKane has presented to the Sheephead Bay, L. I., Gun Club, an elegant silver tea set, which will be contested for on Thursday of next week. For it competition is restricted to members. This is the second valuable donation coming from Mr. McKane within a recent period. The Sheephead Bay Rod and Gun Club will add materially to the equipment and grading of their grounds in the near future at an expense of \$150.

The leaders in the prize series of shoots inaugurated by the Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club, at the conclusion of the shoot on Sept. 4, were John Jones, 82½, and W. Keiser, 79½.

We are informed by the secretary, Mr. A. H. Roberts, that the sixteenth fall tournament of the Harrisburg Shooting Association will be held at Harrisburg, Pa., on Oct. 9 and 10.

The Milton Rod and Gun Club, we are informed by the captain, Fred A. Godcharles, will hold their tournament on Sept. 21 and 22, one day earlier than advertised. This change is made to avoid conflicting with the Scranton meeting.

At Lykens, Pa., on Saturday of last week, there was a twenty-eight-man team match, 25 targets per man, between teams of Harrisburg and Lykens. Harrisburg scored 531, Lykens 498, out of a total of 700 targets. A return match in the near future is contemplated.

The North River Gun Club, of Edgewater, N. J., won the challenge cup donated by the Rockland County Industrial Fair. Last year this cup was won by the Spring Valley Gun Club. There were three club contestants for this year, North River, Spring Valley and Suffern clubs. The competition is limited to clubs of Rockland and Bergen counties.

At the Interstate Association tournament at Akron, O., Sept. 2 and 3, the high averages on the first day, shooting at 200 targets, were as follows: Professionals: Spencer 193, Hughes 189, Hawkins 187. Amateurs: Atkinson 188, Shepardson, Taylor and Daniel 187. Second day—Professionals: Spencer and Heikes, 193; Hawkins 189, Hughes 180. Amateurs: Gerlow 189, Atkinson 186, Alkire, Shafer and Barber 182.

In the Adirondacks last week Arthur Wellington Palmer died while undergoing a surgical operation for acute appendicitis. He was a member of the Crescent Athletic Club, and the Richmond Hill Golf Club. He was one of the active trapshooters of the Crescent Club. He was twenty-three years old. The funeral was from the home of his parents, 206 Clinton avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sept. 3.

At the yearly meeting of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club, held at the Weskera Hotel, Sept. 2, officers as follows were elected for the ensuing year: President, Franklin Brandreth; Vice-President, Dr. E. B. Sherwood; Secretary, J. Curry Barlow; Financial Secretary, Winfield Smith; Treasurer, Amos Bedell; Captain, Charles G. Blandford; Compiler of Scores, E. F. Ball; Directors: Dr. J. A. Schafmeister, Tho. Lane and W. H. Coleman.

The programme of the Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club tournament, Sept. 29 and 30, is now ready for distribution. On the first day sixteen events, alternately at 10 and 15 targets, are provided. The entrance is 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1. On the second day there are five live-bird events, two at 7 birds, \$5 entrance; two at 10 birds, \$8 entrance, and a \$1 miss-and-out. Targets 2 cents, thrown by magautrap. Send guns, etc., to Mr. A. B. Longshore. The members of the committee are Messrs. W. M. Keiser, A. B. Longshore and George Tovey. Mr. S. C. Yocum is secretary.

The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association have issued a synopsis of its forthcoming tournament, to be held at Pekin, Ill., Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1 and 2. The competition is amateur, excepting handicap and State events. The first three days are at targets. On the third day the main event is the Pekin Handicap, 100 targets—four events of 25 targets each—\$25 entrance; handicaps 16 to 20yds., ninety-six entries to fill; to first high gun \$1,000; second, \$150; third, \$125; fourth, \$75; fifth, \$50; and \$30 to the next twenty high guns. The fourth day is live-bird day. Write for programme to the president, A. C. Connor.

The final tournament of the Interstate Association series of 1903 will be given for the Scranton, Pa., Rod and Gun Club, Sept. 23 and 24. The programme provides ten events each day, six at 15, three at 20 and one at 25 targets; entrance based on ten cents per target. Events 5, 8 and 10 each day have respectively \$5, \$5 and \$10 added. Competition begins at 9:30. Lunch will be served on the grounds. Targets, 2 cents. The grounds will be open for practice on Sept. 22. Guns and ammunition, prepaid and marked in owner's name, shipped to W. E. Bittenbender, will be delivered on the grounds free. Class shooting. For further information address the secretary-treasurer, Mr. J. D. Mason.

The live-bird match between the past masters in the art of pigeon shooting, Messrs. A. Heritage and G. B. Eaton (Jacobstaff) took place on Outwater's grounds, near Carlstadt, N. J., on Sept. 5. A large crowd of their friends were present. The match was at 20 birds, \$25. Mr. Heritage won with a chastening lead. The scores, however, were excellent for men who are out of practice. While these two gentlemen speak of themselves as old, they are really and only in the mature stage of manhood. They are busy men who are out of practice. Twenty years ago, when Mr. Jacobstaff was relatively a mere youth, but then in better practice, FOREST AND STREAM was never called upon to record any score so low for him as the one made by him last week. Mr. Heritage should consent to a return match. We feel certain that Jacobstaff's warm blood will not permit him to tamely accept the defeat as final. The scores are published elsewhere.

The programme of the Dedication amateur tournament of the Indianapolis Gun Club, to be held at Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 22-24, provides twelve like events at targets on each of the first two days; eight at 12 and four at 20 targets; \$1.50 and \$2 entrance. Five moneys in 20-target events; four moneys in 15-target events. Manufacturers' agents will be allowed to shoot for targets only. Amateur handicaps, 16 to 19yds. Sparrow events open to all; there are seven on the third day; one at 10, \$1, and six at 15 sparrows, \$6 entrance; four moneys. Sparrows, 10 cents. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Trophy to amateur making high target average. Trophy to high gun of sparrow programme. The Graphine Gun Wad Co. will give \$5 to high gun using their wadings. The English Hotel cup will be for competition by amateurs of Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois and Kentucky. The contest will be decided in three of the regular events, 50 targets each day of the first two days. The conditions are quite full and are contained in the programme. Meals and shells obtainable on the grounds. Ship shells and guns to Indianapolis Gun Club, 121 W. Washington street.

BERNARD WATERS.

WESTERN TRAP.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 5.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the sixth shoot of the third series. Dr. Meek won Class A trophy on the shoot-off, after tying Pollard on 22. Thomas won Class B on 23, and Bullard won Class C on 21.

In the cup shoot, which immediately followed, Dr. Meek was again the lucky man, winning the cup on a score of 23 out of 25, thrown as 15 singles and 5 pairs. The day was a pleasant one for target shooting, except for a chilly north wind, which made the teeth chatter and noses turn blue along toward evening.

Quite a few of our regular target shooters are away after game, consequently the attendance was not up to our standard, only about twenty shooters showing up for the afternoon.

Trophy shoot:
Pollard11111110111110111111—22
Ford111111111111100010111—20
Dr Meek11011110111111111101—22
Thomas11101111101111111111—23
Keck11111111100111110010111—20
Wilson11111111111011111101001—21
Kehl011101111110011111111011—20
Eaton10010111111011111110101—19
F Wolff1111011010111111110111—21
Bullard1111011111101111110111—22
L Wolff00011001011000101001011—11
Waters0001100010110100110100110—11
McKinnon1011011011011111111111—21
Tom Jones0111011101110111011101—19
Drinkwater11101101011010110111011—17

Cup shoot, 5 singles, 5 pairs: Pollard 16, Ford 19, Dr. Meek 22, Thomas 16, Keck 19, Wilson 21, Kehl 13, Eaton 16, Fred Wolff 16, Bullard 18, Waters 17, McKinnon 17, Tom Jones 18, Drinkwater 20, Tony Wolff 20.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Heritage—Eaton,

SEPT. 5.—The long pending match between Messrs. A. Heritage and G. B. Eaton, took place on Outwater's grounds near Carlstadt, N. J., on Sept. 5. The conditions were 20 birds, \$25, 28yds. rise. Mr. Geo. Piercy acted as referee. The birds were a fair lot, with some exceptionally fast, strong ones. Mr. Eaton used a 10-gauge, while Mr. Heritage used a 12-gauge gun. A large delegation from Jersey City was present. The scores:

A Heritage01220222122210111—14
G B Eaton111*0001002002220—8

Match, 10 birds, for price of birds:
A Heritage22*1211012—8
J Hefflich2200101110—6

North River Gun Club.

New York, Sept. 5.—The North River Gun Club, of Edgewater, N. J., at the Fair grounds at New City, Rockland county, won the challenge cup donated by the Rockland County Industrial Fair. This cup was won last year by the Spring Valley Gun Club, but the provisions are that any club must win it twice to call it their own; so this year they had to defend it against all clubs of Rockland and Bergen counties. Scores as follows, seven-man teams, 25 targets per man:

North River Gun Club 125, Spring Valley Gun Club 115, Suffern Gun Club 105.
JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Whitney and Milner Tournament.

CONCERNING the programme of their tournament, Oct. 6 and 7, at Des Moines, Ia., Messrs. Whitney and Milner have adopted the following as their system to govern the division of the moneys:

"In order to participate in the division of moneys under our system it is necessary in a 15-bird event to break the first, second or third 5 targets consecutively. For example, supposing there were forty entries, after deducting for targets, it would leave net \$1.20 for each entry, by forty shooters, \$48 in the purse. This \$48 is divided into three parts, and \$16 placed as the purse in each of the three frames of 5 targets. To be conservative, we will say, out of the forty shooters, that twenty, or one-half of them, break their first 5 straight. This would pay 80 cents; the second frame of 5, sixteen out of the forty break straight—this would pay \$1. The third or last frame of the event, generally being the most trying to the shooter, only ten go straight. This would pay \$1.00. To the straight man through the event on this basis he would receive \$3.40."

The programme is alike for each day, twelve events—eight at 15, four at 20 targets; entrance \$1.50 and \$2. The competition is for amateurs.

High averages as follows: First, over 90 per cent., \$10; second, over 90 per cent., \$5; first under 90 per cent., \$10; second under 90 per cent., \$5; first, under 85 per cent., \$10; second, under 85 per cent., \$5; first, under 80 per cent., \$10; second, under 80 per cent., \$5.

Shooting will commence promptly at 9 o'clock. Grounds open for practice Monday afternoon. Two sets of expert traps. Ship shells care W. R. Milner, 406 Fifth street, Des Moines, Ia. They will be taken care of. Messrs. Fred C. Whitney and Will R. Milner are the managers.

A good circuit: Pekin, Ill., Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1 and 2; Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 6-7; St. Joseph, Mo., Oct. 8, 9 and 10; two days targets, one day live birds; Omaha, Neb., Oct. 13, 14 and 15; two days targets, one day live birds.

Harrisburg—Lykens.

SEPT. 5.—One of the largest and most sociable team shoots ever held in Pennsylvania came off at Lykens, Pa., Sept. 5. Twenty-nine shooters from Harrisburg under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association went to Lykens and shot the same number of Lykens experts on invitation of ex-Senator A. F. Thompson.

The visiting team started from Harrisburg at 7:50 A. M., and arrived at Lykens a little after 12 noon. They were met at the depot by some of the Lykens shooters, headed by ex-Senator Thompson, and were escorted to the hotel, where a good dinner had been prepared for them. After dinner, to make things pleasant or otherwise, it commenced to rain. Between showers, however, some two hundred people, including the shooters, went to the shooting grounds, which are situate in the race track.

The match was shot from three traps, Sergeant system, excepting that there were only four men up instead of five, as is the usual custom. Each man shot at 25 flying targets. After each

of the twenty-nine shooters on both sides had shot at their 25 targets, it was found Harrisburg had broken 531 out of 700, and Lykens had broken 498 out of 700.

Among those present from Harrisburg were Mr. James Warden, State Game Commissioner, and Mr. A. Roberts, secretary of the Harrisburg Shooting Association; also Mr. Frank Lawrence, who acted as master of ceremonies, and greatly assisted in getting the affair finished on schedule time.

About the time the last squad were finishing, the local team prepared a sperad of fried and roasted chicken sandwiches, and hot coffee, and other refreshments, after which there were a few 10-bird events, in which most of the shooters participated.

To say that every one had a good time would be putting it mildly. The Senator and his team did everything possible to make the affair one to be remembered by the visiting team, and they succeeded.

The Harrisburg Shooting Association have already extended an invitation for a return shoot to come off in the near future. The scores:

Harrisburg Team—Henry 23, Dinger 20, Fisher 22, Hatfield 16, Seaboldt 17, Worden 19, Shoop 23, Lufz 21, Herman 22, Carlisle 21, Roberts 20, Thompson 18, Isenhauer 20, Dewalt 19, Yingst 18, Martin 18, Kepper 19, Mumane 19, Beecher 15, Stewart 18, Keener 19, Unger 20, Metzger 19, C. Keyes 20, Martzall 12, Ed Keys 13, A. Miller 13, Long 17; total 431.

Lykens Team—G. Hawk 16, A. F. Thompson 19, R. Budd 20, Alvord 14, Randall 22, C. Witnier 15, J. Shapptol 17, Martz 20, C. Hawk 22, Redding 23, Kissinger 13, Wadell 16, J. W. Witnier 16, Bright 16, George 14, Hence 13, Cox 21, J. Budd 15, Colds 13, Hoff 16, Hand 21, I. Thompson 17, Overstein 21, A. Thompson 15, Shuffler 20, Brown 24, G. Hawk, Jr., 22, Thompson 17; total 498.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Sept. 3.—The regular monthly shoot of this club to-day was well attended, there being two cups to shoot for, and a match with the Millbrook team accounts for the good attendance. Besides these three events, a number of 10-bird sweeps were shot off. The shooting throughout the programme was very good. Capt. Traver and G. Stevenson, of the Millbrook club, were the stars of the day. Each of these gentlemen were in splendid form, and succeeded in breaking 25 straight. Had it not been for the miserable and disgusting way in which the magautrap worked we could say that this was one of the pleasantest little shoots ever held on these grounds. To see a number of men shooting that are capable of making good—perhaps straight—scores have their chances spoiled by a balky trap is a condition that mars the pleasure and tries the patience of all present. This case was an extreme. It is probable that another system of trapping targets will be installed unless the old trap can be made more satisfactory in the future than it has been in the past.

Event No. 9, for the club cup, was won by Capt. Traver, with a straight score. In event 10, for the Marshall cup, Traver was tied by Smith, who had a handicap of 1. In the shoot-off, event 11, Smith scored 22 and won out. Mr. Tompkins shot along.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	25	25	25
Adriance	6	5	9	...	7	...	7	19	21
Smith, 1	8	...	9	...	8	...	8	23	22	22
Yates	0	5	...	2
Roberts	6	7	5	...	4	...	5	5	14	15
Traver	9	...	9	8	...	25	23	21	...
G Stevenson	9	10
F Stevenson	9	6	9	8
Winans, 2	7	...	5	...	6	9	24	20
Wicker	5	...	4	...	8	8	6	16	...
Foster	9	9
Off, 3	6	4	7	5	14	15	...
Tompkins	8	9
Tallman	9	8	8
Du Bois	7	10	8	15
Hans	8	6
Gorham, 2	8	21	20
Reickert, 1	8	16	20	...
Borst	14	14	14	...
Marshall, 2	19	17	18	...
*Du Bois	16	20
Tompkins	17

*Re-entry.
Team match:
Millbrook—Tallman 24, Foster 18, Tompkins 23, G. Stevenson 25, F. Stevenson 19; total 109.
Poughkeepsie—Traver 23, Smith 19, Winans 19, Hans 17, Adriance 24; total 102.
SNANIWEH.

Lyons Gun Club.

LYONS, Neb., Aug. 31.—The appended scores were made at the regular prize shoot of the Lyons Gun Club, Aug. 29. Owing to the threatening weather, the attendance was light. The visiting shooters were J. Shamberg and B. Latta, of Tekamah, and Severson. Thimke and Nathan Zucker, of Wisner.

Haner and Praisewater tied for high average for the day with 89 out of 100. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	15	25	at. Broke.
Haner	9	10	15	8	10	13	24	100 89
Praisewater	9	9	13	10	15	12	21	100 89
Latta	8	9	13	9	12	20	100	80 80
Shamberg	8	9	14	...	13	14	22	90 80
Brink	9	7	10	6	9	...	22	85 63
A Peterson	9	9	11	9	13	11	...	75 62
Hanson	6	8	14	8	11	8	...	75 55
S Peterson	7	6	...	4	9	45 26
Severson	9	14	9	14	15	24	90 85
Thimke	8	15	8	13	11	23	90 78
Zucker	7	...	7	13	13	20	75 60
Gunderson	9	15 9
Gustin	5	15 5

J. M. PRAISEWATER, Sec'y.

Winchester Gun Club.

WINCHESTER, N. H., Sept. 4.—The Winchester Rod and Gun Club will hold a tournament, Sept. 24, open to all.

The Peters Cartridge Co. have given to the State trapshooters a very fine cup, to be the championship cup of New Hampshire; to be shot for at this tournament. Following are the rules to compete for it:

The first contest for the championship cup of New Hampshire will be held on the grounds of the Winchester, N. H., Gun Club, Sept. 24, the winner to hold it subject to challenge. The match to be shot within two weeks from date of challenge. Each match at 100 clay targets, thrown from magautrap or expert traps, under Interstate Association rules.

The cup to become the personal property of the winner of six shoots. Entrance fee to be price of targets, and each match shall be open to any legal resident of the State, in addition to holder and challenger.

Guns shipped to L. R. Nelson, will be cared for and delivered on grounds,
L. R. NELSON.

Interstate Tournament at Akron.

AKRON, O., Sept. 4.—The tenth tournament of the Interstate Association series for the season of 1903 was held at Akron, O., Sept. 2 and 3, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club, and it was a success in every sense of the word, over eighty different contestants taking part in one or more events.

The Akron Gun Club is a strictly up-to-date organization, and it has beautiful grounds located on North Hill just beyond the city limits. The grounds, which comprise some eight acres, are owned by the club in fee simple, and are equipped with three sets of traps, Sergeant system, a commodious club house and every necessary accessory. The cashier's office is a model which other gun clubs would do well to pattern by. It is arranged after the style of the counting room of a bank, with ample room for all clerks working therein. Most gun clubs are satisfied with a small coop affair, where there is hardly room to turn around in, yet the cashier's office is the mainspring of a tournament.

The opening day of the tournament was an ideal one, which brought forth seventy-five contestants and a large crowd of spectators. The contestants generally were loud in their praises of the grounds and equipment, saying that they are surpassed by but few gun clubs in the country. This praise, coming as it does from men who have shot in every city in the land that possesses a gun club, was very pleasing to the officers and members of the Akron Gun Club who worked so hard to make the organization a success, and augurs well for the satisfactory management of the Ohio State tournament next June.

The trade was represented by Messrs. Heikes, Hughes, Fanning, Driehs, Phellis, Spencer, Hawkins, North, and Gross. Among these manufacturers' agents, Spencer was high man for the day, breaking 193 out of 200 shot at. Hughes was next with 189, Hawkins third with 187.

Among the amateurs Atkinson was high man with 188, closely followed by Shepardson, Taylor and Daniel with 187. Raven was third with 186 to his credit.

The second day was also an ideal one for shooting purposes, and fifty-five contestants were on hand during the day. The programme was started promptly at 9 o'clock, and was finished by 3:30.

Spencer and Heikes tied for first place among the manufacturers' agents, with a score of 193. Hawkins was second with 189, and Hughes third with 180. Among the amateurs Gerlow was first with 189, Atkinson second with 186, and Alkire, Shafer and Barber were third with 182.

The scores of both days follow:

Sept. 2, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	25	25	at. Broke.
Raven	13	14	13	14	13	14	12	15	14	20	19	25	200
Jerry	15	11	12	13	13	13	12	12	14	18	18	23	200
Lucky	14	14	12	12	14	14	15	15	13	20	19	21	200
Dunn	13	12	10	10	11	12	11	14	17	15	20	20	200
W. W. W.	13	12	11	13	11	10	10	14	10	14	13	21	200
J. I. C.	13	11	13	11	14	15	13	10	16	17	24	20	173
Atkinson	15	14	14	13	15	14	14	14	18	15	24	20	188
Saffold	11	12	14	12	11	11	10	11	18	16	19	20	156
Barber	13	14	15	14	13	13	14	13	18	18	24	20	183
Bessemmer	12	13	14	12	12	11	14	13	15	19	22	20	170
F. E. Mallory	13	14	13	13	14	13	13	14	18	17	21	20	176
Bibbe	14	11	12	13	15	14	13	12	17	17	25	20	175
J. F. Mallory	13	10	13	14	15	15	14	10	15	19	18	24	200
Spearry	11	12	11	15	12	13	14	15	18	18	17	20	171
Trapp	9	13	12	11	15	14	8	13	14	19	18	22	200
Alkire	14	15	15	14	14	15	13	13	18	17	22	20	184
Driehs	13	13	10	15	14	14	13	12	15	20	18	22	200
Phellis	15	14	14	13	15	13	12	14	13	18	19	24	200
Shall	10	13	13	15	13	14	12	15	20	19	23	20	182
Gross	15	15	11	11	13	15	14	14	19	17	24	20	182
Shepardson	15	13	14	13	12	14	15	13	15	19	20	24	200
Haak	14	13	12	14	15	14	14	13	19	16	20	20	179
Lang	15	15	11	14	13	14	14	13	15	20	17	24	200
Taylor	15	12	14	15	14	14	14	13	19	20	23	20	187
J. H. Smith	13	13	12	11	14	11	10	14	12	18	15	23	200
Gerlow	12	14	15	10	15	13	13	14	17	18	25	20	176
Stout	13	14	15	13	13	10	11	12	16	19	23	20	172
Cain	13	14	13	14	13	14	13	13	19	19	24	20	181
Heikes	12	14	15	15	15	14	12	13	14	18	20	24	200
Hughes	13	15	13	14	15	15	15	14	19	18	24	20	189
Scott	12	11	9	6	10	10	10	11	12	16	17	19	200
Davis	9	10	9	7	11	11	12	9	11	15	15	15	200
Jennings	11	9	11	13	12	12	12	15	16	16	21	20	161
Roots	11	11	13	14	10	12	13	14	12	16	10	21	200
Purbaugh	12	10	13	14	12	14	9	12	13	19	18	13	200
Spencer	14	15	15	15	12	14	15	14	15	20	24	20	193
Daniel	14	13	12	15	15	14	15	15	18	18	23	20	187
Hawkins	11	13	14	15	15	14	12	10	20	19	25	20	187
J. H. C.	11	9	14	9	8	7	9	11	12	135
A. J. Brown	8	10	13	12	9	14	12	12	14	135
Goodrich	11	13	12	13	12	13	14	9	14	13	14	...	175
Warner	14	8	9	8	10	11	9	8	9	14	16	...	175
Henderson	14	14	14	13	12	14	14	14	13	19	19	...	175
Shafer	12	13	13	13	13	11	10	12	19	18	19	...	200
Dever	14	13	15	14	14	11	13	14	12	17	18	...	200
Wagoner	13	12	11	14	14	14	13	12	17	18	23	...	200
Becher	6	5	7	11	5	11	15	9	11	9	10	...	200
Pullman	12	12	15	12	14	13	13	14	15	18	23	...	200
Dobson	11	12	12	12	12	12	13	13	15	17	23	...	200
Beck	13	14	13	14	12	12	14	15	12	19	18	...	200
Lee Dial	11	13	11	10	9	12	9	8	11	15	155
Russell	13	14	14	14	12	14	12	11	14	12	17	...	200
Snow	13	15	13	14	14	12	13	14	13	18	25	...	200
Fanning	12	12	15	13	12	13	14	13	12	19	17	...	200
J. K. W.	11	10	12	13	14	14	14	13	15	16	17	...	175
Stilson	12	11	13	12	13	10	13	10	12	17	16	...	200
Bailey	12	13	12	11	13	11	90
Hires	8	8	11	45
Deedrich	9	4	11	95
Alex	...	13	13	14	11	11	14	13	14	17	16	...	185
Metzger	12	13	12	12	8	10	10	13	11	17	14	...	200
W. Kepler	10	9	12	15	13	11	9	14	12	13	14	...	200
Ackerman	9	9	8	80
Barr	14	11	13	80
Brooks	9	30
Beck	110
Galt	110
F. W. Taylor	110
J. L. Smith	110
Worthen	65
North	110
Plüger	30
Guest	95
F. F. Kepler	65
C. A. W.	65

Sept. 3, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	25	25	at. Broke.
Raven	13	13	15	11	12	14	14	12	13	17	18	24	200
Jerry	11	14	13	12	15	12	12	13	12	17	13	18	200
Lucky	14	14	13	11	12	15	14	12	12	20	18	22	200
Dunn	8	11	9	10	8	7	10	10	11	15	14	16	200
Wagoner	12	12	14	12	14	12	13	14	15	18	20	20	200
Buffalo Bill	9	11	13	11	11	12	12	11	12	17	23	20	162
Atkinson	14	12	14	13	14	15	12	15	19	19	24	20	186
E. F. Scott	4	13	7	7	12	13	11	11	13	14	22	20	142
Stilson	12	15	12	13	11	13	11	14	11	16	13	25	200
Bessemmer	12	12	12	12	13	14	14	10	13	17	16	25	200
F. E. Mallory	13	11	13	12	12	12	13	13	11	20	16	25	200
Bibbe	13	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	14	17	18	22	200
J. F. Mallory	13	13	11	14	12	14	12	13	18	19	23	20	175
Spearry	12	14	12	13	14	14	12	14	18	19	25	20	180
Trapp	11	12	11	12	11	10	13	12	13	17	16	19	200
Alkire	14	12	13	14	15	14	14	13	18	18	24	20	182
Driehs	14	13	9	12	15	14	14	13	15	18	15	23	200

Shaul	15	11	13	13	14	15	14	14	18	19	21	200	181
Ward	13	14	14	13	12	14	15	11	13	17	18	200	176
Gross	10	8	12	13	11	13	12	11	18	19	19	200	159
J R Taylor	15	14	15	13	14	13	14	14	16	17	22	200	180
Becher	7	9	10	9	10	11	9	12	11	10	9	200	124
Dever	12	10	11	12	12	13	13	12	15	20	14	200	164
Shafer	12	14	14	11	13	15	15	13	14	20	17	200	182
J H Smith	10	10	11	12	10	15	12	10	11	16	15	200	155
Hughes	13	14	12	14	15	14	12	14	13	19	17	200	180
Heikes	15	14	15	14	15	15	14	14	15	19	19	200	193
Gerlow	14	15	14	14	13	12	15	14	14	20	18	200	189
Cain	15	13	14	12	12	14	15	13	13	16	18	200	175
Fanning	14	15	13	12	13	14	10	14	15	19	13	200	176
J I C.	10	14	11	13	11	12	10	9	11	17	11	200	139
Alex	13	13	12	12	12	11	90	73
Hogen	14	13	12	12	12	14	11	13	12	18	20	200	171
Davies	14	13	14	13	12	13	11	15	14	17	19	200	177
Saifold	10	13	11	10	11	11	12	11	11	15	16	200	145
Shepardson	13	15	14	14	13	14	13	13	15	16	19	200	181
Daniels	14	14	12	11	12	14	13	13	14	19	16	200	178
Hawkins	14	14	14	13	15	15	13	14	14	18	20	200	189
Spencer	15	14	15	13	14	15	15	14	14	20	20	200	193
Lang	14	13	14	12	12	15	12	12	14	19	17	200	177
Purbaugh	14	13	13	14	12	13	11	13	14	17	17	200	176
Snow	15	12	14	11	12	14	13	13	14	17	18	200	175
Barber	11	15	13	15	12	14	14	14	15	19	18	200	182
Stout	15	14	15	10	14	14	13	14	11	20	18	200	169
Haak	13	13	12	11	10	13	12	13	14	17	18	200	168
W W W	11	14	8	10	11	15	10	15	14	16	12	200	154
J F Kepler	14	9	13	12	13	11	11	12	12	17	16	200	159
Pullman	13	15	13	13	14	15	14	13	13	17	18	200	181
Dobson	10	15	11	13	12	14	11	11	14	7	12	200	147
Roots	14	13	14	12	15	13	13	12	11	110	107
O Sautmyer	10	8	10	9	12	7	10	5	6	12	10	200	115
Hires	9	10	11	10	7	10	90	57
Deedrich	13	15	12	12	10	10	17	17	..	130	106
R Kepler	7	15	7
Russell	12	13	14	14	11	13	17	17	155	130
Metzger	13	11	12	45	36
North	12	10	10	45	33
Worthen	10	11	12	45	21
F M W	6	6	9	20	14
Lee D	14	20	14
C A W	14	13	16	65	43
Wingarter	7	20	..	45	27
Harpham	16	25	16	16
Klink	20	25	20
Danforth	18	25	18	18

FOREST AND STREAM.

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ACCIDENTS WHICH ARE NOT ACCIDENTS.

YEAR by year for many years past the number of people killed and maimed by careless hunters, so-called, has steadily increased in the States which possess sections containing big game. Exceptional, indeed, is the big-game district which has not its gruesome record of people maimed or killed by the armed civilized savage whose gluttony for blood inspired him to shoot first whether the subject shot at was distinguishable or not, and then to determine afterward whether it was man, deer, horse, or cow.

In the aggregate the list of gratuitous tragedies resulting from wanton killings is appalling. In nearly every instance the explanatory phase of the killing is that the killer mistook the killed for a deer. Moreover, the deceased is by implication not infrequently accused of contributory negligence, if indeed he be not an accessory, because of wearing a cap or coat which in some remote or forced manner, resembled the form or color of a deer. A plea more absurd or more irrelevant in its substance, or more exasperating in its sombre flippancy, can not well be imagined. In a way such plea is self-incriminatory; or if the killer, when in the deer country, armed and in killing bent, is incapable in the matter of distinguishing man from deer, then he is morally criminal in attempting to hunt deer at all.

No man, when life or death is involved, can reasonably or justifiably mistake a man for a deer. The plea is an absurdity on its face. The fact is that, concerning the deer-and-man plea, the hunter shoots without determining definitely what object he is shooting at. It is all done in presumption.

The presumption is that, in the woods, the surroundings all being suggestive of the presence of deer and the absence of man, it is safe to shoot. Undoubtedly the deer hunter has deer in his mind as a presumption. Undoubtedly there is a wide difference between his idea and the matter of fact. Shooting as a matter of idea and shooting as a matter of fact also are prone to result in wide differences.

Notwithstanding the fatalities of the years resulting from the criminal carelessness in the use of rifles in the big-game sections, they seem to have carried no admonitory lesson.

The present open season, recently begun, has already an enactment of the old tragedy. In all its details it is a repetition of the details which distinguish similar happenings of the past. As recounted by the daily press, the happening took place at Moose Pond, N. Y., in the North Woods, on September 9. Joseph Buprey, of Washington, D. C., and his guide, Frederic Barbour, were hunting deer by moonlight. Buprey was stationed on the shore of the pond by a trail used by the deer when going in and fro. His guide and another young man paddled around the pond in a canoe seeking deer. As they approached Buprey's stand, the splashing of the paddle attracted his attention. He fired and shot Barbour in the breast two inches below the heart. The bullet passed between the shoulder blades. The deceased left a widow and five small children. Buprey mistook the guide for a deer.

The foregoing act, if the recountal be true, bears all the marks of criminal carelessness. No doubt the offender is profoundly grief-stricken; no doubt he deeply regrets the rash shot which enacted a tragedy. But stripped of its sentimentality, there is not a circumstance to condemn the rashness of it. By it a human life was lost, a woman was widowed, a family of children were orphaned, and the State lost a citizen. If it were an isolated happening it might be passed over more lightly, but in view of the past killings incident to the open season, it may be viewed as the beginning of the death toll for 1903, if drastic public opinion or statute law does not enforce some check.

Nor are deer the only creatures which in the woods are stalked for men. The daily press of Lancaster, S. C., counts that on September 10 a squirrel hunter, accompanied by his son and grandson, eight years old, were squirrel hunting in Chester county. The party became separated. The man fired at what he supposed was a squirrel in the bushes, and, approaching the object, he and his grandson expiring in death agonies.

The daily press recently made mention of the death of a young Ernest, 16 years old, of Queen's Borough, L. I., killed by a Flobert rifle which failed to fire. Young

Ernest peered into the barrel to learn the cause of the misfire. The rifle discharged its load into the young man's eye and killed him.

September 7, at Bellmore, L. I., Louis Grimm, of Brooklyn, attempted to place his gun in the bow of the boat butt first. The hammer caught, the gun fired, and Grimm's wrist was broken and his breast lacerated. He was taken to a hospital.

All of which repeats and emphasizes the moral that men who are incompetent to handle firearms properly should not be permitted to use them.

THE ADIRONDACK ELK.

THERE could hardly be a more impressive commentary on the discussion concerning game preserves in *FOREST AND STREAM* than a recent happening in the Adirondacks.

Last year the Brown's Tract Guides' Association turned out in the Adirondacks a herd of five elk, in the hope that these animals would increase, and that through them the Adirondacks might be restocked with this great game. The elk did well and became very tame, and during the winter, spring, and summer have been frequently seen, but on Sunday, September 6, one of them was killed by a locomotive near Clearwater, and on Tuesday the bull and two cows were found dead at First Lake, North Branch, near the Bald Mountain House. Thus but a single elk is left, and the attempt is a failure.

A few years since, as will be remembered, an elk that had been turned out into the free woods of the Adirondacks was killed. It was variously reported that the man who shot it took it for a deer, or that he supposed it was a domestic cow. Whatever may have passed through his mind, he killed the elk.

This is what is likely to happen whenever attempts are made to stock with new game sections where people have liberty to shoot or hunt. Human nature being what it is, there will always be individuals uncontrolled and uncontrollable, who will consider their own desires and follow their own impulses before thinking of others and their duty to their fellow men. Laws are not made to control the worthy, the conscientious, and the thoughtful, but the thoughtless, the inconsiderate, and the criminal. Among those who use the rifle, the shotgun or the rod, there are those who—if they could safely do so—would kill off the buffalo in a city's park, and the manatee and the great trout in the New York Aquarium.

This does not mean, necessarily, that such persons are criminal; they are merely intensely selfish, and to be able to say that they have killed an elk or a buffalo means more to them than to think that the people who visit the Bronx or the Adirondacks twenty years hence will have an opportunity to see many of these animals. Like the small boy who shies a stone at a bird's nest, they take no thought of the consequences which may follow the act.

The so-called "sportsmen," that is to say, the men and boys who carry firearms into the woods, are by no means the only offenders in this respect. Often the spirit among the men they employ—that is to say, the guides—is as bad as can be. We knew lately of a party of boys under twenty in the Adirondacks who were paddled up to deer in summer and urged by the guide to shoot the game. As one of the boys put it, the guide seemed to be really angry because he would not shoot the deer; but the young fellow had pluck enough to persist in his refusal. This showed remarkable character, for to resist the persuasion and half-veiled contempt of an older man, who is besides a woodsman, shows unusual strength of character. Not many boys have pluck enough to take so fine a stand. More often a boy is only too ready to join the guide in destroying game out of season, and subsequently he and his father and mother may boast of it, with bated breath, as a creditable achievement. A case of this kind occurring this summer in Maine, where the law is supposed to be properly enforced, recently came to our knowledge.

If, as all our correspondents agree, New York State should itself have a game preserve in the Adirondacks, this must be a real preserve, and that means an absolute game refuge, where no hunting shall be permitted, where even guns may not be carried unless they are sealed. Some woods visitors might be trusted to carry weapons through a preserve, but persons so to be trusted are not very numerous among the rich, the poor, the ignorant, or

the learned. Most of us need a good strong law and a game warden within earshot. The difficulty of detecting violators of the law makes a sufficient reason for the absolute prohibition of the carrying arms within any refuge which is to be of any practical use. In the recent case in the Adirondacks, the elk were protected by a special statute which provided a penalty of \$100 for killing one of them, as well as imprisonment for a term of not less than three months or more than one year; yet this statute was not sufficient to protect these half-domesticated animals, which were killed in the first week of the hunting season. The guides are said to have a clue, which may lead to an early arrest of the butchers, but their arrest and punishment will not restore the elk, and efforts to stock the free Adirondacks with game will never be successful until those interested begin at the right end instead of—as at present—at the wrong. The public preserve will not amount to anything until it is conducted by the officials—State or federal—in the same businesslike manner that the owner of private property conducts his preserve.

For a period of twenty-three years the Federal Government tried to protect its game in the Yellowstone National Park. Congress authorized the Secretary of the Interior to provide regulations for the preservation of the game, and troops were furnished him to enforce these regulations, but it was not until 1894, after the buffalo there had practically been exterminated, that an efficient law was enacted. Persons who are interested in the establishment in the Adirondacks of preserves which shall be pleasure grounds for the whole people, in the preservation of the game there, and the doing away with the exclusiveness of the private preserves, may well work for absolute prohibition of game killing in certain sections of the Adirondacks.

WE publish in another column a communication from Mr. W. E. Wolcott, Secretary of the Black River Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, relative to the occupation of State lands in the Adirondacks by persons who have squatted upon them, and hold possession without legal title. In accordance with the statutes the Forest, Fish and Game Commission is seeking to eject these occupants. The tenor of Mr. Wolcott's letter is that while these people have no legal right to their homes, the removing of them is likely to engender a spirit of resentment and revenge which would lead to the burning of the forests and the destruction of fish and game. Mr. Wolcott does not concede that the squatters have any rights which should be respected; but he does suggest that the State might be wise if it should refrain from enforcing its rights in the matter, because of this possibility of revengeful incendiarism. This, however, seems to us to involve a position that is untenable. However much ground there may be for believing that the occupants, if ejected, would resort to the torch, we cannot say; but it does not seem reasonable that the State should be governed in its course by fear of revenge.

THOMAS SEDGWICK STEELE, whose name was familiar to readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* twenty years ago, died on September 11, at the age of sixty years. Mr. Steele was a well-known artist, who excelled particularly in the representation of still-life. He took up amateur photography in the beginning of its popularity, indeed as far back as a time when it was necessary for the amateur to do his work with wet plates. In the late '70s he made a trip in the Maine wilderness, which furnished material for a series of articles in *FOREST AND STREAM*, afterward gathered into book form under the title, "Canoe and Camera." This was followed by a second volume, "Paddle and Portage." These books had wide popularity and were of no small influence in directing public attention to the pleasures of amateur photography and of wild life in the wilderness.

THE Maine authorities have done one good piece of work in punishing the summer deer killers of Deer Pond camps. There is reason to believe that this poaching has been going on for years, and that the authorities did not succeed in capturing all the guilty parties implicated.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Garden Island of Champlain.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

With illustrations by Rachel Robinson.

IN the Baie de Vaseaux of the old French explorers, not far from the mouth of the sluggish Little Otter and that of the clear hill-born stream of Sungah-nectuk, lies Garden Island, an emerald set in crystal deeps. The massive rocks, red, green and brown, that uphold it, can be discerned through the limpid depths, stable and unchanged save by the slow erosion of the water, though near three centuries have passed since Sieur Champlain and his companions first set eyes upon it, when they paddled southward with their war party of Abenakis contemplating the country and seeing "on the east side, very high mountains capped with snow."

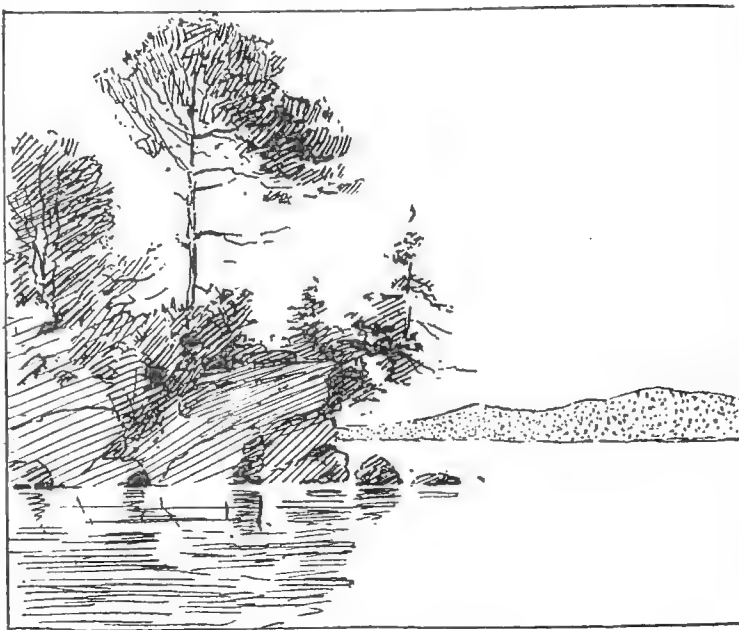
Whence its name no one knows or whether it is Garden or Gardner, as it is sometimes called. Doubtless the island had a good Indian name full of meaning, the "Island of the Fishing Place," or the "Smile of the Great Spirit," or the "Island of Blossoms." It is safe to assume that its original discoverer was no gardener. His wife, or wives, held that position in his simple establishment, and centuries ago, may have tended a few hills of corn among these rocks. He was a hunter and warrior, and to-day may be found an arrow point that he or some of his after-comers lost or let fly here. The island is well named, for though scant of earth for a garden, it is blossomy enough in early summer to have received the name from some visitor in a long ago June. I have seen it so white with bloom that at a little distance it looked as if the waves of all Petowbowk had stranded their foam on its rocky shore and tossed it into the shrubbery. Then, too, it has the delicate blush of wild roses, the glare of field lilies and the dull gold of lady slippers.

Bill Bigelow, by courtesy and the untold possibilities of soap and water, a white man, certainly not an Indian further than dirt, laziness and basket-making go

landed here and called every green thing upon this island a barbarous name. So intent were they on science that they did not see the waves dancing and tossing the images of the clouds, nor the sky arching over them from the Crouching Lion to Tahawus and tangling its silver fleeces on their peaks, nor Split Rock Mountain and the green headlands stooping to the blue level of the lake, but they found a new variety of *Brownii*, and were happy.

To-day the island is held chiefly by a party of crows, who, becoming aware of my intention of landing on their domain, after some clamorous circling overhead, go over to the mainland, beating the air with labored strokes. A sandpiper, on the shelving rocks, to which my prow points, balances himself on his slender stilts for a moment, and then skims the shore with downward-pointed wings, and a kingfisher launches from his perch on the outreaching arm of a cedar, and with his big head towing his body, or little body pushing his head, puts a girdle of clatter about the island.

So, when my boat's bottom—keel she has none—



THE JUTTING SHORES.

grates on the rocky slope where many a birch—and elm-bark craft of Abenakis and Iroquois has been before it, and I step ashore, I am in undisturbed possession.

There are traces of former occupants from the rude fireplace, with its warm ashes and smoking brands of yesterday's fishing party, back to the water-worn pot shards, arrow points and flint chips of its aboriginal owners, whose fires were long ago quenched and the ashes scattered by the winds of past centuries.

A well-beaten path leads to a hut in the interior, built by some inland people of the continent for their accommodation when they come to the coast a-fishing. Inboard, also, are pits scooped out by searchers for hidden treasure, who were not money diggers, for they dug no money, though they might have gained its equivalent if they had worked half as diligently in more fertile soil. Here they dug down with great labor by the light of pine torches, into the crevices of the rock, speechless, for with money diggers silence is as golden as coin and quite as hard to keep. The owls hooted at them, and a loon, awakened by their pother, sent his devilish laughter across the bay. At length



A ROCKY POINT.

someone's bar or pick struck the money pot, when a surprised exclamation sent the treasure rumbling down into the maw of the island, far below the reach of pick or spade, too deep to bend any divining rod toward it, though cut from the northernmost branch of a witch-hazel. Speaking at the wrong time seems to be the curse of treasure-seekers as of many others.

Thirty years ago there was a curious rocking stone on the western point of the island, taking the brunt of the winds from all quarters but the eastward. It was three yards square and a couple of feet thick, and though no one ever "hefted" it, could safely be set at some tons' weight. When any sea was running, it

would rock a couple of inches, a seam opening on its inner side as each wave receded and being closed by each incoming wave with force enough to nip off a cedar wand as big as one's finger. At length it toppled over into the lake, for the builder of the island, in His own way and time, is taking down His work. On this slightly swaying platform a lazy angler might sit with his rod across his knees and be lulled to sleep by the gentle motion and the sound of waves lapping the interior of small caverns explored only by fish and mink, till a fish, lured by his bait, magnified and multiplied in the swirl of green water, seized it and tugged him out of dreamland.

Doubtless the island's coast has always been haunted by fishermen. Of old, by the Indians, with their bone hooks; by the kingfisher; by the sheldrake, and by the mink, fisher and fowler, too, taking, when the chance offered, his feathered brother fishers. Now, the troller skirts it, with slow oars, the bass fisher anchors his skiff on the reefs, the perch fisher drops his line from the jutting rocks, and the night liner overhauls his many hooked cord hourly under the stars, till a poor fish is put to its wit's end to discern a free minnow or worm from one with a hook inside it, or a minnow from a shining bit of metal, and at times seems to choose starvation rather than such uncertain fare. But fishes have seasons of foolishness, when they forget all experience and fill the fisherman's basket or string with many unhappy members of their tribes.

There are some birds, though not so many as on the mainland. A few sparrows and vireos nest here, but I do not remember seeing any robins, though one would think in their choice of a summer home the absence of cats might overbalance the scarcity of worms of an edible sort. There are thousands of horrible centipedes with a double fringe of legs, hard looking fellows cased in shining brown plate armor that nothing short of starvation could induce a decent bird to try to feed upon. Indeed, they seem to escape all enemies but old age, and one may find, in places, a double handful of their mummied corpses, crumbling to decay. Crows are frequent visitors, for they find some eggs to steal, and the offal of fish. And more than once I have startled an eagle from as mean a repast as the crows or from the tallest tree, where he was comforting his hungry inside with a snatch of sleep or waiting for what the waves might bring him. It is an odd day any time between May and Novem-



A DISTANT VIEW.

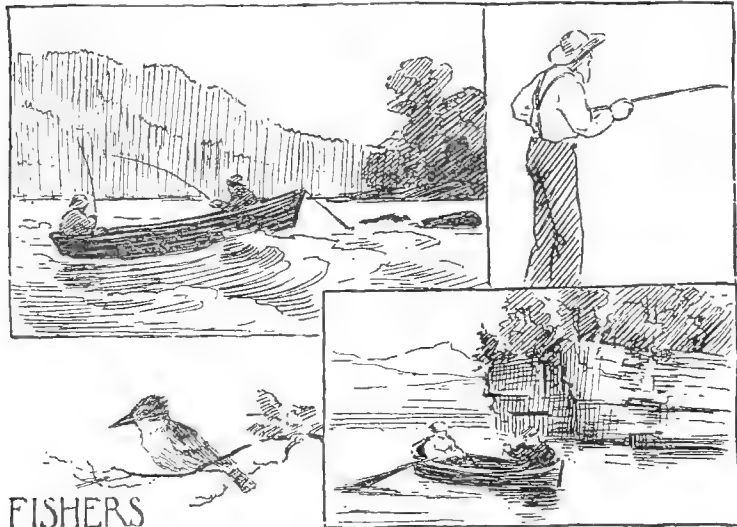
ber that one is not to be seen hereabouts, scaling the airy heights above the bay, or faring across them to another shore, nearer the sky than to us. I have seen a fleet of seven or these upper-air men-o'-war sailing over these headlands.

Of quadrupeds, there are but two kinds resident, so far as I know—minks and meadow mice. The first, since that sad day for the race when its fur became fashionable, have become very rare; the last I have known to be so plenty that campers here were greatly annoyed by them. At times there are none to be seen nor any traces of them, and doubtless in an unfavorable winter, the whole mouse population of the island is destroyed. Then its coasts are clear of them, till in the spring floods, some Noah of their race is cast ashore here with his family, a hollow log, their ark, and the patch of earth is again replenished.

In winter, when the habitation of the fishes has a ceiling of ice, many a fox trots across to explore these shores, and in the mice seasons gets his fill of the fatness of the island. Now and then, timid hares limp over the crystal skylight, scaring with their shadows some wide-mouthed pickerels, big enough to swallow them, to take a nibble of the island brush. After snow falls the hound comes bellowing on the trail of these, his voice unheard by the pickerel and perch just beneath him, but carrying consternation to the chase a mile before him, and starting muffled echoes out of all the snowy, wooded shores of the bay till fox and hare know not from which quarter their enemy comes. In their day hunted deer rested here from their swimming across the bay to escape wolves or hounds; and otter, coming over from the river to which they gave a name, fished here with better luck than any of us hope for, and fed and basked between catches on the rocks. No sheep or kine graze here, but now and then, in winter, the horse of a fisherman or wood stealer finds shelter and munches his meager baiting of hay, while his master drops his line through the ice, or with his ax robs the island of some of its crown jewels.

Off far-away Thompson's Point, are specks that I know are fishing boats, with men in them, waiting hopefully or lazily for bites, and from nearer shores I hear the voices of jolly anglers, trolling snatches of songs and inquiring one of another the day's luck, but all aloof from me, and keeping so till I begin to feel as if I were out of the world.

Presently, an awkward boat, propelled by hands unused to oars and paddles, comes yawning across the bay from the Little River of Otters. Its prow points by turns to half the points of compass, like a hound trying to follow a cold scent, but by and by its devious course ends at our island, with some bumping and scraping of its bottom. The crew crawl and tumble ashore, and prove to be three mountaineers from the backbone of the State, come to the lake for a day's



FISHERS

"HAUNTED BY FISHERMEN."

to make him one, and too unhappy for a negro, strengthens this supposition. He complained of a pain, though one would never think he had life enough to feel one, concerning which he drawled, "They tell me it's new-rology. I don't care if 't is, I c'n cure it when Garden Islan' blows aout." William has faith in the healing touch of nature, when she becomes ready to reach out her hand to him; and there is a largeness and happiness in his expression of faith—a whole island blossoming at once for him!

After the manner of other adventurous voyagers, I coast about the island before entering upon it, to see what fashion of land it is and what its ports and whether there are enemies upon it, to oppose even with so much as ungentle speech.

It is but a little patch of not more than two acres, counting its rocks and every foot of its thin soil. All its north shore is an escarpment of rock, a wall of noble masonry, built to ward off the north wind and its waves. Not many years ago it was crowned with a brave growth of cedars, but they have been cut down by crueler foes than wind and waves. Only one little cove, like a sally port where one may land a boat on a shelving, rocky beach, or set forth on his voyage, breaks the solid bulwark. Here and there out of the seams of the wall, a harebell hangs by its slender cord, perhaps knolling water sprites inshore with a chime unheard by my dull ears. To me, it beckons with its graceful, noiseless swing.

From this gray bulwark the surface slopes to the south shore, which slanting gently to the bay, invites invasion from this quarter. Up its incline, when the south winds blow, the waves wash to the border of bushes, which mark the high water line. When the lake begins to fall, in early summer, a few rods off the eastern point, a reef or islet gets above the surface, and at very low water, another, still further to the east, both more barren than the nakedest boulder in an upland pasture, for they have not even a lichen upon them. Once, when a comrade and I landed on the larger one and spattered it with the scales of the fish we dressed there, we named it the Isle of Scales, but the name did not stick to it much longer than the scales did.

Inside the steadfast boundary of rock the island is covered with a thin layer of reddish soil, wherein flourishes a goodly though small growth of oak, hickory, white birch, hop-hornbeam, elm, linden and cedar and many shrubs, flowering plants, grasses and vines, all native, for it is not known that any one has ever sown any crop here, nor reaped any, but now and then a load of wood, handful of herbs or a nosegay.

Botanists find it a rich field and get here some plants and shrubs hard to find elsewhere, and a rare variety of chestnut oak. I have lately heard of two who

Klamath and Crater Lakes.—I.

THE results of our outing last year were so satisfactory and enduring, especially from a health point of view, that I decided to take a similar one this season, provided I could secure the first great requisite—a congenial companion.

Fortune favored me in the person of Mr. Zerah Smith, an old Nevada friend and cattle man, who had closed out his interests there and moved down to the bay to enjoy life. Southern Oregon was selected as the field of operations, and on July 15 we took the train for Ager, Siskiyou county, and a few hours later we were whirling along by the great grain fields of the Sacramento. When we awoke the next morning Shasta's mighty butte was towering over us, and for hours this glorious peak, hoary with the snows of ages, shadowed our pathway, the serpentine character of the road throwing it at times into every point of the compass.

Although sadly disfigured by the ravages of lumbermen since the days when the old sportsman Sisson reared his humble lodge beneath its lofty pines, its base is still beautiful, and the limpid, bawling streams that find their sources here still harbor many a lusty trout. How I strained my eyes to catch a possible glimpse of old Ransacker, one of whose later sketches, in which he saved his dog from a watery grave, was such a gem in its way that it lingered in my memory for weeks. Quite likely I should not have recognized him had he been there; but I knew just how I thought he ought to look, and the sight of him threading the aisles of that silent forest was the only thing needful to complete the picture.

Shortly after 12 M. we reached Ager, the terminus of our railroad travel, and a trip of sixty miles with a pack horse lay between us and Pelican Bay on upper Klamath Lake. We had wisely provided ourselves with pack saddle, kiacks, and most of the more important necessities of the trip, as the outfitting facilities of the town are not great; but from Mr. Ager, son of the founder of the place, we secured a fine pack horse, and the two stores there were able to supply all that we needed in the provision line. Our arrangements were all perfected during the afternoon, and early the next morning we took the road, going fourteen miles the first day and reaching the Klamath River, a stream we followed most of the way to the Falls. We were now approaching the Cascade Range. The country grew rougher and was but thinly settled, but as there was considerable freighting by wagon from Ager to the Klamath Falls—formerly called Linkville—we found ranches five or six miles apart, where feed for stock and men could be obtained. We made our first camp on the bank of a stream near one of these ranches kept by a Mr. Lennox, where we procured milk and butter.

The elevation was now steadily increasing, and the mountain meadows began to appear, especially on the banks of the river; but the wonderful floral display, the hummingbirds and butterflies that had made such a distinguished feature of the Mt. Kaweah region, were lacking; nor did we find anything like it in all that region; but the meadows were of extraordinary fertility, and we saw crops of timothy and red-top that would easily yield three tons to the acre. Every ranch had its orchard, and although the yield this season was very light in most places, owing to the cold backward spring, the flavor of the fruit was much superior to that of the south.

A six-mile drive the next morning took us to Shovel Creek, where we found an extensive sanitary resort, with sulphur springs hot enough to boil an egg. Here we caught our first trout. We made a stop of four hours in the heat of the day, and then went on five miles further to a ranch and teamsters' hostelry kept by Mr. Ways, an old pioneer and his wife. We were now fairly in the mountains; fine cold streams of water and heavy timber were all about us.

Ways proved to be a most entertaining character; and during the evening, as we sat enjoying a smoke on his cool veranda, he regaled us with many stories of the early days of California, going back to '49. He had been present at the hanging of the seven desperadoes in Placerville that gave that mining camp its primitive name of "Hangtown;" had seen Joaquin Murietta, "Three-Fingered Jack," and several other rather celebrated gentlemen of the road, and he had an inexhaustible supply of bear stories, and was so thoroughly versed in the details of those stirring times that it was 11 o'clock before we sought our blankets. Add to this the fact that his wife was one of the best cooks we met, and that the natural attractions of the place were very great, and all combined made this one of the most pleasant memories of the trip.

Before noon the next day we reached a station called Topsey, the highest point on the road between Ager and the Falls, with an altitude not far from 6,000 feet. The forest here was very heavy, and soon after crossing the divide we began to find deer tracks in the road with abundant evidence of rattlesnakes. In one place six of these reptiles had crossed the road within a space of fifty feet. We were now in Oregon; off to our left and 2,000 feet below us the rapid Klamath, here about seventy-five yards wide and ten to twenty feet deep, was coursing its way to the sea. It is not a clear stream, the immense growth of tule around the lake at the source has colored the waters until they look like turbid absinthe.

The next night we passed at Chase's ranch, sixteen miles from Ways; and the following day we crossed another timbered ranch at the eastern base of which we found a hamlet consisting of two general stores, as many saloons, a blacksmith shop and a few dwellings, that rejoiced in the name of Keno. Here we crossed the Klamath on a substantial bridge. The valley now widened to three or four miles, stretching northeast as far as the eye could reach. On both sides near the river it was a tule marsh, but the borders were fine meadows, where many mowing machines were at work, although the yield per acre was not more than half as great as in the smaller mountain meadows. We reached Klamath Falls, twelve miles from Keno, early that afternoon.

This queer little town of about 2,000 inhabitants has some peculiar features that merit special mention. It consists chiefly of one business street, which extends for nearly a mile down the river, which at this point is the habitat of incredible numbers of garter snakes, many

thousands of which can be seen in a few minutes' walk along its banks on any bright summer day congregated in horrid squirming masses that would have adorned "Dante's Inferno," or furnished John B. Gough with a temperance lecture that would have thrown his audience into hysterics. Even on the main street they can be seen crawling about in the yards and on the sidewalk, regarded with equal indifference by the women and barefooted children. Strange to say the people pride themselves upon this phenomenon, saying that they kill mosquitoes and rattlesnakes. A night's stay at one of the hotels made me rather skeptical as to the mosquito part of the proposition, but it is said to be a fact that no rattlesnakes are found in that vicinity, although they are abundant in every other part of the country.

Soon after the sun went down myriads of little black toads came swarming out upon the sidewalks, which were soon highly decorated with large splashes where the batrachians had been crushed beneath the feet of the pedestrians. Great white pelicans floated fearlessly like tame swans upon the water within shotgun range of the bridge, and ospreys, eagles, Canada geese, ducks, shags, etc., were continually passing overhead between the lakes. The front portion of a broken shell had jammed so firmly in my rifle at Topsy that I could not dislodge it; but I found neither gunsmith nor locksmith at the Falls, and had to resort to a blacksmith shop, where, by the aid of a bent file shank, it was finally removed. The town seemed quite prosperous, and at the store of Mr. Isaac Duffy, where we laid in a few supplies, we found the prices very reasonable, and the goods of a good quality, but the postoffice and many of the stores close an hour at noon and at night for meals.

Our destination was the ranch of the Griffith Brothers, at the north end of the lake. They have a large scow steamer that makes occasional trips to the Falls, but as we could not learn when it would arrive, we decided to go there by land. The distance was about thirty miles by either route, and I started with the pack horse at 5:30 the next morning, Z. remaining behind to come with a saddle horse, as he was getting footsore.

There is not much timber in the immediate vicinity of the Falls, but about five miles out I ascended a well wooded range and went down into a valley on the other side which was about four miles long by one wide. It was a charming place to look at surrounded by the timbered hills and dotted with grazing stock; but as I went through it I found a number of deserted cabins, which indicated that its resources were less than had been expected by the settlers. Indeed, Klamath did not seem to me to be a very prosperous section outside of the Falls and the main lines of traffic and travel; its elevation and latitude made late springs, and summer frosts common. Its resources were confined to lumber, hay, and stock raising; and squaw men were more numerous than I had seen elsewhere. In some cases the deserted cabins had belonged to logging camps; in others they were the accessories of fraudulent timber entries, but there were those which gave pitiful evidence of the failure of some poor settler to establish a home. Little gardens inclosed in neat picket fences, milk and chicken houses all falling into decay and left to mice and squirrels, told the story of wasted years.

At the upper end of the valley swarms of grasshoppers about the size of the Kansas variety, but of a light yellow color, had devoured everything but the sage, and were so numerous that they changed the color of the soil; and the grasshoppers in turn were being devoured by hundreds of sparrow hawks.

Again I ascended into the shaded hills and hour after hour pursued my lonely way through forests of spruce, fir and tamarack. I had left without breakfast, before many of the easy going dwellers at the Falls were astir, expecting to eat at some wayside house or to stop and prepare my meal by the water; but I found neither occupied house, water, or grass until 2 o'clock, when I reached the banks of Rock Creek, twenty-five miles from the Falls. Here I found all the requisites for a camp, but it was still early in the day, and I pushed on several miles further, only to return and unpack for the night beneath the great trees that shaded its rocky bed.

I did not hurry the next morning, as I knew I had not far to go, and by 10 o'clock I reached the ranch of the Griffith Brothers, only about three hours ahead of Z., who came through on horseback that day.

As I neared the lake the road passed through thickets of young cottonwood, and in one of these a full grown ruffed grouse arose like a rocket at my feet and went sailing away over the tops of the trees. It was the first I had seen in thirty years, and my heart warmed within me at the memories of youth that flooded my breast at the sight and sound of this splendid bird.

We were now at our destination, and a brief description of our surroundings will be in order. The lake is about twelve by thirty miles in area, most of it is from ten to twenty feet in depth, the deepest place being about 160 feet; it has an altitude of 4,800 feet. Around it, especially on the north and east, are immense tule marshes of many thousands of acres, intersected by lagoons, making of it a breeding place for water fowl that can hardly be surpassed by the Great Slave Lake of the north, and giving its waters the peculiar color noticed in the river. There are two prominent islands in the lake, each having an area of over 100,000 acres; both had families on them a few years ago, but now have only a few horses that live there the year round.

The Griffith ranch, "The Poplars," is located on a lagoon that enters the lake half a mile away; this lagoon, which is about seventy-five feet wide by eight in depth, is formed wholly by springs, and in its upper reaches is perfectly clear and very cold. Half way down on its western bank is a clump of large pine trees in which there is an immense spring; this grove was for many years the summer resort of ex-Gov. Budd, of California, and is known as "Budd's Grove." It is an ideal camping spot.

The scow steamer spoken of was moored to the bank close to the house when we arrived. It is about 70 by 14 feet, with a stern wheel propelled by a threshing machine engine and boiler. We were told that next year a new boat was to be put on that would make regular weekly trips to the Falls.

The afternoon was spent in pitching our tent and in arranging matters for a two weeks' stay. There were six or eight other campers there, and in September there

fishing. They are genuine Green Mountain boys of the sort that followed Ethan Allen, each worth half a dozen of our softer valley folk. They are lathy and wiry, made of such rock-hardened stuff as was Gersham Beach, who on foot made the rounds of the scattered settlers, sixty miles in a day, to rally the men for Ticonderoga. They hardly wait to get themselves steady on their feet or more steadily seated on the rocks, before they ask if I have caught any pickerel! Of all fish that swim, these mountain men, past whose door stones trout dart, covet most this gaunt, hungry and slimy fresh water shark.

From fishing talk we presently get to hunting talk, and it turns out that the captain of the crew is a bear trapper when he is not tending a sawmill, for up in the mountains there are yet logs to saw as well as bears to trap. In the lowlands logs worthy the name will soon be as scarce as bears.

The captain shot a wolf a few summers ago, and has trapped many bears, but never shot a free one. This he greatly desires to do, for he says:

"It don't somehow seem nowadays fair nor no satisfaction to shoot a bear in a trap." He once heard his dog barking all day, but paid little attention to it, as he supposed it had only a hedge hog treed, but found out next day what an opportunity he had lost, when, going that way, he saw in the mellow soil the tracks of a bear, and once he snapped two ineffectual caps at a bear running through a berry lot. To-day he is intent on pickerel, and I fancy he would exult more in the capture of a 10-pounder than he would in the trapping of a big bear.

I once knew a hunter of the Adirondacks who had had an adventure in a bear's den that put in the shade General Putnam's killing of the wolf, who wished for three things to satisfy his ambition as a hunter—to kill a panther, a moose and a wild goose! More than once he had seen the track of his moose, made only the night before; for two days he had followed two panthers, twice getting sight of them, just too far off for a shot; and once the wild geese had their harrow wrecked in a snowstorm within gunshot of him, but, alas! his gun was at home, further from him than the geese were.

Our captain's crew, younger than he and unused to the hardships of hard-water drinking, cannot stomach the water of the lake, good enough for us, but so unlike their crystal wine of the hills, pressed from perennial snow banks. So they propose going over to the mainland for cider, for the apple and its juice is in favor with highlander and lowlander. When they are fairly off and headed under my direction for the nearest cider mill, I take the captain into my boat and go trolling about the island shore, he holding the line. Presently the glittering spoon flashes past the harbor of a pickerel, and Longface, the Pirate, dashes out of his weedy port to capture it. The captain's arm is suddenly jerked out full length, and his fingers sharply cut by the line, which is wound round them. He hauls in the twenty yards of it in frantic haste, making many a misgrab and getting more excited, I'll warrant, than he ever was with any but his first bear. At last, by main strength and good luck, he gets his prize aboard, a 5-pounder, and is jubilant over it. He "hefts" his fish and caresses it and swears by a wood god of the hills, "By gum, he's a lounder!" and asks with little doubt of an affirmative answer, "Now 'tain't often you git a better one, is it?"

Seeing that pickerel can make a man so happy, I shed my prejudices and wish the tribe may increase. Luck now forsakes us, and after some unprofitable fishing we go ashore, and the captain tells me of some of his familiars—as strange animals to me, a dweller in the lake region, as bison and bighorns—the "saple" or pine marten, and his big cousin, the black cat or Pennant's marten. The last, he thinks, lives to a considerable age, judging so from the great difference in the age of individuals and from the largest ones being grizzled about the head. In hunting them, the hunter must go slowly on the track, to tree them. If hurried, they will whip almost any dog. They are as easy to catch in a steel trap as a skunk or a woodchuck. The best bait for them is roasted hog's liver. The fisher is very tenacious of life. The captain and a comrade fired six charges into one without any apparent effect. At last, the captain found two buckshot in his pouch, which brought the fisher down. After being so peppered with small shot and brought to unconditional surrender with the two buckshot, and then carried a mile on the back of his captor, he revived enough to catch hold of a limb and nearly pull himself away from his bearer. Then he was pummeled with a club till he went over to that class of fishers which are now the majority. The small shot were found flattened just under the skin.

With such discourse the captain entertained me till the big line boat comes wallowing past in the old path of Champlain's canoes, gay with flags and streamers, and belching steam and smoke, and sets my storyteller agape with wonder and admiration. On his waters are no craft but the mill pond scow and the toy boats of children.

A quarter hour later the swells of the steamer come in, lashing the rocks with slow beats, and rolling in even lines with the bay. Then we see the boat of the cider-seekers tossing over them, and presently it comes to port and lands its crew and stores. The captain welcomes them joyfully, for his clay is dry, and after irrigating it with cider, shows them with modest pride the monster of the lake which he has caught. They wonder at it and admire it as inland people visiting the sea coast might a stranded whale, but are sorrowful it was not their fortune to bear a part in its capture.

To my thinking four men over-populate this small island, though last summer a party of twenty-one campers were crowding and jostling one another upon it; so bidding farewell to my friend, the captain, and his comrades, I leave them to hold the island, and embarking, take my way homeward into the mouth of Little River of Otters, and up between its green paling of rushes.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

are often 300 or more encamped there. About four in the afternoon two ladies went down the lagoon to near the mouth and returned an hour later with two trout, one of 12 and the other 16 pounds, the landing of which had exhausted the energies of both; these were the largest fish taken during our stay.

The next day, as the steamer was going to the Falls, I decided to take the trip to get a view of the lake. We were nearly seven hours on the way, stopping an hour at one of the islands to pick berries and take off one of the horses that were running loose there. The boat was beached on the south end of the lake and we walked a mile down the river to the town. The boat stayed at the landing that night, and early the next morning steamed homeward. Many geese, pelicans, shags, and ducks could be seen in all parts of the lake. When we came to the other island we made a landing to get a cook stove from the deserted dwelling. The oven door was slightly ajar, and looking in we found a rattlesnake cosily coiled up inside. He was ejected and dispatched without ceremony, and the stove and a lot of potatoes from the garden were taken on board, a few more berries were gathered, and we continued our homeward voyage.

The next morning Z. and I took a skiff and went down the lagoon with a spinner and fifty feet of line trolling behind. We had not reached the mouth before we had a strike, and after a sharp fight, in which the gamy fish cleared the water many times, we landed a 7-pound trout. This was all the fish we needed for a day, at least, and we returned to camp.

The next morning we started out with our rods, reels and long gut leaders, more intent upon sport than for count or big fish. Not getting a strike in the lagoon we pulled out into the lake and went three miles north to another similar branch, going inland more than a mile, at the head of which was a fishing resort called The Lodge. This stream, like the other, came from springs and was equally clear and cold. We did not see any fish at first, but began casting soon after we entered it, and within ten minutes had a strike that set the reel humming like a buzz saw. Z. sprang to the oars, and, with swift and skillful strokes, anticipated every possible move as I strove to keep him from the brushy banks, until he gave that up and started at full speed down toward the lake, more than a quarter of a mile away. The braided silk drew like a wire through the water, as, in spite of the heavy drag, yard after yard left the reel with alarming rapidity; fifty and then seventy-five feet disappeared through the rings, and a moment later the water broke one hundred feet away and the grandest fish I had ever hooked with a rod cleared the water with a spring that carried him two feet into the air.

My line and leader were new and of the best quality; my rod was of steel and equal to any strain that was likely to be put upon it, but four times I drew him almost within reach, only to see him dash away again apparently as fresh as ever. Once more he was brought to the side of the boat, this time within reach of the gaff, and a moment later a rainbow trout of full 6 pounds lay gasping on the boards at our feet.

Two smaller fish were taken soon after, and four others ranging from 2 to 4 pounds were lost by their getting to the banks. Then we took in our lines and returned to camp in time for an early dinner.

Early one morning a few days later we pulled down the lagoon and out into the lake to explore a stream called Crystal Creek, about four miles north of the Poplars. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the surface of the water was like a mirror as we rowed across Pelican Bay toward a vast flat of tules and lily pads, through which the stream makes its exit. Mallard ducks were swimming about near the edge of the tules with broods of from four to fifteen ducklings about the size of robins. Trout were jumping continually all about us. In the rarefied atmosphere the snowy pelicans floating on the surface looked as large as swans. I noticed that here only the white variety was in evidence, whereas in San Francisco Bay the smaller gray species largely predominates. Overhead the great fish hawks and a small species of gull, some white and others slate, were soaring and screaming for their breakfast. Twenty miles to the west, with its image distinctly reflected in the lake, the snow-clad peak of Mt. Pitt, by far the most conspicuous object in that region, rose to an altitude of 10,000 feet. This beautiful mountain is as sharp as a saw tooth, so that two men can barely find room at the same time upon its apex, from which point, I was told, forty-two lakes can be seen with the naked eye.

The lower reaches of Crystal Creek meander for several miles through the great tule marsh before mentioned. It is about fifty yards wide by ten or fifteen feet deep. For quite a distance up the waters are the same color as the lake, gradually growing clearer as it approaches the higher ground until the timbered hills are reached, where the exceeding purity even in this region of pure waters doubtless suggested its name. In most places along its banks in the marsh the tules are growing in the water but there are a few spots where the land is a little higher for a few square rods and these are covered with willows. On one of these, near the mouth, we found three Indian families who had come out from the reservation near Ft. Klamath for a few weeks' life in their old primitive style. They had built frail little wickiups of willows, where the squaws were weaving baskets to supply the popular civilized fad of the day, while the men paddled about in their dugouts fishing and gathering the roots of the lily pads. They were industrious and intelligent, spoke fair English and seemed to be a rather superior class when compared with the California Indians. Most of them have good farms with substantial houses and barns on the reserve, and some are quite wealthy, having many cattle and horses.

We rowed for five or six miles up the creek, preceded by flocks of half grown mallards that were very tame, swimming a short distance ahead until we pressed them too closely, when they would disappear in the tules. Trout running from ½ pound to 4 pounds we found in abundance everywhere, and frequently each of us would have a big fellow hooked at the same time, which, in a light skiff with fifty feet of line out, made lively work for us. Many that were not badly hurt we returned alive to the water, many others broke away in the tules.

After three hours of such sport as neither of us will be likely to forget, we returned to the mouth of the creek with twelve fine fish, enough to last us two days,

besides giving six pounds to some new arrivals who were making camp and had not yet been out. When we got back we found that two of our camping friends had been out on the lake with hand lines and had returned with twenty trout running from 3 to 12 pounds weight. They went for fish and we for sport, and I think both came back perfectly satisfied.

Although, with one or two exceptions, we had trout at every meal while encamped at the lake, still we never seemed to tire of its delicious flavor, and even brought away a mess or two to eat upon our way home.

There was no extortion at The Poplars. The Griffith Brothers were the most generous of hosts. The camping grounds, fuel, tables, etc., were all free. Horses had the run of a fine pasture for ten cents a day, and were stabled and fed for twenty-five cents. Meals were the same price, and butter, eggs, milk, bread, etc., were as cheap as in San Francisco. Good boats, skiffs, and white-halls, with lines, could be had for fifty cents per day; but, as is generally the case, it is safer to bring your own tackle. The Griffiths and their wives were untiring in their efforts to make it pleasant for their guests, and we shall always remember them with the most kindly feelings. The only disagreeable feature there was the mosquitoes; their name was legion, and they were of the most bloodthirsty variety, but they never troubled us on the water.

OAKLAND, California.

FORKED DEER.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Lost in the Wilds of Alaska.

THERE is something weird and interesting still lingering about camp life in Alaska that renders it a fit theme for song, poetry and prose.

At the time of which I write, almost primeval simplicity reigned over that northern land—almost solitude and stillness.

The crew at the old salmon cannery operated by the Alaska Packing Association at the little post of Loring had completed their task of catching and canning 600,000 salmon, had loaded this valuable cargo aboard the sailing ship Coraphine, and had sailed to headquarters at San Francisco.

The little handful of men left behind to look after the cannery, trading post, and property in general, through the long winter months, could be counted on the fingers of one hand without including the thumb.

As the sun sank lower and lower down behind the wooded island and the western portion of Clarence Straits which formed the southern horizon of our lonely habitation; as the days grew shorter and shorter, until it seemed as though it was almost always night, a peculiar, weird, canny gloom crept over the little band left to our fate and in the grasp of an arctic winter.

Snow came down from the dull black heavens in a slow drifting zig-zag course that seemed to add gloom and solemnity to the already cheerless situation.

There are life and electricity in the howling tempest, the booming thunder, the chains and streaks of lightning that split and rend heaven and earth with its mighty force that compel one to look upon its devastation with awe and admiration. But the deathless stillness during the short days of my first northern winter, without a trace of life or animation, accompanied by that incessant drift, drift, drift of the ghostly little particles of frozen vapor always coming down, down, down, burying everything with its feathery, fluffy whiteness, and making travel impossible for everything except the meanest, cruelest, and most savage beasts—the wolves and wolverines—more than I could bear.

Oftentimes during the long dark night as I lay awake thinking of the peculiar influences that surrounded me in this northern home, and wondering how the loved ones at home in sunny California were faring or enjoying themselves, I would hear the calling death cry of some unfortunate deer that was being torn to pieces while alive by a hungry pack of the great black and gray timber wolves the late snow had driven from the interior.

During the summer some of the crew brought home a poor little half starved motherless fawn, and by giving it great attention we managed to improve its condition until it was large and strong, and almost as beautiful, innocent and as playful as a girl baby. Fearing that the Indian dogs would kill or injure it if it was allowed to run at large around the post, we decided that we would take it down the coast several miles and turn it loose on a small island which lay several hundred yards off shore, and made what we supposed to be an ideal home for our young pet. I had been detailed to look after it for the winter; I knew its sweet, innocent voice as well as I did my own.

It was hard to lie still and listen to an average ordinary wild deer meet its fate at the mercy of the wolves, but when one night I was awakened and listened to the call of our little pet fawn for help, the sluggish blood ran cold in my veins. I leaped from my cot, grabbed my rifle and fired several shots into the black night air in the vain hope of scaring or driving the beasts away from our helpless, innocent pet. But alas! the cries came louder and louder, and then, what made it all the more effective, it seemed to call my name and speak it as plainly as a child would that was calling me under the same circumstances. I took a solemn oath that night that the blood of our pet fawn would be atoned.

In referring to my old diary I see the following entry: "November 13, 1901. Went hunting in Deep Bay after wolves. Found remains of our pet fawn. Tom Brown lost."

Tom had been ship carpenter on the steamer City of Topeka, operated at that time as the only regular mail and passenger steamer in southeastern Alaska. He had left his ship during the summer months to join a party searching for placer gold mines, and had turned up with us fellows at the post in the fall.

I told the boys that I had heard the wolves kill our pet fawn during the night, and that I was going to exterminate the whole pack, and asked Tom if he would assist me in the work. He readily agreed to help. We left the post in a rowboat and traveled south to the island where we had left our pet fawn. On arriving I looked for tracks and saw where it had left the island and taken to the water. We rowed across the channel to the mainland and saw where it had landed on the

beach after its long swim and had started straight for home, or in the direction of the post. It had gone more than two-thirds of the distance when it had been overtaken, killed and devoured.

The scene of the death struggle presented a picture that plainly showed the experienced hunter and close observer how the cunning wolves had outwitted the brave little fawn. From their tracks it was plain to see that after the deer had been located by the pack, two of the largest and most powerful had made a great detour and had got in ahead of the fawn and secreted themselves, one behind a large boulder and the other at the end of a large log, around the end of which the fawn would undoubtedly pass. Then the main pack had brought up the rear with a rush. A half dozen great leaps brought the frightened fawn to the end of the log behind which one of the cunning brutes had concealed himself, and by leaping out just before the fawn was up to him, he had the advantage of its momentum, and in its endeavor to stop and go the other way it was overtaken by one, then another, and finally the whole pack. The attack and finish were complete. After the feast they had rolled around on the snow to clean their coats and had left in a body for the dense timber, traveling, as they always do in the snow, in single file, and every wolf stepping exactly in the leader's tracks. I judged from the signs at the scene of the killing that there were twelve or thirteen in the pack.

I had come well prepared with strychnine and cyanide of potassium, and displayed all my skill and energy in laying a bait that I was sure would bring results. Before leaving the post I had made a number of small tallow balls, and after drilling a small hole into the center of each and inserting about one grain of the deadly poison, then filling the hole up with fresh tallow and sealing it carefully I made a bait that was tasteless on the surface and deadly when it had melted in the throat and stomach of the wolf.

Knowing the wolf's partiality for fish, I told Tom I was going out to get a halibut for them. He wished me good luck, and said that he would take a little tramp through the woods while I was gone and arranged for me to meet him, after I had completed my work, at the head of the bay, about one-half mile down the beach.

I rowed out in about twenty fathoms of water and was not long in getting a fine hundred-pound halibut. Tom in the meantime had disappeared in the dark green snow-burdened timber on his snowshoes. I came back, inserted the deadly little balls or tallow capsules in the flesh of the halibut, and dragged it up on the beach far enough so that the next floodtide would wash over it and remove any scent that I had left behind. Having completed this work, I set about to bury the remains of poor pet Peggy, and as I noted the little red braided ribbon that had served as a collar, all plaited, ornamented and decorated by some half score of sailors and employes around the post, I remember that I whispered to myself that the whole pack will bite the dust for this. I was only a boy then. Since that time I have assisted in laying to rest in the interior snowy wastes of Alaska some of my good old camp mates and comrades, but never was I so completely overcome with grief as when I buried the remains of that innocent, harmless, pet fawn.

The day was drawing to a close, it was now 2 o'clock, and it would be dark at 4. Tom had been gone some time. Dull gray snow clouds overhung the cheerless sky. I knew from the indications that it would be snowing soon. I jumped in the boat and rowed up the beach to where I was to meet Tom. He was not there; a hunter's intuition told me that he was lost. I hurriedly gathered a huge pile of knots and limbs and with some difficulty built a fire, and after leaving a note in a conspicuous place telling him to remain there until I returned, I rowed back and took his track. Snow was falling thick and fast. Getting the general direction of the wind (I had failed to bring my compass with me, and this was my only guide), I snowshoed hard and fast with the vain hope of overtaking him. It was plain to see that he had not been in the timber ten minutes before he was lost and traveling in the opposite direction from the one he intended and told me he would take. The trail grew dim and finally completely disappeared, entirely obliterated by the fast falling snow. I could see by the course taken that he would be likely to follow the base of the mountain in an easterly direction.

Hastily retracing my steps I went back to the boat, rowed along the coast to where I had built the fire and was not surprised when I failed to find him there. Minutes were now hours to me, and not one was to be lost. Darkness was coming on, the snow falling fast, and the weather growing bitterly cold. Raising my good old rifle to my shoulder I decided to fire the old Hudson's Bay hunters' and trappers' signal of distress—three shots at intervals of five seconds each. Bang—1, 2, 3, 4, 5; bang—1, 2, 3, 4. At this I stopped as the last faint echo of the heavy gun died in a distant rumble over and among the deceptive hills. I heard a call; I listened. I heard again. It grew louder and louder, until it finally was on continuous chorus. I had heard it before. It was the same pack of wolves that had killed the pet fawn. Would my good partner share its fate? A nauseating sickness came over me. Then, too, I was feeling the effects of the piercing cold, and had not eaten anything since breakfast. Tom having taken the lunch with him in his hunting coat pocket.

Again I fired the signal of distress, and again came the same unwelcome blood-curdling chorus of the wolves. But not a sound from Tom. I fired only singly now, as my ammunition was growing short, and I did not care to be left without any under the conditions. I landed in several places and called long and loud, only to be answered by the hungry, howling, mocking pack that seemed to haunt me with their mimicry. I rowed along up the beach until I was directly opposite where the wolves were howling. I broke my way through the shore ice and landed on the beach. My efforts in trying to build a fire were in vain.

The darkness was intense. The wolves stopped howling, but this was not a relief to me, as I knew that they were either sneaking down to have a look at me or were stalking other unfortunate prey. I was at a loss to know what to do; I thought seriously of going back to the post and getting help. But then what was to be gained. If I could ever find my way in the total darkness I would not be able to return before morning, and by that time Tom would be dead. No, I would stay and call often and loud and try and get him to hear me. I sat and listened for

his welcome voice or an echo from his rifle. It did not come. A thought flashed through my dizzy brain. There was a small river a half mile up the beach; would he know enough when striking that river to follow it down stream to its mouth. Shivering with cold I worked the boat up to the mouth of the river and waited. It was now 11 o'clock. I grew sleepy, but with all my remaining energy I climbed from one end of the boat to the other, and was threshing my hands about me when I saw a flash of light a long distance up the river. I called long and loud, but got no reply. Jumping on my snowshoes I traveled hard and as fast as my weakened condition would allow. There, beneath the spreading branches of a large spruce tree, lay Tom in a delirious condition. In his mad rush to extricate himself from the wilderness and from the wolves he had discarded his coat, hat, rifle, cartridges, and belt. In climbing over the logs and rocky ledges he had torn his finger nails, and lacerated himself. His last match that threw out that last little spark of light saved him.

Drawing on my last match supply I managed to get a small fire started. A clumsy, wise looking, prickly little porcupine, in making his rounds for food, was attracted by the light of the fire, or was sent to us by Providence, and served as our food until the storm had passed and day again dawned upon us. CALVIN H. BARKDULL.

The Old Saratoga.

A SHIP left Philadelphia a few days ago on a three months' voyage that I would give a good deal to make as one of her crew; she was the old wooden frigate Saratoga. This is the only vessel of the old navy that I ever had a chance to examine, but I was shown all over her while she was still in commission. I afterwards tried to inspect another of them as she lay in the harbor of Callao, the Hartford, but a marine on guard would not let me board her, even after I had told him I had rubber-soled yacht shoes on and would not scratch his deck, then held up a shoe for him to inspect. That set my Kanaka boat's crew to laughing and hurt the marine's feelings; he told me to "get that nigger crew out of that right away."

A large English cruiser also lay at anchor here. I tried her next and fared better. The blue jacket was on guard; he invited me on board, then sent me to the officer of the deck, who sent a side boy with me to show me all over the ship. Her big engines and guns were what I most wanted to see.

The Saratoga is out of date now, but was a fine ship in her day, and is claimed to be one of the fastest vessels under sail flying the flag of this or any other country today. She has made 14 knots an hour. Our Baltimore clippers in their time could not do much better than that, and they were the fastest ships afloat.

She is now, and has been for some time, the school ship for the State of Pennsylvania; and has just been completely overhauled at the Navy Yard, making her nearly as good as new again.

She is under the command of Commander G. W. F. Holmes, U. S. Navy; his executive officer Lieutenant Kunkle, and watch officers Allen and Davis, together with Dr. Reeser, the surgeon, completes the ship's roster.

His crew will be of about seventy boys between fifteen and twenty years of age, who go before the mast to learn to be sailors. The boys must all be residents of the State, and what surprised me most was the fact that until a day or two before she sailed the full quota of boys had not yet applied to go with her; they have to "pass the doctor," and not every boy who applies will be taken.

When I was a boy, could I have got a chance of this kind, I would have traveled on foot the whole length of the State if I had to do so to get there, and I would probably have had to walk most of the way; there were not many railroads then. I might have driven mules on the canal part of the way to save walking.

The Saratoga does not carry her battery now, but there has been put on board an elaborate sounding apparatus, to teach the boys how to find the bottom; this affair will find it if it has to go a mile after it. The boys will not have to sing out, "No bottom, sir," as I have had to do. But then if that bottom was a mile below me it could stay there; I did not need it, and this affair when it comes up off the bottom can be made to bring some of that bottom up with it to show the boys what it is composed of.

She will go first to Southampton, and has thirty-two days to go there in. After leaving there she goes to Cherbourg, France, and from there to the port of Madeira, then home. While lying at these ports the boys get shore liberty and a chance to see all that there is to see.

These boy crews have been making these voyages for years now; a different crew going nearly every time, and I have never seen any complaint of their having tried to take the towns; which speaks well for them; but the regular moral discipline which they are under may have something to do with their not giving the police extra work. At least from what I know of the average boy when he gets as far from home as they do, I think that is the way to account for their not trying to run things, the police included. CABIA BLANCO.

ERIE, Pa.

Fishing.

Gladys Young was fond of fishing,
So she fished from morn till night;
But, to tell the truth about it,
Gladys never had a bite.

Hat awry and cheeks like roses,
Empty basket on her arm,
Told the giggling lads and lassies
No wee fishes came to harm.

"Where's your fish?" they cried in chorus,
"Lovely day!" and "Stream so still!"
Gladys blushed; "I caught but one fish,
And he's climbing up the hill."

—New York Herald.

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Natural History.

Man and the Other Animals.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, I. W. G., fires a lot of questions at me that I have fully answered in my communications. Take as an example the question: "If the mew of a cat is pertinent to this discussion, why is the bawl of a calf impertinent?"

I answered this question fully in the paper from which he quotes so freely. He had claimed that language is inherited and had mentioned the bawl of a frightened calf to prove it. I answered that language is acquired, that the bawl of a calf is not language, only a cry of terror. That most animals, man included, inherit the cry of terror. That these inherited functions were not denied, therefore had no standing in this discussion. As the mew of a cat is not a cry of terror, I claimed it to be a part of the cat language, and therefore it is pertinent to this discussion. It seems to me that anyone whose ideas are not petrified could have found an answer to his query in my paper if he had looked for it.

Proof, proof, is the reiterated cry of I. W. G. But his mind is only open to impossible proof. To show I. W. G.'s peculiar ideas of proof I will quote from his paper: "Hermit tells us that a kitten was taught by the cat to anticipate the approach of a butcher cart by signs made by the cat as she watched by the window. * * * If the cat instructed the kitten in the language of signs, how did she do it? If Hermit affirms that the cat told the kitten beforehand that her ears pointed forward would mean one thing, and when they were pointed back it would mean something else, he should be able to describe definitely the process by which the cat communicates this information."

It is not enough that I, and others, for over three months saw the cat communicate with her kitten every morning by signs. No, the fact is nothing to I. W. G. It must be proved just how, when, and where the cat educated her kitten.

Can he tell us how the human mother educates her child before it learns to talk, that the shake of the head means no and a nod means yes? Can he tell us when a cat arches her back and spits why the dog interprets the sign language to mean "beware of the cat?" I don't believe I. W. G. has devoted any time to the study of such subjects, therefore his answers would be only guess work from memory.

I intended to drop cats from this discussion, but I. W. G. and other writers will not allow the cat question to drop, so I am again tempted to continue. I related the cat story because it struck me as being peculiar, for it was outside of the education which cats give their kittens. I did not explain how the cat taught the kitten sign language, for I thought that anyone with brains enough to write on the subject ought to know how a cat teaches her kitten.

There are cats the world over, and when one weans a kitten any human observer that can reason from cause to effect, can fully understand how the sign language is communicated. The hungry kitten follows the cat. The cat turns and lays its ears back. The kitten persists and gets a severe mauling. This lesson repeated a few times teaches the kitten that when its mother depresses her ears it means "keep away." A cat does not wean her kitten suddenly. The flow of milk will not admit such a method. When the udder is distended the cat will allow the kitten to approach. If the kitten hesitates the mother pricks her ears forward, and the kitten soon learns that the ears pointed forward means "come."

My sister's little girl, a mere child, while her pet kitten was being weaned, offered friendly advice: "Come away, kitty, she's cross." Then at other times: "Go long, kitty, she's clever." This child, without instruction, other than what the cat had afforded, had correctly interpreted the sign language.

I think I stated before that I had observed Mr. Wilson's cat for years. The kitten mentioned in relation to the butcher cart was under my observation every morning from its birth to the day of its death, two years later, with the exception of ten days when I visited St. Louis. I saw just how the cat taught the kitten that pointing the ears forward meant yes, and pointing them backward meant no. It was done largely through the kitten's mistakes. The cat sat on the showcase and watched the approaching carts, and persisted in pointing the ears forward when the right cart came in sight, and backward for the wrong cart. The cat made no mistake, but the kitten did. At first it ran to the door at the rumble of every cart and was called back by the mother. After a while the kitten seemed to understand that its mother was giving it a lesson in sign language, and it made few mistakes. At last it understood fully the meaning of the signs, and did not make a mistake during several months.

I have a way of jotting down my observations, and my note book on this subject is well filled with items, so that I do not depend on my memory; but I. W. G. will not be satisfied with such proof. He wants me to prove that the cat took her kitten in hand and with uplifted paw told the youngster, in the English language, that pointing the ears forward means yes, and that pointing the ears backward means no. His statement, "If Hermit affirms that the cat told her kitten beforehand," etc., covers the line of proof he demands. Now I do not, and did not, affirm that the cat told her kitten anything beforehand. I simply stated facts in relation to the sign language as I saw it from day to day.

I ask for a halt in this discussion until the writers who claim that all functions are hereditary explain themselves. I don't know where a writer stands when he admits that animals have crude ideas and can communicate them to other animals; for biology teaches us that sounds and signs that convey ideas are acquired after birth and not inherited. My belief in acquired functions has been the outcome of a life long observation, and a thorough study of the scientific side of the question. It is supposed that everyone who writes on language by sounds or signs knows that biology gives lessons which cannot be

assailed by assertion, yet there are many writers who are ignorant of, or wholly ignore, this fact.

I. W. G. wants information on the bovine language, whether it is hereditary or acquired. He has answered his own question, for he writes: "It is admitted on all sides that they (the animals) do communicate crude ideas to each other, and this could not be without some sort of a language." If he will turn to biology he will find that all language, no matter how crude, is acquired and not inherited, so he gets his answer when he admits that animals can convey ideas. Now, I have held to observation in presenting this question, only calling attention to the scientific bearing now and then, for the reason that observation reaffirms what science proves. And again, it would be out of place in FOREST AND STREAM to treat of anatomy and physiology. I. W. G. ought to know enough of these studies to answer nearly all the questions he asks. His treatise on "prearranged language" has nothing to do with the question before us. He should examine the animal organism to ascertain how language originated, how signs and sounds came to represent ideas, and to learn if the nervous system that makes language possible is common to man and beast. He should learn how the symbols of words, seen or heard, are located in the brain, then he might make comparisons between human language and brute language. He might possibly feel humiliated when he was brought face to face with the fact that the human animal is not so far above the brute animal after all. He might find that if a kitten's ear drums were destroyed at birth, that it would be just as reasonable to expect that kitten to talk cat language as it would be to expect a child born deaf to talk the human language. He would find that both animals could utter sounds conditioned on the structure of their vocal organs. He would learn that both had tracts in the brain vainly awaiting the symbols of sounds. That these symbols would never be acquired because a sensorial impulse derived from sound can never be sent over the eighth nerve—the auditory nerve—when the nerve has been destroyed from any cause. If I. W. G. will study the nervous system of the higher animals and of man he will be surprised, and might be induced to drop his guess-work on language for solid facts.

M. A. WALTON ("Hermit.")

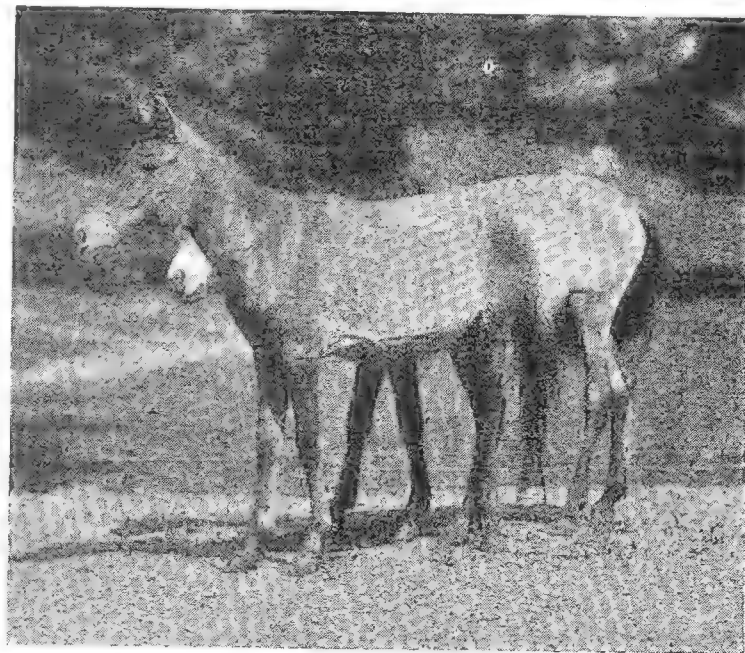
New York Zoological Park.

THE New York Zoological Society's Park is a pleasant place to visit during the heats of summer. There one may get away from the noise of the city streets, and the sweltering heat of pavements which for a month or more have been absorbing and giving out the sun's rays until there is as much heat given forth from the ground and the walls about us as there is by the sun which blazes down from the sky above. In the Zoological Park there is quiet, green grass, the shade of great forest trees, and often a strong breeze cooled in its passage over the waters of the Sound or of the Hudson.

No matter how often one may visit the park, there is always something new to be seen there; improvements are continually going on, new buildings are being erected, new animals are received and put on exhibition.

During the year 1903, the Lion house has been completed and its occupants installed; the Antelope house has been built and roofed in, while plans are under consideration for the Administration building, which is likely to be the next one constructed.

The Lion house has already been described in FOREST AND STREAM, yet no description can give a satisfactory idea of the beauty and good taste of this edifice, nor of



PRZEWALSKY'S HORSES.
Courtesy N. Y. Zoological Society.

the admirable provisions which exist in it for the comfort of its occupants and those who visit it. The house is large, its total length being 240 feet and its width, including the outside cages, 110 feet. The cages are on the east side of the building, there is a broad space in front of them for those passing through the building, while on the east side is a platform six or eight feet wide along which seats are ranged for the accommodation of those wishing to sit there and watch the animals.

There is now on exhibition a considerable representation of the great cats. There are three or four lions, as many lionesses and two litters of young cubs, of which four were born in December, 1902, and three in March, 1903. The latter, which stand about as high as a good sized fox terrier, are as playful as so many kittens, and devote much of their time to games with each other and with their mother, whom they greatly worry. The other cubs have been taken from their mother and now occupy a cage by themselves. They are more or less solemn creatures, very different in

their demeanor from their younger relatives. All these cubs, of course, still bear the spots with which young lions are always marked, and which indeed may be noticed on the young Senegal lioness about two years old here on exhibition, and on one of the breeding females. The lions are all particularly fat and sleek, and seem to be in the very pink of condition. The large male tiger Rajah, which, with his mate, was presented to the society by Mr. Chas. T. Barney, is, on the other hand, thin in flesh, and his hindquarters seem to lack muscular development. The opening of the outside cages—which are not yet completed—will un-

In England it has quite generally been believed that Przewalsky's horse is a hybrid—a cross between a pony and a certain Asiatic wild ass known as Kiang—and the question has excited much interest and been much debated by British zoologists. Recent experiments by Prof. J. C. Ewart seem to show that this animal has no close relation to the wild asses, and is, in fact, a true horse. In his paper read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh last June, Prof. Ewart says: "Granting Przewalsky's horse is a true wild horse, the question arises: In what way, if any, is it related to our domestic horses? It is still too soon to answer this question; but I venture to

death by the bite of the tsetse fly, which is so certainly destructive to horses and cattle, the zebra has never been domesticated and reared for commercial purposes.

The type species of the Burchell zebra form is reported as probably now extinct, and since in Africa these wild equines are commonly regarded as game, there seems every likelihood that as the country settles up other species will disappear.

The zebras are tremendously stout and sturdy beasts, and seem to be thriving under the conditions of the park. Both the horses and the zebras are kept in small stone or gravel paved paddocks, where no grass grows, and are fed on dry hay. This seems to have been found necessary on account of the deplorable experience had with some of the herbivorous animals, which appear to have found among pasturage of the park the germs of disease which has carried off many of them. The buffalo, the caribou, the moose, and mule deer have all of them suffered from this cause, and the difficulties which have attended keeping the society's herd of antelope alive are well remembered. Happily the society has secured the services of Dr. Harlow Brooks, eminent as a pathologist; Mr. Frank H. Miller, veterinarian, and Dr. W. Reid Blair, D.V.S., whose examinations of sick and dead animals cannot fail to be of the greatest use not only to the New York Zoological Society, but to all other zoological gardens.

While on many accounts the summer is a delightful time to visit the Zoological Park, yet it is not the time for seeing the animals in their best condition. The birds are moulting, many of the highly colored males of the duck family have assumed the plumage of late summer, while animals which in winter commonly bear heavy coats are now likely to be ragged, and not to show up at their best. On the other hand, the young animals which were born in the spring have now attained a considerable growth, and are, for the most part, on view, forming interesting family groups. In the park, for example, at the present time there are besides the families of lion cubs, two of wolves, two of coyotes, some young deer, antelope, fallow deer, wild sheep from the Punjab, aoudad, some young rodents and a number of wild geese and ducks.

The constantly growing popularity of the Society's park is indicated by the attendance for the present year which shows, during the five months from January to May inclusive, an increase of 230,000 or almost double the number of visitors during the same period in the year 1902.

The last—seventh—annual report of the Society recently issued is a handsome illustrated volume of 205 pages. It contains a great amount of interesting information, some of which—Mr. Madison Grant's article on the caribou, for example—has already been referred to in these columns. The reports of the various officials of the Society take up the most of the volume, and there is an extremely interesting article entitled "In the Home of the Giant Tortoise," by Mr. R. H. Beck, which will repay reading. In the report of Mr. Raymond L. Ditmars, Curator of Reptiles, is mentioned an observation which corrects an erroneous idea long prevalent. It has been believed that alligators grow very slowly; Dr. Hugh M. Smith, of the United States Fish Commission, having said in a recent work, "Alligators grow very slowly. At 15 years of age they are only two feet long. A 12-footer may be reasonably supposed to be 75 years of age." In October, 1900, five young alligators were hatched in the reptile house of the Zoological Society, at which time they measured eight inches in length and each weighed 13½ ounces. A year later they were again measured and found to average 18 inches in length and to weigh 9¼ ounces, while in August, 1902, they averaged 23 inches and weighed three pounds each, and on March 5, 1903, they averaged three feet nine inches in length and weighed 14 pounds. Mr. Ditmars believes that the growth of wild alligators must be fully as rapid.

While the growth of the young crocodilians in captivity is seen to be very rapid, the larger alligators also grow more rapidly than would have been supposed. The great specimen named Mose has grown five inches since his arrival at the park in July, 1899. Another specimen which measures at the present time 10 feet and 11 inches, grew during the first year in the park 15 inches in length, during its second year 13½ inches, and during the last year 19½ inches. Mr. Ditmars notes other interesting observations on reptiles.

The paper by Mr. C. Wm. Beebe, Curator of Birds, treats entertainingly of the psychology of birds, and gives interesting examples of the relations existing between the tame birds in the park and the wild ones which approach it in migrations.

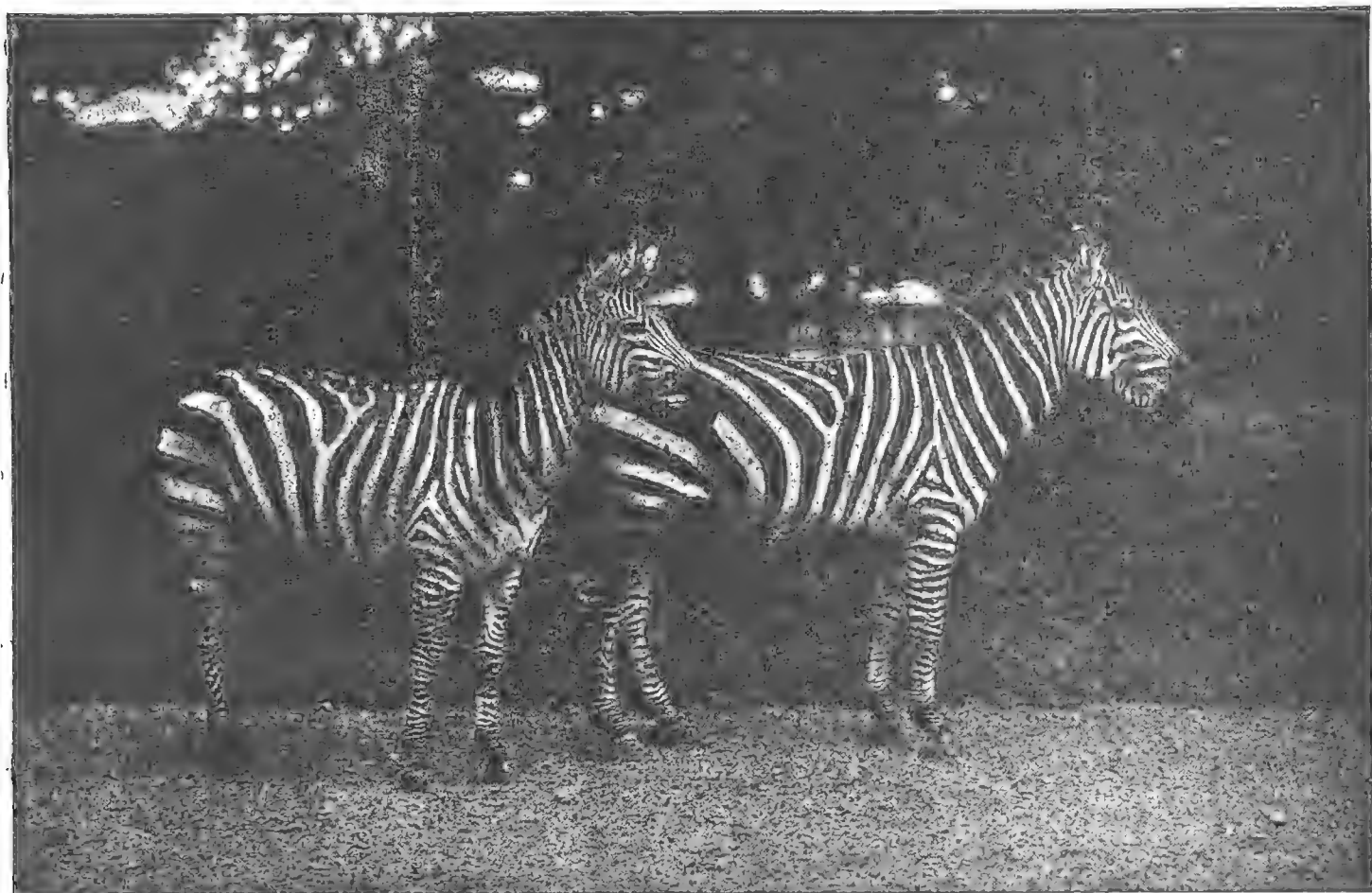
The New York Zoological Society, though in a most flourishing condition, greatly needs additional members. Annual membership entails an expense of \$10 a year, in return for which are to be had all the privileges of the Society, including admission to the park on pay days, all the publications of the Society, admission tickets for friends, and the use of the administration building—after that shall have been erected. Every citizen of New York, or New York's vicinity, who can afford it, should be a member of the Society, and should frequently visit its park and the aquarium, which within the year has come under the charge of the New York Zoological Society.

An Early Description of Texas Buffalo.

ONE of the very earliest descriptions of the Texas buffalo is contained in the journal of Fernando del Bosque, under date of May 14, 1675:

"We started, having with us the Indians of the Yoricas and Jeapes, already mentioned, and traveled from the place called San Gregorio Nasianseno for about three leagues toward the north. We reached a watering place in a plain without other trees than mesquite.

"On the same day and in said province and place called San Bisente Ferrer, the Indians and Spaniards killed two buffalo for our people to eat; the form of these animals is very ugly; they resemble bulls and cows; the skin is covered with wool; their shoulders are high, which makes them look humpbacked; they have a short



CRAWSHAY'S ZEBRAS.

By permission N. Y. Zoological Society.

doubtedly be of great benefit to all these cats, by giving them more range and opportunity for exercise.

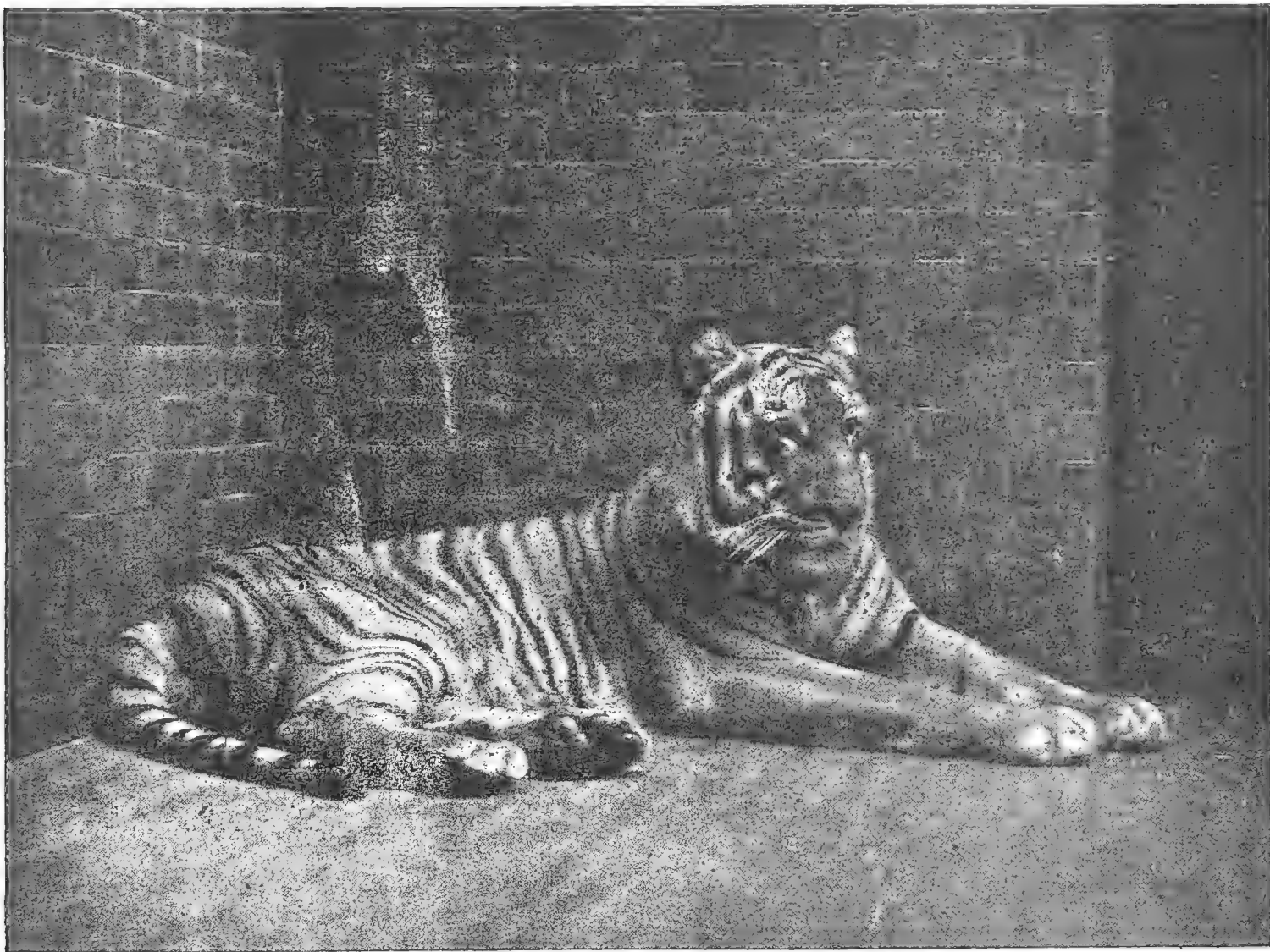
Besides the lions and tigers, there are the male jaguar, which killed the female when they were introduced to each other some months ago; a number of leopards, including a pair of black ones, and one cougar, or mountain lion.

It is remembered that in the lion house a large room has been set aside as a studio, for the use of artists who may desire to work on animals. This room has been fitted up in accordance with the suggestions made by a committee of artists, but precisely how satisfactory it will prove cannot as yet be said.

Of the animals recently received at the society's park

think that should we by and by arrive at the conclusion that our domestic horses have had a multiple origin—have sprung from at least two perfectly distinct sources—we shall probably subsequently come to the further conclusion that our big-headed, big-jointed horses, with well marked chestnuts (callosities) on the hind legs, are more intimately related to the wild horse than the small-headed, slender-limbed varieties without chestnuts on the hind legs; that, in fact, the heavy horses, whether found in Europe, Asia or Africa, and Przewalsky's horse have sprung from the same ancestors."

Two fine specimens of Crawshay's zebra, imported from the Kilimanjaro district of German East Africa by Mr. Carl Hagenbeck, and now four years old, have



BENGAL TIGER RAJAH.

By permission N. Y. Zoological Society.

Perhaps the most interesting are the two Przewalsky horses, which, it will be remembered, many naturalists believe to be the nearest living relative of the domestic horse, and perhaps its ancestor. They are exceedingly horselike in character, and those at the park—now two years old—are about the size of yearling Indian ponies, or perhaps a little larger. They are tan or buckskin in color, with blackish manes and tails, and have a brown or bay dorsal stripe. Of the two, the female is the larger. They give one the impression of great endurance and possibly some speed.

recently been received at the park. This species is a form of Burchell's zebra, and is one of the largest and handsomest of the zebras. It closely resembles the rare mountain zebra of South Africa, being very broadly striped.

It used to be said that the zebras were all untamable, but this statement was long ago shown not to be true. Zebras have frequently been broken to work, and have often been bred in confinement, and it seems rather extraordinary that, in view of the numbers of these animals in South Africa, and their immunity from

neck and their heads are covered with long woolly hair, which hangs over their eyes and interferes with their seeing well. Their horns are short and thick, but like those of a bull; their rump and buttocks are shaped like those of a hog; their forefeet and knees, and from there up until the junction with the shoulders, are covered with long woolly hair, like the beard of a goat. Their tail is naked to near its end, where it has a heavy tuft of hair. The female has four teats. They were about the size of neat cattle; they looked at people in a sidelong way like wild boars."—National Geographic Magazine.

The Carcajou.

BROOKLYN, September 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As to the identity of the carcajou: Audubon, in his "Quadrupeds of North America," places the carcajou as the French Canadian synonym for the wolverine or glut-ton (*Gulo luscus* Linn.), and kuickhatch as the English Canadian synonym for the same animal. He adds: " * * * Carcajou appears to be some Indian name, adapted by the French, and this name has evidently been applied to different species of animals. * * * Charlevoix, in his 'Voyages to America,' Vol. I., p. 201, speaks of ' * * * The carcajou or quineajou, a kind of cat, with a tail so long that he twists it several times around his body, and with a skin of a brownish-red.' He (Charlevoix) then refers to his climbing a tree, where two foxes have driven an elk under the tree; the cat, being on the watch, pounces on it, in a manner ascribed to the wolverine. Here, he evidently alludes to the cougar, as his long tail and color apply to no other animal in our country * * *"

Audubon evidently had never seen a specimen of the quineajou, or kinkajou, from South America, which was so well described (with illustration) in FOREST AND STREAM early last spring. Moreover, I do not think, from its size and habits, that the kinkajou would ever meditate an attack on any living animal the size of an elk. There is an excellent specimen from northern South America, I think, at the Bronx Zoo.

J. K. HAND.

[Not much confidence can be placed in the natural history of Charlevoix, as is shown by his statement that two foxes drove an elk under a tree. He confused the names carcajou and kinkajou, the latter an animal about the size of a domestic cat. For many years carcajou has been used only for the wolverine, *Gulo*. Who can tell what animal it is that the Indians call weazle bear?]

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Nebraska Game Fields.

SINCE I have been writing for the FOREST AND STREAM and giving away the secrets of Nebraska's grand hunting grounds I have received so many inquiring letters from sportsmen abroad, especially from the larger eastern cities, that I sometimes think that I have made a mistake in thus advertising these good things to the world. By a little ingenuity the reader could have been misled as to locality without impairing the interest in the story, and thus insured, for years to come, to myself and local sportsmen alone, the rare enjoyment that is so plentifully accessible to us. That there will be more foreign hunters visit Nebraska during the present season than ever before, the inquiring letters I have received bear ample testimony, and in the long run it will be all right. He is a poor sportsman, indeed, who is not willing, in a measure, to share the goods that are so bountifully his with his less favored but just as enthusiastic brethren from abroad. If they are willing to subserve our laws, and pay for the morsels we have to offer, all well and good. He should be welcome to them. So let them come—the more the merrier, and so far as I am personally concerned they will find me both conscientious and truthful in my advice and guidance.

In reply to a bunch of inquiries which I cannot even hope to answer individually by mail, with reference to chicken and wildfowl shooting in Nebraska and surrounding States, I will say that in this State a non-resident license of \$10 is assessed and 50 birds permissible per gun per day, and 50 birds can be carried or shipped out of the State when accompanied by the man who killed them. The open season begins here on October 1 for chicken and November 1 for quail. On wildfowl and waders the open season began September 1. In South Dakota a \$10 non-resident fee is charged, and but 15 birds are allowed per gun a day, and 50 birds can be carried from the State. This fall the crop of birds is said to be very large, and the shooting prime almost anywhere. The season opened September 1, as it did in Iowa. In the latter State the non-resident license is \$10 for each county, 25 birds to a gun per diem, but none can be taken out of the State. The quail law in Iowa is up November 1.

I notice in the reports of Nebraska's late field trials several of the writers complain of the scarcity of chickens on the grounds, and why shouldn't they have been scarce after half a hundred men and two or three hundred dogs have been ravaging the country for miles around for months previous to the trials? The fact is the birds were literally driven away from the locality long before the trials opened. Holt county, and particularly roundabout O'Neill, where the late competitions were held, has always been a famous chicken country, and the birds left over last fall were abundantly numerous to insure a great crop this season.

And so far as all the chicken country in this State is concerned, the present year has been and is still a wondrously favorable one for the birds, and the field has been a tremendously large one. The past winter was just the right sort of texture to presage good things in the way of bird increase throughout the summer. While the weather has been especially hard on the agriculturalist, it has been superb for the grouse family. Small grains have suffered much, and it was feared that the

corn would fall woefully short, but later developments show that it will not. However, be this as it may, the chickens everywhere in chicken country are thrifty and plentiful. The early spring and summer could not have been more propitious for breeding, and up to very recently the favorable conditions continued to prevail until now it is too late for any serious results from meteorological influences. Right after the hatching of the chicks there was a considerable spell of nice dry weather, in which they thrive and grew famously, gaining such size and a capacity for protecting themselves that they have suffered comparatively little from the recent terrific rain-falls. Owing to our new game laws, and the better sentiment prevailing among a large preponderance of sportsmen, there was a much larger number of birds left over last fall than usual, and now from all the wild and untrammelled localities come reports of the remarkable plentitude of birds. That they will ever again be restored to our limitless prairies in anything like their old day swarms is a fact patent to all sportsmen familiar with the possibilities of the bird. Neither is the present pleasing increase to be continued for many years, except in the most remote and inaccessible regions. The condition of things is such as to absolutely prohibit anything but a temporary thrift on the part of these most royal game birds.

The prairie chicken is a bird that thrives and multiplies with the first stage of civilization; stands still at the second stage, and fades away forever with the third. The third stage is now rapidly possessing this great State of ours.

Despite the fact that the law does not permit the killing of these birds this year until October 1, and despite the fact that we have a corps of active game wardens patrolling the chicken districts, the killing has been going on almost everywhere, but by no means as extensively as of yore. That the constitutionality of the present statute governing the matter is now being tested by certain malefactors, will in nowise lessen the activity of the wardens, and sportsmen everywhere anxious to get in the field are warned to keep within the bounds of the law as it reads. October 1 is plenty early enough to commence killing chickens in Nebraska, notwithstanding the claims of those who would like to exterminate the birds before they are strong enough to lift themselves out of the tall grass.

All we have to do is to curb our patience. We are promised great sport this autumn—sport which, in many places, may approximate that which was so generously showered upon the gunners of former generations. Surely no bird ever lent a greater charm to its environments than the chicken to Nebraska's broad prairies, yucca-covered sandhills, fertile valleys, and sunflowered fields. It has been and is to these more than the rose-wood quail is to the wheat stubble, the cornfield, and lingly creek's bottom, or the tinkling upland plover to the big pastures, the mystic jack to the bog and damp meadows. It is what the Canada goose is to the long barren bars of the Platte, and the mallard and the red-head to the marsh and the rice beds. Without it our great plains would lose more than half their enchantment, and were it not for the never ceasing "chip-chip-chip-dee-tee-tee" of the song sparrow and the piccolo of the meadow lark, they would relapse, indeed, into a lifeless expanse, a fitting home for the skunk, the badger, and the coyote. No sound ever stirred more thrilling sensations within the sportsman's thoracic department than the far-reaching "boo-oom! boo-oom! oom! oom-m-m-m" of an old cock swelling from the distant hillside or cottonwood barricade before the faint azure of the liverwort beams beside the soggy and bedraggled snow-bank in the shade of blow-out or draw, or the bright face of the sweet clotonia lights of the scrawl of the burnt prairie.

When the mallards and the widgeon have departed from the frozen marsh when Bob White has fled to the matted towheads for protection from the wintry blast, when the yellow vest of the meadowlark no longer flashes amid the brown verdure of the plain, and when the resonant "auh-unk! auh-unk!" of the wild goose southward bound, grazing the gauzy clouds with his ashen sails far above your head, is the only sound of all the medley of game life in the melancholy autumn time, then the prairie chicken is the only companion, save the ever frowsy wolf remaining for the wayfarer of the prairie!

But what I have said of the plentifulness of the chicken will also hold good with the quail. The three years' prohibitive period which ends with the last day of October, has resulted in a very decided recuperation in the ranks of this precious little game bird. The past season, especially, has been the most favorable for years, although the winter was severe and many were destroyed by the cold and heavy snows. This summer, however, the conditions have been extremely propitious for fecundation among the birds. The whole trysting, laying and hatching season was an unbroken stretch of exquisite weather, with no continued drouths or excessive rainy periods, but of uniform temperature and general conditions particularly adapted for the purposes of nidification. That they did not allow the golden opportunity to pass unimproved is attested by their unprecedented plentifulness this fall. Almost every stubble field holds its bevy, and more birds are to be found along the Missouri, Platte, Elkhorn, Loup, Rawhide, Republican and Niobrara Valleys than there has been in a quarter of a century. To be sure, the late prodigious rains may have destroyed a good many birds, but the number will prove comparatively small to what it would have been had they come a month earlier. The chicks are now full grown, the most of them, and well prepared to protect themselves against excessive dampness, and the loss has not been so great, probably, as one might expect.

But as the season stands, now is the time to begin to enjoy, at least, the full fruition of the happiness a ramble over the fields and in the woods affords. Whether it be in eager pursuit of lagging plover, turtledove, or young duck, or in the simpler study of the character of the early autumn time, in breathing the invigorating air, with its suspicion of frost, or in merely seeking a temporary relaxation from business cares, the glorious month of September yields an appreciable reward which no other month, save the always peerless October, affords. The true hunter's idyl.

But what a shame it is that pessimists should endeavor

to excite our mistrust in nature and put dangerous knowledge in our heads which could only have ripened on the tree of evil. Yet only yesterday I ran across a column and a half of merciless type in an alleged sportsman's magazine which warned our September ramblers of woods and fields of poison in the fall blossoms. Almost every flower in my long category of favorites seems to have some taint or bane; the buttercup, the anemone, hellebore, poppy, laburnum, bryony, parsley, nightshade, foxglove, ambrosia, the spurge, sorrel, smart and ragweed, goldenrod, and even the dear old-fashioned sunflower is not exempt. What a queer lot of scientists the world is producing. Their one aim seems to be to make life miserable.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Wanted: Moral Courage.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A short time ago I directed a letter of some length to you anent the unreasonable slaughter of game in Colorado and California. Though there has been very much written and printed about the subject, it seems that no matter what is uttered, either in ink or by word of mouth, the slaughter will continue. Perhaps, in time, the utterances and publications against the nefarious practices and indulgences will have some effect, and public opinion will shame and awe the game-hog into decency. So far it appears that the latter is immune to all scoldings, reprimands or lectures. Perseverance, however, may result in good, and the doctrine of game protection may be sown upon fertile ground and take root, with results of good to all concerned, brute as well as human animal. And it is high time that the gospel of game protection be made a tenet of the everyday life of every good citizen, and that the same be constantly preached, so that the just and unjust may hear alike. The just and innocent will not be offended; the unjust and guilty may have their consciences awakened. But there is really more than this matter of ethics involved. It is a matter of moral courage—moral courage to see that the law be enforced.

The other day I read in a California paper of instances where the prevailing game laws were ruthlessly violated, but, the paper stated, no one seemed to care to file the information with the proper authorities for prosecution. There's the whole fault or weakness in a nutshell. The parties who had knowledge of the violations of the law—call it crime, misdemeanor or felony—none were willing to go before the court and bear witness against the offender! *We lack moral courage.* I ignominiously confess to that weakness myself. That's a degrading confession, all right, I admit, but why did I show such weakness? Simply because I got no support in my fight against the transgressors from those who should be in sympathy with me. It was probably on the basis of that old obnoxious truth that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business." I incurred the enmity of the man I sought to bring to justice, and was denounced as "a d—d fool" by others for having made the attempt. That is human nature, as illustrated in America, when it comes to one's attempting to have game properly protected.

As intimated before, perhaps time and the "everlasting-keeping-at-it" idea will have potent effect. I wish to say here, however, that FOREST AND STREAM is entitled to sincere and unlimited lapdation for the space it gives to these complaints and agitation. I feel, in this matter, that if you and all other publications interested will keep up the agitation for more strict observation of all game laws, something will turn up, as it did for one of the two frogs who unwittingly jumped into the can of milk—something is bound to turn up if we keep a-kicking. Apropos of all the foregoing I would like to quote the following from the Victoria (B. C.) Daily Colonist of August 26 last:

"Arrivals in Victoria from the Comox district have some decidedly interesting stories to tell of the strange state of affairs which has for some time past existed in that quarter owing to the conduct of the wandering bands of striking coal miners, who have taken the Comox Valley as their especial camping ground, and have been carrying things with a rather high hand.

Soon after the labor troubles began at Cumberland, parties of the colliers were noted roving over the fertile farm lands of the Comox Valley, each member of the parties armed with a shotgun or rifle. While they were ostensibly after game, they displayed a catholicity of taste which enabled them to include in their bag such small deer as prize milch kine, imported cattle, and even valuable horses. The poultry, of course, stood a still poorer show of escape, and many a fine collection of fowl was decimated.

"Naturally enough the farmers objected, but they were quickly informed that it would be worth their while to keep their mouths shut, as the man that informed would have a short and stormy experience of life after the information was laid. Indeed, one farmer who declared that he would certainly inform and claim protection from the law, was warned that if he did so his life would not be worth an hour's purchase. He did not inform, although his loss was heavy and hard to be borne.

"As a consequence of the depredations of those visitors from Cumberland," said one gentleman in an interview last night with the Colonist, it is almost impossible to find a game bird within many miles of the Comox Valley, so thorough have been the murderous operations of the striking miners. They have now gone back to work, but they have wrought irreparable damage to that region, for it will be years before the shooting will be worth anything. Formerly that valley was famed far and wide for the plentifulness and variety of its game. The feeling in the valley is very bitter against the marauders."

Careful inquiries have been made by the Colonist in the quarters supposed to be the best informed on the subject, and it is greatly to be regretted that there seems to be a unanimity of opinion there that the prospects for the sportsman on the first of September are none of the brightest. Reports from all the surrounding districts are in agreement in declaring that, owing to the unrestrained ravages of the unlawful hunters for months past, there will certainly be a serious shortage in the number of game birds, and those that may be encountered will be so wild that success will be exceedingly hard to attain.

"Farmers, country gentlemen, officials of the Government who have visited the country, all express their indignation at the wanton slaughter which has been going on everywhere by persons who seem to have the utmost confidence that they will not be caught and punished, and the utmost contempt for the law.

"In some districts so serious has been the slaughter of the young game that hardly a bird is to be seen in the course of a whole day's march. Ready sale for the game thus killed is found in Victoria, where enormous quantities are regularly disposed of. Those persons who thus anticipated the opening of the game season were heartlessly cruel in their operations; it was not only the parent birds that were massacred, but in many instances the entire brood, too young even to tempt the appetite of a starving cat. They seemed to be killed just for the delight of slaughter.

"Stories innumerable are also told of the intolerable insolence of these lawless armed banditti, who in not a few instances turned upon the farmer or proprietor of the land on which they were trespassing and threatened to blow his head off if he said another word. The marvel seems to be that no conflicts with serious or even fatal consequences have ensued.

"It is not only near Victoria that this extraordinary state of things has been going on, but from distant parts of the island and mainland come the same stories. From all these reports it would appear as if the provincial sportsmen who have waited patiently for the opening of the season according to law, will have somewhat poor results for their tramps through the neighboring woods."

It would appear from the foregoing excerpt that the offenders in this instance were not that class of so-called sportsmen who could buy immunity because of their wealth from any violation of the law, but, on the other hand, were persons who felt themselves without any restraint from the law, and were making the most of their freedom. Ignorance may be a more charitable excuse for them, and missionary work, with tracts as to the rights of game and animals, is probably the medium to avoid their committing repetition of their lawlessness.

British Columbia as well as most of the rest of British North America has been looked upon as a vast national game preserve, to be a *dernier resort* for the sportsman when the United States is teetotally played out. But the game-hog and market-hunter are evidently very much in evidence there, too; so much so that the press finds it necessary to voice a protest. The Victoria paper says editorially:

"On several occasions lately representatives of the Colonist have been spoken to by visitors from various parts of the country in regard to the violations of the game act which are now creating so much bitter complaint. The ground taken by those gentlemen is that it is useless to try to enforce the provisions of the game act in the country if the storekeepers and restaurateurs, hotel keepers and others in the large cities and towns are quite willing to handle the unlawful produce brought to them for sale by the poachers.

"That this practice goes on at the present time to an extent that may surprise a good many people is a fact. As one protester put it: 'There is no exaggeration in saying that game of almost every kind is brought to the city every month of the year, is readily bought up at prices that appear to be satisfactory enough to the hunters, seeing that the traffic increases rather than diminishes every year, and is as regularly served to the public who may call for game, be the month what it may.'

"It is notorious that in some restaurants in Victoria, game may be had at almost any time of the year by anyone who wishes to call for it. Those establishments seem to pride themselves on the fact that they can supply such orders. Something like the famous Palmer House of Chicago, whose boast it was, and is, that nothing on its yard-long bill of fare can be called for that it cannot supply. There is no such thing as asking for something on the bill of fare and being told that it is just 'off.' So it is in some of our local restaurants and hotels; it is not possible to catch them without game on request.

"In the opinion of those who have made a study of this urgent matter, there is only one way to stop the infractions of the game act, and that is to make it unprofitable in such manner as the law may devise, for any person to supply game out of season in a restaurant or hotel."

A correspondent in comment says:

"During the past five years I have endeavored to get some members of the Legislature to have the Government amend the game act similar to the Ontario game laws, which provide that hunters must take out a license costing \$2.50 each year. Along with this license is issued two tags, which entitle the holder to kill and transport two deer in the open season, each deer so killed to have a tag attached before any transportation company can carry the carcass on any conveyance whatever under a heavy penalty. I think it would be highly in the interest of British Columbia to have the game act amended like the following: Gun license, \$2.50. Number of deer to be killed by any one person during open season, 6. Number of grouse, 50; pheasants, 6; elk, 2; caribou, 2; moose, 2; mountain sheep, 4; and any other kind of animals added that are likely to become extinct. I am sure no true sportsman would object to paying the small sum of \$2.50 for the privilege of finding some game when he chooses to look for it. Besides, it would effectually put a stop to so much pot-hunting as is now carried on. I know one man who, about four years ago, killed and shipped to Victoria 125 deer in three months and a half, selling some for fifty cents each. I also know some members of a certain gun club killing over 100 grouse in one day. Such slaughter as that is not sport. Then again, is it fair that a miner should have to pay \$5 for a license to hunt for mineral, while the game of the Province can be hunted with impunity by anyone who chooses to buy some powder and shot? I think if the fish and game clubs would devote some of their energies in the direction I have mentioned, the trouble could soon be overcome. The money so collected from licenses would go quite a way toward paying for police protection during the close season."

The swell restaurants and big hotels of large cities are, by their character, perhaps incentives to violations of game laws, but there are also probably some mitigating

circumstances in which they are not such black devils as they are painted in that respect. Those institutions cater to people who have appetites or cravings that they want satisfied or gratified at any cost—price is no object. There are some people who want venison or some sort of game every day—the ordinary beef, poultry, pork or mutton being too plebeian for their epicurean palates. The difference in the time of close or open seasons in different States would make it possible for these establishments to have game on their bills of fare, by importation, when it was "out of season" in the State where the hotel or restaurant is located. Cold storage plants can also make the "game in season" phrase perennial.

And there need be no necessity of the chefs passing off "delicate young ram cats" for wild rabbits or hares, nor for offering young crows for partridges, nor for tying long wooden bills on sparrows for imitation snipe. It is easy to pass young guinea fowl, young covies, young peafowl, squab, capons, young turkeys, kids, lamb and veal for game and venison, but I would prefer them under their true colors without the sauce and tag of deception. Still, it is the province of swell hotels and restaurants to cater to the appetites of their customers, and if I get "game hungry" at the wrong time of year I ought not to blame the cook if he appeases my appetite with a clever "mock" or imitation. Most sardines are not sardines, but how many people know the difference? Barnyard fowl may be fed and fattened so as to give their flesh a game flavor, further enhanced by dressing or curing, and by appropriate cooking. If the diner mistakes a ducklet, turklet, cockerel or gosling for teal, quail or frog, or a piglet for a 'possum, what is the difference, so long that he is blissful in his ignorance, and the check or chit calls for the figures or price of the real thing?

But seriously, as a matter of fact, there is no dire menace to game, even if hotels and restaurants are permitted to have game and venison in their menus, provided the laws are carried out strictly and relentlessly as to the amount of game any hunter may kill. Most hotels and restaurants know who their customers are, and serve game without fear of being "peached" upon. Open permission to serve game might be met in return with honest observance of the law, and in order to give customers a taste of game once in a while game could be reserved for the menus of Sundays and holidays, and not on week or ordinary days. I think that with the enforcement of proper game laws, there is not so much to fear from the hotels or restaurants as there is at any time from the game-hog, the poacher, and the out-of-season killer, or "sooner." The danger to game is from the man who hunts in an effort to make hunting a lucrative employment or occupation, and the one who kills and finds his enjoyment in the number of pieces brought down, and of course the one who kills regardless of close seasons.

Our legislation has not always been the wisest, and sometimes the laws of one State have been a detriment to it while the same favored commerce in an adjoining State, and sometimes it looks as if there was collusion. Laws that ostensibly were of a high moral principle sometimes are really viciously ulterior. Take, for instance, the matter of prohibition in Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska. It forced out the brewing industry from those States and they lost thereby much revenue directly and indirectly, while at the same time there has always been a large quantity of liquor consumed in those States. The effect was to benefit the breweries of St. Louis and Milwaukee by killing off the competition they might have had from the incipient brewing interests in Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska. This statement may be challenged, but it is a reasonable proposition that financially, if not morally, those three States have been the losers by their past prohibition laws. Game laws sometimes work the same way. A law that bars non-residents from its State deprives its own people from incomes and revenues, and yet may not protect its own game. It may keep out the outsiders, but permitting game to be shipped, encourages market-hunting and illegal killing, demoralizing its own shooting or fishing community. States like Iowa and Illinois, where there is no large game, nor any public domain, may have very strict laws without hurting themselves, or they may have very lax laws and do themselves neither harm nor good, but the commission houses in Chicago may drain all the rest of the States of their surplus game for the trade and traffic to be derived therefrom, to the detriment of some of those States. Game law legislation needs to be broad, deep, comprehensive, and yet on a simple and common sense basis. There is a complaint from nearly everywhere that there is already too much law-making covering every phase of criminal, political and civic life, and in some States there has been very much legislation, as affecting game and fish, without being effective for good. Laws are passed in one session that must be changed in the next, but to a man up a tree it looks as if game and the gentleman sportsman "gets it in the neck" instead of the law-breaker being given his just desserts. Sometimes the game laws are taken up in the Legislatures as a filibustering measure to retard or obstruct other matters, and while the legislators are seemingly struggling in dead earnest for the welfare of our wild, dumb brute friends, it is a bluff and a blind, and more than likely some game dealer finds a loophole left open for him by which he can escape responsibility for infractions. The flaws and weak points of the new law are commented upon by the daily newspapers, the shooting and fishing clubs pass resolutions of denouncement, and we write letters of indignation to the organs of our craft, and after all we never seem "to get there." Meanwhile Bre'r Rabbit, Miss Turtle Dove, Quack, Honka, Bob White, Curlew, Mazama, Lightfoot, Velvet-horn, and Moss Cropper all wonder why they don't get better protection.

As shown in my previous letter, the tuna fishing in California seawaters is already jeopardized, and there is complaint that the abalones are also threatened with extinction. This year some of the northwestern waters have shown an alarming decrease in the usual spring and summer runs of salmon. The scandalous waste of salmon is a notorious fact on the Pacific Coast. Sacramento River ran as high as 200,000 cases in a year. It has dwindled down gradually but steadily to a measly paltry 15,000 cases a season, and the probabilities of a future betterment are precarious and uncertain. The diminution in some of the northern waters has been so marked this year that there is consternation among the canners, and

relief is asked for through artificial propagation in hatcheries.

Reports from the Atlantic Coast would indicate that the peerless lobster is getting beautifully less, and it is also apparent that the popular cod has been about fished out. And I presume the same thing has happened to the diamond-backed terrapin.

So rapid is the decrease in game when once it starts on decimation through the vandal, iconoclastic, destructive hand of man, that the decline in the United States is almost dramatic and startling. The passing of the passenger pigeon, bison and antelope, and the growing rarity of the bighorn are sad examples. Wild turkeys have disappeared from some States altogether. There are lakes in the Rocky, Sierra and Cascade mountains that were the home of rare trout—the golden of Twin Lakes being one of them—that are either extinct or of such few number now as to be the next thing to it. Swans and whooping cranes, once plentiful in certain localities, are not seen at all there now. Even the land terrapin is disappearing from the Mojave desert, and patriotism is not saving the eagle from impending extinction. "Sooners" have lately been detected killing pheasants so comparatively recently introduced into Oregon, Washington and British Columbia.

Time was when quahogs in Puget Sound between Seattle and Tacoma grew as big as coconuts, their shells sticking out like the ears on a man's head, and they had necks like rubber garden hose; they were the real article in rubber-necking, squirting and singing; but they were so fat and tender that they had to be cut up into steaks! But the farmers took to feeding these luscious clams to their hogs, and it's a much smaller clam that they use at the clambakes at Port Townsend and Olympia nowadays. Once the sweet-meated Golden Gate crab attained a size of two feet square; now, while still abundant in San Francisco, they are seldom seen above ten inches!

Even the harmless, useful, poetical, musical bullfrog needs protection, for I hear complaints that this choice tidbit is getting scarce in places where once they existed in myriads.

There is, perhaps, some show of the rabbit or hare getting some recognition as an animal entitled to humane consideration, and it is to be hoped that the cruel, cold-blooded rabbit drives in the West are now a thing of the past. Bunny was rounded up in these drives and a gala day made of the event when the rabbits were to be slaughtered—aye, murdered, massacred, ambushed, assassinated by a howling mob of men and boys armed with sticks, stones and clubs. Over in Oregon the wild rabbits are caught and delivered alive at a rabbit abattoir, humanely killed, and then packed in tin cans for export. Boiled Australian rabbit in tins has already found a good market in British Columbia and Alaska. Belgian hares sell at the stalls in San Francisco markets at from 50 cents to \$1 each, and compared with a seasonable jack or cottontail, I think the comparison is in favor of the latter, and if Belgian hares, slaughtered and dressed, command a fancy price at the butchers' stalls, it seems to me that the wild animal ought to be more in demand, and this wholesale slaughter, just to get him out of the way, to cease. True, the rabbit is prone to multiply, and if let alone might become a nuisance, as he did in Australia. But in this country, with the price of meats from farm animals at their present figures, there ought to be a good and steady demand for rabbit meat in competition to beef, pork and mutton.

And one more word before I close. I notice the fish dynamiter is getting ubiquitous. He is the most detestable and depraved of all game destroyers. The following from the Everett, Wash., Record depicts him in these terms:

"A man who will fish with dynamite is utterly 'ornery.' He would pick pockets if he had enough of the elements of manhood to be nerry, and chicken stealing is his long suit. The dynamiter is a relic of barbarism, worse than the Indian, a coward, a hog, a wanton destroyer of life, and without the faintest notion of good citizenship."

That's a fierce denouncement, but is it not deserved?

WM. FITZMUGGINS.

Pheasants in New York.

For the second time in a decade Major W. A. Wadsworth, of Geneseo, has liberated a big brood of pheasants, with a view of restocking the fertile fields of the Genesee Valley with the same which once teemed in its hills and woods. The first stock numbered 1,500 birds, and they were let go to the wild in 1891. The second freeing, that of June 2 to July 4, this year, sent 3,500 sturdy young birds into the open. Besides these pheasants, Major Wadsworth, aided by George Bleistein, of Buffalo, and the Fall Brook Sportsmen's Club, has freed several hundred quail. These birds are protected by law until 1905, and it is expected that by that time their numbers will have increased enormously.

The Genesee Valley was originally well filled naturally with game birds, such as partridges, woodcock, snipe and quail. In 1888 the sportsmen began to see that the unrestrained banging of green hunters from the city and villages had practically shot out all of the game birds from Portage to the rapids at Rochester. Major Wadsworth, whose devotion to sports of all kinds has been recognized as one of his most noticeable characteristics, decided that the only way to save the valley from total denudation was to restock it. He consequently employed a skilled English gamekeeper, and under his advice imported a large number of quail from Kansas and Mongolian pheasants from Oregon. These birds were set to breeding, and a year later he set free his first batch of pheasants. These birds soon accommodated themselves to their surroundings, and penetrated all through western New York, to the surprise of many a farmer, who was puzzled to decide what kind of a bird it was he saw in the pasture lot. The wideness with which the birds have ranged is seen by the fact that only the other day a flock of pheasants was discovered in the fields north of Webster, in the upper part of Monroe county, fifty miles distant.

In 1898 George Bleistein liberated about 500 quail on the east and west banks of the Genesee. They were Kansas and Nebraska birds, and, according to all reports, have thrived well. Several of the winters have been excessively severe, however, and the birds had a hard time

of it. Their state was somewhat mitigated, however, by the thoughtfulness of the members of the Fall Brook Club, who scattered many bushels of corn where the birds could get at it. The little fellows flocked around these feeding places by the hundreds, and became tame and approachable, and few of them died. It is probable that each year young birds will be liberated in various numbers, and in another five years the valley, it is hoped, will once more be stocked.

The breeding pens of the pheasants are kept filled with old birds, the proportion being 40 hens to 16 cocks, divided up into 16 pens. Each hen can be depended on to lay about forty eggs a year. These eggs are hatched under ordinary hens, the pheasant hen refusing to set in captivity. If possible, bantam hens are used, as they do not injure the young birds by clumsiness. The young pheasants are hardy youngsters and can care for themselves in four or five weeks after hatching. They are fed on ordinary chicken provender. Major Wadsworth's birds at present are half English and half Oregon in numbers. The latter birds are larger and sleeker than their English cousins.—New York Tribune.

Maine Summ'r Deer Killers Fined.

THE Maine Commissioners, having been informed that deer had been killed out of season at the camps of A. B. Douglass, at Deer Pond, in the Dead River region, dispatched a detective to the camp on September 1. At Eustis the detective fell in with Geo. Wood, from North Anson, who was going to Deer Pond. Anson told the detective that he was a guide and could give him lots of fun. As the detective tells the story, this is what happened: "On the way to Deer Pond, when about four miles from Eustis, Geo. Wood said: 'We have got a deer up here a little way, and we will show you some fun.' We all got off. Fred Berry took a bag from the buckboard and we started into the bushes. Berry said: 'I will show you where it is and then go back and watch, and if I see anyone I will whistle.' Berry led us to a spot where lay a disemboweled fawn deer, a little spotted one, which he told me he had shot the afternoon previous while coming out from camp, saying, 'I don't allow them to stand and blat at me.' Wood put the hindquarters in the bag, carried them to the buckboard and put them under the seat. At the camp, Gus Douglass carried the bag into the house and we had venison steaks for dinner. Gus Douglass introduced me to Dr. C. B. Parker, of Brooklyn, who told me of his seventeen years' acquaintance with Mr. Douglass, and of his hospitality and ability as a guide. We talked about the opportunities to get deer and partridge. The Doctor said there was plenty, but we must be careful and not get caught at it, and went on to tell how to manage, saying: 'When there is need of meat in the camp you will know it. Then if you get a deer, leave it right in the woods and let Gus know and he will take care of it.' Gus Douglass and I had a chat regarding shooting deer. He said: 'There is very little trouble here. Of course, we do not mean to waste the game, but so long as we get only what we need in the camp, there is no trouble.' I asked him if it would be safe for me to shoot a deer; that I did not want to get to jail while in Maine. He thought by using caution I would be all right; that if a deer or partridge bit and abused me, I must not come to him with any complaint. To-night Gus and the Doctor have gone out on the road toward 'King and Bartlett.' Gus has a bag and probably they have gone after venison. Waited for their return until 11 o'clock, but did not see them. We had partridge for supper.

"The Doctor and family are getting ready to go home. We had deer meat for breakfast this morning and again this noon. This afternoon Gus and a guest started out on a trip, to be gone over night. They have no guns in sight, but Gus carries a bag which I am satisfied contains a gun. Before they went, George Wood said to Gus in my presence: 'I have told Mr. Leighton that if we get a deer this afternoon you will take care of it all right. I wanted Mr. Leighton to know that what I tell him is all right with you.' Mr. Douglass then said, 'Yes, what you do will be all right. If you get a deer hang it up, say nothing, only let me know where it is and I will take care of it. Be careful.'

Upon receipt of this information by the Commissioners, a warden was sent after Dr. Parker, but he had left for home before the warden arrived. Douglass, Berry and the others were arrested. Douglass pleaded guilty on two counts, and paid a fine of \$100. Two others are held over him for future good behavior. Berry turned State's evidence and was fined \$50. A Harvard student implicated in the killing was fined, but appealed, and after the appeal the case against him was dismissed at the instance of the Commissioner.

He Brought in the Bear.

N. A. KUHN, who has just returned from a trip through Colorado, tells an interesting story of an adventure with a bear by F. D. Wead, who accompanied Mr. Kuhn on his trip. Wead had always had a longing to shoot a bear, and his desire being known to Kuhn, the latter notified the hotel proprietor at Steamboat Springs a week before their arrival to prepare for a bear hunt.

The hotel man had a pet bear which he kept at the hotel. Every night for a week the hotel man took the bear up to the top of a nearby mountain and tied him to a tree. In the morning he released him and the bear, being hungry, started on the dead run down the mountain side to the hotel for breakfast. After this had been kept up for a week the bear learned his part pretty well.

When Wead arrived he was told to prepare for a bear hunt the following morning. During the night his stock of cartridges were replaced with blanks. In the morning Wead started up the mountain and, at a given signal, the bear was released. When Wead saw the animal coming down the path headed straight for him, he blazed away with his gun a half dozen times, and then, seeing that his shots had no effect, he dropped his gun and fled, with the unsuspecting bear, intent on breakfast, following at his heels.

Wead won by a neck, and tried to claim the bear, insisting that he was responsible for bringing him down to the hotel.—Omaha Daily News.

Sentries and Black Cartridges.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The editor in the current number notices that affair at Fort H. G. Wright, where Private Price shot a sergeant with what he thought was a blank cartridge, and his remarks on the subject fit it exactly. There is nothing in the regulations that will warrant an officer in giving a command to shoot a man, even if he is a prisoner; and most officers are careful not to give any such order. They may tell a sentry "if that prisoner tries to escape, fire at him." Then the sentry will most likely fire a mile above the prisoner's head, not at it. The fact that he has fired clears him; he won't generally have to suffer if his prisoner escapes him.

When acting as sergeant of the guard I have taken the gun out of the sentry's hand and fired at an escaping man myself; the ball went close enough to him to stop him; that is what I meant it to do; but I would never tell a sentry to fire.

This sergeant was not even a prisoner, though, and no one, except the man who shot him, will ever know whether that ball cartridge was put in the gun for a blank or not.

These sergeants often get the ill will of some men, and that man may have put in that loaded cartridge. I don't say he did do it; but he may have done it, just to shoot that sergeant; he had an excuse now for doing it—an officer had told him to fire.

Blank cartridges have only been given to men on guard within the past few years. I never saw any of them. We only used them at a funeral. Why the guard should have them I do not know; they cannot stop an escaping prisoner with them. I think that probably the officer who gave that order was a young one. He will learn more as he grows older. They all do.

CABIA BLANCO.

Washington Game Law Decision.

MYERS FALLS, Wash.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Superior Court of Spokane county, Washington, Judge Belt presiding, has just declared the game law of the Legislature of 1903 unconstitutional. The State game law of 1901 met a similar fate. His honor pronounced the law "wonderfully and fearfully made." That is, it was badly made, or it was no law at all. It is to be regretted that the people elect so many men to legislatures who are adapted neither by education nor training in the important and difficult matter of making laws. These blacksmith legislators seem to rush in "where angels fear to tread." While very few good angels participate in law-making, it would seem that fewer botches or law-making butchers should tamper with subjects for which they have neither ability nor experience. Too many men with more conceit than sense manage to get into positions which should be occupied by citizens who know something about the matters entrusted to their care. These incompetents expose their own ignorance, bring their State into disrepute, and inflict damage on valuable interests.

I wish to suggest that some game association should prepare a law for those States in which the task is left to so many blunderers. It is not enough that law makers shall mean well. They should know what to do. Every State has a law library and it would not take a competent committee from a game association long to frame a law that would "hold water" and meet the respect of courts and citizens. The draft of such a measure could be sent to someone who would attend to its enactment, and in this way our game would not be exposed to extermination while suitable laws are being put upon the statute books. Is this not a practicable suggestion? A foolish State pride should not intervene in accepting a well digested measure of this kind.

A. MEACHEN.

Flaking Woodchucks.

PLAINFIELD, Mass.—Old sportsmen have long been up to the knack of "barking" squirrels; that is, of killing them by percussion of a chip cut by a close rifle ball out of the trunk or limb to which they are clinging, thus saving unsightly mutilation. But a similar practice applied to woodchucks is new. It was recently introduced to the profession in this wise: Capt. E. A. Atkins, an ex-member of the Legislature, and a prominent G. A. R. man, was a pretty good rifle shot in his day. During or after the Civil War he brought home from Tennessee a Sharpe's rifle which a guerilla of the period had no further use for at the time, and has since put it into occasional service in target practice and turkey shoots. The other day he spied a woodchuck sitting bolt upright on the little mound at the mouth of his burrow, as his relatives, the prairie dogs, do, and placed a ball square on his left jaw at 200 yards. His son Arthur gathered the quarry before he could work into his hole, and soon after had a chance to try his own skill on another rodent, which happened to be in the same position. He did not make as good a shot as his father, but he performed a more noteworthy exploit, for, instead of hitting the animal, the ball struck a stone which was driven against its head and killed it. The deflected ball went into the woods at an oblique angle, and came near striking Warren Dunham, the road overseer, who was chopping half a mile away.

P. S.—There would have been a good many partridges to shoot here next October 1 if a certain immune had not shot a big part of them during the last week in August.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Law Breaking on Vancouver Island.

THAT our cousins across the line in Canada have troubles of their own in the matter of game protection, is shown by the following note from Nanaimo V. I., B. C.: "Bitter complaint is made by local sportsmen and farmers in this district of ravages made on game out of season. Deer and grouse are alike destroyed by hoodlums from here, the trouble being especially bad in Englishmen's River district. Unless extreme measures are taken at once there will be a great reduction of game in this district."

The Adirondack Elk.

UTICA, N. Y., September 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The movement which was inaugurated a few years ago for the propagation of large game in New York State received a serious setback this week by the killing of three elk near First Lake, North Branch of Moose River, in the Adirondacks. These animals belonged to the herd of five elk which were liberated in the wilderness during the past year by the Brown's Tract Guides' Association, with the hope of permanently establishing this splendid kind of game in that region. One of the quintet was accidentally killed near Clearwater on the Mohawk and Malone Railroad, and on Monday of this week the big bull and two cows were found dead in the woods in the vicinity of First Lake, where they had been shot down by some unknown parties. The elk, when liberated in the Adirondacks, took kindly to the change of environment, and thrived from the outset. They had become so tame that they manifested little, if any, fear of man, and were frequently seen at different points in the Fulton Chain region and the North Branch country. Only last Sunday the herd made its appearance near Old Forge, and was seen by upward of one hundred people. It is a matter of profound regret that these noble animals should have met such an untimely fate, and much indignation has been aroused by the apparently wanton slaughter of the trio.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

A PLATTSBURG, N. Y., dispatch to the New York Times, under date of September 9, says: "Two carloads of elk from Wyoming, constituting a herd of forty-three animals, were delivered at Paul Smith's to-day, and will be turned loose in the immense forest preserve of 40,000 acres owned by Paul Smith at St. Regis Lake. The elk are a present to Paul Smith from a friend in California. They arrived in good condition, and will be liberated tomorrow."

"William C. Whitney, of New York, has notified Dr. F. E. Kendall, of Saranac Lake, that he is about to ship to him a carload of elk, to be distributed about the Adirondacks wherever he finds places for them. Dr. Kendall has been active in agitating the question of restocking the forest with big game. He has decided to release some of the elk on the State road, just above the new State bridge near Saranac Lake."

"The number of deer reported killed in the Adirondacks during the first week of the open season is far greater than was ever before killed at this time of the year. Some attribute the increase in their number to the destruction of their usual feeding places by forest fires early in the season. Hardly an oat field or a meadow in the woods does not serve as a feeding place for deer."

Catgut, Cats and Sport.

HIGHWOOD, Conn., Sept. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Hearst's yellow dispenser of manufactured facts editorially imparted some startling information on September 4. It runs like this: "You hear a cat mournfully howling on the fence, the least musical of all created things. Part of the interior of that cat is necessary that the great violinist may produce his beautiful music." Now, as catgut used on violins is prepared from the intestines of sheep, it would seem that Hearst's natural history classes must be led somewhere astray by the above teaching. Instructively the writer of that editorial ranks "about as the backyard cat ranks musically."

As the editorial was intended to expound a moral principle, it seems somewhat out of place, anyhow, in the columns of a sheet which apparently values the intelligence of its readers just high enough to palm off a picture of a yacht as Shamrock which has two sets of spreaders, and looks suspiciously like Constitution.

In the same issue with the "backyard cat," fully one-third of the front page is given over to the important and intellectual announcement that "Jeff Will Fight Munroe." Some of the type is nearly four inches long, and ought to tempt the appetite of a goat at 500 yards. The heading extends entirely across the page. Such a delightful mixture of ink, misinformation—and sluggers!

And this sheet, which devotes its most important columns to the doings of bruisers, has the effrontery to prate of the inhumanity and brutality of hunting and fishing! Sluggers, good morals, humanity, hunting, fishing—inhumanity. Devery in the pulpit! What yellow insincerity! It is nauseating.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Camping on the Manistee.—I

Preparation.

PREPARATION is one of the many delightful states of existence known particularly well to the angler, the hunter, and the bridegroom.

In preparing for these events our actions are comfortably seasoned with acute anticipation, which is the gravy of reality. It is the smell of the cooking to the hungry, the grooming of conscience before confession, the unfurling to the breeze of life our standard, hope; we are "the whole show" of the darky and the watermelon; the spending of money comes easy because we need the goods.

It was only three months ago that Mr. C. L. Lockwood, of Grand Rapids, Mich., wrote me that his health would necessitate my joining him on a camping and fishing trip on the Manistee River in August. This letter was followed by a second one, saying that if I could see the beauties that Mr. Widdicomb, who had just returned from the Manistee, had sent to his house I would get sick, too. That did settle it. From that time until I saw the northern lights relieve the gloom of a departed day in

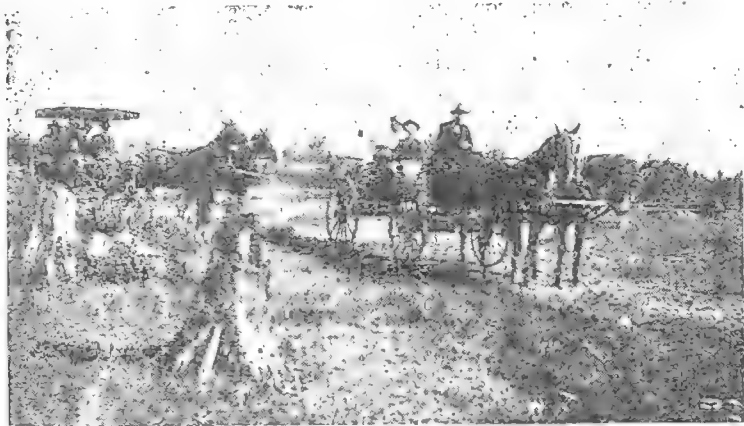
northern Michigan I had an unconquerable "failing" in that direction. For three months I had the pleasure of preparation.

Different waters needed different supplies; flies, waders, creels, nets, etc., and all must be just right. Letters were exchanged all the time, seasoning the gravy that has flavored a reality which memory shall retain, a palate taste, and friends made that shall last until the evening glow of life has gone out—men who have contributed their share toward the world's betterment by having lived in it.

The Start.

I find that the actual starting on a camping trip is like moving up to the fire, the warmth increases, the glow intensifies, while the gravy of reality reaches that state of epicurean detail that it only needs to be served, and the over-burdened soul of man is released from its fetters. The knife and the watermelon have met.

I reached Grand Rapids at 5 o'clock Saturday evening. At 11:15 the same night Mr. Lockwood and I left for Kalkaska. Of course we went to bed immediately, but not to sleep. Why sink into even temporary oblivion an anticipation whetted by time to a keenness of perfection? In the glow of the fire contentment is best felt in the waking hours. Then, too, our train should reach our destination at 3:45 in the morning. Surely an unearthly business hour; but we were going fishing. We didn't need



GOING IN.

sleep, refreshing sleep. From my berth I heard Mr. Lockwood lecturing the porter on the subject of wakefulness in all things in life, and particularly on those events so closely centered about Kalkaska at 3:45 the next morning, closing with the remark, "Porter, if you carry us past Kalkaska, somebody's mother will be without a son when I do get up."

That porter's love for his mother should be commended; he called us at a very safe distance from the danger line. But none too soon for us. We were not going to Kalkaska to live.

As we descended from that train our orientation was assured by silvery cast in the horizon, a glowing, though silent, yet majestic proclamation—another day is born. While the greater part of the world slumbers nature performs many of its most fascinating changes. The sunrise is the beginning of the play; the sunset is after.

Near the station we found a comfortable hotel, the good landlord of which had been notified of our coming by Mr. Harry Widdicomb, and the door was open. Mr. Widdicomb had gone on ahead the day before to have all things in readiness for an early start shortly after our arrival. At five o'clock the tried pioneer put in an appearance, welcomed us, and told us that everything was ready, while from the kitchen there drifted to our senses on that morning atmosphere the wholesome, welcome aroma of boiling coffee.

Mr. Harry Widdicomb.

It would not take a tailor long to measure Mr. Widdicomb with a tape line for a suit of clothes, nor cause him much anxiety as to the fit. How different a task, however, do we find it to measure a man in cold type. 'Tis the standard of manhood, not the human anatomy, that we must fit—the things left undone, the thoughts unsaid—that we must applaud with a greater zeal than the things done and said by him, when dealing with our field companions. In this case should I use my heart as scissors it would take too much cloth. To cut with my judgment would illy fit him—the pattern would be too small. A camera picture always produces the exterior view only; that won't do in this case. I can best describe Mr. Widdicomb as the Nestor of the Forest, the Sage of the Stream, and still hold in reserve very many pleasant thoughts of him all deserved, but, unsaid.

The Outfit.

In reviewing the outfit which left Kalkaska that pretty morning in August that was destined to carry us to scenes not to be forgotten, I am most impressed with its completeness in detail. The two teams were in charge of Marion Furgeson, whose knowledge of horses and the country traversed brought comfort to man and beast alike. Frank Taylor, of Mayfield, was in charge of the commissary department; his experience in the woods was insurance against a broken egg, and a guarantee of plenty. Harry Sherwood (deputy game warden), boatman, auxiliary cook, was always in evidence, always useful, always willing; of Sherwood I can best applaud myself for the things left unsaid. The detail of accessories for this encampment was only made possible through necessities, many needs gathered together by long experience, dictated by careful thought of Mr. Widdicomb.

It was only after reaching camp that I discovered that the box of the wagon that carried the outfit was a boat, built to fit the hounds of the wagon. In this boat were packed all the necessities for our life in the woods, besides many luxuries. At 6:30 this formidable calcade moved forward, its outrider being Duke, Mr. Widdicomb's blue-bellon setter dog.

For many miles we traveled through a prettily settled farming district, so rich in the produce of plenty that happiness only seemed the lot of all, both wanderers and those at home. It was not by the side of a turnip patch nor in the shade of a peach tree, however, that our

pathfinder proposed pitching our camp. The luscious plums hanging beside the picket fence looked inviting; so did the red apples nestling in clusters amid their green abode; but we were after different fruit. It was the wilderness beyond the reach of the plowshare that held for us the things that had cost us many hours of sleep, things not found in the market places, out beyond a land whose only value is the yearly crop of wild blackberries—a land devastated of its worth, its beauty, its splendor, a land stripped and left to its own decay, and made more ugly by the blackened stumps of the monarch pines that once had "netted the sunbeams" that warmed their growth—a once beautiful forest seemingly stricken of heaven. It was to a point through this, and still beyond, that our standard of hope was unfurled and waiting.

From the farms we entered the barrens; from the barrens on into the woods, where the hat brims were turned up, and the horses shook themselves in their harness to cool their parts that were bound. They were watered from a brook where Duke lay, showing only his head, while we men leaped from the confines of a spacious carriage to stretch our legs in the shaded road. Here gigantic birch and hemlock trees meet like a flock of sheep when the sound of the wolves is in the distance, as though in self-protection. The ax and the saw had not entered there, a lesser market value had spared those trees. Beyond, however, we come again to the skeleton, and the horses stop of their own accord, as if loath, indeed, to leave so lovely a spot. Even Duke took refuge in the carriage. Out there a chipmunk even would be disgusted with life. The teamsters dropped to the road and walked. The dray horses' heads were released from their reins, and their necks grew longer, as if to meet the miles to come.

At 12 o'clock Duke grew restless, drew in his long purple tongue and sniffed the air, then left the carriage. Our horses seemed to quicken their pace, and the teamsters remounted their seats. At last the Manistee River was in sight. Around a bend in the road we saw that splendid torrent of hope winding past the alders with the quiet grace of a vast serpent.

Our dullness fell to dust as the wheels passed over the unhewn timber bridge and came to a stop on a grass plot watered by a nearby spring. Here everybody and everything took a drink; and with the hearty assurance of Mr. Widdicomb that "It's only two miles more," we pushed on.

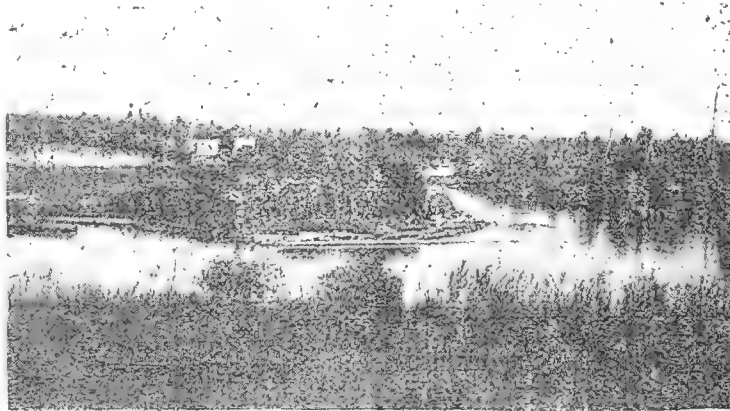
The Camp.

Where the river loops but does not meet, with a river's margin on three sides of us, on a spot once famous as the site of a lumber camp, where Jackie played seven-up by the camp lantern, we pitched our tents on a site from which radiated the minds that directed and the muscles that swept the land of its natural beauty—yet happily now so long ago that nature has spread over the ruin a green mantle of scrub, hiding the black tombstones of an ancient glory, and giving a youthful and hopeful appearance to the rolling landscape. Here, ten miles from human habitation, we selected our temporary abode.

The completeness in detail noticed early in our journey was here made manifest, flavored by the gentle and thoughtful touch of her who rules. One tent 16 by 10 sprang into shape as our sleeping quarters; another one, 12 by 10, soon basked in the sunshine for the camp men; still another, of the fly variety, fell into shape for culinary purposes. One mind and many hands made short work of an intricate job.

The horses, released from their harness, rolled and reveled in bunch grass. Duke warned the nearby trout of our arrival, and dried himself on the fond master's blankets.

In one hour we were housekeeping. Beds were pumped up and put in hospital order. White blankets with pretty pink borders, gray blankets with blue borders, red blankets with black borders, were brought to view with a lavishness that could only have been directed by those at home. Even sheets and pillows hove into sight as the mysterious packages were unfolded. The sheets were not



WHERE THE RIVER LOOPS.

used; we were camping. A closer view revealed a compact medicine chest with remedies for all legitimate ills and some accidents.

In reviewing the time and the place, when and where this camp was made, I am apt to remember in a vague sort of a way that the time was Sunday, the place the wilderness, and pass on. A supplementary thought that almost loses itself in the race with other thoughts, balances itself in bold relief long enough, however, to determine that we ought to have had trout for supper. As the darky dances in the moonbeams beside the worm-fence, and the fallen dew makes silver ornaments of the watermelon leaves, and the crickets make merry, drowning the noise of his bare feet amid the dewberry vines, does conscience check his smile?

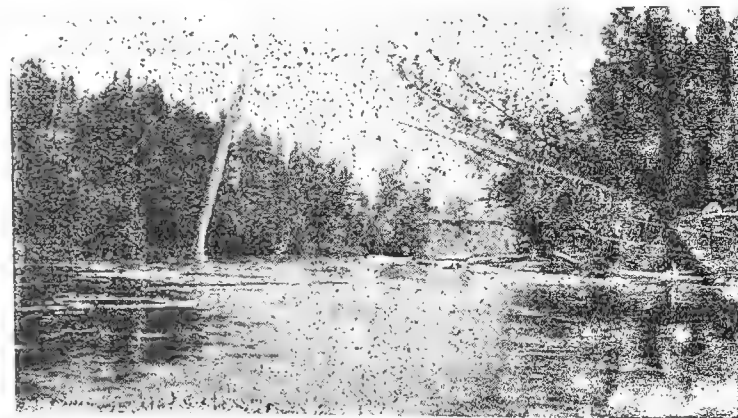
As the sun passed beyond the western hills, giving place to the stars, the care of night, a few of my New Jersey neighbors, "pinged" their usual songs; but for a short time only. The falling dew dampened their ardor and gauzy wings at the same time. A whippoorwill called his nine hundred and ninety-seventh note without taking breath. The crickets chirped in great glee. Logs from the ruins of the Jackies' homes were piled high and lighted, making a camp-fire that from a distance looked like a premature sunrise, while we sat around dishing out the gravy of a ripe reality; breathing, feeling, seeing and

knowing the fullness of preparation and anticipation. The darky, the knife and the watermelon were together.

On the Manistee.

The gentle sound of running water as it swirls past the end of an old water-soaked log, away from the confusion of the habitation of man, gentle though it is, indescribable indeed by any namable sound, in a stillness so intense that the discordant call of a wandering 'coon is musical, would cure insomnia in the early night and produce the electric awakening of a vivid alarm clock in the early morning hours. Such are the effects on the human mind where the river loops but does not meet on the Manistee. We needed no calling on Monday morning; nor did Mr. Taylor serve breakfast too early for the animated anglers. Our Sunday inspection had led us to believe that we should catch some trout on this the second day of the week, and we did.

Breakfast over, Mr. Widdicomb introduced us to our wading attachments for the preservation of our fish. My heart was quite broken when I found my new creel could not be used. It consisted of a floating creel or live box attached to the belt with a rope three feet long. I think it was Mr. Lockwood who made the remark that "It seemed a wise purpose, but a deucedly awkward one." I for myself knew that I would get mixed up in the harness within an hour, and I did. My legs were over the traces more than once; but at the end of a week I was "broken,"



THE MANISTEE.

and not a single trout was killed until we left camp.

At the end of the day the team always met us on the margin of the river; the boat was placed on the wagon, the well in the center was filled with water, and our trout were transferred to the well. On arrival in camp they were then placed in the permanent live box in the river and kept there until we should need them.

Sensations.

In referring to sensations, I would that I could corner the market in print as I did in feelings. But I am not so old, nor yet so foolish, as not to know that others in the years sadly agone, and still in the active and thrilling period of youth to come and middle age, elsewhere have felt, and still feel, and will continue to know the sensations that come and are still felt by the angler when the water is gurgling around his thighs as he stands alone in the middle of a beautiful, active, musical river; on each side of him in thick array a variety of foliage and wild flowers, dipping as if drinking from the current under whose surface lie the speckled trout. The stillness is majestic. Expectancy increases the heart beats. By an opening in the alders hangs a red flower; on the grassy bank, just this side of it, is seen an old log mostly hidden; just one end of it rests on a stump. You make your short cast and draw the line from the reel; draw back and cast again, always in line with the red flower. Another backward movement with the graceful rod that takes up your forty feet of line and carries it up and back in graceful curves. Again the guides are fed and the rod springs forward. The red flower seems near; by it the fly strikes the water, turns over on its side, as if the flight had tired it; yet it moves across the current and hesitates. From beneath the log the greedy eyes of a big trout see the exhausted fly, and on murder bent he darts with the quickness of a flash, rises powerfully in the air, and with head down pounces on his prey. Quicker still do the muscles of the arm tighten and gather and strike. The suddenness with which that trout is straightened sends the water three feet high on either side of him, and the contest begins. A "rough house" is created. He mixes the fight with muscular endurance and determination; churns the pool into foam; tiring of this, he breaks for cover, is held in check and sulks. Your heart beats disturb him again, and he rushes, but is rounded up at the end of each go. Your nerves disturb him again, and he mixes once more—runs, backs and fills, until your line is gathered in, the rod passed over your shoulder, and the landing net confronts him. He mistakes it for the gateway to paradise and loses. You have conquered, and enjoyed sensations that the selfish would grieve at dividing, the generous give to all. The watermelon has been cut.

T. E. BATTEN.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Whales on the Florida Coast.

THREE whales were stranded the other day on the South Beach at St. Augustine. The correspondent of the Jacksonville Times-Union writes:

"The three whales lying stranded on South Beach have had their measures taken. The largest is thirty-seven and one-half feet long, the next is thirty-six, and the third a little more than thirty-four feet from nose to tail. They range from seven to seven and one-half feet through, and weigh, perhaps, not less than three tons each."

"It was not a difficult task to secure them last night when the tide had receded. The three monsters were entirely out of water, but still alive. Mr. Atwater, the discoverer, Frank Reddington, Harry Robertson, and half a dozen others took part in anchoring them. It was impossible to kill them with a rifle or pistol ball, or to make any impression on their hides with shot. Ball and shot simply made a slight abrasion of the outer cuticle."

"When the tide was lowest, Mr. Atwater succeeded in passing stout ropes around their tails. In this work he

was aided by a bright moon. The ropes were then secured to the beach with stakes and the flopping of the huge tails was all that remained to prove that the whales still lived. Watch was kept all through the night, but when the tide came in they were too far gone to escape. One lived until about 9 o'clock this morning, notwithstanding the fact that huge holes had been cut in their carcasses just below the head with sharp axes.

"The arrival of such prominent tourists from the north, they having probably passed all the beach resorts on their way down, speaks well for Anastasia Island as an attraction. But were the truth known, it would be that the whales, evidently mating, had ventured too near the shore, and had been thrown into shallow water by the fury of the storm that prevailed during the time. It was observed that there were many other whales a short distance from the shore before the three captured ones were seen struggling in the breakers.

"Awake to the opportunity, the management of the South Beach Railway Company issued dodgers early this morning, and ran trains every hour for the convenience of citizens desiring to visit the beach. They went by train, in carriages and on wheels. Even the only automobile at present in service here made the run with a party to view the unusual sight.

"No one here seems to know how much sperm oil whales of the size of those captured will produce, but the find must be worth many hundreds of dollars, as the oil is worth upward of one dollar a gallon. Under the direction of Mr. Reddington, a gang of men is now at work securing the blubber and cutting up the flesh to be rendered into oil. The whales are imbedded in the sand so that no more than one-half of their bodies is exposed to view. This half has been stripped of the outer cuticle, which peels off easily. It is black and glossy, and looks exactly like a camera film.

"The whales are shiny black, with heads more than one-third the length of their bodies. Their eyes are back of their heads, the apertures being very small. They have thick fins on either side of the body, and tails similar to those seen in pictures. They lie stranded not fifteen feet apart. Two lie with their heads to the shore, and the other with its head toward the sea. He evidently managed to turn, and would have escaped if the rope had not been there to detain him. They have square snouts and small mouths, with teeth something like an alligator's. The jaws will be preserved for exhibition.

"Cottagers on the beach are anxious that the monsters be reduced to oil as speedily as possible. The blubber does not decompose rapidly, but it is feared that the flesh will send forth anything but a pleasant odor if not quickly disposed of. The 'rendering' will be done in sugar kettles, and the oil will be stored in lard barrels.

"It will require several days to dispose of the carcasses, and meanwhile hundreds of people will be attracted to the beach to view the sight."

Camps on State Lands.

UTICA, N. Y., September 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There appears to be quite a difference of opinion as to the wisdom of the policy which the New York State authorities have inaugurated in regard to the parties who have erected camps on State lands. It is not many years ago since Adirondack lands were frequently sold for unpaid taxes, and in those days men could locate their camps almost anywhere they pleased in the wilderness region without danger of protest or molestation from the owners of the property. They hunted in any portion of the woods and fished in any of the waters, and there was no desire or attempt on the part of anyone to prevent their doing so. Some of those whose homes are now on State lands have spent nearly all their life time there, and others have resided for a score or more of years where they do at present. Possibly when they located and built on the land it did not belong to the State, and the settlers had no thought that it would ever become the property of the Commonwealth; but however that may have been, the probabilities are that they felt they were injuring no one by their action, and anticipated no attempt to dispossess them. Many of the men who have dwelt for a long time in the woods and retained peaceable and undisturbed possession of their homes have come to feel that they have some rights there which others, as a matter of justice, ought to respect. They love their wilderness homes, and would naturally be deeply hurt if compelled to give them up. Notices have been sent by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission to quite a number of campers on State lands in the Adirondacks, making them defendants for illegally withholding the land from the use of the State, and naming the sum of damages as \$1,000, and these notices served to throw the occupants of the camps into a panic. Indignation is said to run high in one part of the woods at the action of the Commission, and it is freely hinted in that section that if the campers are compelled to vacate their summer homes the fires of this season will not be a circumstance to what the Commission may expect next year.

It is possible that from a legal point of view some of the woods dwellers are trespassers on State lands; but admitting it to be true that the titles to the sites upon which their homes stand are vested in the Commonwealth, what can the State hope to gain by peremptorily ejecting them? It might be quite difficult in most cases to show that they are doing any actual harm to the property or that the land is lessened in value because of their occupancy. On the contrary, there are understood to be instances where the actual cash value of the site has been materially enhanced because of the improvements which have been made by the settlers, and instances, too, where these men have rendered good service to the State in preventing or suppressing forest fires, or aiding in efforts to insure the observance of the game laws. What harm can it do to allow them to retain their homes for life or for a term of years at least, subject to certain conditions or regulations? While the presumption is that the State has the authority to eject parties who are occupying camps or cottages on its lands, there is no law, so far as can be learned, which renders it mandatory upon such parties to vacate unless explicitly ordered to do so; or, in other words, nothing in the statute books which makes it illegal for them to occupy their present homes providing the State does not object to it. It is also understood that the State is at perfect liberty to allow them to remain

if it is disposed to do so. Section 7 of the new constitution of the State adopted in the fall of 1894, says: "The lands of the State now owned or hereafter acquired constituting the forest preserve as now fixed by law, shall be forever kept as wild forest lands. They shall not be leased, sold or exchanged, or be taken by any corporation, public or private, nor shall the timber thereon be sold, removed or destroyed."

For some time the policy was adopted of permitting those who had buildings on State lands at the time the new constitution was adopted to retain them, although emphasis was laid on the fact that no additional structures of a permanent nature would be allowed. More recently, however, the authorities seem inclined to get rid of all settlers, and that they have the authority to do it appears evident, for section 222 of the forest, fish and game law provides that: "Actions may, on the order of a commissioner, or of the chief game protector, be maintained in the name of the people, through special counsel, whose compensation shall be fixed by the commission, to recover damages for trespass or waste on lands in the forest preserve, or to prevent trespass or injury thereto with relief by temporary or final injunction; or to recover possession of lands belonging to the State within the forest preserve," etc.

Beyond a doubt many of those who now reside on State lands in the Adirondacks would feel that it was a very great hardship to be compelled to give up their homes, and possibly some might think they had a just cause for grievance. Reference has been made to the hint thrown out to the effect that if campers are compelled to vacate their summer homes that the fires this season will not be a circumstance to what may be expected next year. Of course it may be argued that such expressions as this ought not to influence the action of the State or to be given a moment's consideration, but it is well to look at every matter of business from a business point of view. The State is confronted by a condition rather than a theory in this connection. It is fair to assume that if the State insists upon ousting all occupants of its territory that it hopes to gain something thereby, for otherwise why should it undertake a movement which necessarily involves a great deal of labor and expense and will occasion serious inconvenience to many of its citizens?

Everyone who is at all familiar with the Adirondacks knows that a few determined men could cause the State an endless amount of trouble if they started out to do so; for by setting forest fires in a dry season they could bring about a general conflagration there which no force that it would be possible for the State to muster could hope to control or check. It is true that if a calamity of such a nature should occur a few of the offenders might be captured and punished, but that would not in any degree compensate the State for the loss incurred. It must be borne in mind that when the primitive forest of the Adirondacks has been destroyed by fire, this means the destruction of the soil as well, hence hundreds of years must elapse before the original growth of trees can be duplicated. To put the matter in a nutshell, it would not be a difficult feat for a few incendiaries to cause a thousand fold more damage to the forests than the monetary value of all the camp sites on State lands, and it could be done in two or three days. Furthermore, there are many other ways in which the State's interest could easily be injured by parties who undertook to do it, and this is notably true of the fish and game, which, if certain illegitimate methods were resorted to, might soon be practically exterminated. It would be a source of gratification to law-abiding citizens if there were no such possibilities as have been suggested, but they apparently exist, and the question as to whether it is wise to ignore them seems a very pertinent one. The State has recently had a very expensive object lesson in regard to forest fires, and it is one which should be profited by. The Adirondack wilderness covers a vast area, and in order to thoroughly protect it from fire and guard its fish and game, should enemies of the State attempt to work havoc in that region, would require regiments of trained and trustworthy men. It is always better to avoid trouble than to court it unnecessarily. Viewing the situation in a practical light, therefore, it would seem to be the part of wisdom not to act too hastily in regard to the ejection of settlers on State lands. Possibly some arrangement might be made with many of them by which they would agree to aid the State so far as possible in preventing forest fires and protecting fish and game in consideration of being allowed to retain their present homes. They would certainly make very efficient helpers, if they could be sufficiently interested to act, and it seems advisable to give the matter careful consideration before any decisive steps are taken which are likely to antagonize the woodsmen.

UTICA, N. Y.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

Vermont Fish and Game League.

THE annual meeting of the Vermont Fish and Game League was held at Fort Frederick on September 4. Among those in attendance were Congressman Sibley, Justice D. J. Brewer, of the Supreme Court of the United States, Senator Redfield Proctor, Congressman D. J. Foster.

President F. L. Fish, in his address, spoke of some features of Vermont's present fish and game laws. He said that in the lower part of Lake Champlain each spring there were taken thousands of barrels of wall-eyed pike when they were on their spawning beds, and when they were then valuable to the fish interests of the great lake. New York has already passed a law forbidding the spring seining, and Vermont had a statute co-operating with the laws of Canada. He asked the assistance of the league in securing the passage of a law in Canada forbidding all seining in Lake Champlain. He also called attention to the law passed by the last Legislature allowing an open season for black bass in Lake Champlain the year around. Certain fishermen have gone on the spawning beds of this valuable fish and committed great depredations as a result of this law, and he asked that an effort be made to repeal it. Another need was more wardens, especially to protect the deer in this State. During the past closed season seven deer in this immediate vicinity had been shot and their hides hung up in the woods to dry. Some of the league's money was being used for wardens, but more are needed.

The Kennel.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 6-9.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society's show.
Oct. 20-23.—Frederick County, Md., Agricultural Society show.
J. Roger McSherry, Sec'y.
Nov. 17-19.—Boston, Mass., Terrier Club show.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 26.—Clare, Mich.—Sportsman's Field Trial Association trials. E. C. Smith, Sec'y, Midland, Mich.
Oct. 26.—Washington Court House, O.—Monongahela Field Trial Association trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Oct. 27.—Paradise Valley, Nev.—Nevada Field Trial Association trials. Dr. C. E. Wilson, Sec'y, Elko, Nev.
Nov. 2.—Washington Court House, O.—Ohio Field Trial Association trials. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y, Circleville, O.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 9.—Fourteenth annual beagle trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y.
Nov. 9.—Missouri Field Trial Association trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Nov. 9.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Association trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 9.—Hutsonville, Ill.—Independent Field Trial Club trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Western Irish Setter Club trials. Dr. T. L. Fenn, Sec'y, Chicago, Ill.
Nov. 10.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven, Conn.
Nov. 16.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.
Nov. 23.—Robinson, Ill.—American Championship Field Trial Association trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Dec. 1.—Clay City, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club trials. C. F. Young, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Thomasville, Ga.—Continental Field Trial Club trials. John White, Sec'y, Hempstead, N. Y.
Nov. 16.—Holmdel, N. J.—Pointer Club of America's trials. C. F. Lewis, Sec'y, New York city.
Nov. 30.—Chase, City, Va.—Virginia Field Trial Association trials. Charles B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.

Pointer Club of America.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Enthusiastic reports are now frequently received from reliable sources relative to the abundance of quail which are frequently seen on lands adjacent to the Holmdel estate, on which the fourth annual field trials of the club will be held. The property exceeds 4,000 acres in extent, and has always been preserved. The Field Trial Committee may therefore be congratulated on having the concession granted the club for the holding of our trials. The trials will commence on Monday, November 16, and in addition to the stakes and added money, a valuable silver trophy will go to the winner of first money in each stake.

The Derby, All-Age and Championship Stakes will close on October 15, the entry money, \$5, with each nomination; balance, \$5, \$10, and \$20, respectively, on the morning before starting. Members' stake will close before starting. The championship stake has \$50 added, to be divided between first and second dogs, and is the only event on the card which is open to the world, and will also close on October 15. The placed dogs in all stakes will receive 50, 30, and 20 per cent. of the stake.

Holmdel, N. J., is situated three miles from Hazlet Station on the New Jersey Central Railroad, 35 miles from New York, via Liberty street ferry. Excursion rate, \$1.35.

The headquarters of the club will be at Union Hotel, Holmdel, conducted by E. W. Perrine, who will furnish good accommodation at \$2 per day. Ample provision has been made for the care of dogs.

C. F. LEWIS, Secretary.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures for 1903.

Members of race committee will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

SEPTEMBER.

19. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
19. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
19. Larchmont, schooner cup race, Larchmont.
19. Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate.
19. Bensonhurst, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
19. Manhasset Bay, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, fall regatta.
26. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, fall regatta.
26. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
26. Chicago, handicap, Lake Michigan.
27. Williamsburg, open, fall regatta.

OCTOBER.

3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
3. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.
5. Southern, fall, New Orleans.
10. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.
17. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1903, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

- First prize, \$75.00.
- Second prize, \$50.00.
- Third prize, \$25.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1903.
2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.
3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the

boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

5. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

6. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

7. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, on or before Nov. 15, 1903.

The Cruise of a Catboat.

BY C. E. NOXON.

To a person inexperienced in the art of sailing, and ignorant of the caprices of wind and wave, there is a vast deal of schooling to be gained by a week or two of small boat cruising, and moreover when such a cruise is taken in a season like that of last year—a year in which there were but two months of summer, March and November—it is more than probable that the novice will have an experience at once lasting and impressionable.

At first we were not agreed as to the best way to spend our vacation. Carl was in for a hunting and fishing trip; I rather inclined to the idea of canoeing around the peaceful solitudes of the Kawartha lakes in Canada, while Beck stolidly held out for yachting. He could get a boat, he said, and a first-rate skipper, and all we would have to do would be to lie around on deck and smoke, read and sleep. And then he launched out into a rapturous burst of eloquence over the prospects and possibilities of a cruise. He spoke of the delightful sensation



HUGHEY'S TABLE D'BOAT.

of skimming lightly over the waves, with the exhilarating breezes fanning our ruddy cheeks; the ever-changing vistas passing like a panorama; putting in here and there at quaint and lovely little harbors, making new friends and talking nautical "shop," and perchance a lively and exciting brush with some ever-eager opponent. And then the charm, the grandeur of the nights; with the boat dancing merrily on the deep, the musical lapping of the water at the bow, the cool evening zephyrs lulling us into an ecstasy of repose, and the great yellow moon and myriads of sparkling constellations shining like a benediction on the scene.

That was Beck's idea of yachting. He is wiser now. He knows that when it comes to cruising there is a whole lot more fun in anticipation than in realization; and he knows also that on an innocent-looking catboat, with only one sheet and a couple of halliards—simplicity itself—there is more work and hustle than the average land-lubber wots of. It has furthermore been borne in on him that a yacht prancing around at her anchorage in the harbor is not the same docile craft, once out where she can cut loose and have her own sweet way. Carl and I know all this now as well as Beck. But we didn't before, and so, in a moment of weakness, we yielded to the alluring temptations of a yachting cruise, and put in two strenuous weeks of battling with wind and weather and the unfathomable mysteries of a catboat.

And yet we cherish no very great animosity toward yachting. We had a lively lesson in the school of experience, and now, in the afterglow of retrospection, memory loves to wander back over the scenes of disorder and delight; to plunge madly about in stress of storm and glide gently by on the placid depths; to hear again the thunder's roll and gaze with anxious eyes upon the lightning's angry flash.

It was a beautiful morning in August when Hughey, the cook, finished stowing away the last box of provisions, Skipper Charlie Eastwood yelled "All aboard," and the big 30-foot catboat, Kittie, of the Rochester Yacht Club, filled away for Sodus Bay. It is unnecessary to dwell on the harrowing events of the first day out. It seemed as though the elements had been in hiding somewhere outside the Charlotte light waiting to get a good whack at us, for we had hardly squared away when the wind increased, the sky became overcast and old Ontario looked like two parallel walls of water. It has been said by some irresponsible person that waves never attain a height of more than fifty feet, but I can summon witnesses to prove that the horizon was directly over our heads all the way to Sodus. The dinghy, which we were towing, after several unsuccessful attempts to board us, finally parted company with us, and subsequent events proved that that dinghy was a wise little boat. How we

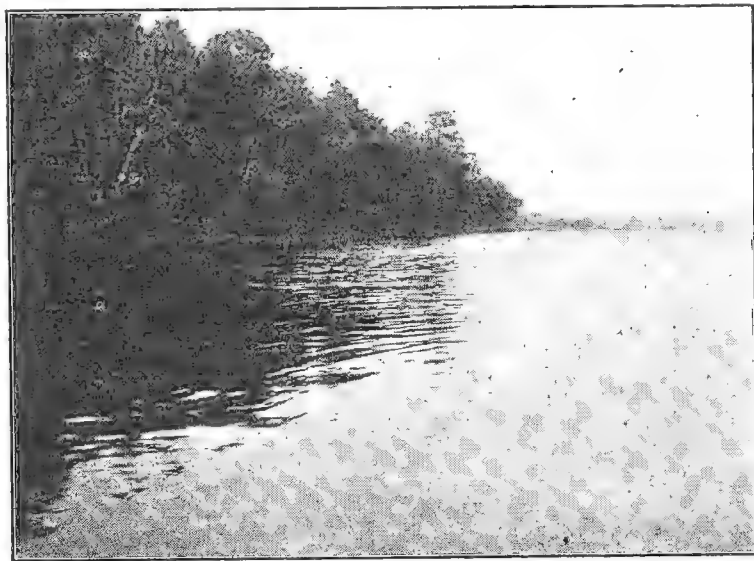
ever made Sodus will forever remain a mystery, at least so far as I am concerned, for I was a cabin passenger during the last half of the trip, nursing a well developed grievance against yachts in general and catboats in particular. That night, however, after eating one of Hughey's table d'boat dinners and puffing peacefully at what Ouida calls a "pocket philosopher," I began to take a more cheerful view of the situation, and being assured by the wise old skipper that such weather couldn't last, I decided to continue on to the next port. But the weather did last, and all the next day a furious gale swept down the lake, lashing the water into tremendous seas. Toward evening, however, it showed signs of dying out, and the following morning we drifted slowly out into the lake almost in a dead calm. We fell in with the Kee Lox, also of the Rochester Yacht Club, and challenged them to a drifting match. They were going around the



SACKETT'S HARBOR.

same course that we had marked out, and megaphoned us that they would stay with us all the way. But after we had put a mile of nice open water between the Kittie and their spick-and-span sloop yacht, they evidently changed their minds about "staying with us," for we saw them putting into North Fair Haven along in the afternoon, while we continued on. It was a slow day and nobody was sorry when, just as the sun was dipping behind the western horizon, we sailed into Oswego harbor under the white ash breeze of Charlie's sweep. Here we met a horde of yachtsmen whose apparent sole ambition in life is to see that visiting yachtsmen are royally entertained. It is not within the province of this article to state what they did to us, but when the reader understands that on the nights of the two succeeding days, after making unsuccessful attempts to flee the city, we crawled back under the cover of darkness and moored our boat in the Stygian shadows of lumber piles, he will realize that we had no particular yearning for continuous performances of Oswegonian hospitality. If the god Bacchus were ever to come and make his habitation among the children of men, he would find his natural element among Oswego yachtsmen.

It was not until Saturday morning that we finally got away from the Starch City, and with fresh westerly wind almost astern, we shaped our course for a long run across Mexico Bay, one of the most treacherous spots on the lake. This bay is marked by a long cove, the southeastern end of Lake Ontario, and with a brisk wind driving down the lake, combined with a suction-like draft from off-shore, we were compelled time and again to tack out into the open to save ourselves from being drawn into the breakers. Many rotting hulks line the shore, eloquent testimony of the treachery of this bay, and, as we learned afterwards, sailors avoid it as they would a plague. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when



PRINYER'S COVE, BAY OF QUINTE.

we cleared the bay and were standing off Stony Point Light in a dead calm. Sackett's Harbor, our objective point, lay about ten miles further down the lake. The prospects for a dreary night's sail were excellent. There was not enough air stirring to give us steerage way. The tedium of the run across Mexico Bay had put everybody in anything but good humor, and the skipper particularly was a bundle of irascibility. Suddenly he jumped to his feet.

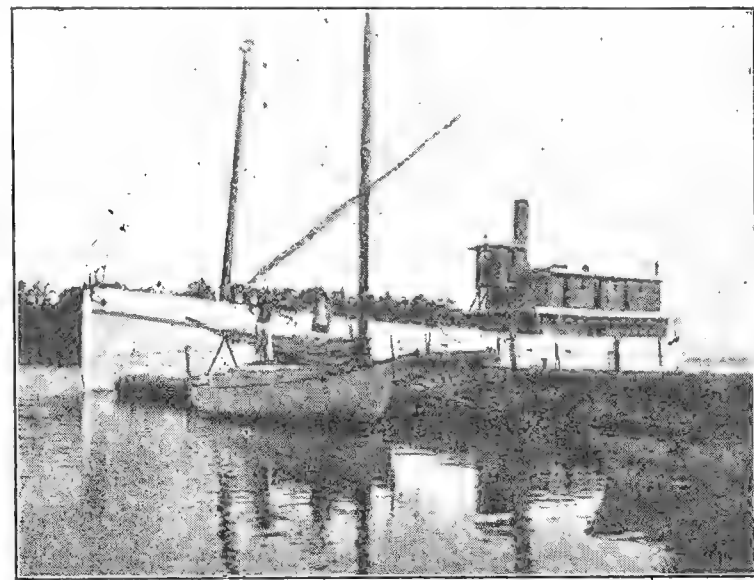
"Stand by!" he yelled, "and help me reef her. There's something ugly cookin' over there."

And following his outstretched hand we saw there was "something," indeed. Over back of Galloup Island great black, ominous looking clouds were looming up and coming our way at a great rate. As I couldn't tie a reef knot any more than I could fly, I was ordered to take the tiller and "hold her off the wind." This was the other horn of my dilemma, but I courageously grabbed it and waited for the oncoming hurricane. I must have shoved the fool tiller the wrong way, for when that storm hit us the Kittie spun around like a top, and before I had a chance to mend matters, Charlie was on me like a flash, and like another flash I was in the cabin with Hughey. That storm must have been born somewhere up in the Baffin Bay region, for there were hail, snow, rain, wind,

and several other elements mixed up in it, and the way that catboat ironed down the waves was a caution. About half-way to Sackett's the storm abandoned us, leaving as a memento of the occasion a temperature of about 25 degrees. Of course Beck and Carl were out in all of it. An armless wonder can navigate a catboat—anybody knows that—but they had become possessed of the idea that it required everybody on board to sail the Kittie, and as a consequence they would fuss around on deck and become all tangled up with the halliards, and swear, and get sworn at, and get wet, and dislocate a joint or two, and then, after it was all over, jump on me because I wasn't outside helping to make a confusion worse confounded. So that night while they heaped maledictions on my head, I quietly curled up in a blanket and went to sleep.

Sackett's Harbor is a quiet little town admirably located on an eastern arm of the lake and possesses one of the most charming coves imaginable. It was here that the American and British clashed in a sea fight in 1812, and the old town still carries the scars of that battle, the big town hall, built of stone, being perforated in a dozen places. It is here also that the Madison Barracks are situated, in which is stationed the "Fighting Ninth," the regiment that covered itself with glory in China and the Philippines. Soldiers literally throng the streets, their long, swinging gait demonstrating the regimen of army training, their ruddy complexions testifying to arduous service under tropical skies.

We spent Sunday here, and on the following morning, with a fair wind abeam, we headed for Cape Vincent, intending to spend the night in the gateway of the Thousand Islands. But we had hardly gone three miles when another exasperating calm settled down and left us to fiddle around in the doldrums the rest of the day. We whistled for wind, prayed for it, and then fell to cursing it, but it cameth not, and along toward sundown the trusty sweep was called into play, and we crept slowly back to Sackett's Harbor. The next morning ushered in a cold, drizzling rain that put a damper on everybody's spirits, but we ordered Skipper Charlie to make ready and get somewhere if we froze to death in the attempt. We had just swung clear of the dock and were spreading sail when Hughey, the bright boy, made the interesting



KITTIE IN PRINYER'S COVE.

discovery that there was no bread on board. This bit of intelligence put us all in a happy frame of mind; especially Charlie, to whom the task of making landing and getting under way was a matter of life and death. It is not necessary to repeat here the dialogue that ensued between him and Hughey over the bread question; suffice to say that the latter was ordered out after that important staple. He returned in about an hour, said there was a bread famine in the town, and that he had had to reach out into the country for it, backing up his statement by producing two loaves of such prodigious size (such as only a farmer's wife can bake) that they had to be cut in two to get them into the cabin.

Then we made another start, the sun came out, and, catching a lively breeze on our quarter, we were soon abreast of Peninsula Point, and with a slight shift of position and a started sheet the Kittie began to lay down to her work with a vengeance. The Cape Vincent light shimmering white in the glare of the noonday sun soon appeared away to the east, the Duck Islands loomed up on our port rail, while a smoky haze in the northeast told that we were rapidly picking up Kingston. In another hour or so we had Cape Vincent put down, the Ducks were mere specks on the water, and away to the north, almost directly off the horn, a shaft of white bespoke the Point Pleasant light at the entrance to the Bay of Quinte.

And then the wind died away.

It was evening before we got another breeze, and about ten o'clock we were standing off Prinyer's Cove in the Bay of Quinte, not knowing whether to put in there or anchor outside for the night. Charlie said we had better anchor, as he was afraid a sandbar might ground us. Accordingly he made haste to heave the anchor, and sent me below to loosen the anchor line. I uncoiled all I could find in the dark, and Charlie let her go. About sixteen feet must have gone over the side, but somehow it did not strike Charlie as being quite right.

"Is that all the blanked line there is?" he asked.

"Sure," I replied, coming on deck.

Then he consulted his chart. It showed twenty fathoms. Then he swore. Then he went below himself. Then he swore some more. Hughey, who was sleeping, awoke just in time to dodge frying-pans, blankets, pillows, dress suit cases and other miscellaneous articles which had been sweetly reposing on about three hundred feet of anchor line. In the meantime the boat, under Carl's skilful guidance, had been steadily drifting toward the cove, and when Charlie got through swearing we were inside and didn't need the anchor. We bumped up alongside a big excursion steamer in the darkness which was moored to an apology for a wharf, and, being tired out, we put a stern line over the steamer's deck railing and a bow line over her flag-pole and retired to peaceful dreams.

We had a rather rude awakening the next morning about five o'clock when that big steamer commenced thrashing around in her efforts to back out into the channel. After a succession of bumps which jarred us all out of our bunks, we heard two voices engaged in conversation. It was not exactly the drawing-room variety, but it was couched in comprehensive and unequivocal language which carried with it the conviction that it was dominated by some vigorous thought. As I poked my head out of the hatch I saw Charlie making heroic efforts to get his lines free from the steamer, while the mate of the big boat was as industriously bent on fouling us in every way he could, evidently thinking it was a fitting punishment for our audacity in snubbing up to them. Both men were carefully tracing out each other's genealogy, and the chances for serious trouble seemed good. Finally, however, by our combined efforts, we cast free from the steamer, and with a parting fusillade, this time from both crews, we warped into the berth just vacated and waited for breakfast.

It was a beautiful morning. The sun was just peeping out from behind the horizon, shimmering the landscape and water with light; there was the faintest rustle of a breeze, and we were anxious for an early start. Breakfast was soon over, sail spread, and in a few moments we were floating lazily out of the cove. Then for the first time the beauty and grandeur of the Bay of Quinte were spread out before us. The magnificently wooded Prince Edward Island, broken here and there by towering hills on the one side, and the low, undulating country of the Canadian mainland, dotted by picturesque and romantic farm houses on the other, completed a fascinating scene. As we reached further up stream, the hills became more rugged and frowning, the bay more winding, and every turn afforded a fresh surprise. The sun was now high in the heavens, what breeze there was held well on our quarter, and as we lounged lazily on deck, puffing our pipes and enraptured with the delightful scenery, we beamed on each other with smiles almost beatific in their expression.

As you near Deseronto the scenery becomes even more beautiful; charming summer cottages line either side of the bay; dozens of yachts and other small craft are flitting about and the whole picture is one of animation and gayety.

We tied up at Deseronto long enough to satisfy ourselves that it is the limit in the way of towns, and that one can't buy or beg milk there (as we were on vacation, we did not attempt to steal). I don't know what that town does for lacteal fluid. Between Sackett's Harbor and Deseronto a man with an appetite for bread and milk would starve to death.

Skipper Charlie predicted a fine night to sail to Belleville, twenty miles further up the bay, and we joyously entered into the proposition. In the light of what happened, I hardly think we can ever take Charlie's word for anything again. He meant well, but as a prognosticator he is a glittering and iridescent failure.

It was a glorious night. The pale moon hanging in the southern sky shed a soft refulgent light over land and water. There was a light air stirring as we swung into the main channel, and after proceeding a mile or two a delightful night breeze sprang up that caused the Kittie to jump forward at a rollicking speed. Blankets were spread out on deck, pipes were lit, and we settled back to ease and comfort. Lighthouse after lighthouse was picked up and left behind. Away off in the east could be heard at intervals the hoarse whistle of a steamer, and presently the fierce rays of a searchlight were dancing on the water astern. The wind freshened; the yacht heeled still further.

"That steamer won't catch us in a hurry," remarked Charlie, as he trimmed the sheet.

Then we fell to speculating on how long it would take to overhaul us, what steamer it was, and a hundred other things of equal importance. In fact, we had become so engrossed in what was going on astern of us that we had utterly forgotten to keep a watch ahead. Suddenly Charlie gave a little cry of surprise.

"What's up?" inquired Carl.

"Lightning," was the laconic reply.

Sure enough, away to the westward, vivid flashes could be seen, and in a few moments the distant rumbling of thunder was heard.

"I guess we are in for it," said Charlie, yanking out his oilskins. "These d—d thunderstorms always work to windward, and it's going to be nasty out here."

Already we were beginning to pick up the Belleville light, and we thought if we could only make that harbor before the storm broke life would be worth living after all. The big steamer Caspian finally passed us and we had the whole bay to ourselves. It was now twelve o'clock midnight. Charlie had begun to shorten sail, his valuable assistants rendering heroic service in the way of getting everything all mixed up and making night hideous with their vituperation. I put on a rubber coat and stationed myself before the mast prepared to desert the ship at the first sign of danger.

By this time it was blowing a gale; the sky was covered with clouds; the lightning played about us with rude familiarity, while the roar of thunder was deafening.

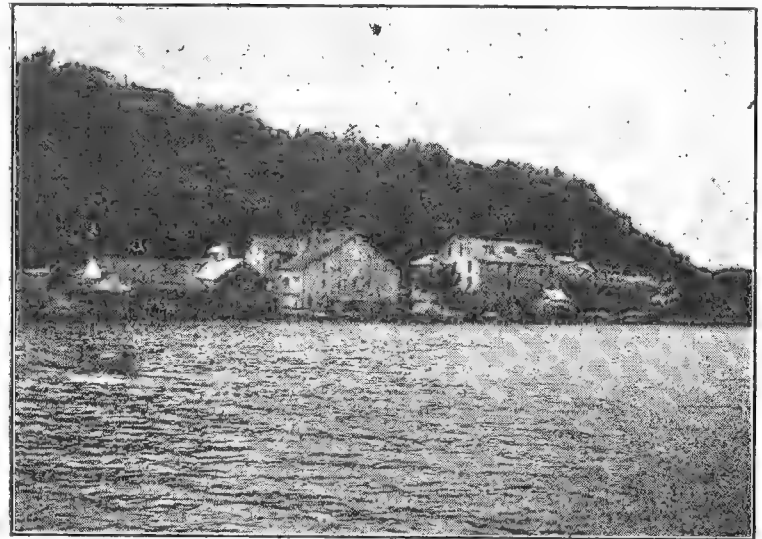
"Keep a sharp lookout for the light," yelled Charlie, "and tell me when you see the base."

"Aye, aye, sir," I yelled back, thinking of home.

And then the storm broke with all its fury. Out went the light, leaving us nothing but the compass to steer by. Every few seconds the Kittie would poke her nose into a towering wave and I would get barrels of water over me. I was yearning most fervently for an inside job, but to let go meant good-by, so, like Ulysses of old, I lashed myself to the spar and hung on for dear life. Charlie had dropped the peak half-way down the stick, while Beck and Carl, bundled to their eyes in great coats, stood by to take in the sheet should it come to blow too hard. Suddenly the light blazed out almost dead ahead, and in another minute the brilliantly lighted harbor of Belleville was opened up on the starboard side. In the twinkling of an eye Charlie put the Kittie about and we scooted into that haven of refuge like a scared cat.

It was a tired, wet, and disgruntled crew that sought the bunks that night, but the next morning, after a hearty breakfast and a constitutional turn about the pretty little city, we took a more philosophic view of our misadventure of the night before and felt rather eager to continue

on the last leg of our voyage to Brighton. We decided to give the skipper a holiday, however, in recognition of his valiant services, and on Friday morning we started out on the last day of the cruise. Of course at the entrance to the Murray Canal we encountered a headwind. There is never anything else there. A fellow told me that once a yacht actually did sail through this canal from the lower end, but it was so long ago that the story is more legendary than historical. There is only one means of propulsion on the Murray Canal from east to west and that is human. Don't wait for a slant. Get out with your line and pull. It will save time and temper. Besides, you will need that temper when you come into contact with the toll-office. It is said of the toll officer on this canal that he feels hurt if yachtsmen pass him without consigning him to the Plutonic realm. He



GLENORA, BAY OF QUINTE.

seems to think he has been slighted. If that is so, we left him in a state of blissful tranquillity.

It took us the greater part of the day to pull that big hulking catboat through the canal, and when at last we got to Brighton, we all struck. Charlie had a number of seafaring friends at this port with whom he wished to visit, and as we had to get back into the maelstrom of business on the following Monday morning, it was unanimously decided to leave Charlie and Hughey to ferry the Kittie across to Charlotte while we came over on one of the returning Thousand Island steamers.

"Well," said Carl, as we stood on the deck of the floating palace and waved our adieux to Hughey and Skipper Charlie, "we had a pretty good time after all."

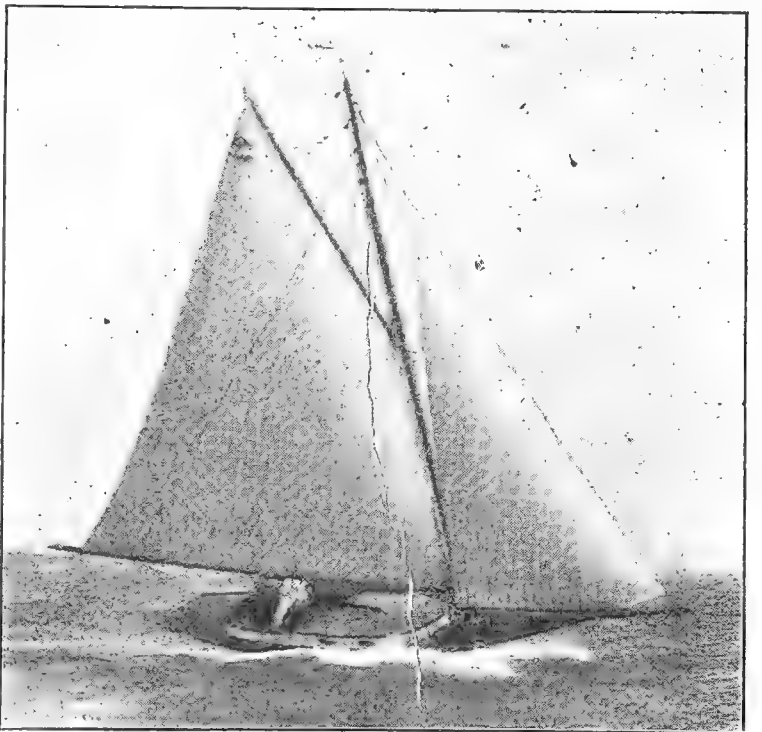
Beck said that was a very good sentiment to drink to, and invited us below.

I disdained the toast, but silently following my friends down the grand staircase, I felt, with J. K. Jerome, that we were "three men well out of a boat."

Clarice—A Single-Hander.

BELIEVING that many amateur yachtsmen pay more than a passing thought to the development of the single-hander, we publish herewith a photograph taken of Clarice in a strong breeze, at Hull, during a regatta of the Boston Y. C. The wind was blowing at the rate of twenty miles an hour. This 18ft. single-hander was designed by Mr. Isaac B. Mills, of Boston, for Mr. Walter Burgess.

In Clarice are embodied the results of experience of one of the best all-round amateur yachtsmen in the country. Mr. Walter Burgess is as enthusiastic a devotee of real sailing as he was keen and ardent racing man in his earlier years; but, like many another real yacht sailor, he has grown apathetic toward the existing extreme racing yacht, and has been compelled,



THE SINGLEHANDER CLARICE.

for the sake of having a yacht easily managed under all conditions, to start out independently of yacht club rules and measurements, and have a yacht designed to suit his own ideas.

The points agreed upon with Mr. Mills were as follows:

First—A boat that would not pound.

Second—One that could be managed by one man alone.

Third—The largest boat that would fill the above requirement.

Fourth—An uncapsizable boat.

Fifth—A boat with a cabin giving good sitting head room and sleeping accommodations for two.

Sixth—A boat that would steer easily.

Seventh—A boat that would carry her sail in a fresh breeze.

Eighth—A boat that could be gotten under way in five minutes.

Ninth—A boat of strong construction, which, when pressed, would stand all strains and not leak.

Under the above conditions, Mr. Mills designed Clarice. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—

Over all27ft.

L.W.L.18ft.

Extreme breadth8ft. 2in.

Extreme draft4ft. 6in.

Sail area450sq.ft.

Ballast (all outside).....1500lbs.

She has answered the purpose for which she was designed admirably. Her trial trip was made last November, from Marblehead to Boston in a strong N.W. wind blowing at the rate of 30 miles an hour. A breeze of this weight is just to her liking, and she handles perfectly under two-reefed mainsail and no jib.

Mr. Burgess cannot keep out of the racing, as it is in the family clean through. So he occasionally enters Clarice in the handicap classes.

The little craft, designed without a single idea of racing, has already made a creditable showing. She is quite good in light airs, her heavy weight serving to carry her along when lighter boats are hung up. She won the first place at Marblehead, Aug. 8, in the handicap class of the Boston Y. C.

One feature of the boat is well worthy of imitation in a single-hander. All the gear of the jib leads aft to the cockpit—the jib halliard, jib downhaul, jib burton and jib sheets; so that the sail can be set or taken in without going forward.

Bensonhurst Y. C.

BENSONHURST, L. I.,
Saturday, September 12.

The Bensonhurst Y. C. held a closed handicap regatta on the afternoon of Saturday, September 12. Twenty-one boats of all types started in the event. The winners on corrected time were Esperance, Chespa and Rascal. In awarding handicaps, age, sail area, and past performances were considered. This gave boats of all types, old or new, a chance to compete with some show of success.

The starters were divided into three classes. A was for sloops and yawls of new type, B for a like class of older boats, and C for mainsail yachts open or with cabin. Commodore A. C. Bellows offered fine cups to the winners in each class on corrected time.

The boats covered the usual Association course in reverse order, leaving all marks to port. A light wind from the S. E. was blowing. This gave the racers a run to the Marine and Field Club mark, a reach to Fort Hamilton, a beat to the mark off Sea Gate, and a reach home to the start off Ulmer Park. The journey was taken twice. The summary:

Sloops—Class A—Start, 3:03.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Esperance, T. A. Hamilton.....	4 31 13	1 28 18	1 07 18
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.....	4 20 56	1 17 56	1 17 56
Adeline, J. B. O'Donohue.....	4 25 18	1 22 18	1 16 18
Trip, C. H. Clayton.....	4 51 19	1 48 35	1 27 35
Indian, H. F. Menton.....	4 46 10	1 43 10	1 28 10
Sloops—Class B—Start, 3:06.			
Chespa, C. E. Dunn.....	4 44 20	1 38 20	1 23 20
Marion, T. J. Frame.....	4 40 15	1 34 15	1 28 15
Caribou, yawl, J. E. Nicholson.....	4 41 12	1 35 12	1 27 12
Carrie E. W. R. Sainsbury.....	4 56 20	1 44 20	1 34 20
Dorothea, E. L. Dinges.....	4 41 30	1 35 30	1 35 30
Zora, yawl, G. J. Cook.....	4 53 34	1 47 34	1 39 34
Bonnie Kate, A. C. Bellows.....	Did not finish.		
Catboats—Class C—Start, 3:09.			
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock.....	4 34 35	1 25 35	1 25 35
Rosalie, F. B. Bowles.....	4 43 47	1 34 47	1 26 47
Martha M., Richard Moore.....	4 36 30	1 27 30	1 27 30
Boozie, C. D. Durkee.....	4 42 00	1 33 00	1 32 00
Cygnat, B. Aspinall.....	4 51 28	1 42 28	1 32 28
Lelia B., J. B. Barnes.....	4 52 08	1 46 08	1 38 08
Pleione, C. E. Allen.....	4 55 10	1 46 10	1 43 10
Elmadys, J. F. Eggert.....	5 05 37	1 56 37	1 48 37
Ruth, W. F. Remmey.....	5 06 10	1 57 10	1 49 10

Keystone Y. C.

RIVERTON, DELAWARE RIVER,
Saturday, September 5.

Although an unlucky number of boats started in the Keystone Y. C. regatta sailed on Saturday, September 5, all of them finished and there were no mishaps or accidents. Four classes filled and thirteen boats came to the line. The race was sailed in a fresh N. W. breeze, and the boats covered a four-mile course. The summary:

Skiffs—Start, 11:00.		Finish.
Laura C., Geo. Wheatcroft.....	12 10 30	
Alberta, J. Wilmington.....	12 10 55	
Jesse, J. Smith.....	12 14 45	
Second Class Duckers—First Race—Start, 11:15.		
Clown, John Hirst.....	12 36 30	
John Hirst, Stanley Collum.....	12 27 37	
Martha, John Derr.....	12 38 33	
Anna, Stanley Auskland.....	12 47 52	
First Class Duckers—Start, 1:16.		
Marie, Wm. Callum.....	2 32 30	
Bessie, Samuel Dongee.....	2 32 55	
Second Class Duckers—Second Race—Start, 1:34.		
John Hirst, Stanley Collum.....	2 52 40	
Martha, John Derr.....	2 57 10	
Clown, John Hirst.....	2 57 10	
Anna, Stanley Auskland.....	3 30 05	

The winners were Laura C., Clown, Marie and John Hirst.

Newport Special Thirties.

Saturday, September 5.

On Saturday the 30-footers raced for a cup offered by Mr. Winthrop Rutherford. The course was from Brenton's Cove to and around the Compass buoy in Codding-ton Cove and return. The wind was fresh from the S. W., making it a run out and a beat back. Carolina was first over the starting line, and led all over the course. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones.....	4 35 54	1 10 54
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....	4 38 05	1 13 05
Vaquero III., Payne Whitney.....	4 38 40	1 13 40
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherford.....	4 41 06	1 16 06

The International Races.

Now that they are all over, including the shouting, how much better off are we than we were before? Have the contests for the America's Cup, the Seawanhaka cup, and the Canada's cup worked any permanent good to the sport, or added to our stock of useful information? So far as the major event is concerned, most yachtsmen will answer No. The America's Cup boats were the same costly useless toys that have served the purpose in the three last contests, and if any change was observable, the sport was duller than usual. Unless another challenger appears they will all be laid up or broken up. Fortunately, the owners can afford it, but it is a pity the enormous expense produces such small results.

Turning to the other events, the outlook is brighter and more practical. Both the Seawanhaka and Canada cup boats are ready for more good work, and the reason is simple and apparent—they were built under sensible restrictions covering both design and construction. This fact has been so little touched upon in the reports of the racing that it will bear further exposition.

It is now five years since restrictions were framed to apply to the boats for the Seawanhaka cup races. At that time the possibility of a general use of restrictions was under discussion, but it was not generally favored—some opposing it outright on the ground that it would be an unwarrantable interference with the freedom of design; others offering lukewarm support, and predicting that the restrictions would not restrict, and that to be effective they would necessarily lead to one-design classes. Since Seawanhaka cup boats were admittedly racing craft, and in no way required or intended for cruisers, the few restrictions applied to them were necessarily of a simple character intended to prevent the building of boats which would barely hold together for a few races. To this end, and in view of the fact that the class is essentially a live ballast one, sail area was restricted to 500 square feet, four men not exceeding in weight 650 pounds being allowed as crew. This for a 25-footer under the length and sail area rule allowed a waterline of over 27ft.—more than most designers would care to use. Draft was fixed at 5ft. for a keel boat (none have been used), and 6ft. including a centerboard, the latter not to exceed 450 pounds if of iron, or 300 pounds if of any other metal. A minimum thickness of 1/2 in. for deck and hull planking, with suitable requirements for framing, provided against dangerously light construction, while still permitting it to be light enough to require first-class work. Nothing whatever in the restrictions which are set forth in detail in about 250 words could be construed to needlessly hamper the designer, and yet the result has been the building up of a strong and useful class. Some twenty boats have been built during the last four seasons, several on the small Western lakes, some in the East, and perhaps half of them on Lake St. Louis; this latter group has hung together well, there being a sentiment in the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. averse to disposing of good boats to outsiders, but in any case there has been no need to do so, the boats being generally useful on Lake St. Louis. As knockabouts for day sailing in shoal water they are really excellent. This season when Thorella and Kolutro were racing, with four men each, under reefed canvas, last year's champion, Trident, was carrying full sail and ten or a dozen passengers, young men and maidens, and carrying them comfortably. As designer Shearwood remarked, this is a little more than the construction was intended to stand, but all the ex-racers on Lake St. Louis have had to stand more or less of this sort of thing, and they appear none the worse. Nor are these boats, as a class, at all slow, a speed of 10 knots an hour was observed on a broad reach in this year's racing. What unlimited racing 25-footer of flimsy construction would do any better? Finally, a lot of cup boats and others cruised up to Kingston and back this summer. Of course they were towed through the canals, but there was plenty of sailing and some racing on the way. There is not much the matter with boats that can be put to such work. Of the challengers, it is not so easy to speak with certainty, as they are scattered over a wide area, but none of them were either wrecked or useless after a season's work. No man who wants a fast and handy sailboat need fear to build for the Seawanhaka cup.

Turning to the Canada's cup fleet, we find the original Canada still in commission, and both cruising and racing on Lake Ontario. For two seasons, with an off year between, the matches were sailed with boats of the 35ft. corrected length class, measured under the girth rule, and of these Genesee, Beaver and Cadillac are still fast and useful boats, although the only restrictions in use were those on construction. The class was, however, rather small for general work on the Great Lakes, and several boats built for the trial races on one side or the other were not kept up after the first season. Two years ago the Rochester Y. C. decided to challenge for the cup, and was prepared to send a boat last year of any size nominated by the holder, the Royal Canadian Y. C., the defending club having the right to name the class to be used. After friendly consultation, however, it was agreed that the permanent interests of the sport on the lakes ought to be considered, and as new rules with restrictions on design were about to go into effect, it was decided to wait a year and to build to suit them. The 40ft. waterline class was eventually selected, and but two boats built, the Irondequoit and the Strathcona. After examining these boats afloat and ashore, above and below, the average yachtsman rubs his eyes and wonders if the millennium has arrived. Moderate in every way and well proportioned, they are handsome and satisfying, but surely this comfortable freeboard and headroom under decks means the fast cruiser and not the racer. For comfort, accommodation, and seaworthiness, they compare with nothing so well as the best of the old 40ft. class that began with Minerva and practically ended with her, for it took so many boats to beat her that interest in the class had subsided by the time the thing was done. For ten years at least things have been going the wrong way, and it really looked as though another decade would be required to work back to the old position. But the thing has been done—these are the boats, cup boats at that—and if they are fast cruisers all well and good, but watch them sail in a race. Just how Strathcona has beaten everything of her size on Lake Ontario has been reported from time to time in FOREST AND STREAM. That she is

actually, as well as relatively, fast has been proved by her work alongside Gloria—a much larger boat—and, as we all know, Irondequoit is in every way equal to Strathcona, and sometimes a little better. No reasonable yachtsmen can doubt for a moment that these boats are fast and in every way a credit to their designers, while the fact that they are so evenly matched as to make every race a trial of seamanship and full of interest from start to finish simply shows that we are raising the sport to its proper level. It is a pity that Jarvis and Hanan could not sail a match off Sandy Hook, because it is so hard to make some people believe that real international racing ever takes place elsewhere.

Of course the new system is on trial, and the future may develop weak spots in unexpected places. Meanwhile we have had a splendid series of races and two yachtsmen have acquired boats that will afford them both sport and comfort for many seasons to come. It is worth mentioning in conclusion that Mr. Macrae, the owner of Strathcona, would not have built under the old rules at all, so that while the Royal Canadian Y. C. has parted with the Canada's cup (for the present), it has gained a good boat and a satisfied owner.

WM. Q. PHILLIPS.

American Y. C.

MILTON POINT, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

Saturday, September 5.

The American Y. C. held races for power boats on Saturday, September 5. In the morning there was an endurance race, and in the afternoon the speed trials took place. The racing was conducted under the rules of the American Power Boat Association.

The preparatory signal for the endurance race was given at 11:15, and the boats were sent away five minutes later. The course was from the starting line off Milton Point to and around the red and black horizontal spar buoy which lies to the north of Execution Light, and back to the starting line, a distance of seven knots. The boats covered this course three times, making a total distance of twenty-one knots. The eight boats were divided into two classes, but all started on the same gun. Express and Spark were disqualified. Standard ran away from the other boats, and won easily. Allure was second. The endurance race was decided on points. The highest number for a boat to secure was 100—50 for speed and 50 for performance of boat and engine. The 50 points allowed for performance were subject to the following deductions: Five points for each stop of motor or propeller for any cause; 5 points for each minute or fraction of a minute of any stop; 2 points for each adjustment of motor, dynamo, batteries, reversing gear, or other mechanism connected with the motive power of the boat except for lubrication; 50 points for a stop of five minutes' duration, and 50 points for three stops.

Eleven boats came to the line for the speed races in the afternoon; they were divided into five classes. The boats covered a ten and one-half knot triangular course. Queen Bess won in her class, but as many of the other boats had not been measured, the corrected times could not be figured. 999 broke down and could not go over the course. The summary follows:

Endurance Race, 21 Knots—Class 1—32 to 50ft—Start, 11:20.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Queen Bess, R. H. Stearns.....	1 39 18	2 19 18	2 19 18
Alester II., R. C. Fisher.....	1 49 39	2 29 39	1 59 10
Allure, Alex. Stein.....	1 03 40	1 43 40	1 42 04
Express, C. D. Mower.....	Disqualified.		
Howdy, Geo. Mercer, Jr.....	1 59 44	2 39 44	2 02 04
Clara, T. D. Hughes.....	2 06 55	2 46 55	Not meas.
Spark, E. D. Falford.....	Disqualified.		
Class 2—Over 50ft—Start, 11:20.			
Standard, E. A. Riotti.....	12 34 52	1 14 52	1 14 52
Speed Race—10 1/4 Knots—Class B—Start, 4:05.			
Allure.....	4 58 39	0 53 39	0 53 39
Onaway.....	5 31 38	1 26 38	Not meas.
Class C—Start, 4:10.			
Queen Bess.....	5 28 13	1 18 13	1 10 18
Alester II.....	5 30 47	1 20 47	1 20 47
Howdy.....	5 36 36	1 26 36	1 23 22
Class D—Start, 4:15.			
Clara.....	5 44 09	1 39 09	Not meas.
Class H—Start, 4:05.			
Standard.....	4 45 52	0 40 52	0 40 52
Express.....	5 06 56	1 01 56	Not meas.
Class K—Start, 4:15.			
American.....	5 10 07	Finished alone.	
999.....	Disabled.		

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

Saturday, September 5.

The autumn races of the Indian Harbor Y. C. were held on Saturday, September 5. There was a good list of starters, nearly forty boats coming to the line, but a nasty thunder squall rather spoiled the race, and one of the boats was dismasted.

The race was to have been started at noon, but at that hour it was very thick and foggy, and the Regatta Committee thought it advisable to postpone the start until half past two. At the time of the start the wind was light from the S. W., having a strength of not over five knots. Boats in the 36 and 30ft. classes sailed twice over a nine-mile course, the first leg of which was E. by N. 3 1/2 miles, the second S. W. 1/2 S. 3 1/4 miles, and the third N. W. by N. 2 1/4 miles.

None of the 43-footers were on hand, so the 36-footers were sent away first. Spasm beat Anotok for the first time this season. Cymbra was rather outclassed by the two modern Herreshoff boats; still she was not badly beaten.

Alert captured another first prize in the 30ft. class, beating Oiseau, the only other boat to finish, just two minutes. Mimosa and Naiad withdrew.

In the regular raceabout class there were four starters. Sis won by a narrow margin, beating Mavis, the second boat, by only six seconds.

Hobo had matters her own way in the American Y. C. raceabout class. Jolly Tar, the only other boat that finished, was badly beaten. Maryola, one of the boats in this class, had just rounded the second mark when the thunder squall broke out of the northwest; her mast broke off about ten feet from the deck, and after her rigging and sails had been secured she was towed into the harbor by the steam yacht Hanniel.

Firefly won in the 25ft. sloop class, and Robin Hood was second. Hourli was the only one of the Larchmont Y. C. 21-footers to start, and she withdrew. Pampero, one of the Seawanhaka knockabouts, had no competitor, but she covered the course and took a sailover prize.

There were three starters in the 21ft. sloop class. Neola won, and as Montauk did not finish, Jeebi was second. Only two of the Manhasset Bay one-design boats started, and Bab finished alone, as Arizona withdrew. Cape beat out her three competitors in the New Rochelle one-design class and got first prize.

When the boats finished the wind was E., it having shifted to that quarter after the squall. The Regatta Committee consisted of Messrs. Frank Bowne Jones, Charles Kirby, and Charles E. Simms. The summary follows:

Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 2:40—Course, 18 Miles.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Spasm, E. B. King.....	5 59 40	3 19 40	
Anotok, W. G. Brokaw.....	6 02 51	3 22 51	
Cymora, F. C. Henderson.....	6 09 38	3 29 38	
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 2:45—Course, 18 Miles.			
Alert, J. W. Alker.....	6 01 15	3 16 15	
Mimosa, T. L. Park.....	Withdraw.		
Oiseau, H. L. Maxwell.....	6 03 03	3 18 03	
Naiad, J. B. Palmer.....	Did not finish.		
Raceabout Class—Start, 2:50—Course, 12 Miles.			
Sis, F. T. Bedford, Jr.....	5 49 22	2 59 22	
Nathalie, F. G. Stewart.....	6 02 53	3 12 53	
Rogue, A. B. Alley.....	6 03 46	3 13 46	
Mavis, G. L. Pirie.....	6 49 28	2 59 28	
American Y. C. Raceabouts—Start, 2:50—Course, 12 Miles.			
Jolly Tar, Slocum Howland.....	6 01 08	3 11 08	
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	5 45 39	2 55 39	
Maryola, C. W. Allen.....	Dismasted.		
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 2:55—Course, 12 Miles.			
Firefly, G. P. Granbery.....	5 55 54	3 00 54	
Lotus II., Morgan Barney.....	6 19 22	3 24 22	
Chingachcook, E. A. Stevens, Jr.....	5 58 19	3 03 19	
Robin Hood, George E. Gartland.....	5 57 18	3 02 18	
Larchmont 25ft. Class—Start, 2:55—Course, 12 Miles.			
Hourli, J. H. Esser.....	Did not finish.		
Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 2:55—Course, 12 Miles.			
Pampero, R. T. Bailey.....	6 04 26	3 09 26	
Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 3:00—Course, 9 Miles.			
Jeebi, A. D. Beam.....	5 15 41	2 15 41	
Neola, J. R. Johnston, Jr.....	5 05 33	2 05 33	
Montauk, George P. Sheldon.....	Did not finish.		
Manhasset Bay T. C. Class—Start, 3:00—Course, 9 Miles.			
Bab, J. R. Hoyt.....	5 14 29	2 14 29	
Arizona, E. A. Corry.....	Did not finish.		
New Rochelle One-Design Class—Start, 3:00—Course, 9 Miles.			
Caper, P. L. Howard.....	5 12 05	2 12 05	
Knave, R. N. Bavier.....	5 27 25	2 27 25	
Deuce, Newbury D. Lawton.....	5 18 47	2 18 47	
Ace, A. Bavier.....	5 19 56	2 19 56	
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 3:05—Course, 9 Miles.			
Lobster, A. B. Brush.....	Did not finish.		
Louie Belle, J. M. Williams.....	6 07 18	3 02 18	
Ity Bity, W. E. Douglas.....	6 03 47	2 88 47	
Seawanhaka 15ft. Class—Start, 3:05—Course, 9 Miles.			
Mayita, George B. Watts, Jr.....	6 07 45	3 02 45	
Indian Harbor Y. C. Sailabouts—Start, 3:10—Course, 9 Miles.			
Noggin, W. Carney.....	5 22 21	2 12 21	
Bug, George F. Dominick.....	Withdraw.		
Stingy, Edward E. Zittel.....	5 16 14	2 06 14	
Hempstead Harbor Y. C. Class—Start, 3:10—Course, 6 Miles.			
Scud, D. B. Abbott.....	4 57 58	1 47 58	
Gosling, M. C. T. Pratt.....	4 57 48	1 47 48	

The winners were: Spasm, Alert, Sis, Hobo, Firefly, Pampero, Neola, Bab, Caper, Louie Belle, Stingy, and Gosling.

Jamaica Bay Y. C.

JAMAICA BAY, L. I.,

Monday, September 7.

The Y. R. A. of Jamaica Bay held a very successful regatta on Labor Day under the auspices of the Jamaica Bay Y. C. The wind was from the S. at the start, but it worked around to the W. before the boats finished, and lightened considerably.

The course for all sailing yachts was from the starting line, drawn from the dock of the Jamaica Bay Y. C., and a stake boat anchored a hundred yards off shore; thence to a stake boat anchored off Rockaway Park dock; thence to a stake boat anchored in Broad Channel; thence to starting line.

The course for launches was from the starting line to the red can buoy in Rockaway Inlet; thence to a stake boat anchored in Broad Channel; thence to starting line, sailed over once. The summary follows:

Sloops—20 to 30ft.—Start, 2:04.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Marion.....	4 36 38	2 32 38	
Jennie.....	4 35 40	2 31 40	
Yank.....	Disabled.		
Kismet.....	Did not finish.		
Folly.....	Disabled.		
Baby Roger.....	5 18 16	3 14 16	
Lassie.....	5 26 30	3 22 30	
Cabin Cats Under 25ft—Start, 2:14.			
Matilda.....	Did not finish.		
Diana.....	5 25 51	3 11 51	
Louise.....	Disabled.		
Irene.....	Disqualified.		
Shadow.....	5 15 36	3 01 36	
Open Cats—25ft. and Under—Start, 2:18.			
Ariel.....	5 07 32	2 49 32	
Bill Nye.....	Did not finish.		
Aurora.....	4 56 37	2 38 37	
Minnehaha.....	Disabled.		
Selfish.....	4 57 39	2 39 39	
H C Miner.....	Did not finish.		
Halcyon.....	Did not finish.		
Mavourneen.....	5 11 34	2 53 45	
Open Cats—17 to 20ft.—Start, 2:20.			
Doctor.....	5 41 44	3 21 44	
Vision.....	5 26 22	3 22 30	
Celine.....	Did not finish.		
Avocat.....	Not timed.		
Open Cats Under 17ft.—Start, 2:22.			
Free.....	Disabled.		
Charlie D.....	5 54 23	3 32 23	
Alert.....	5 51 00	2 29 00	
Launches.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Gracie.....	2 28 01	4 07 32	1 39 31
Eckford.....	2 28 15	3 57 30	1 28 15
Wave.....	2 28 47	Did not finish.	
Rockaway.....	2 28 03	3 57 46	1 29 33
Nadine.....	2 28 26	4 04 20	1 35 54
Anna M.....	2 28 07	3 59 00	1 30 53
Seba.....	2 28 01	3 59 50	1 31 49

The winners were Jennie, Shadow, Selfish, Vision and Alert.

At a meeting of the Shelter Island Y. C. held on September 5, the following officers were elected: Com., George F. Little; Vice-Com., Arthur C. Whitney; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. J. L. Keep; Treas., George H. Bradley.

Atlantic Y. C.
SEA GATE, L. I.,
Monday, September 7.

The Atlantic Y. C. held a regatta on the afternoon of Labor Day, September 7. Twenty-four boats of all classes started, all but two of which finished. The winners were Bagheera, Cockatoo, Trouble, Opossum and Martha M.

Nearly all of the classes filled well and competition in each was spirited. Class N. went once over a course with turning marks at Craven Shoal Buoy and West Bank Light. The start was off Sea Gate. A light but steady breeze from the south gave them windward work to the first mark, a close reach to the second, and a broad reach home.

The other starters twice covered the regular inside courses. They had a close reach to Fort Hamilton Buoy, a spinnaker run to the Marine and Field Club mark, a reach to the white buoy off Ulmer Park, and another reach to the start and finish off Sea Gate. The two class P boats, Ogeemah and Smoke, entered protests against each other for crowding at one of the marks. A meeting of interested parties was held on Saturday, September 12. The protest was decided in favor of Ogeemah. Smoke was disqualified. The summary:

Class N—Start, 3:25.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bagheera, H. Chubb.....	4 56 15	1 31 15
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.....	4 57 15	1 32 15
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon.....	4 59 38	1 34 38
Class P—Start, 3:30.		
Cockatoo, W. A. Barstow.....	5 07 04	1 37 04
Karma, J. C. Erskine.....	5 16 03	1 46 03
Vagabond, T. A. Vernon.....	5 10 12	1 40 12
Smoke, L. H. Dyer.....	Disqualified.	
Kate, yawl, J. S. Negus.....	Did not finish.	
Ogeemah, Brophy & Mackay.....	5 09 45	1 39 45
Corona, J. E. Boggs.....	5 20 00	1 50 00
Lizana, Wylie & Archer.....	5 11 55	1 41 55
Class Q—Start, 3:35.		
Careless, F. J. Havens.....	5 27 40	1 52 40
Mary, M. Grundner.....	5 21 13	1 46 13
Wraith, C. Tompkins.....	Disqualified.	
Trouble, W. H. Childs.....	5 15 52	1 40 52
Spots, D. D. Allerton.....	5 25 25	1 50 25
Cicada, A. O'Neill.....	5 28 30	1 53 30
Class R—Start, 3:35.		
Scalawag, E. S. Ludlow.....	Did not finish.	
Sandpiper, W. W. Redfern.....	5 20 30	1 45 30
Opossum, R. P. Doremus.....	5 16 48	1 41 48
Constance, F. D. Prentiss.....	5 28 40	1 53 40
Pecunia, G. H. Church.....	5 34 30	1 59 30
Class V—Start, 3:40.		
Martha M., R. Moore.....	5 22 47	1 42 47
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock.....	5 22 27	1 42 27

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.
OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND,
Thursday, September 10.

The first of the three days' racing given by the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. was held on Thursday, September 10. There were nine starters in the raceabout class and six starters in the 15ft. class. A good sailing breeze from the S. held throughout the contest. The course was from the starting line N. N. W. two miles to and around a mark boat, thence E. ½ N. two and one-quarter miles to and around a mark boat, thence S. W. by S. two and one-half miles back to the starting line, a distance of six and three-quarter knots. The raceabouts sailed over this course twice, while the 15-footers went around but once. The first leg was a run, the second a reach, and the third a beat.

In the raceabout class Rascal and Jolly Roger fought it out from start to finish, and the former won out by 51 seconds. Cayenne had an easy time beating the other boats in the 15ft. class, and she finished with minutes to spare. She beat Bobs, the second boat, 2m. 27s. The summary:

Raceabout Class—Start, 12:05—Course, 13½ Miles.

Rascal, S. C. Hopkins.....	2 57 46	2 52 46
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	3 01 33	2 56 33
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleeker.....	2 53 37	2 53 37
Jolly Tar, Slocum Howland.....	3 05 04	3 00 04
Maryola, C. W. Allen.....	3 08 29	3 03 29
Mavis, G. Pirie.....	3 07 30	3 02 30
Nathalie, F. G. Stewart.....	3 16 56	3 10 56
Rogue, A. B. Alley.....	3 27 14	3 22 14
Galatea, Anson P. Stokes.....	3 50 30	3 45 30

15ft. One-Design Class—Start, 12:30—Course, 6¾ Miles.

Cayenne, Colgate Hoyt.....	2 16 50	2 11 50
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart.....	2 19 17	2 14 17
Wee Wean, J. C. Work.....	2 21 20	2 16 20
Vivian.....	2 32 25	2 27 25
Imp, Henry H. Landon.....	2 20 33	2 15 33
Bairn, W. J. Matheson.....	Did not finish.	

The winners were Rascal and Cayenne.
Friday, September 11.

Fifteen boats started in the second of the three days' racing at Oyster Bay. All the boats were manned by amateurs. The breeze was light from the N. W., but shifted somewhat when the boats were on the second round. The course was the same as was sailed in Thursday's race. In the first division of the raceabout class there were two starters, Hobo and Maryola. The former won out by over a minute. Rascal and Jolly Tar were the only starters in the second division of the raceabout class. Jolly Tar was beaten by less than a minute.

There were four starters in the general class of raceabouts. Galatea, Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes' new boat, made her second start, and showed up to better advantage than she did in Thursday's race, when she was hopelessly beaten. Nathalie and Mavis put up a good race and Nathalie won.

In the first division of the 15ft. class Sabrina scored an easy victory over Cayenne. In the general division of the 15ft. class five boats started. Bobs won and had an easy time defeating the other boats. The summary follows:

First Division—Class O—Raceabouts—Start, 12:05—Course, 13½ Miles.

Maryola, C. W. Allen.....	2 26 02	2 21 02
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	2 24 42	2 19 42

Second Division—Class O—Start, 12:10—Course, 13½ Miles.

Rascal, S. C. Hopkins.....	2 26 15	2 16 15
Jolly Tar, Slocum Howland.....	2 27 18	2 17 18

General Class—Start, 12:15—Course, 13½ Miles.

Galatea, Anson P. Stokes.....	2 33 01	2 18 01
Mavis, G. Pirie.....	2 30 01	2 15 01
Nathalie, F. G. Stewart.....	2 29 00	2 14 00
Rogue, A. B. Alley.....	2 36 29	2 21 29

First Division—15ft. Class—Start, 12:20—Course, 6¾ Miles.

Cayenne, Colgate Hoyt.....	1 43 32	1 23 32
Sabrina, C. W. Wetmore.....	1 40 12	1 20 12

General Division—15ft. Class—Start, 12:30—Course, 6¾ Miles.

Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart.....	1 48 55	1 18 55
Wee Wean, J. C. Work.....	1 50 00	1 20 00
Bairn, W. J. Matheson.....	1 50 52	1 20 52
Imp, Henry H. Landon.....	1 52 15	1 22 15
Olita, Henry C. Rouse.....	1 49 04	1 19 04

The winners were Hobo, Rascal, Nathalie, Sabrina, and Bobs.

Manhasset Bay Y. C.
FALL REGATTA,
Saturday, September 12.

The fall regatta of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, September 12, over that club's outside course from the northeast Execution Buoy, thence to Parsonage Point, thence to Red Spring Point and back to the starting line, all classes, 36ft. and above, going over the course twice, and the smaller boats once.

Owing to the very unsatisfactory racing had this season, to insure a reasonably good entry list, the date of these races was advanced one week by arrangement with the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., and even at this but twenty-three entries qualified at the starting line. The 30ft. class and raceabouts were not scheduled, as these classes were to race at the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

As the 65ft. and 43ft. classes did not fill, a race was arranged between the Neola and Effort on time allowance, while a match was also made between the one-design Purdon boats, Umbrina and Rondinella.

The race was started at one o'clock in a light N. E. wind, Neola and Effort, by agreement, carrying working topsails. Effort got the best of the start and held the advantage almost to the finish of the first round, when, with both boats almost at the mark, she worked up on Neola and managed to squeeze in between her and the stake boat. On the second round the breeze freshened, with the result that Neola, while finishing considerably ahead of Effort, could not save her time. The cruisers Umbrina and Rondinella were started at three o'clock, and went over the line with Umbrina slightly in the lead, which position she held throughout the race. It is to be regretted that a stronger breeze was not had, in order that these boats could have had a better opportunity to show their quality.

In the 25ft. class, the Chingachook, for some reason, did not reach the line in time for the start of her class, as a result of which the owner of Firefly showed the sportsmanlike material in his make up by waiting twenty minutes for his competitor, and then, as he deserved, won out by a little over a minute.

In the 36ft. class, Spasm led the way over the course for most of the distance, but eventually was beaten by Anoatok, Leda being a tailender from start to finish. In the 21ft. class, Montauk won out over Gazabo, these two being the only boats in the class.

The winners in the various classes were Effort, Anoatok, Umbrina, Firefly, Hour, Cap, Arizona, Montauk, Flim Flam, and Wriggle, the following being the official record of the races.

Sloops—Special Class—Start, 1:05—Course, 21½ Miles.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Neola, G. M. Pinchon.....	6 09 56	5 04 56	5 04 56
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	6 23 17	5 18 17	...
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 1:15—Course, 21½ Miles.			
Leda, S. H. Mason.....	Did not finish.		
Spasm, E. B. King.....	6 52 07	5 37 07	...
Anoatok, W. G. Brokaw.....	6 51 26	5 26 28	...
Sloops—Special Class—Start, 3:05—Course, 10¾ Miles.			
Umbrina, W. H. Childs.....	6 44 53	3 39 53	...
Rondinella, F. H. Duval.....	6 48 53	3 43 53	...
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 1:25—Course, 10¾ Miles.			
Chingachook, E. A. Stearns.....	5 20 25	3 55 25	3 55 25
Firefly, G. P. Granberg.....	5 24 13	3 59 13	3 54 11
Larchmont 21-footers—Start, 1:20—Course, 10¾ Miles.			
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer.....	4 42 42	3 22 42	...
Hour, J. H. Esser.....	4 32 47	3 12 47	...
Dorothy, L. G. Spence.....	4 46 54	3 26 54	...
New Rochelle Class—Start, 1:30—Course, 10¾ Miles.			
Caper, P. L. Howard.....	5 41 19	4 11 19	...
Dulce, N. D. Lawton.....	5 57 00	4 21 00	...
Manhasset Raceabouts—Start, 1:30—Course, 10¾ Miles.			
Arizona, G. A. Corry.....	5 39 53	4 09 53	4 09 53
Bab, R. Hoyt.....	5 45 47	4 15 47	4 15 47
Lambkin, S. W. Roach.....	5 50 42	4 20 42	4 20 42
Falcon, Colin Stevens.....	5 48 12	4 18 12	4 18 12
Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 1:25—Course, 10¾ Miles.			
Wriggle, G. S. Wilson.....	5 32 09	4 07 09	...
21ft. Sloops—Start, 1:25—Course, 10¾ Miles.			
Gazabo, H. Vulte.....	5 30 49	4 05 39	...
Montauk, G. P. Sheldon.....	4 47 22	3 22 22	...
18ft. Sloops—Start, 1:35—Course, 10¾ Miles.			
Plover, H. Place.....	5 18 02	3 43 02	...
Flim Flam, A. D. Prince.....	5 13 12	3 38 12	...

Atlantic Y. C. Ocean Race.
September 7 to 13.
524 MILES.

One of the longest ocean races ever held on this side of the water was started at 12:30 P. M. Labor Day, September 7, under the auspices of the Atlantic Y. C. The journey led from the start off Scotland Lightship to Nan-tucket Shoal Lightship, thence to Northeast End Lightship off Cape May and back to the finish at the point where the event was started.

Six able schooners entered. Morton F. Plant's Herreshoff creation, Ingomar, won, finishing on Thursday, over 21 hours ahead of Hildegarde, owned by Ed. R. Coleman, which ended the journey Saturday. George Lauder's Endymion and J. G. N. Whittaker's Iroquois finished on Sunday in the order named. Dr. L. M. Stimson's Fleur de Lys was reported in tow from Northeast End Lightship. Commodore Robert E. Tod's Thistle withdrew from the contest on Tuesday.

The boats had baffling conditions of wind and wave which made the race a hard one, and each contender deserves great credit for persevering in the event. Until reports from each boat are made it will be impossible to give official figures. A full account of the race will appear in the next issue of FOREST AND STREAM.

The annual meeting of the Northport Y. C. was held on the evening of September 5, and the following were elected officers: Com., J. B. Morrell; Vice-Com., Charles A. Van Iderstine; Sec'y, H. Davis Ackerly; Treas., Murray S. Brown; Trustees, J. B. Morrell, Charles A. Van Iderstine, H. Davis Ackerly, Murray S. Brown, Edward Thompson, N. S. Ackerly, J. W. Hiltman, D. P. Morse, and John J. Burton.

Yacht Sales.

Mr. Stanley M. Seaman, New York, has made the following transfers:

Mr. W. E. Haskell, Larchmont Y. C., has exchanged his 70ft. w. l. schooner yacht Ivanhoe for the steam yacht Sentinel, owned by Mr. E. D. Thayer, Eastern Y. C., Boston, Mass. Sentinel is to be used in local waters until late in the season, and Mr. Thayer contemplates a West Indian cruise in the Ivanhoe this winter.

The same agency has also sold the steam yacht Bostonia for Mr. Chas. F. Berry, Boston, Mass., to Messrs. Bayer Bros., of this city, acting for Mr. T. T. Lovelace, of Baranquilla, Colombia, S. A. She is a steel boat, designed and built in 1901 by Geo. Lawley & Son, Corp., 74ft. o. a., 12ft. beam, 3ft. draft. Will be shipped via Hamburg American Line September 25.

Mr. Geo. J. Fermier, of Jersey City, N. J., has purchased the 31ft. catboat Numa from Mrs. Reba G. Van Pelt and Mr. J. Irving Simonson.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

The Board of Governors of the Brooklyn Y. C. held a meeting on Wednesday evening, September 2, to act upon the resignation of Commodore Cook. The resignation was accepted and Vice-Commodore Fontaine was elected commodore. Mr. Maxwell was chosen to succeed Mr. Fontaine as vice-commodore.

At the annual meeting of the Newport Y. R. A., held on September 7, the following officers were elected to serve one year: Governors, George L. Rives, Elbridge T. Gerry, Royal Phelps Carroll, John Jacob Astor, Winthrop Rutherford, Reginald Brooks, Harry Payne Whitney, Arthur T. Kemp, Herman B. Duryea, Max Agassiz, Woodbury Kane, Frederick P. Sanders, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.; John R. Drexel and F. K. Sturgis.

Race Committee—Herman B. Duryea, Max Agassiz, Woodbury Kane, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.; Royal Phelps Carroll, Reginald Brooks and Winthrop Rutherford.

Intrepid, the new auxiliary schooner built for Mr. Lloyd Phoenix, was launched from the yard of the builders, Messrs. T. S. Marvel & Co., at Newburgh, on Tuesday, September 8. The yacht is built throughout of steel, and is 17ft. 8in. over all, 125ft. waterline, 28ft. breadth, and 16ft. draft. She is rigged as a three-masted schooner, and has seventy tons of outside ballast. This yacht will replace the old Intrepid, which Mr. Phoenix sold recently.

A cable report from England gives notice of the death of Mr. Arthur E. Payne, of the firm of Messrs. Summers & Payne, Southampton, England. Mr. Payne was one of the best known and most successful designers of yachts in Great Britain. During his career he turned out some two hundred yachts, the largest of which was Glory, a 205 ton yawl. Mr. Payne's boats are well known to American and Canadian yachtsmen. The Canada cup boats, Beaver, Invader, and Strathcona, were all from his board. Summers & Payne's yard at Southampton is a large one, and many famous yachts have been built there.

Reliance has been hauled out at Jacob's Yard, City Island, where she will occupy winter quarters. Before hauling, her mast and spars were removed and her sails and other gear were stowed in the storehouses. Piles are being driven in order to make a foundation for Reliance that will not settle. Columbia has been hauled out at Hawkins' Yard, and Constitution will occupy a berth at New London.

Yachtsmen in the vicinity of Patchogue, Long Island, held a meeting on Thursday, September 3, for the purpose of organizing a yacht club. The idea met with general approval, and thirty men signified their intention of joining. The officers of the new club are as follows: Com., Joseph Bailey; Vice-Com., A. Rae Storms; Rear-Com., George L. Robinson; Treas., Senator Bailey; Sec'y, Frank Guttridge. Committee on Constitution and By-Laws—J. C. Brackenbridge, George L. Robinson, James R. Skinner, E. J. Eisman, J. N. Silsbe, William E. Ebbetts, L. B. Green. Building Committee—J. C. Brackenbridge, S. B. Ogden, G. G. Roe, J. J. Robinson, Frank Guttridge.

Captain Robert Wringe has decided to make his home in the United States, and is to become a citizen. Captain Wringe, who is one of the ablest skippers in England, has had considerable experience in American waters, and he will have no difficulty in getting a berth in one of our best boats next season. He came out here in 1899 on the first Shamrock, and the year following he sailed the 70-footer Mineola. In 1901 he was in the first Shamrock. When the big Fife schooner Cicely came out last year he was put in charge and she had a very successful season. Captain Wringe is a very capable racing skipper, and even though his handling of Shamrock III. in the recent races against Reliance has been criticised, there are few men his equal.

Shamrock I. and Shamrock III. are both to be hauled out at Erie Basin, South Brooklyn, where they will have berths close by Shamrock II. Sir Thomas Lipton decided not to take the boats back to England, but to keep them here and dispose of them if possible. Shamrock II. is to be sold for junk and broken up, as chemical action has caused her plating to rust and corrode. The big tug Cruiser left New York for the Clyde a few days ago. The steam yacht Erin is the only one of Sir Thomas' fleet left in commission.

New Books.

"The Beagle" treats of the history, breeding, rearing, training, showing and kennel management of the diminutive hound, and is the joint authorship of Messrs. James M. Pulley, John A. Tatham, Louis Steffen, Chas. F. Brooke, James McAleer, Ernest L. Jones, A. Henry Higginson, F. B. Lord and Reno B. Cole, the latter filling the office of editor. It is generously illustrated with pertinent matter. It contains 193 pages, is bound in cloth, and with so many practical men as authors, it necessarily contains valuable instruction and information.

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

IN order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First prize, \$50.00.

Second prize, \$25.00.

Third prize, \$15.00.

Fourth and fifth, \$10.00 each.

Sixth to eighth, \$5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept, and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, on or before December 1, 1903.

New York C. C.

BENSONHURST, L. I.,
Saturday, September 12.

The thirty-third annual fall regatta of the New York Canoe Club was held on the afternoon of Saturday, September 12, before a large crowd of spectators. Seven events were run off in conditions exactly suited for canoeing. The winners in the different races were F. C. Moore, C. F. Siedel, W. Inslee, George McTaggart, C. H. Parsons, Cromwell and Keller. The summary:

Decked Sailing Canoes—Start, 3:15.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
F. C. Moore.....	4 03 25	0 48 25
George McTaggart.....	4 09 45	0 54 45
D. B. Godsell.....	4 11 15	0 56 15
Open Sailing Canoes—Start, 3:25.		
C. F. Siedel.....	4 00 07	0 35 07
A. M. Poole.....	4 01 40	0 36 40
E. J. Wright.....	4 02 10	0 37 10
R. S. Foster.....	4 02 15	0 37 15
J. F. Plummer.....	4 02 55	0 37 55
W. Carnalt.....	4 04 33	0 39 33
L. B. Jennings.....	4 04 40	0 39 40
B. V. R. Spidel.....	4 05 10	0 40 10
William Velland, Jr.....	4 05 55	0 40 55
A. Wilmarth.....	4 07 00	0 42 00
R. S. Hawthorne.....	4 09 05	0 44 05
H. H. Morton.....	4 08 50	0 43 50
Special Open Sailing Canoes—Start, 3:35.		
W. Inslee.....	4 08 25	0 33 25
George Morrissey.....	Disabled.	
Open Canoe—Tandem Paddling, Single-Blade—Start, 5:52:35.		
McTaggart and Inslee.....	5 56 30	0 03 55
B. Spidel and Poole.....	Not timed.	
Wright and Jennings.....	Not timed.	

Gunwale Race—Won by George McTaggart, W. Inslee, second; A. M. Poole, third.

Tilting Tournament—Won by Cromwell and Keller, Knickerbocker Canoe Club; Wright and Inslee second, Poole and B. Spidel third.

Tail End Race—Won by C. H. Parsons, W. Inslee second, A. Wilmarth third.

A. C. A. Constitution.

In the last issue of your paper I notice that three members are appointed to revise the constitution and by-laws of the American Canoe Association. So far, so good; but all three members of said committee are appointed from the Atlantic Division. Is it fair to the other divisions to have all from one division? It has been argued that it is better to have it thus because otherwise there might be loss of time in getting together to accomplish the revision. Why this haste? We have lived a good many years under the present constitution, and have had very little trouble. Of course the above is by no means perfect and should be revised, but a hasty revision might in the end prove disastrous to the interests of the Association. A mail vote can be taken at any time, and perhaps the incoming commodore might have a few suggestions to make. In my opinion the other divisions should have some say in the matter.

A MEMBER OF THE ATLANTIC DIVISION FOR 16 YEARS.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at Sea Girt.

THE Leech cup match was open to everybody; distances 800, 900 and 1,000yds.; position, any without artificial rest; seven rounds at each distance without sighting shots; and rifle and ammunition; entrance \$1 to members of the N. R. A., and \$2 to all others; prizes, first, Leech cup and gold badge; second, \$25; third, \$15; fourth, \$10; fifth, \$5.

It was won by Corp. C. B. Winder, of Sixth Ohio, with a score of 94; Keough, of Massachusetts, also had 94, but was outranked by Winder; Upton, of Massachusetts, was third with 91. The scores:

Pennsylvania.				
	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	Tot'l.
Kemp.....	28	30	32	90
Jeffords.....	28	28	29	85
Goddard.....	24	21	27	82
Foulke.....	18	10	26	54
Bell.....	33	28	25	86
New Jersey.				
Martin.....	28	30	26	84
Gannon.....	24	28	31	83
Hubschmidt.....	30	25	28	83
Lehman.....	30	28	17	75
Smith.....	28	18	28	74
McGrann.....	25	26	16	67
Evans.....	18	24	22	64
Raker.....	23	17	20	60
O'Hare.....	18	16	22	56
Rowland.....	25	7	21	53
Hare.....	2	20	28	50
Gensch.....	23	32
Hudson.....	18	11
Lewes.....	32	23

The inter-club match was for the rifle club championship of the United States. It was open to teams of five men from any rifle club or Association; ten shots per man at 200yds.; any rifle and ammunition. It was won by the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver team with a score of 213. The rifle club of the Seventh Regiment, New York, was second with 197, and Old Guard, Massachusetts, third with 195. The scores follow:

Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association.....	213
Seventh Regiment, New York, Rifle Club.....	197
Old Guard, Massachusetts.....	195
Seventy-first, New York, first team.....	193
Twelfth New York.....	192
Company A, Sixth Massachusetts V. M.....	192
Seventy-first New York, second team.....	192
Pennsylvania State Rifle Association.....	190
Massachusetts Rifle Association.....	188
First Regiment New Jersey.....	187
Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association, second team.....	180
Cottage Rifle and Revolver Association.....	179
Fourth New Jersey.....	177
Old Guard, New York.....	171
Squadron A, New York, withdrew.....	131

The president's match, for the Military championship of the United States, 200, 300, 500, 800 and 1,000yds., 7 shots at each distance, was won by Lieut. K. V. Casey, of the Seventy-first New York. There were ten prizes: To first the championship medal and \$50; to second, \$25; to third, \$15; to fourth, \$10; to fifth, \$10, and five more of \$5 each. The winners:

Yards:										
	200	300	500	600	800	1000				
Lieut. K. V. Casey, 71st N. Y.....	28	32	33	33	35	31	192			
Sergt. A. Corbett, 71st N. Y.....	28	31	35	33	32	29	183			
Lieut. A. E. Ranney, 71st N. Y.....	30	33	33	31	32	26	185			
G. E. Cook, District of Columbia.....	31	30	33	31	35	25	185			
Lieut. W. A. Tewes, New Jersey.....	30	31	35	30	29	29	184			
E. J. Fink, District of Columbia.....	28	32	33	33	29	28	183			
S. B. Wetherald, District of Columbia.....	27	29	33	34	32	26	183			
Sergt. J. Corrie, New York.....	32	29	33	33	32	24	183			
M. Appleby, District of Columbia.....	29	31	34	34	32	22	182			
W. I. Ligeat, Pennsylvania.....	31	30	34	29	29	28	181			

The all comers' military match was won by Lieut. W. M. Farrow, District of Columbia; Kuser trophy, rapid-fire match, was won by John L. Kuser, New Jersey; Reading trophy, Capt. D. B. McAlpin, Seventh New York; Spencer trophy, Pvt. Geo. E. Cook, District of Columbia; Seabury trophy, Sergt. J. H. Keogh, Massachusetts; hyposcope match, Lieut. Edward Breeze, Second New Jersey.

Members' match, New Jersey State Rifle Association—Lieut. Florace M. Bell, Second New Jersey.
Meaney medal—Sergt. Charles Moore, Pennsylvania.
Perrine medal—Pvt. H. J. McCartney, Fourth New Jersey.
New Jersey State Rifle Association trophy—Lieut. R. L. B. Bowen, Rhode Island.

The National match was open to teams of twelve men, one team from the troops stationed within each of the military departments; the United States Navy and Marine Corps; the National Guard (one team from each State, Territory and the District of Columbia); distance 200, 500, 600, 800, 900 and 1,000yds.; ten shots at each range by each contestant; arms, United States service rifles and carbines; service ammunition; to first National trophy and cash, \$500; to second, "the Hilton trophy" and \$300; to third, "the Soldier of Marathon" and \$200; to fourth, \$150; to fifth, \$100; to sixth \$50, and a medal to each member of the winning teams.

An Excellent Suggestion.

NORTH SUTTON, N. H., Sept. 5.—Editor Forest and Stream: Every one admits that it is of great importance for the country that its men should be expert rifle shots. Everything should be done to further this object. Would not the interest in rifle shooting among civilians be increased if the State or general Government were to offer badges as marksmen and sharpshooters to any one making a certain score? Such badges are eagerly competed for among the militiamen, and it seems to me that some plan can be perfected which would cause many a young man to practice at the range.

If this idea is an abandoned one, drop this in the wastebasket. If not, it is worth considering, as are any ideas which may help to bring up the standard of American marksmanship.

HARRY SEYMOUR BARNES.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—At the regular meeting of the Cincinnati Rifle Association on Aug. 30, the following scores were made. The shooting of Hasenzahl and Payne was good, considering a very tricky rear fishtail wind. Scores made at 200yds., offhand, 25-ring target:

	Hasenzahl	Payne	Nestler	Lux	Freitag	Bruns	Odell	Roberts	Hofer
225	219	217	216	205	217	214	217	194	182
222	221	218	213	211	217	215	208	206	199
222	219	213	210	207	217	212	207	197	196
217	210	206	206	201	217	210	203	201	197
217	194	187	184	182	217	215	208	206	199
217	194	187	184	182	217	215	208	206	199
217	194	187	184	182	217	215	208	206	199
217	194	187	184	182	217	215	208	206	199
217	194	187	184	182	217	215	208	206	199

Mr. Nestler was out again after waiting for his new Stevens finger lever. His shooting seems improved with its use.

The Old Guard.

NEW YORK.—The Engineers' Corps of the Department of New York Minute Men, is to participate in the fair to be held in New York next October by the Old Guard Veteran Battalion. Madison Square Garden will be used, and in this connection it may be interesting to know that 200 members of the Honorable Artillery Company of London will attend, the guests of the Ancient and

Honorable Artillery of Boston. The latter will attend about 250 strong.

It is purposed that Thursday, Oct. 8, will be Minute Men's night, and at that time will be seen the Washington turnout, which should be large in number and make a fine showing, considering that the headquarters of this organization is in the Capital City, presided over by Col. M. A. Winters.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 29.—There were not many members of the Presque Isle Rifle Club present on Saturday, but those that were there made very good scores, considering the gait that a heavy north wind blew straight in the shooter's face. American Standard target, distance 200yds. Scores:

*B Moorehouse.....	36	30	42	108	S C Long.....	69	67	67	203
F G Lynch.....	84	79	74	237	J Almeda.....	69	64	56	189
J Stidham.....	76	75	75	226	A G Riblet.....	47	48	40	135
J Bacon.....	77	73	68	218	*O S Riblet.....	42
A Mount.....	69	69	69	207					

Sept. 5.—The club held its regular weekly shoot with a very good attendance, and some good scores were made. Next Monday, Labor Day, the club shoots its long-promised match with the Jamestown, N. Y., Club, each club shooting on its own grounds and having a member of the other club present to see that the scores claimed are made. Scores:

J Stidham.....	78	75	75	228	J Almeda.....	63	63	60	192
W A Parker.....	74	73	71	218	T Sullivan.....	66	58	56	190
S C Long.....	74	73	70	217	E D Allen.....	60	58	57	175
A Mount.....	77	71	68	216	H Lewis.....	56	50	49	155
L Ferguson.....	71	71	67	209	J Hunter.....	54	51	49	154

*Visitors.

The last match of the three that was to be shot between the Pearl City Club, of Jamestown, N. Y., and the Erie Club was shot on Labor Day, each club shooting on its own grounds, having a representative of the other club present to see fair play, and the Erie Club won the final match and the cup that was shot for. The first match was shot at Jamestown last June, and the Jamestown club won. The second match came off on the Erie club's grounds on July 11, the Erie club winning. Erie's end of the third match was shot here during a rain that kept falling all afternoon, but nevertheless enough points were made to keep the cup here. Scores:

Presque Isle Club.				
	J Stidham	W A Parker	G E Shafer	F G Lynch
75	76	78	229	
74	73	71	218	
74	73	70	217	
77	71	68	216	
69	69	69	207	
Jamestown Club.				
	Sunburgh	Ramusson	Wahlgren	Graf
75	79	81	235	
64	79	80	223	
61	78	82	221	
61	64	77	202	
44	50	54	148	1029

CABIA BLANCO.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Sept. 16-18.—Williamsport, Pa.—West Branch Rod and Gun Club tournament. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.
Sept. 17.—Annual tournament and sheepbake of the Bristol, Conn., Gun Club. E. R. Burwell, Sec'y.
Sept. 20.—Middleton, Wis., Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 22.—Fredericktown, O., Gun Club tournament. A. D. Rhinehart, Sec'y.
Sept. 22-23.—Milton, Pa., Run and Gun Club fall tournament. Fred A. Godcharles, Capt.
Sept. 22-24.—Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club opening or dedication tournament. W. T. Nash, Sec'y.
Sept. 23-24.—Springfield, O.—Young & Wilson's tournament.
Sept. 23-24.—Scottdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
Sept. 23-24.—Rensselaer, Ind., Gun Club shoot.
Sept. 23-24.—Scranton, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Scranton Rod and Gun Club. J. D. Mason, Sec'y.
Sept. 24.—Berea, O., Gun Club tournament. J. Beswick, Sec'y.
Sept. 24-25.—Morrisonville, Ill.—Pastime Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 25.—Adair, Ia., Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 25.—Live bird shoot on J. H. Outwater's grounds, Hackensack River Bridge, N. J. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr.
Sept. 25.—Binghamton, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. H. W. Brown, Sec'y.
Sept. 25-26.—Lexington, Ky., Gun Club two-day shoot; live birds and targets. Robert R. Skinner, Mgr.
Sept. 28-29.—Louisville, Ky.—First day, State championship at targets; second day, State championship at live birds. J. S. Phelps, Jr., Sec'y.
Sept. 29.—Glen Rock, Pa., Gun Club tournament. Allen M. Dietz, Sec'y.
Sept. 29-30.—Worcester, Mass., Sportsmen's Club grand fall tournament. C. W. Doten, Pres.
Sept. 29-30.—Target tournament of the Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club. S. Y. Yocum, Sec'y.
Sept. 30-Oct. 2.—Florists' Gun Club's first open amateur tournament at flying targets. J. K. Starr, Mgr., 1216 North Twenty-eighth street, Philadelphia.
Sept. 29-Oct. 1.—Pekin, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament. John Smith, Sec'y.
Oct. 1-2.—Austerlitz, Ky.—Two-day live pigeon tournament of the Hill Top Gun Club. Geo. W. Clay, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-7.—Des Moines, Ia.—Two-day shoot of Messrs. Whitney & Milner.
Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-7.—Kansas City, Mo.—First Grand Afro-American Handicap of the Afro-American Trapshooters' League. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y.
Oct. 8-9.—Clinton, Ont., Gun Club tournament.
Oct. 8-9.—Dalton, Ohio, Gun Club's fifth annual tournament. H. Santmyer, Mgr.
Oct. 8-10.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association. F. B. Cunningham, Mgr.
Oct. 9-10.—Tournament of the Olney, Ill., Gun Club; prizes and added money. J. W. Marks, Jr., Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Olney, Ill.—Two days' tournament. Moore & Marks, Mgrs.
Oct. 9-10.—Sixteenth annual fall tournament of the Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association. A. H. Roberts, Sec'y.
Oct. 11.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Opening all-day shoot of the Fulton Gun Club.
Oct. 13-15.—Omaha, Neb., Gun Club's twelfth annual tournament. W. D. Townsend, Sec'y.
Oct. 14-17.—West Baden, Ind., Gun Club tournament. John L. Winston, Sec'y.
Oct. 14-17.—West Baden, Ind., Gun Club tournament; \$500 added. John L. Winston, Mgr.
Oct. 20-22.—Paducah, Ky., Gun Club tournament. W. A. Davis, Sec'y.
Oct. 23-24.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
Oct. 22-24.—St. Louis, Mo.—Combination live-bird and target shoot at Du Pont Shooting Park. Open to all. Special event, 50 live bird handicap. Alec D. Mermod, Mgr.
Oct. 26-31.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—First grand tournament of the National Gun Club; \$500 added. John M. Lilly, Pres.

*Members of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburgh.

**Members Southern Trapshooters' Game and Fish Protective Association. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y, Vicksburg, Miss.

WESTERN TRAP.

HENRY RCOD, Sec'y,

Lynchburg Tournament.

LYNCHBURG, Va.—The tournament of the Virginia Trapshooters Association was a gratifying success. It was held on Sept. 7 to 9.

The championship event was shot on the second day and was won by Hatcher. He tied with Daniel, and on the shot-off, 25 targets, he broke 23 to the 21 of Daniel. In the gun event, distance handicap, P. H. Johnson was high with 24.

The five-man team contest was won by Bristol with 222 out of a possible 250:

Sept. 7, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	8	9	10		
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	Total.	
F Stevens, 20.....	15	14	14	15	15	17	19	18	127	
P H Johnson, 22.....	13	15	13	12	14	18	17	18	120	
W A Hammond, 18.....	12	15	13	14	15	16	20	20	125	
Hunter, 20.....	13	13	12	9	11	15	14	13	100	
H Brown, 19.....	13	12	14	15	11	14	15	16	110	
W W Dennis, 20.....	14	13	14	13	13	18	17	18	120	
E M Daniel, 23.....	15	15	14	15	14	18	19	19	129	
C W Scott, 18.....	12	14	14	12	15	19	19	18	123	
R Winfree, 21.....	15	13	15	15	14	16	18	16	122	
R S Terry, 19.....	14	12	13	14	13	10	19	15	110	
W Huff.....	13	15	13	14	13	19	19	20	126	
L J Squier.....	14	13	14	13	13	17	18	20	122	
I M Hawkins.....	14	13	14	15	15	20	17	20	128	
H E Lupus.....	14	12	14	14	11	17	18	18	118	
E E Dupont.....	10	11	10	15	13	18	18	18	113	
43, 20.....	13	13	15	14	14	17	17	15	118	
C C English, 22.....	11	14	14	13	12	18	16	19	117	
J M Berry, 17.....	14	14	14	14	11	12	11	17	107	
A M Hatcher, 19.....	11	13	12	14	12	19	17	16	114	
S W Rhea, 21.....	15	13	12	13	13	16	18	19	119	
J Anderson, 20.....	14	13	12	12	10	16	16	16	109	
A J Warren, 17.....	13	10	11	11	5	15	16	16	97	
J W McClellan, 17.....	13	13	12	13	11	18	16	19	115	
J Martin, 20.....	13	9	11	14	12	16	20	16	111	
T H Fox, 10.....	12	8	8	10	7	10	12	13	80	
Dr Watson, 21.....	13	14	12	11	11	18	18	19	116	
Fairfax, 20.....	15	13	11	13	12	16	17	17	114	
Walthal, 18.....	13	12	9	10	11	19	19	17	110	
Hix.....	11	9	9	10	11	16	9	17	92	
Kinney, 21.....	14	12	13	10	12	16	10	16	103	
Dr J H Smith, 14.....	8	8	14	10	10	12	11	16	89	
Geo Harry, 23.....	2	15	14	15	10	18	18	16	118	
S L Winn.....	4	11	4	7	8	9	15	14	72	
J M Coyner.....	10	11	11	7	11	15	16	13	94	
L A Gaw.....	12	13	10	12	10	14	18	11	100	
S G Keller, 21.....	13	10	15	12	12	18	14	18	112	
H L Williams, 20.....	15	13	13	14	12	17	20	16	120	
E B Smith, 21.....	12	9	12	14	12	17	19	1	9	114
C N Otey, 21.....	11	15	12	14	13	18	16	18	117	
R P Graham, 19.....	13	10	12	13	13	17	14	13	105	
J W Young, 16.....	11	7	12	12	11	16	16	14	99	
J B Tuggle, 19.....	11	11	11	11	14	18	17	13	106	
E W Sandford, 18.....	13	14	13	13	15	19	20	18	125	
W P Venable, 18.....	10	11	14	13	11	15	11	16	101	
E McGavock, 15.....	12	11	11	12	9	10	14	
Heer.....	13	15	14	15	15	20	19	19	130	
Storr.....	12	13	14	14	14	16	14	18	115	
Hughes.....	15	14	14	13	14	20	20	19	129	
Cecil, 21.....	11	12	11	10	13	17	12	15	101	
J T Newcomb.....	12	7	13	10	13	17	13	15	100	
E F Wayman, 22.....	14	15	12	14	12	15	16	14	112	
S P Sillings, 17.....	12	11	12	12	13	19	17	16	112	
O E Smith, 19.....	13	10	13	12	10	13	15	9	95	
G A Sprinkle.....	8	9	7	5	9	
W McDonald, 21.....	12	10	8	9	12	17	17	16	101	
J I Johnson.....	14	12	10	11	12	17	20	18	118	
Crayton.....	11	15	14	12	11	18	19	20	120	
Ellington.....	12	11	13	9	13	16	19	17	110	
Pearce.....	12	11	13	13	12	15	17	13	106	
D Edmunds, 21.....	13	12	7	10	11	15	12	11	91	
Franklin, 20.....	14	14	13	11	12	19	19	18	120	
Ogcloto, 19.....	14	13	11	13	14	20	16	13	114	
Gallagher, 18.....	15	14	13	13	14	13	19	19	116	
J M Graham, 17.....	12	10	12	11	12	16	15	12	100	
Baskerville.....	12	10	13	14	14	10	12	14	99	
Moorman, 15.....	11	13	14	14	12	16	17	18	115	
Nelson, 20.....	11	14	1	14	12	18	17	15	113	
J M Venable, 16.....	14	10	12	11	9	14	15	15	100	
H L Winfree, 19.....	13	13	12	15	12	15	15	19	114	
Peyton, Winfree, 18.....	6	10	14	12	13	16	13	15	99	
H Winter, 20.....	9	7	12	8	9	11	15	11	82	
I F Lee, 11.....	9	7	6	10	9	11	17	14	83	
H O Humphries, 21.....	13	10	9	12	11	18	17	18	108	
F E Brown, 10.....	12	11	13	11	7	9	12	15	90	
Dr Dinsmore.....	13	9	10	15	12	17	15	15	106	
Dr W S Pickard.....	...	9	13	9	13	
J P Davis.....	7	7	8	11	7	
W P Whitaker.....	13	15	18	...	
G L Lyon.....	8	16	17	...	

For the cup:		West End Team.		Portsmouth Team.	
Stearns, 20.	21	23-44	Franklin	18	15-33
R H Johnson, 22.	18	19-37	Agelasto, 23.	20	20-40
W Hammond, 18.	21	22-43	Gallagher	20	20-40
Hunter, 20.	15	17-32	Dr Lupus	23	18-41
Brown, 19.	18	21-39-195	Storr	22	21-43-197
Lynchburg.		Staunton Team.		Blackstone Team.	
Dennis, 20.	24	21-45	E F Wayman, 21.	18	20-38
Daniel, 23.	24	22-46	S P Sillings, 20.	20	22-42
C W Scott, 18.	25	20-45	T E Smith, 21.	15	18-33
R W Winfree, 21.	22	20-42	G A Sprinkle, 21.	18	20-38
R S Terry, 19.	20	18-38-216	W McDonald, 19.	17	15-32-183
Bristol.		Oakwood Gun Club.		Expert Squad.	
43, 20.	23	24-47	J W Young, 16.	18	16-34
English, 22.	22	23-45	J B Tuggle, 19.	22	21-43
Berry, 22.	20	19-39	E W Sanford, 18.	22	22-44
Hatcher, 17.	24	23-47	W P Venable, 18.	16	21-37
Rhea, 19.	23	21-44-222	E M Gavock, 15.	15	16-31-189
East End Team.		Roanoke Team.		Expert Squad.	
J Anderson, 20.	22	23-45	Moorman, 21.	21	21-42
A J Warren, 17.	16	21-37	Nelson	22	18-40
McClelland, 17.	22	18-40	J M Venable	21	21-42
J Martin, 20.	16	22-38	H T Winfree, 22.	23	20-43
F H Fox, 10.	11	12-23-183	P Winfree, 17.	21	21-42-209
Dr Watson, 21.	20	21-41	Huff, 21.	24	23-47
Fairfax, 20.	20	20-40	Squie r.	18	23-41
Waltham, 18.	21	16-37	Hawkins	18	22-40
Hix	19	20-39	Baskerville	24	20-44
Kinney, 21	16	16-33-189	Dupont	23	22-45-217
Lynchburg.		Staunton Team.		Expert Squad.	
Dennis, 20.	24	21-45	E F Wayman, 21.	18	20-38
Daniel, 23.	24	22-46	S P Sillings, 20.	20	22-42
C W Scott, 18.	25	20-45	T E Smith, 21.	15	18-33
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Sept. 8, Seco d Day.

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Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	122
T Stearns, 20.	14	12	14	13	14	18	19	18	109
R H Johnson, 22.	12	13	12	11	13	17	17	14	109
W A Hammond, 18.	11	13	13	13	16	19	17	11	109
Hunter, 20.	11	11	12	13	13	16	14	14	109
Brown, 19.	13	14	13	14	12	19	18	16	121
Dennis, 20.	12	14	8	11	15	18	17	11	113
Daniel, 23.	12	14	14	14	15	19	18	18	124
Scott, 19.	13	13	13	11	12	16	17	18	113
R Winfree, 21.	15	14	11	12	12	19	17	15	105
R S Terry, 19.	12	12	11	8	11	19	17	15	105
43, 20.	14	13	14	13	13	17	20	18	122
English, 22.	14	13	11	12	13	19	16	20	118
Berry, 22.	12	14	13	15	11	13	14	11	103
Hatcher, 17.	12	12	13	13	10	17	19	15	111
Rhea, 19.	13	11	13	13	16	18	16	11	113
Moorman, 15.	14	12	13	13	12	17	18	16	115
Nelson, 20.	14	12	11	13	10	17	19	18	114
Dr Winfree, 19.	13	11	13	14	14	17	14	17	113
J M Venable, 16.	13	15	10	13	10	16	15	13	105
Peyton Winfree, 18.	12	11	14	12	12	16	18	13	108
Franklin, 20.	12	14	13	12	14	18	17	19	119
Agelasto, 23.	11	13	9	12	13	15	17	13	105
Gallagher, 20.	14	13	14	13	15	15	17	13	111
J M Graham, 17.	10	11	9	10	8	10	18	15	91
T S Baskerville, 19.	12	12	14	15	12	19	16	18	118
Heer, 20.	15	15	15	13	14	20	20	17	129
Storr, 20.	14	13	14	13	14	18	17	17	118
Hughes, 20.	13	13	15	15	13	18	18	18	123
Cecil, 21.	7	11	8	9	9	16	18	16	94

Sept. 9, Third Day.

W I Johnson.....	13	15	15	13	15	20	16	17	124
Wayman.....	12	13	10	12	18	17	16	17	110
Sillings.....	15	14	11	15	14	17	17	17	120
O E Smith.....	13	10	10	11	11	9	14	15	93
McDaniel.....	10	13	11	11	14	18	18	15	110
J W Young.....	12	14	8	11	10	14	12	15	96
J Anderson.....	13	14	12	15	11	20	16	19	120
Warren.....	9	11	9	11	9	16	16	11	92
T H Fox.....	7	8	10	11	10	17	13	13	89
Sanford.....	14	14	12	11	10	18	19	19	117
Edmunds.....	11	9	8	14	9	18	13	20	102
Dr Smith.....	10	12	12	10	12	16	15	11	98
H George.....	12	14	14	13	13	14	16	16	112
Coyner.....	11	9	8	12	12	13	14	12	91
Winn.....	10	9	10	10	12	14	17	16	98
Gaw.....	10	13	13	12	13	14	18	17	110
Crayton.....	15	12	15	12	11	19	17	19	120
Ellington.....	14	13	14	13	11	16	17	16	114
Pearce.....	13	12	12	13	9	16	13	14	102
Whitaker.....	15	14	13	14	12	17	17	17	119
Lyon.....	12	14	13	11	13	16	19	18	116
Watson.....	15	12	13	10	14	16	11	13	104
Fairfax.....	13	14	11	12	13	18	16	15	112
Walthal.....	13	14	9	9	11	16	17	13	102
F Brown.....	11	11	10	8	9	13	8	12	82
Kinney.....	11	13	12	7	12	13	15	14	97
Keller.....	10	14	12	10	9	16	10	16	97
Williams.....	8	12	12	13	13	19	15	16	108
E B Smith.....	11	11	13	12	10	16	18	16	107
C N Otey.....	11	12	13	13	13	18	19	14	113
R C Graham.....	13	10	14	12	11	12
Huff.....	15	14	15	12	15	19	19	19	128
Squier.....	12	14	13	12	11	17	18	19	116
Hawkins.....	13	14	14	15	13	19	20	20	128
Lupus.....	13	14	13	13	13	17	17	19	119
Dupont.....	14	15	11	14	13	19	18	19	123
Wm Baskerville.....	8	6	7	7	8	12	10	9	67
L D Thomas.....	12	13	12	8	12	17	12	15	101

Springfield Shooting Club.

THE annual fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club was held on Labor Day, Sept. 7, on the club grounds, near Red House Crossing. Some thirty gun enthusiasts were with us, and a large crowd of spectators, including several ladies, who were much interested in the shooting, especially that of their husbands, as several of the shooters brought their wives with them to see the sport. Many out-of-town clubs were represented, some coming from as far away as New York city, New Haven, Boston and Leominster, Mass. The manufacturers' agents, who are usually with us at our tournaments, were not on hand this time, having engagements in other places, with the exception of Mr. Richards, who did some good shooting. The day was perfect for shooting, with scarcely any wind, which is very unusual for these grounds.

The shooters, being new to shooting over Sergeant system of trapping, did not make any very large score, and many "goose-eggs" appeared on the blackboard. Among those who did the best shooting were Barstow, of Rockville, Conn.; Schortemeier, of New York city; Stacy, of Belchertown, Mass.; Bradley, of Bridgeport, Conn.; Mack, and Highwood, of New Haven, and Lovering, of Boston. One string of 20 straight by Barstow was the highest score made in any one event.

All events were shot from the 16yd. mark, at known traps and unknown angles. It was the intention to have all events shot from unknown traps and unknown angles, but this proved too much for the trappers, and known traps were used, being pulled in rotation. There was one shooter absent who usually attends our tournaments and whose bright smile and cheery word were much missed, Mr. B. Leroy Woodard, who passed away on Aug. 9 at his home in Campello, Mass. Mr. Woodard was a great favorite among the members of this club, and he was missed by many.

The special merchandise prizes offered for the four high guns shooting the entire programme were won by the following:

1. Gold badge, won by H. E. Barstow, of Rockville, Conn.
2. Lancewood trout rod, won by L. H. Schortemeier, of New York city.
3. Webster collegiate dictionary, won by Abe Stacy, of Belchertown.
4. Multiplying reel, won by Lewis H. Bradley, of Bridgeport, Conn.

The best shooting was done by the following shooters, showing number targets shot at and broke, also per cent. for day's shooting:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.
Barstow	200	165	82½	Highwood	200	146	73
Schorty	200	163	81½	Lovering	200	145	72½
Stacy	200	155	77½	Douglass	200	138	69
Bradley	200	153	76½	F E Metcalf	200	137	68½
McFetridge	200	152	76	H Metcalf	200	130	65
Mack	200	150	75	Kites	200	124	62
P H	200	147	73½				

The scores by events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	20	15	25	20	15	20	15	200	163
Schorty	8	12	15	10	12	16	12	17	17	14	16	14	200	160
Mack	8	13	15	10	8	15	8	21	16	8	14	14	200	146
Highwood	6	11	14	9	12	12	13	18	13	12	16	10	200	165
Barstow	7	10	16	7	12	16	12	21	16	14	10	13	200	153
Bradley	7	10	15	9	12	17	12	20	16	10	16	9	200	162
McFetridge	6	13	16	8	13	15	9	21	15	9	12	15	200	130
Hollister	6	10	14	10	12	13	11	15					200	145
Lovering	6	9	15	8	11	16	11	19	13	13	13	11	200	90
Peabody	3	7	11	5	7	6							200	147
P H	9	13	14	7	11	12	10	21	12	12	16	10	200	90
Dr Keith	7	12	16	7	9	14							200	124
Kites	5	7	14	4	9	11	12	16	11	11	14	10	200	138
Douglass	4	11	14	4	13	14	9	18	15	12	14	10	200	130
H Metcalf	3	9	13	3	11	17	11	18	11	12	12	10	200	137
F E Metcalf	3	11	14	7	11	13	10	16	13	12	10	12	200	155
Stacy	6	8	16	9	10	16	13	20	15	13	16	13	200	55
Henry	5	11		3									200	45
Patterson	6	7	9										200	120
Arnold	8	10		6	10		11		14	8	10		200	105
Cooley	5		12	6	10	16	11		9				200	10
Dr Lewis	4												200	175
McMullen	5	11	15		11	14	11	17	17	10	14		200	165
Coats	6	8	15	5	7	14	10	13		7	11		200	130
Bagg	6	7	9	6	8	5	5	12					200	48
Stiles	4	12	14	6									200	25
Bowers	3	2											200	70
Burk	8	11	13	8									200	130
Richards	3	8	17	9	9	13	12	19					200	10
Clark	0												200	0
Perkins	0												200	0
Wales	10		5										200	25
Wills	10	9	6										200	45
Keyes	10		6										200	30
Merritt		16	7	12	17	13		14	9	9	11		200	150
Snow			3	5		7		8	4				200	75
Miller			4										200	10
Perry					11	18	13	15	16	11			200	110
Baker					4	14	6	4					200	75
Gayler						11	19	12	11				200	35
Lathrop						10							200	15
Hyde						8							200	35
Heath						8							200	90
Nelson						9	18	12	10		10		200	60
Stevens						8	10	14	6	15	7		200	25
Warner						16							200	40
Harvey						15		11					200	60
Spenkoch						10		3	5				200	25
Warfield						10							200	75
A C						18	14	8		12			200	15
Cady						6	10						200	7
Ahler						2							200	35

C. L. KITES, Sec'y.

Riverside Gun Club.

UTICA, N. Y.—Mr. E. D. Fulford was high gun in the programme events of the Labor Day shoot, given by the Riverside Gun Club. Palmiter, of Sherburne, won second, and Messrs. Mayhew and Christian were tied for third. Several extra events were also shot.

Shooters were present from Syracuse, Baldwinsville, Waterville, Iton, Sherburne, Earlville, Norwich and Trenton. The weather was pleasant. The targets were thrown fast, and few straight scores were made.

The main contest was event No. 6, for a gold medal, emblematic of the championship of central New York. R. G. Wheeler, of Syracuse, won it, with 24 out of a possible 25. Fulford tied, but was not eligible to compete for the prizes.

The other winners of prizes were M. M. Mayhew, E. Loughlin, E. P. Clark, Mr. Palmiter, A. Christian and J. Wagner.

The tournament committee were F. Stephens, Charles Sabine, D. Loughlin, F. A. Kline and E. Loughlin.

The next regular shoot will occur on Sept. 18.

Following are the scores, each being an allowance handicap:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	15	15	10	25	10	15
Wheeler	6	11	13	12	8	24	8	8
Lewis	5	12	9					
Mayhew	9	14	13	8	8	20	9	13
Dalley	8	10	10	10	9	23	9	11
E Loughlin	9	10	10	10	9	23	8	11
Fulford	7	15	14	15	10	24	10	15
Thalman	5	8	9	8				
Palmiter	9	13	12	13	10	22	10	15
Stanton	7	10	9	12	6	19	6	11

Christian	8	11	12	14	9	20	10	10
Marks	6	10						
Windheim	6	11	10	9	7	22	6	11
Clark	6	9	10	11	6	20	7	9
Wagner	7	13	8	8	10	19	8	9
Hughes		8	9	8	5			
Lawrence						19	6	9
Hoff						11	8	18
Morgan						13	9	18
Bennett						8	5	17
Paddiford						13	11	9
Debee						7	21	7
Russell						8	23	7
Finster							20	7
G Dexter							20	7
Brunner						7	20	7
Jones							16	6
Keeler							5	8
Kokasch			8	9		5		
D Loughlin							9	12
W Dexter						5	16	6
Deek							20	6
Watts						8		9
Skel						6	19	7

Cleveland Tournament.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 7.—The Labor Day tournament of the Cleveland, O., Gun Club Company was well attended. The programme commenced at 9 o'clock sharp, and then began one of the most successful shoots ever held in that section.

The strong wind made the flight of the targets very erratic, and while the scores appear to be low, they were good when the conditions are taken into consideration. The scores are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total.
Targets:	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	15	15	15	161
J I C	13	10	10	8	9	14	7	12	12	6	84
Battles	8	12	5	10	11	9	6	9	8	6	103
Hopkins	14	10	5	10	13	12	7	11	13	8	113
Hogen	11	12	9	10	11	15	9	15	12	9	96
Mercier	9	12	1	11	11	9	8	12	14	9	93
W H Smith	12	10	4	9	12	11	6	10	12	7	71
L A H	12	10	5	13	7	11	5	8			104
Cannon	14	8	8	11	9	13	5	12	11	13	14
Hill	4	10									107
B W	11	10	8	13	13	11	8	11	10	12	37
Hahn	12	8	6	11							76
Gerlock	9	12	6	8	7	4	7	6	9	8	79
Sheldon	12	13	6	12	12	10					122
Goss	14	14	6	14	15	13	7	12	13	14	115
Stanley	13	13	9	11	13	10	8	12	13	13	60
Meeke	14	11	6	10	10	9					120
Sanford	14	14	8	12	15	12	9	14	12	10	101
Taylor	11	12	8	9	11	12	9	10	8	11	111
Ducommon	12	12	8	11	12	15	8	15	10	8	86
Bingell	11	5	5	10	9	10	7	10	10	9	102
Doolittle	11	13	6	9	13	11	7	13	10	9	110
Rice	13	12	7	11	14	11	8	12	12	10	106
Dale	14	11	7	11	11	11	8	10	15	8	97
Carter	10	11	8	12	10	10	8	10	10	8	124
Snow	15	12	8	13	15	13	10	15	10	13	109
Brock	15	14	7	14	9	9	7	9	12	13	109
Eadie	12	12	6	14	13	12	7	13	12	8	108
Jack	11	11	8	12	10	9	7	13	13	14	88
Mack	9	11	5	12	12	9	6	10	10	5	111
Winter	12	12	8	12	14	14	9	10	8	12	94
Burns	11	13	8	8	9	7	7	12	10	9	112
Kramer	10	10	10	11	12	12	9	12	12	12	116
Raven	14	13	8	11	7	13	7	14	15	14	95
J F	12	14	5	10	7	7	8	11	9	12	38
Saffold	11	12	9	10	11	11	8	8	9	5	108
D O S	9	7	6	9	7						125
Mills	12	13	7	10	11	10	7	15	11	12	123
Lucky	15	14	9	12	15	10	9	15	12	14	115
Lang	12	15	10	13	14	13	9	12	13	13	112
Burton	14	13	9	13	12	11	8	10	13	12	111
Alex	12	13	9	11	11	13	8	13	11	11	120
Davis	12	14	7	12	8	11	9	12	12	14	120
Bradley	14	14	9	12	11	11	7	13	15	14	100
Stillson	12	13	9	10	11	7	8	11	8	11	109
McMahon	11	11									

Du Bois Tournament.

Du Bois, Pa.—The Du Bois Rod and Gun Club held a successful tournament on Sept. 10 and 11. The weather was pleasant. The Hibner cup, for which there were only two entries, was won by the Du Bois team.

The programme of the day comprised a total of 180 targets. Nobles, of Olean, was the high gun, with 167 out of 180. Atkinson, of New Castle, scored 166; Burgoon 164, Beach 162, Kelly 158, Guinzburg 152, McCreight 148, Wolfe 144.

The scores follow:

Sept. 10, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Nobles	10	15	21	13	10	18	12	17	13	22
Brown	11	17	14	20	14	17	12	18	15	24
Nittrow	10	20	14	13	14	14	11	17	13	20
Sizer	12	16	10	19	14	18	15	17	15	20
Beach	13	19	13	15	12	16	15	15	14	20
Atkinson	14	19	14	18	14	18	14	19	15	21
Stoops	12	17	8	11	12	11	13	15	15	22
McCreight	12	16	12	16	14	15	7	18	11	21
Cotter	13	11	10	17	9	14	9	9	8	21
Burgoon	15	16	13	18	15	18	15	19	14	21
Kelly	13	17	12	18	13	18	14	18	14	22
Guinzburg	11	19	11	18	12	16	14	17	11	23
Wolfe	10	13	11	17	14	15	14	19	12	19
Quinn	11	15	10	16	9	12	10	15	12	18
Sullivan	12	16	11	14	8	10	13	18	11	18
Butterbaugh	12	10	10	13	15	14	12	17	12	16
Hart	8	13	9	11	11	13	11	9	14	14
Hummelsb	10	11	11	14	13	17	7	15	15	21
Millen	10	11	11	14	13	17	7	15	15	21

Team shoot for cup:

Du Bois—Burgoon 21, Kelly 23, Miller 22, Guinzburg 22; total 88.
Kane—Nobles 24, Williams 14, Brown 22, Sizer 17; total 77.

Sept. 11, Second Day.

The second day was favored with a larger attendance. Kelly, of local renown, tied with the famous Atkinson, of New Castle, for the day's average. F. Guinzburg made a run of 50.

The Du Bois Club recovered the Iroquois cup by defeating Clearfield for it in a five-man team match, scoring 112 to 99 out of a possible 125. The scores of this event follow:

Du Bois—Burgoon 23, Guinzburg 23, Wolf 23, Kelly 24, Quinn 19; total, 112.

Kane—Nobles 24, Williams 17, Brown 17, Sizer 21, Nittrow 20; total 99.

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Nobles	14	19	15	16	13	19	14	19	14	21
96	15	11	17	12	14	11	13	8	17	17
Sizer	14	19	14	17	11	17	14	17	13	18
Brown	14	17	14	14	14	17	12	20	15	20
Nittrow	10	17	11	19	14	16	14	16	12	24
Beach	14	17	12	17	13	19	14	18	14	22
Atkinson	14	16	14	19	15	18	14	19	15	24
Stoops	10	16	12	19	13	17	11	16	10	16
McCreight	13	16	13	14	10	19	12	15	14	19
Cotter	12	17	13	18	10	13	9	12	12	14
Burgoon	14	18	12	19	14	17	11	11	11	22
Kelly	15	19	15	19	14	19	15	19	12	21
Guinzburg	11	20	15	17	12	20	13	18	10	22
Quinn	12	15	14	17	13	17	13	16	12	22
Wolfe	14	19	13	15	14	18	13	17	14	20
Butterbaugh	12	15	12	15	12	17	12	12	14	20
Hart	13	15	9	15	13	11	8	11	10	10
Connelly	12	16	12	14	10	13	8	15	11	19
Hummelsb	5	15	13	16	13	12	8	12	7	15
Kenyon	10	11	13	10	13	12	11	12	12	14
Plympton	12	15	9	11	11	11	11	16	11	11
Hull	17	13	19	12	14	11	11	11	11	11
Sullivan	14	10	13	12	11	11	11	11	11	11
Furnee	17	13	19	12	14	11	11	11	11	11
Houck	14	10	13	12	11	11	11	11	11	11

The programme for the day provided a total of 180 targets, and the ten highest were: Kelly 168, Atkinson 168, Nobles 164, Beach 160, Guinzburg 158, Wolf 157, Brown 157, Sizer 154, Nittrow 153, Quinn 151.

Renovo Tournament.

Renovo, Pa., Sept. 9.—The first annual tournament of the Recreation Gun Club, of Renovo, Pa., was held Sept. 8-9. The club was unfortunate in drawing dates. It rained all the first day. The bad weather kept away many shooters who had expressed their intention to be present.

The club put up a very pretty silver cup, to be contested for by any team of five men, belonging to same club, in the State. The cup to be the absolute property of the winning team.

The Du Bois, Pa., Gun Club sent a team, and they were the only ones besides the home team that were game enough to go out in the rain and shoot. They won the cup from the Renovo team, the score being: Du Bois 104, Renovo 99. But in view of the fact that Du Bois team has cleaned up all the teams they have shot against this fall, it does not reflect any on the Renovo Club. This club is a new organization, and they hope by the time they hold their next tournament, to have a team that will hold their own against any of them.

Among the visitors present was Mr. Frank Lawrence, who attracted considerable attention with the new automatic rifle made by his company, giving a good exhibition of breaking flying targets with a rifle.

The second day the weather was not so bad, and a delegation of shooters from Jersey Shore, Pa., arrived and participated in the different events at live birds and targets. During the afternoon about 500 of the town people came out to see the shoot. The club has already commenced to arrange for a big shoot next year, and they hope to pick dates when it will not rain.

Sept. 8, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Sullivan	9	8	12	7	14	15	9	13	21	9	6	5	9	10	16	153	153
Quinn	7	8	13	7	13	17	7	8	21	14	9	12	11	10	13	159	159
Guinzburg	9	9	13	10	14	20	8	14	22	11	10	13	11	10	13	175	175
Cotter	7	5	10	7	8	9	12	17	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	112	112
Kelly	14	9	15	16	10	14	23	12	8	9	14	9	14	14	14	181	181
Anthony	8	9	12	10	16	7	14	19	13	8	9	14	8	11	11	189	189
Troxel	8	9	10	9	13	16	10	13	19	15	8	11	8	15	12	195	195
Kepler	8	7	10	6	8	12	6	7	13	11	7	10	12	7	12	171	171
C Dechaut	10	7	12	7	11	15	10	14	20	14	9	9	14	6	12	208	208
Irwin	3	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	14	29
Hulbert	5	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	17	17
Seel	7	8	5	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	37	37
Mitchell	6	5	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	26	26
G Dechaut	6	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	14	14
Sawyer	9	9	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	37	37
H Johnson	5	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	5	5
J S Smith	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Stout	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	12	12
Wade	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	7	7

No. 12 was at doubles.

Team shoot for cup, 25 targets per man:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Sullivan	11	11	10	11	10	11	11	10	11	10
Quinn	11	11	11	11	10	10	10	10	10	11
Guinzburg	11	11	11	11	10	10	10	10	10	11
Cotter	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Kelly	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Anthony	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Troxel	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Kepler	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Dechant	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Sawyer	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10

Sept. 9, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	at.	Broke.
C Dechaut.	8	13	9	12	9	11	6	11	9	12	9	135	109
Troxel	9	14	8	13	9	8	7	13	8	12	6	135	107
Fever	6	12	6	13	7	9	7	13	5	12	1	125	94
Anthony	7	13	9	14	10	12	6	14	8	12	10	135	115
Seel	3	8	6	11	6	11	5	5	5	5	1	95	38
Meyers	7	13	6	8	5	6	5	8	5	7	1	125	70
Kepler	7	13	9	13	8	13	8	15	4	12	10	135	112
Oechler	5	9	5	8	5	7	7	11	6	9	1	125	72
Johnson	8	11	7	12	7	14	8	14	9	11	1	125	101
Sawyer	8	11	7	12	7	14	8	14	9	11	1	125	101
Alston	5	9	5	8	5	7	7	11	6	9	1	125	72
Hulbert	6	11	6	11	6	11	5	5	5	5	1	95	38
Wade	5	9	5	8	5	7	7	11	6	9	1	125	72
Mitchell	5	9	5	8	5	7	7	11	6	9	1	125	72
H Johnson	5	9	5	8	5	7	7	11	6	9	1	125	72
J S Smith	5	9	5	8	5	7	7	11	6	9	1	125	72
Rodgers	5	9	5	8	5	7	7	11	6	9	1	125	72

FOREST AND STREAM.

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PROTECTIVE COLORATION.

PROTECTIVE coloration is a familiar subject, and one concerning which most of us have had some experience. We have all looked at—perhaps without seeing it—a bird crouched on the ground, a rabbit huddled in its form, a snipe standing motionless before a tuft of yellow grass. These things we do not see partly because we do not know just how to look for them, and partly because the creature looked at is so colored that it appears to be a portion of the landscape with which it blends. This protective coloration is analogous to protective mimicry, but is not the same thing. Examples of mimicry are seen in the so-called walking stick, which resembles the twig of a tree, in certain butterflies, whose colors closely resemble those of the flowers among which they feed, and in certain others which have dull colored linings to their wings which resemble the stones, earth, or bark on which they rest with folded wings. Some harmless snakes imitate the actions of their venomous relatives, rattling with the tail and assuming an aspect of great ferocity, while certain herons, when approached, hold themselves so erect and motionless that, with the streaking of their necks, they cannot be distinguished from the weeds or blades of the grass among which they are standing. In the same way a grouse, when startled and driven into a tree, stands motionless with feathers pressed close to its sides and head and neck stretched out, so that it looks much like a dead branch projecting from the limb on which it stands.

Many of us have known the location of a nest of quail, woodcock, or partridge, and on visiting the place to try to see the bird sitting on her eggs, have learned how difficult it is to detect her, even though the precise spot where she sits may be known. Once while riding along over the prairie at the edge of a little boggy place, an English snipe rose from the roadside, and flying twenty-five or thirty yards alighted apparently on the bare black mud at the foot of a little tuft of yellow grass. Until he closed his wings he was distinctly visible. Then he disappeared. As we rode on watching the tussock beneath which he stood, we saw a little projection from one side which grew constantly larger, and a moment later this projection took a step or two forward, and was recognized as the snipe and then stood still against the yellow down hanging grass of the tussock. As it ceased to move it became invisible.

If we look at a zebra in his paddock or a tiger in his cage, it seems to us that a more conspicuous coloring could hardly have been devised for an animal. Yet the tiger crouching in the grass or among the cane of the jungle harmonizes absolutely with its surroundings, the yellow stripes representing the stalks shone on by the sun, while the black stripes represent the shadows between those stalks. The testimony of African observers shows that in cover the zebra is invisible, and that he is also practically invisible at a distance on the open plain in broad daylight, and also at close quarters in the dusk and in the moonlight. It appears that the white stripes blend with the shafts of light sifting through the foliage and branches and reflected by the leaves of the trees, while in an uncertain light, or at a great distance, the black and the white, or the brown and the yellow—of other species—mutually counteract each other and form a uniform gray.

It is well known that most animals living wholly on the plains are colored more or less to conform to the surface of the ground where they are found. This is true of the elk, the antelope, the various deer and the mountain sheep of our own West, while the protection of white is seen in our mountain goat and in the ptarmigan which live among the snow.

The deer, the antelope and the sheep, together with many of the wild animals of other lands, are pale or white below; the object of this coloring being, according to Mr.

Thayer's law, to compensate for the shadows which the bodies cast, and to make the animal absolutely inconspicuous. It is worth while, in fact, to quote precisely what Mr. Thayer says about this law: "Mimicry makes an animal appear to be some other thing, whereas this newly discovered law makes him cease to appear to exist at all." Mr. Thayer calls this the law of gradation in the color of animals, and says of it animals are painted by nature darkest on those parts which tend to be most lighted by the sky's light, and vice versa. The result of this coloring is that the gradations of light and shade by which opaque solid objects manifest themselves to the eye are effaced at every point. Thus the markings on animals partake in appearance of the background against which the animal is seen. An enemy looking down on a ground-inhabiting bird from above finds it difficult to detect the bird, because its color matches so with the mottled ground about it. An enemy looking at the bird from the side, finds it equally difficult to detect it, because the mottled color, lightest below and grading to dark above, blends so closely with the vegetation against which the bird is seen and among which it walks.

Mr. Thayer's law is recognized as one of the most important contributions to the subject of protective coloration that has yet been made. Each reader, and above all each country dweller, should learn to observe these matters for himself. He will find that wide open eyes and the habit of recording what he sees in his note book, will add very greatly to his pleasure in life.

SOME STORIES OF THE DAY.

OUR correspondent who noted the yacht racing picture fake by the New York Journal, if he read the papers with an eye to such things, might readily catalogue a long list of kindred inventions and deceptions. For instance, the Bangor, Me., correspondent of the Boston Herald, under date of September 9, reported that W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and R. C. Watson, of New York, passed through Bangor on that day; and Mr. Vanderbilt was made to say: "We have just been on a hunting trip to Nova Scotia and we were very successful, getting a number of heads. We have sent them on to New York and will have them mounted. We had a fine time." As the hunting season in Nova Scotia was some weeks off, it is apparent that somebody was intent upon trifling with the Herald.

More grotesque than this was an achievement of the New York Herald the other day. Word having come over the wires that an automobile party from Paterson, N. J., had set out on a hunting tour in the Maine woods in the moose and deer country, the Herald artists on the spot (in Herald Square) pulled out from their fake photo files a photograph of a party of hunters posing for their portraits with a lot of huge elk horns. Now to the fakir on a great metropolitan daily all things that have horns look alike; moose, deer, elk or caribou, it is all one to him; if the game depicted happens to be a species unknown, so much more creditable is the fake. Accordingly the Herald artist put automobiling caps on the men in the picture, and under it inscribed the legend: "Spoils of James B. Dill's automobile hunting party. Mr. Dill stands at the right." Then the news-fake editor added the mendacious explanation of the picture:

James B. Dill, corporation lawyer and partner of John W. Griggs, former Attorney-General, with quite a party, that included Mr. Dill's two daughters, Winthrop E. Scarritt and John M. Schmidt, of East Orange, N. J., has just completed an automobile trip to the Rangeley Lakes. They are now on their way home.

On the long automobile trip there was abundant opportunity for shooting, and fishing. Several deer were shot by the tourists.

A photographer who was in the party photographed Mr. Dill and his friends at the conclusion of a particularly fine day's sport, as they stood surrounded by their game. Mr. Dill expects to bring the antlers of the deer home with him.

And the Herald reader paid three cents the next morning for the privilege of reading this picturesque Maine elk hunting story, and heaven only knows how much more pure unadulterated fiction in the other columns.

But the palm for large achievement in this line must be awarded to the London Times, which gravely reported one day last week that an American in Ireland had liberated a consignment of rattlesnakes, putting them out to determine whether they would multiply and stock the land in spite of St. Patrick. The story was cabled to the American press, and probably went around the world, never to be overtaken by the explanation, which followed

a day later, that the whole thing was a hoax perpetrated for the mocking of the Thunderer and the gaiety of nations. The story sounds like the picturesque tales which used to be sent over the country under a date line of Lander, Wyo., telling of packs of wild dogs running down mountain sheep and bringing the mutton home to their master, and of terrific combats between man and mountain lion ended by the man severing with his iron jaw the jugular of the lion. The Lander genius has been quiescent of late; can it be possible that he has emigrated to Ireland, and chosen for his medium the stupidly credulous London Times?

THE DISMAL SWAMP.

THE growth of a people multiplies their necessities, which in turn are the most persistent incentives to constant progress. The onward march in civilization is relentless and unceasing. Obstacles in its path are ruthlessly removed or destroyed, while all else of earth, air and water are laid under tribute by man to minister to his needs and pleasures.

In his capacity as an individual, man is more or less prone to sentiment and veneration, while in his capacity as a unit of society he is mercilessly iconoclastic. Society as a whole in its activities is actuated by the units of which it is composed. This is more in evidence in the great cities where the destruction or removal of venerated institutions is viewed with phlegmatic indifference. Historic grounds, sacred in their associations of the doings of war or peace, are applied to utilitarian purposes with no waste of words. Cemeteries are condemned, overhauled and restored to the uses of the living in the most matter of fact manner. A historic sentiment fares badly when it clashes with a present necessity. But the march of progress, which is a form of iconoclasm, is constantly taking wider form. Whole sections, chiefly associated with the sentimental, are in progress of appropriation to utilitarianism. The most recent is the Dismal Swamp, famous in the realm of myth, story, and song. In slavery days it was a famous and much used sanctuary for runaway slaves who were in a measure safe from capture when once well within its wild fastnesses. In its vast forests of cedar, cypress, and other trees, slaves and criminals were said to have lived securely for years. The negro mind, and, in a lesser degree, the white mind, peopled its gloomy depths with multitudinous and varied beings of the supernatural world. It was the hiding place of Mrs. Stowe's Dred. Tom Moore, that superlative man of rhyme and reason, deemed it worthy of his muse when he touched upon it in the "Tale of the Dismal Swamp" with its haunting verse:

They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long by a firefly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

And now the daily press reports have it that vandal man will drain this vast area of thirty miles by ten, and where once was the home of big game and small game will be the homes and workshops of man. Lake Drummond, the central body of water, will cease to exist. The great district so prolific in myth, legend and story, will be taken from the realm of imagination into the realm of the material every day world.

THE telegraphed statement that Senator Proctor had broken the New Hampshire game law may well have caused his friends and acquaintances to smile. These friends know that it would be hard to find a keener sportsman than Senator Proctor, a man more devoted to game protection and preservation, one with a higher sense of his responsibilities as citizen and United States Senator, or with a more scrupulous regard for the law. There are not many States in which the raccoon is a protected animal, and we fancy it would puzzle the average sportsman to say whether 'coons are or are not in season in September in any particular part of the country. Certainly in bygone years early autumn was the great 'coon hunting season all through New England. If, as reported, Senator Proctor killed a 'coon in violation of the New Hampshire statute for the protection of this ring-tailed inhabitant of the hollow, he is rather entitled to sympathy for having left his copy of the *Game Laws in Brief* at home.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Klamath and Crater Lakes.—II.

FORTY-SIX miles north of the Poplars lies Crater Lake. The sunken summit of its mountain being plainly in view. All who had been there were enthusiastic in their praises of this Oregon wonder, and we decided to visit it. But our idle life on a rich trout diet for the last two weeks had rendered us fat and lazy; we did not relish a pedestrian trip, and started an investigation for saddle horses. Most of the best animals were engaged in cutting, raking and hauling hay; but Griffith soon hustled up a couple of genuine cayuse ponies. They could not be called beautiful from an artistic point of view, and I could not help thinking of Mark Twain's description of the wild steeds of the desert in "Innocents Abroad," but they proved to be better than they looked, and carried us there and back in a very satisfactory manner. When I mounted mine of a morning under a cold saddle; he had a habit of extending his forefeet and sinking down until his body nearly or quite touched the ground. This rather alarming peculiarity so suggestive of a fractured spinal column gave me some concern at first, but as it was never repeated on the same day, I decided it was the result of early training.

Our route for ten miles lay through the fir and tamarack, with occasional glimpses on our right of the great marsh through which winds Crystal creek, the lake itself being nearly three miles away. Leaving this, we crossed a beautifully clear stream called Seven Mile creek, running bank full and well stocked with trout. We now entered a large valley with many hay fields of several hundred acres under one fence, where mowers were running in every direction. Horse flies were very numerous, and all the working animals were covered from nose to tail with nets or sacking.

An hour's ride brought us to Fort Klamath, a little settlement several miles away from the old fort itself, and the supply point for this great valley. This is the nearest point to the Poplars, having daily stage connection with the railroad. We stopped here long enough to get a few groceries and then rode several miles farther and encamped in a cotton wood grove on the bank of a small stream, twenty-six miles from the Poplars. Thirty years before I had often ridden all day and all the ensuing night in a Texas stampede without being extremely fatigued, but I must confess that I was in a worse condition after my first day's ride to Crater Lake than I was after the thirty-mile walk the evening I camped at Rock creek.

Klamath is fairly well timbered, although the general quality is inferior to that nearer the coast; but the wanton destruction by lumbermen was even more glaring than I had found elsewhere. Hundreds of trees had been felled, and for some unknown reason left to rot; making, as fuel for forest fires, a constant menace to what remained. This was strikingly illustrated along our route the next day where a late forest fire had left scarcely a living thing behind it for many miles.

The altitude rapidly increased as we approached our destination that afternoon, going along the banks of the Anna, whose swift waters had cut their way a thousand feet deep through perpendicular cliffs of solid rock, which, in places, made it a miniature Yosemite. When within about six miles of the lake, our horses were attacked by a large and very vicious fly, whose bite drew blood instantly. They were so numerous and bold that several times I killed three or four with a single slap of the hand on the shoulder of my horse; and we passed a white mare picketed, the bare side of whose neck was bathed in blood. The Government has wisely set aside a large tract surrounding the lake as a reservation, and the superintendent, with a gang of men, was building a bridge across the Anna and laying out a shorter route, cutting off about two miles in the last five by the old route. The park regulations, which were posted upon trees in many places, could elicit nothing but the warmest commendation from all law abiding men. They had been framed with the sole view of giving all every possible indulgence that did not threaten injury to this great scenic attraction, as rob future visitors of some of its charms. The superintendent was a thorough gentleman, as we found all those to be in our southern outing last year, and none but evil-doers will experience anything but the most courteous treatment. I never before in visiting these parks realized how anxious the Government was to give the people every enjoyment that these great reserves could furnish.

When about a mile from the summit we passed the tents of several parties encamped at the last running water. The snow falls here several feet deep in winter, and large drifts of it now began to appear in the deeply shaded spots so solidly packed that our horses' feet made but little impression upon it. As we neared the rim of the crater we left the forest, and when we rode to the crest of a ridge of volcanic sand, Oregon's greatest wonder in all its wild, weird grandeur lay within one cast of vision, revealed to our view.

Imagine a mountain that may have been as large as Shasta with the upper two-thirds blown entirely away by some tremendous internal force and the remaining base disemboweled to an unknown depth until it resembled a gigantic mush bowl, rather longer from east to west than from north to south, with an area of five by seven miles, but so deceptive because of the purity of both air and water that it does not look one-quarter as large; partially fill this great cavity with water so pure that Tahoe, which has always been considered the standard in that respect, must take second place; put near the western end a lone cone-shaped island 800 feet high, sparsely covered with firs—and you will have some idea of what we saw at the first glance.

The water, which is a most beautiful shade of blue, has been sounded by the Government surveyors to the depth of 2,600 feet without finding bottom, and its surface was 2,000 feet below the point upon which we

were standing. This was about the average height of the rim, which was quite uniform, very few spots were any less, but at two or three points high and almost perpendicular bluffs of solid rock rose to 3,000 and even 3,500 feet. Facing any point of the crater from where we stood, nothing else was in sight except to the northwest, where a singular finger-like peak of rock about twenty miles distant rose nearly 2,000 feet higher.

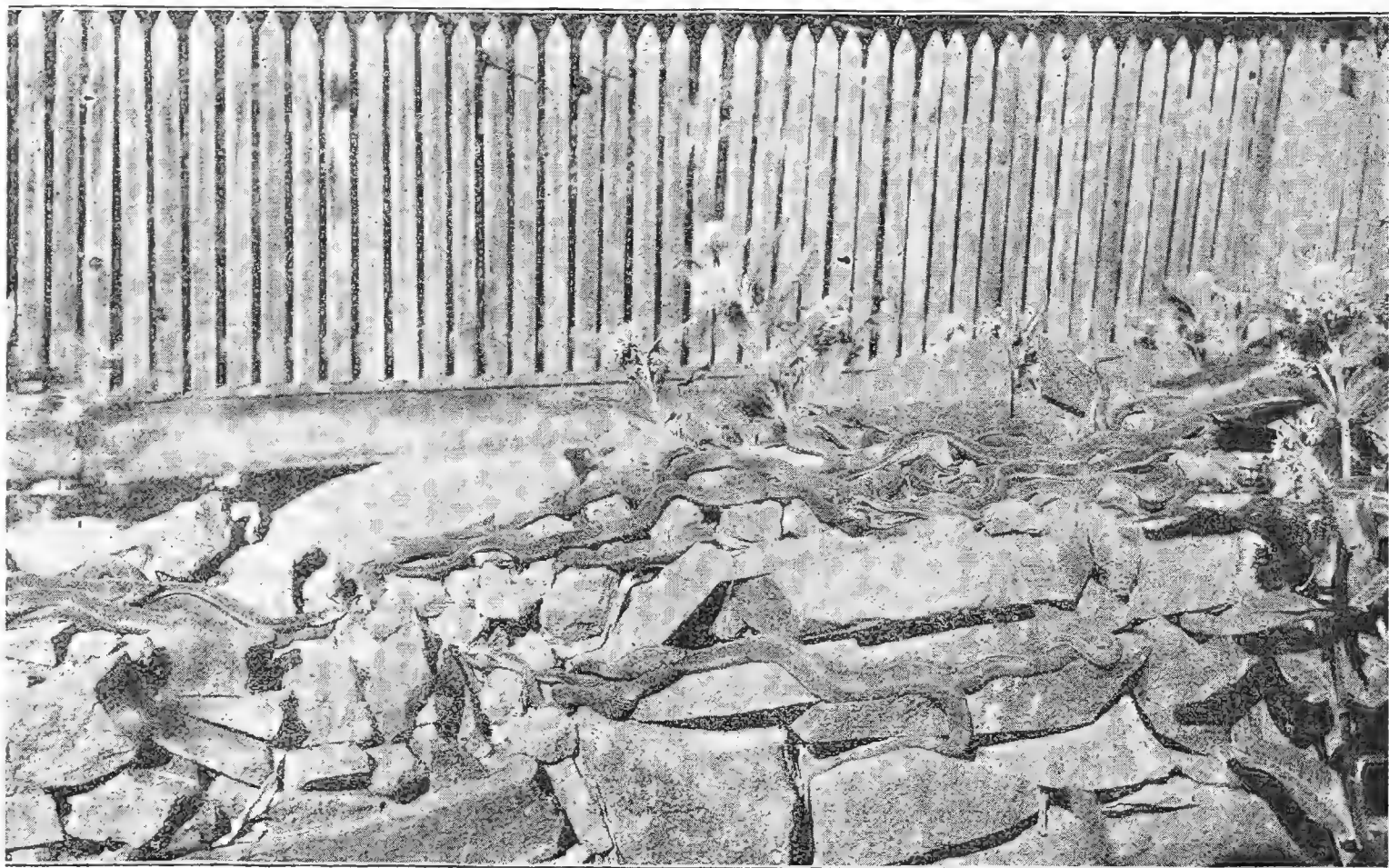
The sides of the crater were, for the most part, too steep for vegetable growth; but in places a few scrubby trees were clinging to its sides, and in others snow drifts extended to the water's edge. There are two places where the water can be reached by going down rifts or waterways, and a boat that made trips to the island was in use in former years, but we saw nothing of it during our stay. To reach the island from this shore requires half an hour's pull by a good oarsman, although from appearance five minutes would be a liberal estimate. It looked about a good gunshot away, but a rifle ball fired at it struck the water less than half the distance. In the top of the island is a small crater 300 feet wide by 100 deep, its sides composed of ashes, cinders and volcanic scoria, having an angle of about 45 degrees. It has no water in it, and is evidently the result of the last expiring throes of the great convulsion that left this section in its present condition.

No living thing of fin, fur or feather ruffled the glass-like surface of the water; no song birds caroled upon its banks or winged their way from shore to shore. I looked for the little water angel so common elsewhere, thinking that he at least for such water as this would ignore any surroundings, however uncanny; but I looked in vain. The silence was that of the desert. The probable cause of this was not far to

sprung into view; but the coming of the white man may have exorcised the spirits of darkness, for nothing of the kind occurred. Over our heads the moon, now in her first quarter, gradually replaced with her uncertain radiance the light of the departing day; but still we lingered, finding it difficult to leave a spot that aroused emotion so foreign to those engendered in the more prosaic walks of life.

Before leaving the Poplars, we had been warned of the insect pests of Crater Lake. The horse flies, we had already discovered, came fully up to the description. The mosquitoes were represented to be of a brand superior to any that could be found elsewhere. Unaffected by any temperature above zero, they were said to be so persistent that the ordinary safeguards were of no avail, and their bite was so venomous that it resulted in something very much like a carbuncle boil. Now, as the Poplars had an article of its own of that kind, which had commanded our most profound respect, a warning from such a source was not to be disregarded; and we had provided ourselves with bars of double thickness and elaborate construction, which we felt would be equal to any emergency. But no mosquitoes came near us, as we sat upon the bluff in the gloaming, where we could take in the whole weird landscape; for they, too, like all other living beings, except ourselves, seemed to shun a locality whose surroundings constantly reminded one of the unhallowed abode of goblins and satyrs.

On our right the sickly rays of the half-grown moon threw the uncertain outlines of the overhanging cliffs far out into the liquid depths below. On the left lay the island, whose somber summit darkened all that end of the lake. On the opposite side long, narrow banks of snow, like groups of shrouded ghosts, stooped to the



A BIT OF LINKVILLE, DESCRIBED BY FORKED DEER IN HIS FIRST PAPER.

seek. Its great depth and ice cold waters precluded the growth of either aquatic vegetable or insect life; there was no food there. Some enthusiastic sportsmen two years before had at great trouble and some expense placed some trout there, but they were never seen nor heard of afterward; pumice stone, lava, ashes and scoria were too much for their delicate stomachs, and there was little else.*

The sun was now fast sinking in the west; neither the horses or their riders had eaten anything since early morning, and reluctantly we withdrew from the strangely fascinating spectacle into the edge of the timber, where we made our camp for the night after putting trail ropes to our horses and turning them loose to enable them to fight the savage flies to better advantage.

The dearth of water at this elevation was not a serious condition; the grass was green and succulent, and for our cuisine we went to the neighboring snow banks. As soon as we had cleared away the supper dishes and arranged the blankets for night we hurried back to the lake. For all who visit it there is a strange attraction in that mysterious sheet of water and its unique environment that is as strange as it is inexplicable. To the primitive and superstitious redmen, who for ages had dwelt beneath its shadow, it was the abode of an evil spirit, which at dark arose to the surface ready to destroy the unlucky mortal who had the temerity to linger upon its shores; and to-day they speak of it with awe, and none can be persuaded to tarry there after nightfall.

It was after sunset when we seated ourselves on a prominent point that commanded a view of every portion of the lake. The walls of the crater were falling into the shadow and the water had changed to an indigo color. No sound came from its depths. Dark, motionless and awe inspiring it lay far below the side of the "House of Usher."

The hoot of an owl, the croak of a raven, would have been a welcome sound, but even these birds of evil omen shunned the sinister shores. Something like this I fancy may exist on the verdureless mountains of our satellite, but it did not seem quite to belong to our own planet. We would hardly have been surprised had the waters parted and the friend of Indian imagery

water's edge; and away beyond them all arose the silhouette of that strange finger-like peak, an isolated but harmonious landmark in a region exactly suited for the brewing of the witches of Macbeth or the incantations of Herzog.

As we entered the timber on our return to camp, the Crater Lake brand of mosquitoes met us in force. To use a western expression, they were there with both feet; and from their enthusiastic reception we inferred that nothing quite so satisfying as we were had come that way for some time. In vain did we try to rout them with a smudge. Clouds of smoke that nearly suffocated us were to them as the spicy gales of "Araby the Blest," only the double netting saved us from extermination or an ignominious retreat; and beneath its sheltering folds we sank calmly into slumber, with a hum about us like that from a swarm of enraged bees. When we awoke the next morning, we found that some of the more enterprising ones had succeeded in getting through one thickness, but had then become entangled and had miserably perished. In the vast marshes that surround Klamath Lake, we could easily account for their abundance there; but where they came from on this steep mountain side was a mystery we could not solve. It is certain that they did not breed in the icy waters of the lake. There were no stagnant pools or in fact water of any kind in quantities very near, and we finally decided that they must be of the Alaska variety that breed in the snow drifts.

Fifteen miles north of Crater Lake is one of the most extraordinary huckleberry patches in the world. It is situated in a very wild and rugged section on the crest of a spur of the Cascades, and is fifteen miles long by about three in width. In quality and size, some being as large as hazelnuts, the berries are exceptionally fine and so plentiful are they that it is nothing uncommon for one person to gather thirty or forty gallons during a week's stay. During the berry season the ranchers visit it in large numbers, some coming from more than 100 miles away; making a festival of it similar to the shore parties of the Atlantic seaboard.

Our return trip to the Poplars was rather barren of incidents of special interest. Game was not plenty, we saw no deer and but little sign; we found a few grouse and saw two of the California gray tree squirrels, which are larger and finer than their congeners in the East. While these are scattered about through all the

[*Possibly Lewis' woodpecker (*Melanerpes torquatus* (Wilson)).—Ed.]

Chased by Indians.

ALL through the summer of 1867 I was stationed at old Fort Chadbourne. That is, the troop was there; I was for the most part of the time somewhere else, carrying mail or dispatches. I was kept on the road almost constantly, partly because the captain wanted me to do this work; he had an idea that I would not get lost, and I wanted to do it myself. I could combine the dispatch carrying with hunting, but this time I was the hunted. Fort Chadbourne was an old post built years before the war on Oak Creek, in what is now Runnels county, Texas. It had been abandoned years before; there was not enough water here, but we had reoccupied it this summer because there was no other place suitable in this part of the country. It was away out on the frontier then, the nearest settlement being at Fort Mason, now the town of Mason, eighty miles east.

There had been a string of posts running north and south clear from the Rio Grande up to the Indian Territory, but most of them had been, like this one, abandoned ever since 1861.

The next nearest camp to the north of us was on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, where Fort Griffen was afterwards built. It was about eighty miles from Chadbourne, and a troop of the Sixth Cavalry (Chaffee's troop, I think it was; he was a captain in the Sixth then; he is a general now) was in camp here, but he was not with it.

I was sent one morning about the last of August with a dispatch to this camp from the commanding officer at Chadbourne; he was the captain of my troop. He told me that I might take three days to go in, as there was no hurry, then asked if I wanted company. But I preferred to go alone. I meant to go through in two days, for if I took three, the first place I would have to camp at would be too near the trail the Indians took in their raids down the country. They were Comanches who hung out west of this on the edge of the Staked Plains, and were going and coming all the time. I knew just where to keep a lookout so as not to meet them, and meant to do it, too.

The first thirty miles of the trail from Chadbourne led across a wide bottom that was thickly overgrown with mesquite bushes. Then after crossing a creek it led through Mountain Pass. This was a narrow, steep pass between high mountains, the floor of the pass being covered with large trees that stood close together, and the walls on each side were too steep in most places to admit of a horse being taken up or down them. The pass was about three miles in length and ran north and south; it was a good place in there to find black bear; I found them there more than once. At the lower or northern end of it is the highest mountain in the group, and this Indian trail passed close to it, the trail running east and west. Just here a man out of my troop had been killed only a month before this. He had straggled back from the party he was with, and the Indians had either not seen his party, or, what was more likely, had been afraid to attack it, but had killed and scalped him. I afterwards put up a stone at his grave; it is most likely there yet; his name was Daniel Worm.

This would be where I should camp to make a three days' trip of it. I did not, though, but keeping on went into camp at Phantom Hill, twenty-five miles further on; then went on to my destination next day. When I had given the lieutenant who was in command his mail and dispatches, he told me that he wanted me to remain a day so as to give him and his men time to write their letters, which I could take back with me and have them sent from our post down to Mason, that being the nearest post-office.

The next day happened to be Sunday, but there is no Sunday in the army. They play ball on that day now; it had not been introduced into the army then, or else those of us who had been born in the United States could have played it. I had learned to play it soon after being weaned. After the troop had been inspected, I put in most of the day helping some of the men study the history of the Four Kings in connection with a game of 10-cent ante, and I left them the following morning with some of their loose change in my pocket.

I started late next morning, carrying the mail on the cantle of my saddle, with my horse's nose bag full of cooked rations; these came in handy later on when the Indians had me corraled in the pass. I meant to camp again at Phantom Hill, then go on through the pass and camp that night at the creek just beyond it. I camped at Phantom Hill all right, but made no camp on the creek; the Indians changed my plans.

I had got to where the Indian trail crossed mine at the foot of the mountains, on the second day, and just as I did so I gave a look to the east, or down the country, and saw a party of four Indians come riding slowly up the trail toward me, while half a mile behind them more Indians were driving along a bunch of cattle. They had been down the country after cattle or horses—either would do. The Indians saw me about the same time that I saw them, and now began to lash their ponies; here was another scalp, they thought.

"You can go to heaven," I thought. "You are just two minutes too late for this scalp. I need this one myself."

Then giving my horse the reins I went on a dead run up to the real entrance to the pass, a mile away. The mountains only closed it on the left here; there was an open country on the right for the next mile; but there was no danger of the Indians cutting me off; I had a horse that could go two miles to their one and not half try. "Once I get into that pass," I thought, "I can stand them off. It may be a case of starve me out, though, but I can hold the pass all right." I had a Spencer carbine and 100 rounds for it, a Colt's powder and ball pistol and about 50 rounds for it, and would not be fool enough to fire a shot before they had got in close enough to be hit.

The next thing I did was rather foolish, though. I was ashamed of it afterwards. I had often seen our men during the war of the Rebellion, when just about to form a line of battle, take any cards they had about them and throw them away. I never carried them then, but would tell the men that they were foolish; that there was no more danger of their being shot with cards than without them. I had a new deck of cards in my breast pocket, and taking them out I quickly dropped them on the trail.

"I may get shot by those fellows," I thought, "and if I do, I don't want Saint Peter, when I apply at his gate without a pass, to go through my pockets and find a deck of cards." I heard from these cards afterwards, though; but they were the last cards I ever threw away when going into an Indian fight.

I was at the mouth of the pass now, and pulling up my horse I turned and looked back for the first time since starting. The four Indians who had taken after me were still following, but were half a mile away. Taking off my hat I swung it; then turning my horse again, rode on into the pass and up it about 300 yards to where the floor was wider and there was good grass in among the trees.

I ran my horse in here, then jumping off got the lariat off the saddle; one end of it was already about the horse's neck, I threw the other end around a tree, then dragging my carbine out of its boot on the saddle, I sprang the lever and jumped out into the trail; then got behind a tree. No Indian could get in here without me getting a fair shot at him, and they could not climb the mountain and flank me here. They might cross the mountains to the west of this, then come in behind me; but that would involve a march of twenty miles. "They won't do that," I thought; though it was just what I would have done in their place.

I pulled out my watch and looked at the time; it was half past 3 o'clock. "In three hours now," I thought, "it will be too dark in here for them. If they don't call before then I need not expect them before morning." I had an idea then that no Indian would make a night attack. I since found that these Comanches would; but few other tribes would. The Apache was a coward at night; he was one in the daytime though.

I stood behind this tree until it had got to be so dark that I could not see down the trail; then going to my horse I moved him on fresh grass, tying him out properly, for I was not in so much of a hurry now. Then coming back I lay down on one side of the trail where I could sweep it if anyone came up. In about an hour I saw something coming toward me on the trail. It was so dark now that only by lying close to the ground could I see it move; but I knew it was not a man nor a horse. When they had got closer I saw that they were coyotes. There were half a dozen of them and they were moving up the trail carelessly, bound, no doubt, to the creek after water. "There are no Indians where you came from," I thought, "or you would not be so slow about getting through here." I gave a low whistle and the coyotes all stopped and looked toward where I lay. "Git!" I told them, rising to my feet, and they ran off back the way they had come. I lay a while longer, looking up at what stars I could see every once in a while, to see how fast the night was passing; I did not want to strike a light to look at my watch.

At last when I thought that it must be near midnight, I took my hat off, held my watch inside of it and struck a match; it was just 11 o'clock.

I began to study now what I had better do. I should not have stopped in the pass at all had I known as much as I did now; but I had expected the Indians to follow me in. Why they did not, puzzled me; and if I started now part of them might have crossed the mountains to meet me on the far side, while the rest had been left at the mouth of the pass. "I'll stay here now until daylight," I told myself, "then I can see where I am going." And while still thinking this over I dropped off fast asleep and never wakened up until six o'clock the next morning. Then I wakened with a start and jumped up, and running out to my horse found him lying down fast asleep also; but he got up and came to meet me.

Next going out to the trail I looked at it closely. No one had been through here, my trail and those of the coyotes were plain enough, but no other marks.

I put my saddle on; while I was doing it the horse kept rubbing his nose against me; and putting my arm around his neck I said, "They did not get us, did they? And they won't, neither, before they raise a new breed of horses. A pony has no business following you, has he?"

I led the horse out to the trail, and mounting, sat here studying. I was in doubt which way to go now. I wanted to go back down the trail and try to find out if the Indians were still there; why they had not come here still kept me thinking.

"No," I said at last, "I was not sent to hunt Indians, but to carry the mail. I'll get into the post as soon as I can; then let a troop hunt them."

I went through the pass at a trot, and when I had got to the creek beyond it, my friends the coyotes were here before me. "That settles it," I thought, "there are no Indians here, anyhow." Now taking up the gallop I kept it up and got into Chadbourne at 10 o'clock, handed the captain his dispatch and gave the proprietor the mail to take to the adjutant's office.

"Where did you camp last night?" the captain asked. "In the pass, sir. The Indians drove me into it yesterday afternoon." Then I told him all about it.

"Orderly," he said, "go and tell Major Callahan with my compliments that I wish to see him right away."

I could hardly keep my face straight. Callahan was our lieutenant; the troop would have to hunt Indians now; they might not get them, but I would get a cussing when the troop had got back for reporting these Indians.

"Shall I take another horse and go along, sir?" I asked.

"No, you stay here, you have had your share of them. Let the troop have them now."

The troop was out four days, but brought back no Indians. When it had got back I went to the first sergeant, a good fellow he was, too, and asked if they had found my Indians.

"No, of course not, they are out on the Staked Plains now. If you want them, why did you not keep them when you had them? We only found their trail."

"That let's me out, then; if they left the trail they must have been there to make one."

"Oh! they were there all right; you don't get stampeded at a buffalo, the major says; but they did not wait for us. See here," he asked, "would it be possible for you to go 500 yards from the post and not find us Indians?"

timbered portions of the State, they are nowhere very plenty, and so shy that parties frequently travel far in the forest without seeing one. We camped that night by the fair waters of Seven Mile creek, reaching the Poplars early in the afternoon of the next day, where for a few days we resumed our old routine of fishing a few hours in the morning and lounging about camp the remainder of the day. The lagoon leading up to the Poplars has one other feature worthy of mention. As before stated it is formed solely by springs, has no perceptible current and its waters are very cold, but while in winter the great lake freezes all over with the ice over a foot thick, the lagoon never freezes, and it is quite possible to row a boat to the mouth and step out on to the ice of the lake.

Considerable game can be found in the vicinity of the Poplars. Personally, I saw no deer; but their fresh tracks were seen nearly every morning within a short distance of the corrals, and they occasionally came into the pasture. Several were seen by the other campers, and two or three were shot at during our stay, but being in each instance on the jump when fired at, none were killed. A few miles to the north, on Cherry creek, we were told, there is an extensive salt lick, and a hunter reported that he had seen forty-two in that vicinity in one day, all of which, however, were does, with not a buck among them, most of the bucks probably being back on the high peaks drying their horns, which were still in the velvet. Blue and ruffed grouse were plenty and even a few Mongolian pheasants have found their way down there from the north, while duck and goose shooting in season are unsurpassed.

"Varmints" of various kinds were abundant; several black bears frequented a mountain about six miles away, coon and fox tracks were seen every day; and almost every night we were lulled into slumber by the yelping of coyotes. These serenaders, however, were quite expensive to the Griffiths, who, having started with twenty turkeys in the spring, had but three left at the time of our departure, the rest having fallen victims to these sneaking nuisances.

The trip back to Ager was a very leisurely one. We hunted and fished by the wayside the first day, making only eight miles to Rock creek, where I had made my lone camp on the way out. We spent one day at the summit, one of the most attractive points on the route from a scenic and sporting point of view; and the next day went only five miles in order to enjoy another evening with the old pioneer ways. The charms of the hot springs and hotel at Shovel creek made another delay, and the last night was spent at the splendid ranch of Mr. Woolmincamps, eight miles from the railroad.

This thrifty old German, who had lived there for eighteen years, had grown rich feeding the teams and entertaining the freighters between Ager, Klamath Falls and other points east of the railroad. He had the finest house and ranch on the route, and everything about the place was in the most up-to-date condition. A fine stream, called Boger's Creek, well stocked with trout, ran through the place, but for domestic and sanitary purposes he had run an underground two-inch pipe from a spring high up in a hill two miles away, giving him an abundance of the purest water for stock, the sink and sewer, besides power enough to grind his mower blades and ranch tools generally. As with most of the ranches on this road, hay was the great staple, the yield being largely increased by irrigation; but here we found a small vegetable garden and two orchards of apple, prune and plum, some of the trees so heavily laden that almost every large limb was propped. In the cool of the evening Mr. W. took us down into these orchards and we found the flavor of the fruit, especially the apples, far superior to those raised in the Sacramento Valley.

Noticing that many of the apples had large holes eaten into them, I inquired the cause, and Mr. W. said that soon after the fruit was half grown flocks of what were locally known as "apple birds" began to arrive from the south, and ravaged the orchards until the apples were all gathered, when they as suddenly disappeared, and not one would be seen until the next year. My curiosity was instantly aroused. I had never heard of them nor their depredations before, and up to that time had always believed that the apple was a fruit no feathered plunderers ever meddled with. Some years the birds are so numerous that they get most of the crop in spite of the constant warfare kept up by the ranchers. In this orchard I should say that fifty bushels or about one-quarter of the crop had been rendered unmarketable by them this year.

Wishing to investigate this, and learning that most of the damage was done in the morning, I rose early and went to the orchard. Before I got there I saw numbers of the birds flying about the trees and became satisfied that they were a species of woodpeckers entirely new to me. The way they lit upon the side of the posts indicated this, and subsequent examination confirmed it. Leaning against one of the trees was a fine shotgun, showing that the rancher was not submitting to his losses without a protest; and picking it up I started in pursuit. None of the pickers had yet arrived, but the birds were wild from constant harassing, and I had some difficulty in getting within range. One was finally secured, however, and I will briefly describe it. It was the size of a robin, the back and wings perfectly black; from the head down the throat and body to the tail ran a band of a light brick color about an inch wide, and a faint circle of similar feathers was around the eyes. Perhaps the editor of FOREST AND STREAM can give us some information about this bird, which I consider the worst pest in the section where it operates that the fruit raisers upon this coast have to contend with. I learned that it also destroys a great deal of green corn, husking the ears with its strong beak and eating the corn from the cob.

The next day before noon we reached Ager, where we disposed of our pack saddle, kiacks and surplus provisions at cost price to parties who were fitting out for the mountains, and at 4 o'clock P. M. of the same day boarded the train for San Francisco.

FORKED DEER.

"Yes, if there were none there to find, it would. When I do find them the Government pays me \$20 a month to let you know about it. I found those and they came mighty near finding me."

"There is another thing that I want to ask you," he said, "do those Indians of yours play cards?"

"I don't know, I did not stop there long enough to ask them. That may be what they wanted me for. I thought it was my scalp they wanted."

"Well, we found a full deck of cards just where your Indians jumped you, and the major thought maybe you had been trying to teach them poker."

"No, I lost them out of my saddle pocket and did not have time just then to pick them up. If those Indians need any points on poker let them call on the first sergeant of that troop down on the Clear Fork; he can give them a few. He put all the money he had on three sixes in a game we had down there last Monday. I took it down on three queens that I happened to have. He has less money just now, but he knows more about draw poker. Let him give them points."

I kept trying to think why those Indians did not follow me into the pass, and concluded that they must have suspected a trap. There might be a big party in there just waiting for them to charge into a hornets' nest. It is true that the party had not come up the road the way I had; but there was nothing to prevent them from coming down it, then stopping there while they sent me down as a bait; and these Indians were several removes from being fools; they knew that pass as well as I did and knew if they had to get out of it in a hurry most of them would stop there. Years after this I referred this question to an old chief, not telling him my opinion of it, and he told me that this was why they had let me go.

CABIA BLANCO.

Natural History.

A Trio of Gray Foxes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

IN FOREST AND STREAM OF June 6 (Vol. LX., p. 444), there was published an account of some small animals which we dug from a burrow near Beaverbrook Farm, at Milford, Connecticut. These animals were brownish black in color, about the size and shape of new born kittens, blind, and at the time they were discovered were apparently only a few hours old. They were put to nurse with a cat who had just given birth to three kittens, and at the time were doing well. No one who had seen them had any clear idea as to what they were, and readers of FOREST AND STREAM were asked for suggestions on the point.

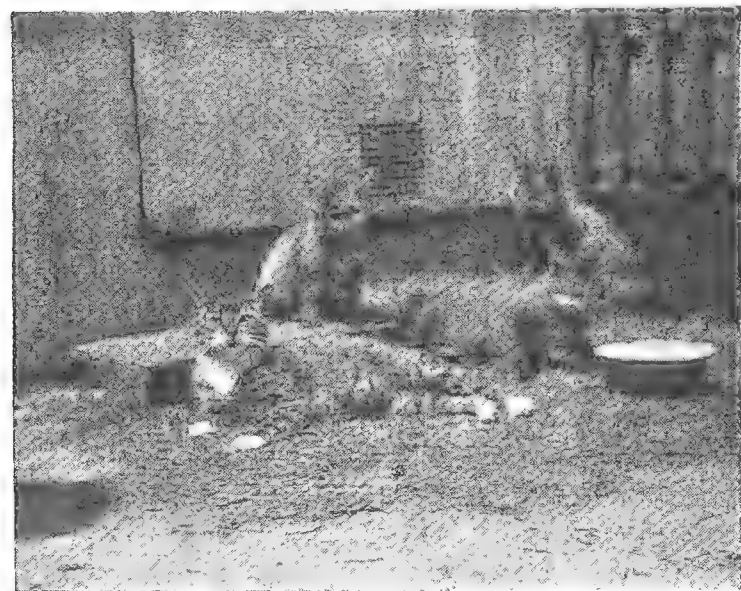
Such suggestions as were received, by letters coming from readers in several States, were not very helpful, being mere guesses; for no one of the correspondents appeared ever to have seen any animal just like these.

Just one week after the animals were secured they began to open their eyes, and on the day following all three had their eyes open. By this time the little touches of brown or fulvous, which from the beginning had been noticed behind the ears, began to spread. Moreover, the hair, which at first had been short, smooth, and polished, began to grow longer and to look more woolly, and this was noticed especially first behind the ears and then on the back of the tail.

Soon after their eyes were open the little rascals began to crawl about and to learn to eat bread and milk with great relish, trying to get into the dish in which the food was, and often standing with all four feet in it while they lapped the fluid.

Soon after they had opened their eyes their teeth began to show, and as soon as these became visible, all idea of their being rodents was dropped, as the teeth showed them to be carnivora; and now the choice of names for them seemed to lie between the raccoon and the gray fox, with the probabilities seemingly to be in favor of the raccoon, because the youngsters showed a great disposition to use their feet in climbing.

As they grew larger they became very much more active, the coat grew longer, and the color began to



AT ABOUT SIX WEEKS.

change from a dull black to a dull gray, but still there was nothing by which their species could certainly be determined. Little by little they became more and more lively. Playing and fighting were almost incessant, and they spent much time scrambling about as fast as their little legs could carry them.

The young animals were a source of enormous pride and joy to their foster mother. She seemed to like nothing better than to sit and watch them by the hour, and at first she feared danger for them and was very uneasy when visitors came to look at them. If she took pleasure in them in this way, however, she paid a price for it; for the little villains often insisted on playing with her,

and biting her ears and tail; and their needle-like teeth must have hurt, for in these games the mother sometimes used to howl with pain.

One day a red squirrel—detected as he emerged from a corn crib—was shot, brought to the stable and thrown in to the puppies. Then there was fun. Each one wanted it, and while two were fighting for it the third carried off the prize, only to be attacked a moment later by the others. The struggle continued for some time, till at length the female beat off the others and for a long time chewed up the game unmolested. Now, too, from time to time, the mother cat brought a mouse to them, and over each one of these was fought a battle similar to the one with the squirrel, and all of these were most interesting to watch.

Their fights were often very fierce, and their anger seemed extreme. On more than one occasion blood was drawn, and the worrying sounds and nasal growlings which they uttered gave an impression of great fury. More than once it was feared that one of the fighters would be seriously hurt, and several times we were on the point of interfering to prevent injury to one or the other.

Not very long after this, the little savages were taken from the stall in the stable where they had been confined since capture, and put in a kind of pen about ten feet square. This pen has a cement floor, and on three sides is inclosed by wire netting six feet high, while the fourth is the side of a woodshed. In the wall of the woodhouse a hole had been cut and a kennel built inside the house, and here the foster mother and her children could retreat when it rained, and here they were shut up at night.

The change of location, which gave them sun and air and more room for exercise, was beneficial to the little beasts. They improved greatly and grew "like weeds." Such lively little chaps were never seen. They would run at the wire and half way up the side, and hang there and look out at the passers by. Sometimes they would scamper round the cage in circles, running as fast as they could. At first they were more or less slow and clumsy, but as they grew older they became more agile, jumping over whatever came in the way, and showing a swiftness and a lightness that seemed extraordinary.

Little by little, hair by hair, the baby coats changed to the adult fur, and this change was closely watched, since



THREE MONTHS OLD.

from it only could be determined what they were—coons or foxes.

The ends of the hairs on the body became white, the brown became more pronounced on the ears and feet, but so slowly did the change come that no one could be sure about their species. Finally, however, a black streak began to show along the top of their tails, and as this thickened and widened, so strengthened the hope and confidence of those who had declared them to be foxes, for who ever saw a 'coon with a black streak running along the top of his tail?

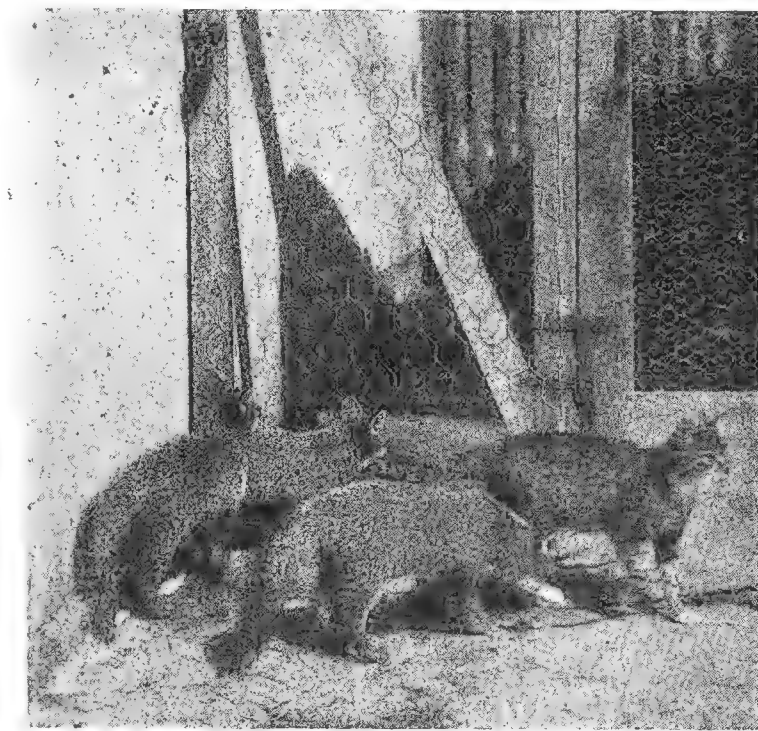
As tame gray foxes (*Urocyon cinereo-argentatus*) they were held as wonders in Connecticut, and many people wrote to ask about them and came to see them, and their health and physical strength impressed all their visitors. We made great friends with the two dogs, but the bitch was timid and cross. One of the dogs was particularly tame; he would run up the arm and crawl about one's shoulders, and even perched on top of a head a few times until the cap slid off the wearer's head and the fox fell to earth rather suddenly.

One night a great event happened to the tamest one. They had now grown quite large and the nights were warm, so that they were not locked up, but were given the freedom of the yard all night. One morning when the man came out to feed them, lo and behold there were only two foxes! Where was the third? A search was begun, but revealed nothing until someone went into the shed against which their pen was built to get some coal, when what should he see but a terribly scared and hungry fox puppy sitting in the coal bin, thinking he was lost to the world. Once back, he was not to have another chance to get out, for a wire top was also put on the pen, and his journeys of exploration came to an inglorious end.

He was not, however, deprived of amusement, for some golf balls were given him to play with, and, what was the greatest fun of all, they were introduced to the kittens.

The kittens now became the greatest friends the foxes had. They were constantly put in the cage, and played with the foxes for hours. The foxes gently chewed the kitten's ears and tail, and when they got too rough the

kitten quickly stopped them by a slap in the face. When a kitten had not been in the pen for a couple of hours and the foxes saw one walking around near the cage, they made a great fuss, whining and yelping and scratching on the wire until someone put the little cat inside, when all three foxes fell upon it and smelt it all over and chewed its ears. They used to roll over the kitten and



AT ABOUT TEN WEEKS.

squeal in a way that was very funny, and the kitten would think itself the most popular thing around.

Sometimes the kittens from without climbed up on the wire which roofed in the pen, and walked about on it. When they did this, the foxes became much excited, and clambering up the wire tried to reach the kittens, smelling at them and striving to bite and play with them.

A large branch of a tree, trimmed down, was put in the cage for the foxes to climb on, and on and about this they certainly had great sport, especially with the kitten. The kitten climbed up on the branch and the fox lay on his back beneath it; then the kitten would hit at the fox with its paw and the fox would bite at the kitten.

One day a young chicken wandering about looking for flies, saw one on the wire of the foxes' cage; the fox seeing the chicken coming advanced to meet it and stuck his nose close to the wire. The chicken pecked at the fly, and missing it hit the fox a sharp blow on the nose, and the fox gave a quick jump, quite taken aback at such forward and rude manners.

One day the man who feeds them, knowing the tastes of foxes, carried a live mouse by the tail into the cage, and after letting them smell it, released it. He afterward said that no cat could have killed it quicker than they did.

When some one whom they knew approached the pen, the two dogs usually ran to the wire wagging the tail and putting back the ears. When the kittens were put in the pen, the foxes commonly whined with pleasure or excitement.

They were always ready to play with the end of a rope or with a handkerchief, much as a kitten plays with a string; watching the end of the rope as it was drawn away from them, and then with two or three quick leaps overtaking and pouncing on it, pulling back and shaking the string, trying to drag it away, and if succeeding, retreating with it to the house, where it was played with for some time.

When admitted to an adjoining pen, which was not roofed over by wire netting, and in which the fine meshed wire did not reach to the top of the pen, they often ran up the netting and when they reached the top of the fine netting, clung there, thrusting their heads through the wider openings and looking about.

If a quick motion was made by anyone standing near the pen the foxes would often drop flat to the ground as if for concealment. This motion was extremely rapid.

The foxes like sweet chocolate and sweet things generally, and even the little bitch would come close to one when chocolate was offered to the dogs.

The door that leads from the cage into their house or kennel is hinged at the top, and therefore it swings outward and upward and can be fastened at any angle. One day this was fastened up at right angles to the wall, and the first thing the foxes did was to climb up on to it. Now whenever we go to see the foxes a mass of gray fur is usually visible quietly sleeping in the last place in the world that a wild fox would choose for his slumbers.

They are still as active and well as ever, and as playful and as tame. If one goes to the cage and puts the finger through the meshes, a fox will come up, smell the finger, and then, taking it in his mouth, will bite on it very gently. Sometimes still, they run three or four feet up the wire netting and hang there, and in this position seem to like to have the belly scratched.

F. L. G. AND R. PAGE.

Man and the Brute.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your old-time correspondent, Hermit, in a recent issue of your treasured paper, arraigns me before the tribunal of your readers as a seeming offender against reason and common sense, and I therefore plead for a hearing in my defense. He characterizes as "impossible science" my assertion that "the boxer has no time to think, and, like the animal, depends upon the operation of habit," and further adds that it seems to him impossible to put more error in the same number of words. I apprehend that, in this instance, his impulse has outrun his judgment and hastened him into sweeping generalizations that he cannot sustain. Regretting, however, my compulsion to elaborate what appears to me and, not unlikely, to most of your intelligent readers, to be a self-evident proposition, I have to state that, in order to acquire the art of boxing, or any feat of dexterity, every movement must, in the beginning, be studied or thought out, and the appropriate action repeated again and again, until, with constant practice, it becomes automatic, almost a reflection, into which thought or reason does not enter. An animal may be taught a simple trick, but with far greater difficulty than a human being, for the latter may revolve in his mind the various steps of his performance and thereby expedite its accomplishment. Constant repetition educates the animal's nerve-centres into a prompt obedience to the proper stimulus, but I hold that thought is not associated with any stage of its performance. Walking with man is an acquired feat; but, with its full accomplishment, he does not think, now I must advance my right foot, and now my left foot; on the contrary, the locomotive and various coordinating muscles that propel and balance the body perform their functions automatically, and so also, in my view, does the expert boxer, fencer, rope-dancer, or other proficient performer of a feat of dexterity. A man with full consciousness of his danger may walk along the edge of a precipice, and the sudden blowing off of his hat, or other stimulus, may impel him to perform some irrational action resulting in the loss of his balance and his life, and many a mountaineering fatality has, in some such manner, been caused. There are ample reasons for believing that when nerve-centers are fully educated to execute certain movements they may act in entire independence of the brain, and inasmuch as this assumption may impress Hermit as "impossible science," I will adduce an illustration or two in its support:

In the Paris Journal of Anatomy and Physiology for 1869 may be found a report of an experiment performed on the headless body of a criminal shortly after execution. The skin around the nipple being scratched the arms and hands of the still warm corpse described certain movements narrated in detail, which were assumed by some to be of a defensive character, but by others to be of the same nature as those performed by a decapitated frog, which latter, upon the application of acid to a portion of its skin, will scratch the affected part with its hind leg. The frog experiment has been repeatedly performed, so that there can be no doubt on the subject, and our intimate relationship to animals, our similarity of bodily structure, is suggestive of a like localized intelligence in various portions of our nervous systems, ordinarily under control of the brain, but exceptionally otherwise.

Hermit intimates that I am "playing double;" that I am on both sides of the question, and quotes fragmentary statements that need explanation. I took it for granted that he, in common with all intelligent readers of this paper, is aware that there is no dividing line between instinct and reason, and that what some would maintain is the former, others would insist is the latter. In my article I denied that, as a rule, animals possessed reasoning power, "that they deliberate in the true sense of the term," or that they studied causes and effects, as Mr. Hallock contended. I fully concede that animals have glimmerings of reason, but cannot subscribe to Mr. Hallock's assumption that they are rational beings. The radicle or root tip of a plant manifests a certain amount of intelligence; it will, in its advance, avoid obstacles, seek out hidden streams of water, etc., and, while crediting animals with a much higher endowment, I hold that it is not comparable with our own. I believe that the mental operations of even the most intelligent animals are confined to the simplest deductive processes. For instance, take the well-known story of the crows that, observing five gunners secrete themselves, kept out of range until four had successively quitted their covert, when, in their miscalculation they swooped down to become the victims of the fifth. In this case I hold that the crows did not count in the proper sense of the term, for I cannot credit them with the invention of the requisite numerals. I do believe, however, that in the corvine brain there was formed a visual picture akin to the Roman numerals, one to four, upon a watch-face. The ancients resorted to an arbitrary sign, V; when they reached the limit of convenience in the repetition of units; the crows, however, found themselves utterly balked in their endeavor to form a mental picture of five separate integers. Let some reader try for himself and he will find that he cannot materially exceed the crow's effort. Without numerals or signs man would be unable to perform any but the most simple of minor calculations, and just as numerals

are essential factors of mental computation, so also are words of thought.

My contention that without words complex mental processes are impossible, Hermit maintains cannot stand the light of scientific investigation. Of all the differences that distinguish man from the brute, verbal language is the most marked, and while the sounds made by animals form a language, they are incapable of expressing shades of meaning, abstract ideas, or of giving free access to the realms of thought, which word Webster defines as a "capacity for the very highest intellectual functions, especially those comprehended under judgment." This obviously implies a study of causes and effects, as Mr. Hallock asserts, an operation that without words, I claim, is impossible, for they are the weights in our scales of judgment, the stepping stones over which we bound in our imaginative flights. A dog may think of a buried bone, and forthwith proceed to exhume the treasured morsel; he does not picture to himself the gastronomic delights that are in store for him, nor does he defer the gratification of his palate for the sake of indulging in such gustatory visions, as might an epicurean biped. For such ideation words are indispensable. We seldom think of an object without an association of the word that expresses it, and the great majority of persons carry on their mental processes by the use of words. They may not garb these processes in full dress, as in speech, but the verbal framework is formed ready to launch the unspoken thought. Some there, doubtless, are who largely depend upon mental pictures in their thought formations, to which latter method animals must seemingly be restricted. Nevertheless, even those persons who believe themselves dependent upon mental images may be mistaken, for the mind has signs, not only for single thoughts, but for entire chains of thought that may be as representative of words as the stenographic characters that could embody their utterance.

Hermit falls afoul of my belief that animals do not project themselves into the future, that they have no thought of the morrow, nor contemplate future joys or past sorrows, and intimates that I will be called to account by dog lovers. The inner life of animals is to me a sealed book. I do not pretend to have had a glimpse of a single page. I have an open mind upon the subject, and if my inferences are at fault, I shall be glad to be made aware of it. A conception of futurity involves the employment of a word or sign for that state of being, another for its opposite, the past, still others for the various actions associated in the thinker's mind with those conditions. I do not believe that a dog employs verbs or signs implying future action, much less terms necessary to form the various links in the connecting train of thought. Visual pictures doubtless present themselves in abundance, but they are of the past, and are not, for the reasons stated, predicated of the future.

Hermit wonders how I dispose of those born deaf and dumb, observing that my theory would deprive them of the power to think. I must remind him that such unfortunates are the descendants of thousands of language-speaking ancestors who have bequeathed them a speech-center, a special department of the brain dealing with words and vocal sounds. The deaf and dumb therefore possess an aptitude for the formation of sounds or signs expressive of meaning, whereby reasoning processes may be facilitated. All who have raised children are aware of the readiness with which they coin words, the eager persistence with which they repeat them and strive to enlarge their vocabulary. Relative to this faculty I have to refer to the numerous instances of children making a language of their own in which they conversed to the bewilderment of their elders.

Hermit catechizes me concerning my allusion to real or affected anger in animals, and says that he cannot understand what I am driving at. Let me further remind him that animals, like children, will often simulate anger, kittens will erect their backs and flatten their ears; horses when curried will playfully retract their auditory prominences, etc. I do, however, most emphatically dissent from Hermit as to his theory that cats may colloquially express a negation and an affirmation by opposite positions of their ears. I have endeavored to meet all his criticisms and objections, but probably not to his satisfaction, nor to that of dissenting readers. The subject is heavy, but, unlike my interlocutor, I cannot be charged with weighting it down with a "medulla oblongator (?)," "efferent impulses emanating from brain cortexes," etc., all of which, as science, he complacently pronounces "the pure article."

A. H. GOURAUD.

BROOKLYN.

Game Bag and Gun.

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Life in the Rockies.—II.

(Continued from page 197)

THE early autumn found the deer deserting the meadows and open grounds, as is their custom, and going into thickets of jack-pines, and in the woods, making them hard to find. Luke, Bob and Bert loaded up their camp outfit and went off into the mountains to trap some for bear and get some meat, and left me to take care of the ranch, with very little important work to do. I had discovered a raspberry patch about four miles distant, and as berries and fruits were very rare about there, I thought to gather some berries. For four days I made a trip each day on horseback, riding within 100 rods of the patch, then picketing my horse, would fill my bucket with berries. I had left enough to fill my bucket again, and went back for my last bucket full the next day, and found that a bear had

been there ahead of me, and left nothing for me but a desire to put a hole through his hide. I was trying all this time at intervals to get meat, as we were entirely out, but nothing afforded me a good chance. They finally came home with plenty of venison, three bear and a wolverine, which they caught. They caught an old female black bear in their trap, and there were two cubs with her: one a beautiful dark brown and the other a light cinnamon; showing conclusively that the different species of bear, in their wild state, will inter-breed. There were said to be five distinct species of bear in that locality: the black, brown, cinnamon, grizzly and silvertip, the silvertip being the largest. The grizzlies were termed by the old hunters there "Rocky Mountain grizzly," and were not the immense size which are reported of the California grizzly. The silvertip grew to a great size. There were many wild stories of the weight of bears killed about there, but saying what a bear will weigh simply by guessing at it is very unsatisfactory. I helped my near neighbor, Cooke Rhea, to weigh a silvertip the same day he killed it, which was killed rather early in the season, before it had taken on nearly all the fat that it would have had later, and the meat and hide weighed 783 pounds, and it certainly was a monster.

One of the things that was novel to me was the method of keeping fresh meat in the summer time.

A pole about seventy-five feet high was planted in the ground, at the top of which was attached a pulley; a rope ran through this so that both ends would come to the ground. A deer, after being skinned, would be tied to one end of this rope and pulled to the top of the pole, where, on account of the very high altitude, it was entirely out of reach of the flies. When it would start up it would be covered with flies, but gradually they would drop off as they ascended, and before it reached the top the last one would be off. The air was so pure that meat would keep that way, hanging in the sun in warm summer weather for ten days without spoiling. While the sun would shine it would get quite hot during the day, but frost appeared every month in the year, and the nights were always cool enough for fire.

During the summer I made a filing on a piece of land about three miles from Wheeler's, in a neck of the park where no one could get in between me and the mountains. It was bounded on three sides by the timbered mountains, and was an ideal location from a hunter's standpoint. That was a favorite section for sportsmen from the Eastern cities and from abroad, to come for big-game hunting, and Luke secured a party of Englishmen for a hunt early in the fall, and went after them to the nearest railroad point, Laramie, Wyo. I was cutting fencing poles while he was gone, always taking my gun with me when I went out. The evening that he was due to be home with his party, I left my work about four o'clock and took a jaunt through the woods, thinking to see a deer. I was going along a steep mountain side when I saw a spike-buck coming down the hill directly toward me on the run. The deer flies were very bad just then, and he was going for the creek bottom where he could get in the willows away from the flies. He was shaking his head vigorously to fight off the flies, and was heedless of other and more serious trouble which was awaiting him. I whistled at him when he was about seventy-five yards away, thinking to stop him, but he paid no attention, but kept right on. I whistled again and again, each time louder, and still he came on. I did not want to take chances on a running shot, with my inexperience, and in my desperation I yelled at him when he was not more than thirty feet away, and still coming straight toward me. He bunched his front feet in the ground like a bucking bronco, wheeled about, and went a few jumps back up the hill and stopped directly behind a little pine bush. I shot as nearly as I could tell where his shoulders were, and he went tearing off through the woods out of sight. Having no experience I could not tell whether he was hit or not, but as soon as I went and saw where he had run I saw plenty of blood, and after following it a short distance, I saw him standing, looking back. I was quite close and thought to save all the meat I could, and shot at his head. Away he went down over the hill and out of sight, but I soon found him lying in the grass at the foot of the hill, dead. My second shot went through the butt of his ear. It was a yearling buck, and represented my first black-tail deer. He was about two miles from the ranch, and in a place where I had never been, but I took a good look around and thought I could find it again. When I got to the ranch Luke was home with his outfit, and was preparing to start for the mountains the next morning. As he wanted me to go along to bring some of the horses back, I knew my deer would have to come in that night, else the flies would have it spoiled before I could get after it. About two hours after dark I started out in the moonlight with an old pack-horse after my venison, and succeeded in bringing it in with very little difficulty, considering everything. I now felt initiated: felt that I had "ridden the goat," and was ready for any emergency.

Luke's next hunting party consisted of Dr. Job and George Scott, both of Brooklyn, N. Y.; the former was an expert rifle shot and experienced hunter, who some years later met a sad death by the accidental discharge of his own gun. It was late in the season when they came; the ground was covered with snow, and it was very cold.

My employment with Luke was ended, but as a convenience both to him and myself I engaged to stay on his ranch and do the few chores necessary while he was gone on his last trip, and employed myself building a cabin on my ranch, in which I might learn the art of baching and comply with the law in living on my ranch. I bought a horse and saddle and rode to my place in the morning, worked all day at my cabin, and went back to Luke's at night. My horse was young and only partially broken; I secured it while I was at work by tying the end of the picket rope to a heavy clog, which I could drag about from place to place that the horse might be within reach of feed. One day at noon I took my lunch box in my hand and while down to the creek to eat my lunch, took hold of the picket rope and gave it a wrap around my hand to drag the clog to better feeding ground for the horse. It was scared at the moving clog, and quick as a flash, and before I could get my hand out of the rope, the

rope was tight, and I was being dragged at a wild pace through the sagebrush, when the end of the clog ran under the roots of a big bunch of sagebrush and turned the horse a complete somersault, landing it on its back. Of course this gave me a bad hand, but no bones were broken, and in a few days I was at work again.

One very cold, frosty morning I concluded to go on foot, as I had my ax and some other things to carry, and it was too cold for comfortable riding. I took my gun along and when I was half way to my place I saw where a deer had crossed the road the night before and had gone up into the hills on the north side of the park, which were covered with a growth of small quaking aspen and pines. As I was then well along with the building of my cabin, and expected soon to move in, and had no meat yet, I thought it policy to hide my ax and other tools and give chase. This was in December, and the big game was usually all gone from those parts by that time of year to their winter quarters. As soon as I got up into the hills I found it impossible to trail the deer I had started after, for the snow was tramped by deer until it looked like a sheep corral. The sun was getting things warmed up, and the day getting quite comfortable, so I just loafed around in the sunny nooks watching for deer until in the afternoon, when I saw a bunch of about seven, as nearly as I could count, come up out of a ravine, headed by two bucks with the largest horns that I ever saw on deer. They were too far away for a shot, and I watched them until they stopped and went to feeding, then I started to crawl up for a shot. It was a difficult task, as the space between us was quite open and nearly bare of any growth. I had got along well and was over the most exposed portion of the way and within about three hundred yards of them, when I looked off to my left, and there, less than a hundred yards away, was a medium sized buck going to join the bunch, and just passing the nearest point to me. I rose up on my knees and he stopped. Just as I pulled the trigger he started, and I made a clean miss. I took three running shots at him, but failed to stop or even check him. On following the trail a short distance, I failed to find any sign of his being hit. I went right through where the bunch had been, and of course there had been a general stampede. I never saw a bunch of deer so thoroughly scattered: each one took its own course, and there remained a very discouraging outlook from every standpoint except from that of the deer. I wandered along in the general direction they had taken for some distance, when I singled out a track and resolved to follow it the remainder of the day. I had only followed it a few minutes through a dense thicket of jack-pines, when I caught a glimpse of the game only a few steps ahead of me. I fired when I saw it, and then raced after it and got a glimpse of it every few steps for quite a distance, and saw it was not gaining, but, rather, that I was coming closer to it. It seemed to be staggering and made no headway; then I was convinced it was the one I had been shooting at before. After a lively chase through the thicket I got a fair shot and killed it, and besides getting a good piece of meat secured a fine set of antlers, the first of my present collection. I could not find a mark about it except the shot which killed it, and not until two or three months later, when I skinned it, did I learn where the other shot had hit it which had affected it so queerly: it was shot through the neck, close to the jaw, and while this did not appear to disable it bodily, it seemed to paralyze it, and affected it in a way entirely different from anything I have ever seen since. The deer was nearly 300 yards away and running when it received the shot in the neck, and it was by mere chance that I happened to strike the trail of this one among all the others, so that it was only by combined good luck, rather than good hunting, that I secured it, but I went home in the evening proud of my day's work, for I felt that I had meat to begin house-keeping with.

In My Own Cabin.

On New Year's day I moved into my cabin, and realized that, for the first time, I was in my own house and on my own land, and felt like a king. The accommodations of my new home were conspicuous by their absence; it was all in one room with an open fireplace for heating and cooking. The method of closing the cracks between the logs was first to chink them with pieces of wood to make them small enough to be closed up with mud. I did not even have my cabin chinked when I moved in, but could stick my arm out almost any place. The temperature was ranging from zero downward every night. I would make my bed down in front of the fireplace, throw some big logs on the fire, and sleep till wakened by the cold, then get up and pile on more wood. The floor was that made by nature before the house was built, and was covered with the chips and pieces of timbers left from the building operations; there were neither chairs, table, nor bedstead. I was roughing it, sure enough, but was enjoying the freedom of such living, and soon had the cracks stopped with mud, and bunk and stools made, etc.

Snowshoes were the easiest means of locomotion in that section, as the snow became very deep. I went to the woods, cut a straight-grained pine, and split out pieces of which I made a pair of Norwegian snowshoes, or skis. They were ten feet long, four inches wide, and one inch thick at the middle, tapering to one-half inch at either end, the front end being pointed; then steamed and bent so that it turned up like a sled runner; lastly the bottoms were burned over a slow fire, and tallow rubbed on and burnt in until they were a rich brown color, which made them slide easy. Many a good long slide I had on them during the winter, when I did not have much else to do.

I made one trip to Walden, Colo., thirty-five miles distant, which was the nearest store. The nearest post-office when I first went there was twenty-eight miles away, but soon we had one established within three miles of my place. One stormy winter evening I started to the post-office on my snowshoes; the storm was something awful, but as it was on my back I went all right for a while. When I got out on the higher ground and began to go a little down grade, all I needed was to steer my snowshoes and the wind sent me along at a good rate. For a while I thought it was fun, but soon I realized that I was going altogether too fast for fun. I was carrying no

pole, as snowshoers generally do, and I couldn't stop, and before I realized the situation I was going at a fearful rate, which would have made it dangerous to fall or try to jump off. There was no way for me to stop; I couldn't see three rods ahead, on account of the flying snow, so went to yelling at the top of my voice to warn any living thing that might be in my way. After going about a mile at that rate, I got down in lower ground where the wind did not strike so hard and slacked up enough to get control of my slippery steels, and was soon safely at the post-office. The night was one of the worst I ever saw. The mail got in late at night, and I tarried with Bert Reed, who lived near the post-office all night, rather than face the storm.

By the first of April my supply of meat was exhausted, as was that of some of my neighbors. Harry Baugh, a brother bachelor and neighbor, and myself plotted a campaign whereby we might get some meat. We loaded a wagon with bed and a few days' provisions, and, after pulling through many old snow drifts, got out on the "Hunter Flats" and into the foothills along the Platte River, where both deer and antelope ranged all winter. As we were pulling into the proposed camping ground we saw a deer rounding a point in front of us and disappearing in the foothills. It was nearly night, but I took my gun and went after it, while Harry made camp. I found plenty of deer sign, and saw several during the little time I was out, but failed to get any. The ground was bare and dry, as the snow had been gone from there for some time. We made our bed under the wagon, tied the horses to the wheels and rolled in. In the morning, a little before daybreak, I looked out and found everything covered with snow. Even my shoes had been laid a little too far out and were full of snow. We had a hasty breakfast and were out in the hills early to take advantage of the snow. When we had gone only a short distance, we found a fresh trail of a half dozen deer which we followed till the tracks led down a steep hill into the woods. I thought from the way things looked that they would be found down in the woods nearby.

I told Harry to wait there a few minutes while I would go a half mile to a wooded knoll which looked like a likely place for them to pass if he scared them out. After waiting till he had time to drive them out, I left my place of watching and hunted till noon without seeing anything. We met at camp at noon, moved our bed and camp outfit into a deserted cabin, had dinner, and then started out on the open rolling country for antelope. We soon saw a bunch of perhaps twenty, but they were in a hard place to come up to; we maneuvered nearly all afternoon, and finally had them in position. I sent Harry to a point past which I felt confident I could drive them. There was a steep bluff along a dry stream bed along which he could travel and be out of their sight. I waited awhile, then started to crawl as near to them as I could before opening fire. Before I got nearly to where I wanted, I heard him shoot, and raising up I saw them crossing at the place he had started for. They had taken alarm and spoiled our plans. They only went a short distance till one went off to one side and laid down, showing that his shooting was not all wild. We felt quite certain of getting it, and went after it; before we got very close it was up and off, and though we made the gravel fly on all sides of it, we did not hit it. Had we waited patiently for an hour or two we could easily have gotten it, but we kept right after it until the sun was nearly down, when I started for camp to care for the horses, while he kept on as long as he could see, but failed to get it.

The next morning we went into the hills after deer; we were separated, and I was passing the place where I had been watching the morning before, when I saw in the wet ground very fresh tracks of deer in a sort of path which led down to the river which was near by. They had been going both ways, and I followed carefully until I saw plainly that they had come up from the river last. When I got the right end of the trail I started after them carefully, and only went a few steps until I saw one down in the woods with its head directly away from me. I knew I was not seen, and the wind was in my favor, so I took my time, to make sure of getting a good shot. I got behind a big tree and crawled down several yards nearer; when I got to the tree I looked around it and saw the one I had first seen standing as it had been, and another standing broadside near by it. I was within easy range, and gave the first deer the first shot, which killed it dead in its tracks. Of course the other one naturally stood still, and I just as naturally sent the next shot after it, which sent it tearing through the woods out of sight. I saw no more just then and went down to the one I had killed. Just when I got to it I saw another one away up on the hillside making off by great bounds; I fired a couple of times at it, but it only served to hurry it along. I took the trail of the second one I had shot at and found it dead only a few rods away. Harry had heard me shoot, and, after several calls and answers, he came to me and when I said I had two deer to my credit he did not look a bit more dejected that he did the evening before when I left him on the antelope trail. That was all the game we got on our trip, and we were well satisfied, as neither of us were experienced in hunting.

Amos Pennoyer was camped near the Hunter ranch, a large stock ranch in Wyoming, ten miles from my place, and was getting out fencing and building timber from the mountains for use on the ranch. He expected soon to move up into the mountains about four miles from the ranch, where he had already built a cabin, and wanted to hire some one who could cook, hunt, chop in the woods or drive team. I was recommended to him by one of my neighbors as possessing all the required qualifications, and was employed. The camp was still in the big meadow near the ranch when I began work. There was no meat in camp, and I took my gun along the first day we went to the mountains for a load of timber. When coming down the mountain in the evening with a load, I saw a deer cross the road ahead of us.

I told them to drive on and I would tarry a while on the deer trail and come in later. I soon found it was no use following it, and went on down the timber road till it emerged into the open foothills, when I saw a bunch of antelope directly on my way to camp. It was rolling, hilly ground. I went out of sight of them to get nearer,

and when I came up on the next rise of ground I saw nothing but a lone buck, and he was going straight away from me and toward the meadow where the camp was. He was nearly a half mile ahead, and I would go on a smart run while on low ground and out of his sight, then when I would come up over a rise and he was in sight I would wait until he was gone over the next ridge, then make another run. Thus I worked until he went over the last bluff which overlooked the meadow, where I thought he would surely stop. When nearing the rise where he had last disappeared, I crawled through the sagebrush with great care, and when just about the top I raised my head to investigate, and there he stood, broadside, not over forty yards away, and, fortunately for me, with his head turned around so that I did not come within his vision. Mr. Pennoyer and some others were at work in the meadow, and he was watching them. I rose up in position to shoot when he turned his head and of course saw me, but it was too late; the gun cracked, and he reeled, fell partly down, got up and ran a few rods and fell dead. Mr. P. heard the shot and saw the antelope run and fall, and needed no further notice. He gave orders to his son, which I could plainly hear, to hitch the oxen to the wagon and go up where I was. I dressed my antelope, which was a fine buck with perfect horns, and waited until the wagon arrived, congratulating myself all the while that I had started out so well with my hunting, for I hoped to retain that part of my employment anyhow. Even in that land of pure air, pure water and all that was conducive to good health, the human body was not exempt from the ills that sometimes break in upon us to spoil the fun. For two days and nights I suffered all the tortures which an aching tooth can inflict. Then I realized, as I have many times since, that all the good things and all the conveniences cannot be centered in one place. While I was enjoying to the fullest extent the wilderness and grandeur of the surroundings and the abundance of game, I would need ride fifty miles to have a tooth extracted or secure the services of a doctor. Some years later, in mid-winter, while living on my ranch, I had a siege of the same kind; for two days and nights I suffered without closing my eyes in sleep, knowing what a trip to a doctor meant at that time of year. There was no doctor nearer than twenty-eight miles. I stood it as long as possible, then mounted my horse, and for two long days I rode through the deep snow with the thermometer away below zero. The second day on the road the tooth stopped aching, but I kept on, and when at last I got to the doctor's I had two pulled to be sure of getting the right one.

A Game Co-ntry.

The time soon came, and was hailed with delight, when we moved into our cabin up in the mountains, where we had plenty of firewood, ice-cold mountain water at the door, and abundance of game all around us, besides being right at our work. It was my business to do the cooking, which necessitated my getting up about four o'clock in the morning. How enjoyable life was: living in the woods, chopping in the pine timber, going to bed at dark and getting up at early dawn full of vigor, and working in peace, without the din, turmoil and vexations of thickly populated surroundings.

One evening, after supper, at the suggestion of my employer, I took my rifle and went out to look around for the most likely places to find game, as we were about out of meat. He said he would prefer elk meat, if it was all the same to me. When I got about a mile from the camp I found a swampy piece of ground where weeds and grass were grown rank.

I could see by fresh sign that it was a favorite feeding ground for elk, but it commenced raining, and rained all evening, so that I took a straight cut for home without hunting any more. I was wearing a pair of moccasins made of raw elk hide, and when I got to camp they were something like two old dish-rags. My orders were to go out the next morning and hunt till I got meat. The next morning was bright and clear, and I started straight to the place where I had seen the fresh elk sign, for I had never had a shot at an elk up to that time, and was especially desirous of trying my luck. I was making my way through a thicket of jack-pines, near to the place I was going, when I saw, lying on top of a little rocky ledge, a lynx. Of course my first impulse was to try and kill it. I crawled through the pines until within about forty yards of it, when I felt sure I could kill it. I laid my gun across a log to get a deadly aim, and was pressing the trigger, when I thought thus: "My employer has sent me to get meat, and here I am wasting my time and jeopardizing my chances for meat at the favorite place to which I was going by shooting something that will not be worth anything to me or anyone else." I just lowered my gun and crawled back out of sight and left the lynx there, the first, last, and only chance I ever had to shoot a lynx when I had a gun. They are very shy, and seldom seen, but some years later, while Bert Reed and I were in the woods with an ax, prospecting for a good pole patch where we might find good fencing timber, we saw a large lynx standing on a log about fifty yards away, looking at us without any apparent fear. We started slowly toward it, expecting every minute for it to break into the thick cover of a jack-pine thicket nearby, but to our surprise, when we were within thirty yards of it, it started walking leisurely around us and came within twenty yards of us. I picked up a large stone and proposed making a sudden dash at it, thinking to get a few steps closer and then throw the stone, with a bare possibility of killing it, but I hadn't figured that while I was making a dash of a few steps, it was capable of making a dash of a much greater distance in the same time, so that, although I made an ineffectual throw, I might have done so before startling it. Only another case of the "hind sight better than the fore sight!" So it is that sometimes an ordinarily shy and wild animal will act stupidly and so entirely different from that which is expected of it, that there is no wonder authorities differ in dealing with the habits of wild animal life.

In a few minutes I was at the place I had started for, and while walking silently and cautiously along saw, about 100 yards away, two bull elk start slowly trotting off, alarmed at my approach; they soon stopped and one turned broadside. I shot at it, then they went a little

Maryland Ducking.

(In reply to a request from the Baltimore News, ex-Mayor Latrobe, who, like many of his fellow citizens, is fond of the Maryland sport of duck shooting, has written the following article on that subject, and also told what he knows about the origin of the Chesapeake Bay dog.)

Maryland is the home of the Chesapeake Bay dog. This animal is the product of the sport of duck shooting.

The canvasback and the redhead, with the diamond-back terrapin, the fish, the oyster and the crab of the Chesapeake have given to our bay the reputation it everywhere enjoys of producing more epicurean delicacies than any one other sheet of water in the world.

In the language of a former Mayor of Baltimore, whose well-known birthplace was Liberty Hall, in Kent county, "Maryland is the gastronomic center of the universe." But the attractions of these waters are not confined to the epicure; they also offer unequalled sport to the lover of the dog, the rod and the gun.

Before the days of gill nets, purse nets, sneak boats, New York prices of \$80 to \$100 a dozen for diamond-back terrapins, naphtha launches and other diabolical contrivances and inducements for the destruction of game and fish, the Chesapeake Bay was a sportsman's paradise. Duck shooting twenty years ago was, in the writer's opinion, the king of sport; and even now some of the clubs on our bay and its tributaries, the Gunpowder and Back rivers, will afford in fall and spring some fair days' shooting. How familiar to old Maryland duckers are the names of Back River, Middle River, Carroll's Island, Miller's Island, Grace's Quarter, Bowly's, Biddison's, Liego's Point, St. Domingo, Cockle's Point, Townsend's, etc.! At nearly all of them, like Ichabod, their glory has now departed. The club houses are there, and the wild celery still grows in the waters; but the ducks have found other feeding grounds.

The Old Club Houses.

In the old club houses will be found the record books, showing the names of the members, the big days of sport, the remarkable shots, incidents of jolly times, names, pedigrees and performances of the dogs, names of servants, etc. But the advance of civilization, shell roads, fishing clubs, trolley lines, bicycles, automobiles and other ingenuities and iniquities (in a sportsman's opinion) have had and are having the same effect on the duck shooting of the upper Chesapeake and its tributaries that similar agents of civilization, together with the improved methods of destruction, have had on the buffalo and game of the West.

At a few of the clubs where, as I have said, there is still some sport, the purity of the breed of the once famous Chesapeake Bay dog is still maintained, and pedigrees of their ancestry are kept with the same care as are those of Alderney cattle and thoroughbred horses. Around the story of the origin of these dogs are many traditions, some of them actually believed, especially by the old colored people of what is called the "neck (or shore) country" around Baltimore. One is that this breed of dogs is the result of a cross between the otter and the Newfoundland. Hence many strains are designated as belonging to the "otter" breed. The true story, however, as far as the writer knows, is as follows:

Origin of the Bay Dog.

Many years ago a vessel from Newfoundland ran aground near an estate called Walnut Grove, on the shores of the Chesapeake. This estate belonged to Mr. George Law, a member of a well-known Maryland family. On board the ship were two Newfoundland dogs, which were given by the captain to Mr. Law in return for kindness and hospitality shown to himself and his crew. The beginning of the Chesapeake dog was a cross between these Newfoundlands and the common yellow-and-tan colored hound, or "coon dog," of that part of the country.

The marked characteristics of the Chesapeake Bay dog give every evidence of the truth of this story. The strong power of scent, its hardihood, its shorter hair, its medium size and its remarkable endurance come from the hound, while its love of water, its powers of swimming, its extraordinary ability to endure cold, its furry coat, wonderful intelligence and general good temper are all due to the Newfoundland. There has doubtless been added, from time to time, some water-spaniel cross, which has helped its remarkable retrieving qualities. The yellow-and-tan of the hound, combined with the black of the Newfoundland and the introduction of the spaniel, produced the liver color of the true Chesapeake Bay dog. In course of time the Chesapeake Bay has, in Maryland, become a distinctive breed.

Carroll's Island Stock.

At the Carroll Island Club, of which the writer has been a member for over thirty years, and the records of which go back for over a century, this strain of dogs have been carefully bred, and for many years the pedigrees have been kept. The same care in breeding the Chesapeake Bay has been followed at some of the other clubs.

From Carroll's Island the stock has been sent to the Currituck Sound clubs, and also to the Pacific Coast. On the island are still preserved many of the old names of celebrated dogs. We have now a Tinnie, Turk, Dan, Jack, Gill, Mollie, Lady, Tim, Drake, Belle, etc., the wonderful retrieving powers of whose ancestors are fully set forth in the records of the "big bags" of days gone by.

Methods of Duck Shooting.

At the Maryland ducking clubs there are three different kinds of shooting, viz., point shooting, bar shooting, and shooting over decoys. In point shooting the sportsman is stationed in a blind—that is, a wooden box—erected on the end of a point, around which the ducks fly near enough to be within shot. Often a few wooden decoy ducks are anchored near the point, with the effect of drawing the ducks in closer to the gun of the sportsman. In bar shooting no decoys are used, the blinds being erected on the bar, over which the ducks fly early in the morning, or before dark in the evening, in moving from one feeding ground to another. Decoy shooting is from

a blind or box located on the shore or at the end of a causeway about 50 or 80 yards off shore, in front of which are anchored about a hundred decoy ducks. At Carroll's Island we have bar, point and decoy shooting. For bar shooting, which is altogether overhead, large guns are used—either a heavy No. 8 double gun, or, what is more effective, a No. 4 single gun. The charge is No. 1 or No. 2 shot. In the single gun the writer uses 12 drams of black powder and 2½ to 3 ounces of shot. In point shooting a No. 8 double or No. 4 single gun is used; and, over decoys, a No. 8 double, with a charge of No. 4 shot. At the Currituck Sound clubs, where the birds come nearer and where the sportsman sits in a temporary blind erected on the edge of a marsh, a lighter (No. 10) gun and smaller shot are used. At the Chesapeake clubs a light southerly or easterly wind, with a fair tide, is desirable. In a stiff northwester, producing, as it does, a very low tide, the duck shooter might as well remain in the house.

The dogs are trained to lie down near the blind, and to start for the retrieve only when the bird falls.

Sinkboats on the Susquehanna.

On what are known as the flats of the Susquehanna River, near Havre de Grace, duck shooting is done from what are called "sinkboats"—that is, from a boat, or rather a float, with a coffin-shaped box in the center, where the sportsman lies on his back, his head supported, of course, by a pillow, with two light No. 10 double guns across his body, the whole concern being little above the surface of the water. This float is surrounded with 150 or 200 decoys, and is anchored in the feeding grounds of the ducks. When the birds, attracted by the decoys, come within shot, the sportsman rises to a sitting position, and, if the flock is large and the gunner is skillful, he can sometimes get in all four of his barrels. The retrieving of the game is here done by a boat or tender, which comes out for the game after the morning's sport is over, or, it may be, at intervals when the flying slacks up.

On the Susquehanna the shooting is permitted only three days in the week, the other days being known as rest days, when the birds are not disturbed on their feeding grounds. The same rule prevails at the clubs on Currituck Sound. The Carroll Island Club, to which the writer belongs, is located at the west side of the mouth of the Gunpowder River. The majority of its members are from New York City. This club has been in existence for over a century. It opens on Nov. 1 and closes on March 31. In addition to ducks, there are large numbers of geese and swan that feed in the waters of the Chesapeake. They are known among the club members as big game, and afford good sport, although as a table luxury not much appreciated by the epicure. A young goose or swan is not unpalatable. It is a common saying, however, that an old swan or goose, especially the former, must be carved with a hatchet.

Story of a Swan.

At Carroll's Island, on one occasion, a swan was killed, imbedded in the breast of which, on being prepared for the table, was found a barbed iron arrow head. The arrow head was sent to the Smithsonian Institution for investigation. It was returned with the diagnosis that it had probably been shot from the bow of an Indian in Alaska, thus indicating that this bird had received a severe but not mortal wound from some sportsman in the Arctic regions. How long ago was a matter of speculation, for a swan is said to live for a century.

The Chesapeake Bay dog is not really in his prime under the age of two years, and seldom lasts over four or five. The hard service of retrieving game in very cold weather, often when the water is filled with floating ice, brings on rheumatism, stiffness of the joints and lung trouble. This, of course, ends its usefulness. The color of this breed of dogs is liver, or a reddish brown, often with a narrow white frill on its breast, and is especially distinguished by its bright, golden-colored eyes. There are what are known as the smooth-haired and also the close, curly-haired strains, but on both will be found, by parting the hair, a fine fur next to the skin. To this fur can doubtless, in some part, be attributed the story of its otter origin. The Chesapeake is essentially an outdoor animal; it thrives best in cold weather, and suffers much from the heat and flies in summer. If you want to keep your dog in fine condition, do not let him lie before the fire in the sitting-room of the club house.

To the writer much of the enjoyment of duck shooting has been found in watching the action of the dogs in retrieving and their ingenuity and resourcefulness in capturing a wounded and diving bird. All of this, however, while perfectly familiar to the old duck shooter, is difficult to explain to a layman.

Advice for Sportsmen.

In duck shooting at the Chesapeake clubs the costume worn by the sportsman is of a drab or leather color. Many wear a leather coat, which protects the body from the wind. Water-proof long boots are essential, and also a leather or khaki-colored cap. In wet weather a leather-colored water-proof coat is, of course, required. The object is to accommodate the dress, as near as practicable, to the color of the reeds or dried grass of the shore.

When the flight of ducks approaches the shore where the blind is located, the object of the sportsman must be to keep perfectly still, as the slightest motion will divert the flight of the birds. Don't raise your gun until the ducks are within range; then rise, put up your gun, catch the game with the eye over the sight, keep your gun moving, recollect that the bird is flying very rapidly and if you fire directly at the object of your aim you will shoot behind it; therefore throw your gun some two, three, or even four feet ahead, and then pull the trigger. It is best, in bar shooting—which the writer generally indulges in—to let the ducks pass a little way before firing, unless the flight is directly overhead. Don't shoot "face and eyes," as the term is; that is, when the game is coming straight at you, Resist the temptation and wait until the birds

further, and I kept on shooting; soon one staggered and fell, while the other remained standing there until a shot struck him about the shoulder, when he whirled around and disappeared over the bluff. I went up to the one that had fallen and found him between two big logs, and wedged in against a big rock, so that I couldn't move him one way or the other, and certainly had a most interesting time getting it dressed, and thought ere I was through that I had truly earned my bread that day by the sweat of my brow.

After following the trail of the other one for a very short distance I saw it get up and go off at a very unsteady gait. I watched it, and before it got out of my sight it laid down behind a log. I crawled up within about fifty yards of it, which was as close as I could get without being seen. Its entire body was behind the log, and only its head and part of its neck were exposed. I aimed carefully at its head, and when the gun cracked it never moved. When going out for a short hunt like that I invariably and very foolishly took only what cartridges were in the magazine of the gun, and here I discovered that I only had one cartridge left. I concluded to try its neck that time, and when the gun cracked its head dropped out of sight and my success was complete. I found a bullet hole through the butt of its ear, close to its head, which accounted for next to the last shot. I was back to camp at ten o'clock and the boss was well pleased with my report, and said as one elk was all we could use, he would take the other one to the ranch and sell it and give me the proceeds, which he did. He hitched the oxen to the running gears of the wagon, which he coupled up until the front and hind wheels almost touched, and went right through the woods, over logs and anything else that came in the way, lashed both elk whole on the wagon, and brought them into camp through country where ordinarily a person would hardly think it possible to ride a horse.

Game and the Settler.

As has always been the case in any new and thinly settled country where game is abundant, there was no such thing known as a game law, and the settlers killed game as the needs demanded if they could. The sentiments in regard to hunting change as conditions change. The "sportsman" of to-day naturally condemns the "hunter" of the past for their excess in the killing of game. Excess it would seem as seen from the present, and yet could those of the present know all the conditions as they were, there might be less feeling of condemnation. Not that there have not been excesses in the extreme, where an abnormal thirst for gore seemed to be the only cause for killing. There always has been, and perhaps always will be, a blood-reveling, life-destroying sort of bipeds which only the law and active executors of the law can keep from killing everything in sight, but much game has been killed which, in quantity, would seem extravagant as we look at it now, with the game becoming so scarce, which in reality was not so. In the days and locations of abundant game, the inhabitants were few, and the means for securing a livelihood limited, and though the States had their game laws, they were a dead letter to the thinly populated districts where game was plentiful, and why not? The object of preserving game, as is the preservation of any commodity or luxury, surely is that it may do the greatest possible good. When the pioneer, living where there were few conveniences and no luxuries, killed a deer every time he was in need of meat, and sometimes where he had an opportunity to furnish someone else with meat and receive in return some necessity which he could not otherwise have secured for himself, then it was that the greatest possible good was being realized from the game thus killed. Even though they killed beyond the limit in numbers, and out of season, that which he killed was put to better use and proved a greater blessing to mankind than that which was preserved to a later day, when the conveniences and luxuries of civilization were accessible to all, and which was killed by the sportsman just for pleasure, while perhaps the carcass was left in the woods where it fell, as is often the case where antlers are the prime object of the hunt.

There are old timers who refrain from giving out interesting experiences for publication because of the censure to which they are liable for having done so much toward the extermination of game. Certainly it has not been the residents of the game districts of the past, killing game for their immediate use, who have been, for the most part, responsible for the rapid extermination of game. It has been those who have made hunting a business. The buffalo would have lasted some years longer had they only been killed by settlers living within their range, as their needs for meat demanded; but, after all, it is not such a great misfortune that they are so nearly exterminated, for it would be an utter impossibility for them to survive in any quantities under present conditions, with their ranges all overrun by cattle and sheep. Had they been preserved from the hunters, it would have simply been a matter of starvation with them, as it evidently is at present with elk, in places where their winter range is overrun by stock. Of course the matter of feed is of greater importance in the preservation of elk and buffalo than of the other game animals, since the others are not so dependent upon that which is eaten by stock, and live in places which are more inaccessible to stock. We might as well try to preserve fish without water as to try to preserve and perpetuate our game without preserving with and for them the territory necessary for their sustenance and natural seclusion. In the years past our country has been so engrossed in its industrial activities and growth, there has scarcely been time to think of the necessary conditions for game preservation, and laws have been enacted and enforced with some degree of exactness to protect the game on the public lands from the hunters, while the matter of its subsistence has hardly been considered. Never has there been so good a time for the securing of legislation to perpetuate forests and game as the present. With the most enthusiastic sportsman of all—our President—now at the head of our affairs, it is a most fitting and hopeful time to put forth every effort along the line of preserving the forests and game, which belong to each other.

EMERSON CARNEY.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

are directly overhead or else have passed a little way to the right or left.

"The Royal Family."

The ducks of the upper Chesapeake are the canvas-back (or, as we at Carroll's Island call them, the "royal family"), the redhead, baldpates or widgeons, blackheads (both creek and bay), black mallards, green-head mallards, coots (or, as they are called in the North, ruddy ducks), teal (both blue and green winged), dippers, summer ducks and crowbills. These are all fit for the table. Then we have the morganza, fisherman, golden eye, whiffler, hell-diver, tarpot and loon. These latter we call trash ducks, and are not shot at by an old sportsman. In addition, we have the wild goose and the swan.

Horse racing may be called the sport of kings (probably because it requires almost the revenue of a king to indulge in it), but the writer is sure that many New York and Maryland gentlemen will agree with him that duck shooting, with the life, good company and good fellowship of a Chesapeake Bay club house, offers in many respects attractions which would not be regarded with indifference by the right sort of a king.

New Hampshire Game.

BIRDS are very scarce here this season. Usually during the summer I see many young grouse while driving and when trout fishing. The past summer I saw but one young bird. On the opening day I went out. The weather was too hot for any comfort. I started two or three old grouse very wild and far apart. Twice I found an old bird and one young one together. I got three shots, killing two birds, and then gave up. A neighbor, who knows the covers well, has been working over a great deal of ground during the last three days. So far he has killed one woodcock. As he expressed it, "There ain't no partridges."

Deer are doing well here. A few days since five were seen quite near my house. These deer are protected at all times. There has been a change in our deer law as to those parts of the State where there is an open season. The season now opens with October and closes with November. The non-resident must take out a license. When our neighbor Maine passed the hunting license law, New Hampshire felt bound to follow. Those who favored the New Hampshire license argued that if Maine did and New Hampshire did not, too many hunters who had gone to Maine would come to New Hampshire, and too many of our deer would be killed. During the last few years I have met some of our non-resident deer hunters on the hunting grounds and on the trains on their way home. Very few had killed anything. Many of them came for an inexpensive outing, putting up at a farm house, and spending their days cruising about in the woods and in watching apple trees near the woods. They were very sure to see quite fresh deer sign; sometimes they saw a deer, and once in a while got a shot. Now such a trip of two weeks, with Boston as a starting point, could be made under former conditions for not over twenty dollars, and I think for something less. I think our visitors, as a class, paid many times over the market value of what they killed.

I see by a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM that the Maine guides are considering the raising of their wages as guides. Perhaps they think that under present conditions there may be a falling off in the number of their customers, and the only way to even things up will be to make those who come pay for those who do not.

Maine passed the non-resident hunting license as a means of more revenue. New Hampshire passed it because Maine did. (This is the only clear reason I have heard of.) Whether or not it will prove a success remains to be seen.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Sept. 18.

A September Tide.

A WOMAN, a Man, and a Shover stepped successively into the boat, which was then pushed off from the shore. The Shover took the oars and with short, quick strokes rowed off up the placid river, floating on the rising tide. The day was warm and bright, just enough breeze was coming down the river to wrinkle its surface and blur the reflections of the tall trees that overhung the banks. It was an ideal day for rail shooting, and the only thing needed to make it absolutely successful was the birds.

"Where are you going to take us to-day, Shover," said the Man.

"I wish I knew," replied the Shover. "Two boats have already gone up the river, and a naphtha launch towing another one and four more are coming from down below; besides that there are two boys in the creek, and a boat already shoving on the island. There's going to be more boats than there is ground to shove over, and I don't believe that there are any birds anyhow."

"Have you seen no newcomers yet?" asked the Man.

"Not yet; at least, none to amount to anything. There may be a few dropping in, but the nights are not cold enough yet to bring them along. Still, last night was the coolest we have had yet, and there was a moon. May be you'll find a few birds. I'm going up now to Meadow Creek. That's one of the best spots for newcomers, and if any dropped in last night we'll see them there."

"No you won't," said the Man. "There goes a boat now into the mouth of Meadow Creek. It's no use for us to go there."

The Shover took a long look and shook his head as he said: "So 'tain't. Let's go over to Middle Deestrick." A very few moments brought them close to the shore, and a second or two later the boat's sharp prow was bending aside the grass blades with a rustling sound. The Shover and the Man changed places, and then from the bow the Woman asked, "What shall I do?"

"Stay where you are," said the Man, and reaching forward he rested the double barrel gun on the thwart, opened the box of cartridges and placed it on the bow, and then, handing the gun to the woman, said to her, "Now here's your gun."

It was her first lesson. True, there was a tradition

that once long ago she had shot a gray squirrel sitting on a limb, and a partridge walking across the road, but she had never shot at anything flying, and just now did not appear greatly to wish to. She asked many questions, of which "What shall I do?" "How shall I do it?" and "What is this for?" were typical; but one by one the different operations were slowly performed, and at last the gun was loaded and held at half cock in the left hand, the muzzle pointing well up and to the left, while the right hand grasped the grip, and the right index was extended along the trigger guard.

"Now," said the Man, "we are going to push the boat through this grass, and you must keep a sharp lookout in front of the bow and on both sides, and if a rail jumps up must try to kill it. If it flies straight away from you, aim at the bird and then raise your sight very slightly and pull the trigger. If it flies across you, put the gun to your shoulder, follow the bird, and when you have sight on it move the muzzle a foot in front of it and pull the trigger. Stand with one of your feet in front of and one behind the forward thwart and press either the calf of your left leg or the shin of the right against the thwart. Rest your weight chiefly on your left foot, and when the boat moves, balance yourself by moving your body on your thigh and knee joints, and not by shifting your feet about. Now keep a sharp lookout, and keep your wits about you. There is plenty of time for everything, and it is not worth while to get excited." Then, turning to the Shover, he nodded and said, "Ready."

The boat began its slow and steady motion through the grass as the skillful Shover propelled it by means of his long and deftly wielded pole. On either side the boat the grass rustled and creaked as it was pushed away. There was the ripple of the water, the drip from the pole as it was dragged forward to be put on the bottom again,

grass. Perhaps he was wise to insist on being answered, for some people are so careless and unobserving that they do not see things directly in front of their noses.

After the boat had passed this shooter, and as it approached the place where the rail had alighted, all were on the lookout for the bird, and finally, when it sprang up twenty yards away, the Woman, after a little fumbling, said, "He's too far off." "No, he's not," roared the Man, "shoot; shoot;" but by that time the bird was too far off, and besides that had dropped in the grass. A second time this same thing happened, the Woman imagining that the bird was too far off, while the Man abused her roundly for not shooting, as she should have done. The third time, as they approached the place where the rail had alighted, a dark bird sprang from the grass, and though the Man said "Don't shoot," the Woman killed it neatly, thus exposing herself to the danger of arrest by the authorities, for the fowl that she had killed was not a rail but a blackbird.

"Load your right barrel quickly," said the Man, and the Woman no doubt tried to do so, but before it was done, the rail sprang up, the shot was fired and missed, and the rail flew off over the meadows, never to be seen again.

And now came a period of waiting. The creek almost always yields a bird or two, yet less than an hour before this it had been shoved over by two boys. Still, it was thought that possibly a bird might have wandered out into the grass, so up the creek they shoved. It was a fruitless excursion, for nothing was seen save a little green heron, which took to wing while they were yet afar off, and hastily flapped its way toward the woods on the shore, and a pair of sharp-shinned hawks that had come down to the river to secure a dinner of blackbird or reedbird and were chasing these nimble flyers about



SHOVING THROUGH THE GRASS.

the curious chuckling noise of the little marsh wrens, which were seen now and then darting among the grass or across the boat's path, the cluck of the blackbird, the mellow tinkle of the reed bird's note, and constantly the faint patter of the falling seeds, where the wild rice fell into the boat as the stalks were pushed apart. As the boat entered a little opening where no grass grew, a young marsh wren, just from the nest, gave a mighty hop from one stalk toward another, and, losing his foothold, splashed down into the water. This did not trouble him much; with head and tail thrown back, he looked saucily at the advancing boat, and then by rapid wing beats propelled himself over a yard or two of open water, and reaching a grass stalk clambered up on it, and shook himself unconcernedly.

Suddenly the Man said, "There's a rail in front and to the left, running in that grass. Don't you see him?" and a second or two later, the bird flew a dozen feet, but before a shot could be fired, alighted and stood on a patch of floating grass.

"Shoot him on the ground," said the Man; and as he spoke the shot rang out and the poor little bird fell over.

After it had been recovered, the boat moved on again, and had gone only a short distance when another rail sprang from the grass, and after a ten-foot flight alighted on the meadow in plain sight. This likewise was killed and boated.

Again the boat moved on, and for fifty or sixty yards nothing happened. Then suddenly a fine big rail hopped up twenty yards ahead of the boat, swung off to the right, and was dropped with the first barrel as neatly as could have been done by the oldest gunner. For a moment the Man was stupefied with astonishment, for the shot appeared to have been made so easily and so naturally that it hardly seemed as if it could be accident. Warm congratulations were now exchanged.

Middle District is not a long piece of grass, and by this time the boat had reached its northern end, and turned to come down again. After it had turned, and while it was in a thick piece of high grass, a rail sprang up, was seen for a moment, and then dropped down in some low grass. At this time, another boat was seen shoving into the lower end of the piece and coming toward them. The man in the bow was watching carefully for birds, but seemed to have eyes for nothing else, until the two boats were sixty or seventy yards apart. Then he shouted, and then shouted again, and finally a third time; evidently anxious to let the approaching boat know of his existence and whereabouts, though of course he had been seen from the moment his boat entered the

over a patch of corn grass into which they continually dived to escape their enemies.

Of the other boats none were apparently doing much better than this one. Notwithstanding all the guns on the river, a report was heard only occasionally, and some of these, it was suspected, were at blackbirds or reedbirds rather than at rail. The creek having been ascended on one side, the boat came down on the other, and as it was now just the top of high water, the Shover pushed into the little bunch of cattails growing at the mouth of the creek, following a road beaten down through the thick rushes by the passage of an earlier boat. Hardly had the boat entered the "cats" when two rails sprang up before it. One swinging a little to the right was shot at and ingloriously missed, while the other to the left was not seen at all.

The gun being reloaded, the boat moved on a little, and the bird that had been shot at, getting up again and endeavoring to seek the asylum of the thicker cattails, was neatly caught when three feet above the reeds and turned over.

The cattails were thick and neither the Man nor the Shover thought it possible to find this bird. Nevertheless the Shover threw his block, and then pushing the boat to shore the Man stepped overboard and wading around into the cattails about where the bird fell, began his search for it. At first it was not seen, but that was not surprising, and the Man was carefully turning over the beaten down and floating stuff, to see whether the bird had not fallen through it, when happening to raise his eyes to the right, he saw the rail hanging by the neck, caught in falling where a blade of the cattail forked off from the main stem. The position for a rail was an odd one, though more than once the Man had seen the same thing happen in woodcock shooting in thick cover; his attention on two occasions having been called to the bird by the rearing up on his hind legs of the dog, which by eye or nose had discovered the bird's odd situation.

The Man cut off the cattail and carried the bird out to the boat without touching it, having first, however, recovered the block, which had fallen a little short.

Backing out from here, the other rail was started once more, but—painful as it is to relate it—was missed.

This ended the day's work, for not another bird was started.

OLD MAN.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Preserve Question.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Coahoma says "the opponents of large game preserves for private use have given no clear indication as to what agency is to be employed by way of correction."

Allow me to suggest a possible method: That all game and fish be the property of the State, and that the land owners have no property rights in them whatever. That all uncultivated land be open to the public for hunting and fishing, unless declared by the land owner to be a State preserve, under laws made for the purpose, on which no hunting or fishing shall be done by the public or the owner under the same penalties for violation for the owner as for the public. That the public shall not be excluded from any uncultivated land except within a short stated distance of an occupied dwelling. That individuals shall be liable for damages done by them to the property of the land owner, and that no fires shall be built on any land without the owner's consent.

Unselfish millionaires would then be enabled to show their public spirit by establishing preserves where they could share with the public the pleasure of seeing game really preserved, but not raised to be slaughtered.

All this, of course, conflicts with the sacred laws of ownership which are invoked as though original land titles were derived directly from a wise and very discriminating God instead of from a more or less remote proprietor whose title was his brute strength. It may be revolutionary to a slight extent and unconstitutional. So was the overthrow of slavery, and so have been nearly all reforms. It is not lawless, for it is a proposition for action by law.

Wealth is not a question of industry and thrift except to a limited extent, but of opportunity and of parentage.

wrong kind of persons and should take a notion to make us get out of their preserve? As near as I can figure it out we would all have to join "The criminal element" or cease to exist. This side of the question is submitted to the careful consideration of those who seem to be willing to place everything in the keeping of the millionaires.

In regard to trespassing on farm lands, I would say, farm lands as a rule are not good hunting ground. They are necessarily improved land, i. e., land on which the labor of mankind has been expended, and they are devoted to a useful purpose in producing things which are necessary for the existence of mankind. Therefore, it is right and proper that trespassing on such lands should be restricted.

On the other hand, wild lands, i. e., lands which cannot be cultivated, should not be subject to private ownership, but should be held by the State as a playground for the whole people.

I believe that an all-wise Creator created them for precisely this purpose.

In regard to the right to do as one pleases with property. Suppose the farmers of the world should take a notion to withhold farm-products from the rest of mankind, the same as some private preserve owners are now withholding other things which are necessary for the welfare of mankind. What should be done in such case? This side of the question is submitted to the careful consideration of those who seem to think a man should be allowed to do just as he pleases with what he happens to own and pay taxes on. Possibly it may convince them that when it comes to the ownership of things which are necessary for the welfare of mankind it is unsafe to lay down the rule that a man may do as he pleases with what he owns.

It seems to me that common intelligence and com-

Nathaniel Wentworth arrived in town to-day for the purpose of arresting United States Senator Redfield Proctor, of Vermont. The commissioners at once proceeded to Corbin Park and there made the 'arrest and conviction of the Senator for shooting one raccoon last Sunday in said park.'

"Senator Proctor pleaded guilty and waived all examinations, thus preventing his being taken to Newport for a justice hearing. He was accordingly fined the full penalty in this case, \$10, which he paid, together with costs of \$17.50.

"Senator Proctor took the matter calmly, and did not make any complaint to the commissioners. There is a report hereabouts to the effect that a fish and game warden, or detective, visited Senator Proctor a few days ago, at his quarters in the park, and that the Senator expressed his willingness to pay for the fun he had had in shooting the 'coon. Some even go so far as to say that the Vermont man considered the incident closed after the warden's visit. It did not escape the notice of the commissioners, however, and Mr. Proctor was compelled to settle according to the methods of the law. This vicinity is being closely watched by the commissioners, and their action to-day shows that not even United States Senators can break the law without being brought to justice. The Senator is one of the directors of the Blue Mountain Forest Association, but that fact had no effect upon the proceedings of the commissioners."

Senator Proctor's side of the matter is told in an interview recently published in the Sun:

"That whole 'coon matter was wrong and unreasonable," said the Senator. "I didn't shoot the 'coon on Sunday and I wasn't arrested. The facts are that I was out in the woods with my little grandson on Saturday evening. He spotted a 'coon up in a tree and I drew a bead on the animal and brought it down.

"We carried it home and skinned it. The next day I discovered that the season on 'coons was closed, so I went to the authorities and paid a \$10 fine. I wasn't arrested and no demand was made for the fine. I paid for the 'coon on my own initiative and set an example for my neighbors to emulate. The talk that it was after midnight when I shot that 'coon is all bosh. If it had been, my grandson would not have seen it—and I'm sure I wouldn't have hit it."

Wisconsin Warden Active.

SEVERAL important seizures were made last week by Game Warden Valentine Raeth, of Milwaukee. Wednesday morning at 4 o'clock, Raeth found a barrel of fish on the train at the Milwaukee depot, which was marked "perch" and addressed to a fish dealer in Chicago. He opened the barrel and found just enough perch to cover the top of the barrel. The remainder were wall-eyed pike. According to the law, only twenty pounds of pike can be shipped out of the State once a week by the same party.

The next night the same warden found a box on the train from Green Bay which was addressed to Hartford, Wis. He opened the box and found that it was filled with red deer hides. Among the baggage at the baggage room in Milwaukee Raeth came across six pieces which had been checked from Ellendale, S. D., to Appleton, Wis. As Raeth knew this baggage came from a good prairie chicken country, and the laws of North Dakota do not allow the transportation of game out of the State, he searched the baggage and found a large telescope filled with prairie chickens.

He held the baggage and reported the matter to State Game Warden Overbeck, who sent Warden Gerhardt the next day with the baggage to Appleton. Gerhardt found that the baggage with the game belonged to State Senator T. A. Willy and his friend, Willis Babb, of Appleton, Wis., who were out in North Dakota on a hunting trip and had violated the laws of the State of North Dakota, Wisconsin and the United States law.

According to advices from Appleton, Gerhardt has applied for warrants for the arrest of Senator Willy and Mr. Babb. The game was confiscated.—Milwaukee Daily News.

Sportsmen's Pictures.

IN the beautiful art store of Mr. William Schaus, 204 Fifth avenue, New York, there is at present on exhibition a number of large pictures whose theme is of the fields and cover where quail abound, and nature dons her most beautiful garb of crimson, brown, green and gold. They are from the magic brush of Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus. Three or four are devoted to the portrayal of setters and pointer on spirited points, while one large picture is a portrayal of a large St. Bernard bitch, lying down, her litter of chubby, awkward puppies playing about her in true puppy happiness. Two horses, in the middle ground, stand on the thitherward side of a fence, idle and contemplative, the whole forming a beautiful picture. All alike have the warmth and beauty of color, beside the realistic portrayal peculiar to Prof. Osthaus' work.

The Adirondack Big Game.

LAST week we recorded the killing of some of the newly introduced Adirondack elk; now comes a story of the shooting of one of the recently imported moose. The killing is ascribed to natives, who are said to be opposed to the introduction of elk and moose, because of fear that these species will drive out the native deer. If such a feeling exists it is foolish. The moose and elk would not drive out the deer. The three live together in other regions. They would live together in the North Woods if the human wolves would only give them a fair chance. The ascription of these elk and moose killings to any such fear on the part of the Adirondack residents is less plausible than the simple one of finding a motive in the selfish, wanton and wicked craze to kill which takes possession of so many ill-balanced and coarse-fibered individuals when they turn themselves loose with a gun in the woods. If Chief Protector Pond runs down the perpetrator of this moose killing outrage, he will in all likelihood discover that wantonness and lust to kill, not fear as to the Adirondack deer supply, was at the bottom of it.



THE CREEK AT HIGHWATER.

Only a comparatively few ever have been or ever will be wealthy. The vast majority must always be people of small or moderate means. In whatever way the rich invest their wealth, except in land, the masses of the people participate in and are benefited by its use. Only when it is invested in land does it restrict their privileges and comforts. There is a growing sentiment that the land is for the people. The present laws of land ownership will be sacred just as long as the great majority permits them to be and no longer.

D. R. MARSHALL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

THE game preserve question has been given a very full and patient hearing in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, and I have no desire to carry the discussion of the subject to a tiresome length.

But it seems that it is necessary for me to repeat for the benefit of Mr. William H. Avis that I have no objection to private preserves of the sort which he refers to in FOREST AND STREAM for Aug. 29. A careful reading of what I said on this point should have convinced him that it was unnecessary for him to submit that consolidated press report for my consideration.

This report was also submitted to show "That the rich man's preserve helps to stock the surrounding country with game." If I understand Mr. Avis he would have all of this "surrounding country" preserved, and it is not clear to me how, turning game out of one private preserve into another private preserve, is going to benefit the multitude, who are too poor or too conscientious to own preserves. I have no objection to this idea of preserving the whole earth, provided a just share of it is included in public preserves. But I believe it is just as important to preserve the God-given rights of mankind as it is to preserve game.

"Landowners doing as they please with land they own and pay taxes on." I would assure Mr. Avis that I have given this side of the question some thought, and have reached the following conclusion in regard to it:

We should place a very narrow limit on the amount of land which a person may own, and we should also place a limit on what a person may lawfully do with land.

At the rate things are now going it will soon be possible for a very few persons to own the whole earth. This would not be a very great calamity if we could be sure that they would always be the right kind of persons. But what would become of the rest of us poor mortals if they should ever happen to be the

mon sense should teach us that we are dependent creatures, that the injury or degradation of a person or class of persons is an injury to every other person or class of persons. Therefore, even if we are lacking in humanity, our self-interest should prompt us to recognize and guarantee to the most lowly their God-given rights, among which is the right to live and share in all that this world has to give, which elevates and ennobles mankind.

I have just returned from a trip to the Adirondacks, during which I took especial pains to get the opinions of guides and residents in regard to the recent disastrous forest fires, and I found their opinions are unanimous that these fires were of incendiary origin, the cause being a sense of wrong and injustice, which a large number of the residents are laboring under. The opinion is also unanimous that a halt will have to be called and something be done to allay this sense of wrong and injustice or the whole forest area, to use a common expression, "will be dressed in mourning."

W. E. Wolcott truly says, "The State is confronted by a condition, rather than theory, in this connection," and the problem is, how shall the condition be met? I like the tenor of Mr. Wolcott's article, and his excellent comments and suggestions leave but little for me to add.

We should remember that these people are well meaning, but ignorant to a large degree, of right and wrong, as defined by law, and have their own peculiar notions in regard to the correct way to redress a real or fancied wrong. They are amenable to reason, and would respond to any policy of conciliation. Clearly the State has nothing to gain, but everything to lose by an arbitrary ejection of these squatters. This is true, also, as to the private preserve owners. It sounds very brave to say, enforce the law, and possibly some may think it just the thing to sneer at sober and well-founded warnings as "yarns, which should be classed with the spooky fables of childhood." To such I submit for careful consideration the following proverb, which was uttered by the wisest of men:

"The prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished."

JOS. W. SHURTER.

GANSEVOGHT, Sept. 21.

Senator Proctor's 'Coon.

A NEWPORT, N. H., dispatch to the Manchester Union, September 16, says: "Commissioners C. B. Clark and

Sea and River Fishing.

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The Game Laws in Brief

is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the Brief.

Camping on the Manistee.—II.

Monday.

THIS Monday is a yesterday of the past in actions and deeds only. We who have known these yesterdays are a privileged lot; there are many incidents found there that re-occur to us as the months and years roll on, furnishing mental masterpieces that prohibit dull hours as well as aid the digestion; the sunshine is brighter for our having known such days; and our daily behavior in all things is made better by them.

Until noon on this day each hour furnished its sensations; always, however, sufficiently far apart not to wreck the nerves completely. Mr. Widdicomb entered the river above camp, and Mr. Lockwood at the camp, while I entered it a few bends below. Here the boat waited until Mr. Lockwood reached it; then he was carried past me, and behind us both came Mr. Widdicomb.

To the casual observer it would naturally appear that in this most generous arrangement of things, always directed by Mr. Widdicomb, he, in his distribution of his guests, had furnished himself with dry picking. I thought so, too. Mr. Lockwood insisted on balking, but was overruled and ordered into the river. It does not detract in the least from the spirit with which Mr. Widdicomb placed us for me to say that in his age of wisdom and his knowledge of men he was "on to us," as was seen when we came to one of those places of rest seemingly put there on purpose—a grassy spot surrounded by alders and soft maples; one of those little plots of ground that are half sunshine, half shade, where the wind does not blow; but the slight breezes meet. Here Sherwood was cooking the coffee as we came in one at a time. When Mr. Widdicomb arrived it was found that his creel contained as many trout as ours combined. The sage of the stream was "on to us," indeed.

To those who have eaten of this dinner in the woods, consisting of trout, bacon and fried potatoes, all out of one skillet; coffee, bread and butter and pickles, and a jar of cheese, I have nothing to offer except congratulations. But to those who have not, my advice is to go before the snow flies; then draw on the boat for a "poncho," spread it half in the shade, half in the sun, with your feet to the west, lie down with your pipe well filled and watch the light clouds form ruined castles and snowcapped mountains. In just one hour the sun in your face will wake you up, and it's only your surroundings that keep you from being sorry.

What we felt and saw and knew at that dinner by the river was repeated at supper, made different only by the change of time. Here long shadows were created by the camp-fire which made the heavens look black and the stars like yellow gems. It was shortly after that the candle on the box was blown out, good nights were said, and I began fishing all over again. I have often thought since that it was mean of my tent mates to envy me the pleasure my dreams gave me.

Tuesday proved so exact a repetition of Monday, with one exception, that it should be the basis of perpetual motion.

This exception to me is dear; to my friends even dearer. In their ever apparent desire that my trip should be a whole and wholesome success they hoped daily that I might catch a grayling. I, too, hoped that this might prove true; to take one of those pretty game fishes that will soon be but a vague memory was but a natural desire. It was in the afternoon that I came to a long sweep in the river where the foliage was scant by the edges, the bottom one bank of gravel, and the current swift. I was just a bit fatigued, and in making my casts I let my flies drift, and sink, following them down stream. In drawing for a fresh cast it occurred to me for an instant that my line was caught, but only for an instant. It tightened, then slackened, and then shot into view fifty feet down stream, a streak of silver—a grayling! The ensuing fight was a careful one; the responsibility of a steamship captain in a storm seemed no greater than I felt. I won, however, and thus handled the first grayling I had ever seen. It is needless to add that this fish has been carefully preserved; and, in addition to this specimen, Mr. Russell W. Woodward, of Elizabeth, N. J., has presented me with a reproduction of John L. Petrie's painting of the Montana grayling (*Thymallus signifer montanus*) as a souvenir of my luck.

V sitors.

It was on Wednesday that the river above camp was visited, and our collection of trout was nicely increased in numbers and size. It was on Wednesday that I cast by a red flower on the margin of the river again, and the trout that I had heard of for twenty-five years and looked for for the same amount of time, came forth and "did me" almost to the extent of tears. This monster struck from under the water and I struck at the same time; and it's a question in my mind which struck the hardest, or which received the greater shock. The fight didn't last long; the only thing I can liken that trout's actions to is the propeller of an ocean steamer as it leaves the water when the bow is down in a troubled sea; or a dog fight between two fox terriers. He never did stop fighting. I tried to "play him," but it was like playing line out to a dog having a fit. He didn't need line; he needed a club or an ax. When, however, I least expected it, he took line just as though it belonged to him. I tried to stop his rush, but couldn't. He made a dash directly under a stump and out the other side, then turned. I can feel that snap yet. I waded to the opposite bank and sat down and reeled in that listless line—sick, just sick. I'll not

publish even a part of what I thought. That trout was a buster.

As we approached camp that evening we were greatly surprised to see another tent pitched in our garden, another pair of horses browsing nearby, and another camp-fire burning as if to give us a double welcome. As our team came to a stop and Mr. Lockwood let himself down from the wagon (it wasn't just Mr. Lockwood's time of day for jumping), he was greeted by Mr. Geo. S. Fowler, of Washington, a gentleman he had known for many years. Mr. Fowler then presented Judge J. E. Williamson, of Evansville, Ind.; both Messrs. Lockwood and Widdicomb bade them welcome, while I emptied my waders, which, as usual, had been full since shortly after noon.

Judge Williamson.

Judge Williamson is a man just past the divide of life in years only; of medium height, jolly, rotund figure, smooth face and laughing blue eyes. These eyes are the visible seat of humor; from them shines a benevolence that speaks peace to the world. His corduroy suit and cap become him well. The vest was big at the arm holes,



WADING THE MANISTEE.

where the thumb rests while the Judge is telling a story. In voice his tones are as soft as the falling dew and as soothing as the bottle to the babe. His words are rounded and drawn as in Kentucky.

When Mr. Widdicomb presented me to the Judge, it was as the business manager of **FOREST AND STREAM**; from that moment I was the Judge's friend. He assured me that he "had enjoyed the dear old paper for thirty-three years," and when I reminded him of the fact that the thirtieth anniversary of **FOREST AND STREAM** was but a few days ago, his reply was thoroughly characteristic: "I wasn't thinking, Mr. Batten, of the years that the paper had been printed; I was thinking of the years I had enjoyed it. You are only recording the history of that nature that I have loved."

It was after all had had supper and an extra log was rolled up to our camp-fire to accommodate our guests that we fully discovered that Judge Williamson was taking a whole mental and physical vacation, and that body and mind were fully and healthily responsive to the



DUKE.

change. Our volumes of laughter rolled away into the darkness, creating peculiar echoes; the Judge unrolled his repertoire of stories, many of them incidents of his own interesting career; social and political phases of life were handled by a star performer, and there were no nightmares that night from indigestion. Even I failed to catch a trout in my sleep.

They Needed the Fish.

In a recent conversation with a gentleman he told me that during some of the years he had spent in the far West he had many times gone fishing when he needed the fish; it was a case of having to have them or go hungry. I didn't ask my friend his mode of catching them, believing, as I do, that honest necessity does not drive one to a law library.

It was probably three o'clock on this memorable Wednesday that Frank Taylor, who was fishing a tributary to the Manistee, thus mitigating the otherwise lonely hours at camp, came out to the river where just above him he saw a strange boat, and in it were two strangers. Not caring to disturb the gentleman that was doing the fishing, he crossed lots to camp. Later it was learned that this fisherman was Judge Williamson. In relating the occurrence to Mr. Widdicomb, who in turn told Mr. Lockwood and me, he described the judge as sitting amidships, with a fly-rod in one hand, casting his pretty at-

tractions here and there with a graceful sweep of his powerful arm; while in the other hand he held a short stout bait-rod, "plunking" for trout, while the sun and a double expectancy shone on his benevolent countenance, and the blue eyes sparkled with hope and anticipation.

It was probably nine o'clock the same night that I turned to Judge Williamson and asked him what he thought of a man who went "plunking" for trout. "Why, sir," said the Judge, "he ought to get six months during the trout fishing season."

"Well Judge, what do you think of a man who goes fly-fishing with one hand and plunking with the other?"

"Good heavens, Mr. Batten, did you see me?"

"No, Judge, but someone else did."

"Well," said the Judge, "it is a whole sight different when you need the fish; and I quite assure you we need them. However," he continued, "it is hardly necessary for me to remind you of the prettiest, and sweetest, and truest ethics of home, club and camp life, which, to my mind, is the sacredness of their secrets."

I quite concur in the Judge's opinion, and in deviating even to a limited degree from my own conception of that which seems true to tradition and real in fact, I am bearing always in mind the fact that they needed the fish.

When I bade Judge Williamson a regrettable adieu the next day, he led me by the arm in a most affectionate manner to one side of the camp, and, doubling up his soft red fist with a tension that turned it white, asked how I would like to meet that fist face to face.

I assured him that his story of his encounter with a newspaper man the night before had impressed me at the time as having a moral to it; and that I was glad our office had a side door, but that he might just as well ask me to annihilate that which grief and joy alike can call its own, dear Memory; as to ask me to forget that they needed the fish; even the palsied vein of humor in the dying must become active at the recollection of so rare and so real a sight of necessity's needs being catered to. Our whole admiration of Judge Williamson was best attested when Mr. Widdicomb placed his hand on the Judge's shoulder and said: "Judge, I'd like to camp with you some time." In this he spoke for us all. I, too, should like to supply the Judge with trout three times a day and reduce his labor to one rod.

Thursday.

This day is memorable to us as our last day in camp. Scenes and sensations were, however, unaltered: it was like the other days just as one stick of candy is like another, and ten sticks are better than one. This day was not without incidents, however, that were not on the daily programme. Duke smashed the monotony of camp life by turning deer hound, and he made three deer take to the hills while he gave tongue to the chase. Mr. Lockwood encountered an otter, and Mr. Widdicomb caught a mink. Accuracy in fly-casting made this alone possible; but the subsequent scrap with that mink undoubtedly at times made Mr. Widdicomb regret his prowess. In describing the contest he said "there were times I was tempted to anchor the varmint with rod, reel and all, while I got a club; she actually tried to climb my leader to get at me." He got the mink.

Breaking Camp.

There is too much sadness in breaking a camp of this sort to dwell on it. It was here that we men learned to know each other as we could not in any other walk in life; and in this case this knowledge brought no regrets, an exception, I fear, not the rule. I like to pass on here and take up life again in the office of Mr. John H. P. Hughtart in Grand Rapids, where I listened to his description of the trout Mrs. Hughtart and he had taken from the same waters while the care of a railroad fell from him with the ease of taking off a dusty coat. When later at the Peninsular Club I was presented to Col. Crofton Fox and had verified to the ounce Mr. Hughtart's catches, where Mr. Lockwood's many friends welcomed him back from the woods with remarks of his improved appearance; and later Mrs. Lockwood's dinner, where the delight was shown in his outing that proclaims a single purpose in life—life's rarest blessing; and the next day when Mrs. Widdicomb's hospitality and welcome made me forget a home a thousand miles away.

Leaving Grand Rapids was like breaking camp again, and I will pass on and out, only adding that the waistband of contentment is strained to the limit. The watermelon has been eaten.

T. E. BATTEN.

Potomac Anglers in the Muskokas.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—When we began our preparations for a trip to this famous region, naturally our first impulse was to cast about for such literature as would guide us to the fishing and suggest the tackle necessary.

The bookstalls and Congressional Library afforded little that we could find, and even the periodicals for a score of years yielded hardly anything of practical value.

Friends in New York and Toronto were written hurry calls for information, but in the end railroad folders were nearly all that could be found bearing on the subject, and these cover a territory rather than a lake, and their pictures are of record catches on lucky days, without telling how they were made.

Michie & Co., of Toronto, who furnish tourists with anything from a motor launch to a box of candy, were kind enough to write of the fishing, but we had not been explicit enough in telling of our destination, and their advice was principally of waters beyond our route. From their note, however, arose our first suspicion that the extravagant ideas we had entertained that all Canadian waters were alive with trout jumping for flies the livelong day might require modification. We found they did, and if this little screed will give some angler who expects to go up there healthier notions of actual conditions than we had, it will have served its purpose.

Our fishing on the Potomac has been almost entirely with surface lures, fly-spoon or bait-casting, and with the notoriously gamy fish of northern waters we hoped with our tackle to make new records of delight. We took fly-rods light and heavy, in lancewood, bethabara, and bamboo, and we took a-plenty, expecting to break them on the big fellows we were sure were waiting for us; with

these a split bamboo six-foot casting-rod of six and a half ounces, a beauty that was humiliated into doing duty as a trolling rod for maskallonge, with no better reward than several wall-eyed pike of six pounds and over.

Our assortment of flies we fondly thought fit to tempt the coyest fish are still undisturbed in the books; a couple of batteries already rigged were sufficient to persuade us that flies were comparatively useless in the waters we visited. There are no trout in that country and the bass feed deep.

We reached the foot of Muskoka Lake early in August in the gray dawn with a drizzle from the northeast to chill the marrow. Coffee is not understood at the only place open at that hour in Gravenhurst. We had left a hot wave in the south and here were mid-winter conditions for heat fag and open pores. We shivered under two or three fluffy blankets that night, but this only lasts a day or two. This Lake Muskoka, the largest of this group, is of the color of old cider vinegar. There are several sawmills about the foot of the lake, one of these burning its refuse in a cylindrical furnace, and it is assumed that none of them are permitted to dump in the lake, as the cottagers on the islands are subject to embarrassing restrictions in the matter of hygienic disposal of garbage. Many of the bays in the lower end of the lake are filled with saw logs rafted down from above and anchored with booms.

A few days later, in a visit to Bracebridge, up the Muskoka River, we found the source of the ugly color of Muskoka waters.

Here are located immense tanneries which pour a thick red liquor into the stream all day long, and the ground tanbark of the color of logwood is piled along the banks for roads and fillings, and its drainage is carried away to the lake.

Discoloration alone is not always fatal to fish, and water off the peat bogs in Scotland, eastern Canada, and other places, sometimes affords good fishing when of a shade 'twixt honey and Orleans. But the chemicals and tannin in this liquor of the tan mills poured down day after day with a cumulative effect that would in time ruin Lake Superior, has already lost for Muskoka its reputation among anglers—and must soon make its waters distasteful to its people for culinary purposes. Yet, judging by the course of events here at home, industries are not likely to be disturbed, even to the extent of asking them to take care of their own refuse, where the right to pollute public waters has become "vested."

At the head of Muskoka is a little rapid out of Lake Rosseau, and steamboats plying both lakes use a lock with about a three-foot lift; enough, let us hope, to save the waters of the upper lakes for some further while from the filthy tan refuse of Bracebridge. Our destination was a couple of little islands toward the upper end of Lake Rosseau, and our first morning we set out to hunt fish.

The most striking feature of these northern lakes to one accustomed to the warmer pools and streams of the south, is the absence of visible life in or about the clear, cold, healthy-looking waters (except Muskoka).

No fish break the surface; no turtles bask on the logs, though the snapper is occasionally taken with the hook; the harmless garter and water snakes are very rarely seen; no moss on the surface or in the depths; no lily-pads save dwarfed stragglers in the quiet shallow reaches of the short streams between the lakes.

The beds of these lakes are said to be the results of the infinite denuding forces of the glacial period, but it is impossible to fit a theory of currents that will account for the irregular cavities dug out to reputed depths of nearly two thousand feet; but the holes are there, filled with clear, cold water (except Muskoka), and the rocks are mostly bare and rounded by the great drift. The sides of shores and islands are usually steep, and the pitch continues so abruptly down beneath the waters that in places one may tie the bow of the boat to the shore and fish in forty feet of water at the stern.

Remarkably few insects were seen on the lakes, no vegetation pouring to the water's brim to harbor them; no mosquitoes, or practically none; no black flies; no midges. The only large winged insect, besides an occasional *Limulida*, was a black lace-wing larger than a May fly that was numerous and busy at early candle light. It was harmless and stupid, and had to be brushed out of the way at table or around the camp-fire. It covered the ridge-poles of the tents in the morning, but was never seen in the open by daylight, and probably had no part in the fish economy.

This big fellow was identified at the Agricultural Department as *Polystacothes punctatus*, a link related to the ant and aphid lions, and little is yet known of his class. Mr. Chittenden, of the Department, has taken them occasionally at Ithaca, N. Y., but they fairly swarmed under the hemlocks at Crane Lake.

Four specimens were brought loose in a pasteboard box and on opening it seven days later only one savage fellow remained, and he had eaten his three mates, leaving only the tiniest fragments of wings and chitine.

If these had been collected by an expert, chloroformed and stuck on a pin, science would not yet know that they are carnivorous and cannibals when in the perfect or winged state, though in the larval stage they are expected to be always hungry.

We saw no schools of minnows while away, and no minnow net save one we took with us and had no occasion to unlimber.

We tried earth worms about the upper end of Rosseau, and took some small bass and large yellow perch, fishing on the bottom at six or seven feet.

Off the Venetian group of islands, near Cleveland, and at points above the Royal Muskoka, we were told good bass fishing could be found, but we did not find it.

On the day before our arrival a 5-pound small-mouth black bass was said to have been taken in Indian River, just below Port Carlin, but this short river was very muddy from the operation of a little dredge for every day that we saw it.

We saw nothing but pan fish, as perch or sunfish, caught by any parties, and all with whom we talked spoke discouragingly of any prospects of fly-fishing. Some accounted for scarcity of fish on the theory that the wonderful popularity of the locality as a summer resort, with its hundreds of season residents and thousands of trippers, had exhausted the former plenty. On the other

hand, it was said that one cottager had a seine to be hauled in Lake Rosseau which could with difficulty be landed, containing, besides bass and salmon trout, immense quantities of so-called lake herring. His theory was that there was such an abundance of feed in the waters that the game fishes were never hungry.

Whatever may have been the reason, we found no fly-fishing; it may be only that we were in such complete ignorance of the life of these fish, and to know the fish is the biggest half of the art of angling.

From Lake Rosseau we took a launch, towing our boats and dunnage through Joseph River and Lake Joseph to the head of Portage Bay, paddling through a ditch into Portage Lake and camping at its head. About a shallow here we picked up a few small bass and sunfish with the fly, but nothing encouraging.

A sixteen-mile portage by wagon brought us to Jennings, at the head of Blackstone Lake, said to be 800 feet deep and full of maskallonge, wall-eyed pike and bass. This empties through Crane River, a narrow, shallow outlet into Crane Lake, the greatest fishing water in the Parry Sound District—and that is almost equivalent to anywhere—but there are no trout. Of our happy camp here under the birches and hemlocks it is enough to say the summer girl would call it a dream—and so it seems now.

The fishing is all that could be desired for a bob or bottom angler, but surface fishing is at a discount. For bait we had shipped from Toronto a thousand or more dew-worms, a great earth worm of six inches or longer, much like the marsh worm of the south, except they are lighter in color, inclined to be slimy, and not nearly so tough, but if one must use worms, these are of the best. With the worm bass are taken freely, though rarely of above a pound and a half, and rock bass and sunfish in plenty.

The first rock bass prepared for the pan disclosed the yellow muscle worms in the thick flesh of the back. He may have been the only one so afflicted in the lake, but investigation went no further. Fish were so plenty it was no sacrifice to let the rock bass go, and he is a wonderfully numerous individual here—pestiferous when you don't want him.

The worms for bait after the first day were principally used on No. 14 hooks to catch small fish, which are much better for large fish. The guide was able to take minnows, as they call all small fish, from the bow of the boat in four feet of water while we fished from the stern in twenty feet for the larger fish, and this he could do much faster than we could use them.

These fish, which made excellent bait, were ring perch or yellow-neds up to six inches in length, and also a variety of chub the guides called herring. At Rat Lake, a small bay of Blackstone, the guides went one morning and brought back several buckets of this chub—running to eight inches, quite dark above and silvery below; these proved a very killing bait that was difficult to keep in the buckets if at all crowded, but overboard or on hook or troll lived longer under rougher treatment than any we had ever used.

The wall-eyed pike took them nearly as freely dead as alive, and if one must fish with bait, the sport here is hard to beat. From our experience it is easy to believe that a boat could take a thousand pounds of fish here in a day.

In two hours, from five to seven in the afternoon, we took here with one boat, within a half mile of camp, above a hundred and fifty pounds of bass and yellow pike perch, not counting the small ones and rock bass returned to the water.

This would have been inexcusable but for a promise to the superintendent of a neighboring lumber camp to furnish the men a mess of fish. He had been kind to us in the matter of warm bread and even cake, and we were glad to reciprocate.

The bass were mostly small-mouth, though occasionally a large-mouthed bass was taken, and this gives opportunity to repeat that no man knoweth the difference between the two until he is landed—nor on the table until he is told.

The heaviest taken by our party was 3¼ pounds with the average of the keepers, but little above a pound. The wall-eyed pike or yellow pike perch—the jack salmon of the Susquehanna, and called pickerel through this region, to our confusion—is said to reach 14 pounds. Seven pounds was our limit; several were caught of six and over, and the average weight was nearly three pounds.

So plenty are they that four times in the two hours' fishing just mentioned, three rods were playing a fish each, and as two of them were light fly-rods debased to bait uses, it was much good fortune that kept us from disaster.

We found other points in the lake where these fish seemed as plenty, but we avoided them thereafter on the theory that they kept the bass away, though, when freely biting both were caught in the same places, and we really caught more bass with the pike-perch than where the bass were alone. We found a good many times places where the bass seemed very numerous, but after a little while they left.

The waters are clear, the boat's shadow, a menace, and the guides, though sure the fish could hear just as positive that noise in the boat or moving freely about, had no effect in driving them away. As a consequence, they were a little more careless and noisy than any we had ever seen, and remonstrance was useless. The very brightness of the water makes the greater caution necessary, and a dead easy angler might have been able to find them in shallower water than the average 15 feet, at which we found most of our fish.

To those intending to fish in Crane Lake, it is safe to promise more fish than you can use—more than any man has a right to take, but the fishing is not surface fishing—the fly, as far as we knew how to use it, useless—as was the spoon, except for trolling—and casting spoon or bait neither amusing nor profitable where the old trees, which do not decay, have been accumulating along the shores for a hundred years and worry the angler, who drifts or casts along the edge, and yet with the immense middle depths it is along the edge he must get his fish.

Our best success was in water 20 feet in depth, and

the better way to fish was with the sinker a foot or more below the bait and without a bob.

This is the experience of a fortnight. More skill or more knowledge may develop good fly-fishing there, but it seems to us improbable.

One of our party devoted himself principally to trolling for muscallonge, but without success, as were the efforts of a dozen other anglers on the lake in that period. The guides gave various reasons for this. One, that it was too late in the season—June and July being the best months. Another, that damming the outlet into Georgian Bay to secure a head of water for the loggers about the lake had raised the lake three feet above last year's stage of water. All these were very consoling at the time, and would be yet if a couple of days after his departure his host had not taken a 12-pounder.

A YARRUM IDLER.

Some Musings at Sand Lake, Mich.

I.—Spurious Writings About Angling and Nature.

It is astounding that so much counterfeit writing about sport and nature passes for super-excellent work. Some writers actually boast of their blindness to nature's beauty and grace, and secure admiration as "realists." Worse, other writers rhapsodize about that beauty in the language of the blind, while their own writing convicts them of not having visited the scenes they misdescribe.

For example, here is an extract from a much exploited poem by Kipling:

"Do you know the blackened timber? Dou you know that racing stream,

With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end,
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle, where a man may bask and dream

To the click of shod canoe poles 'round the bend?"

It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces,
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know;

To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the starlight on our faces,
For the Red Gods call us out, and we must go."

The real log-jam consists of the mistruth and inexactness in this double quatrain.

Stripped of its rhythm-tinsel, that "poetry" is to true nature-love and insight, what a daubed chromo-picture is to a painting by Turner. By what poetic license can readers be supposed to "know" some unlocated "blackened timber," and "that racing stream?"

No actual log-jam is "raw," right-angled," or "at the end" of such a stream. It is a wonderful study of hues—browns, umbers, faint pinks and purples, and dull reds and yellows, silver of lichens and green and crimson of mosses. Not one canoe-pole in a thousand in either the United States, India (outside of army equipment), Norway, British Columbia, or any of the Maritime Provinces of Canada, is "shod," and when it is, it does not "click," and if it did, even its impact on rocks "round the bend" would not be heard along quiet water, much less in the tumult and uproar of "that racing stream." Thus the falsehood makes the whole word-picture an affront to correct taste. Any megaphone "word-artist" can fling a potful of language-paint at a canvas; but it is reserved for some Quack of Error to demand that the resulting rent and hole in the canvas, and the "spotteration" that surrounds and befouls it, shall pass current for a magnificent picture, "tender, grand, and true!"

It would be difficult to place more false description in a like number of words than that contained in those eight lines of "poetry." Its "art" is far inferior to the intentionally distorted and burlesque description, intended as ridicule of just such false work as this by Kipling, that appeared thirty years ago in a poem entitled "Caramel" (burned sugar), as follows:

"The scintillant zephyrs gleam;
The moon rides over the rack;
The lightning rods, with cream,
Comb their purple tresses back.
But down where the fir trees fume,
And the mermaids curl their teeth,
Rath corals glide in gloom,
And the red moon swords its sheath."

Finally, note the rough, bungling words, "It is there that we are going," in the above citation from Kipling, and the pompous conceit of the words, "Red Gods!" What a credit and honor he deems it that he is possessed of those crimson deities! What a triumph of absurdity to give such a name to the heart-longing, so natural, simple and beneficent, to be right with Nature.

The word "traces" is meaningless—an Anglicism that refers to a section of spinning tackle that is never used on "racing streams;" so "traces" is misused as a rhyme for "faces." An Indian is not "smoky," but dark-skinned. Real canoeists and anglers who are sportsmen would not "go" to the Indian, but to the stream. A "bar" is always a deposit of alluvium earth-sediment which has gathered and formed a mud bank or island. There never was a "bar" of "shingle," for that is very coarse gravel or small, water-worn stones to which the word "bar" cannot be correctly applied. (See Standard Dictionary for definitions of these words.) No sportsman would dream of sitting or reclining on such a hard, hot, uncomfortable seat as "sun-warmed shingle." "Bask and dream!" The real words should have been "bake and steam." Neither do campers sleep on a "couch" (bed) of hemlock twigs if they can get spruce boughs; and when they do, there is no "starlight on their faces." They "bask" in that as they smoke on some moss-covered log beside lake or stream.

In short, that rhyming is mere fakir vociferation, squawking of a brood-goose on addled eggs, self-conscious, mountebank strut and posing, brazen assumption by ignorance of real truth, insight, and knowledge, bawling claim to Nature-photography, vivid, "picturesque" word-painting and virile rhyme-gospel by a wonderful, "versatile" seer.

Such is the more offensive writing about sport and Nature. But note the other extreme, a demonstration that another writer is blind to Nature's charms; and far worse, note his boast that such blindness is admirable. A prominent sporting magazine contains in its current issue an article by a life-long and prominent fisher, in which he

quotes, with much approval, the following words from a letter to him by a noted American fish propagator:

"When I go a-fishing I go fishing. I don't hear the babble of the brook; I don't see the fluttering bird, nor the silvery leaves, nor the beautiful sky. * * * I am just as sure of a rise, too, as the fond mother is that the child will roll its loving eyes to her face with an expression that says to her, 'I am yours!'"

That letter showed its writer to be a mere fish-butcher. He is a murder-mother when he hooks and kills the fish that he feels and states is like a child that rolls its loving eyes to its mother's face. But the fish has no such thought, desire or expression. Instead of saying, "I am yours," that darting fish is saying "That fly is mine!" His eyes are fierce, fixed on the supposed insect; and they do not "roll."

Such arrant nonsense and drivel about Nature and sport too often find vogue in our best sporting papers. The game fishes, notably the bluefish, black bass and maskallonge, are not water-babies, but burly water-pirates, game to the core, and spoiling for a fight. He who angles for them with best results, the expert who really sees and hears and loves beauty of his environment while angling, is the truest sportsman. For he also well knows the haunts, habits and moods of the lurking trout, salmon, pike, pickerel and ouananiche. But shut away from him all capacity and wish to see, while angling, the blue glory and miracle of sky by day, or the silvery cloud-domes through which stars and moon are peeping as he casts "white-miller" flies at night; remove from his sight and heart all joy in the beauty and grace of water as it sings and talks to itself, and all music of leaves and birds, sigh of wind in pines and hemlocks, exquisite curvature of rushing streams, or oncoming, white-capped waves; take away all fresh, novel odors and hues of woods and wild flowers, and that sportsman will say: "I do not care to go a-fishing. Catch my fish for me with a silver hook, in a dark, malodorous corner of some fish-market. I shall not joint my rod if it cannot be a wand that not only helps me to catch fish, but also summons Nature enchantments as I cast flies, wade the brook, ride the waves in my careening canoe, listen, hear, love, and rejoice. Far less will I boast of my blindness, and leave it to be inferred that nature-lovers like Walton, VanDyke, Hallock, Jordan, Chambers, Rhead and Kent are not expert anglers. They are my fellow sportsmen, instead of the men who cannot see, hear, or feel—men who fish to kill, and make a business of angling, instead of a recreation. To proclaim such diseased pursuit a quest where fish "roll their loving eyes" up to the slayer's face as her own baby would to a mother, and then parade one's self as a model sportsman, is outrageous. And to place such degenerate stuff in the columns of a sporting magazine as stating something admirable and worthy of emulation, is being untrue to proper standards of sporting taste.

And he might add that it was also an affront to the expert anglers who not only have most skill, but most enjoyment in knowing where fish lurk, and how to hook and land them. For those real sportsmen revel in a myriad of delights other than the actual fights with their fish. They bring back a thousand raptures which they cannot show. They joy in the nameless charm and hypnotism of the camp, and its outdoor fire with its dancing flames and column of smoke; they note and love the sunshine, shadows and darkness, the fireflies, the delightful sense of remoteness and wildness, the hooting of owls, calling of whippoorwills, and the strange, weird laughter and yelling of unseen wildfowls concealed in reedy fastnesses. They are men who rejoice as they feel the leap and glide of the boat shooting the rapids, and watch the rainbow effects in mist and sunshine over the silvery water-breaks. And they sleep under sombre pines in a wilderness, inside a tent pitched on a carpet of brown pine needles, and say with gladness: "It is not all of fishing to fish!"

L. F. BROWN.

Santa Catalina.

AVALON, Santa Catalina Island, Cal., Aug. 27.—If the Tuna Club decides that the big jewfish caught by Mr. Edward Llewellyn yesterday was taken fair and that the gentleman is eligible to compete, the black sea bass record has again been broken. The fish taken Wednesday weighed 425 pounds and was brought to gaff in the short time of forty minutes. These figures show that the jewfish really falls far short as a game fish. Mr. Llewellyn's tackle came within the restrictions imposed by the Tuna Club's rules as to rod and line, but there may be some question as to his eligibility. According to the rules of the club those who are connected with the "allied industries" of the island are debarred from competition with sportsmen. This, of course, as it should do, cuts out the boatmen, who, however, are provided for by a special class. Mr. Llewellyn is a member of the Catalina Band, and for that reason some one has suggested the possibility of a protest against allowing the record. As the fish was taken fair, it would seem an injustice to deny the lucky man full honors. Perhaps Mr. Llewellyn may come in under the plea that playing in the marine band is not an industry; that he is exempt under the claim that his music is his art. I hope the record may be allowed. All the better for those of us who have hopes of breaking the record this or next season.

Another record has gone down and the event has been of considerable interest here. Boatman George Michaelis had a party out in his launch Thursday, and some one caught a yellowtail that weighed less than 2 pounds. Fortunately Michaelis recognized the value of the silvery beauty and handled him so skillfully and carefully that the baby yellowtail is now on exhibition in a tank of his own at the Avalon Aquarium. Manager Phelps reports him doing well. Previous to this season the smallest yellowtail taken here weighed 8 pounds. About a month ago one was taken which was estimated to weigh about 3 pounds.

There are no tuna being taken, and the sport is still confined to yellowtail and jewfish. The former are gamy enough, and if taken on fair tackle offer excellent sport. The more experience I have with them the more I admire them.

If the yellowtail would come out of the water on the strike and would make his furious rushes near the

surface and leap as the salmon does, he would be given a more euphonious name and would be hailed as the king of salt water game fish. Instead of this his rushes are made to a great depth, and though he is inclined at times to sulk, it requires but little to stir him up, and then one needs give him his head or expect something to go by the board.

I witnessed a battle between Mr. Lewis Crisler, of Los Angeles, and a yellowtail one morning last week. The sight never fails to interest me deeply, and on this occasion, as on many others, I rested and watched the fight. Mr. Crisler's tackle was rather lighter than that used on these waters, and that made things more interesting, and in addition to this he was handicapped by being in a light rowboat, where he had not the advantage of the angler in a launch, where he has the high freeboard and a chair to aid him. This particular yellowtail had a great reluctance to come in toward the boat, and all the line the angler gained was earned. In fact, few of the fish run toward the boat, and there is seldom any rapid reeling. Crisler's fish fought twenty-three minutes, and made over a dozen hard, long rushes, taking out a couple of hundred feet of line on several of his soundings. The sight of the boat seemed to drive the fish to a frenzy, and time and again he took out the line each time, to be lifted out of his sulk and reeled in inch by inch. We could see him down deep in the marvelously clear water and, to me, he looked much like a land-locked salmon, his movements were slower, but he had great power. We could watch him cruising back and forth down there thirty feet from the surface, yielding only an inch at a time, to the constant strain. I was astonished to learn that this yellowtail weighed but 18 pounds. Doubtless some of those who were fishing from the launches with hired tackle and a good, strong cross seat to hook the butt of the rod under; a reel with a ratchet lock and a chance for a two-arm lift, would have brought the fish in much less time, in to a point where the boatman takes the line and pulls him hand over hand for such fishermen, and gaffs him carelessly and throws him to the box in the bow. But that sort of men would never have been as content as was Mr. Crisler to call it "sport enough" and turn to the bass for an hour's pleasure with the lighter and more savory bass.

Some day the yellowtail will be valued at his full worth, and then anglers will find a limit placed on the number they may take in a day, since common decency seems to set no limit for a large number of people who come here for numerical and photographic records.

I was delighted to see FOREST AND STREAM reprint Mr. Charles Lummis' excellent editorial on Avalon fish destroyers. It has attracted much attention here. Epithets do not appeal to the man who kills fish for photographic purposes, but such articles as Mr. Lummis has written has started many people in California to thinking. Some day our salt water game fish will have some legal protection.

FRANK E. WOLFE.

Massachusetts Fish and Game.

BOSTON, September 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The righteous work of punishing evil doers still goes on. One of the commissioners informs me that Mr. Viator, a Portuguese lobsterman, who has made his boasts that he would continue in the business he has followed for years of catching and marketing short lobsters in Massachusetts Bay, and that the officers could not catch him, has been brought to court for having in possession eighty-five "shorts."

This has been done by Warden Thayer, who runs the new launch, the Scater.

Other deputies in various parts of the State are making many prosecutions, and generally securing convictions. The New Hampshire Commissioners, too, are on the alert, and are not respecters of person in applying the law, having recently caused the arrest of no less a personage than Senator Proctor for illegal shooting of a 'coon in Blue Mountain Park. He paid his fine, of course, but is reported to have said he was ignorant of the law. That might be a palliation in case of an illiterate foreigner who is unable to read the English language, but if you or I were going out of our own State for game we should have with us a copy of the *Game Laws in Brief* and post up on the laws. Another case in Maine within a few days. A Boston lawyer (Mr. George W. Morse) and his two sons were prosecuted for killing deer out of season near the Katahdin Iron Works, and were convicted. This sort of game law enforcement by those in authority is worthy of the highest commendation.

Lobsters.

In view of the conference of commissioners from lobster producing States, and the Provinces, to be held on the 23d of this month in Boston, your readers may be interested to know that Prof. Field, of the Institute of Technology, who has been at Wood's Holl this summer, has advanced a theory that if dogfish could be got rid of it would be a great advantage in saving lobsters, and he has had dogfish served as food in several instances to persons who did not know what kind of fish they were eating, and as a result it has been declared excellent.

As your readers know, the Professor two years ago advanced a theory that the law should protect the mature lobsters rather than the small ones, and there are those who think he is right. Now, as a further safeguard, he would have the public eat dogfish. Never having eaten them, I have no opinion as to their edible qualities, neither am I able to judge as to what rank that species of fish takes among the various enemies that prey on the lobster, although I do know it to be a great pirate among the denizens of the ocean. But then, of course, there are many others, and I fear the public never can devour them all. What next? Well, as a sure thing, I am frank to say, I see nothing short of a close time, either for two or three months of each year or for several consecutive years. This would be a hardship for the time, not only upon those engaged in the business of catching or selling lobsters, but upon the consumers as well. But is it not a

choice between two evils, deprivation for a limited time on the one hand, or deprivation indefinitely (perhaps forever) on the other? The present law is said to be impossible of enforcement—certainly it is a very difficult one to enforce, while one providing a close season, thus shutting the markets for a time, could be easily enforced. We are awaiting with great interest the result of the interchange of views and the action taken at the conference of next Wednesday.

Reports from the sporting camps in Maine show that the trout and salmon fishing has continued good, and with cool weather promises to be even better for the balance of the month, and the law being off partridges, those birds afford sport and help out the menu. Among the many Massachusetts visitors to the Rangeleys are ex-Secretary and ex-Governor John D. Long and son, with Col. E. B. Haskell.

The matter of a fish-way on Rangeley stream, which has caused quite a stir among those specially interested, the commissioners say now rests with the people, and is not in any way complicated by the action of the board in establishing the hatchery.

By invitation of Adjutant-General Dalton, Governor Bates and staff have gone to the Commodore club house in Maine, leaving Boston on Thursday to celebrate the day following as the Governor's birthday. Mr. J. J. Raymond, the Washington street merchant, has just returned from a trip to the Megantic Preserve. Another member of the State Association, James H. Young, Esq., with Mr. Fred Guild, left this week for big game hunting in New Brunswick.

Dr. Heber Bishop, with several friends, left on Monday for the same Province. Others are going a little later.

To-day the Boston papers announced the engagement of Mr. Elery H. Clark, a Boston sportsman, known the country over as the champion American all-round amateur athlete and the star performer at the Olympian games in Greece in 1896. But all do not know that he is the son of the distinguished sportsman and philanthropist, Mr. Benjamin C. Clark, of Boston, who was for three years the honored president of the State Association.

CENTRAL.

Fish and Fishing.

Are Ouananiche Simply Sea Trout?

AN enthusiastic Scottish angler called to see me the other day on his return from a fishing excursion to the Grand Discharge of Lake St. John, and in the course of conversation about the excitement of ouananiche fishing, expressed his firm conviction that the so-called fresh water salmon of Lake St. John were not salmon of any kind, but simply sea trout. This is exactly the claim made for these fish by my good friend, Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, D. S. O., several years ago, and repeated in his latest book, "Sporting Yarns Spun Off the Reel." In his charming introduction to "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment," the Colonel explains that it is chiefly upon the habits of the fish when hooked in the Lake St. John waters that he bases his opinion of the ouananiche being a salmon trout and not a salmon at all. The reasons given in the Colonel's new book for claiming the ouananiche to be a sea trout are no better than that already referred to. If habit alone could be considered a varietal distinction, into how many different varieties and even species might we not separate the people of any one nationality and origin? The Colonel describes the ouananiche as being exactly of the same appearance as the sea trout of Sutherlandshire, and referring to his fishing in the Gambo River of Newfoundland, he says: "If anything had been wanting to convince me that there is not the slightest connection between the ouananiche and the salmon, that the former is a mere salmon trout, and that those American and Canadian fish students who classify him as *Salmo salar* (ouananiche) are wrong, it would have been supplied by my catching the two fish together in the very same rapid on the Gambo, and by observing both their great difference of behavior and appearance when hooked. The ouananiche seemed more than ever like a salmon trout, one who had been a long time in the fresh water, and more than ever unlike a salmon when I had an opportunity, as now, of comparing several specimens of each on the grass side by side."

It does not appear to have occurred to Colonel Haggard that the differences which he notes in the appearance of the two fish are due to different habits, and that different habits do not constitute a different variety. The Colonel has returned to the subject in a recent letter to the London Field, and a new contributor to the discussion has arisen in the person of the well-known British authority, Mr. Fielding, in reply to whose curious contentions I may have something to say later.

Meanwhile, it will be interesting news to lovers of the fish, who have not been to Lake St. John this year, to learn that during the open season, which is now fast drawing to a close, the ouananiche have been more plentiful than in any previous year.

Another encouraging piece of intelligence in connection with the ouananiche waters, is that young salmon, whose capture in some of the streams near Lake St. John has been recorded during the last two seasons, have recently been taken in the River Aleck, which flows into the Peribonca, the largest feeder of Lake St. John, many miles from its mouth. This fact would seem to promise a very wide distribution in the near future for the newly introduced fish.

Trout fishermen are flocking here in large numbers from all parts of the United States and Canada for the fall fishing, and the sport, which has been poor during the months of July and August, is now at its best. The members of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club report fish more plentiful upon their preserve than for three years past. The Tourilli club has about seventy anglers and hunters upon its limits. Mr. R. H. Brown, of New Haven, president of the Nonantum Club, is now on his preserves at Lake Commissaire, with a party of friends, and Mr. A. W. Hooper, of Boston, who has lately returned from the club waters, took

several fish from four to five pounds each on the fly in Lake Commissaire. Mr. Hooper has now gone to the Ste. Marguerite to fish Mr. Walter Brackett's water for sea trout, for which it is noted. Friends of Messrs. Brackett and Hooper will be glad to learn that they enjoyed better salmon fishing this year on the Marguerite than Mr. Brackett has had for many years past.

Messrs. Geo. E. Hart, of Waterbury, and Burnham, of New York, are among the many anglers fishing the waters of the Triton Tract, on the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. The Upper Ouichouan River, in this district, is, as usual, yielding very large trout this September. Some have been brought thence to Quebec within the last few days which turned the scales at five pounds each.

Salmon and Worms.

The fact that so many salmon are captured every year with bait in the British Isles is certainly a very strong argument against the theory of those who hold with Dr. Francis Day, the late Frank Buckland and others that a salmon exists in fresh water on his own fat, which has been accumulated while feeding in salt water, and that it is simply in play or in anger that he arises to the fly. It will be remembered that Major Traherne in his book on "The Habits of the Salmon," published in 1889, declares emphatically that "there can be no question as to salmon feeding in fresh water, as they greedily take real and artificial spinning baits of all kinds, besides prawns and worms, to say nothing of flies, natural and artificial." All anglers accustomed to British salmon waters are well aware of the fact that these various baits are used in them for salmon with success. There is, however, no doubt at all, that it is a very rare circumstance to take *Salmo salar* on this side of the water with bait, though the very different salmons of the Pacific are constantly so killed. This fact lends additional interest to the contents of a letter which has recently reached me from Newfoundland. The writer, Mr. W. F. J. McCormick, of Biscayne Bay, Florida, well-known to readers of FOREST AND STREAM from his long and successful camping, hunting and angling excursions in the Canadian wilderness, writes, among other things, as follows: "One thing I have learned conclusively and positively, and that is that *Salmo salar*, the delicate aristocrat of the river, will stoop to 'bite' at the plebian worm, a piece of fish or common pork. I took a 12½-pound fresh-run fish on a bunch of worms, stood by and saw a 21-pounder killed with the same, and last Sunday I took an 8-pound grilse on pork! Does not that upset the pet theory of their refusing food while in fresh water? I can produce a number of sworn statements besides my own in support of this."

In England, as I have already said, nobody would be surprised at the above statement, but it is certainly very contrary to the general American experience.

The decadence of fly-fishing for salmon in some of the British waters has elicited a good deal of discussion lately, and some have not hesitated to lay it at the door of the bait-fishermen, contending that the constant bait-casting is responsible for the frequent refusal of the fish to rise to the fly. If there is any foundation for this contention, it is sincerely to be hoped that nobody will attempt bait-casting in Canadian salmon rivers. Some of the British bait-fishermen for salmon scout the idea that the casting of bait has anything to do with the failure of the fish to rise to flies, and a recent writer in the Field advances the very ingenious theory that in British seas a change is going on in the habits of the fish, perhaps, or possibly, in the diminution of the supply of that creature, whatever it may be, for which salmon mistake our gaudy flies. The correspondent in question also draws attention to the fact that in some rivers, particularly in British Columbia, salmon are never known to take a fly at all. This is not an apt illustration, however, for the salmon of British Columbia is an entirely different fish from the *Salmo salar* of Atlantic waters, whether found in the Old World or the New.

The salmon bait-fisherman naturally claims the same indulgence for his sport that is demanded when he employs similar methods for taking trout. He admits that the fondness for the fly-rod sticks to us, that the old love clings, but claims that though it is hard to lay a favorite old weapon down, even though useless, it is harder still to be denied a capture when another is at hand that will take its place.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Habits of Some of the Catfishes.

BY WILLIAM CONVERSE KENDALL, ASSISTANT UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.

From the U. S. Fish Commission Bulletin.

THE fresh water catfishes of the United States of more or less commercial importance may be classified in a popular way as channel cats (*Ictalurus*), mud cats (*Ameiurus*), yellow cats (*Leptops*), and stone cats (*Noturus*). This arrangement is not wholly satisfactory, however, owing to the confusion of the common names, for a mud cat of one locality may be the yellow cat of another, and the yellow cat of some place be the stone cat in another locality, and so on. Then, too, there is no distinct line between channel cats and mud cats. The technical nomenclature and synonymy of these fishes are not in much better shape than the popular classification; therefore the discussion in the following pages will be more or less generic.

The catfishes are of such commercial value as food that there have arisen extensive and almost special fisheries for them in the South, the Mississippi Valley, and the Great Lakes region—that is to say, in the centers of their greatest abundance. Of about a dozen species appearing in the markets, probably not more than one-half are very common or merit more than passing notice. The largest are the "great forked-tail cat" of the Mississippi (*Ictalurus furcatus*), and the Great Lakes cat (*Ameiurus lacustris*). The first attains a weight of 150 pounds, the other perhaps 50 or more. Of the smaller cats the more important are the spotted cat (*Ictalurus punctatus*),

Potomac channel cat (*Ameiurus catus*), and bullhead (*Ameiurus nebulosus*).

There is very little published information on the habits of any species of catfish, and it has been thought that it might be of use to bring together the most important published and otherwise available facts on this subject. Owing to the similarity of habits, for this purpose it is unnecessary to refer to more than those of the most common forms except in a very general way.

The catfishes are a hardy race, very prolific, in habits and structure comparatively safe from enemies. For these reasons wherever they occur they are usually very abundant. In late years, however, the demand for these fish has reached such dimensions that in some localities extensive inroads have been made upon their numbers, and there has arisen the problem of how to repopulate the depleted waters. It has not, until recently at least, been considered necessary to resort to artificial propagation of catfishes, and there have been but few, if any, attempts in that direction. There are a few instances of pond culture which will be referred to in another place.

Food Qualities.—In flavor and other edible qualities the catfishes differ somewhat among themselves. As a rule the channel cats, especially the spotted cat (*Ictalurus punctatus* and *I. furcatus*), seem to possess more delectable qualities than the mud cats. This is possibly due to difference in habits and habitat.

Regarding *Ictalurus punctatus*, Jordan says (Bull. U. S. F. C., 1885, p. 34):

"As a food fish the channel cat is certainly better worthy of attention than any other American catfish. There is much less waste in the body of the channel cat than in other catfishes, as the latter lose more than half their weight by removal of the head, the entrails, and the skin. The flesh of the channel cat, when fresh, is very superior; it is white, crisp, and juicy, of excellent flavor, and not tough. It is much more delicate both in fiber and in flavor than that of the other catfishes. When well cooked, I consider it superior to that of the black bass, the wall-eye, the yellow perch, or any other percid fishes. Among other fresh water fishes, it is inferior only to the whitefish, the trout, and other *Salmonidae*."

The great popular demand testifies to the food virtues of the catfishes.

Habitat.—Almost any one of the species of catfishes seems to be adapted to a wide range of climatic conditions, although somewhat restricted to certain immediate surroundings. *Ameiurus lacustris* is supposed to be distributed from the Saskatchewan River and the Great Lakes to Florida. *Ameiurus nebulosus* is found from Maine to Florida; but in Maine this species occurs, as a rule, only in muddy lakes and streams with plenty of vegetation, and such portions of bodies of water of other character as afford those conditions, and apparently the fish do not stray far from home. Such localities are probably the warmest ones of the region. Regarding the local habitat of the bullhead (*Ameiurus nebulosus*), Dean says (Nineteenth Annual Report State Fish Commission, New York, 1890, 302):

"It is one of the hardiest of fishes, will care for itself, and even thrive in the muddiest of stagnant waters. It will breed readily, and will endure complacently every hardship of drought, extremes of temperature, and lack of food."

"Every trait of our catfish bespeaks its stagnant, mud-loving nature; dusky in color, sluggish, and blundering, furnished with long and tactile barbels, a shallow, slowly drained pond, furnished with an occasional deep mudhole, will suit admirably the needs of the fish. If the water does become warm in the summer, the catfish will survive—knowing how to survive is one of its especial virtues. In a 3-foot aquarium at college about a dozen 9-inch catfish were kept during very warm weather, the room temperature often in the nineties and the water changed but once a day, with but few fatal results. Should the air supply in the water fail, trust the fish to care for itself. It will come to the surface, leisurely renew the air in its swim-bladder, and even, frog-like or turtle-like, swallow air in bulk, trusting to stomach respiration. Of undoubted respiratory value, moreover, must be the scaleless, highly vascular skin, so important in the breathing economy of the frogs. Should the pond dry, and the whole pond basin be serried with mud cracks, the catfish will lie dormant for days, even for weeks. It has been found in a clod of mud, which served as a cocoon, until softened by the return of the water. In winter the catfish, like frogs, and unlike many of its neighbors, appears to hibernate. In November it becomes sluggish and refuses food, and early in December buries itself in the deepest ooze of the pond. It does not reappear till the first sharp thunderstorm in February or March. Then the fish are seen, thin and ravenous, approaching the shore so closely that their heads ripple the surface. So fearless are they in early spring in Central Park that they come in schools in shallow water and will take food almost from the hand."

The channel cats are so called owing to their apparent preference for channels of streams and clearer, cleaner water than that affected by the majority of so-called mud cats, though the native channel cats of the Potomac River, according to our present classification, is generically a mud cat (*Ameiurus*). In some southern rivers, the St. Johns, in particular, several species of catfish occur together with precisely the same kind of surroundings, whether muddy or sandy. The description of the method of fishing for catfishes in Atchafalaya River, Louisiana, given by Evermann (Report U. S. F. C., 1898, 290), indicates their habits sufficiently to warrant quoting from it under this head:

"The Atchafalaya River is in some respects a peculiar stream. It has its sources in Avoyelles and Point Coupee parishes, near where the Red River joins the Mississippi, and is at all seasons more or less connected with both of those rivers by a number of anastomosing channels and bayous. The Atchafalaya River is, in fact as well as historically, one of the mouths of the Mississippi River, and during the floods which come periodically to that region a vast amount of the surplus water of the Mississippi and Red rivers is carried to the Gulf by the Atchafalaya. * * * There are four species of commercial catfishes handled by the firms at Morgan City and Melville, viz.: The blue cat or poisson blue (*Ictalurus furcatus*), the yellow cat or goujon (*Leptops olivaris*),

the eel cat (*Ictalurus anguilla*), and the spotted cat (*Ictalurus punctatus*). * * * All river fishing during the fall and winter is done on the bottom, while all lake fishing is at the surface. During the spring, when the country is flooded, the fish betake themselves to the woods, and the fishing is then carried on chiefly along the edges of the float roads. The old tackle, which had been previously used in rivers and lakes, is now cut up into short lengths and tied as single lines, called brush lines, to the limbs of trees in such a way as to allow the single hooks to hang about six inches under the water. Each fisherman ties his lines to the trees along the edges of the float roads if he can find such territory not already preempted by someone else."

Food and Feeding Habits.—The catfishes are omnivorous, subsisting upon animal or vegetable food. In a strictly wild state the food is probably to a great extent animal, but they will eat almost any kind of vegetable matter fed to them in artificial inclosures. Writing of *Ameiurus nebulosus*, Dean (l. c.), says:

"The habits of the catfish make it a most objectionable neighbor. * * * The stomach contents show its destructiveness to fish eggs and to young fish. * * * It will eat incessantly day and night, prowling along the bottom with barbels widely spread. It will suddenly pause, sink headforemost in the mud for some unseen prey. Nor is it fastidious in its diet, 'from an angleworm to a piece of tin tomato can,' it bolts them all. From the contents of miscellaneous catfish stomachs, however, there appears to exist a general preference for fish food. Professor Goode has already noted the attractiveness of salt mackerel or herring bait. He has, moreover, hinted incidentally that the fish will not bite when an east wind is blowing. It is in order to procure food in a lazy and strategic way that the catfish has been seen to sink in the mud with but barbels and dusky forehead exposed, ready to rush out and swallow the unwary prey."

In their feeding habits all species of catfish seem to be more or less nocturnal. They take a hook most readily from about twilight on into the night. Most set-line fishing is carried on at night. Moonlit nights, however, are more favorable than dark ones. On the St. Johns River it was noticed that the fish would begin to rise shortly after sunset, in large numbers, and the sound of their "breaks" could be heard in all directions, although a lot of garbage thrown overboard would not fail to raise more or less of them during the day. The catfish here were wary of a baited hook, and although freely eating of pieces of bread or meat floating at the surface, if a hook or line were attached, it would never be touched. Yet a hook baited with meat or fish and sunk would usually be satisfactorily effective, especially if "bream" (*Lepomis*) began to bite first. The presence of other more readily biting fish seemed to attract the catfish and render them bolder. Large catfish would take a small baited "bream" hook much more quickly than they would a large hook. The mud cat here bit no more greedily than the channel cat. It might be well to state in this connection that the channel cats (*Ictalurus punctatus* and *Ictalurus furcatus*) are sufficiently game fighters to give an angler not too fastidious a very satisfactory battle. These two species might justly be classed as game fishes.

In northern lakes and streams the bullhead or hornpout does not always seem to be so wily as the southern catfishes were usually during the daytime. Although the best time to angle for hornpout is about dusk or after dark, they are not infrequently caught in the daytime, much to the annoyance of the "still fisher" for black bass, pickerel, and other fishes. When hornpouts begin to bite, if other fish are desired, it is necessary to seek another berth. They will take live fish or dead fish bait or frogs with equal readiness. If, however, hornpouts are wanted, angleworms are the best bait.

Spawn-Eating Habits.—Dean has referred to the fish-egg-eating propensity of *Ameiurus nebulosus*, and to show that this species is not alone in this ovivorous habit, it may be stated that on the Potomac River a seine haul was estimated to contain about 10,000 catfish (*Ameiurus catus* and *Ameiurus nebulosus*). A large number of these fish were opened and their stomach contents examined. They were found to have been feeding almost exclusively upon herring (*Pomolobus*) eggs, to such an extent that their stomachs were distended with the eggs. Mr. Harron, at whose fishery this observation was made, told the writer that although these large hauls were not frequent, occasionally much larger ones were made. In Albemarle Sound, during one shad season, the writer frequently found catfish full of shad roe, but catfish were not abundant at this time. It is obvious, then, that catfishes are very destructive to the eggs of other species. Dr. Hugh M. Smith says (Bull. U. S. F. C., 1895, p. 387):

"The catfish have a reputation among the California fishermen of being large consumers of fry and eggs of salmon, sturgeon, shad, and other fishes. This accords with their known habits in other waters. Mr. Alexander's examination, however, of the contents of several hundred stomachs of catfish in California and Oregon yielded only negative results as to the presence of young fish and ova. Writing of the bullhead in Clear Lake, California, Jordan and Gilbert say that it is extremely abundant and is destructive to the spawn of other species. The scarcity of the valuable Sacramento perch in that lake, which they attribute to the carp, here as in the Sacramento River, may be partly due to the more numerous catfish, which feed almost exclusively on animal matter."

Breeding Habits.—Probably less is actually known of the breeding habits of most of the species of catfishes than of their other habits, yet observations have been made upon two or more species with sufficient detail to warrant the assumption that in the main the habits of most species are essentially alike. Speaking of *Ictalurus punctatus*, Jordan says that it spawns in the spring, but that its breeding habits have not been studied. Mr. Jones says this species spawns when one year old, and twice a year—in May and in September. In the preceding spring he procured eight wild ones. After feeding them well up to this time (October 31), they had spawned in May and September and filled his pond. He says that they take care of their own young and trouble no other fish.

Introduction Into Other Waters.—Several species of catfish have been successfully introduced into new waters

in the United States, and attempts have been made to provide some European waters with American catfish with uncertain results, however. A detailed account of the results of the attempts to acclimatize catfishes in the Pacific States may be found in the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission for 1895, 379. The catfishes handled were *Ameiurus nebulosus*, *Ameiurus catus*, and *Ictalurus punctatus*. In California the catfishes have become very abundant and widely distributed. In the lower Columbia and Willamette rivers they are also very numerous. In 1884 ten individuals, presumably *Ameiurus catus* or *nebulosus*, were transferred from the Potomac to the Colorado River in Arizona (Bull. U. S. F. C., 1884, 212). The shipment consisted at first of 100, only ten of which survived the journey. Their status in those waters at the present time is unknown. Some spotted cats (*Ictalurus punctatus*) have been placed in the Potomac, of which species one or two now and then make their appearance in the catches of the fishermen.

A number of years ago, at different times, small consignments of *Ameiurus nebulosus* were sent to Europe. They survived transportation very well and the last accessible records show that they continued to do well after reaching their destinations. What the ultimate results have been the writer has been unable to ascertain.

Catfish are preeminently a poor man's fish. They not only afford him a cheap food-fish, but become so abundant in time and there is so much demand for them that they afford a paying industry, notwithstanding their cheapness. They may be raised in artificial ponds or in ponds unsuited to other fish. They propagate rapidly and prolifically, and grow fast. Therefore there can be no objection to the introduction of them into waters unsuited to other fishes or in which other fishes do not occur, provided there is no danger of escape into waters where they would prove an undesirable acquisition owing to the objectionable characters already enumerated. The past attempts to introduce them into European waters, from the records cited, would seem hardly extensive enough to prove their adaptability or unsuitability to those waters.

Rainbow Trout in Missouri.

ST. LOUIS, September 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are in receipt of following letter from Mr. Edward A. Smith, Vice-President Missouri Safe Deposit Company, St. Louis, relative to California rainbow trout which were planted last fall in the Black River on line of Iron Mountain Route:

"While down on the Black River this summer we saw a number of the rainbow trout put in the Spring Branch last fall; we found that they have grown considerably and seem to be thriving.

"The fish expert who went with the car said that this Spring Branch was one of the best places for planting rainbow trout that he had ever seen.

"I hope, now that the good work has been started, that you will keep it up and get the Government to plant a fresh supply each year, so that ultimately we will have fine trout fishing in the Black River.

"If I can be of any assistance in the matter, command me."

I believe this a matter of interest to your readers, and therefore advise you of it. H. C. TOWNSEND.

The Kennel.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 6-9.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society's show.
Oct. 20-23.—Frederick County, Md., Agricultural Society show.
J. Roger McSherry, Sec'y.
Nov. 17-19.—Boston, Mass., Terrier Club show.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 26.—Clare, Mich.—Sportsman's Field Trial Association trials. E. C. Smith, Sec'y, Midland, Mich.
Oct. 26.—Washington Court House, O.—Monongahela Field Trial Association trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Oct. 27.—Paradise Valley, Nev.—Nevada Field Trial Association trials. Dr. C. E. Wilson, Sec'y, Elko, Nev.
Nov. 2.—Washington Court House, O.—Ohio Field Trial Association trials. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y, Circleville, O.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 9.—Fourteenth annual beagle trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y.
Nov. 9.—Missouri Field Trial Association trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Nov. 9.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Association trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 9.—Hutsonville, Ill.—Independent Field Trial Club trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Western Irish Setter Club trials. Dr. T. L. Fenn, Sec'y, Chicago, Ill.
Nov. 10.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven, Conn.
Nov. 16.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.
Nov. 23.—Robinson, Ill.—American Championship Field Trial Association trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Dec. 1.—Clay City, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club trials. C. F. Young, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Thomasville, Ga.—Continental Field Trial Club trials. John White, Sec'y, Hempstead, N. Y.
Nov. 16.—Holmdel, N. J.—Potter Club of America's trials. C. F. Lewis, Sec'y, New York City.
Nov. 30.—Chase, City, Va.—Virginia Field Trial Association trials. Charles B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.

Behavior of a Foxhound

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time in the early part of last month I thought that I would have a fox hunt on a small scale. Not to disturb the quail with their young broods, instead of taking the whole pack, I took one dog only, an old hound, good for a three hours' chase any day. To my knowledge a dozen foxes have been killed ahead of him.

I started at 4 o'clock in the morning, with lots of dew on the ground. I loosed the hound in an old clearing of about eighty acres, an old grass lot with a buckwheat patch in the center. In the spring of this year I had noticed ten old quail in this same lot, and this is the reason I took only one hound, not to disturb

the quail. At the edge of the buckwheat patch, the hound took a trail, and within five minutes he started his game at full cry. The dog ran for five minutes and then stopped; although there was no reason for it, the ground being wet and damp with the morning dew. As soon as the dog stopped, I walked toward the spot where I had last heard him, to try and help him out. It was something unusual for the hound to stop, therefore I went to investigate. The underbrush was thick, intermingled with cedar trees and chestnut sprouts. All of a sudden and within twenty yards of me, I heard the barking of a fox, and at the same time the hound came up to me, and as I said above, within twenty yards of where the fox was barking, although he could not be seen on account of the underbrush. I coaxed the dog, and encouraged him by talking to him, but he would not leave my heels. I was disgusted, and if I had not known the dog to be a good foxhound, I would have killed him right there and then.

Two weeks later I started for this same locality, but took another dog along, that is to say I took two dogs. I was in a wagon, with two friends. After we reached the spot where we intended to go, the dogs started another fox and carried him off out of hearing. We waited for over three hours, and finally one of the dogs came back, the same one I had had with me two weeks before. Then we drove toward the vicinity where I had been two weeks previously.

We were driving along a regular country road, but in the middle of the woods. For a half mile it was a straight road, we could see a quarter of a mile behind us and as far ahead of us. All at once the dog started at full cry, ran 200 yards, then stopped. I said to my friends, "This is a fox," when the dog stopped. We stopped the horse, looked up and down the road, and listened. All at once I heard the barking of a fox, the same barking I had heard two weeks previously. There was no mistake about it, I recognized it, and I drew my friends' attention to it. Nearer and nearer this barking came. It came toward the road where the team was standing with three of us in the wagon. Suddenly one of my friends in the wagon with me, an old fox hunter, a man over seventy years old, looked over his shoulders toward the direction where the barking was, and said to me, "Hallo, Mr. W., there come the two dogs. Sport (the other hound) has found us." With that I turned my head, and looked back, but instead of seeing two dogs, I saw one dog, and one fox about twenty-five yards behind the dog and chasing the dog for all he was worth. Within ten yards, in the middle of the road, in plain sight of the horse, the wagon and the three of us, the dog stopped very unconcerned, and wagged his tail. The fox ran about five yards closer, within five yards of the dog, and also stopped, and looked at us. I grabbed the gun and killed the fox, which dropped dead in his track and never moved. At the report of the gun the dog looked around and saw the fox lying within five yards of him; then walked away. He would not look at it. We went to the dead fox, and it proved to be a young male fox, fully grown.

G. WALTER.

Brunswick Fur Club.

THE Brunswick Fur Club, of which Mr. Bradford S. Turpin is secretary, has issued circular letters containing full information concerning the conditions governing its field trials, and first annual hound show, on Barre Green, Mass., Oct. 12. Following is some information presented in said letters:

In order to make the trials of 1903 as interesting as possible, and to bring together not only the hounds owned by the members and those interested in fox hounds about New England and the Middle States, the club this year has by aid of a fund subscribed to by Randolph Crompton, O. F. Joslin, Harry W. Smith and others been able to ask three celebrated fox hound breeders of the Central, Southern and Middle States to come as its guests for the trials, bringing on the choicest representatives of their breeding that they may own or obtain, for entry in the Derby and All-Age stake.

L. H. Walker, of Hammack, Ky., the well-known breeder of the Walker hounds, has signified his intention of being present; John C. Bentley, of Sandy Springs, Md., has accepted the club's invitation, and Major S. A. Crump, of Macon, Ga., who owns a most representative pack of July hounds, has also advised the master of fox hounds that he will be present.

Judges: Bradford S. Turpin, George B. Appleby, C. J. Prouty, D'Orsay Williams, F. B. Whidden, F. W. Okie, James M. Appleton.

The Derby will be run the first day of the meeting, Monday, Oct. 12. The winner of the Derby holds the R. D. Perry Cup for one year, and wins outright one of the club cups.

The All-Age stake is open to all fox hounds and is started on Tuesday, Oct. 13. It is divided into five classes, as per "Field Trial Rules." The winner of each class receives a club cup, and the hound making the highest general average in all classes is adjudged the winner of the All-Age stake, and holds for one year the Hitchcock Challenge Cup and the Woodstock Kennel Cup. The latter cup will become the property of anyone having won it twice; the wins need not be successive, nor made with the same entry.

The Pope Memorial Cup is held for one year by the hound showing the best combination of trailing, speed and driving.

By the vote of the club, an owner may make one entry in the Derby or four in the All-Age stake.

The Derby shall be open to all fox hounds whelped on or after Jan. 1 of the year preceding the trials. The hounds shall be judged on average all-round work.

The All-Age shall be open to all fox hounds. There shall be five classes:

Hunting—By hunting shall be understood the general ranging and starting qualities of a hound.

Trailing—Trailing shall be considered the manner in which a hound follows a trail before a fox is jumped.

Speed and Driving—Speed and driving shall be considered rapidity of movement while actually carrying the scent, and therefore the hound doing the greater

part of the leading and known to be carrying either the ground or body scent, is the speediest.

Endurance—By endurance is meant the capacity of a hound for continuous maximum work during a number of successive days' trial.

Tonguing—By tonguing is meant the use a hound makes of his voice after he is let loose for the day's trials.

The fox hound having the highest general average shall be adjudged the winner of the All-Age stake, and in computing the highest general average, the first prize in any class of the All-Age stake shall count 50, the second 30 and the third prize 20.

Westminster Kennel Club.

HEMPSTEAD, L. I., Sept. 19.—Will you kindly announce in the next issue of FOREST AND STREAM that the Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-eighth annual dog show will be held in Madison Square Garden, New York, on the 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th of February, 1904.

JAS. MORTIMER,
Secretary and Supt.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures for 1903.

Members of race committee will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

SEPTEMBER.

26. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, fall regatta.
26. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
26. Chicago, handicap, Lake Michigan.
27. Williamsburg, open, fall regatta.

OCTOBER.

3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
3. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.
5. Southern, fall, New Orleans.
10. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.
17. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1903, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, \$75.00.

Second prize, \$50.00.

Third prize, \$25.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1903.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

5. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

6. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

7. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, on or before Nov. 15, 1903.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH, LONG ISLAND SOUND,
Saturday, September 19.

The special race for steam yachts given by the Indian Harbor Y. C. for the one thousand dollar cup offered by Commodore Frank Tilford took place on Saturday, September 19. The conditions governing the contest required that yachts competing for the cup should not be over 700 tons gross, and that they should not be over 150ft. or under 100ft. waterline length. Before the race Commodore Tilford stated that should his yacht win the race the cup would go to the club as a challenge trophy.

The race was started at one o'clock, and there was no time allowance. The course was from the red spar buoy off the western end of Great Captain Island E. ½ N. to the spar buoy at the N. end of the Middle Ground, one mile N. of Stratford Shoal Light, and return, a distance of fifty nautical miles.

Only three boats came to the starting line, Norman, Commodore Frank Tilford; Inga, Mr. Charles H. Matthessen, and Seminole, Mr. John N. Robbins.

The steam yacht Oneida had on board the Regatta Committee, which was made up of Frank Bowne Jones, chairman; Charles E. Simms, and Charles F. Kirby.

The preparatory signal was given at ten minutes of one, and at one o'clock the starting signal was heard. The boats were given five minutes in which to cross. Seminole was first away, and she was timed at 1:01:32; Norman was next, and she crossed at 1:01:45; Inga was the last over, and her time was 1:02:12. Seminole was the

favorite, and it was thought likely she would lead all over the course. As it turned out, she was the last boat to finish, but her poor performance was due to an accident. It seems that just after crossing the starting line her damper got jammed when it was closed and could not be opened again. The steam dropped from 250 to 90 pounds pressure. Some time elapsed before the steam could be increased, and the better part of the race she steamed under 175 pounds.

Ten minutes after the start Norman passed Seminole, and soon after Inga worked into second place. The outer mark was turned as follows:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Norman	2 31 00	1 31 00
Inga	2 34 10	1 34 10
Seminole	2 39 00	1 39 00

Norman increased her lead on the run back to the finish line, and Seminole about held Inga. The summary follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Norman	1 01 45	4 03 14	3 01 29
Inga	1 02 12	4 15 21	3 13 09
Seminole	1 01 32	4 19 09	3 17 37

Norman beat Inga 11m. 40s., and Seminole 16m. 8s. Inga beat Seminole 4m. 28s.

Norman averaged 16.53 knots, Inga 15.53 knots, and Seminole 15.18 knots.

Norman, ex-Oneonta, was designed by Messrs. Gardiner & Cox, and built by the Delaware River Works, Chester, Pa., in 1895. She is 130ft. waterline, 163ft. over all, 18.4ft. breadth, and 7.5ft. draft. Her gross tonnage is 135, and net 92. The engines are of the triple expansion type, with high pressure cylinder of 13in., intermediate of 21¾in., and low pressure of 35in. by 16in. stroke. The boiler is of the Seabury water tube pattern, having 60 square feet of grate surface and 230.89ft. of heating surface. The engines are of about 1,000 horse-power. Soft coal was used in the race.

Inga, ex-Irene, was designed and built by the Gas Engine and Power Company and Charles L. Seabury Company, at Morris Heights, in 1901. She is 130ft. waterline, 155ft. over all, 18ft. breadth, and 7.5ft. draft. Her gross tonnage is 166, and net 113. She has two triple expansion engines, whose cylinders are each 8½in., 14in., and 23in., by 12in. stroke. She has twin screws. Her engines are of 800 horse-power. Hard coal was used in the race.

Seminole, ex-Hanoli, was designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow and built by the John N. Robbins Company, Brooklyn, in 1902. She is 122.8ft. waterline, 147.4ft. over all, 17.6ft. breadth, and 6.8ft. draft. Her gross tonnage is 147, and net 100. Her engines are of the inverted triple expansion type, with four cylinders, 12in., 18in., 20in., and 20in. in diameter by 15in. stroke. Her boilers are the Almy type, and have 63 square feet of grate surface. Her engines are of 800 horse-power. Hard coal was used in the contest.

Bergen Beach Y. C.

JAMAICA BAY, LONG ISLAND,
Sunday, September 13.

The last of the circuit races of the Y. R. A. of Jamaica Bay was sailed on Sunday, September 13, under the auspices of the Bergen Beach Y. C. The day was a perfect one for yacht racing, and it was disappointing that there were not more starters. At the time of the start there was a fresh S. breeze blowing, and it increased steadily up to the time the boats finished, when they had all they could swing to.

The course was from an imaginary line drawn from the club dock and a stake boat anchored 100 yards off shore; thence to a stake boat off Carnarsie Landing; thence through the Canarsie breakwater to Main Channel; thence to red spar buoy; thence to the starting line, and sailed over twice. This made the first leg a run, the second a reach, the third a beat to windward, and the fourth a reach.

The owners of Vision and Amareth protested each other, and both boats were disqualified. The course was badly laid out, several of the boats being unable to cross the finish line owing to the shallowness of the water. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Yank	1 21 03	2 45 38	1 23 25	1 23 25
Marion	1 21 23	3 40 35	1 19 02	1 18 34
Baby Roger	1 20 51	2 43 03	1 22 17	1 19 17

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ariel	1 25 32	2 42 25	1 16 53	1 16 53
Irene	1 26 45	Did not finish.		

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Aurora	1 30 47	2 46 02	1 15 15	1 15 15

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Pluck	1 36 00	3 02 20	Not measured.	
Doctor	1 35 43	2 57 46	1 22 03	1 18 47
Amaranth	1 35 46	2 58 55	Disqualified.	
Vision	1 36 03	2 54 44	Disqualified.	

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Free	1 40 36	Did not finish.		
Alert	1 40 19	3 03 50	1 23 31	1 23 31
Reliance	1 40 35	3 11 00	1 30 25	1 30 25
Charlie D.	1 40 43	3 09 52	1 29 09	1 28 59
Lester	1 40 46	3 04 58	1 24 12	1 23 12
Wild Duck	1 40 31	3 07 10	1 26 39	1 24 26

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gracie	1 45 26	2 52 29	1 07 03	1 07 03
Lottie M.	1 45 25	2 50 32	1 05 07	1 05 07

The winners were Marion, Ariel, Doctor, Lester, Aurora and Lottie M.

Bristol Y. C.

BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND,
Saturday, September 5.

Thirty-two boats started in the fall regatta of the Bristol Y. C. which was sailed on Saturday, September 5. The race was spoiled by a nasty squall which broke when the boats were near the finish. Several of the boats had very trying experiences, and the catboat Wanderer was dismasted, and Cayenne capsized. San Toy gave up and was towed into the harbor. The summary:

DIVISION ONE.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lady Mary, Richard Aldrich.....	1 50 25	2 50 25	1 50 25	1 50 25
Cornelia, R. W. Comstock.....	1 53 08	2 53 08	1 49 57	1 49 57

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Novice, F. P. Sands.....	1 57 43	2 57 43	1 57 43	1 57 43
Priscilla, W. S. Wood.....	1 57 43	2 57 43	1 57 43	1 57 43

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Skraeling, H. L. Willoughby, Jr.....	2 02 29	3 02 29	2 03 29	2 03 29
Opitsah II., C. F. Tillinghast.....	Did not finish.			
Koskotop, W. S. & C. F. H. Almy.....	2 04 54	3 04 54	2 00 32	2 00 32
Micaboo, Wm. R. Tillinghast.....	2 02 50	3 02 50	2 02 09	2 02 09
Sachem, Wm. H. Thurber.....	Did not finish.			

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Miladi, E. D. Pearce, Jr.....	Did not finish.			
Oriana, Frank Pardee.....	2 17 59	3 17 59	2 17 47	2 17 47
Mistral, Dexter Thurber.....	Did not finish.			
Grace, E. Catlin, Jr.....	2 21 35	3 21 35	2 21 25	2 21 25
Trio, R. Zuill.....	Did not finish.			

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
San Toy, F. Herreshoff.....	Did not finish.			
Harold, Fred T. Rooks.....	2 51 15	3 51 15	2 51 15	2 51 15

DIVISION TWO.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elizabeth, Walter D. Wood.....	2 32 30	3 32 30	2 32 30	2 32 30
Wanderer, H. J. Flint.....	Did not finish.			
Scatt, H. B. Scattergood.....	2 09 30	3 09 30	2 09 30	2 09 30

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nobska, W. J. Rooks.....	2 11 30	3 11 30	2 11 30	2 11 30
Janc, Thomas Howard.....	2 17 10	3 17 10	2 17 10	2 17 10

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gloria, Frank P. Howe.....	2 36 33	3 36 33	2 36 33	2 36 33
Ingomar, John I. Whitehead.....	Did not finish.			

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bazoo, Leeds Burchard.....	1 17 44	2 17 44	1 16 55	1 16 55
Hunkey Dory, R. B. Burchard.....	1 16 55	2 16 55	1 16 19	1 16 19
Yuki, Miss Cook.....	1 16 19	2 16 19	1 16 19	1 16 19

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cayenne, F. Herreshoff.....	Did not finish.			
Squib, C. F. Brown.....	2 38 58	3 38 58	2 39 10	2 39 10
Minette, Howe Brothers.....	2 39 10	3 39 10	2 39 10	2 39 10
Nellie, J. Maytune.....	Did not finish.			

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Za Za, R. C. Watrous.....	1 17 37	2 17 37	1 17 29	1 17 29
Zip, Winthrop Aldrich.....	1 17 29	2 17 29	1 17 29	1 17 29

The winners were Cornelia, Priscilla, Koskotop, Oriana, Heiress, Scott, Nobska, Gloria, Yuki, Squib and Zip.

Newport Y. C.

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND,
Saturday, September 12.

The Newport Y. C. held its fall regatta on Saturday, September 12. Sixteen boats started, and all but one finished. A light S. breeze held throughout the contest. The course was from an imaginary line from the judges' boat to the flagstaff on the Torpedo Station, to and around St. Patrick's buoy, around both Bishop buoys, thence to and around the North Dumbells, to and around the dolphin at the south of the Torpedo Station, back to the starting line.

The judges were Messrs. John G. Costello, J. Allen Boone, and John Alfred Allen. The summary follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Skraeling, Willoughby	4 17 30	5 17 30	1 17 30	1 17 30
O. Denniston	4 21 15	5 21 15	1 21 15	1 21 15
Grace, Catlin	4 24 40	5 24 40	1 21 40	1 21 40
Helen, Scannevin.....	Did not finish.			

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Minnow, Lippitt	4 27 15	5 27 15	1 24 15	1 24 15
Hawk, Gammell	4 27 40	5 27 40	1 24 40	1 24 40
Eaglet, Miss Grosvenor	4 27 55	5 27 55	1 25 55	1 25 55

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Conqueror, Selfridge	4 26 00	5 26 00	1 20 00	1 20 00
Bessie, Booth	4 38 20	5 38 20	1 30 08	1 30 08

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nassau, Davis	4 37 20	5 37 20	1 27 30	1 27 30
Caroline, Newhall	4 40 15	5 40 15	1 31 15	1 31 15

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vesper, Frazier	4 45 35	5 45 35	1 33 35	1 33 35
Mallard, Hidler	4 46 40	5 46 40	1 33 51	1 33 51
Shadow, Chase	4 48 52	5 48 52	1 36 34	1 36 34
Stroller, Brownell	4 50 10	5 50 10	1 37 04	1 37 04
Waban, Chandler	4 49 55	5 49 55	1 37 25	1 37 25

The winners were Skraeling, Minnow, Conqueror, Nassau, and Vesper.

Newport Special Thirties.

The season with the Newport 30-footers, which closed on Thursday, September 10, has been a good one in spite of the fact that fewer boats have been in commission than any season since the class was built. Five boats have taken part in the races, Carolina, owned by Pembroke Jones; Barbara, Winthrop Rutherford; Vaquero III, Payne Whitney; Raccoon, John R. Drexel, and Breeze, William G. Roelker, Jr.

The season's record for the boats is as follows:

	Starts.	First.	Seconds.	Thir.	S'son Cup
Carolina	44	24	4	0	18
Barbara	44	10	13	1	6
Vaquero III.	41	8	7	1	7
Raccoon	32	2	6	3	2
Breeze	13	1	2	4	1

During the season, from July 1 to September 10, there have been forty-five races, nine of which have been for cups. Of this number, Carolina and Barbara have been in forty-four races. Carolina has won twenty-four races and has taken six cups, including the season's championship cup. This is the third year in succession that Carolina has proved the champion of the class. Last season she won the Paget cup, which to own outright a boat had to win two seasons in succession. This spring Mr. Jones offered a cup for the boat making the best average for the season, only firsts to count, and it was necessary for four boats to start for a win to count. Although Mr. Jones was not particular about winning his own cup, he did so with ease.

During the season, beside the Jones cup, Carolina won the following cups: The Rutherford cup, the Whitney cup, the Norrie cup, the Commodore Bourne cup, and the cup offered by the Rhode Island Y. C. and sailed for at Potter's Cove. One other cup rightfully belonged to the Carolina, one offered by Mr. Jones himself, but he made the condition that if the Carolina finished first the cup was to go to the second boat, and it was presented to Vaquero III. Vaquero III. also won the cup offered by the New York Y. C., Barbara won the Walters cup, and Breeze the Drexel cup.

Carolina has again this year been in command of Capt. "Sam" Seaman, who is termed the "king of small boat skippers," a man who knows everything about small boats, and who had an able crew at his command. Last year Mr. Jones presented Capt. "Sam" with a loving cup in recognition of his services. Captain Seaman is one of the best known of the Cow Bay skippers, and his home is at Port Washington, Long Island.

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT, LONG ISLAND SOUND,
Saturday, September 19.

The fall regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, September 19, and the event was marked by a very small list of entries. The schooner race for the Larchmont cup was scheduled for this day, but there were no starters. The largest boats that came to the line were the 60-footers Neola and Weetamoe. None of the 43-footers put in an appearance, and class N was the next largest to fill. There were six starters in the raceabout class, and three of the Larchmont 21-footers were on hand. This race practically winds up the racing on Long Island Sound, and ends a season that has been most unsatisfactory and disappointing from the standpoint of the racing yachtsmen.

The day was a fairly good one for yacht racing. The breeze was light from the E., and at the start had a strength of six or seven knots. The 60-footers were to have covered the triangular course of 10½ miles three times, but as the wind fell light at the end of the first round the Regatta Committee decided not to send them around again.

The preparatory signal was given at noon, and the 60-footers were sent away ten minutes later. Both boats were carrying large club topsails. Neola crossed in the lead, but Weetamoe was nicely berthed on her weather quarter. The first leg was a beat and Neola was rapped off and allowed to foot while Weetamoe was pinched out. Before reaching the weather mark Weetamoe had secured a nice lead, and from that time on she had the race well in hand.

In class H Mimosa had only Little Peter to beat, and this she did with ease. The other 30-footers were racing at the Atlantic Y. C.

The raceabouts got away well bunched, with Rascal slightly in the lead. Rascal and Jolly Tar sailed a pretty race for first place, but the former won out by exactly 1m.

Dorothy had the best of the start in the Larchmont 21ft. class, but Hourie, cleverly handled, managed to work into first place and beat out Dorothy, the second boat, by over 2m. The summary follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt.....	3 24 31	3 24 31	3 14 31
Neola, George M. Pynchon.....	3 30 18	3 30 18	3 20 18

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mimosa, T. L. Park.....	3 06 19	3 06 19	2 46 19
Little Peter, F. M. Weeks.....	3 22 51	3 22 51	3 02 51

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cricket, Howard Willets.....	3 22 30	3 22 30	2 57 30
Grasshopper, H. C. Fryer.....	3 20 07	3 20 07	2 55 07
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins.....	3 10 43	3 10 43	2 45 43
Jolly Tar, Slocum Howland.....	3 11 43	3 11 43	2 46 43
The Kid, Oliver Harriman, Jr.....	Did not finish.		
Hobo, T. L. Parks.....	3 13 15	3 13 15	2 48 15

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothy, L. G. Spence.....	3 36 24	3 36 24	3 06 24
Vaquero, J. N. Marble.....	3 54 30	3 54 30	2 24 30
Hourie, J. H. Esser.....	3 34 10	3 34 10	3 04 10

The winners were Weetamoe, Mimosa, Rascal and Hourie.

Bensonhurst Y. C.

BENSONHURST, L. I.,
Saturday, September 19.

The eighth and last regatta of the Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay was held on the afternoon of Saturday, September 19, under the auspices of the Bensonhurst Y. C. Ten boats started and finished the race. The entry was kept down by the disabling and total destruction of many boats in the recent gale.

A light wind from the N. E. sent the boats over the course in good time. All marks were left to starboard. It was a run to the stake boat off Sea Gate, a reach to Fort Hamilton, windward work to the buoy off the Marine and Field Club, and a reach home to the start off Ulmer Park. This distance was covered twice, aggregating six nautical miles.

Trouble and Spots had competed in the fall regatta of the Atlantic Y. C. which was started earlier in the day, and so did not get to the line until late. The judges consented to send them once over the course. Adeline went but a single journey to Red Can buoy No. 2 off Coney Island Point, thence to Craven Shoal and home, a distance of four miles. The first two legs were reaches and the last a beat.

Among the smaller boats Ogeemah took an early lead and was first throughout the event. In the light wind the open catboat, Martha M., made the best elapsed time for the inside course. The class P boat, Folly, protested Karma for fouling. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Adeline, J. B. O'Donohue.....	4 28 37	4 28 37	1 25 37

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ogeemah, Brophy & Mackay.....	4 44 07	4 44 07	1 38 07
Karma, J. C. Erskine.....	4 48 11	4 48 11	1 42 11
Folly, J. A. Sutter.....	4 49 35	4 49 35	1 43 35

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Trouble, W. H. Childs.....	5 05 40	5 05 40	0 48 40
Spots, D. D. Allerton.....	5 11 05	5 11 05	0 54 05

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Martha M., Richard Moore.....	4 55 47	4 55 47	1 37 13
Boozie, C. D. Durkee.....	4 56 40	4 56 40	1 38 40

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperance, T. A. Hamilton.....	5 10 57	5 10 57	1 49 57
Stinger, A. P. Clapp.....	5 30 57	5 30 57	2 09 57

The winners were Ogeemah, Trouble, Martha M. and Esperance. Adeline scored a sailover.

The newly organized yacht club for Patchogue has been progressing rapidly. The name decided upon is the Great South Bay Y. C. At a meeting of the club a short time ago, the committee appointed to find a suitable site for a club house reported that they had received an offer from Mrs. Kate L. Gilbert, a summer resident, who owns a country seat on the Patchogue River. Mrs. Gilbert offers to present to the club, for the purpose of erecting a club house, property having a frontage on the bay of 50 feet and depth of 450 feet. It is proposed by the club to accept Mrs. Gilbert's offer, and also try and secure adjoining property so as to have a wider shore frontage. The membership of the club is increasing with surprising rapidity, all of which indicates that the new yacht club will be a great success.—Brooklyn Times.

Pacific Interclub Y. A.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,

Wednesday, September 9.

The thirty-eighth annual regatta of the Pacific Interclub Yachting Association was sailed on Wednesday, September 9.

At 2 P. M. the starting whistle for the 20-footers was sounded; and the yawl Kittiwake, with the sloops Ruby, Mistral and Zada, crossed the line between two stakeboats anchored off Powell street wharf. The tide was ebbing and there was a fair breeze, which freshened as the afternoon wore on.

In the yawl special class there were four entries; Iola took first place by a margin of 4m. 12s., corrected time.

In the 30ft. class the sloop Challenger won easily, making better time over the course than any yacht in the 30ft. or 44ft. classes. Her elapsed and corrected times were 2h. 29m. 52s. Helen was second in a corrected time of 2h. 44m. 34s. Æolus finished 1s. ahead of Truant; she beat her by that small margin.

In the 36ft. class Harpoon beat Edna by 1m. 38s., corrected time.

Interest was increased in the 44ft. class by the appearance of the sloop Nixie. Though the elapsed time of Nixie was 1m 32s. better than that of her competitor, Speedwell's time allowance of 3m. 26s. brought her in a winner.

Rollo Smith, judge on the windward stakeboat Alice, reported last night that the yawl Iola fouled the starboard stay of the Alice with her jigger, and that the sloop Æolus fouled the mainsheet of the sloop Truant.

The races were under the management of the Regatta Committee of the Pacific Interclub Yacht Association, consisting of S. Middlemas, of the Corinthian Y. C., chairman; G. E. Smith of the San Francisco Y. C., R. R. L'Hommedieu of the California Y. C., P. J. Weniger of the Vallejo Y. C. and Louis Sonniksen of the South Bay Y. C. C. J. Lancaster was referee, George E. Smith and Louis Sonniksen were judges, and P. J. Weniger and R. R. L'Hommedieu timers. The summary follows:

21ft. Special Class—Start, 2:00.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kittiwake	3 22 18	1 22 18	1 16 50
Ruby	3 05 30	1 05 30	1 05 11
Mistral	3 18 33	1 18 33	1 18 33
Zada	3 31 30	1 31 30	1 25 44
Yawl Special Class—Start, 2:20.			
Iola	1 04 04	1 44 04	1 44 04
Pilgrim	4 32 28	2 12 28	1 57 23
Gypsy	4 14 13	1 54 13	1 48 17
Royal	4 32 02	2 12 02	2 02 47
30ft. Class—Start, 2:30.			
Æolus	5 21 05	2 51 05	2 49 23
Helen	5 18 14	2 48 14	2 44 34
Truant	5 21 06	2 51 06	2 49 24
Challenger	4 59 52	2 29 52	2 29 52
36ft. Class—Start, 2:40.			
Harpoon	5 16 47	2 36 47	2 35 36
Emma	5 21 21	2 41 21	2 39 05
Edna	5 17 14	2 37 14	2 37 14
Jessie E.	5 29 45	2 49 45	2 46 47
44ft. Class—Start, 2:50.			
Speedwell	5 22 07	2 32 07	2 28 41
Nixie	5 20 35	2 30 35	2 30 35

Stuyvesant Y. C.

FLUSHING BAY, LONG ISLAND,

Sunday, September 20.

The fourteenth annual regatta of the Stuyvesant Y. C. was sailed Sunday, September 20, in a brisk N. E. wind.

The classes did not fill as well as had been expected on account of the number of yachts which were disabled in the gale of the previous week.

Whileaway, W. B. Corsett and C. T. Wills, parted haliards during the race, and Alva carried away her mast.

Jack Rabbit entered a protest against Ripple for passing on the wrong side of a channel buoy. The summary follows:

Class A—Cabin Sloops 30ft. and Over—Start, 12:10.	
Pinochle	4 40 30
Class C—Cabin Sloops between 20 and 25ft.—Start, 12:10.	
Ripple	7 00 00
Jack Rabbit	7 15 15
Class D—Open Sloops 22ft. and Over—Start, 12:10.	
Eleanor	5 19 30
Leonora	5 25 30
Pearl Louise	Not timed.
Class E—Cabin Cats—25ft. and Over—Start, 12:10.	
Teddie, Jr.	5 46 00
Whileaway	Did not finish.
Alva	Did not finish.
Class F—Cabin Cats between 20 and 25ft.—Start, 12:15.	
Spray	4 35 00
W. B. Corsett	Not timed.
Class H—Open Cats 22ft. and Under—Start, 12:15.	
Colleen	2 34 00
C. T. Willis	3 04 45
Ping Pong	3 12 45
Class I—Open Sloops—Under 20ft.—Start, 12:20.	
Viola	Sail over.
Class J—Yawls Under 18ft.—Start, 12:20.	
Hobo	Sail over.

The winners were Pinochle, Ripple, Eleanor, Teddy, Jr.; Spray, Colleen, Viola and Hobo.

Lynn Y. C.

LYNN, MASS.,

Monday, September 7.

The annual Y. R. A. open race of the Lynn Y. C. was sailed off Bass Point, Nahant, on Labor Day, September 7. The breeze was all around the compass and was so light and fluky that there was little shown in the results of the racing. In the 25-footers Chewink III. got away first and led Great Haste all over the course. In the 22-footers Tayac was away first, but Medric took the lead on the first leg and held it to the finish. In the 18ft. knockabouts Chance won in a general drifting match. In the other classes the boats were fairly well bunched on the first round, but on the second they were all spread out on account of the flukes. The summary:

Class D—25-footers.	
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	2 45 42
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	2 50 30
Class E—22-footers.	
Medric, H. H. White.	2 37 26
Opitsah V., H. S. and H. J. Foster.	2 46 00
Tayac, W. H. Joyce.	2 55 25
Peri II., George Lee.	2 58 38

Class I—18-footers.	
Chance, Reginald Boardman.	1 50 10
Question, J. H. Hunt.	1 57 14
L. Y. C. 15-footers.	
Winneahdin, James Pratt, et al.	1 50 02
Haymaker, W. S. Johnson.	1 58 32
San Toy, W. Ridlon.	2 00 07
Hinkey Dee, C. H. Crowell.	2 06 15
Miss Flip, C. E. Hodgdon.	2 10 00
Special Dorics.	
Reliance, C. F. Curry.	1 02 14
Louise, J. W. Hammond.	1 12 53
Sneak Box, J. B. Stearns.	1 19 15

Handicap Class.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Toss, H. N. Farnham.	1 32 05	1 23 05
Wawenock, Coombs & Seymour.	1 30 46	1 25 46
Problem, C. J. Blethen.	1 30 52	1 25 52
Thordis, C. A. Heney.	1 33 08	1 31 08
Pointer II., B. Melzard.	1 45 44	1 33 44
Luella C., J. J. McGary.	1 44 21	1 34 21
Catspaw, Melzard Brothers.	1 49 45	1 37 45
Helen, Twombly Brothers.	1 50 03	1 38 03
Gardner	1 50 46	1 38 46
Caper	1 53 02	1 39 02
Odd Fellow, G. G. S. Buttrick.	1 53 03	1 39 03
Teazer, Fred Collins.	1 51 13	1 39 13
Bugaboo II., H. Ingalls.	1 52 23	1 40 23
Barbara, J. Blaney.	1 53 00	1 41 00
Eclipse, A. F. Leary.	1 49 47	1 44 47
Kit, H. B. Whittier.	1 49 16	1 49 16
Trump, Russell Brothers.	2 15 01	1 55 01
Izabell, C. E. Hodgdon.	2 45 00	2 25 00
Lobster, T. J. Murphy.	Withdraw.	

Boston Y. C.

BOSTON, MASS.,

Wednesday, September 9.

The last race of the season to be given under Y. R. A. of M. rules was given by the Boston Y. C. off its Hull station on Wednesday, September 9. The wind was light, varying from E. to S. W. In the 25-footers Sally VII. had things about all her own way after the start. Early Dawn sailed a good race in this class, and finished a strong second. In the 22ft. class Tayac got away first and led all over the course. The 18-footers were bunched at the start, and soon after Chance and Domino got into a luffing match, during which Question got away and established a lead, which she held to the finish. Chance got the better of the argument with Domino and held second place to the finish. Chance, however, was protested by Aspinquid II. In the one-design dorics Vera won a close race. Jacobin was first over the finish line in the handicap class, but lost to Bonito on time allowance. The summary:

Class D—25-footers.		Elapsed.
Sally VII., L. F. Percival.....	1 14 36	
Early Dawn III., J. E. Doherty.....	1 16 09	
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	1 17 09	
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	1 19 53	
Class E—22-footers.		
Tayac, W. H. Joyce.....	1 15 24	
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. I. Foster.....	1 17 16	
Medric, H. H. White.....	1 18 19	
Class S—21-footers.		
Perhaps II., J. E. Robinson.....	1 29 10	
Mildred II., S. P. Moses.....	1 26 59	
Class I—18-footers.		
Question, J. H. Hunt.....	1 27 32	
Chance, Reginald Boardman.....	1 29 12	
Domino, C. C. Clapp.....	1 31 40	
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster.....	1 32 20	
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch.....	1 35 20	
Patrice, A. W. Finlay.....	1 36 55	
Yo San, R. I. Randolph, Jr.....	1 36 57	
Humbug, Cole & Bacon.....	1 36 59	
Crow, Lauriat & Hooper.....	1 37 03	
Biza, Alfred Douglas.....	1 42 19	
Nicnac, E. B. Holmes.....	1 45 01	
D. Y. C. Dorics.		
Vera, H. Lundburg	1 10 37	
Lurline, J. P. Mead.....	1 11 38	
Hobo	1 11 45	

Atlantic Y. C.

SEA GATE, L. I.,

Saturday, September 19.

The fall regatta of the Atlantic Y. C. was held on Saturday, September 19, over courses in the Lower Bay. The chief interest in the event centered in the struggle among the 30-footers. Oiseau, Alert, Bobtail and Bagheera had met earlier in the year in the races for the Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup. Alert successfully defended the trophy. Oiseau finished third and Bobtail fourth in the contest on points.

Ever since those races the Atlantic Y. C. boats, including Vivian II., a Herreshoff creation, purchased since the cup contests, have wanted to try conclusions with Oiseau and Alert. Overtures were made to these boats and they were at last persuaded to leave the Sound waters and come to Sea Gate.

A sweepstakes trophy was arranged to which the club contributed a snug sum. This was to be divided among the winners of the first three places according to common agreement for a series of three races on points. The system in use gives a boat one point for starting and one for every boat she defeats, with the understanding that points for all races after the first shall be figured on the number of boats in the initial event.

The contest on Saturday was the first of the series. The visiting boats proved the smarter, and the struggle resolved itself into one between Oiseau and Alert for first honors. The Maxwell boat finally won out by 17s. actual time. Bobtail beat Bagheera for third place by 2s.

The 30-footers went twice out to West Bank Light and back, a distance of 12 nautical miles. It was a broad reach out and a beat home in which the tide was a potent factor. The event for these boats was started at 3:05 P. M.

The other craft were sent away shortly after 11 o'clock in the morning. The regatta committee was on the tug Union. The smaller boats went out to Old Orchard Shoal Light and return, a distance of 12¼ nautical miles. In the light N. E. wind blowing it was a run out and a beat home.

The tide was ebbing nearly all of the journey, and craft

which worked home under the Staten Island shore had the better of the struggle. Naida, recently built from the lines of Mr. Henry J. Gielow, finished far ahead of the rest of the fleet. Mary and Apukwa II. did much better than usual. With the two remaining races in the 30-foot series the yachting season of the Atlantic Y. C. ends. The summary:

Sloops—Class M—Start, 3:05.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Oiseau, H. L. Maxwell.	6 07 07	3 02 07	2 58 27
Alert, J. W. Alker.	6 07 20	3 02 20	3 00 27
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.	6 10 15	3 05 15	3 02 37
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb.	6 10 17	3 05 17	3 03 31
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon.	6 13 18	3 08 18	3 08 18
Sloops—Class P—Start, 11:20.			
Naiad, Dr. J. B. Palmer.	2 46 03	3 26 03	3 26 03
Corona, J. E. Beggs.	3 05 23	3 45 23	3 45 23
Vagabond, T. A. Vernon.	3 10 20	3 50 20	3 50 20
Smoke, L. H. Dyer.	4 30 27	5 10 27	5 10 27
Kate, J. S. Negus, yawl.	Did not finish.		
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 11:20.			
Mary, Max Grundner.	3 31 18	3 41 18	3 41 18
Careless, F. J. Haynes.	3 12 36	3 52 36	3 52 36
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins.	3 18 25	3 58 25	3 58 25
Trouble, W. H. Childs.	3 28 38	4 08 38	4 08 38
Spots, D. D. Allerton.	3 34 50	4 14 50	4 14 50
Sloops—Class R—Start, 11:25.			
Apukwa II., E. S. Tefft.	3 22 50	3 57 50	3 57 50
Scalawag, E. S. Ludlow.	3 31 10	4 06 10	4 06 10

The winners were: Oiseau, Naiad, Mary and Apukwa II.

September 20.

The series for the 30-footers ended with two races held on September 20; Alert finished first for the three contests with 13 points. Vivian II. was close behind with 10. Bagheera got 8, Bobtail 7, and Oiseau 5.

The two last races were held in a fine breeze from the N. E. Vivian II. and Alert had it nip and tuck for first honors. The Vernon boat finished first in each, but lost the morning race by 29s corrected time. In the second she was victorious by 32s. corrected time. Oiseau had hard luck. She was disabled in the morning event and withdrew in the afternoon.

The first race on September 12 was over a triangular course. The boats had a broad reach to Craven Shoal bell buoy, another reach to West Bank Light, and a beat home. The journey was covered twice and aggregated fourteen nautical miles. In the afternoon the course was to Old Orchard Shoal Light and return. It was a run out and a beat home, a distance of 12¼ nautical miles. The summary:

Sloops—Class M—Start, 9:35.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alert, J. W. Alker.	12 02 24	2 27 24	2 25 07
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon.	12 00 36	2 25 36	2 25 36
Bagheera, H. Chubb.	12 05 22	2 30 22	2 28 13
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.	12 12 28	2 37 28	2 34 18
Oiseau, H. L. Maxwell.	Disabled.		
Afternoon Race—Start, 2:05.			
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon.	4 19 47	2 14 47	2 14 47
Alert, J. W. Alker.	4 22 14	2 17 14	2 15 19
Bagheera, H. Chubb.	4 25 02	2 20 02	2 18 07
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.	4 30 10	2 25 10	2 22 29
Oiseau, H. L. Maxwell.	Did not finish.		

Atlantic Y. C. Ocean Race.

September 7 to 13.

524 Miles.

The regatta committee of the Atlantic Y. C. has issued the official figures of the long ocean race which started on the morning of Labor Day, September 7, and ended with the finish of the last boat on Sunday, September 13. Morten F. Plant's Herreshoff creation, Ingomar, was the winner. She beat Hildegard, her nearest rival, by 21h., 27m. and 56s. Endymion was third, Iroquois fourth, and Fleur de Lys fifth. Thistle withdrew. The compass course of the event follows:

	Course.	in Miles.
Scotland L. V. to Nantucket Shoal L. V.	E. ½ S.	190
Nantucket Shoal L. V. to North East End L. V.	W.S.W. ¾ W.	242
North East End L. V. to Barnegat Bell Buoy	N.N.E. ¾ E.	52
Barnegat Bell Buoy to Scotland L. V.	N. by E. ¼ E.	40
Total		524

Each boat had interesting tales to tell of the long struggle. Minor accidents were frequent. Head winds and fog prevailed to an irritating degree. The schooners in the race were the best for ocean going in these parts. It is likely that all will be seen in events of like nature next year. Each boat was separated by hours from the other, and corrected times were not figured out. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
	Sept. 7, P.M.	Sept. 11, A.M.	
Ingomar, M. F. Plant.	12 32 25	9 50 40	93 18 15
		Sept. 12, A.M.	
Hildegard, E. R. Coleman.	12 33 44	7 19 55	114 46 11
		Sept. 13, A.M.	
Endymion, G. Lauder, Jr.	12 35 00	12 09 00	131 34 00
		Sept. 13, A.M.	
Iroquois, J. G. N. Whitaker.	12 33 07	6 20 30	137 47 23
		Sept. 13, P.M.	
Fleur de Lys, L. A. Stimson.	12 33 33	12 59 00	144 25 27
Thistle, R. E. Tod.	12 33 33	Withdraw.	

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.,

Saturday, September 12.

The last championship race of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, September 12, in a light E. breeze. Question led in the 18-footers for the greater part of the course. Aspinquid II. passed her on the last leg, but a little puff near the finish enabled Question to cross the finish line first. In the handicap class Challenge was first across the finish line, but lost to Ajireolus on time allowance. The summary:

18ft. Knockabouts.	
Question, J. H. Hunt.	2 29 30
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster.	2 30 08
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.	2 31 22
Wink, L. B. Goodspeed.	2 31 30
Osprey, A. Train.	2 34 49
Domino, C. C. Clapp.	2 34 52
Handicap Class.	
Aureolus, H. Kellogg.	1 19 55
Challenge, E. B. Atwood.	1 24 32
Solitaire, Dr. Amesbury.	1 24 46
Alice B., J. F. Lowe.	1 26 49

Saturday, September 19.

A special race

which all of the boats were sailed by novices, with the following result:

18ft. Knockabouts.		Elapsed.
Miladi II., R. E. Ford.....	1	47 45
Question, T. D. Salomon.....	1	51 25
Aspinquid, E. V. Vinal.....	1	54 25
Wink, W. Tracy.....	1	57 10
Osprey, Maxwell.....	1	58 40
Domino, H. Clapp.....	2	03 40
Kittiwake, A. Holmes.....	2	04 40
Handicap Class.		
Aureolus, H. Kellogg.....	2	19 00
Solitaire, W. R. Amsbury, Jr.....	2	19 04
Imp, F. Norwood.....	2	19 35
Alice, Mortimer Walson.....	2	30 57
Random, George Cushman.....	2	22 00
SEASON PERCENTAGES.		
18-footers.		
Asquinquid II., C. M. Foster.....	71.1	
Miladi, II., F. R. Adams.....	69.1	
Kittiwake, H. Jones.....	59.1	
Domino, C. C. Clapp.....	57.9	
Question, J. Hunt.....	55.7	
Wink, L. B. Goodspeed.....	52.9	
Osprey, A. Train.....	34.9	
Handicap.		
Challenge, E. B. Atwood.....	83.0	
As-You-Like-It, Whitman.....	76.0	
Solitaire, Dr. Amesbury.....	63.0	
Aureolus, H. Kellogg.....	62.2	
Rooster, Etherington.....	51.6	

Beverly Y. C.

BUZZARD'S BAY, MASS.,
Saturday, September 12.

The last Corinthian race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed in Buzzard's Bay on Saturday, September 12, in a fluky E. breeze. In the 30-footers Arabian got away first, followed by Notos. Soon after the start all the yachts were becalmed except Young Miss, which caught a little breeze. This gave her a lead which she held to the finish. In this class Mashnee is the winner of the season's championship. Terrapin, which won handily in the 21-footers, is also the winner of the championship of her class for the season, and gets a silver cup besides. In the fourth class cats, Allison II. had the race well in hand until she broke down, after which Krieker led to the finish. Allison II., however, is the winner of the class championship for the season. Spider won in the 15ft. class, and also gets the championship for the season. The women's cup in this class was won by Teaser, Mrs. R. W. Emmons. In the special class of 15-footers Dahinda won easily. The summary:

30-footers.		Elapsed.
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore.....	2	06 05
Mashnee, R. W. Emmons.....	2	07 20
Arabian, Robt. Winsor.....	2	08 10
Notos, Chas. H. Taylor, Jr.....	2	09 15
Evelyn, John Hitchcock.....	2	10 01
21-footers.		
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney.....	1	50 20
Radiant, Mrs. C. M. Baker.....	1	53 51
Jack Rabbit, Joshua Crane, Jr.....	1	55 14
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis.....	1	55 30
Edith, Clark King.....		Protested.
Fourth Class Cats.		
Krieker, W. S. Jameson.....	1	52 55
Howard, H. O. Miller.....	2	02 21
Allison II., S. B. McLeod.....	2	10 20
Hod, H. B. Holmes.....	2	10 30
15-footers.		
Spider, H. M. Stone.....	1	19 30
Fly, Miss Williams.....	1	21 37
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr.....	1	22 53
Fiddler, Miss Dabney.....	1	25 16
Jub Jub, H. Stockton.....	1	25 25
Avalon, F. Ayer, Jr.....	1	27 07
Teaser, Mrs. R. W. Emmons.....	1	27 33
Pickamarro, Misses Emmons.....	1	28 12
Special Class—15-footers.		
Dahirida, C. L. Curtis.....	1	27 30
Chico, G. P. Gardner.....	1	30 20

Saturday, September 19.

A special race of the Beverly Y. C. one-design 30-footers was sailed on Saturday, Sept. 19, in which all the yachts were sailed by professionals, while owners followed in the steam yacht Genevieve. The breeze was light and steady from the N. E. Notos led until the first mark was turned, after which Young Miss took the lead and held it to the finish. The summary:

		Elapsed.
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore.....	2	17 30
Evelyn, John Hitchcock.....	2	20 19
Quakeress, W. H. Harrison.....	2	21 20
Notos, C. H. Taylor, Jr.....	2	21 22
Praxilla, John Parkinson, Jr.....	2	21 28
Mashnee, R. W. Emmons, 2d.....	2	21 37

“Forty Years On.”

Contest for the America's Cup—1943.

6 A. M. (Sandy Hook).—Shamrock XXIII. is preparing for the third race, which is over the triangular course today. Sir Thomas Lipton, despite two defeats, has still implicit confidence in his boat. He gives it as his opinion that the challenger is even a better boat than Shamrock XVII., which made such a close fight for the Cup twelve years ago.

7 A. M. (New York).—Wind is now blowing 6.3 knots from S. S. E. Sir Thomas says, “This is Shamrock's weather.” Pressed to say more, he added: “The defender is certainly a wonderful boat, but the Cup is never won until the best boat takes three races.”

7:45 A. M. (Sandy Hook).—Shamrock XXIII. was re-measured after yesterday's spin, and supporters of the British boat will be pleased to learn that by taking six inches off the boom and two feet from the baby jibtopsail, her time allowance has been increased by nearly twenty minutes, making the total one hour, forty-two minutes. This will add greatly to her chance of winning. Sir Thomas Lipton is reported to have said, “May the best boat win.”

Yesterday Sir Thomas Lipton was presented with another mascot by the President's daughter. It took the shape of a handsomely bound album, containing photographs of the twenty-two previous Shamrocks. At the end of the book was a photograph of the much-coveted Cup, with the inscription underneath:

LIFTED BY SHAMROCK NO.....

DATE.....

Sir Thomas was much touched, and is reported to have

said, with a catch in his voice, “May the best boat win!”

10:59 A. M.—The competitors are jockeying for the windward berth.

11 A. M. (Sandy Hook).—They're off!—(From our Special Correspondent.)

[Copyright in both Hemispheres.]

11 A. M. (Sandy Hook).—The yachts have started.—(Central News.)

11:01 A. M.—The Defender has secured the windward berth for the one hundred and thirty-third successive time.

11:20 A. M.—Shamrock XXIII. seems to point higher than ever, and is footing it very fast. The Defender refuses to split tacks, and is eating her way greedily into the wind, being pinched for all she is worth. Shamrock is slowly but surely forging astern.—(Anti-Marconi.)

Later. 11:40 A. M.—Shamrock is going about.

11:40½ A. M.—Shamrock has gone about.

Much Later. 1:50 P. M.—Shamrock has rounded the mark and has gone to look for the Defender, which is out of sight. Sir Thomas Lipton is confident as ever, and has just remarked, “The race is not over yet. However, may the best boat win.”—(Reuter.)

Later Still. 3:41 P. M.—Shamrock is nearing home and has reduced her disadvantage, as far as one can judge, to twelve and a half miles. Her baby jib has given a lot of trouble.—(Central News.)

4:10.—Result: Shamrock was beaten by fifty-six minutes, after deducting her time allowance.

The news created little or no surprise in New York. Sir Thomas Lipton, after the race, is reported to have remarked (with a catch in his voice), “The only thing I can say is that we did better to-day than we did this time ten years ago. Perhaps with more or perhaps with less wind the result might have been different. It is hard to admit it, but ‘the best boat won.’ I had previously expressed a wish to that effect.”—(Our Special Correspondent.)—Punch.

Lloyd's Rules for Yacht Building.

THE Committee of Lloyd's Register of Shipping have now issued their new Rules for the Building and Classification of Wood, Steel and Composite Yachts.

Rules for yachts were first issued by the committee of this society in the year 1878, when the first yacht register was published by the society. Since that time the form and construction of yachts, more especially those used for racing purposes, have undergone many changes, and in consequence it was necessary that the rules for these pleasure craft should be so modified and amended as to render them more suited for the types of such vessels as are now commonly being built. To aid them in revising these rules, the committee of Lloyd's Register and their staff invited the opinions of the leading yacht builders and designers both in the United States of America and in Great Britain, and their suggestions were adopted as far as considered practicable.

The rules now published are therefore the result of the careful consideration both of the committee of Lloyd's Register and of prominent experts in yacht construction.

A new scantling basis has been adopted for all types of yachts, in which the length of the “bilge diagonal” has been introduced in order to insure that the finer yachts shall have a smaller scantling than those of fuller form.

Not only has the basis of the yacht rules been modified, but considerable additions and extensions have been made both in regard to the details of requirements as well as in the tables for the various descriptions of scantlings, and further the value of the book has been greatly enhanced by the addition of numerous illustrations showing the various approved modes of construction as commonly adopted in wood, steel and composite yachts, and the manner in which the rules and tables severally apply to them.

The number of yachts built under the rules of Lloyd's Register goes on increasing from year to year, and the society now issues two registers devoted exclusively to yachts, one in New York, which contains particulars of some 2,800 American and Canadian yachts, and has already in the first year of its publication met with a large measure of support from the leading yachtsmen in the States, and the other in London, which contains particulars of some 8,000 yachts, and has a circulation of over 2,000 copies annually.

For the survey and classification of yachts the society's large staff of surveyors is available. These officers number over 300, and are stationed at New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, as well as other ports in the United States and Canada, Great Britain and Ireland and abroad.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Mr. Hollis Burgess has made the following sales through his agency: The 25ft. waterline sloop Onda, owned by Mr. John Greenough, of New York, to Mr. F. F. Cutler, of Boston, and the 25ft. waterline auxiliary yawl Cavalier, owned by Mr. Walter C. Lewis, of Boston, to Mr. W. G. Dunham, of New Rochelle. Mr. Burgess's business has increased to such an extent that he has found it necessary to move into larger and more desirable offices. After Monday, September 21, Mr. Burgess will be located in the Board of Trade Building, 131 State street, Boston, Mass.

Shamrock II. has been sold and she will be broken up for junk. Captains “Lem” Miller and Charles Barr are the purchasers, and it is stated that they paid \$7,000 for the boat. Captain Miller was in charge of Columbia this season when she raced against Reliance and Constitution, and he sailed on Reliance in the races against Shamrock III.

The easterly gale that swept the coast on September 16 did great damage to shipping and yachting. A number of lives were lost and many yachts were swept ashore all along the coast from New Jersey to Massachusetts and wrecked or badly injured. Most of the damage was done to the smaller craft; few of the larger boats that employed regular crews met with mishaps. It is impossible

to estimate the damage done, and it is fortunate that the gale did not occur in the summer, for then many yachtsmen would have been deprived of a season's pleasure. Then again a large number of boats had already been put in their winter quarters, and in this way were saved from possible destruction.

Mr. George Grouse Cook and Captain Howard Patterson, naval architects, have received an order from a New York yachtsman for a large ocean-going steam yacht. The yacht will be built of steel and will be very completely fitted throughout. She is to be 206ft. over all, 172ft. waterline, 32ft. breadth, and 12ft. draft. The yacht will have a speed of twelve knots under natural draft.

At the annual meeting of the Manchester Y. C. the following officers and committees were elected: Com., E. S. Grew; Vice-Com., S. Parker Bremer; Rear-Com., E. A. Boardman; Sec'y and Treas., H. B. Pearson; Executive Committee, the above officers and A. M. Merriam, one year; A. F. Bemis and F. W. Fabyan, two years; George Wigglesworth and T. K. Lothrop, three years; Regatta Committee, R. DeB. Boardman, chairman; Reginald Boardman, Norton Wigglesworth, George Lee and H. B. Pearson; Meas., David Fenton.

Messrs. Tuthill and Higbee, of Greenport, L. I., are building a wooden steam yacht for the Rev. F. L. Humphreys, of Morristown, N. J. The yacht will be 100ft. over all, 18ft. breadth, and 5ft. draft. The yacht will have twin screws, and she will be fitted with an Almy water tube boiler and compound engines, which are designed to produce 120 horse-power.

Commodore Weaver of the Seaside Park Y. C., has selected the following committees to serve for the ensuing year:

House Committee—Charles J. Rainear, chairman; Henry P. Orlemann, Thomas Nelson, Joseph R. Wilson, Ormond Rambo.

Regatta Committee—George S. Gandy, chairman; R. Herbert Crowell, Dr. Geo. H. Thacher, Nelson Gaskill, Herman Muller, A. Lynn Sailer, John D. Johnson, Jr.

Membership Committee—Harvey T. Weber, chairman; Henry P. Orlemann, Sidney W. Prince, Alfred R. Gandy, Calvin F. Crowell, Dr. Charles Harker.

Entertainment Committee—B. B. Lister, chairman; Frank Thacher, Thomas Nelson, Jr.; Norris E. Henderson, Edwin C. Nevin.

Press Committee—Joseph R. Wilson, chairman; Sidney W. Prince, H. A. Rubins, Herman Muller, Thomas H. Cameron.

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

IN order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First prize, \$50.00.

Second prize, \$25.00.

Third prize, \$15.00.

Fourth and fifth, \$10.00 each.

Sixth to eighth, \$5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept, and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, on or before December 1, 1903.

New York C. C.

BENSONHURST, L. I.,

Saturday, September 19.

The New York Canoe Club held a handicap regatta on the afternoon of Saturday, September 19, over courses in Gravesend Bay. The event was for open sailing canoes, a large fleet of which flies the burgee of the well-known organization. The course was triangular 1½ miles in extent. Handicaps were arranged according to the showing made in the annual fall regatta on Saturday, September 12. A. M. Poole was the winner. The summary:

Open Canoes—Start, 4:22.		Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
A. M. Poole.....	5	56 45	0 34 45	0 32 45
A. Wilmarth.....	4	58 10	0 36 10	0 33 10
W. Carmalt.....	4	57 15	0 35 15	0 33 15
E. J. Wright.....	4	57 20	0 35 20	0 33 50
R. S. Foster.....	4	57 00	0 35 00	0 35 00
W. Velland, Jr.....	5	01 10	0 39 10	0 35 10
L. B. Jennings.....	5	10 50	0 48 50	0 45 50

Perry, Okla., Tournament.

THE Perry, Oklahoma, boys are now congratulating themselves on the big crowd that was in attendance at the shoot held Sept. 14 and 15. The weather was about as bad as it could be, and that caused the attendance to fall off on the last day. All through the two days there was rain, accompanied by strong wind. This caused the targets to take almost any old flight, and made the shooting conditions as hard as one could imagine. The best exhibition of target smashing was given by the traveling men, Faurete and Hubby, and they had a very even race from start to finish.

Mr. Kirby was not in his usual good form, and his scores fell away. That other very old-time Kansas shot, Reust, of McCloud, was on the sick list, and he did not come to the front as usual. The high amateur score was won by Mr. Rohrer, and he had the limit of 19yds. The scores:

First Day, Sept. 14.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	150	152
Faurete, 18	11	18	13	16	14	13	15	15	19	15	170	154
Hubby, 18	12	20	18	13	14	13	15	19	14	14	170	151
Rohrer, 19	14	19	14	19	11	13	13	15	19	14	170	148
W C Williams, 18	14	16	13	19	13	14	14	14	17	14	170	143
Houston, 18	11	17	13	17	15	11	15	12	18	14	170	141
Barney, 17	12	18	12	18	14	12	15	11	17	12	170	141
Lister, 18	12	13	17	18	15	12	13	10	13	13	170	140
Wetzig, 17	13	19	11	16	12	12	15	12	17	12	170	139
Harris, 17	11	18	13	20	12	13	16	11	18	9	170	138
Totty, 18	13	16	11	16	13	10	15	12	17	15	170	138
Herman, 17	13	18	11	18	9	13	17	12	16	12	170	135
Gallip, 19	10	20	10	14	14	13	15	11	16	12	170	135
J Williams, 16	12	17	11	15	9	12	16	13	17	13	170	135
Reust, 19	15	14	15	20	11	10	16	9	15	11	170	135
Obrein, 19	11	14	9	17	14	11	16	14	14	15	170	133
Boston, 19	14	19	12	14	12	13	12	9	13	11	170	132
Sinton, 16	13	16	12	14	13	13	14	14	16	14	170	134
Bonner, 17	14	15	13	17	9	15	14	14	13	13	170	138
Allen, 17	13	15	11	17	13	11	17	15	13	12	170	130
Newton, 17	11	17	11	16	10	11	17	10	15	12	170	129
Theile, 17	10	14	11	18	9	10	18	9	16	15	170	128
Cornelius, 16	10	19	10	16	12	11	13	10	15	12	170	124
Kirby, 16	9	16	14	13	8	12	16	9	15	12	170	116
Arthur, 19	10	15	9	13	7	8	17	9	17	11	170	113
Pettyman, 16	10	13	9	11	12	13	12	12	11	10	170	95
Ohnger, 16	14	10	16	15	13	11	11	11	11	11	170	111
Lindsay, 16	12	15	11	18	13	13	17	12	11	11	170	111
Fisher, 15	9	19	13	16	13	12	16	13	11	11	170	85
Boyd, 16	9	9	8	12	10	11	11	11	11	11	170	114
Rickert, 17	15	16	12	19	12	10	16	14	11	11	170	92
Dupee, 17	11	18	14	13	17	11	17	13	11	11	170	89
Hughes, 16	13	16	11	19	12	10	9	11	11	11	170	88
Koss, 16	10	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	170	74
Gregg, 17	9	16	10	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	170	121
Young, 13	13	11	19	11	10	15	15	14	11	11	170	96
Clack, 16	8	15	11	14	10	9	11	17	12	11	170	70
Parkham, 16	12	14	10	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	170	102
Smallwood, 16	10	14	6	14	8	12	10	11	16	12	170	165
York, 16	9	14	9	12	13	9	13	11	10	11	170	113
Jay, 18	11	14	19	14	15	15	14	12	10	11	170	70
Braden, 16	12	9	14	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	170	44
Moore, 16	12	8	14	12	10	18	12	11	11	11	170	96

Second Day, Sept. 15.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	180	167
Hubby, 18	14	19	14	19	13	19	14	18	18	18	180	165
Faurete, 18	14	18	12	19	14	13	19	17	18	18	180	164
Houston, 18	15	18	14	19	16	14	18	13	19	18	180	163
Harris, 17	15	18	15	17	18	14	19	14	19	18	180	160
Totte, 14	14	19	12	17	17	12	19	13	17	18	180	160
Obrein, 19	14	16	11	19	20	9	18	14	19	20	180	158
Rohrer, 19	14	17	14	19	13	15	18	12	18	18	180	158
Boston, 19	14	18	14	19	17	13	17	12	16	18	180	156
Wetzig, 16	10	17	13	16	18	13	19	14	18	18	180	155
Minton, 19	13	17	14	19	18	12	19	8	17	18	180	151
Moore, 16	12	17	11	20	19	10	16	13	17	17	180	150
Reust, 19	14	17	10	17	18	13	17	10	17	17	180	148
Harriman, 19	6	17	10	17	18	13	20	13	17	17	180	147
Kirby, 16	10	14	11	18	12	12	18	13	16	18	180	134
Gallip, 19	12	17	12	13	12	7	16	11	17	17	180	133
Allen, 17	9	16	11	16	16	12	11	11	14	17	180	113
Roberts, 17	14	16	12	17	16	11	13	14	11	11	180	94
Young, 13	14	19	12	13	18	18	11	11	11	11	180	105
Bahney, 19	9	16	12	16	18	12	19	13	11	11	180	105
Lister, 18	14	19	14	19	16	9	19	10	11	11	180	120
W C Williams, 18	13	16	12	16	17	14	17	11	11	11	180	125
Ray, 19	12	15	13	18	17	12	17	11	11	11	180	104
Pettyman, 16	10	9	11	11	11	9	11	11	11	11	180	80
Cornelius, 16	13	17	13	19	18	13	18	11	15	11	180	136
Carpenter, 19	13	15	12	10	14	11	11	11	11	11	180	90
J L Williams, 18	13	20	13	17	14	11	11	11	11	11	180	105
Bonner, 19	13	16	14	18	18	14	17	11	11	11	180	121
Newton, 17	12	18	10	16	13	11	11	11	11	11	180	90
Reckart, 19	7	16	12	18	18	14	18	11	11	11	180	103
Jay, 18	13	20	14	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	180	70
Jeffries, 18	8	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	180	30
York, 16	13	18	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	180	35

IN NEW JERSEY.

Jeannette Gun Club.

Guttenberg, N. J., Sept. 18.—The Jeannette Gun Club held its September shoot to-day. Mr. Van Valkenburg was a guest. The weather was delightfully pleasant. The birds were very fast. In the challenge medal contest, Mr. Hainhorst defeated Mr. Pape by a score of 12 to 11 out of a possible 15. Schorty won Class A; Wohlieb won Class C. The scores:

F H Ehlen, 28	1002001221	6	C Meierdiercks, 28	2111111201	9
F Karstens, 28	1*11000211	6	C Interman, 28	2122210000	6
Schorty, 30	2*22211111	9	J Mohrman, 28	2111120111	9
J Hainhorst, 28	1100212111	8	Van Valkenburg, 30	1022222111	9
H Pape, 28	2110112020	7	C Thyssen, 28	2110100112	7
J Brume, 28	1210111211	7	H Rohls, 28	1111122111	10
W Rottman, 25	1211201001	7	A Wohlieb, 25	1*02211220	7

Tie, Class C: Rottman 2, Wohlieb 3.
Challenge medal, 15 birds:
H Pape, 122220122*011110—11 Hainhorst 2102220222*222—12

Team No. 1.	Team No. 2.
Capt Karstens, 00212—3	Capt Hainhorst, 11122—5
Kroeger, 01110—3	Interman, 11121—5
Mohrman, 21101—4	Rohls, 11211—5
Pape, 11002—3	Thyssen, 20101—3
Meierdiercks, 11121—5	Ehlen, 21100—3
Wohlieb, 1212*—4—22	Van Valkenburg, 11201—4—25

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Sept. 20.—These scores were made at the regular shoot of the Hudson Gun Club:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	20
Schorty, 18	14	11	6	12	11	12	13	11	19
Dudley, 18	13	12	13	13	15	11	12	12	18
Edwards, 19	9	11	13	12	13	12	11	11	18
Van Valkenburg, 18	13	14	12	8	11	10	11	9	16
Gillie, 18	6	10	6	5	7	5	2	2	11
Headen, 18	12	7	5	8	11	9	11	11	18
Wheeler, 18	11	11	9	11	11	11	11	11	18
Malcomb, 18	6	9	8	5	6	8	11	11	18
Carl Von L, 18	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	12

These scores were made at the shoot of Sept. 6 by members of the Hudson Gun Club. Mr. Van Dyne made the only clean score:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	15
C V L, 18	20	24	24	21	21	21	21	15
Edwards, 18	21	20	20	23	18	20	19	10
Gillie, 18	19	14	12	13	13	13	13	10

Van Dyne, 18	19	25	19	18	16	17	16	11
Headen, 18	18	16	17	16	17	16	17	11
Van Valkenburg, 18	21	23	17	14	20	20	20	11

Van Valkenburg and Edwards shot several matches, the former winning.

Emerald Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., Sept. 15.—The September shoot of the Emerald Gun Club was well attended. The birds were good in the first 50; afterward fair. The weather was pleasant.

		Points.	P'ts made.
Schorty, 33.....	21122*0222—	8	7 1
Dr Hudson, 28.....	2111101020—	7	7 1
C Van Valkenburg, 28.....	1011111121—	9	6½ 2½
W Rierson, 28.....	11111*1111—	9	7 2
J Henry, 25.....	2211000211—	7	6 1
F F Kracke, 25.....	1111021111—	9	6 3
T Short, 28.....	101221222*—	8	7 1
G Piercy, 30.....	12222*212—	9	7 2
F Kralle, 25.....	1102102*22—	7	6 1
P J May, 28.....	0112101011—	7	6 1
A Schoverling, 30.....	222222222—	10	7 3
C Moore, 28.....	1111111111—	10	6½ 3½
L Colquitt, 30.....	2222222202—	9	7 2
H C Koegel, 30.....	1211022121—	8	7 1
W Catton, 28.....	1221112122—	10	6 4
G Burgkaurk, 28.....	2*021111*0—	6	7 ..
I Whitley, 28.....	0101220120—	6	7 ..
J Fischer, 28.....	211222102—	9	7 2
Hausmann, 28.....	2021210000—	5	6 ..

At Decatur, Ill., recently, high average was won with a Lefever gun, with the excellent record of 95.75 per cent. The Lefever Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y., will send descriptive catalogue to applicants.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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STATE GAME REFUGES.

ALMOST every State in the Union contains within its borders land available for game refuges. In many cases this land is already owned by the State, or if owned by private individuals it is of such small market value that it might easily be acquired by the State at small cost under the law of eminent domain. In each State, therefore, it will be perfectly practicable—whenever the Legislature shall agree—to set aside State game preserves which, under proper provisions, would furnish sufficient game to supply the wants of the citizens of that State.

Attention has very many times been called to the extraordinary results which followed the protection of the Yellowstone National Park. It is only about twenty years since the effort to prevent the killing of game within that National Reservation was first made, and it is only about ten years since Congress provided a method for preventing that killing which proved effective. Those of us must be dull indeed who do not realize what that game refuge has done for a great territory, and for all of us the matter has been made more plain by the visit of President Roosevelt to the National Park last spring. At that time every newspaper in the land was full of what the President saw and did, and of the hordes of game that he closely approached and counted. It was well that the Chief Magistrate—himself an ardent and accomplished sportsman, and so not needing the lesson—should see with his own eyes what absolute protection will do for wild game, and it is well also that by means of his visit to this Wonderland all our citizens should have had the oft-told tale of what rigid protection has done and is doing reinforced.

Since such refuges can perform such miracles, is it not true that the various States should act on the lesson thus conveyed? Within the last twenty years the sentiment in favor of the protection of natural and wild things, whether they be trees or flowers or birds or mammals, has advanced by leaps and bounds, but it is high time that all who are interested in such matters should put their united shoulders to the wheel with more energy than ever, and should push hard to get the heavy legislative wagon to move in the desired direction. Long discussions as to the rights of the large landowner over his own property are interesting to those who take part in the discussion, and probably to a few others, but such debates are not likely to have any immediate practical results. In our day legislatures are not likely to interfere with property rights in general, but legislatures may be induced to set aside tracts of State land as absolute refuges, or to appropriate money for the purchase of lands of little value, for the purpose of making game refuges of them. The National Government has more than once shown its readiness to set aside portions of the public domain for purposes kindred to those of game preservation, and for years has been discussing the question of appropriating large sum of money for the purchase of the Appalachian Park in the south. The great area of our forest reserves is a strong testimonial to the growing intelligence of the country, and to the wisdom of our Presidents.

Surely now, if ever, the time is ripe for concerted and practical action looking toward the preservation of the wild things of this country. It is time that the State and the Federal Government should move actively in these matters. The fundamental reason for such action was given by President Roosevelt in a speech last winter, when he said that it was the duty of the Government to set aside these refuges and reserves for the benefit of the poor man; the rich were able to buy land and make and care for preserves of their own, but for the poor man, unless the Government acted for him, there would soon be no place where he could enjoy outdoor life and the glorious sports of the field.

It appears to be a self-evident truth that every pre-

serve is a public advantage. There are preserves owned by a single individual covering a thousand or ten thousand acres where no one is permitted to shoot. There are other tracts owned by a multitude of small landowners, but aggregating a thousand or ten thousand acres, where each landholder posts his land and no one is allowed to shoot or fish. It would be difficult to point out in what respect the case of the single landholder, protecting his ten thousand acres, differs from the thousand landholders who protect their ten thousand acres.

The practical question is how may we best protect the game in different localities, so that the supply of each species shall be maintained beyond any danger of destruction, so that we and our children who are to come after us, may see and take pleasure in seeing these wild creatures, and finally so that we may have an opportunity of hunting them under proper restrictions, and thus being out of doors and gaining the health, strength and vigor, which, in the business struggles of the day, we are all of us likely to lose.

Just as, in our cities, parks are set aside for the benefit of those residing near them, so in each State there should be vastly larger areas set aside for the benefit of those who can take a few days or a few weeks from their usual toils to live out of doors. Just as the people who frequent the city parks are forbidden to destroy the shrubbery and to kill the little birds and animals that inhabit there, so those who frequent the larger reservations should be forbidden to destroy the living timber, or to kill the birds and animals found there. Fish belong in a different category because fish can be artificially supplied, while birds and animals cannot be replaced.

TREASURE SEEKERS.

A SAN FRANCISCO dispatch reports the return of members of an expedition which sailed last year from that port in search of the buried treasure of Cocos Island. Some years ago our contributor, Tarpon, writing of his seafaring life, told of a visit to Cocos, and alluded to the legend of the treasure buried there long ago by pirates. This prompted Capt. R. L. Ogden, Podgers, to tell the Cocos story with more detail. In the early years of the nineteenth century a crew of pirates captured a Spanish ship off the coast of Peru and took from it a great store of gold and silver, with which they sailed to their rendezvous on Cocos Island, in the Pacific, 600 miles southwest from Panama. There they lived not only riotously, after the approved way of all pirates, but so strenuously that after a troubled time of dog eat dog, only four of the crew survived. These, fearing to be discovered so few with so great treasure, buried the gold and silver and set sail for the Isthmus. Arrived off Panama they burnt their ship, landed on the coast in a small boat and dispersed. Three of the four died without revealing the secret; the fourth made a deathbed confession and imparted to his confidant the precise location of the island and of the spot on the island where the treasure was buried. Once upon a time when Captain Ogden was in New Orleans engaged in fitting out a schooner for a voyage to Mexico, this person turned up there, displayed tattooed on his arm a map of the island, together with the latitude and longitude, and unsuccessfully endeavored to persuade Captain Ogden to change the destination of his schooner from Mexico to Cocos. Not long afterward Captain Ogden, having sent a schooner yacht from New York to San Francisco, there sold it to a party of Cocos Island treasure seekers. They, too, had listened to the story of the man with the tattooed arm. They fitted out the craft with all the appliances of a well equipped treasure hunter, surveying instruments, pickaxes and shovels, and a great lot of stout canvas bags to hold the gold and silver. In due time they returned, chagrined and empty-handed. This expedition was only one of a number. Writing in 1897, Captain Ogden related that he had known of four expeditions to find the Cocos treasure, each of which had returned with nothing to show for their pains. We have recorded at least one more since then, and now comes the story of this latest one, which, like all the rest, has ended in disaster.

Better fortune has attended the quest of a treasure seeker on the East Coast of Florida. There has long been current in the vicinity of Miami the story of a wreck of a Spanish vessel laden with silver ore from the

mines in Mexico. She was reported to have gone ashore in 1835 on one of the reefs opposite the numerous keys off the southern end of the peninsula. Sixty years ago a sailor appeared at Miami with a chart showing the site of the wreck, and long sought to enlist the co-operation of the credulous in a scheme to recover the wealth. The sailor died, but the chart was preserved, and guided by it Captain Joseph Jennings, master of the little schooner Osceo, has spent years searching the reefs up and down the keys; and the other day Miami was excited by the news that the search had ended in the finding of the treasure-laden wreck. The tale was received with skepticism, but an air of truth has been given to it by the very business-like action of Captain Jennings, who, through his attorney, has filed a libel on the wreck with the United States Court at Jacksonville. In the document is duly set forth that Joseph Jennings, master of the licensed wrecking schooner Osceo, libels for himself the cargo of a vessel of unknown name, lying at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, about one and one-quarter miles north of Hillsboro River Inlet; that the vessel lies just off shore in water from four to six feet deep, the hull covered with sand; and that under the sand is a cargo "which libellant has reason to believe and does believe to be of great value."

The United States Marshal for the district has stationed a deputy to guard the wreck. Surface digging has disclosed silver ore beneath the sand in the hull, and there is a possibility that the wreck may prove to be the actual treasure ship of the old story.

LAST Saturday, two days before President Roosevelt's departure from Oyster Bay, the village was thrown into a state of vague fear and wild excitement by the appearance of two prisoners securely handcuffed and brought into town by a deputy sheriff armed with a Winchester rifle. The officer barely had opportunity, before the wires dispatched their thrilling stories, to explain that the prisoners were Italians caught red-handed in the act of killing robins.

If all the Italian robin shooters were fitted out with handcuffs, the Long Island sheriffs would have to import a vastly increased supply of irons. The song bird shooter of foreign extraction is a perfect scourge on the island at this season. He is in evidence everywhere. He not only destroys the birds, but is a bold and defiant trespasser, a destroyer of property, a menace to stock and human life. There is not the slightest reason for tolerating this nuisance. If the local authorities cannot suppress it, they should appeal to Protector Pond for special officers.

No OTHER non-resident hunting license law has been received with so much resentment as that of Maine. From all that we can learn a very large number of sportsmen who have in past years visited the Maine woods for deer and moose will this season either go to Canada or give up their big-game hunting. Our Maine correspondent in another column explains that the talk of a guides' union to raise wages has been prompted by a fear on the part of the guides that they may not have the usual amount of employment this year; and they reason that if there shall be fewer to pay them, the fewer must pay more in proportion. It is as yet too early to tell what the actual deterrent effect of the non-resident law may be. Commissioner Carleton, who was last year the author of some wildly picturesque statistics, is quoted as hedging this year in his estimate of the number of sportsmen who have visited Maine for moose. But of Mr. Carleton's figures it may be said that they are at best unreliable and not to be taken seriously.

HERE is a useful hint from Sir Anthony Fitzherbert's "Book of Husbandrie," for the advantage of the sportsman tourist. It is a list of articles to teach a gentleman's servant to say at every time, when he taketh his horse, for his remembrance, that he shall not forget his gere in his inne behynde hym: "Purse, dagger, cloke, nyghtcap, kërchef, shoying horn, boget, and shoes. Spere, mole, hode, halter, sadelclothe, spores, hatte, with thy horse combe. Bowe, arrows, sworde, bukler, horne, leishe, gloves, string, and thy bracer. Penne, paper, inke, parchmente, reedwaxe, pommies, bokes, thou remember. Penknyfe, combe, thymble, nedle, threde, poynte, leste that thy gurtre breake. Bodkyn, knyfe, lyngel, give thy horse meate, se he be showed well. Make mery, synge an thou can, take hede to thy gere, that thou lose none."

The Sportsman Tourist.

Musings at Sand Lake.

II.—A Unique Angling Region of Southern Michigan.

MENTION has recently been made in these columns of the excellent fishing at Devil's Lake, in Lenawee county, Michigan. As the angler there "runs" his trolling line along the winding edge of the deep water, and is rounding "Darlington's Point," rowing southwest, he sees, to the northeast, a range of hills that are very high for that region. Until a few years ago the highest hill, Prospect Range, was surmounted by the Government Survey tower, from which a view could be had of about thirty miles in all directions. That hill, with one exception, is the highest in the county, and in the Southern Peninsula of Michigan; and the view from it is the loveliest in the State.

It is a heavily wooded country, but is also patched to the horizon with lush fields of clover and of grain—oats, buckwheat, corn, wheat, and barley. On a clear day thirty-three inland lakes can be seen from that summit, like a string of pearls circling its foot. Far to the southwest, Round and Devil's lakes lie in their emerald settings. Sweeping northward and then to the east and south, this huge circle of water-gems sparkles back in answer to sun and stars, spring-fed lakes full of perch, bass, sunfish, bullheads, bluegills or pickerel. What an aggregation of bewildering opportunities for the fisherman! Evans, Wampler, Vineyard, Stony, Wolf, Allen, Clear, Dewey, Goose, Grass, Long, Deep, Phelps, Willow, Tamarack, Gull, and Meadow lakes are the largest, the thirty-three varying in size from less than four acres of area to lakes three miles long and nearly two miles wide.

I first saw the panorama from that crest in 1860, forty-three years ago. I was homeward bound after a timorous fishing trip in Iron Creek, the outlet of Wampler's Lake, while a lot of Lenawee county farmers were holding a patriotic meeting at Walker's Hotel, four miles north of Prospect Hill. That old hostelry was built by Sylvester Walker in 1839, and was kept for many years by an eccentric bachelor—Lyman Nearing. It was at the junction of the locally famous Monroe and Chicago turnpike, tremendously popular; and it furnished accommodations for thousands of "settlers," the pioneers of Southern Michigan. For twelve years there was a double daily line of stages running each way on that turnpike, and filled with passengers.

Nine miles northeast of the pinnacle of Prospect lies Sand Lake. I fished there in 1862. It was a surprisingly fine lake for black bass angling, and often is yet.

We drove to Evans Lake, one mile east of Sand Lake, and secured supper and lodging at a hotel then kept by John Davenport. He and his wife and their daughter Ella have been dead many years. Old residents there will remember the hotel and its "celebration" and anvil-frings, the dances and the fireworks on the "glorious Fourth" of 1862.

Evans Lake was then a great resort for anglers from Adrian and Tecumseh. It is about a mile across, with two islands, each of about three acres, and is nearly round, with very fine wooded banks. Sand Lake was then not available for fishing, as only three boats were there, and their owners had formed a trust to keep fishermen from using them.

The next morning Mrs. Davenport and daughter and the writer's mother and sister drove over to Sand Lake, where a canoe from Davenport's had been launched for them the night before. They stopped at the little house then owned by Agnes Campbell, who lived alone on the east shore. She had another little boat, one of the three in the trust; and the four ladies, unused to any boating, much less the work in the canoes, ventured out on what was to them a great lake, and to me, disconsolate yet spell-bound as I watched them from the shore, truly an ocean! How blue and fearsome it was, and how anxious I became as I saw the canoes career, and heard the loud admonitions to "sit straight" that were interchanged from the boats!

Those woman anglers used rough tamarack poles, coarse lines and heavy sinkers—tackle of the most primitive kind. They rowed out forty rods to the edge of the deep water, and anchored. Two of the party had a black bass hooked before the lines could sink. The small boy on shore was quite as delighted and full of excitement as the occupants of the boats. In half an hour one boat held eleven black bass of from one to five pounds in weight each; and the two fisherwomen in the other boat had five. Then the wind rose and one of the boats returned to the Campbell cottage. Not another bite was had there by the two ladies who ventured to remain on the lake. The waves grew so high that they rowed nearly two miles to the stiller water sheltered by the banks of what is now called Monigan's Cove. There they pulled in more bass until the minnows used for bait were gone. Then they used white grubs and pulled in great bluegills—a bushel of fish before dinner!

Two of the ladies are yet alive, one ninety-two, and the other, her daughter, sixty-five years old; and dozens of times through all the following years they have told about, and lived over again, that wonderful day with the fish on Sand Lake. I quote from their letter:

"We remember the lovely mashed potatoes, broiled steak from the hotel at the other lake, and the fried fish, flaky cream biscuits, and strawberries and honey that we devoured in the charming, quaint cabin of Mrs. Campbell under the oak trees of the east bank. The experiences of that day remain vivid and precious to us after forty years. Oh, the prized, dissolving views of this queer life."

And yet some people think that it is all of fishing to fish, and that women have no business to indulge in that kind of sport anyhow!

The next week a Mr. Rowley, from Tecumseh, came to the Evans Lake hotel with his wife and daughter. A lady boarder there took them to Sand Lake, and the prior fishing experience was repeated, with even better results. All four fished from one boat, with the rude poles, lines, sinkers and "bobbers." There was "no end" to the bites and landings of the bass while the minnows lasted; and

then came the bluegills—steel-blue sunfish weighing a pound each, and very good fighters. At 4 P. M. Mr. Rowley wound his big line around his tamarack pole and said: "I am satisfied for once in my life." There were a bushel and a half of fish measured at the hotel that evening, and a fish feast was enjoyed by all the guests for two days.

It will be understood by readers of FOREST AND STREAM what a vivid, lasting "impression" was made on the boy by watching that angling from the shore, and seeing and helping to eat the fish. It was natural that during all the following years he should occasionally cast minnows and frogs for bass on Sand Lake, and always with satisfactory results. He remembers a four-pound bass taken there with a ten-ounce rod in 1879, and a six-pound pickerel landed with such a small hook that the capture was owing solely to good luck. Again, in 1884, a large-mouth bass was taken after it had rushed under the boat and broken the tip of the rod—the finish of a fight that had continued ten minutes that seemed an hour. It



NORTH SHORE, LOOKING SOUTHWEST, SAND LAKE.

was the only large-mouth bass of hundreds taken that seemed to be as game as the small-mouthed bass. That was on another Fourth of July.

The excellent angling and the great beauty at this lake soon caused many other boats to be placed there. Several cottages were built, and fishermen from Adrian, Toledo and Tecumseh spent much of the summers there with their families and the fish. The lake is one mile wide and about two miles long. The Lake Shore Railroad station of Pentecost, an hour's ride by rail from Toledo, is two miles away. The cottages are grouped in "colonies." William Todd and Thomas Bennett, of Chicago, are neighbors of Judge Howell, of Detroit, and John McKenzie, of Cleveland. The Dewey family and Ira Mason, of Toledo, live there through all the summer months. Adrian people are represented by Robert Moreland, E. L. Baker, C. S. Whitney, J. H. Reynolds, Mrs. J. G. Mason, A. F. Wood, and H. V. C. Hart. Walter Doan and W. Hutton, from Richmond, Ind., are also prominent cottagers.

And the astonishing feature of the fishing is that every angler, even one with crude tackle, no skill, and with



WEST SIDE OF MONIGAN'S COVE, SAND LAKE.

only earth-worms for bait, is sure of a good catch of rock bass, sunfish, bluegills and perch. And there is always the chance that a large black bass will add special excitement (and probable disappointment as he escapes) to the fisherman's day. This is remarkable, when it is remembered that the lake now has nearly a hundred boats around its shores, and that a dozen boats are fished from daily all summer. The black bass fishing is far less good than in those early years, although more of those fish can be taken there even yet than in any one of the other thirty lakes of the Prospect Region. One reason for this is that the State Fish Commission keeps that special lake exceptionally well stocked with fry. Yet the fisherman will have to be satisfied on many days with the pan fish, the rare beauty, and the exquisite sense of being with the best of earth—air, sky, and water, foliage, birds, wild-flowers, and water-lilies. For the black bass is skittish, shy, and uncertain, a queer, burly water-pirate who will swim about your boat and let you see him just to tantalize you into casting your hook over him. Then he will open that ample mouth and laugh at you, and go off for a swim, leaving you heart-sick and disconsolate. But on other days or hours he will rush to his doom at almost any lure. I have seen a pair of spectacles that, according to proof

that amounts to a demonstration, were once swallowed by a black bass. For a short time the fisherman may have the best of sport, and presto! a change of wind, a clearing of cloudy sky, or for some cause not seen or known, the biting stops as suddenly as the end of a line. And that very uncertainty is a large contributor to the delight of angling for this fish; you always are expecting a strike from a monster.

My own "luck" there has often been such that I hesitate to give its details here, and so I seek refuge in the following facts as furnished to me by "Gil" Kennedy, of the North Shore Hotel at the lake. The fish were taken during the last summer:

James P. Lock, of Toledo, captured nine small-mouth black bass in one hour, casting a phantom minnow with a five-foot steel rod. Gaston Mitchell of Toledo, landed fourteen bass weighing from one and one-half to three and three-quarter pounds each. He used frogs for bait, casting into the bulrushes and lily-pads at the edge of deep water. Walter Doan, of Richmond, took many bass, his best luck being a fish of four and a quarter pounds. He used large frogs for bait, with sixty feet of line, and let the boat drift in the wind over deep water. Miss Annie McKenzie, of Cleveland, took five bass in thirty minutes, trolling with a small spinning hook. The fish are there!

The surface of Sand Lake is 370 feet above the mean water level of Lake Erie at Toledo. This unusual elevation for Southern Michigan, and the steady southwest wind over and through the hills and valleys, make camping and angling on those wooded bluffs free from heat in midsummer. The shores must be seen to be appreciated. Dense forest, pretty coves, the exceptional clearness and coldness of the water (making it good for drinking purposes the year around), the gravelly bottoms and the fine fishing, surely that is a list of attractions!

And one is sure to meet exceptionally hospitable and friendly campers and brother anglers. No cottage but will welcome a sportsman to a chair on the little porch; no camper but will invite him to take a stool beside or in the tent, and drink the lemonade or smoke the companionable cigar. And one may go there empty-handed and still the old landing-keeper, Silas Herbert, will supply him with a good boat, fishing tackle and bait, at prices that, to Eastern anglers, will seem ridiculously cheap. The lake has no visible outlet; but there is a general belief that it has an underground outlet into Evans Lake. The heavy timber is on the north and south bluffs. The cottages are all shaded by oak trees. And how pretty the lights from them look at night! A row there in moonlight, with mandolin and guitar music coming from several other boats while the steady southwest wind crinkles the water's surface in unison with the sough and rustle from the tops of the huge oaks, is quite as fascinating as the joys of a night on a remote Newfoundland stream, or a tenting experience or canoe-run on some angling water of a Maine wilderness.

Sand Lake is accessible, and is in touch with the mails, telephones, and the wires of the telegraph companies. The man who takes a canoe there and wishes to sleep under it, can have his meals served or his own rude cooking outfit supplied with the best of meats and vegetables right at hand.

Some effort has been made to secure authentic facts about the later Indian history of that region. It is surprising how little is known or published, or even exists in manuscript form, in regard to even the latest Indian life there. The professors of history in several Michigan colleges, including the University of Michigan, have been asked for this information in vain. It does not really exist; and while they can tell of Caesar and Pompey, of Lycurgus and Antipater, and swamp you with dull facts about the Norman Invasion, or the Merovingian Kings, and put you to sleep with tales of wars and lives back to thousands of years before the Christian era, they plead ignorance as to the history of the Indians who lived not a hundred years ago right where those colleges dispense learning. A few apocryphal "legends" and absurd "traditions" float about, and get into the summer books of some of the railroads, or are exploited in the picnic speeches of the region; but real facts are wanting. There are virtually no books on that subject, and the Indian history of Southern Michigan will never be known. But when Mr. Charles F. Dewey, who yet lives in Cambridge, a few miles north of Sand Lake, settled there in 1828, there was a large Indian camp at Wolf Lake, a mile and a half to the east. Mr. Dewey knew Baw Beese, the chief after whom Baw Beese Lake, near Hillsdale, was named; and Siam, that lazy old dignitary who knew how to look dignified even in his dirty dress and surprising decorations of feathers. Detailed mention of the dwellers in that Indian village, and of their religion, dress, burial-places, corn-fields, weapons, tepees, trails, and methods of fishing and hunting, and of their marriage and death rites, is reserved for mention in a future issue of FOREST AND STREAM.

Numerous arrow heads, stone fish-hooks, battle axes and spears, and even mortars and pestles and drills of the earlier people that preceded the Indians, have been found in the hills around Sand Lake. One, a genuine Stone Age tool that was called an arrow head, but was really an ancient knife, I saw in the small collection of Dr. Joe Welch, of Hudson, twenty years ago. It was exquisitely fashioned, full of amber and gold tints when held to the light to see the moss agate formations running through it. And in the same collection were two of the "hammer-stones" with which those prehistoric people fashioned their tools from rock. The "pits" could be seen plainly, worn deep where the stones had been grasped by long vanished thumbs and fore-fingers.

Other stone weapons and utensils show from their special formation that they were fashioned by the Indians themselves, hundreds of years later. But the subject is so obscure, and such faint gleams of light come to the student, that only general mention of the subject is made here. The lack of interest in the matter, the apathy not only of the resident population, but of the county and State officers, is surprising. For example, the writer spent the first twenty years of his life in a house located seven miles north of Hudson, in the Devil's Lake and Prospect Hill region. At the "four corners" formed by two busy country highways, and not twenty rods from that house, stood the horny, barkless shell of a black walnut stump—huge, obscure, unnoticed—its location in a fence-corner

having always "saved" it from being uprooted and burned. It was not "in the way" of the plow or scythe, the cradle of the wheat gatherer, or the wagon of the highways. Not one in ten thousand of the men who passed it within a few feet ever even noticed it. Yet it was the stump of a tree felled by the Indians before the year 1800, and long before the State was "thrown open" for settlement. The man who "took up" that Government land and found the stump there in 1834, was told by a Wyandotte Indian that the tree whose rotting body the settler was cutting into logs to place in the heap and burn as the land was cleared, had once been a noble "bee-tree," and the Indian said, "Got much honey!"

Some traces of that stump must be there yet. The penholder used in writing this article here in New York city was made from a fragment chopped from the root of that stump twenty years ago. Yet, I repeat, not five men of the hundreds of thousands who passed it, knew or cared for its history. People were too busy and full of planning for the immediate future, to waste time about the past. So the stump was only prized by the boys at the district school twenty rods west of the cross roads; for it was large and hollow, furnishing a good hiding place while they played "high-spy;" and it was also attractive to them because around its roots were "dangerous" bumblebee nests; and because a sturdy and often raided patch of daisies flourished around it, as if the very flowers came there to do honor to the neglected, decaying base of what had been a great monarch of the Michigan woods.

L. F. BROWN.

A Day in Nebraska.

WITH each passing hour now, in these early October days, come multiplying evidences of summer's decay and the advance of the wintry season. We have already had a number of hard frosts, and the aspect of things generally is such as to justify the belief in an early closing in of Old Crimp and his hoary hosts. The wildfowl have already arrived in goodly numbers, not only woodducks, spoonbill, and teal, but mallards, canvasback, redhead, widgeon, and pintail, and from this on to the freeze-up the sport will be fast and furious. The jacksnipe shooting has not been so fine, with the exception of last spring, for a good many years, and a few hours' gunning on almost any of the nearby low lands is the assurance of a good bag of this morceau of all feathered game. The geese are flying, too, and only last night, while strolling out Farman street, that familiar old cry, *Auh-unck! auh-unck!* came floating down from high up in the steely sky, and looking up I saw a long line of Canadas south. There were about sixty of them, as nearly as I could make out, and their extreme height made it evident that they had come from a far distant land. The sight thrilled me just as if it was the first line of geese I had ever seen. Why is it that the honk of this long, white-collared raucous throat always stirs our blood? Does it arouse the savagery that still lies dormant in most of us? John Burroughs once said: "I hurry out of doors when I hear the clarion of the wild gander; his comrade in my heart sends back the call."

So at last the sportsman's gala time has arrived. The numerous canvas-clad rubber-booted men who are to be seen on every outgoing and incoming train would alone be sufficient proof of this. But I have it stronger still, for I was out myself Saturday and Sunday, and had one of the greatest shoots on bluewing teal that ever fell my way before. Together with Charles L. Thomas, I was the guest of Henry and Jake Carson—direct descendants from old Kit—out at Fairmont, and to detail the trip would be to tax severely the credulity of the average reader. Two hundred bluewings in two days and we could have made it five hundred.

Without a doubt this is the greatest fall for bluewing teal ever known in this section of the country, and every ducking ground in the State has fairly swarmed with them. Nothing like their plentifulness, the oldest and most experienced gunners say, has been known here since the earliest settlement of the State, and were it within the scope of law and conscience too a day to a single gun would be anything but an extraordinary exploit.

Anas discors, as he is known to the wise men, is a royal little fellow wherever found, and with us here, as I remarked in a previous article in FOREST AND STREAM, he is the avant courier of all his kind that come down to us in the hazy fall days from the breeding coverts in the British Columbias. At the same time there are more teal that breed in this latitude than any others of the wildfowl tribe, and joined in mid-September by the birds from the north, the local contingent early makes a remarkable showing. Blue-wing teal invariably make their first appearance here in any considerable numbers along in the latter part of August, and by the middle of September are here in their greatest numbers. They gather in thousands and thousands along the shores of our marshy prairie lakes, where they sit in the mud, huddled close together, basking for hours in the warm sunshine. They fly swiftly, and when they alight drop down suddenly, like the jacksnipe, among the tules or on the mud. They subsist chiefly on vegetable food and are gluttonish in their greed for the seeds of the pink smart weed, rice and reeds. Their flesh is matchless, and even the northern birds, after a few days upon any of Nebraska's favorable grounds, are as fat as butter. After a repetition of several hard frosts, such as we have been having lately, they get up in a body and hurry southward, being an extremely delicate bird and as susceptible to cold, almost, as the upland plover. The green-wing teal are often found with the blue-wings, but it is generally in small numbers, as they are an entirely different bird. On Sunday last the ten or a dozen shooters who were on the ponds near Fairmont, out of the several hundred birds killed, there were not more than fifteen or twenty green-wings. The fact that so many birds of apparently the same family differ so widely in their habits, their feed, flight, breeding and character of their cries is always a rich subject for speculation, and the observant sportsman is always making his notes and comments. The education of the forest and the stream is a grand one, and it is only the true sportsmen who graduate from this, Nature's school. Take the several kinds of plover and waders, for instance, the snipe, dowitchers, phalaropes, killdeer, gray and red-breasted sandpipers, no two have the same range, the same habits, flight or

cry. With the teal it is the same. The green-wing is a decided polaric individual, while the blue-wing thrives better in the tropics, and while very similar to the casual observer, they are distinctly different in structural conformation, in the markings of their plumage, in diet and habitat. While the blue-wing is the first bird down from the north in the autumn and the last up in the vernal season, it is precisely the opposite with the green-wing. He comes down in the fall with the main issue of the hardier sort, the canvasback, redhead, merganser and bluebill, and up in the spring with the sprig in the boisterous weather of early March, amid sleet and snow and cold and rain. The blue-wing is a delicate, vulnerable little creature and easily killed or knocked down, while the green-wing is hard as rubber, tenacious to life, and most difficult to stop, and, if but wing-tipped, might as well be given up as lost.

Along from the middle of September up to the present time, the blue-wing out here affords the best and easiest kind of shooting, especially the young birds, which lack almost wholly the cunning and wariness of the old birds, and offer ready prey to even the half concealed gunner. Like the jacksnipe, in most instances, a single No. 7 or 8 pellet is all that is necessary to drop them out of the air, and once down they quickly give up and are comparatively easy to retrieve. They are full of play, and love to gambol and cavort in the low shallow waters or in the open, until long in the morning, leaving for the feeding fields along between 9 and 11 o'clock, and returning to the ponds and marshes from 3 until the sun crimson deeply the western skies.

The morning in question dawned gray and threatening, and along about 7 o'clock the rain began to fall by the bucketful, and continued until 9 o'clock, when, with Henry and Jake Carson, Thomas and I pulled out from the hotel for the sunken meadows north of the town. The heavens were ragged with flying scud, and the prospects for more rain were good, indeed, but good fortune was with us, and we did not get it.

I must confess I was exceedingly dubious about finding any duck shooting in that magnificent agricultural region, with its handsome modern homes, big red barns, its limitless fields of gigantic corn, wheat stubble, alfalfa and clover fields, and, much to the amusement of the Carsons, I inadvertently eloquently upon the veracity of some people when telegraphing their city cousins about the enormous duck shooting they were having in the country.

We had traveled a couple of miles or so and were bowling along the sloping highway, between two broad catalpa-bordered pasture fields, bound for the Ayleshire Pond, when my attention was engrossed with the hundreds of turtle doves that were constantly in sight. They were feeding all over the closely cropped fields, darting through the humid air on whistling wings, and perched in rows along the board fences, drying their feathers and preening themselves after the downpour, and the exhibition was entirely too much for my sensitive nerves. I had little hope of any duck shooting, as I said before. We hadn't seen a feather in the air, and being well posted as to the savory qualities of the broiled turtle dove, and being determined to bag a mess of some kind of game before going home, I urged Henry to pull up and allow us to take a crack at them, remarking at the same time that their blue-winged teal were in all probability the creatures of an overzealous brain.

"We'll find the blue-wings thicker than you ever saw blackbirds," indifferently ventured Henry, but, ever obliging, he turned into the fence and brought the team to a halt, and tossing the lines to Jake, he and I got out, climbed over the fence, and began hostilities on the doves, while the wagon followed us slowly down the road.

We had almost reached the end of the field, which batted into one of those oceans of standing corn so plentiful in Nebraska, and were plodding up over a considerable of a knoll, when a cloud of birds, with outstretched necks and whizzing wings, came hurtling out of space into our very faces. I was so startled that I did not recognize those glancing drab shapes, when crack went the first barrel of Henry's Parker, and crack went the second, and as five azure-winged birds came tumbling and gyrating down into the drying clover and blue grass stubble, I saw that they were teal, and, as with the velocity of a fleeting shadow, they swept over the corn's whispering tassels, I banged away—both barrels—at their vanishing shapes. Not a single cerulean wisp, not a single drab feather, responded to my frenzied shots, and you can imagine my chagrin as I picked up a couple of Henry's birds, looked at them critically, then gazed off wistfully over the waving corn in the direction the flock had fled in the hope that they would return. But they did not, and picking up the remaining three birds I carried them by their pale yellow legs out of the pasture and up to the wagon without uttering a single monosyllable.

"What do they call that disease that always catches those green hunters, Jake?" inquired Thomas, as I handed him Henry's birds, and climbed up into the seat beside him. "Oh, yes, the buck fever—that's it. But no fever will ever feaze Sandy. You'll have to use an ax to do that. However, that was a corking good shot you made, Gris. What! you didn't shoot? Well, what are you doing with these birds then?"

I was impregnable to Thomas' facetious assault, but there is no telling what a burst of oratory he might have evoked had we not, at this moment, reached the top of a slight rise in the road that gave us a birdseye view of a grand expanse of that lovely country.

"Look there!"

And Henry pulled the team to a standstill, and, rising to his feet, pointed off to the northeast with his whip, and together we all caught sight of thousands—millions, it seemed—of flying birds. What were they? Why, blue-wing teal, to be sure! In great rising and falling flocks, one after another, again, again, and again they came, until that portion of the heavens was fairly darkened by them. They seemed to come up out of the eastern horizon, and were following each other in one long, ragged, irregular stream over the flowing fields, diagonally with the road we were upon, toward the northwest.

"They are making for the upper pond, Jake," remarked Henry, and plumping into his seat he chirruped to the horses and away we dashed.

The blackish scud had almost vanished, and blue patches—like your sweetheart's eyes—were opening in the sombre firmament, and it was not long ere the full lustre

of the autumn sun was bathing the world in a flood of gold.

And the blue-wing teal. Still they rose and fell, like the billows of some angry sea, flock after flock, bunch after bunch, line after line, all curving in one direction, all on the same errand bent. We soon reached a point where we could see them circling round and round over a low, basin-like excavation in the universal green, and then in sweeping curves settled down with drooping feet and cupped wings, and disappear.

A mile further on Henry swerved to the side of the road and with a "Git out boys," tied the horses to the trunk of a weeping catalpa and otherwise indicated that we had reached the end of our wagon journey.

"Sandy and I will cut across this wheat field here for the lower pond, and Jake, you and Charlie do likewise for Ayleshire's. Now, don't be in a hurry. We've got plenty of time. Take all the shells you can carry, and be careful. In twenty minutes, Mr. Griswold," turning to me, "we will be among them, and I think you will have the laugh on Mr. Thomas before we get through."

And I surely had.

By the time we had crossed the big wet field and reached an elevated point that commanded a view of the lower pond, the scene was one of the most exhilarating I had ever gazed upon.

The thin mists had quite lifted from the little valley, and the sun, shedding his bright rays from amid silvery fragments of floating vapor, sprinkling corn, grass, reed, weed and water as with golden rain; setting the myriads of twittering blackbirds, yellow-hooded and scarlet-winged, in delightful motion, while from the little smartweed covered morass came the muffled sound of countless thousands of feeding teal. The picture was one well calculated to enthrall the sportsman for the year the first time out, and I pulled Henry back by the sleeve of his shooting wammus until, in exquisite rapture, I had drunk it in over and over and over again.

On the other side of the gentle vale there was a grand sweep of waving corn, brown stubble, and broken ground, now laved in alternate lines of dim gray and topaz, swelling up and back from the very verge of the tule-lined and shimmering water. Across the heavens still floated masses of fleecy vapor, fiery-edged, and dropping their lights and shades over the corn, the yellow stubble and the blue bosom of the pond, like the play of color on velvet, while all about October unfurled her flaming banners. A playful breeze came sailing through the tall, tawny grass from the south, and, brushing by us, pounced upon the open stretches of water, between which the birds were working like writhing vermin, streaking the surface into ripples, fanning the cattails with its delicate wings and then melting away in the distant cornfields.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

OMAHA.

A Summer Shower.

WHAT matter if you have a day's fishing on Croton Point Reef spoiled by a thunder shower? There are other days for fishing, plenty of them; so this time, instead of stowing away your tackle and making posthaste for home two miles distant, in a vain attempt to distance the storm, you pull your boat well up on the beach and take a comfortable position on the bluff overlooking Haverstraw Bay. You are here to analyze this storm, to study its moods. You have heretofore viewed them with feelings akin to fear, not fear of physical harm that might result, but with indescribable mental forebodings. Enough. Attention! The play is on.

The air becomes still and sultry. The sun, which has been shining all day with intense brilliancy from a cloudless sky, becomes slightly obscured by a damp mist which cannot be seen, but nevertheless is a tangible reality. The sun's disk, which but a few moments ago could not have been seen, owing to the intense glare of the radiated light, is now shorn of its power, and, like a drouth-moon, can be gazed at with impunity.

The air is surcharged with electricity, the fact of which has been apparent since the mist-softening of the sun, which, as it thickens, can only be likened to heat converted directly into electricity—electricity which smothers and depresses. Banks of clouds—thunder heads black at the base and capped with white, like gigantic cotton-balls, begin to steal up from the western horizon—faithful sentinels of the heavens which have done service since the world began.

Up and up they steal till the orb of day, no longer glorious, succumbs to their obscuring density. Then, from the apex of the crown of vapor, in seeming response to the lurid sheets of lightning which intermittently flash from the center of the purple blackness of the mass—fleecy scudding clouds, like warriors of old on white chargers, dart out from the ranks of their massed allies and go careening across the sky. A few drops of rain patter in the dust of the road and cease—harmless missiles for which, however, the advance guards of the sky have given up their existence.

Our mental and bodily sensations, heretofore of oppression, give way to feelings of awe at the grandeur of the spectacle. The mountains, which, up to this point, have stood out boldly, seem suddenly to have shrunk in size. The many familiar points and spurs of prominence are withdrawn into the general outline of hazy shadow, dark and forbidding. A bright flash of lightning streaks across the sky, closely followed by a mighty crash of heaven's diapason which makes the very foundations of the earth tremble.

Suddenly, from the murky cloud bank which has melted to a gray color, low flying feathery clouds laden with moisture separate from the parent cloud, to be disintegrated by the cutting north wind, falling to the earth only to be reinforced by more, which, in turn are smitten and precipitated, till finally the roaring of the millions of hosts of rain drops can be heard beating the river and shore as the storm advances toward the spot on which you stand entranced.

Reluctantly you seek shelter, and none too soon, for the play of the storm is about you—the beautiful scenery is blotted out by a gray pall of swirling clouds and pelting rain. Ever and anon the obscured landscape is relieved by bright flashes of lightning, the magic touch of which clears the mist, and for the moment restores its beauties.

As you witness the light of God's mighty torch clearing

the darkness, you can faintly conceive of the glory of His infinite power.

The sun suddenly penetrates the clouds and shines out anew; awe turns to gladness as the once more glorious orb of day dispels the mists.

These sublime manipulations of His power and might dispel doubts and fears from our hearts. As we go out in the revivifying air where all nature rejoices, higher thoughts possess us, and wonder that there are those that say "There is no God."

CHAS. G. BLANDFORD.

Col. E. B. Stoddard.

HIGH up in the necrology of the year will appear the name of Hon. Elijah B. Stoddard of Worcester, Mass. More than seven years had been added to the three score and ten years of the Psalmist before the summons came to him at Kittery Point, Maine, whither he had gone to appear as counsel before the Supreme Court of that State.

He was born June 5, 1826, in the town of Upton, near the city in which all the years of his active life was spent, and in which he attained distinguished eminence. After completing his classical studies at Brown University, where he was graduated with the class of 1847, he studied law in Worcester with some of the most distinguished legal lights of the time, and was soon after admitted to the bar. The question of slavery was then paramount in the country, and his natural kindness of heart prompted him to join with others to relieve the down-trodden and oppressed, and to remove the foul blot from the escutcheon of fair Columbia. The Free Soil party was the result, and in this he took prominent part and became a trusted leader. Having once entered public life, station and honors came rapidly to him unsought, and during all the years of his long life he was prominently identified with the political, intellectual and business life and development of the city and State. He was called upon to serve the city as councilman, alderman and mayor, upon important committees of finance, education, and in many other ways; the State as Representative, Senator, and member of the State Board of Education for more than twenty-five years; and the business world as a director of different railroads, president of a national bank, of a savings bank, of a fire insurance company, and in many other ways. He was a man of dignity and commanding presence, a man of sterling worth, in whose breast beat a kindly, sympathetic heart, a man whose counsel was much sought and highly valued.

But it is as a sportsman that his life will be of most interest to readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*. It has been the writer's good fortune to have enjoyed the friendship of Col. Stoddard for a span of time not measured by a generation of years; to have tramped with him beside the rippling trout brooks in early spring; to have given pursuit to the wary grouse upon the hillside in the hazy sunshine of the Indian summer; to have shared the mid-day lunch when no manufactured relish was needed to render it palatable or to stimulate the appetite; and to no man can I give greater praise for all the qualities that go to make up the gentleman and ideal sportsman. His was not the ambition to destroy all that he could; the fascinations of the purling brook, the flowers of spring, the song of birds, the tree-covered hill top, the distant landscape, the fleecy clouds and golden sunsets were more to him than a well filled creel or plethora game-bag. Along quiet lines during a long term of years he, together with a few congenial spirits, spent time and money to restock streams and coverts. Nor did he seek for approbation or praise for such good work in the columns of the press, as is now too painfully evident, offensive and injurious. He was also prominent in securing helpful game legislation and the establishment of the State fish hatchery at Whitinsville was due to his efforts and those of two others. By the death of Col. Stoddard the guild of American sportsmen has sustained a great loss, and it is a sad satisfaction to one in the humble ranks of the brotherhood to place this chaplet upon his new made grave.

WORCESTER, MASS.

GEO. McALEER.

Destitution at Eustis.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The many readers of your paper who have fished and hunted in the Dead River region of Maine will be shocked to hear that the village of Eustis was almost completely destroyed by fire on Friday, Sept. 11. The fire broke out in the afternoon, and in one hour and a half but fourteen buildings remained standing, fifty-four, including stables, barns, etc., being not merely in ruins but absolutely swept off the earth. The inhabitants are homeless, and the fire having spread with such rapidity that the contents of the houses could not be saved, they are all—men, women and children—left as regards clothing, with what they stand up in. Any donations of money or clothing contributed by any sportsman who has pleasant recollections of summer and fall days spent in the Maine woods with one of the well-known Eustis guides, will be gladly received and placed where they will do the most good by Mr. Miles Wyman, the postmaster, and as the cold weather is coming on apace, let any one who wishes to help these stricken people remember that He gives twice who gives quickly.

CHARLES J. B. BELL.

That Maine Summer Deer Killing.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., September 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In last week's *FOREST AND STREAM* I see my name mentioned under the heading "Maine Summer Deer Killers Fined." I wish to make a positive denial of the accusation there stated, as well as the insinuation of the game warden that I was "probably" after venison.

C. B. PARKER.

New Hampshire Shooting.

DERRY, N. H., September 17.—The hunting season has opened with a very poor prospect for ruffed grouse shooting. The three weeks' continuous rains killed about all of the young birds. Woodcock seems to be well reported. No nuts for the squirrels, and the corn crop will make poor feeding for the raccoons.

J. W. BABBITT.

Natural History.

Bird Jottings.

From a Convalescent's Point of View.

SEPT. 11.—A friend—a lover of the countryside—called on me to-day and told me that while out driving yesterday he saw a flock of over fifty high-holes, all large, handsome, full-grown birds. Such an extraordinary gathering of high-holes must have been indeed a very interesting sight, enough to excite any bird lover. If I were able I'd be tempted to walk many a mile to witness a similar flight. With the high-hole are associated the care-free days of boyhood, with enchanting glints of meadow and woodside pictures, hence when I heard the joyous cackle of one of these great rollicking fellows in a tree close to my bedroom the other morning, I quickly arose and opened the blinds to let in the sunshine; I imagined myself well and strong; the wooded hills looked near and inviting.

I have noticed lately that the English sparrow has acquired quite a taste for the juice of my rare-ripe German prunes, which are daily growing sweeter and juicier under the hot September sunshine. But for such tippling he is not the artist that the Baltimore oriole is, who has acquired his art by long practice. The latter, with his needle-like bill, makes only a tiny puncture, but the sparrow makes but sorry work of it. He jabs clumsily at the fruit, which invariably loosens from the stem and falls before that short, thick bill can even break the skin. But failure does not discourage him, and when he is successful in boring into a prune that holds on more tenaciously than others, he seems to enjoy his sweet tippie immensely. Such fruit shows quite a hole and may as well be left now for the eager honey bees and hornets. The oriole operated chiefly on my large red Japanese plums. Morning after morning I took my stand in a certain place to watch him. Approaching the well-laden tree in little journeys from a dense mass of elder bushes close by, he cast his eyes about, no doubt to see where the largest and ripest plums could be reached to the best advantage. Then he would calmly, deliberately, and fearlessly "tap" first this one and then that one to get the different flavors, no doubt, like any true connoisseur. It was sip, sip, sip. Just a nice pleasant tippie, and just plain plum juice, but sweet and syrupy. My, how delicious it was! Nothing to equal it—in his estimation. At least his actions caused these reflections as I eagerly watched his every movement. I know this, that he enjoyed his little "speer," and immensely at that. It did me a great deal of good to see him, and I wouldn't have harmed him for the world. I was deprived by a stern decree of eating the fruit, why couldn't the oriole just as well take my place? After the third of September I missed my gayly-attired visitor, and for all his faults I regret his departure.

I was almost afraid that the season would slip by without me catching a glimpse of even a single cuckoo. But a stealthy, flitting form attracted me to the elder thicket one morning, and peering to the right and left, in his shy, fearsome way, was the object of my concern, the black-billed. I feasted my eyes for a moment on the large, slim, pigeon-shaped, brownish-olive bird before me, when he detected me. Then how he did shrink into himself for very shyness! I am tempted to say that the cuckoo is a sort of Thoreau among birds—a shy, solitary creature. John Burroughs says: "He is like the showy orchis, or the ladies'-slipper, or the shooting star among plants—a stranger to all but the few."

A bit of the woods and fields is now and then brought to my very door. For instance, the meadow lark the other day that thought he would make a venture to fresh fields, and when I saw him fly past the garden bound in a northern direction, he was already wavering considerably in his flight and did not seem near so confident where he was bound for. Uttering a few of his familiar notes, he presently turned and flew back in the direction of his old haunts, a short distance south. On another occasion, for several successive mornings and frequently throughout the day, I heard the sharp clicking chip of a bird in the trees about the house. It mystified me; I couldn't trace it, and yet I was almost sure that I had heard that note somewhere. Still, here may be a chance also to add a new bird to my list. A few mornings later, while strolling in the garden, I heard the same notes proceeding from a brush pile quite close to me. Cautiously peering through the branches of a small plum tree I saw the bird in the very act of uttering his sharp chip. It was my old friend, the indigo bird, familiar from boyhood. Still, I was very grateful for his presence, and what a message did he not bring from the thickets and woodside? And when such a distinguished visitor as the rose-breasted grosbeak condescended to invade my humble domain that is what I considered one of the red-letter days in my bird calendar. I had merely a fleeting glimpse of his black and white spotted back and rosy breast, and heard his call note, *gimp*, as he flew over, but it was enough. One can't expect to have too much at one time. I have never heard his song, but judging from what Hamilton Gibson says about it, it must be well worth going a long distance to hear. Here is what he says about the song: "Sensuous and suffused with color, it is like a rich, pulpy, luscious pink-cheeked tropic fruit rendered into sound."

The most of my sunflowers have been leveled by violent winds, but those that are left standing have been taken complete possession of by the goldfinches. I take great pleasure in observing them extract the seeds—the males in their fading plumage and the females in their usual sober attire. They go about it so deftly, so prettily, so daintily. Then what endearing little small talk is passed back and forth between them! One of the early morning sounds these days is his exquisite *bay-bee*, varied with *perchickopee*, as he flies from one wild lettuce stalk to another, and then he occasionally indulges in a pleasing

little song. It is a pleasing reflection that the goldfinch stays with us throughout the winter.

Another bird that tastes of the sunflower seeds occasionally is the white-breasted nuthatch, whose nasal *yak, yak, yak*, I frequently hear at dawn. But my two old apple trees are the main attraction. These are the shrines at which he daily worships, much to the consternation, no doubt, of the life under their rough, scaly bark. What an inexhaustible larder these old trees hold for the birds that make this their "banquet table!" The little downy woodpecker is the most frequent visitor, but the hairy looks that way also, likewise the chickadees, and rarely the little brown tree creeper. Later on I'll keep a sharp lookout for the kinglets and myrtle warblers that seldom fail to make the old trees a passing visit.

Sept. 15.—These mid-September mornings are of those golden qualities that revive latent fires in the birds. On this particular morning the robins gave us delightful bits from their rich June chorus, there was also the delicious warble of the bluebirds, the sprightly singing of goldfinches, the humble trilling of the hairbird, to which the purple grackle added his harsh notes, and the downy woodpecker his shrill clarion.

The bluebird's autumn note, in which is strangely intermingled sweetness, tenderness, sadness and plaintiveness, is as artistic a bit of melody as the bird's delicious spring warble. To me it is the saddest bird note of autumn. As it gently falls down to us from the sky I cannot associate it with anything but a refrain of the passing season—a little dirge to autumn's passing loveliness. It also means "good-by."

THEODORE M. SCHLICK.

DANVILLE, N. Y., Sept. 16.

A Little Unprofitable Essay in Speculative Ornithology.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I must confess myself very much interested and somewhat puzzled by Forked Deer's account, in your last issue, of the "apple-birds," and am appealing for more light. It would be of great interest to me to get fuller and authentic information about this bird, together with the head of one of the rascals "taken in the act."

So far from discrediting Forked Deer's statement, it is just what I have been expecting to hear from some of those western woodpeckers for some years. Nevertheless in the description of the bird some mistake must have crept in—a slip of the pen, such as we all make, a blunder by the compositor, which we all know is infrequent, or a clear case of trusting to a treacherous memory instead of taking the trouble to write it down—which is a fault I lament myself more often than either of the others. In one of these ways Forked Deer has brought it about that his description does not fit any woodpecker in this country—and, it might be said, would be very hard to attach to any other bird. "The size of a robin;" "back and wings perfectly black;" "a band of light brick color about an inch wide from the throat to the tail;" "a circle of the same color about the eyes;" "a habit of lighting upon the side of posts"—which in itself, I may say, is, taken with its size, undoubted proof that the bird was a woodpecker. But the color, which I quote, not in ridicule of an honest attempt to describe the bird, but to prevent secondary misapprehensions, is not that of any known woodpecker in any plumage familiar to me. Within the hour, to refresh my memory, I have examined an extensive collection, including specimens of every species found in North America, and there is nothing which at all resembles this bird. I am a little more discourteous in pressing this point because a narrow stripe of color from throat to tail continuously (if throat is taken as meaning the whole tract to the bill) is so unusual a color pattern and so had protectively that any bird possessing it should be very easily singled out from even a multitude, whereas of the woodpeckers we have but about twenty-five species to work upon.

Assuming, then, for purposes of discussion, that there has been some discrepancy which prevents certain identification of the species without involving doubt as to the account given of its habits, the question at once becomes more intricate and more interesting. What bird would be most likely to take up this habit of robbing the orchard? And what one corresponds most nearly to the description?

To the first question I suspect that the editorial conjecture of Lewis's woodpecker is correct. It would be the safest guess if one were reduced to guessing. The weight of other hypotheses and already collected information lies behind it. And it seems to suit the peculiar genius of the bird.

On the other hand, Lewis's woodpecker in no particular answers to the description of this bird. In bulk and spread, even if not in actual inches, it is a much larger bird than a robin. It has not a trace of "light brick color" upon it whether that color be buff or brownish-red; its pink is a decided pink, and its crimson is a deep winey color. This crimson does envelop the eyes, but not as a "faint circle." Finally the bird has not a stripe nor the suggestion of a stripe upon it. Its coloration is almost unique among the woodpeckers upon just that point. The casual observer would be most likely to remember the rich crimson around the eyes and throat (red being a color which impresses itself for psychological reasons), and the curious gray crescent upon the back because that is an unusual mark. But one could hardly by any means carry off an impression of stripes from a bird which has none, though heaven and the ornithologist only know what funny descriptions are sometimes given of birds "in the bush."

But does this go to show that the Lewis's woodpecker was *not* the bird that did the damage? I incline to think not, merely that it could hardly have been the *bird killed*. The strongest evidence in favor of Lewis's not being the depredator is that Forked Deer expressly states that the birds were fall migrants, appearing suddenly in large numbers (from the south, he says, which must be just a slip of the pen, since there is but one bird known, the Ross's rosy gull, which does not head toward the south in autumn)—and then vanishing suddenly. Now, the

Game Bag and Gun.

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The Game Laws in Brief

is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the Brief.

Maine and its Game.

BANGOR, Maine, September 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The outlook for game in Maine for the fall that is now on us, or will be in a few days more, is better than it has been for years. This is due in a large measure to the unusually dry spell in the early summer, when the chicks of the partridges were given a chance to grow without the drawbacks that always accompany wet summers. It has been cold, to be sure, but the mother partridge has been able to keep her chicks warm, and the birds have thriven in every part of Maine, according to report. Consequently there will be more birds to shoot and eat in camp this season than before, which is an advantage in varying the frequent venison diet of the hunter. This is cheer to the bird gunners, and the fact that woodcock have also seemed to summer well adds to their joys, and they are proving the truth of the reports by coming home with some birds about every trip into the outlying covers, although the days of the big bags appear gone from Maine covers forever. The hard time for the birds, that is, in those covers reached from the cities, is Sunday, when it seems as if there was a gunner for about every bird abroad. This in spite of the law making Sunday a close time, a law which is better observed by those who don't like partridge stew than by those who claim that their weekday duties give them license to break the law on "the only day they have until their fall vacation." The fact that no birds can be sold in Maine markets has killed very largely the nefarious work of the market hunters, although there are still a few who will bear close watching. With this restriction added to the efforts made to enforce the bird law, there seems to be considerable hope for the grouse and woodcock, which a few years ago seemed doomed to annihilation.

On Thursday next, the first day of October, the Maine law will be removed from deer, and on and after that date men may kill the biggest deer they can find, and another to match it before they exceed the limit, unless, indeed, they make a mistake and shoot a smaller one, which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred will be the case. The big deer shot in Maine in the early days of the season are not very numerous, although, of course, some lucky hunter occasionally gets a bouncer. Most of the really tremendous deer—deer weighing from 275 to 300 pounds or more—are shot after the November winds have swept off the remaining leaves, and the largest bucks have forsaken the high, hardwood ridges. And some have been killed then of immense size, almost as large as some of the moose so proudly expressed to admiring home friends, and far more attractive in antlers. The writer has seen a buck deer that weighed, eight days after it was killed, 308 pounds, dressed as usual for shipping.

There is not likely to be the rush for the woods that once characterized the Maine non-resident hunters on and before the first day of the deer season. There was a time when the trains, from September 15 to October 15, carried an average of over a hundred hunters a trip to be on hand and get the early and—to the novice—biggest and best deer. It is no longer so, for they have learned wisdom from experience, and now there is comparatively little rush until the second week, when the moose hunters appear in swarms, filling the sleeping cars to overflowing and making the trains look like trains used in war times, with guns and rifles at every window. The warmer days of early October are not so good for getting game home fresh, although under the new license law one may send his game on ahead as soon as shot, and follow at his leisure when he has finished his outing. This will undoubtedly make quite a difference in a hunter's ability to get his game home in good condition, which some have found to their sorrow is not always feasible, even in colder weather than October.

Hunters come into Maine this year, too, under radically different conditions from those which have confronted them in previous seasons. Under the new license law they are compelled—unless residents of Maine, "actually domiciled therein," as the statute reads—to buy a license before they can enter the woods to hunt deer or moose, and the law covers both, one license serving to grant all the privileges which the Maine law permits the hunter of big game. Shore gunners who want to try the birds in certain coast sections, generally speaking those portions of the coast between Portland and western Penobscot Bay, must pay for a license for their fun, too. In a published interview, Mr. Carleton, of the Game Commission, is quoted to-day as saying that of 133,000 seekers after game, fish and recreation, who came into Maine last year, but 800 came here to hunt big game. If that is so, and he must have been misquoted, then those 800 got a lot more than their share, for I myself counted shipments of 1,800 or more deer through Bangor last fall to points beyond the limits of the State of Maine. And if the average of one deer to a hunter holds good, then 1,800 were in this part of Maine alone to hunt big game. The new license will, they claim, and undoubtedly with reason, give opportunity to know just how many come into Maine to hunt big game. But of the hundreds who never will come here again because of what they regard as unjust discrimination, the Maine public will probably never hear accurately.

Some of the guides and camp owners are hoping that the new law will not have such a deterrent effect upon new hunters as it has upon those who are old visitors, for many of these old friends have cancelled their dates in Maine. Where they have gone worries the guide not a bit—but he must look up a new line of customers. The chance of smaller business, against an already greatly shortened season from what once prevailed, has led the guides in some sections to discuss the feasibility of in-

has an appetite just as insatiable which he is satisfying in large part off from the farmer's natural enemies. No commission of forestry is going to do a fraction of the work that the poor unpaid woodpecker is doing. He works early and late and he works hard and he gets curses for the little harm he does—not small to one man, of course, at times, and not to be endured too patiently even by the most forgiving—but, taking private ownership out of the question, very little indeed to the aggregate of work performed for the public benefit.

FANNIE HARDY ECKSTORM.

Brewer, Me.

Entertainment for Man and Beast.

EVERY one of the half dozen popular magazines contains at least one story of which the hero is beast, bird, or fish. Mr. John Burroughs's protest in behalf of his dumb friends, in the Atlantic, has passed unheeded. A whole school of writers keeps step with the "Jungle Book" man, or struggles along the trail of the "Sand Hill Stag." A literary tendency is clearly manifest, and we see no reason why it should stop at the terrestrial fauna. The flora is as yet unexploited, and since we have had the tragedy of the brook trout and the pathos of the pachydermata, why not also the miseries of the edible mushrooms, the loves of the lotuses, and the tragedy of a dead beet? Erasmus Darwin and his botanical epic are pretty well forgotten, and the way lies open for a literary adventurer to publish as many short stories as there are leaves in Vallombrosa. Nor need the process stop at the organic creation. Two scientists of our acquaintance only ceased from writing a comedy of the chemical elements because they found (as the British matron had earlier in Darwin's "Loves of the Plants") that the matrimonial complications necessitated by the allegory passed all bounds of morality and availability.

The chemical comedietta was intended for children, and it seems that pretty much all animal stories are planned for the very child-like. For the animal heroes and heroines are strangely unlike any animals that the average reader knows, and amazingly like those characters of the dime novel and Sunday-school book which the adult reader usually scorns. We have tested it high and tested it low. Occasionally a Mr. Jack London strikes the note of veracity, as Mr. Kipling knew how to invest jungle life with poetry, or Mr. Joel Chandler Harris to fill the Bre'r Rabbit stories with shrewd wisdom and exuberant humor. But this is the exception. What may be called the beast tale of periodical literature possesses neither veracity, poetry, wisdom, nor humor. The question, Why do people read these stories? only raises the more impenetrable mystery, Why do people read most of the magazines at all? The answer is possibly that people do not read the magazines, but look at the illustrations; and that the popularity of the new school is simply a tribute to the pencils of Mr. Thompson-Seton, Mr. Heming, Mr. Bull, and others.

But if there is doubt about the demand for sentimentalized quadrupeds, there is no doubt about the supply. We feel, indeed, that the production is too copious and uniform to be the result of individual enterprise, and we suspect in the whole matter the machinations of a syndicate which was first called Seton-Thompson and then, for purposes of reorganization and evasion of the law of copyright, was renamed Thompson-Seton. Upon this hypothesis the recent remarkable flotation of animal stories falls under familiar commercial processes. Imagine a resourceful and unscrupulous syndicate which has gained possession of all the undigested securities of the fiction market. Obviously the whole supply of rejected articles might have been got at a base price. What would the substance of such stories be? Of course, the humdrum pathos and conventional melodrama that lie within the observation and mental range of the writers.

Such an accumulation would appear to be wholly worthless from all points of view. But here is where the genius of our supposititious syndicate comes in. You can always unload a bad stock market security by changing its name and denomination. It would be superfluous, and in the present market conditions unkind, to recall the instances of stocks which have brought better prices every time a consolidation reduced their actual security. Upon this pregnant idea what we may call the Animal Story Trust based its fortunes. One may imagine the process of conversion prior to marketing. A dreary story of the death of an old woman in a country village is to be sold. For old woman read Sheesquagh the Cougar, for village read "bleak, crumbling precipices iridescent with such colors as are only seen under the desert sun," votes the board of directors, and the editors tumble over each other to buy. Again, we imagine the syndicate's blue pencil cancelling the title, "Algernon's Heart Sorrows," and rewriting it, "Plunges of Pete the Cayuse," with the note, "Printer, substitute Pete for Algernon." And the publishers who broke Algernon's creator's heart compete for "Pete" at the top of the market.

Now, it is far easier to expose this method of unloading undigested copy than it is to stop it. We may pity the editors and publishers, we may warn them of the impending depression when the underwriters shall be confronted with unmanageable blocks of manuscripts, and Cuvier shall have been exhausted from cover to cover; but we cannot restrict their right to buy at their own risk. Refusing to read Algernon travestied as Pete is only a partial measure. In fact, no effective protest is possible unless the animals should organize a protective association, and appeal to the humanity of the syndicate. One may imagine a sensible "cayuse" complaining as follows: "What right had you to impute to me disgusting human sentimentalisms? What warrant had you to deprive me of my inborn horse sense and put upon me scarcely human idiocies? If you cannot respect yourselves, gentlemen, at least respect the feelings of a horse of good manners, sound nerves, and sane habits." That such would be the sentiment of the beasts reassembled in Æsopian council there can be no doubt. And, failing their voice, we make the plea of our worthy but silent friends our own.—New York Evening Post.

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Lewis's woodpecker in that part of Oregon is a summer resident. I have seen it breeding on the Clackamas in the Willamette Valley, so I know it would not be an unknown bird except in autumn, and Major Bendire once sent us a number of their skins taken right at Fort Klamath which answers for the territory Forked Deer is describing. However, there is nothing irreconcilable in supposing that an isolated apple orchard might make a gathering of the clans at the season of fruit harvest and thus call attention to a bird which the casual unobserver would not know existed till it interfered with his crops.

But the reason why I dally so long with a topic which cannot be definitely settled without more evidence, is because that error in description has called up what is to me a very interesting query. Working back on that impression of a bird with a stripe down the under parts from chin to tail, it seems likely that the bird did have something which, remembered after the lapse of time, left the impression of a stripe. Now, narrow stripes down the back are common enough among woodpeckers, for they have a high protective value, blending the bird to the upright furrows of the bark he is on, but of western woodpeckers with anything approaching a definite stripe on the under parts for the whole length, I can think of but one. It is true that one is not easily conjured into the bird described, but he is found in that locality, is a migrant, and might, in some plumages, be said to have black back and wings and dirty yellowish or "light brick-color" stripe along the belly; and, which is important, he is just about the size and weight of a robin.

The bird I refer to is the Williamson's sapsucker, the most curious of our woodpeckers. The mature male is a bird never to be forgotten, so brilliant in color and exquisite in his gloss—jetty black on breast, wings, and upper parts, set off by the clear white of his rump and by white wing and cheek markings, with a narrow strip of most vivid scarlet down the throat and another narrow stripe of the richest yellow from the tail up to the breast, approaching but not joining the scarlet of the throat. The female has no mark in common except the white rump and the yellow in the belly. She is a light brown bird, with black and white barred wings and usually with a black patch on her breast. For years the two were not connected by naturalists, and even so distinguished a naturalist as Dr. Coues described them as different species. The young male resembles his father, but his colors are dull, the red throat is replaced by whitish, and the yellow of the belly is dingy or obscure. He might very easily, in some plumages, give one the impression of a black bird with a light stripe beneath. Critically speaking, he would not answer very closely to Forked Deer's description, but then a young male of Williamson's woodpecker answers so much better than anything else.

Next as to the chances of finding him then and there. He is a shy and solitary bird, living by preference in the deep coniferous forests at a good altitude. In summer they breed at from 5,000 to 9,000 feet, and Major Bendire, who must long remain the greatest ornithological authority on that Klamath region, said that he found them nowhere so abundant as in the vicinity of Crater Lake. In September they begin to come to lower land, preparing for their southward journey, and between the 20th of September and the first part of November he saw them not uncommonly around Fort Klamath. There is therefore every likelihood that Forked Deer picked up a specimen of this usually rare bird.

There is a possibility not to be scouted that he is the bird that did the damage to the fruit, but as Forked Deer does not say that he killed the bird in the act, and from the very nature of the bird itself, I infer that he got the wrong fellow. I think myself that the editor is right in pointing the finger of disapproval at Lewis's woodpecker.

For Lewis's woodpecker belongs to a group of woodpeckers which I have long mistrusted were up to new tricks. Slow and stupid as he appears on his lumbering gait, he is just the bird whom I should expect to ranch out and do some new, quite unlooked for thing. When I found that in Colorado some of them had taken to the habit of shelling and storing acorns in holes, while in California others of them, imitating the California woodpecker, were trying to drive theirs unshelled into crevices made previously by the California woodpecker, I saw that this was a bird which would bear watching. There is evidence enough that he does attack small fruits occasionally, and it is quite in the line of probable development that he should acquire a taste for apples.

Should anyone think it absurd or strange for a woodpecker to eat apples, I will remind them of the cousins of this bird, the red-bellied and the redheaded woodpeckers. In Florida the former has taken up the habit of eating oranges, mostly refuse fruit when last reported, to such extent as to earn the name of "orange sapsucker." And of the redheaded woodpecker of the north I cannot do better than to quote a small portion of Wilson's account of him, one of the classics of ornithology, full of the golden glow of September and the harvest:

"Wherever there is a tree, or trees, of the wild cherry, covered with ripe fruit, there you will see them busy among the branches; and in passing orchards, you may easily know where to find the earliest, sweetest apples, by serving those trees on or near which the redheaded woodpecker is skulking: for he is so excellent a connoisseur in fruit that, wherever an apple or pear is broached to him, it is sure to be the ripest and best flavored. When alarmed, he seizes a capital one by striking his bill deep into it, and bears it off to the woods. When the Indian corn is in its succulent, milky state, he cracks it with great eagerness, opening a passage through numerous folds of the husk, and feeding on it with great voracity."

There was a man who made ornithology into poetry without laboring to do it! Such simple, profitable seeing in the pictures bound up in the words, is the gift of—by Wilson.

If it be asked, as is reasonable, Why might not this be a bird which is damaging the Oregon corn and apples, the answer is decisive: the redheaded woodpecker is not in west of the Rocky Mountains. There are, indeed, so very many woodpeckers in Oregon, so that it is easy to find the sinner. When he is found I would advise you not to shoot him if you can help it, and above all to offer a bounty on his scalp. His appetite is voracious, and he works havoc for a season perhaps among fruit, but remember that all the rest of the year he

creasing the wages per day; but prominent guides have told me within a week that they did not think there would be, or in fact could be, any united or definite action looking to such an advance. Guides are much like other men, unless they form a strict trade union of themselves, they can't control the price of a man's work; and in a previous letter I pointed out how unlikely such a union is in Maine, or, in fact, how difficult it would be to hold 1,800 guides together, each section pulling toward its own region for a long season's work. But the suggestion made, which first appeared in *FOREST AND STREAM*, that a protective association was very likely to be formed, was no idle prophecy, and the guides are growing daily more and more in favor of an association that shall see that their interests are protected at Augusta during the law-making period, at least. In his interview, referred to above, Mr. Carleton stated that the proposed increase of the guides' wages might have a tendency to keep people away, but he didn't think the license would keep away a single sportsman. The fact that dozens and dozens of sportsmen, known personally to the writer as staying away for the very cause that Maine asks them to pay \$15 that they may come here and spend ten times that amount, is proof that all the stay-aways are not influenced by the raise in the guides' wages—a raise yet to be known except in the newspapers. Some of the very people who thus refuse to come to Maine on principle, were formerly in the habit of paying their guides an even five dollars a day, so that the possible increase to four can't be said to have any great influence.

Like many other agitations about the question of wages, it is rarely the first-class guide who does any kicking about his price. As I write I have in mind one of the best guides in Maine: Steady, honest, reliable, does not squander his money in rum, tobacco, and worse, but saves all he can, is willing and always good natured, never complaining because the carry is hard or the distance long between camping places, and he is glad to get his three dollars per day. He told me that he would make about \$800, clear, as his pay for guiding visitors to the Maine woods in 1903. Some guides are very dear at nothing "a day and found," while others are dirt cheap at five dollars a day, seven days in the week. It's one of those questions that settle themselves, and as water is sure to find its level, so the guides are sure, sooner or later, to get "just what is coming to them," which is a bit of slang that completely fits the status of the guide of to-day.

One advantage of the new law that will be appreciated by home-going sportsmen, is that no time need be wasted from the precious lunch time in the Bangor station, since the passing of the game for the non-resident has with it no formalities, and the all-powerful warden with his express list no longer keeps an empty stomach waiting until he finds the name of the owner and endorses his departure for home. The attaching of the tag and shipping the game ends responsibility for the happy hunter, and as a non-resident, who is paying for the protection now being given Maine game, he certainly deserves some extra privileges that the taxable native can't have.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

Life in the Rockies.—III.

(Continued from page 269)

ONE morning the ground was covered with two inches of soft snow, and as Mr. P. intended going to the store soon, distant about forty miles, for a load of supplies, and was anxious to have some meat to take along to trade for such as we needed, he suggested that all hands turn out and spend the day hunting. There was a certain locality where I wanted to go, hoping to find elk, and, like most selfish mortals, I said nothing, but made haste to get my work done, so I might get out ahead of the others and get there first; but a fellow named Butts was of the same mind, and got out ahead of me. I had to go right through this place to get to hunting grounds beyond, and heard him shoot about 100 rods ahead of me. Soon I came to fresh tracks of elk, and then came to where they were when he shot, and saw where a wounded one had turned off by itself, and saw where B. was following it by six-foot strides.

I passed on and entered a large body of green timber, sloping to the north, where the snow would last longer. After going some distance through the woods I found the trail of a band of elk, which was very fresh, and leading straight up toward the top of the mountain. Following on I just reached the top of the mountain where they had gone over on the southern slope to feed on the abundance of rich grass to be found there, when I came to where Mr. P. and his son, with the dog, had found the trail and gone in pursuit, ahead of me.

Of course I wouldn't follow them, and as it was then nine o'clock, and the snow nearly all gone, my chances looked slim, for my strongest point in hunting was always to get on the trail of my game early enough to come up with it while it was feeding, which I have found, as a rule, they usually finish by 9:30 or 10 o'clock in the morning. I started straight down the mountain through the woods, having no definite place in view. When I had gotten down almost to the edge of the green timber, where the snow was entirely gone, and while traveling with much caution, I saw the head of a buck deer, which was lying down about forty yards from me. The timber was very thick, and I could not see anything but its head. Taking careful aim at its head I fired. The timber being thick, the smoke from the rifle hung so heavy that I could see nothing for an instant; when it cleared away I could see just the shoulders of a deer as it stood close where the one had been lying. Supposing it to be the same one, and having the vital spot exposed to my view, I immediately fired again. As soon as the smoke cleared I saw again just a small spot of the shoulder of a deer and fired again, then saw a deer run off through the woods. I ran down to where they had been, and saw the deer that had run off going over a ridge 100 yards away, and knew by its actions it was not hurt. My first thought was that the sights of my gun had been moved, for I knew my aim was not at fault, and I believed there was but the one deer. Going down to the spot where I had first seen the buck's head, I found my buck lying dead, the bullet having entered the side of the head at the buff of the ear, and come out at exactly the corresponding spot on the

other side. Then I looked down through the woods in the direction I had seen the other deer run and saw another one lying dead about twenty-five yards away, and on going down found it to be another buck. I dressed the two and hung them up, then began to investigate to account for my third shot.

By circling around carefully I soon found the fresh track of a deer, which had gone past the one that had fallen, and turned off, going in a different direction from the one I had seen running away. I soon found just one little spot of blood, and about fifty yards away found a third buck lying dead. After getting it hung up I sat down and ate my lunch. I only went a few steps after eating when I saw, several hundred yards away, an elk, and started to get within gunshot of it. After a long and circuitous route, I came near to it and saw it was a cow, and let it go without shooting at it. I made my way slowly toward camp, not caring much whether I got anything more or not.

About four o'clock I met all the other fellows with two pack-horses bringing in the elk which B. was after in the morning. Instead of going with them into camp, as they wanted, I kept on up over the top of the mountain, so that I might look down over the grassy slope, thinking that I might see an antelope, which I thought would complete our assortment of game for the day. Sure enough, I had only gone over the top a few rods when I spied, over the top of a little bluff which I was just passing, an antelope lying down. Quick as thought I dropped down out of sight, and then crawled back to a little rocky knoll where I would be in full view of it. When I got there, and poked my head over the rocks, it had got up and was looking toward me, having, no doubt, had a glimpse of me when I first saw it. Shoving my rifle over the rock I took a quick aim and dropped it in its tracks. This proved to be the record day for numbers of big game killed in all my hunting experience: not that I never had opportunity to kill greater numbers, but because there was no occasion for it.

I frequently had chances to make big killings, where it was not necessary to do so, and am glad to say that I never killed game that I had no use for. I was once out about two miles from the ranch, on horseback hunting for meat. It was at a time when deer were hard to find, and had been without meat for some time, as were also some of my neighbors, who sometimes looked to me for meat when their luck went against them, or when they were too busy with their ranch work to hunt. I had left my horse in Bull Canyon, where there was abundant grass for him to feed upon while I hunted, and had gone half a mile further on, to a point which overlooked the mouth of another canyon about a mile distant, where the three principal streams of that section united, namely: Big Creek, Beaver Creek, and Smokehouse Creek. Being at a point which commanded an extensive view, I sat down on a boulder to scan the surrounding country, as I could overlook both deer and antelope country. Directly I saw a white looking animal moving about in the creek bottom and I soon made out two more, and while watching them to determine what they were, they moved off up the bare side of the mountain leading into the canyon. As they were more than a mile away, I could not tell for certain what they were, but knew it was game of some kind. Going back to my horse, I mounted and went around through a body of green timber until I was within a few hundred yards of the junction of the creeks, where I had seen the game, then dismounted and proceeded on foot.

When I had first sighted the game I was between Beaver and Smokehouse creeks, but had crossed Smokehouse Creek while riding, thus leaving all three of the creeks between me and the game. I had not gone far on foot until I saw the game I was after up in the canyon, and could then see plainly that they were mountain sheep, and that there were about twenty of them in all. I took in the situation and saw that I was "up against it." About 100 yards below me all three of the creeks came together, but I could not cross there without being in plain sight of the quarry, and the only way to come up to them unseen was to ford each of the streams separately, where they were about fifty yards apart, and where a dense growth of willows would shelter me from their sight.

There happened at that time to be a very high stage of water, which was ice-cold, and which did not afford a pleasing feature of the hunt, but I was after meat and must have it.

I took off my shoes and socks, rolled my trousers as high as I could roll them, and started on my venture. The streams were full of big boulders, and the high waters were tumbling down over them at a rate which made navigation extremely difficult, but I finally landed safely across the last one, dressed my feet, and made a circle through the willows until I had a spur of the mountain between me and the game, then ventured out into the open and began the ascent. It was a hard climb, but I finally got to the top, and, cautiously peeping over some rocks, I saw them scattered over the side of a mountain which was facing me, with a deep ravine between us, which was heavily timbered from the top where I was down to the bottom of the ravine. Being a little far away for sure shooting, and not having been seen, I crawled into the timber and worked my way to a favorable spot, then picked out a yearling buck and fired. There was a strong wind blowing out on the open mountain side which I did not feel where I was, and for which I did not make allowance, and my shot only made him raise his head and look surprised. Quickly throwing in another cartridge, I made due allowance for the drift of the ball with the wind, and that time the buck dropped in his tracks. Then they all ran together into a bunch and stood as close as they could stand when I picked out another and dropped it. Owing to the wind and the mountains on the opposite sides of the canyon, they could not determine from whence the shooting came, and I verily believe I could have cleaned out the half of the bunch before they could have gotten out of range, but two was all I could take with me, and all I needed, and after I watched them for some time, during which time they remained motionless, and I wished with all my might for a good kodak, I got up from my hiding place and started across toward them. Of course they soon saw me, and started up over the mountain, but even then they stopped at intervals and looked back, and were not out of sight

for several minutes. After dressing the carcasses and again performing the wading act to get my horse, I soon had them packed on the horse and was picking my way over the mountains to my bachelor home and my hungry neighbors, where there was rejoicing and feasting.

At another time I was riding from the post-office to the ranch of Cooke Rhea, at whose place I was staying for a few days while he was away. Cecil Lawrence, a neighbor ranchman who lived fifteen miles distant, happened to be in our park that day, and just as I got to the ranch I saw him riding up as fast as his horse could run. He told me he had just seen a bunch of mountain sheep over in the edge of the park, and they were all big rams, and he was very anxious to kill one, and wanted my rifle. I told him to go to my house, about a mile away, and he would find the door unlocked, as I always left it, and to take my rifle and ammunition which was about the most conspicuous furniture in the house. I watched him, and could see the sheep, but he failed to get a shot at them. I went over to Elick Hilton's, from where he had first seen them, and was there when he returned. I made no comment, but knew what I would do. After he had gone I went to Rhea's, got a horse and rode over where the sheep had disappeared in the mountains and left the horse and started on the trail of the sheep. I was not needing meat then, but had never killed an old ram with large horns, and thought there was a chance to get one, as there were plenty of places for the meat. The trail led through a long thicket of jack-pines, then out on to a bare, rocky knoll from which there was a good view of the surrounding country, and soon I saw the sheep half a mile ahead, on a bare knoll, and some were lying down. By a long and rough journey I was able to keep out of their sight, and crawl up within thirty yards of them, undiscovered. I cocked my gun and peered over the top of a rock to pick out the biggest horns, and there I saw, not a bunch of rams, but nothing but ewes, about a dozen, any of them close enough to have shot them in the head. I looked at them for a minute in disgust, let the hammer of my gun down, and raised up to see them scoot, and they scooted. He had seen their horns, supposed because they had horns they must be rams, not knowing that the females have horns also. That evening, when I told old Elick what I had done, and what I hadn't done, he said: "I knowed the way your ear wagged when you left there was something in the wind."

EMERSON CARNEY.

A Good Report from Illinois.

ROSCOE, Ill., September 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Thinking that possibly a short communication from the State Game Commissioner of Illinois of what is being done in the way of game protection under the new game law would be of some interest to your readers, I append the following list of cases of violations of the law since August 1:

For killing ducks out of season, Gustave Engle, Ottawa, Ill., fined \$15; hunting without a license, two persons, Cobden, Ill., fined \$25 each; attempting to kill prairie chickens, Elmer Sanford, Lincoln, fined \$15; killing one prairie chicken, John Jenkins, Lincoln, fined \$15; killing song birds, several Italians, Galena, fined \$90; buying and selling squirrels, L. C. Reese, Anna, fined \$25; killing song birds, Harry Schrader, Chicago, fined and fine remitted, as he was only support of a widowed mother; selling squirrels, Moses Leyley, Alto Pass, fined \$25; hunting without license, F. Pecharo, Pickneyville, fined \$25; killing song birds, Louis Boris, Chicago, fined \$5; killing song birds, Geo. Doretors, Chicago, fined \$5; trespass, W. R. Riddew, Camp Point, fined \$3; killing song birds, Frank Ortlepp, Chicago, fined \$35; hunting without a license, John Monkus, Chicago, fined \$25; hunting without a license, Sam Vangilas, Chicago, fined \$25; trespass, two parties, Milmine, fined \$10; killing one robin, Chas. Heining, Chicago, fined \$5.

In addition to the above fines, each person prosecuted also paid costs of the suit. We have now got the State well organized with a good deputy warden in each county, who is giving his time and attention to the work and is receiving pay for such days as he is employed in actual duty.

The State has been divided into ten districts, with a good traveling warden to cover about ten counties each. The traveling warden's duty is to go over his district each month, after having selected deputies, and see that each is doing his duty, and in this way we feel that we can come as near enforcing the law as possible.

Licenses are being issued by every county, city and village clerk of the State, and there was received at the State Treasurer's office at Springfield, Ill., in July, \$2,136.70 for licenses issued prior to July 1, and August 1 there was paid into the State Treasury \$16,331.04 for licenses issued during July. The report for licenses issued during August has not been received from the State Treasurer, but from all reports received there will be from \$12,000 to \$15,000 at least paid in for licenses issued during August, as the reports from the State Treasurer each month are for the amounts received for the previous month. The money thus paid into the State Treasury goes directly back to the country, as the ten traveling wardens and 102 deputies have to be paid each month. The matter of getting the new law before the public, and the fact that something like 5,000 clerks in the State have to be furnished not only with blank licenses, but also with blank applications, blanks for reporting to the State Treasurer, and copies of the game law both in pamphlet form and in synopsis form on large cards, means a great expense, as it has taken to the various clerks of the State to date 73,000 license blanks with as many blank applications, numerous other blanks as mentioned, and over 80,000 copies of the game law.

The people generally over the State are much interested in the protection of game, as the matter had been agitated during the past two years to such an extent that not only the sportsmen but the farmers are awake to the interest of game protection, and the man who thinks he will slip out and kill a few birds out of season or without a license or in any other way violates the new game law, is very apt to be arrested promptly, for nearly every one of the deputy game wardens has friends throughout his county who are continually on the watch and notify him at once of any hunters that are out after game out of season or

contrary to law. We hope that by the time the new game law has been in effect a year, everyone will be willing to abide by its provisions.

A. J. LOVEJOY,
State Game Commissioner.

Preserves and Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A most interesting letter appears in FOREST AND STREAM of September 13, written by Coahoma, on the subject of private game preserves. Certainly private preserves are better than no preserves at all, and they are serving an excellent purpose in stimulating thought and discussion upon the subject involved. Legislation can only follow experience, and no precedents but our own will fit our own case.

The points raised in the beginning of Coahoma's article are sufficient to form the basis for an entire overhauling of the question of land tenure, its rights and its responsibilities. "May the owner exercise full right of ownership over a part of his lands and only partial rights over the remainder?" * * * This is simply one phase of the ancient warfare between the rich and poor; and further, as long as some men are lazy, thriftless, and incapable, and others are industrious, provident and efficient, so long shall we have the rich and the poor, and all the gradations of life between."

As to the question of what rights shall be exercised by men holding tracts of various sorts of land, this seems to me a question purely of legislation within certain very broad lines. Does any man really exercise "the full rights of ownership?" The fact is that there are very serious limitations to his ownership. And if his rights are limited to some extent already, why should they not be still more limited, if such limitation is for the public good. A stranger may mine gold on his property without paying for the privilege, and he himself may not direct a water-course within his own boundaries. He cannot close an ancient highway, and he cannot shoot game on his own property during the close season. In some States he is liable to prosecution for running deer with dogs on his own land, as if he did not own the land at all. The title to the game on his land is not vested in him, but in the State. Thus his powers within his own borders are very much limited under the existing laws. And, if this is so, why should not other limitations be created?

The right to close land to the public might very well be restricted to such lands as would be injured by the entrance of the public upon them. Otherwise it serves no useful purpose and may be a serious inconvenience. The game upon the land belongs to the public, and if it were the owner's caprice to exterminate it by poison or otherwise, he would be restrained by law. Unless the owner is making some actual use of the land, unless he cultivates it and has built his house upon it, the exercise of this right of exclusion is an arbitrary limitation which is not in accordance with public interest. This being the case, why should not the laws, which already limit the owner's privileges, be so framed that the public, having conformed to the game laws, may enter upon lands of certain classes for purposes of sport and recreation?

That the laws against trespass upon timber lands should be the same as the laws against trespass on cultivated lands or city property is absurd. Indeed, if any individual wishes to exercise any such privilege, it is altogether reasonable that he should be heavily taxed for it, and that it should come under some other regulation than the mere law against trespass.

W. M. E.

B. LITMORE, Sept. 20.

Iowa Shooting.

HUMBOLDT, Iowa, September 19.—The fall hunting season opened in Iowa the first of September. In the northern section the sport on ducks, principally young teal, has been good, but at this date, after furnishing nearly three weeks of shooting, the birds are pretty well shot off. Many sportsmen regard the young teal as the best of the duck family for eating; the young teal is to the duck tribe what the spring chicken is to the domestic fowl. In two or three weeks the big ducks will begin to come down from the north, and sportsmen will be ready to drop business at any time then for some favorite duck resort that they know of. It is the latter part of October and November that the best duck and chicken shooting is to be had, the cold weather driving the birds down from the north.

The prairie chicken shooting on local birds was practically a failure in Iowa this year. Of course in scattered spots in northern Iowa the birds gave sport for a day or two, but aside from that there have been no birds killed. There is some consolation to the Iowa sportsman for this, however, as he knows that the northern birds will make their appearance along some time in October, when the cold weather has driven the birds down. At that time the choicest shooting is to be had.

There has been plenty of fishing along the Iowa rivers this year. Many large fish of all varieties have been taken.

GEORGE J. BICKNELL.

October.

Ho! for the glens—the bosky glens
Of brown October time;
And the sombre fens—the browning fens,
And the meadows sweet with thyme.

Ho! for the brook—the babbling brook—
That flows from the fretted bower;
And ripples out of the forest nook
The home of the gentian flower.

Ho! for the breeze—the balmy breeze—
That wafts o'er the nut-grown larder,
Scattering leaves from the crimson trees
To the floor of the forest arbor.

Ho! for the time—the sunset time—
When the reddening sun in the westing,
Whispers a chime for the frosty rime
That forms while the earth is resting.

Ho! for the haze—the purple haze—
That hangs o'er the mountains' slumber,
Ho! for the days—October days—
Ho! for the Indian summer.

GEORGE W. BEATTY (Hawthorn).

Sea and River Fishing.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Game Laws in Brief.

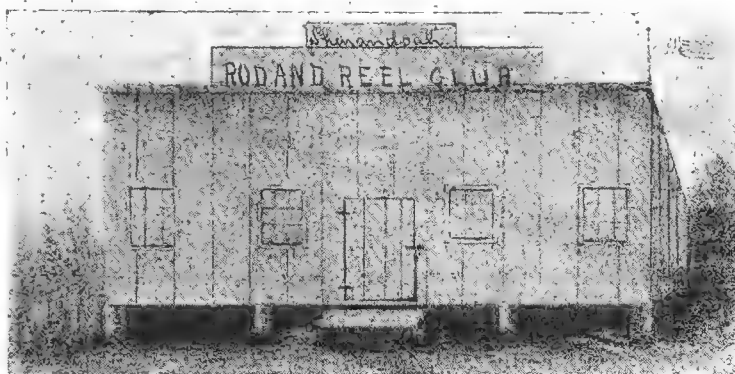
is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers, who handle the Brief.

In Old Virginia.

EVEN if there had been nothing else save the fact that we were camping in old Virginia, the Rod and Reel Club of Winchestertown would have enjoyed their outing this year on the banks of the Shenandoah. We camped right along the line of the Norfolk and Western Railroad, about two miles from Front Royal, and for the first time in five years took up quarters in a four-room house instead of under canvas. We could find no good place near the river to pitch our tents, and seeing this unoccupied building, which was put up by the Norfolk and Western for their workmen when the track along here was raised several feet, we concluded to stop right here, if we could rent it. We hunted up the party who had charge of it, and succeeded in renting it for 25 cents a week. Of course we missed the sight of the white canvas, but still we kept dry, and this year, in the tents, we would probably have got a little wet.

We left old Winchestertown about 2 o'clock Monday morning, and arrived at the river at 8 o'clock the same morning. We soon had the camp in order, for we had no tents to put up, no ditches to dig—nothing much to do but rig up our stove and make our beds. Heretofore we never fished any until the next day after our arrival, as it always took the best part of the first day to get the camp in order, but as we had nothing much to do this year, we decided to try the fish in the afternoon. The water was in splendid condition, and a great many anglers were down from Front Royal.

Charley Brown had the honor of getting the first strike, and he started his fish, but—the rascal made for a rock and that settled it. He was a good one (so Brown says), and I sympathized with him for I knew how he felt over it. I've been there myself. He got his next one, though,



THE 1903 CAMP OF THE ROD AND REEL CLUB.

of course, it was nothing like as large as the one that got away. The bass were in a biting humor on this particular afternoon, and by 6 o'clock we had quite a nice string to take to camp. How good it was once more to see the line slipping out over the reel—to feel the tug at the other end, and—then the fight. Ah! it's worth a million to any man! Let a man once go camping, give him a rod and let him wade the riffles, and unless his heart is as hard as stone, his eyes shut to all the beauties of nature, he will be inspired by the beautiful scenery, become fascinated with the sport of angling, and the next year he'll be at it again.

Arriving at camp we changed our wading clothes and put on dry ones, and then got supper. Once more we were seated around the old camp table, each man with a tin cup full of coffee by him and a great dish of fried bass before us. Once more we were camping—once more we were sniffing the pure fresh air wafted from the slopes of the old Blue Ridge, and were intoxicated with anticipations of the good times we were going to have. After supper we lit up the torch and played cards till 9 o'clock, when Quartermaster Dorsey Yeakley, as usual, announced that it was bed time, and we were soon off to the land of dreams. Our little mascot, Jack Greenwalt, was lying by the side of his bosom friend, Dorsey Yeakley, and, as he stirs in his sleep, he half whispers: "Here comes a 'double-hitter,' Dorsey." The Norfolk and Western run double-headers along here nearly altogether, and Jack always called them "double-hitters," and when only one engine would come along he would call it a "double-single." He always wanted to bet when he heard the distant whistle of the locomotive whether it was a "double-hitter" or a "double-single," and he would put up his cap, pants or anything he possessed on what he thought was coming. He is only about six or seven years old, and probably the youngest camper that ever left Winchester. He was the life of the camp, and we all enjoyed having him along.

The next day it rained, and rained hard, too, and consequently spoiled bass fishing for the next few days. But we rigged up our outline and lived on eels and catfish until the water cleared up. To me there was something very fascinating in running the outline at night—to lift the great big eels into the boat and take them off. Sometimes we would get as high as a dozen big ones at one haul. Carson Yeakley and myself always operated the outline, and what a time we would have out there in the middle of the river some nights. Sometimes there would be six or eight big eels floundering about in the bottom of the boat, and then maybe we would add a big turtle to the aggregation, and between the eels and the turtle and our bare feet we would have one mischief of a time.

The water was beginning to clear up now, and the prospects were bright for some good fishing. We had quite a nice lot of little "catties" down in the live-box, and were longing to "tenderly put one on." The next morning we decided to try it, although the water was a little cloudy.

Charley Brown was soon in his wading clothes and off for the riffles. Carson Yeakley (the handiest man and one of the best all-round campers we have ever had with us) and myself were right behind him, and Dorsey and his little friend Jack were to come down later on to help us bring back the fish. Out into the riffles we go; and with a swing of our rod send the line out into the rolling water. Mr. Yeakley got the first strike, and I knew he was just itching to pull on him, but he thinks he'll give him a little more time. Charley Brown, who was standing near him, tells him to let him keep on going, that the bass in the South Branch require a lot of coaxing. Carse coaxed him for some time, and finally he yanked on him and pulled him in. Charley scored next, and presently my turn came. We got one every now and then, and by noon we had a fairly good string, considering the water was not in first-class condition.

We had "tenderly put on" about the last of our catties, and in the afternoon Brown, Carson and myself rigged up a sort of a dip-net and started out to catch some minnows. Dorsey Yeakley said he was going across the mountain to hunt up a threshing machine, and we all knew what that meant—he was going out to hunt up some of the female gender.

We succeeded in catching about 200 nice river minnows, and were all ready to try our luck the next day.

It was the close of a hot August day. The surface of the old Shenandoah glinted in the red rays of the setting sun. The dark green forests surrounding our camp grew darker, as the tremulous twilight faded into dewy dusk. Blue smoke curled gracefully from our stove. A tinkling sheep bell broke the stillness and a twinkling star peeked from the dusky vault above and gave us some encouragement as to the fishing on the morrow, but still we were doubtful. Mr. Carse Yeakley had gone down to look at the outline, and had you been along the river in that vicinity you could have seen a solitary pedestrian wending his way up the track of the Norfolk and Western, with his head down, but every now and then looking up to see if the clouds were breaking. But all was dark and he continued his way toward camp.

"Boys," he said, as he came through the gate leading to camp, "I'm afraid our fishing is done for to-morrow. It looks threatening, and I think we'll have rain, and plenty of it, before morning."

His prediction came true, for it rained. My! but it rained hard. We had the live-box containing the minnows tied to a rope and thrown out into the river, and when it commenced to rain Dorsey and myself slipped on a gum coat apiece and went down and got out the box, and putting the minnows into a strainer carried them high and dry and set them down into a lard can filled with fresh water. Had we left them in the live-box in the river they would have all been gone the next morning, for the river was almost out of banks. The old Shenandoah was muddy and was muddy right, too, and she staid muddy the rest of the time we were there. We had to content ourselves with the eels, perch, and catfish, and, when we were lucky enough to catch them, they made good eating, I can tell you.

Time was drawing near to leave, and we began to appreciate our living along the Shenandoah more than ever. It was hard to think that we had to leave these laughing, muddy waters which would soon be clear as crystal, when the bass would be jumping crazy for the fly, but our commissary said "everything was out," and nothing remained but to turn our faces toward old Winchestertown. So we bid a last farewell to the blue mountains of the old Blue Ridge, to the musical murmurings of the riffles, and to the distant whistle of the "double-hitter," as Jack called them, and started for home, hoping some day to return and live over the good times we had had along the Shenandoah.

ALF CLINE.

Fish and Fishing.

Ouananiche Season Extended.

REFERENCE has been more than once made in this column to the advisability of a change in the open season for ouananiche. There is room for a great deal more knowledge of the life history of this fish than all that is at present possessed, though there has been considerable observation in recent years as to its breeding operations, all tending to corroborate the contention that the ouananiche is a later spawner than the brook trout, notwithstanding that its close season has, until now, opened a fortnight earlier than that of the trout. It has taken the department of Marine and Fisheries at Ottawa a long time to arrive at a conclusion upon the mass of expert testimony submitted to it upon the spawning habits of the ouananiche, but it has finally accepted and acted upon it, and last week an order in council was adopted by the Governor-General in Council extending the open season for this fish in Canada by fifteen days, so that it will hereafter close upon the 30th of September, as that for brook trout does, instead of upon the 15th of the month, as hitherto. This is all right as far as it goes, but the close season for ouananiche, which is now made to terminate upon the last day of November, should certainly be extended to the last day of April, as that for trout is. Only pot-hunters with nets and bait can take the ouananiche in the spring of the year prior to the first of May, and for these there are plenty of varieties of coarse fish to be taken in and near the chosen waters where the ouananiche are waiting. Ouananiche fishermen in Canada will hereafter, like trout fishermen, be able to spend the whole month of September in the woods, dividing their time between fishing and hunting.

Anglers Do Some Shooting.

And so far as the hunting is concerned, this last month of September has witnessed the killing of many fine specimens of both moose and caribou by anglers in the Lake St. John country. Only last week two New York members of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club were returning to the club house at Lake Kiskisink, after fishing in the lily-pads a little below the railway bridge, when a fine three-year-old moose stepped out upon the railway track immediately in front of them. One of the two, Mr. Geo. H. Wilcox, was carrying a .22 caliber Winchester, and firing at the animal at a distance of only fifty yards, brought it down at the first shot. Another fisherman,

Mr. Swayne, of Wisconsin, got a fine moose last month while fishing on the Triton Tract; Mr. Armus got another small one at Lake Edward; Mr. Darling, of New York, one on the limits of the Quebec Piscicultural Association, while two Quebec boys, Arthur Chambers and Rockett Power, were lucky enough to get a splendid moose with a good head about thirty miles back from Lake Edward. The lads had been fishing and saw the moose emerge from the woods on the opposite side of the lake like a small moving mountain. Sighting their rifles, one a .44 Marlin, the other a Stevens .38-55, at four hundred yards, they fired together, and brought down their quarry, both bullets taking effect. Mr. George E. Hart, while fishing the other day on Lake des Passes, was almost run down by a splendid bull caribou, which got safely away from him, notwithstanding that several shots were fired after him from the canoe. Several caribou have since been killed on both the Tourilli and Triton Tracts by anglers who were carrying rifles with them over portages and in their canoes.

Successful Trout Fishing.

Some of the trout fishermen are still in the woods, notwithstanding that the fishing terminated on the 30th inst. Having packed up their trout rods they are now out with rifles looking for big game. There will certainly be some interesting fish stories when they return home, for the last month of the trout fishing season this year has yielded better sport than for a number of years past. Lake Edward has not produced so many six-pound trout for many seasons as it has during the last few weeks. Almost equally satisfactory reports come from all the fish and game clubs in northern Quebec. In Lake des Passes, in Lake Batisseau, in the Lightening River and the River Moise on the Triton Club limits, the fishing during the last month has been simply superb. The fish have not only been plentiful, but have run large as well. Cloudless days, with a warm, balmy air, and cool, starlight nights that painted the woods with crimson and gold, made the out-of-door life a continual benediction. The beauty of all created things within the range of vision and the profusion and wealth of fish and forest life in these high latitudes are an inspiration at all times to those of us who love to hold communion with nature, to study to be sometimes quiet, and to go a-fishing; and though, as Father Walton reminds us, "Everything is beautiful in his season," it seems to me that the season of all seasons for the matured and perfect beauty of nature's year is the month of September, at least in the sun-kissed forests of northern Canada. The heavy trout which sought the cool retreat of the deepest holes during the months of July and August felt the bracing effects of a few cold nights, and freely rose to the anglers' flies in the soft dreamy light of the recent balmy September days. General J. Fred Pearson and General McKibbin were among those who enjoyed exceptionally good sport on the Triton Tract. The members of the Metabetchouan Club fared equally well. They never had better fishing than during the last month. Mr. Wilcox, of New York, and Mr. W. D. Bishop, of Bridgeport, who have spent some time on the club waters since Senator Platt came away, have made some excellent catches. On Lake Commissaire several members of the Nonantum Club remained at the club house until the end of the season. Among them were Mr. Brown, of New Haven, president of the club, and Mr. A. W. Hooper, of Boston, a prominent member of the Winchester Arms concern. They have had splendid sport, taking a number of five-pound trout on the fly, both in Big Ear Lake and also in Haycock's Pool in Lake Commissaire.

Heavy Maskinonge.

Opposite Brockville, in the St. Lawrence, a party of Montreal anglers had the good fortune to kill two maskinonge, both exceeding thirty pounds in weight, a few days ago. Of course much larger ones are occasionally taken in the St. Lawrence, and I have before me a letter telling of a maskinonge taken in Lake Bemidji, Minn., a few weeks ago, which is said to have measured four feet seven inches in length and to have tipped the scales at fifty-four pounds. But two in one day weighing over thirty pounds each is a catch not to be despised.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Sun Spots and Potomac Fishing.

THE sum of human knowledge is so small, and resistance of belief to the unaccustomed so strong, that the suggestion of even a remote relation between Old Sol's freckles and a fishing line is apt to excite derision rather than inquiry, yet circumstantial evidence, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say a series of coincidences, would seem to establish an intimate connection.

There are many agriculturists who regulate their rural routine by the phases of the moon. It is notorious that potatoes planted in the dark of the moon thrive best. Anglers, too, have found our satellite a guide to seasons when they may catch and when they are sure to fail. There is an old lunar calendar for anglers fitted for every day in the year which declares the very best, the middling and the poor days in which to try for nibbles.

If the inconstant moon may thus point out the days and nights when fishing is good, why should it be considered impossible that the parent and supporter of our universe should determine the years of plenty and the years of famine of our watery harvests?

The period of maxima of sun-spots has not been very accurately determined. It was for long thought to be ten and a half years; a later authority fixed the period at 11.11 years, and, roughly speaking, eleven years has been the average for the comparatively few years the subject has been under investigation with the aid of modern appliances that will in time make a scientific deduction possible.

The later recurrences of sun-spot maxima took place in 1848, '60, '70, '81, '92, 1903. The period is not quite fixed, as it is twelve years from '48 to '60, and ten from '60 to '70, but the eleven years average held good.

Beside the eleven-year period is the shadow of one at nine years, and indications which seem to point to a grand climacteric in fifty-six year periods which has been attributed to, or at least a coincidence noted with the

occurrence of the conjunction of a couple of the major planets, but these we need not take into account. For our purposes the fairly established eleven-year periods are plenty.

The curves of sun-spot recurrence are far from regular. As an instance, the decrease from 1860 did not reach a minimum in 1865 and then mount again to 1870, but there was a diminution for seven years to 1867, and then a maximum reached again in three years or 1870.

The cause, the progress and the influence of these spots have not yet been clearly demonstrated by science, but a comparison with tabulated observations of other meteorological phenomena has, it has been universally conceded, shown such coincidence of recurrence as to establish some intimate connection, if not prove a direct effect, from this cause.

Among these is excessive rainfall; while freshets may occur in any year locally, the general devastation which comes with such regularity throughout the States having, of course, its worst demonstration in the immense valley of the Mississippi, comes with singular coincidence about those years when the sun-spots are at a maximum.

Take as an instance the floods in the Central Mississippi Valley and '81, '92 and 1903 coincide exactly with the sun-spot periods, though it would not be fatal to the argument if they did not. Floods a year before or a year after the maximum sun-spot date would still be referable to the same causes, since excessive precipitation may run along for two or three years during the sun's high point for spots.

It is not claimed that high water is always fatal to good fishing. In salmon fishing, for example, patient anglers must sometimes wait until there is a "spate" or freshet on before the fish will rise. In the rock-bound lakes of the north no harm is done save a little rise in the waters, and in mountain streams where mud does not follow rain a few hours' fall may leave the stream as inviting as before; but in low ground rivers, in settled communities, where the destruction of the forests sends the water hurrying all at once to the channels, and where the fields along the riverside send their yellow drainage to its bed at once, days must pass and sometimes weeks, in a stream hundreds of miles long, like the Potomac, before there is any reward for wetting a fly or watching a bob.

Last year the rains were so heavy and so many that few fish were caught; and this year has been one of disappointment to the anglers of the Potomac, for there have been few days since the season opened when the water has not been discolored.

A still more serious result in the lessening of the bass supply by floods is in the destruction of spawn beds. As is well known it has been found impracticable to artificially propagate bass—not only from the difficulty of stripping the milt from the living buck, but because the roe is so viscid as to at once adhere to any thing it touches and clings so closely to the bottom of the receiving pan as to interfere with the fertilization of the ova. This, fortunately, is no great drawback to stocking waters with bass, since pre-eminent among fishes as nurses the parent bass take such good care both of nests and young as to raise a great proportion of their progeny, and so any waters with favorable environment may be easily peopled with this king of the rod and platter simply by the introduction of a few pairs.

His nest is a bowl of gravel which is carefully cleaned and the ova adhere to this gravel. Freshets in the spawning season work great havoc to the crop not only by washing out the gravel beds if the flood is strong enough, but in covering the beds with mud, and thus smothering the eggs and young.

To this must be added the dangers of heavy floods to the local stock by the washing down of both young and adult fish caught in the torrent. Instinct sends the fish with fixed abodes to favorite places of shelter when the storm threatens, but, as with man, their places of shelter are sometimes destroyed. So altogether flood years may be taken as most disastrous to the supply of bass in the Potomac; and add to this the days and weeks when the stream is yellow and thick with the waste of the valleys hastening to the sea, and the angler's heart grows sick with the hope deferred of a holiday by the river's brim.

The application of this theory has been confined to the Potomac, where experience has demonstrated there must be something in it, but it is readily conceded that dissimilar circumstances and conditions may make flood years or sun-spot years good fishing in other localities.

As a case in point, the Great American Bottom, a valley nearly ninety miles long on the Mississippi River, on the Illinois side from Alton, past St. Louis to Grand Tower, and from three to five miles broad, has been overflowed in the sun-spot periods for the last thirty years. It is just drying out from a recent flood; it should be threatened next year, and there is a reasonable certainty of trouble in 1914. The river-bed has been silted up, leaving a depression between the channel and the Illinois bluffs four or five miles away.

When a general flood comes, this valley is so covered with water that steamboats may reach the bluffs in places, and there is a sea of five miles in breadth and an average depth of four or five feet full of the fish from the river. As the waters subside these are gradually let down into a chain of narrow lakes down the center of the valley, and these lakes become tremendously overstocked. In the following year, when the waters have had a chance to clear, these overstocked lakes sometimes afford the most wonderful fishing in the world; at any rate no angler's story has yet been written that is any exaggeration over the sport that has been secured under these conditions with fly and bait in this locality.

One other suggestion occurs in connection with poor fishing years in the Potomac, and that is if the destruction of fish is not too serious, the discolored waters act as a close law or protection by preventing the capture of the bass, and as a consequence one is justified in expecting very much better scores when the good seasons arrive. This river has proven one of the very best as a country by adoption for both the black basses; the small-mouth thriving in the rocky channels of the system above Great Falls, and the large-mouth has found the great tidewater estuary below just suited to his needs. The latter in particular has so multiplied as to form an important factor of the netters' income, and the great number captured in this way only has prevented the fifty miles be-

low Washington from being as famous as the Florida streams for size and numbers of its yield.

HENRY TALBOTT.

Lake Champlain Pollution.

STRONG pressure is being brought to bear on the State authorities to close the two pulp mills whose refuse is said to be poisoning the waters of Lake Champlain, the Bouquet and Au Sable rivers, and the waters of the Au Sable chasm. The warfare between the Lake Champlain residents and the owners of the pulp mills has been on for over ten years now, and the latter have invariably won out, their mills never ceasing to grind, despite all dictums of the law.

Meanwhile hundreds of tons of fish, according to an accredited authority, have been killed, either being thrown up on the shore or remaining in the lake, still further adding to its pollution. It is asserted by property owners along the lake that poisonous substances from the mills are being discharged into it in such large quantities that unless the practice is stopped fishing in the lake will be ruined within a few years. Added to this the shore line for many miles on the New York side of the lake, it is reported, has been rendered unsightly by accumulations of noxious slime, to say nothing of the destruction of the grand historic forests in the interests of the owners of the pulp mills.

Early this last summer formal complaint was made to the State authorities by riparian owners on the lake, and in response to their representations Prof. Olin H. Landreth, of Schenectady, consulting engineer of the State Department of Health, has finished an official investigation, which, it is said, will result in definitely establishing the fact that the waters of Lake Champlain are polluted by the sludge from the two mills. It is believed that on the basis of the report that will soon be made to Governor Odell by Prof. Landreth the Governor can proceed under section 6 of the public health law to force the local officials to abate the nuisance.

On his tour of investigation Prof. Landreth was accompanied by Edward P. Hatch, Jr., of the firm of Lord & Taylor, of this city, who, as a large property owner in the Lake Champlain section, has been active in the fight against the pulp mill nuisance. When seen by a representative of FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. Hatch said he thought that the evidence obtained by Prof. Landreth was conclusive in substantiating the complaints made by the property owners along the lake. "We first looked into the pollution of the Bouquet River," said Mr. Hatch, "by what is called the soda mill of the New York and Pennsylvania Company, one of the chief offenders in this direction. This company uses poplar logs and the refuse of the tons of chemicals is carried out into the lake. Prof. Landreth made soundings to find out about the banks in the lake formed by this refuse—a gray precipitate. These banks are agitated and spread through the water every time a strong wind blows. He also took samples of the slime that was to be found on the banks.

"From the neighborhood of the Bouquet River we went along to Willsboro Bay, and on the shores and the point we found the same conditions of pollution apparent. The Au Sable River water looked like coffee, and has such a fetid odor that it made one of the ladies in the party ill. A dog we had with us refused to drink the water, and even the cattle, we are told, will not drink it.

"The hack drivers at Au Sable Chasm told us that visitors were now noticing the odor from the water. It is now a well-known fact that the discharge of chemicals from the mill into the Au Sable River has left a sediment in the chasm which throws off an extremely offensive odor, kills vegetation, and coats the rocks with slime. This substance collects on the eddies of the river, where it pours through the chasm, and has practically ruined its attractiveness as a resort.

"The water mains of the village of Keeseville are known to have become so clogged with the refuse from the mills that much of the force of the water has been lost. The attention of the insurance companies has been called to this feature of the case, and their representatives are now making an examination with a view to cancelling policies or raising rates, if the reports are substantiated.

"The position of the mill owners is simply one of dollars and cents. It is conceded that the refuse can be disposed of in other ways, but in no way so cheaply as dumping it into the stream on which the mills are located, and so for financial reasons they are likely to continue the practice until compelled to stop it.

"The waters of Lake Champlain, once so noted for their purity, will in a few years be polluted beyond redemption. The enormous amount of impurities that are dumped into the lake by the Wellsboro and Au Sable pulp mills for at least ten years has pretty nearly converted a part of the lake into a huge sinkhole.

"As I said before, the chemical deposit is not soluble. It is a precipitate, and sinks to the bottom, but is of such light specific gravity that the slightest disturbance of the water will suspend it, and send it to discolor and befoul the shores.

"The State chemist of Vermont tells me that after each west wind quantities of dead fish come ashore, and the peculiar odor and taste of the water in Burlington is due to the same cause. The stones on the shore of Four Brothers Islands and Wellsboro Point are covered with slime, and I have seen a long streak of the pollution as it spread itself in a 'milky way' on its travels down the lake.

"As the two mills are daily dumping tons of impurities into the waters of the lake, it is a self-evident proposition that in a few years, unless something is done, the whole body of water will become a cesspool. Immediate action must be taken to preserve the waters that history and nature have made famous throughout the world.

"The mill owners say they wish to abide by the law, but claim that although they have spent enormous sums of money for the purpose they cannot dispose of the baneful residuum. All poppycock.

"I have talked with the leading citizens of Keeseville, and they are in great distress over the destruction of the Au Sable River and the personal inconvenience the nuisance is causing them. They cannot drink the water, and the plumbing is so choked with refuse that it necessitates frequent overhauling. The proprietor of the hotel

tells me that when the windows in his house are open the odor is offensive and unhealthy. The marshes and lowlands about the mouth of the river are covered with a glue-like substance, and the action of the sun causes a frightful stench. I have myself seen the white scum covering almost the entire surface of the river as it flows under the arched bridge through Keeseville.

"There is no disposition to throttle the mill industry, nor any raid to impair the value of any investment, or to work a hardship on those whose livelihood depends upon the operation of the mills. There is no effort to oppress anybody, but there is a very lively and active disposition to bring about an abatement of the trouble."

Mr. Hatch then showed a letter he had received from Congressman Joseph C. Sibley, of Pennsylvania, who owns a fine summer place on the lake. It speaks for itself:

"In reference to the much-talked-of nuisance created through the pulp mills discharging their refuse into Lake Champlain, I must say that my attention has been many times directed to the Saranac, Au Sable and Bouquet rivers. The Au Sable is a disgrace, and I believe the chemicals, together with the sawdust, will destroy the fish in the lake; certainly will drive them from that portion of the waters of Lake Champlain. The fishing in Lake Champlain now is so poor that it does not interest me to any great extent. The fact is on the New York side there is practically no fishing. I think they are already driven out. When I go fishing it is generally over on the Vermont shore."

Mr. D. W. Middleton, of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, in a letter to Congressman Sibley, says:

"We find mill owners willing to do everything in their power to remove the causes of complaint, and in the instance to which you refer are spending thousands of dollars in an endeavor to remedy the difficulty. We trust that in the near future the efforts of the commission and the mill owners will result in a satisfactory solution of the problem as to the best method for the disposal of refuse so as not to contaminate public waters."

The mill on the Bouquet River has been in operation since 1890. Soon after it was started Major J. Warren Pond, chief game protector of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, brought an action against it, which resulted in an alleged promise on the part of the owners that they would construct a pool to collect the chemicals discharged from their mill. It is what is known as a soda mill. In the manufacture of pulp it uses poplar logs, and it consumes many tons of chemicals every day. The chemicals, when discharged into the river, are carried by the current a distance of three miles into the lake and are suspended there in the form of gray precipitates.

In spite of this alleged promise, the evil continued until Gov. Roosevelt's term, when the Forest, Fish and Game Commissioner employed special counsel and brought another action.

When all the evidence of violation had been compiled, an action against the mill was brought in the county court, and the case was so strong that the defendants compromised. On their promise to offend no longer, the action was discontinued.

Soon afterward the Forest, Fish and Game Commission was merged with the Forest Preserve Board, a new set of officers took control, and the owners of the mill, it is said, forgot their promise.

The mill on the Au Sable River uses spruce timber in making its pulp, and employs large amounts of sulphurous acid gas. This mill is more than ten miles from the mouth of the river. The village of Keeseville formerly drew its supply of water from the river, but the stream became polluted to such an extent that it had to be abandoned. Owners of the mill admitted their responsibility by offering to find the village another source of water supply.

Mills at Ticonderoga and elsewhere have spent thousands of dollars to dispose of the chemicals which they use without polluting the lake. It is alleged that the establishments on the Bouquet and Au Sable rivers are the only ones in the entire State which are permitted to defy the law with impunity. Both these streams were formerly prolific with game fish. The poisonous quality of the water of the spawning grounds for bass, pike, pickerel, after causing tremendous destruction, has now driven the fish entirely away. As the chemicals are insoluble in water, the accumulation is continually growing. It is predicted that five years more will entail the most serious results.

On account of the noted purity of its water, Lake Champlain has been considered as a possible source of supply for New York city. For a long time there has been great indignation among Lake Champlain residents over the inactivity of the State authorities. They are convinced that the immunity the pulp mills enjoy is due to political or other influences.

In commenting on the continued pollution of the waters of the lake and the never ending destruction of the noble forests round and about it, Mr. Hatch, in enthusiastic vein, said:

"Around no other section of the country cluster historical associations so brilliant and memorable. In the annals of a century and a half by successive deeds of daring, by bloody forays, by the romances of border warfare, by the conflicts of fleets and armies, the waters and the shores of Lake Champlain have been consecrated as the classic ground of America. In those merciless contests in which France and England were the allies of savage tribes, in the long and sanguinary conflicts between those great powers, in the war of the Revolution, and that of 1812, the whole course of the lake was stained with blood, and emblazoned by feats of glory. How long, I wonder, will the people of New York State and of the nation continue to regard with indifference the desecration of this consecrated spot!"

Common Names of the Basses and Sunfishes.

BY HUGH M. SMITH.

Extracted from U. S. Fish Commission Report for 1902, pages 353 to 366.

THE strictly American family of fresh water sunfishes and basses (*Centrarchidae*) consists of numerous species, including some of our best-known fresh water fishes, which are much sought by anglers, and contribute largely to the food supply. The family is well represented in nearly all parts of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains, in Canada and Mexico, and one species is found in California.

Some of these fishes are known only to the ichthyologist, and have no distinctive names by which the layman may designate them; others can claim only book names which have never come into use and probably never will; and others have received a large number of vernacular names, some general and some local in their application. Some of the popular designations are appropriate and distinctive, but others are misleading, inaccurate, and indefinite, and much confusion has been occasioned thereby in popular literature and in legal papers. This compilation is offered in the belief that a key to the numerous names of these fishes will be useful to fishermen, fish-culturists, and legislators. There is no intention to lay undue stress on the importance of common names; on the contrary, it is thought that the multiplicity of names here shown serves to emphasize the necessity for definiteness which can, in many instances, be secured only through the use of the technical names.

The common names are presented in two lists. In the first an effort is made to bring together, in alphabetical order, all the common names that have been applied to the sunfishes in the United States and Canada, to show the distribution of these names, and to identify the species to which each common name is given. Practically all the names in print are recorded, together with a number of others reported by correspondents and associates, which have apparently not been printed.

The following explanations of the list are given:

1. The vernacular names are arranged in strict alphabetical order, and are recorded in the various forms in which they are spelled or pronounced. The fish may be identified by its vernacular name by noting its technical name, and then, if necessary, referring to the latter in the systematic list of the members of the family.

2. The geographical distribution of the names is indicated as accurately as possible. Names used over a wide area and appearing often in print are marked "general." The absence of locality indicates either a lack of knowledge as to where the name is employed or the appearance of the name only in books.

3. Whenever practicable a reference is given to a published record of the use of the name for the species and region cited. In the case of many names this record was the first known, but for other names, whose earliest application has not been determined, it has been considered sufficient to refer to a standard work. [These references are here omitted.]

The second list comprises the scientific and approved vernacular names of the *Centrarchidae*, and under each species all the common names that have been applied to it.

Notes and Comments on the Common Names.

The fertile imagination of Rafinesque induced him to coin many names for the members of this family, and he is responsible for a large proportion of the book names mentioned in the list. More recent writers have, however, contributed a number of such names, as will appear from the list. In some cases, where common names are given without comment in local lists of fishes and in general works, it has not been possible to determine whether they were in actual use or simply supplied by the writers. This compilation is therefore probably subject to correction in a number of such names which could not be corroborated from other sources.

The names "sunfish," "bream," and "perch" are applied with little discrimination to all the smaller species, more especially those of the genera *Lepomis* and *Eupomotis* in the Southern States. "Bream" is often corrupted to "brim," and "perch" to "peerch" or "pearch." The same names are also given to *Pomoxis*, *Ambloplites*, *Chenobryttus*, and *Centrarchus*, with or without qualifying words.

The name tobacco-box, which is applied to *Eupomotis gibbosus* in Maryland and Virginia, doubtless was based on a real or supposed resemblance in size, form, or color to the old-fashioned pocket receptacle for smoking and chewing tobacco. In regard to another fanciful name of this fish, Frank Forrester remarked that "the numerous spots on its body have procured for it the absurd name of pumpkin-seed in many States."

The two members of the genus *Pomoxis* are very similar in appearance and habits, and exist together in many waters. It is, therefore, no wonder that they bear many of the same common names, although each has some particular appellations.

"Strawberry bass and calico bass seem to be very appropriate designations for *Pomoxis sparoides*, and have the additional advantage of being already generally in use in a large district." (Goode.) For *Pomoxis annularis*, crappie may be recommended.

The names "campbellite" and "newlight," which appear to have originated in Kentucky, and to have spread thence to Indiana and Illinois, are said by Goode to have been given to *P. annularis* "by the irreverent during the great Campbellite movement in the West nearly half a century ago," and Klippart shows the origin of the name in Kentucky by recalling that the fish "appeared in the waters of that State simultaneously with the advent of the disciples of Rev. Alexander Campbell." These names are seldom heard nowadays, but are carried along in the books on fishes, and are interesting nomenclatural relics. That they have not entirely died out, however, is shown by the fact that as late as January, 1903, the Fish Commission received from Kentucky an application for "newlights" for stocking a pond, and Dr. S. P. Bartlett, of the United States Fish Commission station at Quincy, Ill., reports that he has occasionally heard the name "campbellite" in that State. Klippart attaches these names to *P.*

sparoides, but other writers have restricted them to *P. annularis*.

Monsieur Montpetit ("Les poissons d'eau douce du Canada") thus discusses the names crappie and crapet: "Crapet? Nothing similar exists in any French dictionary to designate a fish. I have reason to believe that the American word crappie is simply a transformation by the ear of the Canadian word *crapet*, which must have been applied to this fish a long time before the colonists of New England could have known it. Whether this fish took the name of *crappie* in the limpid waters of the Great Lakes or in the muddy waters of the mouths of the Mississippi, there is not less reason to believe that this name is only the alteration of the French word *crapet* which was given to it, either in Canada or Louisiana, a century and more before the English had become acquainted with it. *Ah! le crapet!* That is an essentially Canadian expression which we have all heard from the mouth of our mother, when for some teasing trick or mischievous act she threatened us with soft and affectionate blows. *Ah! le crapet!* Which meant: 'No matter by what end he is taken, he is always bristling, ready to do us an injury—he is a crapet.'"

The euphonious French name *sac-à-lait* (bag of milk) which is heard in the lower Mississippi Valley and now apparently is applied to other centrarchids as well as to *P. annularis*, to which it was originally given, has been corrupted to "suckley perch" in Louisiana near New Orleans. John Demon and shad, names mentioned by Mr. Goode as being applied to the crappie, have not recently been heard, and their geographical distribution is unknown to the compiler. According to Professor Evermann, tin-mouth and paper-mouth are names now often heard in Indiana, the former having reference to the color of the inside of the mouth of the crappie, the latter to the fact that the mouth tears easily when hooked.

Of the numerous names applied to members of the genus *Micropterus*, none is so distinctive as black bass, with the qualifying terms large-mouthed and small-mouthed, and these are the designations which should be generally adopted and adhered to, even though few, if any, specimens are really black.

Mr. Goode recalls that "Charlevoix, a Jesuit missionary who explored Canada in 1721, mentions a fish called *achigan*, which is thought to have been the large-mouth." M. Montpetit, in his "Les poissons d'eau douce du Canada," has adopted *achigan* as the most appropriate vernacular name, and writes as follows regarding it:

"In the Province of Québec, in more than one American State, the name *achigan* will persist and will perhaps finally prevail even on the continent of Europe. By priority, recognized as a principle by the naturalists of Europe and America, it has incontestable titles, since for centuries and centuries, doubtless, before Laudonnière called this fish *salmoides*, the aborigines of Canada designated it under the name *achigan*. It is a name of terror, the Algonquin name, picked up by Charlevoix and religiously preserved among us. One savant, versed in the savage languages, the Rev. Father Lacomb, O. M. I., has claimed that the word means the fish which disputes, which struggles, which shakes and bungles the line. Those who have seen it at work will admit that that is just its description."

Alphabetical List of the Common Names of the Basses and Sunfishes.

¹ Achigan—Canada.....	<i>Micropterus salmoides</i> .
Achigan.....	<i>Micropterus salmoides</i> .
Achigan grand bouche.....	<i>Micropterus salmoides</i> .
Achigan noir.....	<i>Micropterus salmoides</i> .
Achigan petite bouche.....	<i>Micropterus dolomieu</i> .
Bachelor—Iowa.....	<i>Pomoxis sparoides</i> .
Bachelor—Ohio Valley.....	<i>Pomoxis annularis</i> .
Bachelor perch—Ohio River.....	<i>Pomoxis annularis</i> .
Banded sunfish.....	<i>Enneacanthus obesus</i> .
Banded sunfish.....	<i>Mesogonistius chactodon</i> .
Bank-lick bass—Ohio.....	<i>Pomoxis sparoides</i> .
Bar-fish—Lake Michigan—Wisconsin.....	<i>Pomoxis sparoides</i> .
Bass—General.....	<i>Micropterus</i> .
Bass hog-fish.....	<i>Micropterus dolomieu</i> (young).
Bass sunfish.....	<i>Acantharchus pomotis</i> .
Bayou bass—Southern States.....	<i>Micropterus salmoides</i> .
Big-ear sunfish.....	<i>Lepomis megalotis</i> .
Big-fin bass.....	<i>Pomoxis sparoides</i> .
Big-mouth—Upper Mississippi Valley.....	<i>Chenobryttus gulosus</i> .
Big-mouth bass—General.....	<i>Micropterus salmoides</i> .
Big-mouthed black bass—General.....	<i>Micropterus salmoides</i> .
Big-mouthed sunfish—Kentucky—Ohio.....	<i>Chenobryttus gulosus</i> .
Big-mouthed trout—Kentucky.....	<i>Micropterus salmoides</i> .
Big-nosed sunfish.....	<i>Apomotis ischyrys</i> .
Bitter-head—Ohio.....	<i>Pomoxis sparoides</i> .
Black-banded sunfish.....	<i>Mesogonistius chactodon</i> .
Black bass—General.....	<i>Micropterus</i> .
Black bass of the Huron.....	<i>Micropterus salmoides</i> .
Black crappie—Illinois.....	<i>Pomoxis sparoides</i> .
Black-eared pond-fish.....	<i>Lepomis pallidus</i> .
Black-eared pond-fish.....	<i>Lepomis auitus</i> .
Black-eyes—Ohio Valley.....	<i>Lepomis megalotis</i> .
Black-eyes—Ohio Valley.....	<i>Lepomis cyanellus</i> .
Black-eye sunfish.....	<i>Lepomis cyanellus</i> .
Black fresh-water bass.....	<i>Micropterus dolomieu</i> .
Black Huron.....	<i>Micropterus salmoides</i> .
Black perch—Ohio Valley; Miss.; Tenn.....	<i>Micropterus dolomieu</i> .
Black sunfish—Mississippi.....	<i>Chenobryttus gulosus</i> .
Black sunfish—Ohio.....	<i>Ambloplites rupestris</i> .
Black-tailed sunfish—Ohio Valley.....	<i>Lepomis megalotis</i> .
Black warmouth.....	<i>Chenobryttus gulosus</i> .
Bloody sunfish.....	<i>Lepomis megalotis</i> .
Blue-and-green sunfish.....	<i>Lepomis cyanellus</i> .
Blue bass—Ohio Valley.....	<i>Lepomis cyanellus</i> .
Blue bream—General.....	<i>Lepomis pallidus</i> .
Bluefish—Ohio Valley.....	<i>Lepomis cyanellus</i> .
Blue-gill (or blue gills)—Maumee River, O.; Michigan.....	<i>Lepomis pallidus</i> .
Blue-gilled bream—Michigan.....	<i>Lepomis pallidus</i> .
Blue joe—North Carolina.....	<i>Lepomis pallidus</i> .
Blue-mouthed sunfish.....	<i>Lepomis pallidus</i> .
Blue perch—North Carolina.....	<i>Lepomis pallidus</i> .
Blue sunfish—General.....	<i>Lepomis pallidus</i> .
Blue sunfish—Ohio.....	<i>Lepomis cyanellus</i> .
Blue-spotted sunfish.....	<i>Lepomis cyanellus</i> .
Blue-spotted sunfish.....	<i>Enneacanthus simulans</i> et <i>gloriosus</i> .
Bream—Maine; Massachusetts.....	<i>Eupomotis gibbosus</i> .
Bream—Maine.....	<i>Lepomis auitus</i> .
Bream—Southern Atlantic States.....	<i>Ambloplites rupestris</i> .
Bream—Southern Atlantic States.....	<i>Chenobryttus gulosus</i> .
Bream—Southern Atlantic States.....	<i>Lepomis auitus</i> .
Bream—Southern Atlantic States.....	<i>Eupomotis gibbosus</i> .
Bream—Southern States; general.....	<i>Lepomis</i> , <i>Eupomotis</i> , etc.
² Brème—Quebec.....	<i>Ambloplites rupestris</i> .
Bride Perch—Ohio.....	<i>Micropterus salmoides</i> .
Bridge perch.....	<i>Pomoxis annularis</i> .
Brilliant sunfish.....	<i>Lepomis megalotis</i> .
³ Brim (see bream)—General; South.....	<i>Lepomis</i> , <i>Eupomotis</i> , etc.
Bronze-backer.....	<i>Micropterus dolomieu</i> .
Bronzed centrarchus.....	<i>Ambloplites rupestris</i> .
Brown bass—Ohio Valley.....	<i>Micropterus dolomieu</i> .
Brown river bass.....	<i>Micropterus dolomieu</i> .
Brown trout—Ohio Valley.....	<i>Micropterus dolomieu</i> .
Buffalo bass—Michigan.....	<i>Chenobryttus gulosus</i> .

¹Indian. ²French. ³Corruption. ⁴Obsolete.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Buffalo sunfish—Michigan.....	Lepomis cyanellus.
Butter-fish—Illinois.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Calico bass—General.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Calico bream—South Carolina.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Campbellite—Kentucky.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Campbellite—Kentucky; Indiana; Illinois.....	Pomoxis annularis.
Chain-sided sunfish.....	Lepomis macrocheirus.
Chain side.....	Lepomis macrocheirus.
Chinquapin perch—Florida.....	Lepomis punctatus.
Chinquapin perch—Lower Mississippi Valley.....	Pomoxis annularis.
Chinquapin perch—North Carolina.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Chub—North Carolina.....	Chenobryttus gulosus.
Chub—North Carolina; Virginia.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Chub rosin—North Carolina.....	Eupomotis gibbosus?
Common bass.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Common sunfish.....	Eupomotis gibbosus, Lepomis megalotis.
Copper-headed bream—Florida.....	Lepomis pallidus.
Copper-nosed bream—General.....	Lepomis pallidus.
Cow Bass—Indiana.....	Micropterus salmoides.
*Crappet.....	Pomoxis, etc.
Crappet calicot.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Crappet jaune.....	Eupomotis gibbosus.
*Crappet mondoux.....	Ambloplites rupestris.
Crappet noir—Montreal.....	Ambloplites rupestris.
Crappet vert.....	Ambloplites rupestris.
Crappie—General.....	Pomoxis annularis.
Crappie—North Carolina; general.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Crappie (see crappie).....	
Cropper (see crappie).....	
Cropper—Missouri.....	Ambloplites rupestris.
Cropper (see crappie).....	
Dollardee—Kentucky.....	Lepomis pallidus.
Dolly Varden—Illinois.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Dotted painted-tail.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Dwarf bass.....	Micropterus dolomieu.
Eared sunfish.....	Lepomis megalotis.
Female perch—Maine.....	Eupomotis gibbosus.
Flat-fish—Maine; Massachusetts.....	Eupomotis gibbosus.
Flat-fish—Maine.....	Lepomis auitus.
Flier (or flyer)—North Carolina.....	Centrarchus macropterus.
Flounder—Maine.....	Lepomis auitus.
Flounder—Maine.....	Eupomotis gibbosus.
Flying perch—North Carolina.....	Centrarchus macropterus.
Fresh-water bass.....	Ambloplites rupestris.
Fresh-water perch.....	Eupomotis gibbosus.
Fresh-water sunfish.....	Lepomis auitus.
Fresh-water trout—S. C.; Ga.; Fla.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Gilded sunfish.....	Lepomis macrocheirus.
Goggle-eye—General in West.....	Ambloplites rupestris.
Goggle-eye—General; N. C.; Tex.....	Chenobryttus gulosus.
Goggle-eye—Southern States.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Goggle-eye.....	Pomoxis annularis.
Goggle-eyed bass—Ohio.....	Ambloplites rupestris.
Goggle-eyed perch—Southern States.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Goggle-eyed perch—Louisiana.....	Lepomis auitus?
Gold bass—Ohio Valley.....	Micropterus dolomieu.
Goldfish—Ohio, etc.....	Lepomis macrocheirus.
Gold ring pomoxis.....	Pomoxis annularis.
Grass bass—Indiana; Minnesota.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Grass bass—Lake Erie; Ohio; Ill.; Miss. V.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Gray bass—Michigan.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Green bass—Michigan; Ohio River.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Green bass—Kentucky.....	Micropterus dolomieu.
Green perch.....	Micropterus sp.
Green sunfish—General.....	Lepomis cyanellus.
Green trout—Louisiana.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Green trout—Kentucky.....	Micropterus dolomieu.
*Growler.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Harlequin roach.....	Eupomotis gibbosus.
Hog bass—Ohio Valley.....	Micropterus dolomieu (young).
Huron.....	Micropterus salmoides.
John Demon.....	Pomoxis annularis.
Jug-mouth—North Carolina.....	Chenobryttus gulosus.
Jumper—Southern States.....	Micropterus salmoides et dolomieu.
Kiver—New Hampshire.....	Lepomis auitus.
Kiver—Maine.....	Eupomotis gibbosus.
Lake bass—Ohio.....	Ambloplites rupestris.
Lake bass—Ohio.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Lake bass—Great Lakes.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Lake crappie—Great Lakes.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Lake Erie bass—Pennsylvania; Ohio.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Lake Huron black bass.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Lamp-lighter—Ohio.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Large-finned bass.....	Centrarchus macropterus.
Large-mouthed bass—General.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Large-mouthed black bass—General.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Large-scaled sunfish.....	Lepomis megalotis.
Leather car—North Carolina.....	Lepomis auitus.
Leather wing—North Carolina.....	Lepomis auitus.
Little bass—Ohio Valley.....	Micropterus dolomieu (young).
Little bream.....	Enneacanthus obesus.
Little red-eye.....	Lepomis cyanellus.
Little sunfish.....	Enneacanthus.
Long-eared sunfish.....	Lepomis megalotis.
Long-eared sunfish.....	Lepomis auitus.
Long-finned sunfish.....	Centrarchus macropterus.
Many-spined sunfish.....	Centrarchus macropterus.
Marsh bass—Ohio.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Mill pond chub—Virginia.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Mill pond flier—North Carolina.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Mill pond perch—North Carolina.....	Centrarchus macropterus.
Minnie bass—Ohio Valley.....	Micropterus dolomieu (young).
*More-mouth bream—South Carolina.....	Chenobryttus gulosus.
Moss bass—Indiana.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Mountain trout—Alabama.....	Micropterus dolomieu.
Mud bass—Indiana.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Mud bass.....	Acantharchus pomotis.
Mud chub—North Carolina.....	Chenobryttus gulosus.
Mud perch—North Carolina.....	Acantharchus pomotis.
Mud sunfish.....	Acantharchus pomotis.
New light—Kentucky.....	Pomoxis sparoides?
New light—Ky; Ind.; Ill.....	Pomoxis annularis.
Northern crappie.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Northern pomotis.....	Eupomotis gibbosus.
Obscure fresh-water bass.....	Micropterus dolomieu.
Orange-spotted sunfish.....	Lepomis humilis.
Oswego bass—Great Lakes; New York.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Painted-tail—Ohio.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Pale crappie—Illinois.....	Pomoxis annularis.
Pale river-bass.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Pallid sunfish.....	Eupomotis pallidus.
Paper-mouth—Indiana.....	Pomoxis annularis.
*Pearch or pearch—Southern States.....	Lepomis, Eupomotis, etc.
Perch—General.....	Centrarchus macropterus.
Perch.....	Centrarchus macropterus.
Perch—Southern States.....	Micropterus salmoides et dolomieu.
Perch—Southern States.....	Chenobryttus gulosus.
Perch—California.....	Archoplites interruptus.
Perch-mouth bream—Florida.....	Chenobryttus gulosus.
Pond perch.....	Eupomotis gibbosus.
Pond perch—Ohio.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Pumpkin seed—New England & Middle States.....	Eupomotis gibbosus.
Quiver—Maine.....	Lepomis auitus.
Quiver—Maine.....	Eupomotis gibbosus.
Razor-back.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Red-bellied bream—North Carolina.....	Lepomis auitus.
Red-bellied bream.....	Lepomis megalotis.
Red-bellied perch—South Atlantic States.....	Lepomis auitus.
Red-bellied perch—Georgia.....	Lepomis megalotis.
Red-bellied rosin perch—North Carolina.....	Lepomis auitus.
Red-belly—North Carolina.....	Lepomis auitus.
Red-belly—North Carolina.....	Eupomotis gibbosus.
Red-belly—Ohio Valley.....	Lepomis megalotis.
Red breast.....	Lepomis auitus.
Red-eye—General.....	Ambloplites rupestris.
Red-eye—General.....	Chenobryttus gulosus.
Red-eye—Illinois.....	Lepomis cyanellus.
Red-eye—North Carolina.....	Micropterus dolomieu.
Red-eyed bream—South Atlantic States.....	Ambloplites rupestris.
Red-eyed bream—Iowa; Arkansas; Ohio.....	Chenobryttus gulosus.
Red-eyed perch—General.....	Ambloplites rupestris.
Red-eyed sunfish.....	Lepomis megalotis.
Red-eyed sunfish.....	Ambloplites rupestris.
Red-headed bream—Pennsylvania.....	Lepomis auitus.
Red perch—Texas.....	Lepomis miniatus.
Red perch—Georgia.....	Lepomis auitus.
Red-spotted sunfish—Miss.; Ark.; Iowa.....	Lepomis humilis.
Red sunfish—Maine.....	Lepomis auitus.
Red-tailed bream.....	Lepomis auitus.
Red-tailed pomotis.....	Lepomis auitus.
River bass.....	Micropterus salmoides.
River bass.....	Micropterus dolomieu.
River crappie—Illinois.....	Pomoxis annularis.
Roach—Maine.....	Lepomis auitus.

Roach—Ohio; Maine.....	Eupomotis gibbosus.
Roach—Ohio.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Robin—North Carolina.....	Lepomis auitus.
Robin—North Carolina.....	Eupomotis gibbosus.
Robin perch—North Carolina.....	Lepomis auitus.
Robin perch—Virginia; North Carolina.....	Eupomotis gibbosus.
Rock bass—General.....	Ambloplites rupestris.
Rock bass.....	Micropterus sp.
Round bass.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Round sunfish.....	Centrarchus.
Round sunfish.....	Centrarchus macropterus.
Ruff—Massachusetts.....	Eupomotis gibbosus.
Sac-a-lait (lai)—Lower Miss. Valley.....	Pomoxis annularis.
Sac-a-lait—Louisiana.....	Chenobryttus gulosus?
Sac-a-lait—Louisiana.....	Centrarchus macropterus?
Sac-a-lait—Texas.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Sac-a-lait—Texas.....	Pomoxis annularis.
Sacramento perch.....	Archoplites interruptus.
Salmon-formed growler.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Sand perch—North Carolina.....	Eupomotis gibbosus.
Sand perch.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Shad.....	Pomoxis annularis.
Shell-cracker—Florida.....	Eupomotis holbrooki.
Shining bass.....	Centrarchus macropterus.
Silver bass—Illinois.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Silver perch—Ohio Valley.....	Pomoxis annularis.
Silver perch—North Carolina.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Slough bass.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Small green sunfish.....	Lepomis megalotis.
Small-mouthed black bass—General.....	Micropterus dolomieu.
Small-mouthed black bass—General.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Southern chub.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Southern crappie.....	Pomoxis annularis.
Speckled bass—Michigan.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Speckled hen—Canada.....	Micropterus sp.
Speckled perch—N. C.; Fla.; Ark.; Ga.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Speckled perch.....	Pomoxis annularis.
Spotted bass.....	Micropterus sp.
Spotted bream.....	Lepomis punctatus.
Spotted perch—Florida.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Spotted river bass.....	Micropterus dolomieu.
Spotted trout—Georgia.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Straw bass—Michigan; Indiana.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Straw bass—Ohio.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Strawberry bass—General.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Strawberry perch.....	Pomoxis sparoides et annularis.
Streaked cheeks river bass.....	Micropterus dolomieu.
Streaked head—Ohio Valley.....	Micropterus dolomieu.
Striped bass—Chautauqua Lake, N. Y.....	Micropterus salmoides.
*Suckley perch—Louisiana.....	Pomoxis annularis.
Sun bass—New York.....	Eupomotis gibbosus.
Sunfish.....	Ambloplites rupestris.
Sunfish—North Carolina; So. States.....	Centrarchus macropterus.
Sunfish.....	Chenobryttus gulosus.
Sunfish—General.....	Lepomis, Eupomotis, etc.
Sunfish—bass—Kentucky River.....	Ambloplites rupestris.
Sunfish river bass.....	Ambloplites rupestris.
Sunny—New York; New England.....	Eupomotis gibbosus.
Sun perch—Mississippi.....	Lepomis megalotis.
Sun perch—Tennessee.....	Ambloplites rupestris.
Sun perch—Pennsylvania.....	Lepomis auitus.
Sun perch—Georgia.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Sun trout—Georgia.....	Chenobryttus gulosus.
*Swago—New York; Vermont.....	Micropterus dolomieu.
Swago bass—New York; Vermont.....	Micropterus dolomieu.
Swago—New York; Vermont.....	Micropterus dolomieu.
Swago bass—New York; Vermont.....	Micropterus dolomieu.
Timber croppie.....	Pomoxis annularis.
Tin-mouth—Illinois.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
Tin-mouth—Ohio Valley; Indiana.....	Pomoxis annularis.
Tin perch.....	Pomoxis annularis.
Tobacco box—Md.; Va.; D. C.....	Eupomotis gibbosus.
Trout—Southern States.....	Micropterus salmoides et dolomieu.
Trout bass—Ohio Valley.....	Micropterus dolomieu.
Trout perch—Ohio Valley; So. States.....	Micropterus dolomieu.
Trout river bass.....	Micropterus dolomieu.
*Warm-mouth perch—Georgia.....	Chenobryttus gulosus.
Warmouth—General.....	Chenobryttus gulosus.
Warmouth bream—Florida.....	Chenobryttus gulosus.
Warmouth perch—S. C.; Ga.; Fla.....	Chenobryttus gulosus.
Welshman—North Carolina; Virginia.....	Micropterus salmoides.
White bass.....	Micropterus salmoides.
White bass—Ohio Valley.....	Ambloplites rupestris.
White croppie.....	Pomoxis annularis.
White perch—Ohio River.....	Pomoxis annularis.
White perch—Georgia.....	Pomoxis sparoides.
*White salmon—Virginia.....	Micropterus salmoides.
White trout—Mississippi.....	Micropterus salmoides.
White trout—Ohio Valley.....	Micropterus dolomieu.
White-mouth sunfish.....	Chenobryttus gulosus.
Yellow bass—Ohio Valley.....	Micropterus dolomieu.
Yellow bass—Ohio Valley.....	Micropterus salmoides.
Yellow-belly—Virginia; North Carolina.....	Lepomis auitus.
Yellow-belly—North Carolina.....	Eupomotis gibbosus.
Yellow bream.....	Lepomis holbrooki.
Yellow perch—Maine; Georgia.....	Lepomis auitus.
Yellow perch—Maine.....	Eupomotis gibbosus.
Yellow perch—Ohio Valley.....	Micropterus dolomieu.
Yellow pond perch.....	Micropterus salmoides.

Systematic List of the Bases and Sunfishes, with the Common Names Applied to Each Species Shown Thereunder.*

1. <i>Pomoxis sparoides</i> (Lacépède). Strawberry Bass; Calico Bass:	Bachelor, bank-lick bass, bar-fish, bitter-head, black crappie, calico bass, calico bream, campbellite (?), chinquapin perch, crappet, crappet calicot, crappie, crappie, Dolly Varden, goggle-eye, goggle-eyed perch, grass bass, lake bass, lake crappie, Lake Erie bass, lamp-lighter, mill-pond flier, new light (?), Northern crappie, razor-back, roach, rock-fish, sac-a-lait, sand perch, silver bass, silver perch, speckled bass, speckled perch, spotted perch, spotted trout, straw bass, strawberry bass, strawberry perch, sun perch, tin-mouth, white perch.
2. <i>Pomoxis annularis</i> Rafinesque. Crappie:	Bachelor, bachelor perch, bridge perch, calico bass (?), campbellite, chinquapin perch, crappet, crappie, crappie, goggle-eye, gold-ring, gold-ring pomoxis, John Demon, new light, pale crappie, paper-mouth, river crappie, sac-a-lait, shad, silver perch, Southern crappie, speckled perch, strawberry perch, suckley perch, timber croppie, tin-mouth, tin perch, white crappie, white perch.
3. <i>Centrarchus macropterus</i> (Lacépède). Flier; Round Sunfish:	Flier (or flyer), flying perch, large-finned bass, long-finned sunfish, many-spined sunfish, mill-pond perch, perch, round bass, round sunfish, sac-a-lait, shining bass, sunfish.
4. <i>Acantharchus pomotis</i> (Baird). Mud Sunfish:	Bass sunfish, mud bass, mud perch, mud sunfish.
5. <i>Ambloplites rupestris</i> (Rafinesque). Rock Bass:	Black sunfish, bream (brim), brème, bronzed centrarchus, crappet mondoux, crappet noir, crappet vert, croppie, fresh-water bass, goggle-eye, goggle-eyed bass, lake bass, red-eye, red-eyed bream, red-eyed perch, red-eyed sunfish, rock bass, sunfish, sunfish bass, sunfish river bass, sun perch, white bass.
6. <i>Archoplites interruptus</i> (Girard). Sacramento Perch:	Perch, Sacramento perch.
7. <i>Chenobryttus gulosus</i> (Cuvier & Valenciennes). Warmouth:	Big-mouth, big-mouthed sun-fish, black sunfish, black warmouth, bream, buffalo bass, chub, goggle-eye, jug-mouth, more-mouth bream, mud chub, perch, perch-mouth bream, red-eye, red-eyed bream, sac-a-lait, sunfish, sun trout, warm-mouth perch, warm-mouth, warmouth bream, warmouth perch, wide-mouthed sunfish, yaw-mouth perch.
8. <i>Enneacanthus obesus</i> (Baird).	Banded sunfish, little bream, little sunfish.

*There are eight or ten other species of sunfishes to which no common names have been given.

9. <i>Enneacanthus gloriosus</i> (Holbrook).	Blue-spotted sunfish, little sunfish.
10. <i>Mesogonistius chatodon</i> (Baird). Banded Sunfish:	Banded sunfish, black-banded sunfish.
11. <i>Apomotis punctatus</i> (Cuvier & Valenciennes). Chinquapin Perch:	Bream (brim), chinquapin perch, spotted bream.
12. <i>Apomotis cyanellus</i> (Rafinesque). Green Sunfish:	Black-eyes, black-eye sunfish, blue-and-green sunfish, blue bass, bluefish, blue sunfish, blue-spotted sunfish, bream (brim), buffalo sunfish, green sunfish, little red-eye, perch, perch or peech, red-eye, sunfish.
13. <i>Apomotis ischyrys</i> (Jordan & Nelson):	Big-nosed sunfish.
14. <i>Lepomis auitus</i> (Linnaeus):	Black-eared pond fish, bream (brim), flat fish, flounder, fresh-water sunfish, goggle-eyed perch (?), kiver, leather-ear, leather-wing, long-eared sunfish, perch, perch or peech, quiver, red-belly, red-bellied bream, red-bellied perch, red-bellied rosin perch, red-breast, red-headed bream, red perch, red sunfish, red-tailed bream, red-tailed pomotis, roach, rosin, rosin perch, sunfish, sun perch, yellow-belly, yellow perch.
15. <i>Lepomis miniatus</i> Jordan:	Red perch.
16. <i>Lepomis megalotis</i> (Rafinesque). Long-eared Sunfish:	Big-ear sunfish, black-ears, black-tailed sunfish, bloody sunfish, bream (brim), brilliant sunfish, common sunfish, eared sunfish, large-scaled sunfish, long-eared sunfish, perch, perch, or peech, red-bellied bream, red-belly, red-eyed sunfish, small green sunfish, sunfish, sun perch.
17. <i>Lepomis humilis</i> (Girard). Red-spotted Sunfish:	Bream (brim), orange-spotted sunfish, perch, perch or peech, red-spotted sunfish, sunfish.
18. <i>Lepomis macrocheirus</i> Rafinesque:	Bream (brim), chain-sided sunfish, chain-side, gilded sunfish, goldfish, perch, perch or peech, sunfish.
19. <i>Lepomis pallidus</i> (Mitchell). Blue-gill; Blue Sunfish:	Black-eared pond-fish, blue bream, blue-gill (or blue-gills), blue-gilled bream, blue joe, blue-mouthed sunfish, blue perch, blue sunfish, bream (brim), copper-headed bream, copper-nosed bream, dollardee, perch, perch, perch, perch.
20. <i>Eupomotis gibbosus</i> (Linnaeus). Pumpkin-seed; Tobacco-box:	Bream (brim), chub rosin (?), common sunfish, crappet jaune, female perch, flatfish, flounder, fresh-water perch, harlequin roach, kiver, Northern pomotis, perch, perch, perch, pond perch, pumpkin-seed, quiver, red-belly, roach rosin, rosin-perch, ruff, sand perch, sun bass, sunfish, sunny, tobacco-box, yellow-belly, yellow perch.
21. <i>Eupomotis holbrooki</i> (Cuvier & Valenciennes):	Yellow bream, shell-cracker.
22. <i>Micropterus salmoides</i> (Lacépède). Large-mouthed Black Bass:	Achigan, Achigan grande bouche, Achigan noir, bass, bayou bass, big-mouthed bass, big-mouthed black bass, big-mouthed trout, black bass of the Huron, black-Huron, bride perch, chub, common bass, cow bass, dotted painted-tail, fresh-water trout, grass bass, gray bass, green bass, green perch, green trout, growler, Huron, jumper, lake bass, Lake Huron black bass, large-mouthed bass, large-mouthed black bass, marsh bass, mill-pond chub, moss bass, mud bass, Oswego bass, painted-tail, pale river-bass, perch, pond perch, river bass, rock bass, salmon-formed growler, slough bass, Southern chub, speckled hen, spotted bass, straw bass, striped bass, trout, Welshman, white bass, white salmon, white trout, yellow bass, yellow pond perch.
23. <i>Micropterus dolomieu</i> Lacépède. Small-mouthed Black Bass:	Achigan, Achigan noir, Achigan petite bouche, bass, bass hog-fish, black bass, black fresh-water bass, black perch, bronze-backer, brown bass, brown river bass, brown trout, dwarf bass, gold bass, green bass, green perch, green trout, hog bass, jumper, little bass, minny bass, mountain trout, obscure fresh-water bass, perch, red-eye, river bass, rock bass, small-mouthed bass, small-mouthed black bass, speckled hen, spotted bass, spotted river bass, streaked-cheeks river bass, streaked-head, Swago, Swago bass, Swago, Swago bass, trout, trout bass, trout perch, trout river-bass, white trout, yellow bass, yellow perch.

The Lobster Situation.

Boston, Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The convention of commissioners called in accordance with a resolve passed last winter by the Massachusetts Legislature with a view to securing uniform laws for protection of lobsters, convened at the State House on Wednesday last, and the attendance must have been very gratifying to Captain Collins, who was chosen to preside. Dr. George W. Field was chosen secretary. Maine was represented by A. R. Nickerson, commissioner of sea and shore fisheries; New Hampshire by Commissioners Wentworth and Clark; Massachusetts by the three commissioners; Rhode Island by President Henry T. Root, Vice-President J. M. K. Southwick, Secretary W. P. Morton and Messrs. C. W. Willard, W. H. Boardman and Deputy E. W. Kelly. Connecticut sent Chairman G. T. Mathewson and E. H. Greer, of the commission, also Messrs. F. W. Morgan and E. H. Potter, representing the "Fishermen's Association" of the State. From the Provinces came Mr. R. N. Venning, assistant commissioner of fisheries at Ottawa, and Mr. A. C. Bertram, inspector of fisheries for the Island of Cape Breton, N. S. New York sent Fish Commissioner B. Frank Woods, and the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association was represented by President Reed and the secretary.

In opening the meeting Chairman Collins, on behalf of the State, extended a cordial welcome to all those in attendance and expressed profound satisfaction with the spirit which had prompted the delegates to attend. He said: "All that has been done so far by legal enactment or otherwise has failed to stay the decadence in the supply of lobsters. We must decide whether to let present conditions continue or take such action as will perpetuate the industry by insuring proper protection of the lobster."

During the forenoon session of Wednesday Commissioner Root, of Rhode Island, spoke at length of the work of propagation in his State, and was accorded the closest attention by those present.

Egg-bearing lobsters had been purchased and impounded until ready to deposit their eggs. He announced the opinion that their plan had solved the problem of the artificial propagation of lobsters. An essential part of the plan, he said, was to keep the young ones in constant motion to prevent them from

fighting among themselves, as even the very small ones are exceedingly pugnacious. They had used a fan, propelled by an electric motor. This year 1,000,000 lobsters have been liberated by his commission. This work has greatly interested the fishermen and helped to win them over to an observance of the laws.

Deputy Kelly said that thousands and thousands of short lobsters had been brought over from Massachusetts to Rhode Island, 90 per cent. of them still alive, and when seized had been thrown overboard. He wants egg-bearing lobsters held over through the winter until they are ready to deposit their eggs. Two sessions were held on Wednesday and two on Thursday, and I think every man present had something interesting to say. Messrs. Venning and Bertram gave a very full and clear account of the work done in Provincial waters in the line of propagation as well as in restricting the catch, the most important feature being the close time, which varies in its period in different sections. A fuller account of their reports and observations may be the subject of another letter. Great stress was laid by several speakers upon the protection of the egg-bearing lobster, and Dr. Field spoke in favor of allowing 8½ and 9-inch lobsters to be caught and the prohibiting of the catch of the 10 and 11-inch ones.

President Reed spoke of the difficulty in enforcing the present law, speaking from the standpoint of prosecuting attorney. The shorts could be easily purchased and consumed by shore houses and cheap hotels by men who were willing to break the law. He recommended a close time during two of the summer months.

Mr. Nickerson said the shore people in Maine would oppose such a law and would surely cause its defeat if an attempt were made to pass it.

Those who spoke for Rhode Island and Connecticut expressed the opinion that their fisheries were holding their own at present, but Connecticut had no statistics whatever as to the catch, number of fishermen or of pots in use. Statistics presented from Rhode Island showed nothing as to the catch in Rhode Island waters. A committee of these gentlemen appointed on Thursday made these recommendations:

1. A law limiting the catching to men having permits from the State—penalty \$100 and revocation of permit for a year if found violating the laws.

2. Recommending, if possible, a uniform legalized length in the New England States and New York.

3. The adoption of law now in force in Maine as to sale of lobster meat not contained in the shell.

Some propositions made by Dr. Field and a report of discussions at the dinner on Thursday evening must be deferred to another time.

CENTRAL.

The Kennel.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 6-9.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society's show.
Oct. 20-23.—Frederick County, Md., Agricultural Society show.
J. Roger McSherry, Sec'y.
Nov. 17-19.—Boston, Mass., Terrier Club show.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 26.—Clare, Mich.—Sportsman's Field Trial Association trials. E. C. Smith, Sec'y, Midland, Mich.
Oct. 26.—Washington Court House, O.—Monongahela Field Trial Association trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Oct. 27.—Paradise Valley, Nev.—Nevada Field Trial Association trials. Dr. C. E. Wilson, Sec'y, Elko, Nev.
Nov. 2.—Washington Court House, O.—Ohio Field Trial Association trials. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y, Circleville, O.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 9.—Fourteenth annual beagle trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y.
Nov. 9.—Howardsville, Va.—Missouri Field Trial Association trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Nov. 9.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Association trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 9.—Hutsonville, Ill.—Independent Field Trial Club trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Western Irish Setter Club trials. Dr. T. L. Fenn, Sec'y, Chicago, Ill.
Nov. 10.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven, Conn.
Nov. 16.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.
Nov. 23.—Robinson, Ill.—American Championship Field Trial Association trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Dec. 1.—Clay City, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club trials. C. F. Young, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Thomasville, Ga.—Continental Field Trial Club trials. John White, Sec'y, Hempstead, N. Y.
Nov. 16.—Holmdel, N. J.—Porter Club of America's trials. C. F. Lewis, Sec'y, New York city.
Nov. 30.—Chase, City, Va.—Virginia Field Trial Association trials. Charles B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.

National Beagle Club.

CAMDEN, N. J.—At a recent meeting of the National Beagle Club of America, it was decided that the Fourteenth Annual Trials of the club, which will commence on November 9, 1903, be held at Howardsville, Albemarle county, Virginia.

Howardsville is between Richmond and Lynchburg, distant from Richmond about ninety miles. Full details and information concerning these trials will be given through the sporting papers from time to time, or upon application to the secretary of the club.

CHAS. R. STEVENSON, Secretary.

DON'T SHOOT

Until you see your game, and
see that it is game and
not a man.

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

IN order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First prize, \$50.00

Second prize, \$25.00.

Third prize, \$15.00.

Fourth and fifth, \$10.00 each.

Sixth to eighth, \$5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18 ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept, and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, on or before December 1, 1903.

The Camp at Sugar Island.

THE twenty-fourth annual camp of the American Canoe Association was held this year, for the first time in its history, upon its own property—Sugar Island, in the St. Lawrence, nearly midway between Clayton, N. Y., and Gananoque, Can., and just over the Canadian border line, from Aug. 7 to 21.

It was the generally expressed opinion at the close of camp that it was, if not the best, one of the very best in the history of the A. C. A. Several factors contributed to this decision: In the first place, while the camp entailed much hard work on the part of the officers, committees, and members at large, it was felt that all work done in the way of clearing camp sites, underbrushing, cutting trails through the "forest primeval," etc., was in the nature of a betterment to the island, and not work done for merely one camp of two weeks. In the second place, the camp awakened a decided interest in a number of the older members of the Association, who have seen, for years, the folly of going from one new place to another, constantly involving new expenses and trouble, only to be followed by similar experiences the next summer. Now that Sugar Island has been made a permanent home for the A. C. A., the members can rest a spell and enjoy the natural advantages of their own possession before beginning new ventures after untried camp sites.

The island is the most picturesque anywhere in the St. Lawrence River, for its size; it abounds in white birch and endless varieties of evergreens, firs, balsams, and cedars, and plenty of clumps of ash and hickory trees; it is so diversified that members can camp absolutely out of hearing of any other camp, and enjoy as much privacy as though they were the sole tenants. The shore is beautifully indented with numberless little bays and coves, not only adding to the appearance of the island, but furnishing any number of ideal camps, where small docks can be built, and above which tents can be pitched. There are two or more fine sand beaches, and very few spots where the ground is at all low or oozy. The constant sight of loons, owls, and other wild birds of the smaller varieties; of squirrels and woodchucks, not to mention other furry denizens, proves the island to be in a virgin state, and adds much to its charm as a camp. The water is admirably adapted for paddling and sailing courses; it is very deep in many places close to shore, giving fine chances for diving, as well as enabling boats of deep draft to come up to the dock at headquarters.

The camp was not large, but it was most homogeneous, and enthusiastic. Every one who attended, from the oldtimers of the early '80s, to the novices of '03, left with the resolution to return next year, each one with more of his club mates and friends.

Sugar Island is bound to make canoe paddling the principal feature of its camps. The wilderness of the island, and the facility for getting lost on some of the rocky trails at night, rendered the use of canoes absolutely necessary. Many "campers"—for the first time—were obliged to enlist the services of a canoe, and the result was that the shore, and surrounding bays and inlets were dotted with canoes and skiffs at all hours. Far around on the south shore, and away from headquarters were the sailors from Winchester, with Herman Dudley Murphy's latest novice, a paddler, for a change. Still further were the Duquesnes from Pittsburgh, ever hospitable, and beyond them the Grand Trunk men from Montreal, with a fleet of a dozen or more canoes and big tents. Nearer by were the Eastern men from Innitou and Medford; the Knickerbockers from New York, as usual, following the traditions of their ancestors in '84, '85 and '86, secured the most picturesque camp in the island, and kept up their repu-

tation for entertaining, as well as racing. Nearer still to headquarters was New York Bay, with that club on one side and Irondequoit Park on the other—the lair of the Rochester and Irondequoit men, with Deowainsta's sole representative perched on top of the hill back of camp; but even the hill was not snore-proof! To the western end of the island was the Mecca of all good boys, Squaw Point, where Mrs. Leigh, from Toronto, the "Doyenne"—if such a word may be coined—of the ladies; Mrs. Jack MacKendrick, Mrs. Quick from Yonkers, and other "squaws" provided comfortable seats, and tea and other good things for the wearied canoeist, after a day's racing or underbrushing or general work around the camp.

The camp site committee was untiring in looking after new arrivals, pitching tents, handling baggage, cots, etc. No better committee has been in charge for years, and all credit is due to its chairman, J. S. Wright, of Rochester, N. Y.

The mess was good; the location of the mess tent admirable—a permanent floor, with kitchen, etc., having been built well away from the main camp and Squaw Point. The camp store was the best that the members of the A. C. A. have ever had, although its location was a bit too obtrusive. And the ice-house gave unbounded satisfaction. These buildings are the only permanent structures to be erected on the island, the universal sentiment being in favor of leaving everything as natural and untouched as it is possible to do.

Transportation was excellent—daily trips twice each way to and from Clayton and Gananoque, as well as a launch to the latter point.

The weather was unsatisfactory, unseasonably cold and windy the first week, and hot, with calms and squalls the second week. The old reliable St. Lawrence seemed to have changed about this year, and no predictions could be made of a day, an hour in advance. As a result, many of the races had to be postponed; one or two were not called at all, and the regatta as a whole was rather unsatisfactory. Six sailing canoes of the racing type were the turnout, in contrast to the fleets of thirty and forty in the old days; but it is hoped that the interest awakened this year will help to improve things. The sailing and paddling courses, directly in front of headquarters, left nothing to be desired, and met the approval of all the racing men.

Great credit is due Com. Hyatt and Sec'y-Treas. Quick; the former, in spite of a long and serious illness, was at camp during several weeks prior to its opening, looking after things, and during camp, by his never-failing good spirits and geniality made headquarters row one of the most popular spots in camp. The latter, who took over the office on the death of Louis Simpson, in spite of many handicaps sufficient to discourage a less ardent member of the A. C. A., won the approval and thanks of all the camp, and deserves a heap of credit for his labors before and during camp.

A pleasant feature of the camp was the presence of so many of the "old guard," ex-Com. Edwards from Peterboro, Com. Gardner from Cleveland, Dr. Gersster from New York, Major and Mrs. Leigh from Toronto—these and many others proved by their presence that the stamina of the A. C. A. is stronger than it ever was before, and only needed the judicial selection of a camp site to justify it. Next year will see a turnout to rival Jessup's Neck in '90!

The choice of the general officers for 1904 will meet with universal approval from all sections of all divisions: C. Fred Wolters, A. C. A. No. 798, for Commodore, and John S. Wright, A. C. A. No. 2779—newer, but no less popular—for Secretary-Treasurer, would be hard to equal and could not be beaten. With these men at the helm, with Sugar Island picked out for the camp in 1904, probably from Aug. 5 to 19, with a general realization on the part of the members of the A. C. A. of the treasure they possess in Sugar Island, and with an equal amount of energy and enthusiasm, on the part of the committees and members, to that of the camp just closed, the American Canoe Association—now in its twenty-fifth year—may rest secure in the unwaning popularity of the truest sport and recreation, canoeing. 464.

A. C. A. Executive Committee Meeting.

To the Members of the Executive Committee, Board of Governors and Racing Board:

The annual executive meeting of the American Canoe Association will be held at Rochester, N. Y., October 24, 1903.

C. F. WOLTERS,

Commodore-Elect.

JOHN S. WRIGHT, Sec'y-Treas.

Canoe Song.

Silent we leave the island shore,
To watch the dancing moonbeams gleam
Upon the water's polished floor;
To sing, to drift, to dream.

The moon is like a fairy ship
That steers her course across the sky.
'Twixt island clouds she seems to slip,
Then softly passes by.

The stars are lights to steer her by,
Stationed on rock or hidden sand,
Or placed perhaps on towers high
That rise from unseen land.

Then back we drift to camp and light;
To merry friends and great good cheer;
Yet we are loath to leave the night,
And all its wonders here.

JOSEPH MASON, JR.

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Brooklyn C. C.

GRAVESEND BAY, LONG ISLAND,
Saturday, Sept. 19.

THE annual fall regatta of the Brooklyn C. C. was held off the club house on Gravesend Bay on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 19. The lack of wind prevented as exciting sailing races as would otherwise have been held. The Messrs. W. A. and F. G. Furman, of the P. I. C. A., Trenton, N. J., and J. K. Hand, of New York, were among the canoeists present.

Event No. 1, decked sailing canoe race, 5 miles, triangular course; tide flood; wind light from N.E.: First, M. M. Davis, canoe Clover; second, P. F. Hogan, Unqua; third Walter N. Stanley, Eclipse.

Event No. 2, open canoe sailing race, 3 miles; also open canoe sailing race for the Pagan trophy, over the same course; conditions as above: H. A. Reitzenstein, Mushquash, first in open canoe race; A. W. Walter, Eonac, second in open canoe sailing race and first in Pagan trophy race; J. B. Taylor, Redskin, third in open canoe sailing race; T. O. Brown, —, second in Pagan trophy race.

Event No. 3, tandem, single-blade, paddling race, 1-3 mile: First, W. A. and F. G. Furman; second, T. O. Brown and W. N. Stanley; third, H. A. Reitzenstein and A. W. Walter. Start, 5:55:38 P. M. Finish, 5:58:09. Winners' time, 2m. 31s.

Event No. 4, one-man, single blade paddling race, 1-3 mile: First, H. A. Reitzenstein, Mushquash; second, W. N. Stanley, —; third, W. A. Furman, —. Start, 6:15:20 P. M. Finish, 6:17:59. Winner's time, 2m. 39s.

The mileage record of the Brooklyn C. C. for 1903 was awarded to W. N. Stanley, with a total of 362½ miles to his credit, made principally on the Upper Passaic, Pompton Lakes, Hopatcong, the Delaware, etc.

Yonkers C. C.

GLENWOOD, HUDSON RIVER,
Saturday, Sept. 26.

The Yonkers C. C. held a most successful regatta on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 26, off the club house, at Glenwood, Yonkers. Results:

Event No. 1—Tandem paddling open canoes, single blades, 3 P. M. First, E. Howe Stockwell and G. H. King, Knickerbocker C. C.; second, T. Hale, Jr., and A. Reese, Yonkers C. C.; third, J. E. Taylor and W. G. Harrison, Knickerbocker C. C.; fourth, H. Lansing Quick and R. Edgar, Yonkers C. C.; fifth, G. Reese and Norman Taylor, Yonkers C. C.

Event No. 2—One-man, open canoe paddling, single blade, 3:30 P. M. First, G. H. King, Knickerbocker C. C.; second, H. L. Quick, Yonkers C. C.; third, Thomas Hale, Jr., Yonkers C. C.

Event No. 3—Tail-end race. Won by G. H. King, the only one of the contestants who managed to remain in his canoe right side up; all the others capsizing before crossing the line. Strong S. wind against strong ebb tide.

Event No. 4—Fours paddling, open canoe, single blades, 4:30 P. M. First, E. M. Underhill, W. Schulz, G. Reese, Norman Taylor, Yonkers C. C.; second, R. Edgar, A. Reese, T. Hale, Jr., H. L. Quick, Yonkers C. C.; third, Hinck, King, Barden, Lohr, scrub team, Hiawatha C. C.

Event No. 5—Tilting tournament. First bout, H. L. Quick and R. Edgar beat G. Reese and N. Taylor; second bout, G. H. King and W. G. Harrison, Knickerbocker C. C., beat W. R. Schulz and E. M. Underhill, Yonkers C. C.; third bout, King and Harrison beat Quick and Underhill.

The regatta was held jointly with the races of the Palisade B. C.; after the races a smoker was given at the shore house of the Palisade B. C., where lunch was served, prizes presented, and a general good time enjoyed by the members of the two clubs and their friends from Yonkers and out of town.

Knickerbocker C. C.

ANNUAL CAMP AND REGATTA OF THE KNICKERBOCKER
CANOE CLUB, HELD AT ARDSLEY-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.,
SEPT. 5, 6, AND 7, 1903.

Sailing race, about 1-1½ miles, from buoy off camp to and around yacht Aileen; beat to windward; twice around course. Wind N. by W. and puffy; tide strong ebb; weather clear.

85 sq.ft. Sail Area or Under—Start, 4:55.
Over the Line. First Round. Finish
Foggy Dew, R. H. Kretzmer.....4 55 58 5 21 28 5 59 12
Chiquita, M. Ohlmeyer, Jr.....4 55 35 5 23 48 6 00 20
Papoose, L. C. Kretzmer.....4 55 47 5 20 28 6 02 05
Canuck, W. G. Harrison.....4 56 07 5 28 12 Withdrew

Prize offered by Audubon Y. C., won by R. H. Kretzmer.
65 sq.ft. Sail Area or Under—Start, 4:55.
Tot, Wilbur D. Andrews.....4 55 40 5 23 16 6 07 09
Yankee, J. E. Taylor.....4 55 46 5 28 41 Withdrew
Mudjkeewis, C. Moore.....4 55 52 5 30 35 Withdrew
Hobo, J. T. Farrelly.....4 55 30 5 39 45 Withdrew
Nymph, A. W. Scott.....4 55 48 5 58 19 Withdrew
Nahma, B. F. Cromwell, Jr.....4 56 58 Withdrew

Prize offered by Audubon Y. C. Won by W. D. Andrews.
Tandem paddling race, double blades, about ½ mile with turn. Weather conditions as above. Start, 6:31:00.

Finish.
G. L. Roberts, Jr., and W. G. Harrison.....6 35 50
L. Reichert and R. H. Kretzmer.....6 36 22
F. P. Keller and B. F. Cromwell, Jr.....6 36 00
C. F. Boell and M. Ohlmeyer, Jr.....6 36 45

Keller and Cromwell finished ahead of Reichert and Kretzmer, but second place was awarded the latter crew on account of foul at stakeboat.

One-man, double-blade, decked canoes, paddling race, about ½ mile straightaway, finishing off camp. Start, 10:43:50.

Finish.
G. L. Roberts, Jr.....10 48 45
W. G. Harrison.....10 48 47
Fred P. Keller.....10 48 57

Weather clear; tide flood; sea smooth.
Tandem, single blades, about ½ mile. Weather conditions as above. Start, 12:12:50.

Finish.
C. F. Boell and G. L. Roberts, Jr.....12 16 14
W. G. Harrison and J. E. Taylor.....12 16 17
F. P. Keller and B. F. Cromwell, Jr.....12 16 27
R. H. Kretzmer and Louis Reichert.....Not timed.

Hurry-scurry race, 300yds., about; run, swim and paddle:
First, C. F. Boell; second, W. D. Andrews; third, M. Ohlmeyer, Jr.; fourth, W. G. Harrison; fifth, W. B. Jones; sixth, F. P. Keller; seventh, L. Reichert; eighth, Geo. E. Taylor.

Tilting tournament, 12:30. Weather clear; tide strong ebb; no wind.

First Bout.—F. P. Keller and B. F. Cromwell, Jr., won from L. Reichert and W. B. Jones.

Second Bout.—W. D. Andrews and W. G. Harrison won from C. F. Boell and M. Ohlmeyer, Jr.

Third Bout.—F. P. Keller and B. F. Cromwell, Jr., won from W. D. Andrews and W. G. Harrison.

Time, 13m. 25s.

Fours, paddling, open canoes, single blades. Weather conditions as above. Start, 1:40:30.

Finish.
Boell, Jones, Andrews and Roberts.....1 44 17
J. E. Taylor, Keller, Cromwell and Harrison.....1 44 22
Ohlmeyer, Reichert, R. H. Kretzmer and Scott.....1 44 46

Sailing race, triangular course, about ½ mile to a leg; twice around, making three miles. Called at 2 P. M. Weather clear; wind W.N.W. strong and puffy to light and calm. Strong ebb tide.

85 sq.ft. Sail Area or Under—Start, 2:21.
Over the Line. First Round. Finish
Papoose, L. C. Kretzmer.....2 21 22 2 40 42 2 59 55
Chiquita, M. Ohlmeyer, Jr.....2 21 42 Withdrew
Foggy Dew, R. H. Kretzmer.....2 21 25 2 43 10 Withdrew
Canuck, W. G. Harrison.....2 21 45 2 43 15 Withdrew

65 sq.ft. Sail Area or Under—Start, 2:31.
Tot, W. D. Andrews.....2 31 41 2 58 10 Withdrew
Yankee, J. E. Taylor.....2 31 30 2 56 30 Withdrew
Mudjkeewis, C. Moore.....2 31 40 2 58 20 Withdrew
Hobo, J. T. Farrelly.....2 31 50 2 58 25 Withdrew
Nahma, F. P. Keller.....2 32 14 Withdrew

The failure of the wind and the very strong tide prevented the finishing of the entire fleet of the 65ft. class, and the second man in the 85ft. class.

Sept. 13.—Off the club house. Wind S.E., heavy; tide flood; sea rough.
65 sq.ft. sail area class, postponed from Ardsley-on-Hudson, on account of lack of wind. Start, 1:48.

Over the Line. First Round. Finish
Tot, W. D. Andrews.....1 48 30 2 25 10 3 17 07
Yankee, J. E. Taylor.....1 49 00 2 40 05 3 34 40
Mudjkeewis, C. Moore.....1 48 40 2 42 15 3 38
Nahma, B. F. Cromwell, Jr.....1 49 20 2 51 18 3 45 40

85 sq.ft. sail area, second prize, postponed from Ardsley. Start, 2:24.

Chiquita, M. Ohlmeyer, Jr.....2 24 10 3 02 28 3 41 30
Foggy Dew, R. H. Kretzmer.....2 25 20 3 04 03 3 45 20
Canuck, W. G. Harrison.....2 24 58 3 06 11 3 49 06

Sailing, picking up passengers. Start, 4:49.

In this race passenger at signal jumps overboard, the skipper coming about immediately and rescuing him. Distance ¼ mile to windward and return, going through the same maneuver on both beats to windward.

Canuck, Taylor and Harrison.....4 49 45 4 55 58 5 02 28
Chiquita, Ohlmeyer, Jr., and Andrews.....4 49 10 4 56 10 5 03 01
Mudjkeewis, Jones and Moore.....4 49 15 4 59 25 5 06 40
Nahma, Dempewolf and Cromwell.....4 50 00 Withdrew.

A. C. A. Officers—Eastern Division.

The officers of the Eastern Division for 1904 are as follows: Vice-Com., Henri Schaeffer, Manchester, N. H.; Rear-Com., H. M. S. Aiken, 45 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.; Purser, Edw. B. Stearns, Manchester, N. H.; Executive Committee, B. F. Jacobs, Jr., West Medford, Mass.; D. S. Pratt, Jr., Wellesley Hills, Mass.; Marcus Butler, Lawrence, Mass.; W. W. Crosby, Woburn, Mass.

A. C. A. Membership.

The following names have been proposed for membership to the A. C. A.:

Robert Bonner, S. Willard Brigham, Providence, R. I.; B. E. Phillips, Boston, Mass.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures for 1903.

Members of race committee will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

OCTOBER.

3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
3. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.
5. Southern, fall, New Orleans.
10. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.
17. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1903, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

- First prize, \$75.00.
- Second prize, \$50.00.
- Third prize, \$25.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1903.
2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.
3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.
4. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.
5. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.
6. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.
7. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, on or before Nov. 15, 1903.

PANHARD-LEVIASSOR have planned to establish a plant in the States for the building of motor boats and engines. M. Andre Massenet, president, and M. Andre Magnin, vice-president of the American department of the great French automobile company, have recently arrived in New York, and they will arrange the details for the new enterprise. At first the company will turn out boats of from 30 to 40 feet in length, equipped with gasoline motors of about ten horse-power. As soon as the plant is well under way, however, larger and more powerful boats will be built.

SHAMROCK I., Sir Thomas Lipton's first challenger for America's Cup, was purchased last week by Mr. George de Pinna, who was acting for Messrs. M. Samuels & Sons, of Brooklyn, dealers in old metals. The price paid for the boat is not known. It is stated that she will be converted into a schooner and used in carrying scrap iron between New York and South American ports. This report can hardly be credited, as the yacht is quite unsuitable for any such purpose, and it is likely that if she is not sold to some yachtsman who wishes to convert her into a cruising schooner or yawl, she will be broken up.

THE Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, Canada, has received four challenges for the Seawanhaka cup. The challenging clubs are the White Bear Y. C., of St. Paul, Minn.; Manchester Y. C., of Manchester, Mass.; Minnetonka Y. C., Minneapolis, Minn., and the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Y. C., of Portsmouth, England. At a meeting of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. it was suggested that the boats representing the four challenging clubs hold races on Lake St. Louis and the winner of the series would meet the defender selected by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. This plan caused considerable feeling, and the commodore of the club, the Hon. Justice C. P. Davidson, vacated the chair, stating as he did so that such action was at variance with the conditions in the Seawanhaka cup deed of gift. The defense of the Seawanhaka cup has been such a sinecure for the Royal St. Lawrence men for years past that they would be sorry to see the cup lost, and the club's recent action shows that they are anxious to have the fastest possible boat meet the defender. The races for the Seawanhaka cup have been without interest for several years, as they have all been too one sided for anyone to work up much enthusiasm over them.

Greenport to the Virgin's Breasts.

The Days of a Happy Month, July 28 to Aug. 28, 1901.

BY B. H. W.

THIS is the record, as taken from the skipper's notebook, of a cruise in Altair from Greenport, N. Y., a distance as sailed of 1,140 nautical miles.

Altair is a keel yawl built strongly for outside work, 32ft. 9in. over all, 22ft. 5in. on the waterline, 8ft. 4in. beam, and 4ft. draft. Her ballast is lead, cast and bolted on the keel. She carries 608 sq.ft. of sail, and can be easily managed by one man in all weather. Her skipper has taken her over six thousand miles along the coast, and has never had occasion to regret the confidence he has placed in her seaworthiness.

"Now ho! for the joy of a moving ship!

And ho! for the white sails blowing wide!

And ho! for the salt wine on the lip,

And the rush of the mellow tide!

More faintly comes the breakers' boom,

And far arear the home lights slip,

And fast the thundering jetty-side

Runs back athwart the gloom."

—McNeal.

We were alongside the dock at Greenport. Our third man had disappointed us. We, whom you will know as the Admiral and the Skipper, had determined to go it alone, and were busily engaged in stowing our last odds and ends, when a well-built young fellow loitered down to the pier and made himself unostentatiously useful. He was evidently a gentleman, and after sizing him up for a time, during which we learned his name, his business, and various other things, we ended by asking him to be our guest.

5:20 P. M. found us in commission and sailing out by Greenport breakwater. All night we glided softly on, with a gently breathing air from starboard, a clear sky and gibbous moon. For hours Altair sailed her course with helm lashed. At dawn Point Jude and Block Island lights were broad off either bow, and we headed her E. ½ S. for the Vineyard. The wind grew gradually more fresh. The horizon thickened and clouded, with promise of a fresh gale; but we hung on to everything and ran on.

From Gay Head to Succunnetset we had a strong head tide, but a rapidly increasing wind. Soon after passing the light vessel, although the breeze was a point aft the beam, we were obliged to shorten sail, and having a free wind and only a short distance to go, we avoided a reef by dropping the peak of the mainsail, and at 4:30 ran behind Hyannis Breakwater out of a white and tumbling sea.

It was so "swelly," even behind the breakwater, that my crew could hardly manage a mouthful of dinner, so we got up jib and mizzen and moved up close behind the middle of the wall, where we could lie with less motion. Turned in at 8 P. M. and slept soundly, except for a time when a sharp thunder squall woke us up, until 8 A. M. There was then heavy rain, with a sharp northerly gale, and it looked very sloppy. We were all sore and stiff from our unaccustomed exertions in sailing the last thirty miles of our one hundred and five in a very fresh breeze and ugly chop, but after a swim and breakfast at 10 A. M., felt better. The Skipper stayed aboard and cleaned up some odds and ends of work while the others went ashore. Barometer steady all day at 29.81, after a fall of 4-10 of an inch yesterday. Night came in cloudy, with heavy banks to westward, and strong N. E. wind with rain and fog at intervals.

July 30 opened with rain, east wind and fog, but at 2 P. M. it lightened a bit, and wind went to S.W. fresh. Barometer 29.70. At 2:45 P. M. sailed for Monomoy, passing out through the beach channel. At 7:05 set log

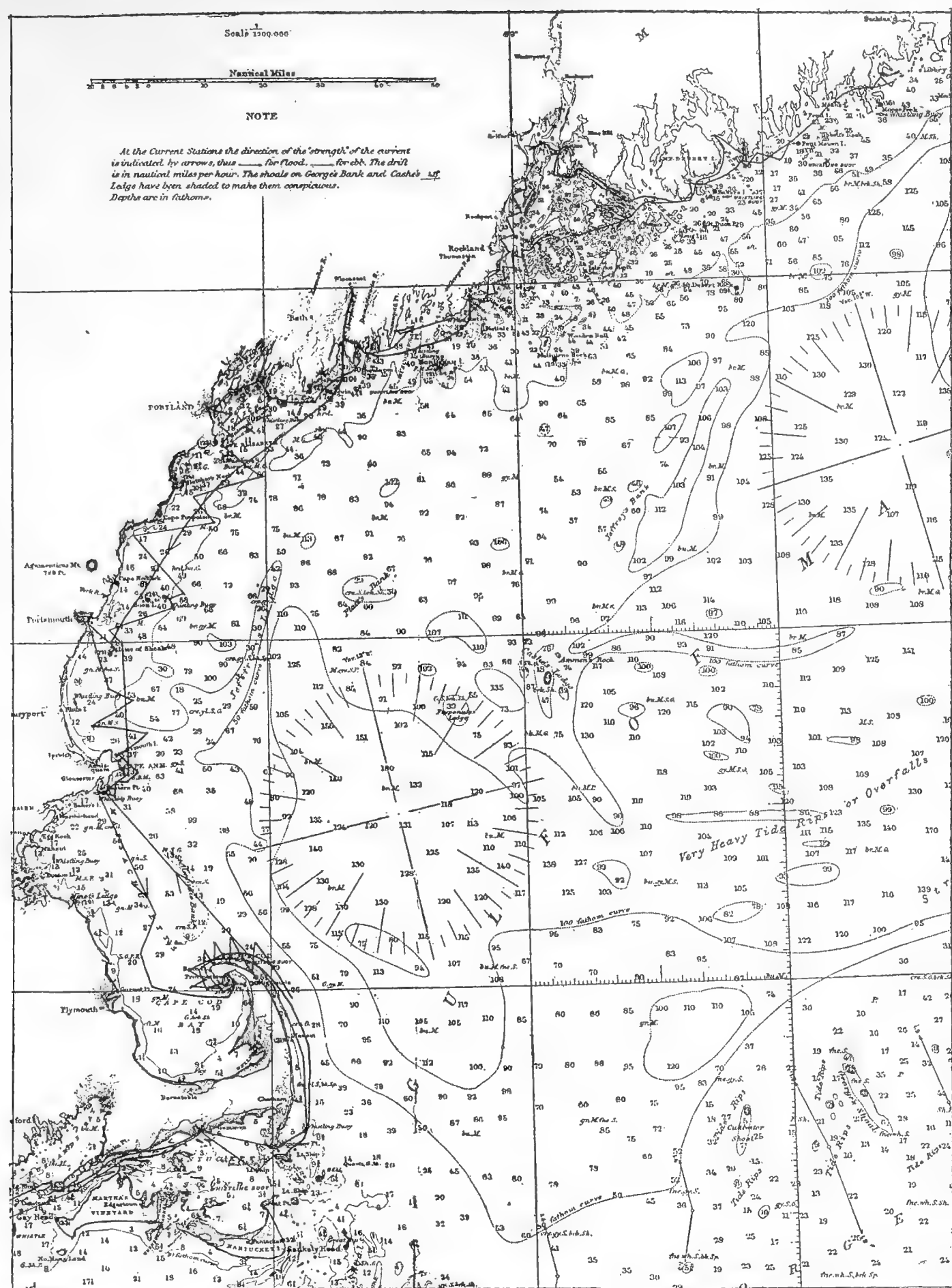


CHART OF CRUISE MADE BY ALTAIR FROM GREENPORT TO THE VIRGIN'S BREASTS.

off Chatham whistle. Wind W. fresh; heavy cloud bank in W. and N.W. Passed Nausett, distance $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, at 9:20. At 11:50 P. M. Highland light bore W. by S., distant 2 miles. Set course N.N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. Clear moonlight, smooth sea, moderate west wind. Soon after this the wind fell, and we drifted until 5 A. M., when we lowered mainsail for a sharp squall. After this a calm continued until 12:35, when it breezed up a little and slipped us along at a 4-knot rate. Made a good landfall, and at 4:45 P. M. dropped our hook in Gloucester Harbor. Distance 95 knots.

As our tank water had a disagreeably foul odor and taste, we loosed the pipe coupling and let it out into the bilge; then cruised after the water boat, turned a strong stream into the tank and cleaned it thoroughly. Now we hope to have drinkable water.

At 9:15 A. M. of Aug. 1 we drifted lazily by Eastern Point, the rounded, woolly clouds over the land showing a strong N.W. wind, while over the sea was a gray veil and a light S.E. wind. Along the shore was a calm streak, and in this we were fated to stay for several hours until at noon the sea wind gained the ascendancy and made itself felt strongly enough to float us the six miles to Cape Ann. After passing Straitsmouth, we made a course N. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., so as to pass outside the Isles of Shoals, and between the Nubble and Boon Island.

At 4:30 were off White Island light. An hour later were drifting in a flat calm, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the N.N.E. of it. During the run-off the wind held steady from S. by W., so that we set our "spinnaker." We call it that when it is not doing duty as a jib. Our new friend, who will hereafter be known as the Steward, turns out to be an expert handler of the frying-pan and stew kettle, as well as a very pleasant fellow.

As there was considerable roll on and no wind to steady things, the Steward thought it best to stay on deck at 7:30 P. M., and the Skipper fed the crew on hot bouillon and bread, which they managed to stow away in great shape. At 8:30 P. M. the wind came out light from ahead, so that it was one the next afternoon before we made Portland Harbor. Left Portland at 3:30 P. M. and sailed up between the ever beautiful islands of Casco Bay to Pott's Harbor, where we spent the night. Passing Sand Island, we saw a large seal balanced on a pinnacle of rock, and passed him close aboard. He kept his weather eye on us, but did not seem at all alarmed. Distance 90 knots.

Early the next morning, with a strong S.E. wind and heavy rain, went out through the East Passage into the open ocean. Had a fine and exhilarating run in the heavy sea to Boothbay, where we went ashore for mail. This is a most beautiful region, and beginning to be

appreciated. At 3 P. M. ran out from the harbor to the eastward. The wind failed and the fog shut in thickly. We crept along by the Thread of Life and Pemaquid, and fearing to run into New Harbor in the dark and fog, with an enormous swell running and hardly steerage way, turned our bow seaward and drifted. It was cold and wet, we rolled atrociously, so that we could not light a stove to make coffee, the Admiral and the Steward were seasick, and the Skipper even was cold and miserable, in spite of sweater and overcoat. At 3 A. M. he came on deck, having been below for an hour trying to get a little sleep, and hearing surf apparently all about us, heaved the lead and found bottom at 17 fathoms. We anchored with a 50-fathom cable, supposing ourselves to be between Western Egg Rock and Haddock Island, the tide having set us in among the reefs. This position was found correct when the fog cleared late the next afternoon. We were in a flat calm from 4 P. M. Aug. 3 to 5:30 P. M. Aug. 4; then a little ripple blew us over the two miles to New Harbor and stopped.

5 A. M. the next morning found us under way, with a crisp breeze from the north, which ran us out by Mark Island, through Davis Strait, by Marshall Light to Whitehead. Here the wind failed and came out light from ahead. We beat up through Muscle Ridge Channel, across West Penobscot Bay and through Fox Island Thoroughfare to Carver's Cove, where we lay over night. Stopped an hour at North Haven for provisions, and met the Gerdaloon, a beautiful little schooner, whose owner very kindly asked us aboard. The day was nearly perfect. The beauty of the little islands, their rugged granite dotted with pointed firs, the clearness and brilliancy of the grays and soft greens of the land, the purplish azure of the sea and sky, the rounded outline of the Camden hills, the clear, bracing coolness of the air, the grateful heat of the sun, our little boat crisping steadily onward, made a combination as rare as it was beautiful, and we forgot the misery of the darkness and fog. Distance 40 knots.

Aug. 6.—A flat calm, but the same wonderful air. If this could last all summer this coast would be almost Paradise. The water is like ice, and one takes his morning plunge with trepidation, comes out with haste, and tingles with the afterglow. Light airs drifted us through Deer Island Thoroughfare, by Bass Head, and to an anchorage under the west end of Sutton's Island, almost in the shadow of beautiful Mount Desert. Barometer 8 A. M., 29.71; 8 P. M., 30.29. Distance, 28 knots.

The next morning we got under way in a thick fog, but the wind failed, and the high, rolling swell driving us dangerously near the Cliffs of Otter, we hurriedly dropped over an anchor and later had to abandon it, and some eight fathoms

of cable, because of our failure to "muzzle it" before trusting it on the rocky bottom. With a growing wind we ran in for Bar Harbor, the cliffs of Bald Porcupine coming out of the grayness only a scant hundred feet off the lee bow. The wind was freshening rapidly, and by the time we were in among the anchored fleet it was blowing a summer gale. Our first anchor dragged on the kelp, so the forty-two pounder was hastily thrown over and checked us a few feet from a large yawl, the Hadassah, after we had drifted so close to Amorita that they had to raise their port boatboom, which they did with very ill grace. After going ashore for a "Khotal" and other necessities and having lunch the wind had increased to a stiff gale with drizzling rain. Amorita was now dragging down on us, and not trusting our holding ground, we got our anchors with some difficulty and cleared out under close reefed mainsail. We had hardly more than gotten clear and out in the open beyond Iron-bound when the wind and rain came in terrific gusts from off Green Mountain, the driven spray and rain stinging like whip lashes, so that we soon had enough and ran in behind Bar Island to a secure berth.

During the night the gale blew itself out. The morning opened clear and fine. Ran over to Winter Harbor for letters and to pay our homage to the "Queen of Grindstone and Empress of Schoodic," with whom we later had the pleasure of dining. At 4:30 ran out with the idea of making a little to the eastward, but found an ugly looking squall rapidly making up to the S. W., so ran back and dropped our hook just as the wind, with the great fog masses, swept over the harbor.

The next morning opened beautiful and clear with a brisk north wind and crisp air. After our morning plunge and breakfast, got under way at 8:10 A. M. At 9:02 were off the north end of Schoodic Island, running E. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. for the striped buoy on Petit Manan bar. Passed this at 10:17 and Jordan's Delight Spindle at 11. The coast has become much more bleak and windswept. The ledges of the hills are bare except for a few stunted firs and tufts of sere brown grass. Moosabek Reach looks like the limit of civilization, and the houses of Jonesport are those of the Noah's Ark of our childhood. We ran by Cape Split, up through the Reach, between the Virgin's Breasts and out into the open by Mark Island, then at 1:10 P. M. turned our prow homeward. Beating down through the Reach in a brisk whistlesail breeze, and against a strong tide we made Nash's Island Light again at 3 P. M., Jordan's Delight at 3:42 and the buoy on Petit Manan at 4:28. The wind had held steady, but the west and so west had become gray and thick. One mile west from Petit Manan bar the wind suddenly shifted from N. N. W. to S. W., and then to W. S. W., and blew so fresh that we had to reef. At 7:45 P. M. we were at our old anchorage in Winter Harbor, having logged 74 knots in 11h. 35m., an average of over 6.4 nautical miles an hour, the best 12 hours' run that Altair has ever made. Our compass, after having no deviation, showed this morning on easterly courses a deviation of one point easterly. In the afternoon, on westerly courses, it was again true to the magnetic north. We were unable to determine the cause of the trouble, having searched in vain for any stray bits of iron in the pockets of the Admiral or Steward, while all of our anchors, lamps, etc., were stowed in their accustomed places.

Aug. 10 we passed at anchor at Winter Harbor in rain and fog waiting for letters.

Drifted next day and finally crept in behind the island off the entrance to Some's Sound, and anchored at 6:30 P. M. In spite of the fact that we had almost no wind, we enjoyed the rugged beauty of Mt. Desert Island and the crisp, clear air of a beautiful day.

Under way at 6:30 A. M., with a fresh easterly wind, which drove us through Casco Passage and Eggemoggin Reach by Cape Rosier and up to Castine. Here we found a green, picturesque little town and went ashore for provisions and a run on the grass. Later a zephyr from the north carried us across the bay to Turtle Head and down the westerly side of Long Island to Seal Harbor.

The dawn found us gliding softly out of the green circle of Seal Harbor and down by the shores of Long Island. The Penobscot is beautiful in its wide expanse, its purple distances and nestling villages. The waters reach up into little sandy or rocky coves, rimmed with green turf showing glimpses of cool darkness as it stretches away between the trunks of the balsam firs, or rocky wooded promontories alternate with cleared and fertile fields. As we ran down by Long Island behind and to the west were the green, softly rolling hills of the mainland and south the misty distances of the lower bay and ocean. Shortly after 8:30 A. M. the wind failed and left us close in toward the shore of a little rocky cove. The Steward tried to lure the wily cod, but failed and did not even get a nibble. A breath came in from S. W. at about one, and gradually freshened for a time, so that we worked down by Owl's Head and Ash Island to Whitehead, and across to Tennant's Harbor.

Fog came in during the night, but by 10 A. M., when we had finished breakfast, there was a nice S. E. breeze, and we sailed away for Mosquito Island and the westward. The wind failed to keep its promise, and we finally drifted in by Ram Island Light with the off-shore fog signals booming dismally, and anchored near Booth Bay at 9:30 P. M.

AUG. 15, 16, 17.

After going ashore for letters sailed off into the fog, through Townsend Gut into the Sheepscot, and up toward Wiscasset. The run through the Gut is along narrow, wooded, picturesque reaches. Going up the river we had a strong head tide and but little wind, so that to keep out of the strength of the ebb we ran close along the bold, rocky shore. We joked of our "local knowledge" and incidentally kept a lookout for snags. We sailed along this way for several miles, and all went well until off Captain Huff's at Edgcombe, when we slid softly but effectually on to a point of rock and stuck. Sail was dropped as if we were a great bird folding its wings, and a kedge was run out into the river, but we were immovable, though

ahead, on either side, and astern the lead showed from 7 to 12 feet. The tide falling rapidly had still 8 feet to drop. We hastily carried out our heavy anchor as far as possible off shore, and the second in weight to a rocky spur on the beach. Then using the throat halliards on the off-shore cable, and the jib halliards on the one toward shore, we purchased the cables to the masthead with an equal strain on each, so that as the tide left us high and dry on the two feet wide, flat-topped pinnacle of rock, which, fortunately, was just under our center of weight, Altair was kept on an even keel and as secure as if she were docked, even though her position looked extremely precarious. As soon as things were secure we went ashore, not caring to stay aboard and run the risk of having the whole outfit tumble off its perch if we moved about. While waiting we had calls and offers of assistance from several passing boats, one party, including a bright and attractive young woman, coming ashore to us, thinking that they knew the yawl. They were living at a cottage a mile above and their private cry, we were informed in the course of an invitation to dine with them, was "Yip-Yip." However, we stayed near Altair and spun yarns, especially with one ancient mariner, who told us in graphic way of "Semmes d-n him" and of three times that his ship escaped from the guns of the Alabama. The first time was off the coast of Nova Scotia, and the escape was made by running inside the islands and reefs, where the warship dared not follow. On the other two occasions a clean pair of heels gave the cruiser the slip. At 5:30 the Admiral opened negotiations with Captain Huff's wife for supper for three, and when this business was disposed of we had more yarns. Altair floated off about 9 P. M., and we had a half hour's disagreeable and wet work in black darkness and rain, getting our tackle aboard. Rode to the heavy anchor all night and cleared out early the next morning for Wiscasset. Went ashore on a crumbly wharf and looked the old town over. In its early years a place of brilliant promise, it is now in its second childhood, but still bears traces of beauty. At 10:30 A. M. started to beat down the river, saluted and were saluted by the Yip-Yips. Had a beautiful sail down against wind and tide, and in an air warm with the scent of pine. At 2 P. M., off Middle Mark Island, in the river mouth, we got the cold wind from the ocean, and there was an instant demand for sweaters. At 3:25 P. M. were off Griffith Head, wind S. W., moderate, considerable swell and sea. Outside the wind seemed stronger off shore, so we ran out by Seguin, expecting to make Small Point and Horse Harbor on the port tack. The wind headed us, however, and dropped, so, rather than run inshore among the reefs in the dark, we kept on for Cape Elizabeth, which we passed at 3 A. M. The night was extremely clear and cloudless, but with only light and fickle airs. At 10 A. M. were off Kennebunkport, wind light. Ran in close under Point Arundel and exchanged salutes with friends. At 3 P. M., off White Island (Isles of Shoals), the wind fell very light, and we came about for Portsmouth. Inside the river the swift ebb, strong enough to pull under the can buoy at Pull-and-bad-damned Point, made it impossible for us to go up to the city, and we anchored of Kittery, on the Maine side of the river. After supper the Admiral and Steward went ashore for some provisions and to find where we could get some water. They returned at 9:30 P. M., and we all turned in for a well-earned sleep.

The water boat came out early and woke us at 6:40 by bumping alongside. At 7 we were trying to make out of the river against the baffling currents.

Steered south for Thatcher's Island and passed it in a very light air at 5 P. M., having to beat the last fifteen miles with a light air against a head tide. Did not reach our anchorage in Gloucester inner harbor until 9:30.

AUG. 19.

Went ashore and said good-by to the Steward, who had been called home, had a leaky valve in our kholat repaired and nearly blew up the plumber, and then went on the trolley to Long Beach for luncheon. In the afternoon wrote letters and loafed.

AUG. 20, 21.

Morning opened foggy, but by 9:30 it showed signs of clearing, and we got under way with a light north wind, which carried us only a mile beyond the harbor mouth. The wind came in light from E. S. E. at 2:45, drove us slowly along for a time and then again failed. At 8 P. M. were able to get a "fix" by a sextant angle and range on Minots and the Gurnet a few minutes before we were shut in by fog. Drifted in the fog all night with light airs from S. to E. At about 2 A. M. we began to hear fog horns, and soon the whole eastern quadrant seemed filled with the sounds. We were on the starboard tack, and so had the right of way through a fleet of mackerel schooners. Time after time a voice would come through the mist: "Hello! How are you heading?" "Southeast by East," would echo back, and then we would hear the quick-spoken command, "Luff!" or "Keep her away!" "Steady!" and we would perhaps for an instant make out a green, or red radiance in a halo of mist. At dawn we supposed ourselves about three miles west from Wood End. Like Noah, we wanted to be sure and so sent out that trusty bird the "blue pigeon," which, after several flights, so as to get a line of soundings, showed that we were a mile south of our calculated position. Made the requisite change of course, and in due time ran up the harbor with a spanking breeze from N. E. Shortly after we reached our anchorage the fog lifted.

AUG. 22, 23.

Last evening, after a swim, turned in at 9:30, and were asleep before we had time to more than pull the blankets over ourselves; 11:20 the next morning found us off Wood End with a bright, clear sky and light S. E. wind that showed a tendency to go around to S. and W., but it backed again to S. E. Bucking against a strong head tide, we finally worked around to the Highland Light, distant one-half mile W. at 6:15 P. M. Soon after this the wind freshened to a reefing breeze, dark, heavy cloud masses piled up in the S. E., while swiftly-scudding wisps of vapor flew past the young

moon. A schooner beating down near us gave up and ran back under the cape. An hour later (8:30), when in sight of Nausett, we had the alternative of setting a storm trysail and spending the night in a foggy gale or of returning to Provincetown, so for the first time in Altair's history we turned tail and ran. Fog soon shut down thick, but the fresh wind held. We had no trouble in picking up the whistle off Peaked Hill Bar, for the rising swell made it moan dismally. Race Point was given a wide berth, and we stood in for Wood End, keeping the lead going as we neared the beach. We had gotten into only 18 feet of water and Skipper was giving the order to go about, when the red glow of the light flashed into view dead over the bowsprit end.

It was a fine sail in spite of the fog, the water fire leaping in broad sheets as we smashed into the seas and trailing in our wake like a million fireflies. Turned in at 3 A. M., at our former anchorage, west of the steamboat wharf, and slept to make up for lost time. In the afternoon, as there was a strong S. E. wind, sailed about the harbor just to keep in practice.

Aug. 24 was rainy and thick with strong S. E. wind. Early in the evening the mackerel fleet of over thirty sail came in, as there was a heavy breaking swell outside. Blew very fresh during the night.

AUG. 25, 26.

The early morning was most gloomy, with heavy clouds covering the sky and a light gale from the north. Determined to have a look at the sea, we ran out. Had to reef mainsail and shift jibs. After a hard beat to Race Point the wind moderated and the sky gave promise of clearing. Shook out reef, set jib and at 2 P. M. passed the Highland. Wind north. Heavy swell from east and from northeast. Wind moderated but held a fair breeze; so that Nausett was abreast of us at 3:30. Shortly after this the wind fell to a light air, and after drifting us beyond the Pollock Rip Light vessel, failed entirely, so that, as the tide was beginning to run against us, we were obliged to anchor, choosing a position well to the south of the steamer line and a little behind a big four-poster, where we would be less likely to be run into in case of fog. There was a heavy, short, confused swell running, so that the motion was most unpleasant. At midnight fog, cold and wet had shut us in, so one of us had to keep anchor watch and ring our "bell," a most efficient combination of the chafing dish cover and a big iron spoon. It seemed that there was no end to the tugs with tows that came our way. At daylight there were many sharks swimming leisurely about, several coming quite near. As soon as the run of the tide favored us, we got up sail and anchor, and though there was no wind, managed to drift in by the Handkerchief. A light air from N. E. finally enabled us to make Hyannisport, where from our anchorage we watched the finish of a regatta, and turned in at 7 P. M.

When we awoke at 5:43, it was a most perfect morning. There was a light N. E. breeze blowing. Swam around the boat to wake ourselves up, dressed, got up sail and at one minute before six were under way. The wind continued fair to Nobska, died away to a zephyr for a while, and then came back true and brisk from east, driving us steadily along with jib set as spinaker. We went through Quick's Hole, by Penikese, with its solitary scrub-embowered house, memorable as the summer home of Agassiz, and straight away across the blue and shining sea for Jude, which we passed at sunset in a failing wind. As the Admiral was worried about his wife and anxious to get home, we kept on for Watch Hill and New London, if possible. The wind soon freshened again and held true and steady all night. The run from Penikese to Watch Hill was made without touching a sheet. From Watch Hill through Fisher's Island Sound to Plum Gut was against a strong adverse tide. At 5 A. M. Altair folded her wings by the basin at Greenport. The skipper took the Admiral ashore in time for the early train to New York, breakfasted in solitary state, hauled into the basin and at 11 A. M. Altair was stripped and out of commission.

Riverside Y. C.

GREENWICH, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

Saturday, September 26.

The fall regatta of the Riverside Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, September 26. There were only thirteen starters, but all the boats that came to the line finished. Mimosa had no competitor in the 30ft. class, and she sailed against Anoatok and Spasm in the class above. The course for the boats in the 30ft. class was from the gas buoy off Greenwich Point to a mark off Matinick Point, thence to and around a mark off Eaton's Point, and back to the starting line, a distance of eighteen miles. The breeze was S. W., making the first leg a beat, the second a reach, and the third a reach. The raceabouts and 25ft. sloops covered a 14½-mile triangle, while the 18ft. sloops and the Manhasset Bay one-design boat went over a 10-mile triangle.

The preparatory signal was given at noon, and five minutes later the 36-footers were sent away. Mimosa got the start, leading both her competitors over the line. They soon passed her, however, and she was the last of the trio to finish. Anoatok finished 25s. ahead of Spasm, but it is very likely she will lose the race to Mimosa on corrected time.

The raceabouts started at 12:10. Jolly Roger led over the line, followed by Galatea, Rogue and Hobo, in the order named. Galatea worked into the lead and won the race. Jolly Roger finished second and Hobo third.

Firefly got the start in the 25ft. class, but she was beaten out by Robin Hood. Hour, one of the Larchmont one-design 21-footers, took a sailover.

In the 18ft. class Cricket gave Ity Bity a good beating, and Lambkin took a sailover in the Manhasset Bay one-design class.

The Regatta Committee, made up of Messrs. Charles P. Tower, George T. Higgins and Edwin Binney, were on Commodore Tyson's schooner Nirvana. The summary:

Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 12:06—Course 18 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Anoatok, W. G. Brokaw.....	3 07 23	3 02 28

Spasm, E. D. King.....	3 07 48	3 02 48
Mimosa, T. L. Park.....	3 15 05	3 10 05
Raceabout Class—Start, 12:10—Course 14½ Miles.		
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleecker.....	3 05 08	2 55 08
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	3 05 36	2 55 36
Galatea, A. P. Stokes.....	3 03 52	2 53 52
Rogue, A. B. Alley.....	3 10 58	3 00 58
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 12:15—Course 14½ Miles.		
Robin Hood, George Gartland.....	3 19 06	3 04 06
Firefly, G. P. Granberry.....	3 20 04	3 05 04
Larchmont Y. C. One-Design Class—Start, 12:15—Course 14½ Miles.		
Hour, J. H. Esser.....	3 16 40	3 01 40
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 12:20—Course 10 Miles.		
Cricket, F. E. M. Whiting.....	3 36 27	3 16 27
Ity Bity, William Douglas.....	3 46 05	3 26 05
Manhasset Bay Y. C. One-Design Class—Start, 12:25—Course, 10 Miles.		
Lambkin, S. W. Roach.....	3 24 49	2 59 49

The winners were: Galatea, Robin Hood, Hour, Cricket and Lambkin.

Williamsburg Y. C.

FLUSHING BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

Sunday, Sept. 28.

Thirty-three boats of the Williamsburg Y. C. sailed in the Fall Regatta, held by that club on Sunday, Sept. 28. At the start the wind was moderate from the S. W., but it increased during the race, and at the time of the finish it was blowing quite fresh. A heavy thunder storm broke shortly after the boats reached their moorings.

The boats covered a triangular course. The first leg was from a starting line off the club house to a mark off College Point, thence to and around a mark off Hunt's Point and back to the starting line. The first two legs were reaches and the third was a beat. The boats sailed twice over the triangular course, making a distance of about twelve miles.

The preparatory signal was given at 2 o'clock, and the 30ft. sloops were sent away ten minutes later. The summary:

Class A—Cabin Sloops 30ft. and Over—Start, 2:10.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cornelia, Com. James' Lalor.....	4 00 00	1 50 00
Class B—Cabin Sloops 25 to 30ft.—Start, 2:10.		
Amy, William McDonnell.....	4 08 00	1 58 00
Caracen, Muro & Kloppe.....	4 06 40	1 57 40
Ingomar, Silk & Ollejo.....	4 17 14	2 07 14
Pinochle, Babst & Jacoby.....	3 58 00	1 48 00
Allen.....	4 11 30	2 01 30
Class C—Cabin Sloops 25ft. and Under—Start, 2:20.		
Pearl, W. E. Long.....	4 08 40	1 48 40
Jack Rabbit, C. Cohen.....	4 15 00	1 55 00
Ripple, M. Wais.....	Did not finish.	
Class D—Cabin Yawls over 25ft.—Start, 2:20.		
Pastime, James Schuessle.....	4 26 30	2 04 30
Digmus, J. H. Symmers.....	4 25 10	2 03 10
Class E—Open Sloops Under 25ft.—Start, 2:25.		
Imp, Daniel Reynolds.....	4 29 00	2 04 00
Eleanor, McGregor.....	Did not finish.	
Viola, J. Keppler.....	4 40 00	2 15 00
Phidias, C. Kirchlof.....	4 41 30	2 16 30
Class F—Cabin Cats over 25ft.—Start, 2:25.		
Whiteway, M. Cartwright.....	4 16 00	1 57 00
Teddy, Jr., Ed. Rae.....	4 08 30	1 49 30
Class G—Cabin Cats 25ft. and Under—Start, 2:25.		
Yankee Girl, Chapman Brothers.....	4 28 00	2 03 00
Elitay, W. Ebmeyer.....	4 35 30	2 10 30
Johanna, Menz & Kling.....	Did not finish.	
Vagabond, Bell & Dickerson.....	Did not finish.	
Spray, August Eberhardt.....	4 25 00	2 00 00
Sybil, C. H. Frisch.....	Did not finish.	
Florence, G. S. Card.....	4 32 00	2 07 00
Bessie, William Roth.....	Did not finish.	
Class H—Open Cats Under 25ft.—Start, 2:25.		
Mosgett, W. A. Robertson.....	Did not finish.	
Colleen, J. Cochran.....	4 20 00	1 55 00
Myra, H. Bertrain.....	4 40 00	2 15 00
Class I—Open Cats Under 20ft.—Start, 2:25.		
Colleague, Jack Hess.....	Did not finish.	
Demon, B. Fox.....	5 06 00	2 41 00
Chip, Charles Uhlye.....	Did not finish.	
Hobo, Frank McAllister.....	Did not finish.	
Irene, Norwalk.....	Did not finish.	

The winners were: Cornelia, Pinochle, Pearl, Digmus, Imp, Teddy, Jr., Spray, Colleen and Demon.

The Speed of Racing Yachts.

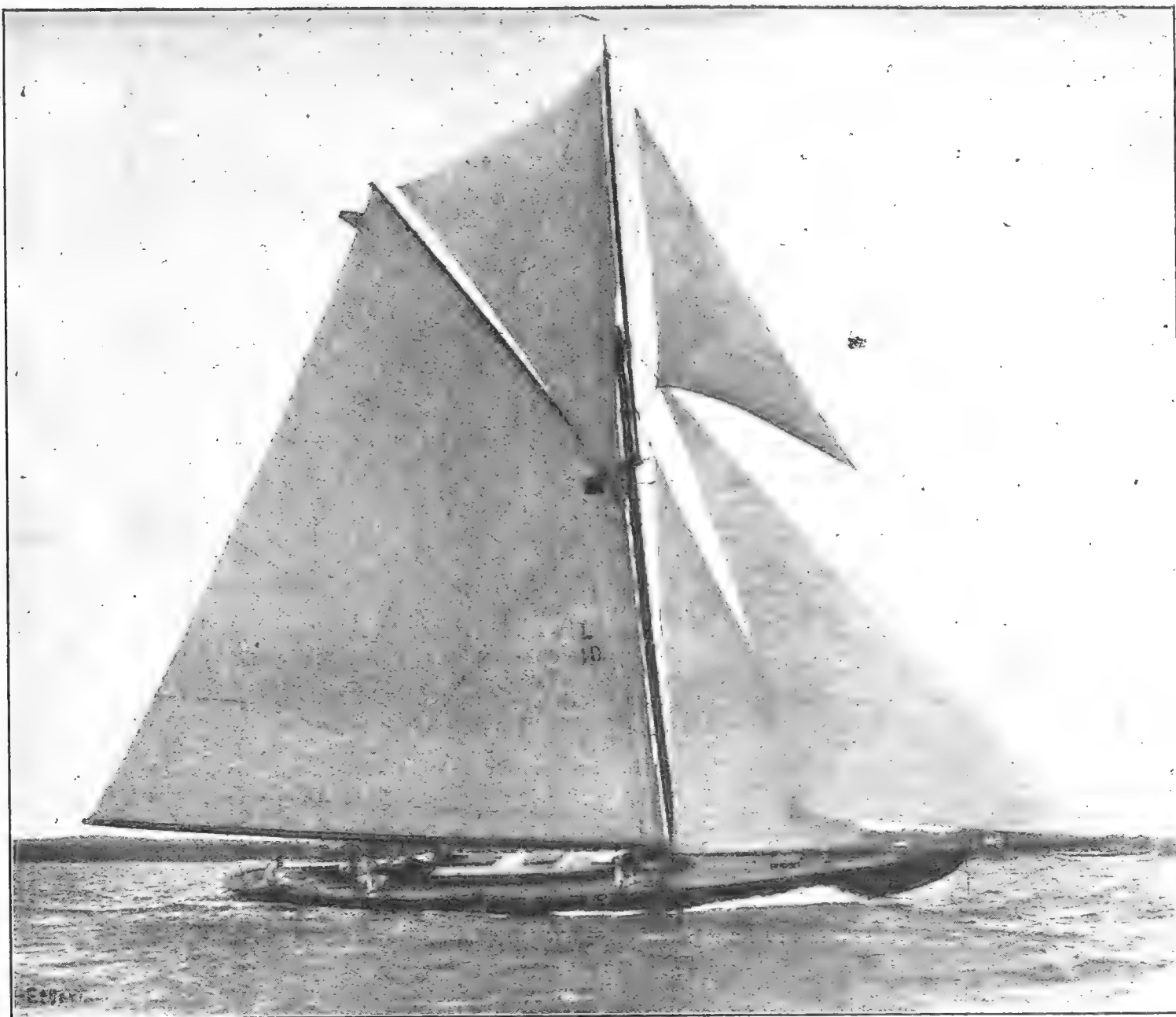
In a recent article in the Scientific American it is stated that Reliance was particularly intended to be fast when reaching and running, the designer taking some chances on other points of sailing in order to secure these advantages. The boat did not fulfil these expectations, being unable to beat Columbia on a reach, but curiously enough she excelled in windward work, even under the trying conditions of a light head wind with a heavy roll of sea. Her best observed speed on a 10-mile reach was 12.6 knots per hour.

Few yachtsmen trouble themselves about "best observed speeds." Many have but a vague idea of what their vessels can really do. Racing records accurately timed over measured courses prove nothing unless the conditions of wind and water are entirely favorable. A record run between two boats is seldom timed to the minute. Even if it is, the distance is often overestimated, land miles are confused with nautical miles, and liberal allowances made for time consumed in setting sails. When an owner has once figured out a satisfactory record he is wise to stick to it, particularly as he may never have a chance to do it again.

Many years ago Dixon Kemp published some best observed speeds of yachts of various lengths. As might have been expected, they varied pretty much as the square root of the respective lengths. In fact, they suggested the following rough and ready formula:

$$\sqrt{L} \text{ (in feet)} \times 1.25 = \text{miles per hour.}$$

Thus a yacht of 36ft. should be capable of 7.5 nautical miles per hour, and one of 100ft. 12.5 miles. This is very near to Reliance's best speed, and she probably sails on an inclined waterline of about 100ft. Many older boats of the size will sail as fast. The tendency of modern design has not been to improve reaching, and any slight gains on this point of sailing are probably due to better sails rather than to the form of the hull. A long lean craft like the old America will reach fast, but will be inferior in turning to windward, and almost the whole result of modern methods has been to develop exceptional weather-going qualities, especially in light winds. For reaching and running the above suggested formula will apply to



EFFORT.

Owned by F. M. Smith. Designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., 1901.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

most yachts of the ballasted type, but small craft of the sail boat type will require a much larger co-efficient, especially if they are sailed with live ballast. A case in point is the work of Thorella and Kolutoo in the recent Seawanhaka cup races. A full reach of a mile and a third was covered by Thorella in 8m. 17s., and by Kolutoo in 7m. 59s. This latter speed is plump ten knots, but both these records were beaten on the next leg, also a full reach of 1-3 miles, the times being Thorella 6m. 34s. and Kolutoo 7m. 1s. Thorella therefore covered a leg at the remarkable speed of 12.2 knots. The times were official and carefully taken, and the course was accurately logged—on several occasions—the marks being set permanently. The second and third rounds showed performances almost as good, but after Kolutoo withdrew Thorella was naturally not pushed. It is really astonishing that two small boats that might be carried on the deck of Reliance or Shamrock have actually come within a fraction of the highest recorded speed of Reliance herself.

Even the most unimaginative man will naturally inquire what might be expected of a 90ft. Thorella. This is a fascinating theme for the speculative writer. Thorella's measured waterline is 25ft. 4in., but when heeled she has an increased sailing length; call it 30ft., as the boat is only some 37ft. over all. The square root of 30 is say 5.5, so that a coefficient of 2.2 would be required to account for a speed of 12.2 knots. Applying this to a sailing length of 100ft. we have a suggestion (I do not like to use a stronger term) of 22 knots! To accomplish this it would be necessary to reproduce all the conditions on the larger scale, and this would include a crew for live ballast. The exact number required could be settled by experiment; but assuming that it would be in proportion to the third powers of the respective lengths, we have the following:

$$\frac{100^3}{30^3} \times 4 \text{ (Thorella's crew)} = 148$$

Such a boat would easily pick up all the active members of a yacht club, but this would be an advantage, and the sailing would be grand. There would be no special danger; the rig would be small, say five or six thousand square feet. One of the remarkable things about Thorella's reaching record is that it was made under 500 square feet of sail.

All sorts of reasons may be urged against the introduction of live ballast boats into the 90ft. class, but they would scarcely be more pronounced racing machines than Reliance and Shamrock. They would cost less to build, and incidentally afford some active sport for the Corinthian element. A boat with a working crew of fifty men and a hundred club members on the weather rail would really be a representative club boat.

W. Q. PHILLIPS.

CLINTON, Ont., Sept. 24.

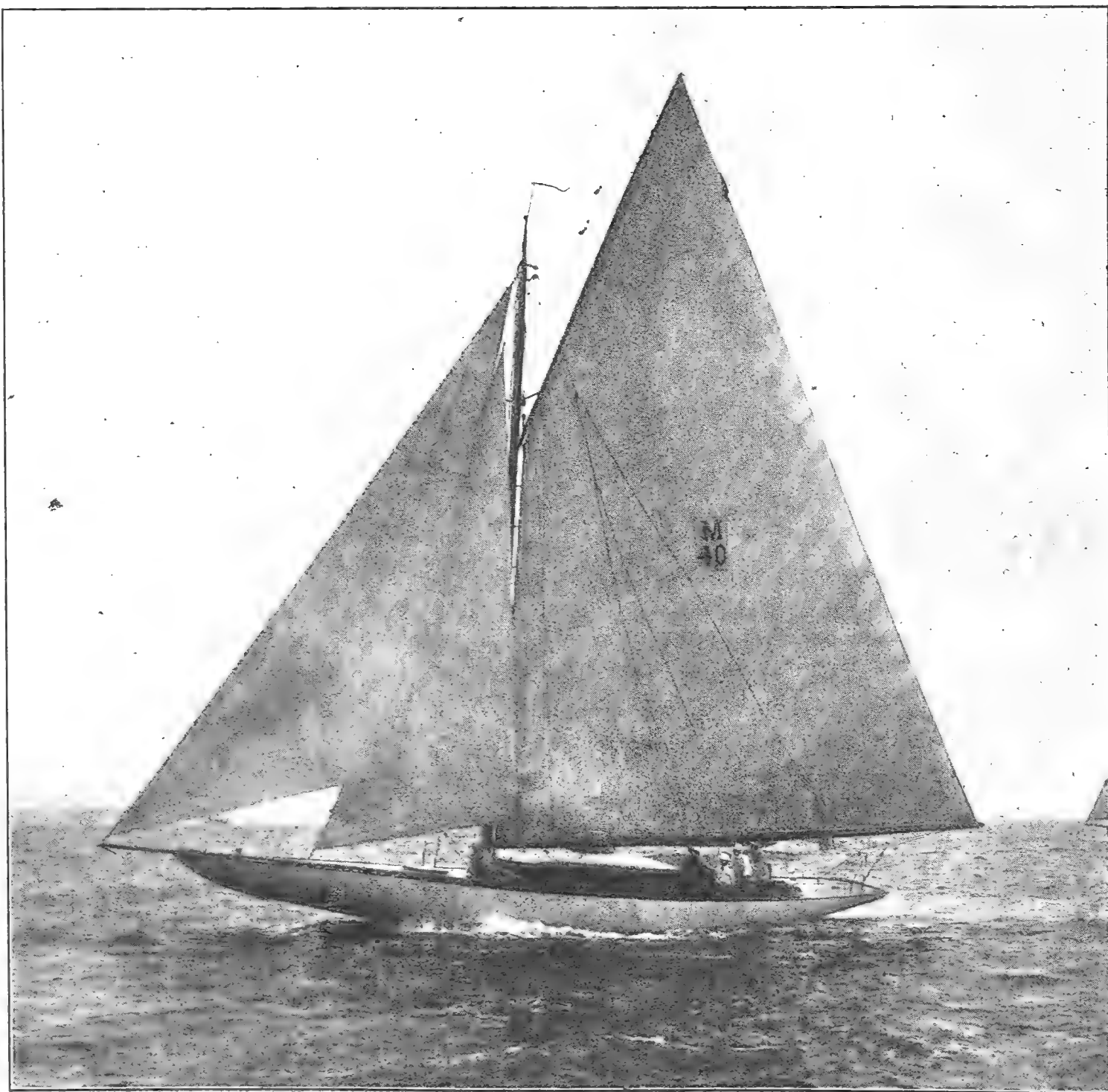
Death of Mr. Arthur E. Payne, M. I. N. A.

From *The Yachtsman*.

YACHTSMEN everywhere will learn with regret of the death of Mr. Arthur E. Payne, the well-known yacht designer, of Southampton, which occurred at his residence, Hope Villa, Portswood, early on Wednesday morning, Sept. 9, after a prolonged illness, which, during its later stages, brought him much suffering. Mr. Payne, who has always been a delicate man, was about two years ago warned by his medical attendant, Dr. Keele, that he was affected with heart disease, and since that time he has taken a mere passive interest in the everyday life around him, and has done little active work in the profession to which hitherto he had been so greatly devoted. He was one of several sons of

brought him more than local fame as a designer. He was responsible for the designs of 175 yachts of various classes and sizes, the largest being Sir Henry S. King's fine yawl *Glory*, 205 tons. *Nan*, *Humming Bird*, *Lollypop*, *Miss*, *Maharanee*, *Decima* and some others, were among his earliest successes. His latest was the *Duet*, 24ft. Solent rater, built early in 1902, for Mrs. Schenley and Miss Cox, as the successor of the *Speedwell*, which was built for Miss Cox in 1896 and held top rank in her class for five successive seasons, and was then only put out of it by the new rule. Other great successes were the *Babe* and *Garreth* 2½ raters. Mr. Payne was architect of three Royal Cup winners—*Corsair*, 40-tonner, which, under Admiral Montagu's flag, won the Queen's Cup at the R. Y. S. regatta at Cowes in 1892, by time, against the German Emperor's *Meteor* I.; *Caprice*, 20-tonner, which gained the Royal trophy for Sir Henry S. King on the Thames in 1899, and was a very successful racing boat; and *Leander*, the Hon. Rupert Guinness's 98-ton yawl, which won the first cup given to the Royal Yacht Squadron by King Edward after his accession. His largest racing venture was the *Tutty*, 65-footer, built in 1898; and other vessels which brought him fame were the *Penitent*, 52-footer; *Gloria*, 20-tonner (now in Toronto), which brought the *Coupe de France* from the Mediterranean; and *Laurea*, which successfully defended that trophy in the two following seasons, under the flag of the Royal Temple Y. C.; *Balcena*, *Gauntlet*, and *Camellia*, 52-footers; the fine, bold cruiser *Betty*, built for Mr. John Gretton, M. P.; *L'Esperance*, yawl, built for the Earl of Dunraven, and afterwards owned by Prince Henry of Prussia; *Vendetta*, 40-rater, built for Admiral Montagu; *Emerald* and *Girleen*, 36-footers; *Mayfly*, 2½-rater; *Palmosa*, a handsome cruiser, turned out last year; and many others which illustrated his genius. Among the numerous other vessels he designed may be named: *Artemis*, 91-ton yawl; *Bertha*, 91-ton yawl; The Earl of Dunraven's two *Cariads*; *Heartsease*, yawl; *Javelin*, ketch; *L'Allegra*, *Endrick*, *Flavia* and *Polynia*, 36-footers; *Hyacinth*, *Isola*, *Seabird* and *Siesta*, yawls; *Chimera* and *Eleanor*, s.s.; *Lady Nan*, *Vanda*, *Nan*, *Nepenthe*, *Papoose*, the two *Banbas*, *Bandicoots* I. and II.; *Wayward*, *Valeria*, *Chiquita*, *Chough*, *Guenora* and *Alwida*. Mr. Payne was only forty-five years of age. He was twice married, and leaves a widow, a son (who is following the same profession), and three daughters. The funeral took place on Saturday afternoon in Southampton Cemetery, the remains being followed to the grave by deceased's son, his two brothers, Messrs. J. and S. Payne, his partner, Mr. W. Summers, and about sixty employees of the firm of which he was a director. Mr. J. G. Fay, several yacht captains and others identified with yachting joined in the cortege and assembled at the graveside.

At the annual meeting of the Keystone Y. C., of Woodmere, L. I., the following officers were elected: Com., John J. Wood; Vice-Com., Frank K. Walsh; Sec., Charles S. Wright; Treas., William H. E. Jay; Governors, John J. Wells, John J. Wood, Charles S. Wright and William H. E. Jay; Treas., Dr. E. C. Smith.



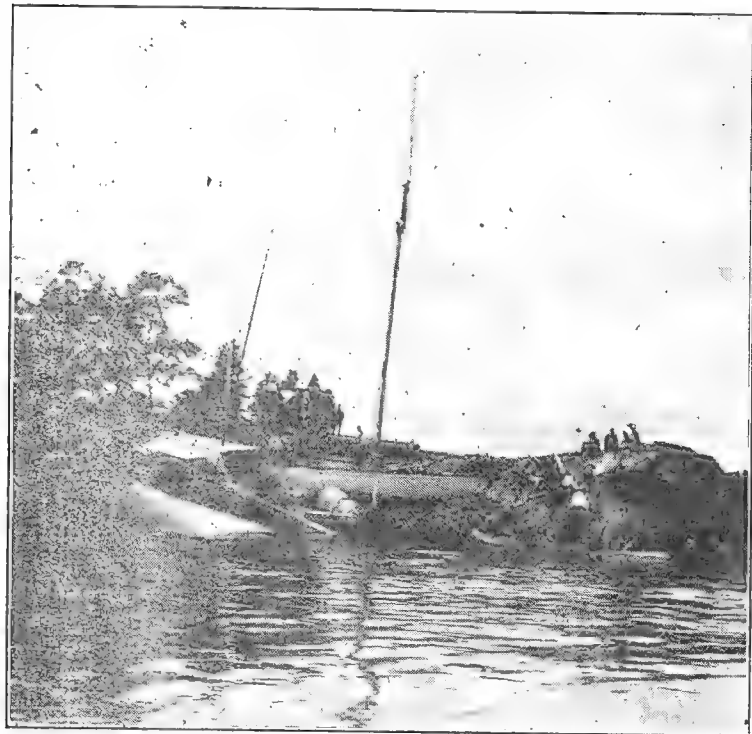
ELECTRA.

Owned by George H. Frazier. Designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., 1900.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

Damage Done by the Recent Gale.

THE recent heavy southeast gale that visited the vicinity of New York on Wednesday, Sept. 16, did great damage to the yacht fleet.

The Gravesend beach shows working schooners and



THE WRECK OF THE STEAM YACHT FULCONIS AND THE SLOOP CORLETTA.

yachts piled promiscuously along the shore. One large schooner capsized lies off the beach with one side and her topmasts partly above water.

Some yachts sank at their moorings, others came almost unharmed, high and dry on the sand—others, and there were only too many so—came in against the piers and walks and ground themselves all to splinters.

Upon Long Island Sound, Echo Bay, at New Rochelle, shows every one of the three floats smashed to bits.

Adelaide, owned by J. Dwyer; Sneaker, F. W. Vulte; Kazabo; N. Vulte, and several rowboats ground to-



PYXIE ON THE ROCKS WITH HER STARBOARD SIDE TORN OUT.

gether on the beach. Gossip dragged in on the rocks and sank in deep water. Others ashore were the Carrie, Sasqua, Katrina, Nonie, Abcona and Edna.

Off Larchmont things were just as lively as our illustration will show. Pyxie, 23ft. waterline, 36ft. over all, designed by Mr. Wm. Gardner for Mr. Oswald Sanderson and built by Wood, of City Island, in 1892, came ashore and pounded all her starboard side in on the rocks at Umbrella Point.

The sloop yacht Corletta went high and dry among the rocks farther around the point in a little cove, with the exception of a chewed up keel, a bent rudder and broken bowsprit, she was not much damaged, but the steam yacht Fulconis, launched from City Island about a month ago for Mr. C. W. Holtz, came ashore at the same place and broke all to pieces, blocking the Corletta. The steamer's bow was chewed all to splinters, her decks broken up, making a total wreck of her.

C. G. DAVIS.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Mr. Charles Barton Keen, a Philadelphia architect, has prepared plans for two buildings for the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia, at Essington. They will consist of a two-story stone and frame storehouse, 96 by 44ft., and a one-story stone and frame sparhouse 41 by 26ft. The cost of the two will be \$6,000.

The New York Nautical College, of New York City, has established a department for instruction in yacht design. The course will be conducted by Mr. George Crouse Cook. Three general courses have been arranged to meet the requirements for the design and construction of both steam and sail yachts. The training to be given in the courses will be very practical, and each student will be thoroughly grounded in the knowledge of elemental and advanced yacht calcula-

tions relating to displacements, centers, stability, strength and propulsion; the types and methods of hull construction in wood and steel, and the theoretical principles of design. Between two and three months are required to complete each course, and day and evening classes can be arranged to suit the students.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle and Revolver Matches at the Old Guard Fair.

THE shooting committee appointed by Major S. Ellis Briggs, chairman of the executive fair committee of the Old Guard, to build galleries for rifle and revolver shooting in the basement of the Madison Square Garden and plan matches to be shot during the Old Guard fair, which will occupy Madison Square Garden throughout the week opening Monday, Oct. 5, has almost perfected its plans. The shooting committee is presided over by Col. Leslie C. Bruce, of the Old Guard, who recently led the American Rifle team to its great international triumph at Bisley, England. Capt. Thomas W. Timpson is vice-chairman, and Lieut. Lee R. Townsend, secretary-treasurer. The other committeemen are: Capt. George E. Libbey, Capt. James C. Summers, Lieut. Fred C. Seybel, Lieut. C. H. Rockwell, Lieut. Thomas H. Keller, Lieut. J. W. Miller, Sergt. Fred T. Adler and Sergt. James McNevin.

The committee has contracted for the building in the Garden of the most complete outfit of ranges and accessories for rifle and revolver shooting ever erected for an indoor temporary occasion. The ranges will be in charge of the Zettler Brothers, and will be opened at 1 o'clock and until 11 o'clock P. M. each day of the fair.

The committee has already secured cash and merchandise prizes, the latter chiefly guns, revolvers and shooting equipments, amounting in value to over \$1,000.

The events—details and prizes to be published later—already arranged are: Rifles—Continuous match, open to all; souvenir point target match, open to all; 50-shot interscholastic match, open to pupils of any school, for special prizes. Revolvers—Re-entry continuous match, for any revolver, to be shot on Standard American target. Rapid-fire match. It is probable that the committee will add to this list and that the additions may include both rifles and revolver competitions for the members of the press visiting the fair.

Mr. E. I. Kennedy won the gold medal, Mr. W. W. Wobbert the silver medal, and Mr. James Porter the bronze medal at the regular monthly shoot of the Cumberland Valley Rifle Association, Sept. 26.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

- Oct. 1-2.—Jersey Shore, Pa., Gun Club shoot.
- Oct. 1-2.—Austerlitz, Ky.—Two-day live pigeon tournament of the Hill Top Gun Club. Geo. W. Clay, Sec'y.
- Oct. 3.—Harrisburg, Pa.—Team race, Lykens vs. Harrisburg.
- Oct. 6-7.—Des Moines, Ia.—Two-day shoot of Messrs. Whitney & Milner.
- *Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.
- Oct. 6-7.—Kansas City, Mo.—First Grand Afro-American Handicap of the Afro-American Trapshooters' League. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y.
- Oct. 7.—Sheepshead Bay, L. I.—Three-man team race for target championship; three-man teams of the East.
- Oct. 8-9.—Dalton, Ohio, Gun Club's fifth annual tournament. H. Santmyer, Mgr.
- Oct. 8-9.—Clinton, Ont., Gun Club's thirteenth live-bird and target tournament; \$300 guaranteed. J. E. Cantelon, Sec'y.
- Oct. 8-10.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association. F. B. Cunningham, Mgr.
- Oct. 9-10.—Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association's seventeenth annual tournament. A. H. Roberts, Sec'y.
- Oct. 9-10.—Tournament of the Olney, Ill., Gun Club; prizes and added money. J. W. Marks, Jr., Sec'y.
- Oct. 9-10.—Sixteenth annual fall tournament of the Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association. A. H. Roberts, Sec'y.
- Oct. 11.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Opening all-day shoot of the Fulton Gun Club.
- Oct. 13.—Muncie, Ind.—Fall tournament of the Magic City Gun Club.
- Oct. 13-14.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club fall tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
- Oct. 13-15.—Omaha, Neb., Gun Club's twelfth annual tournament. W. D. Townsend, Sec'y.
- Oct. 14-15.—Baltimore, Md.—Ninth annual tournament of the Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association; targets and live birds; \$100 added; open to all. J. R. Malone, 2671 Penn. Ave.
- Oct. 14-17.—West Baden, Ind., Gun Club tournament; \$500 added. John L. Winston, Mgr.
- Oct. 15.—Batavia, N. Y.—Holland Gun Club annual fall tournament.
- Oct. 20-22.—Paducah, Ky., Gun Club tournament. W. A. Davis, Sec'y.
- Oct. 23-24.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
- Oct. 23-25.—St. Louis, Mo.—Combination live-bird and target shoot at Du Pont Shooting Park. Open to all. Special event, 50 live-bird handicap. Alec D. Mermod, Mgr.
- Oct. 26-31.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—First grand tournament of the National Gun Club; \$500 added. John M. Lilly, Pres.

*Members of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburgh.

**Members Southern Trapshooters' Game and Fish Protective Association. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y, Vicksburg, Miss.

1904.

Jan. 12-15.—Hamilton, Ont., Gun Club tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Carlisle, Pa., Gun Club, contemplates holding a tournament on Oct. 13.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager of the Interstate Association, was a visitor in New York on Friday of last week.

The Homer Gun Club, of Merchantville, Pa., began its fall series with a live-bird and target shoot at Maple Shade on Sept. 26.

At Mahanoy City, Pa., Sept. 26, John Kates defeated John Bettner, in a 7-bird match, scoring 6 to 3, and is reported to have won \$75.

Mr. B. D. Nobles, secretary of the Olean, N. Y., Gun Club, informs us that Oct. 13 and 14 are the dates for his club's forthcoming tournament.

Mr. W. P. Thomson advises us that the Hamilton, Ont., Gun Club will hold its shoot for 1904 on Jan. 12-15. The competition includes both live birds and targets.

Mr. J. S. Fanning, of the Lafin & Rand Powder Co., after a tour of many months, which comprised nearly all the States in the Union, has returned to New York.

The Independent Gun Club, of Easton, Pa., and the Lehigh Rod and Gun Club, of Bethlehem, Pa., will engage in a ten-man team contest at Easton, on the afternoon of Oct. 3.

The Holland Gun Club, Batavia, N. Y., has fixed upon Oct. 15 for holding their annual fall tournament. The members of the tournament committee are Messrs. J. B. Knickerbocker, Jay L. Robson and Harry Ames.

The cups offered by the Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Rod and Gun Club, for competition in the three-man team race of Oct. 7, will be on display in the windows of Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, 318 Broadway, in the near future. There is one for each member of the winning team.

The Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association are energetically preparing for their seventeenth annual tournament, Oct. 9 and 10. The hustling and skillful trade representative, Mr. Frank Lawrence, will act as tournament manager.

Mr. W. L. Alexander won the individual championship trophy emblematic of the championship of Perry county, at Duncan, Pa., Sept. 26. Messrs. R. Owens and F. Diebold tied with him on 22 out of 25; in the shoot-off Mr. Alexander won.

Mr. E. Hough has severed his business relations with FOREST AND STREAM, hence mail addressed to us at Chicago is subject to delay. We suggest to our correspondents that their letters to us be addressed direct to New York to insure prompt delivery.

Eight men strong, Sept. 26, of Poughkeepsie invaded Ossining with a purpose, one of a series, to collocate the cup. A mere matter of ten targets' difference in the team race was the obstacle which postponed the collocation. Ossining, 163; Poughkeepsie, 153.

Mr. J. R. Malone, 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore, Md., informs us that Oct. 14-15 have been fixed upon as the dates for the ninth annual tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. The competition will be at both targets and live birds; open to all. Added money, \$100.

Mr. George R. Haswell, Mayor of Circleville, O., was in New York several days of last week attending to official business. He left for his home last Friday. Mr. Haswell is eminent in the world of sportsmanship, he being secretary of the Ohio Field Trial Association and eminent as a skillful trapshooter.

The Magic City Gun Club, of Muncie, Ind., has issued the programme for its fall tournament, Oct. 13. There are twelve events, each at 15 targets, entrance \$1.50; purses divided 25, 20, 20 and 15 per cent. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Shells shipped to Mr. Claude Stephens will be delivered on the club grounds.

Mr. Carl Bittner, recently of the firm of Bittner & Jaeger, will leave for Suhl IV. 137, Germany, in the near future, where he will join Mr. Jaeger in business under the firm title of F. Jaeger & Co. Mr. Jaeger left New York recently, after completing all the preliminary arrangements for the manufacture of the single trigger in Germany.

At the Interstate Association shoot at Scranton, Pa., Sept. 23 and 24, Mr. J. A. R. Elliott won high average for the two days, 163 out of 175, on each day, 326 out of 350, an average of over 93 per cent. in most unfavorable weather conditions. Mr. L. J. Squier was second each day, 161 the first day, 157 the second day, an average of about 91 per cent.

The Chicago Gun Club weekly shoot last Saturday was marked by some good shooting. W. P. Stannard won first prize in the club shoot, making the only straight score. M. Parker took the second prize, and M. Zacker third. In a 15-target handicap Weart divided the first money with Parker and Stannard. Lem Willard won second money, and Dr. Morton won third.

The following, taken from a local paper, was included to us under date of Sept. 25, and will be a source of genuine pleasure to the many friends of Mr. Lockwood, who is famous as a skillful and true sportsman. The clipping recounts that "Mr. C. A. Lockwood, president of the Jamaica Water Company, Jamaica, L. I., who is staying at the Kolaneka Hotel, and Charles Fuller, of this city, have returned after a short hunting trip in the Adirondacks. The gentlemen brought back two deer, which are now on exhibition at John P. O'Neil & Son's meat market, Johnston, N. Y."

Secretary F. McHolloway writes us as follows: "The programme for the first tournament of the National Gun Club, of Indianapolis, to be held at French Lick Springs, Ind., Oct. 26-31, promises to be varied and interesting, and Mr. Taggart is said to have 'something up his sleeve' for the last day which he does not betray. The sterling silver sparrow and target trophies have been received and are now on exhibition in Indianapolis. Programmes will be mailed early in October, and will give time tables of trains between French Lick and Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville and Indianapolis."

The target tournament to be held at West Baden Springs, Ind., Oct. 14-17, under the management of the renowned trapshooting expert, Mr. J. L. Winston, has an attractive programme, not the least attractive part being \$500 added money. There are ten events each day, aggregating 175 targets and \$17.50 entrance. In the 100-target handicap, \$5 entrance, \$250 will be added. The moneys will be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

A correspondent writes us that "the Mountain Brook Gun Club, of Lykens, Pa., under the leadership of ex-Senator F. A. Thompson, have accepted an invitation from the trapshooters of Harrisburg to shoot a team race in Harrisburg, Oct. 3. In accepting the invitation, Mr. Thompson writes he will bring thirty shooters, who will shoot on the Lykens team. They will be met at the depot by the Harrisburg shooters and escorted to the hotel, where dinner will be served, after which they will be taken to the grounds of the East Side Shooting Association in a special car. It is the intention of the trapshooters of Harrisburg to do everything possible to make their visit a pleasant one."

In the great tournament of the Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club, held last week, the admirable trapshooter, Mr. W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., won high average at targets with a 97 per cent. performance, and the sparrow championship after a shoot-off with three others who were in the tie with him, namely, Snyder, Stilwell and Snipe. Mr. Geo. Roll, of Blue Island, Ill., won the English Hotel cup. He and Mr. A. C. Connor, of Pekin, Ill., tied on 98. Two shoot-offs were necessary to determine the winner. In the first shoot-off each scored 24 out of 25; second shoot-off, Roll 24, Connor 23. Mr. Chan M. Powers, of Decatur, Ill., won first highest amateur average by breaking 380 out of 400, a 95 per cent. performance. The professionals close up to Crosby were: Hirschy, 96½ per cent.; Heer, 95 per cent.; Budd, 94 per cent.; Heikes and Gilbert, 94½ per cent. The amateurs close up to Powers were: Connor, 93¾ per cent.; Le Compte, 93 per cent.; Roll, 92½ per cent.

The target tournament of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League, at Allegheny, Pa., Oct. 6 and 7, has a programme alike for each day, alternately 15 and 20 targets; entrance \$1.50 and \$2; targets, 2 cents, included in entrance. From each target trapped, one-half cent will be deducted in each event and added to the purse in that event. Paid representatives may shoot for targets only. Events 5 and 7, 50 targets, constitute the event for the W. P. T. L. trophy, a four-man team race. "\$125 added money. The North Side Gun Club will add \$5 to each event both days, and \$5 will be given to each of the five high guns shooting through the entire programme. Average money; open to all. Shells shipped prepaid, care of Chas. G. Grubb, No. 507 Wood street, Pittsburg, Pa., will be delivered to shooting grounds free of charge. To reach shooting grounds take Brighton road car, corner of Liberty avenue and Seventh street; get off at Davis avenue, and walk to the right."

The programme of the Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association's thirteenth annual tournament and convention will be sent to applicants by the secretary-treasurer, Mr. F. B. Cunningham, St. Joseph, Mo. The dates are Oct. 8-10. The first two days will be devoted to targets, twelve events each day, eight at 15 and four at 20 targets; entrance \$1.50 and \$2, and added money, \$5 and \$7. On the first day the two-man team contest for the L. C. Smith trophy will be the special feature. It is open to amateurs of the Association; 25 targets and \$2.50 entrance per man. On the second day the special event will be for a trophy, 100 targets, open to amateurs of Missouri, Kansas, Iowa and Nebraska State organizations. The third day is for live-bird competition. Event A is for the amateur State trophy, 15 birds, \$10 entrance, bird included, 30yds. rise. Event B, sweepstake, open to all, 25 birds, \$20 entrance, birds included; handicaps 20 to 32yds. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Targets 2 cents. Live birds, 25 cents. Rose system, targets and live birds, 7, 5, 3 and 2. "Guns, ammunition, etc., forwarded by express or freight, must be prepaid and billed to F. B. Cunningham, and shipped in care of the Brown Transfer and Storage Company. Duplicate bills of lading should be sent him, and all shipments will be delivered to grounds free of charge."

BERNARD WATERS.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Sept. 23.—The wind, blowing a gale from the north, raising the targets straight up in the air, it seemed, for half a mile, made hard shooting, and good scores were scarce to-day.

The event for the Marshall cup was well contested, three men. Traver, Perkins and Roberts, tying on 22 for first place.

In the next event Traver and Perkins each broke 23, but Perkins, having the advantage of a handicap of 2, scored 25, which made him the winner.

Scores follow; handicaps follow names:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Adrianse	8	6	7	10	8	10	9	20
Hans	9	5	6	6	..	4	7	15
Traver	10	9	..	10	..	7	..	8	22
Perkins, 2	9	7	8	..	7	22
Claymark, 5	..	5	6	6	7	..	3	..	7	8	20	..
Roberts, 4	..	5	9	7	22	20
Winans	..	3	5	..	7	7	17	..
Yates	1
Du Bois	8	7	7	19
Smith, 2	7	6	8	21
Marshall	7	7	5	12	15	19
Gorham, 1	8	6	20
Klein, 6	18

SNANIWEH.

Topeka Gun Club.

TOPEKA, Kans., Sept. 26.—Yesterday on the grounds of the Topeka Gun Club a live-bird shoot was programmed, in which six members participated. The afternoon was cloudy, and a stiff wind blew from the shooters to the traps, helping the birds wonderfully in their get-away. The pigeons deserve mention, inasmuch as they were a wonderfully tough, strong lot. They kept the shooters guessing, and J. Hill deserves great credit for his performance, as he shot a 20-gauge with but 2 drams of smokeless powder. The star performer was Mr. L. Biscoe, who struck his gait early, and kept his wonderful form throughout the shoot. He shot a 12-bore and ammunition of his own loading, with 3 drams of smokeless powder and No. 8 chilled shot. He drew his share of more than difficult shots, but it made no difference to him, and he centered the birds well, cutting them into rags time after time with the first barrel. He used his second but nine times. On the other hand, J. J. Gorman, considered by the club

as infallible, had the worst streak of missing ever witnessed on the grounds. He came without his gun, and shot every gun he could borrow, trying to find a happy medium. Also, his loads were defective, and unsatisfactory. They were factory loads of a popular brand, but evidently were aged and were undeniably slow. Gorman is standing a large amount of "joshing" just now with great fortitude. Hungate drew some corking birds, and his score of 19 out of 25 means some pretty good, hard shooting.

Only a man in perfect form could have won out with those pigeons, and the hard conditions. Five traps were used, the rise was 30yds., with 80yds. boundary. Biscoe's lost bird was dead out of bounds, hit hard with both loads. It spoiled a perfect score; but it wasn't his fault. The scores:

J. J. Gorman	220021110011001*001101121—15
L. Biscoe	1211221111020112*20121211—24
O. E. Hungate	0211221111020112*20121211—19
J. Hill	201010101102102121002120—16
Doc Williams	011112210020001112011*21—17

CHAS. H. MORTON.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I.—The main contest was for the State championship cup, in the challenge shoot, held on the grounds of the Pawtuxet Gun Club, Sept. 19. Mr. Joseph Armstrong was the preceding holder. There were fifteen contestants. Mr. Hugh B. Bain, of the Pawtuxet Gun Club, is now the State champion of Rhode Island and holder of the championship cup. He tied with Eugene C. Griffith, of the Pascoag Gun Club. Griffith did not care to shoot off the tie, and surrendered his claim and the title that accompanies the possession of the cup. Bain had challenged Joseph Armstrong, of the Pawtuxet club, the former holder of the trophy, and this shoot was the result.

The match began at 2 o'clock, and consisted of five races of 20 targets each. There was no limit to the number of shooters allowed in the event, so it was made the afternoon's shoot of the club's programme. There were several practice events.

Griffith opened with a clean score. Bain missed one in his first string, two in the second, three in the third, two again in the fourth, and finished strongly with 19 for his fifth string, a total of 91. Armstrong, who held the trophy, was sixth in the list, breaking 16 in each of his first three strings, missing but two in the fourth string, and breaking but 11 in the last string, for a total of 79. He was beaten by W. H. Sheldon, who also fell on his last string, making but 14 for a total of 82, and by H. Barstow, with 83, and Sherman with 84. The scores follow:

Bain	19	18	17	18	19	91	Winsor	17	15	15	16	15	77
Griffith	20	19	18	18	16	91	Montieth	18	13	14	18	11	74
Sherman	17	16	18	18	15	84	Scott	15	15	14	15	14	73
H. Barstow	15	17	18	18	15	83	Lambert	17	15	15	15	9	71
Sheldon	16	18	18	15	14	82	Ray	11	10	16	16	17	70
J. Armstrong	16	16	18	18	11	79	Johnston	15	12	11	13	14	65
Mead	14	12	18	17	17	78	Morris	14	12	15	11	11	63
W. Barstow	15	15	19	15	14	78							

The shooting was all at 16yds. Some of the runs made were unusually good.

Harrisburg Shooting Association.

THE Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association, one of the oldest shooting organizations in the State, if not the oldest, will hold their seventeenth annual tournament on Oct. 9-10. They are making unusual preparation this year, and expect to have the largest shoot in the State this year, excepting the State shoot. The different events will be shot from two magautraps. Special arrangements have been made to transfer the shooters from the trolley line to the shooting park by stages that will run every half hour. A caterer has been engaged to attend to the wants of the shooters. A very attractive programme has been arranged. One of the special features is a team race for \$85 in cash, open to teams of four men from any gun club in the State. Men shooting on teams must reside in the county that their club is located in. Any club can have two or more teams if they wish, but no member can shoot on more than one team. The \$85 will be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. among the four highest teams.

There will also be a cash prize of \$10 to high gun shooting through the programme the two days, open to amateurs only, and \$5 to next to low gun.

The shoot will be under the management of Mr. Frank Lawrence. The programme, which is a very neat little booklet, has embodied in it the game and fish laws of the State, and will be sent to shooters who intend attending the shoot. Address Mr. A. H. Roberts, secretary, corner Fifth and Camp streets, Harrisburg, Pa.

Winchester Gun Club.

WINCHESTER, N. H., Sept. 26.—At the Winchester, N. H., Gun Club tournament, held Sept. 24, the fine cup that the Peters Cartridge Company gave to the State of New Hampshire as a championship trophy at 100 targets, was the principal race of the day. This was a hot race from start to finish. The competition was under the worst of conditions of shooting; the day was dark and very cold, with a fierce wind, and the speediest of targets trapped.

The trophy was won by L. R. Nelson, Winchester, with a score of 84. J. W. Dickerson, Ashuelot, was a close second with a score of 83. Mr. Dickerson put up a gamy fight to the finish, the scores being tied at 97 shots.

Winning this trophy gives Mr. Nelson the State championship, and he also holds the State record at 100 targets, 95, made last season. This trophy is subject to challenge any time by any man in New Hampshire. The price of targets is the only fee charged for shooting for it.

F. D. LESURE, Sec'y.

Girard Point Rod and Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 26.—On the grounds near Point Breeze two events were shot. One at pigeons and one at crows. In the pigeon shoot, Mr. Edward Kelly killed 9 out of 10. The crows seemed to be a more difficult proposition, if one is to judge of it by the scores:

First event, 10 pigeons, 28yds. rise:

Kelly	2112111110—9	Emmons	1110221022—8
Willis	1210011212—8	Goddard	0222102201—7
Corrigan	1012120112—8	Avery	2022020202—6
Roletter	2012012212—8	Hubley	2220020202—6

Second event, 10 crows, 28yds. rise:

Roletter	2220121022—8	Goddard	1220020220—6
Emmons	0222222102—8	Kelly	0220211002—6
Willis	2202102120—7	Hubley	2012020222—6
Corrigan	0222012021—7	Avery	2202002200—5

The old farmer and his wife had agreed to separate. They had only one child. "Everything friendly?" inquired a neighbor. "Oh, yes," replied the old man, carelessly. "No trouble about making a fair division of the property?" "Oh, no. She gits the kid an' the canned fruit, an' I git the pig an' the apples. That's even enough, ain't it?"—Chicago Post.

Indianapolis Gun Club Tournament.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—The dedication tournament of the Indianapolis Gun Club was an unqualified success. There were manifested a most friendly feeling for it and for its entire success from its inception. All speak in high praise of the club as an organization and of the tournament as a good and interesting competition. Of the famous American team which defeated the Englishmen and Scotchmen in Great Britain not long since, seven were present, and Mr. Ernest Tripp, who was a member of the team, gave a banquet in honor of his fellow members on Monday evening.

The new club house and grounds were much admired for their completeness, and the general equipment for competition was perfect.

The moneys were divided as follows: 20-target events, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.; 15-target events, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

Sept. 22, First Day.

The famous expert, Mr. W. R. Crosby, was first average in the day's programme with 195 out of 200. The professionals had a purse of \$50 hung up for them, but they were debarred from the sweepstake moneys.

For the English Hotel cup three events, Nos. 4, 8 and 12, each target day, were shot. They aggregated 100 targets. Messrs. Heer, Hirschy, Spencer and Le Compte scored 192, a percentage of 96. Peck, Powers, Sunderbruch, Budd and Hughes scored 190, a percentage of 95. Crosby, Heer, Hirschy, Budd, Hughes and Spencer shot from the 16yd. mark. Le Compte from the 18, Peck 17, Powers 19, Sunderbruch 17.

C. O. Le Compte, of Eminence, Ky., led in the contest for the English Hotel cup. He broke 50 straight. George Roll, of Chicago, scored 49; C. H. Peck, Remington, Ind., 48; Ed Voris, Crawfordsville 47.

There was a large attendance of spectators, many ladies gracing the shoot by their presence and interest. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15
Rike	15	11	17	12	13	18	12	13	16	12	13	17
Le Compte	15	11	19	15	14	20	15	15	19	15	14	20
Willard	15	12	20	15	13	18	14	13	20	15	15	19
Ryan	15	15	18	14	14	20	15	13	19	15	13	18
Snipe	14	12	20	9	14	17	12	12	14	13	9	19
Powers	14	15	18	15	15	18	14	14	19	14	15	19
Parry	14	14	18	11	15	18	14	15	20	13	14	19
McIntosh	14	14	17	14	12	18	13	13	13	12	13	13
Trout	14	11	15	14	15	19	13	13	16	13	12	15
Spinney	14	13	16	13	13	19	12	14	18	14	15	16
Fleming	14	11	20	15	12	18	14	13	17	11	13	18
Jeffries	14	13	19	14	14	16	12	14	19	12	15	19
Peck	14	15	19	15	15	19	14	13	12	15	14	20
Wiggins	14	14	20	14	15	18	19	14	16	15	14	16
Snell	14	15	20	15	15	19	11	13	16	13	14	14
Wilcox	14	12	16	10	13	13
J Bell	14	13	16	13	12	17
Sunderbruch	13	14	19	15	13	20	15	15	20	14	14	18
H. Clark	13	13	15	9	15	15	13	12	17	13	6	14
A C Connor	13	13	18	16	14	20	12	15	18	15	13	19
A H Hill	13	14	20	13	14	19	16	14	17	12	12	18
Voris	13	12	18	14	15	19	10	12	15	14	15	19
Bush	13	13	19	11	15	19	12	15	20	12	13	..
Williamson	13	11	15	14	14	14	14	9	18	11	12	..
Faust	13	14	19	15	15	18	12	13	19	14	13	17
Veetmeyer	13	12	16	12	15	15	13	14	15	10	13	16
C Stephens	13	15	17	15	13	19	13	15	17	12	13	19
Dooley	13	13	15	13	13	18	14	13	17	15	15	19
Harcourt	13	13	17	11	12	17	11	12	18
Taylor	13	13	19	14	15	19	15	14	20	13	13	17
Nichols	13	12	17	12	11	20	13	13	18	13	11	..
Sheperdson	13	15	17	15	14	19	13	15	17	14	13	14
A E Spencer	13	13	18	14	10	17	10	14	15	12	15	..
Thomas	12	10	18	11	14	18	12	13	16	10	13	14
Erb	12	12	19	13	13	18	12	14	20	13	14	15
Raven	12	14	17	11	13	19	14	11	18	14	13	16
Rupel	12	15	18	14	15	19	12	14	18	15	13	17
Bailey	12	11	14	13	14	9	13	13	15	13	13	15
Zea	12	14	14	15	14	15	13	15	15	14	13	16
McGibben	12	12	16	14	12	15	13	13	14	10	14	19
Greenleaf	12	13	14	..	10	13	11	12
Stipp	12	15	19	12	14	19	12	12	19	15	13	..
Moller	11	11	14	10	12	18	13	13	15	13	13	16
R O Allen	11	13	16	14	15	19	15	12	15	12	13	17
Faran	11	14	18	10	14	18	14	11	15	13	11	12
Burmeister	11	14	18	10	14	19	15	13	18	14	13	17
Roll	11	13	16	14	13	20	12	15	20	14	14	20
Tripp	11	13	16	13	14	18	15	10	15	11	13	19
Cooper	11	12	18	15	13	18	13	14	17	13	15	17
Partington	11	14	19	14	11	15	13	14	18	11	13	17
Farrell	11	14	17	14	15	17	15	10	18	11	15	16
Gerlaugh	11	14	19	12	13	15	13	11	15	11	11	18
Smiley	11	12	15	11	14	16	13	13	17	12	13	16
Adney	11	14	18	12	12	18	..	12
C Stevens	11	14	18	12	15	18	13	14	18	11	..	17
Carmel	10	11	18	14	15	18	13	13	16	14	14	18
Nash	10	13	18	13	13	19	12	12	15	12	8	18
Hanagan	10	9	17	13	14	18	12	14	20	12	11	16
G Brown	10	13	17	10	10	13
Lewis	10	11	17	14	11	15	14	12	16
Schroyer	10	14	11	10	12	15	10	9
Cherry	10	9	..	11
Tippy	10	14	16	11	12	18	11	10	14	11	11	14
Lamme	10	12	17	13	15	16	10	12	18	11	11	..
Gambell	9	13	18	12	13	19	15	15	18	14	14	16
Wilhite	9	14	14	12	13	17	8	14	18	11	11	46
Huniston	9	11	16	13	15	13	13	12	16	11	14	16
E Brown	7	11	14	11	10	13	..	9	17	12	9	9
Faggot	7	12	20	10	15	13	11	13	18	10	14	12
M Morris	7	13	17	8	11	15
Crosby	15	15	20	15	14	20	13	14	20	15	15	19
Gilbert	14	15	20	13	14	20	14	14	19	11	15	18
Boa	13	15	17	10	14	18	14	14	15	15	10	19
Heer	13	15	20	14	15	20	14	14	20	15	14	18
Peck	14	15	19	15	15	19	14	13	17	15	14	20
Budd	15	14	20	13	13	18	14	15	20	13	15	20
Riehl	14	14	20	13	13	19	15	15	19	14	12	19
Waters	11	14	18	14	12	18	15	13	19	15	15	19
Lord	14	14	18	13	14	20	15	15	17	13	12	18
Michaelis	15	14	20	12	14	17	15	12	18	13	14	18
Heikes	14	14	20	15	14	19	13	14	19	15	14	18
Hughes	14	14	20	14	14	20	13	13	19	15	15	19
Dreihis	13	13	18	13	15	18	12	14	18	14	14	19
Phellis	15	13	18	15	15	20	15	15	17	13	14	19
Trimble	13	12	20	13	14	17	15	14	18	14	15	19
Hirschy	14	13	20	15	15	20	13	15	19	15	15	18
Spencer	14	12	19	15	15	20	15	15	20	14	15	18
Head	13	11	15	14	14	18	14	14	19	15	15	17
Anthony	15	11	18	12	9	17	12	12	15	11	15	16
Rohler	11	11	16	9	10	12	11	8	13	11
McDonnel	11	12	19	14	15	16	12	11	..
Verbarg	14	13	16	15	14	17
Short	12	15	17
Mose	12	11	16	7	14	16
Maloney	13	13	9	12
Vands	14
Vilson	13



INDIANAPOLIS GUN CLUB'S HOUSE—LABOR DAY, 1903.

There was quite a readjustment of handicaps on the second day. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20
Gambell, 17	12	12	18	15	14	17	15	14	17	12	14	18
Sunderbruch, 18	12	13	18	13	12	14	12	14	18	8	12	19
Waters, 16	15	15	18	15	15	19	14	14	20	14	13	20
Dreih, 16	13	15	18	12	14	19	14	13	16	14	13	18
Faran, 16	11	12	17	13	13	13	13	19	12	13	17	
Marshall, 16	13	12	18	15	15	18	15	14	20	13	15	13
Budd, 16	14	15	18	13	15	20	15	19	12	14	19	
Burmeister, 16	10	14	17	12	13	18	14	12	17	13	14	16
Riehl, 16	14	13	13	14	15	20	15	14	18	14	13	20
Stipp, 16	15	15	15	12	13	19	15	15	20	13	15	18
Parry, 18	12	12	19	11	12	17	15	14	17	14	12	17
Thomas, 17	10	10	18	12	10	15	13	12	17	14	15	18
Bush, 17	10	13	16	13	13	17						
C R Stephens, 17	14	13	18	15	15	19	15	14	18	13	14	15
Partington, 17	14	14	17	10	14	18	12	13	18	15	13	18
Heikes, 16	15	14	20	14	14	20	13	13	20	14	14	18
Anthony, 16	13	14	16	14	13	18	14	14	18	13	14	17
Hughes, 16	15	15	18	13	11	17	15	13	18	13	14	20
Heer, 16	15	14	20	12	15	19	14	15	18	15	15	20
Crosby, 16	14	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	18	13	14	19
Hirschy, 16	15	15	20	15	14	18	15	15	20	15	13	20
Gilbert, 16	15	15	18	15	15	20	15	13	17	14	15	19
Boa, 16	10	15	18	15	13	20	13	11	20	10	12	19
Shepardson, 19	13	11	19	12	11	18	15	12	18	14	11	18
Le Compte, 19	10	15	20	15	13	19	15	14	17	11	14	17
Willard, 19	15	14	16	13	14	19	15	13	16	14	15	19
Powers, 19	13	15	18	13	15	20	13	15	20	14	15	19
Roll, 18	15	15	18	15	14	20	13	14	16	14	14	20
Voris, 17	13	14	18	12	13	19	15	14	19	13	14	17
Head, 16	15	14	15	11	13	15	13	12	20	14	13	15
Lord, 16	12	13	17	11	13	19	15	10	19	12	12	19
Trimble, 16	15	13	17	15	14	18	12	15	20	15	13	19
Raven, 17	13	14	16	11	12	19	14	12	17	14	13	15
Tripp, 16	14	8	16	10	15	18	11	13	16	12	14	18
Wiggins, 18	15	15	19	12	14	16	10	15	15	12	12	18
Faegott, 16	13	12	14	11	11							
Gus, 16	10	12	18	11	12	17	13	12	12	11	13	16
Jeffries, 17	14	13	17	13	11	15	14	15	16	12	13	17
Snell, 17	9	13	17	12	13	17						
J Taylor, 17	13	11	20	13	14	19	14	15	19	15	12	19
Spinney, 16	15	12	16	14	13	18	13	9	16	13	13	17
Wilcox, 16	13	13	14	12	9	17						
Farrell, 16	12	12	16	11	14	17	13	13	15	14	12	16
Pohler, 16	6	9	10									
McGibben, 16	11	14	18	14	11	16	14	11	14	11	15	17
Hanaghan, 16	14	11	14	13	10	16	8	13	17	13	11	18
Mose, 16	12	12	18	12	13	16	7	11	13	9	9	7
Faust, 18	13	14	18	15	13	17	15	14	19	15	15	20
Ryan, 18	10	12	17	14	13	19	10	12	17	13	14	19
Peck, 18	12	13	15	15	15	17	13	13	18	14	11	19
Connor, 17	11	15	20	15	14	18	14	15	18	13	14	19
Kirby, 17	13	11	16	12	11	15	12	13	18	14	15	17
Pike, 17	14	14	18	14	14	16	14	12	17	15	14	17
Michaelis, 17	13	15	19	13	11	17	13	13	18	13	14	18
Fleming, 17	13	14	17	13	12	18	13	13	17	12	14	19
Butler, 17	14	11	17	14	12	19	13	14	19	14	14	18
Ruple, 17	14	12	15	13	15	18	13	15	17	13	15	17
Gerlaugh, 16	12	14	19	13	13	19	14	14	16	9	11	19
Nichols, 16	14	13	18	14	12	20	13	14	18	12	15	16
Zea, 16	12	14	14	15	12	18	15	17	11	12	16	
Veetmeyer, 16	11	11	17	15	11	19	13					
Verbar, 16	14	10	15	11	14	14	9	12	8	13	17	
Tippy, 17	12	12	12	14	10	16						
Smiley, 16	11	13	11	14	11	12	13	8	10	14		
Willie, 16	13	15	18									
Zink, 16	11	9										
Hamilton, 16	14	14	18	14	14	19	15	15	18	14	14	19
Phellis, 16	8	9	18	10	14	19	11	9	18	13	15	16
Clark, 17	11	13	16	11	14	17						
Sherwood, 16	13	10	15	9	10	13						
Gregory, 16	14	10	17	14	12	17						
Short, 16	10	11	17	14	14	17	13	13	14			
Carmel, 16	9	12										
Brown, 16												
McStilwell, 16												
Griffith, 16												
Kelly, 16												
Trout, 16												
Neal, 16												

The conditions governing the cup, won by Geo. Roll, are as follows:

The English Hotel management has generously donated to the Indianapolis Gun Club, for competition by amateurs, from the States of Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois and Kentucky only, a beautiful sterling silver cup, to be known as the English Hotel Cup, and under the following conditions: The cup to be first shot for at the dedication tournament of the Indianapolis Gun Club, Sept. 22, 23 and 24, 1903. The initial contest to be decided in events Nos. 4, 8 and 12 of the first day, and events 4, 8 and 12 of the second day, a total of 100 targets. Interstate revised rules to govern. In case of a tie, contestants to shoot off tie at 25 targets. Each contestant in tie to pay for his own targets. The winner will be required to give approved bond for the safe custody of the cup. Any amateur residing in either of the five States named may challenge for the cup by sending \$10 forfeit to the secretary of

the Indianapolis Gun Club, Indianapolis. If the directors of the club consider the challenger eligible, they will immediately notify the holder, who will accept within ten days of the receipt of the challenge, forward \$10 to the secretary, and name a date for the match, within thirty days of the acceptance of the said challenge. Should the decision be against the challenger, his money will be returned. On the day of the match each party will put up an additional \$10, the winner to take the trophy and the stake. In all contests for the cup, at any but the annual Indianapolis Gun Club (cup contest) tournament the two contestants shoot from the 16yd. mark and at 100 targets, unknown angles, per man. In case of a tie, contestants will shoot at 25 targets, unknown angles, each, and repeat until the match is decided. The settlement for the targets will be arranged by the contestants. Should the holder fail in any of the above conditions, the cup is forfeited to the challenger. At the regular annual (cup contest) tournament of the Indianapolis Gun Club the holder of the cup must deliver same to the club officials for open amateur competition, and on the same plan as the initial contest. No challenge will be considered after the holder has been notified to return the cup for the annual tournament. Any question arising not clearly set forth in these conditions to be referred to the board of directors of the Indianapolis Gun Club. All contests for this cup must be settled on the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club.

Sept. 24, Third Day.

The third day was devoted to competition at sparrows. To the shooter making the highest general average of the programme the Indianapolis Gun Club presented a beautiful trophy emblematic of the sparrow championship of the world. The list of entries was large, and in consequence, two of the programme events were cut out. The great shot, Mr. W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., won the sparrow championship. Snyder, Stilwell and Snipe were tied with Crosby after the regular programme had been finished, each with a score of 67 out of 70. McStilwell, of Crawfordsville, in the last round seemed to be a sure winner, but he missed his final bird, and thus dropped back to 67.

In the shoot-off Crosby's opponents each killed 14. It was the most stubbornly fought contest at sparrows that has been witnessed in years.

Crosby was greeted with a cheer from the shooters present when the race was decided.

The Indianapolis Gun Club officers and members were roundly congratulated by all of the shooters present. All agreed the ground is an ideal one for the Grand American, and every visiting shooter who faced the traps is an ardent supporter of the movement to bring this event here. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Shot
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	at. Broke.
Voris, 27	8	12	11	13	14	70 59
Wiggins, 27	10	13	14	13	14	70 64
Head, 27	9	10	14	12	14	70 64
Le Compte, 27	9	13	15	12	15	70 64
Michaelis, 27	9	12	10			40 36
Waters, 27	6	13	11	12		55 42
Hanaghan, 26	7	12	10			40 29
Gambell, 26	8	12	13	10		55 43
Peck, 26	8	9	10	13		55 38
Smiley, 26	8	11	11	9		55 39
Helm, 25	6	14	10			40 30
Habich, 25	7	9	10			40 26
Zea, 25	9	14	14	14	14	70 65
Hudson, 25	8	9	11	14		55 42
Nichols, 25	7					10 7
Stevens, 25	9	14	13	14	15	70 65
Clark, 27	9	15	12	13	15	70 65
Rieple, 27	9	14	12	13	15	70 62
Willard, 28	10	14	15	13	14	70 66
Roll, 28	8	15	10	15	15	70 63
Moller, 26	9	12	13	15	13	70 62
McIntosh, 26	8	14	14	13	14	70 63
Rike, 26	10	13	12	15	13	70 63
Burmeister, 26	10	10	6			40 26
Snipe, 28	10	14	14	14	15	70 67
Powers, 28	8	14	14	14	14	70 64
Phellis, 28	9	13	14	15	14	70 65
Heikes, 28	7	11	15	13	15	70 60
Gilbert, 29	7	11	14	15		55 47
Crosby, 29	9	15	14	15	14	70 67
Hughes, 28	7	14	12	15		55 48
Heer, 28	8	13	13	13		55 47
Marshall, 28	7	13	14	13		55 45
Budd, 27	7	11	14	13		55 45
Hirschy, 29	9	13	14	15		55 51
Veetmeyer, 26	6					10 6
Partington, 26	9	13				25 22
Snyder, 26	10	14	14	14	15	70 67
Washburn, 26	9	11	12	13	13	70 68

Stilwell, 26	10	15	14	14	14	70	67
Thomas, 26	9	13	12	13	15	70	62
Anthony, 27	8	14	11	15	..	55	48
Neal, 27	9	13	15	15	13	70	65
Shepardson, 27	8	13	25	21
Tripp, 27	7	13	13	8	14	70	55
Lord, 27	4	12	25	16
Hill, 26	8	15	15	14	12	70	64
Tippy, 26	9	12	25	21
Kirby, 26	7	10	7
Taylor, 26	8	14	12	40	34
McDaniels, 26	10	13	25	23
Gerlaugh, 26	9	14	12	40	35
M Morris, 26	10	14	14	13	..	55	51
Sayles, 26	6	13	12	13	13	70	57
Barrett, 26	..	9	15	8
D C Morris, 26	..	8	15	8
Littler, 25	..	10	15	10
Parry, 26	..	13	13	14	..	45	40
Zink, 26	..	13	15	13
Pfaffin, 26	11	14	..	30	25
Mac, 25	13	..	15	15	13
Boa, 27	15	14	12	45	39
Holtman, 25	11	..	15	11
Leeb, 25	13	..	15	13
Trout, 25	14	..	15	14

Interstate at Scranton.

SEPT. 25.—The closing tournament of the Interstate Association series for the season of 1903 was held at Scranton, Pa., Sept. 23 and 24, under the auspices of the Scranton Rod and Gun Club, and it was even more successful than had been anticipated. There were forty-eight different entries the first day and thirty-two the second day, and over one thousand persons witnessed the shooting the afternoon of the first day, the crowd being so large that it was difficult for the contestants to get to the firing points at times. The second day of the tournament was cold and dreary, with every indication of rain, and this kept down the attendance. One set of traps, Sergeant system, was used, and the targets were thrown 50yds. The background was very poor, and some of the scores made do not look well in print, especially when you generally see straight scores recorded for these same contestants.

The first day, among the manufacturers' agents, J. A. R. Elliott was high with 163 out of 175 shot at. L. J. Squier was second with 161, and J. M. Hawkins and E. D. Fulford were third with 158. Fred Coleman was high amateur with 155. Harris was second with 150, and Shoemaker third with 146.

The second day Elliott was again high man of the manufacturers' agents with 163, Squier second with 157, and Hawkins third with 154. The high amateur was Harris with 140, Coleman second with 137, and Fen Cooper third with 136.

The trade was represented by Messrs. Frank Lawrence, J. M. Hawkins, Neaf Apgar, E. D. Fulford, L. J. Squier, Sim Glover, H. H. Stevens, J. A. R. Elliott, J. R. Hull, Capt. A. W. Money, Edward Banks, T. H. Keller, Geo. Benjamin and O. Stull.

The scores of both days follow:

Sept. 21, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	25	25			
Apgar	11	11	19	14	16	11	13	15	13	23	175	146	
Squier	12	14	20	14	20	13	13	19	13	23	175	161	
Hawkins	13	13	19	14	17	13	13	19	14	23	175	158	
Glover	14	15	17	14	18	13	12	17	13	24	175	157	
Stevens	10	10	16	15	17	11	13	15	12	22	175	145	
Elliott	14	15	19	15	17	15	14	19	13	22	175	163	
Hull	12	13	19	14	17	12	13	19	13	21	175	153	
Money	11	11	13	8	13	11	12	12	8	17	175	116	
Coleman	11	13	18	13	18	12	15	18	15	22	175	155	
Banks	13	14	19	13	17	15	13	17	13	22	175	156	
Fulford	14	14	18	14	16	12	13	20	15	25	175	158	
Mason	12	8	16	10	17	13	13	16	9	20	175	134	
Spencer	11	14	13	12	13	9	14	17	14	23	175	140	
Stroh	10	9	19	12	14	11	10	11	9	19	150	105	
Dally	10	12	15	15	13	11	10	15	11	16	175	128	
Bittenbender	13	11	17	9	13	9	14	14	12	17	175	129	
Langdon	7	13	19	13	15	12	12	12	9	13	175	125	
Shoemaker	10	12	17	12	19	13	13	17	12	21	175	146	
Harris	12	15	18	12	16	12	13	18	13	21	175	150	
Keller	11	12	13	9	17	12	10	13	14	20	175	131	
Cooper	12	12	17	13	16	12	12	15	14	23	175	146	
Cullen	11	9	18	11	15	14	11	15	10	18	175	132	
Wnoski	12	12	15	10	16	11	13	19	12	22	175	142	
W H Brown	10	13	19	12	14	11	9	11	9	19	115	93	
Klippel	11	11	16	9	16	9	9	8	10	17	175	116	
McNulty	9	7	16	12	17	10	13	14	11	19	135	98	
Haught	12	14	11	17	13	7	15	6	14	16	160	109	
Gorman	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	30	22	
Jackson	10	14	11	11	11	8	11	11	11	11	60	33	
Nichols	12	9	13	12	9	13	5	12	14	5	145	85	
Closs	12	12	12	12	14	15	10	10	10	10	65	51	
Griffin	10	8	10	8	13	10	10	10	10	10	50	29	
Stull	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	90	45	
Davis	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	50	35	
Robling	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	65	24	
Bower	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	50	34	
Cooper	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	8	
Weida	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	75	54	
Munroe	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	75	56	
Seward	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	50	38	
A Brown	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	50	40	
Kain	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	75	56	
Jones	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	8	
Moser	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	40	18	
Shotto	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	12	
Snowden	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	11	
Lewis	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	4	
Welles	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	18	

Sept. 22, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	15	25	at.	Broke.
Apgar	14	13	18	14	16	12	8	15	11	17	175	138
Squier	14	13	18	15	16	12	13	17	14	25	175	157
Hawkins	14	12	16	14	19	13	13	16	14	23	175	154
Glover	13	10	19	15	17	13	15	16	12	21	175	151
Stevens	11	9	11	10	13	9	9	15	10	14	175	111
Elliott	13	14	15	14	20	15	15	18	15	24	175	163
Hull	11	13	13	14	15	11	11	15	9	19	175	131
Money	8	9	12	9	13	6	10	10	10	10	100	57
Coleman	12	10	15	14	15	12	15	13	12	19	175	137
Banks	11	14	12	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	65	46
Fulford	12	13	15	11	17	11	12	18	12	21	175	142
Brown	12	13	14	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	50	39
Dally	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	30	18
Spencer	14	11	11	13	11	13	10	14	13	21	175	131
Keller	10	9	16	13	13	10	15	16	12	18	175	131
Bittenbender	9	10	17	11	16	11	4	15	10	20	175	123
Mason	11	8	9	7	13	11	12	14	11	21	175	117
Cooper	12	11	16	11	15	10	14	17	11	19	175	136
Shoemaker	8	13	13	9	12	10	10	10	10	10	85	55
Harris	12	14	17	14	17	11	12	16	10	17	175	140
Shotto	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	8
Spicer	10	17	12	17	12	12	18	12	20	160	130	
Boothe	9	12	12	13	10	9	13	7	18	160	103	
Von Storch	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	35	26
Padden	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10
Snowden	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	8
Griffin	10	10	10	10	10	10	11	10	10	10	35	21
Featherby	10	10	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	10	15	8
Rains	10	10	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	10	15	4
Langdon	10	10	10	10	10	8	16	11	21	10	75	56
Kelley	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	15
Davis	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	16

Scranton, Pa.—Delightful weather and a large attendance of both shooters and spectators marked the opening day of the Interstate tournament held at Scranton, Pa., on Sept. 23 and 24, and the thousand people present enjoyed themselves from Manager Shaner's "little speech" in the morning till Fulford's hat disappearing in the dim distance in the evening.

The trade representatives present were Messrs. Apgar, Squiers, Hawkins, Hull, Glover, Stevens, Elliott, Money, Fulford and Keller, with Frank Lawrence and Ed Banks on the side, the former to show the merits of the "patter gun."

The scores were good, but not phenomenal. High average was made by Elliott. The entry of amateurs in the money events was large, and it was 5 o'clock before the schedule was finished, Coleman carrying off the honors with a score of 155 out of a possible 175.

On the second day a gale of wind and a cold, raw temperature dampened the enthusiasm considerably, about half as many being present as on the first day; but those who did come saw some fine shooting by the professionals. No one could tell whether a target was going to skim along the grass or climb—the writer will make an affidavit that some of them did both—yet it made no perceptible difference in the scores of the visitors. Elliott again led with 163 out of a possible 175, the same score as he made on the preceding day, Squier and Hawkins, in the order named,

being close behind. Among the amateurs the entry was lighter than on the first day, and a number did not finish the events.

"They couldn't hit em, and what's the use." Mr. Harris was high man with a score of 140. The regular schedule was finished at 3 o'clock, and the balance of the day devoted to practice shoots.

This was the first Interstate shoot held in this section, and aroused a great deal of interest. Not a hitch or delay of any kind occurred—probably there couldn't under Mr. Shaner's management—and yet we'll know how to run the next one better.

Perry County Tournament.

SEPT. 26.—The Perry County Shooting Association held their regular monthly shoot at Duncanon, Pa., Sept. 26. About forty shooters participated in the different events. There were shooters present from Marysville, New Brunswick, Newport, Loysville, Landisburg, and Duncanon. About eight hundred spectators came out to see the shoot. The trade was represented by Mr. Frank Lawrence and Mr. J. M. Hawkins.

The individual championship trophy, emblematic of the championship of Perry county, was won by Mr. W. L. Alexander, who shot a tie off with Messrs. Owens and Diebold.

Dr. Morris and Mr. McKling tied with 14 each for the Ithaca gun. In the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Dr. Morris won. The five-man team race scheduled to come off started so late but two teams could enter; other teams that expected to enter had to leave to catch their train. The two teams that shot were Duncanon and Marysville. Teams of five men each, shot at 15 targets per man, Marysville winning by a score of 63 to 49. The next shoot of the Association will be held at Marysville, Pa., date to be published later.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	10	15	10	*	10	10	25	15	Broke.
W H Wilson.....	7	11	9	12	9	9	16	12	85
E M Beck.....	6	10	8	1	6	7	16	12	66
M Bower.....	6	13	6	3	9	20	12	12	...
J M Barnett.....	7	10	8	2	8	20	12	12	...
J R Hull.....	10	11	8	15	8	8	18	13	91
J S Magee.....	9	10	7	6	8	5	13	10	68
J G Martin.....	4	11	5	0	5	6	16	8	55
J A E Rife.....	6	12	9	4	4	3	18	11	...
R A McClure.....	5	7	8	1	7	9	9	3	...
W L Alexander.....	8	11	8	1	7	7	22	11	...
C A McKling.....	5	11	8	1	7	7	22	11	...
R Owens.....	9	13	8	1	9	10	22	12	84
F Diebold.....	5	10	8	0	6	7	22	13	71
F Beck.....	6	9	8	1	9	8	16	12	69
T Whitmore.....	6	11	7	1	6	8	16	11	66
J A McGee.....	7	11	7	1	6	8	16	11	...
B F Kell.....	3	8	6	1	4	7	15	11	...
F Wase.....	8	11	8	6	7	7	19	11	...
R H Sherman.....	5	8	9	1	6	6	14	11	...
R C Jones.....	4	7	6	1	6	6	14	11	...
F Stephens.....	6	10	7	1	7	5	11	11	...
Patrick.....	6	9	8	11	9	5	14	10	72
J Hawley.....	3	10	4	3	6	1	16	8	51
J L Eversol.....	8	11	7	1	6	8	16	11	...
M G Wise.....	6	10	7	1	6	8	16	11	...
McKelvin.....	9	7	0	5	9	11	14	11	...
C A Jones.....	4	7	6	1	6	6	14	11	...
G Young.....	4	7	6	1	6	6	14	11	...
Dr Morris.....	13	7	2	8	7	7	15	14	...
H Hartul.....	3	8	6	1	4	7	15	11	...
J Reifsnider.....	3	8	6	1	4	7	15	11	...
J J Wolf.....	6	10	7	1	7	5	11	11	...
Flurian.....	4	7	6	1	6	6	14	11	...
C Shearer.....	4	7	6	1	6	6	14	11	...
A Wolf.....	3	8	6	1	4	7	15	11	...
Hawkins.....	10	14	10	8	9	7	16	18	...
J Shuler.....	10	14	10	8	9	7	16	18	...
Gunster.....	10	14	10	8	9	7	16	18	...
A L Shearer.....	10	14	10	8	9	7	16	18	...
Rhensmith.....	10	14	10	8	9	7	16	18	...

IN NEW JERSEY.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 26.—The cash prize shoot of the Cincinnati Gun Club to-day had nineteen contestants. Mr. Ralph Trimble, from the 22yd. mark, scored 41 out of a possible 50, tying with Maynard, 18yds., and Randall, 16yds. The scores: R. Trimble (22) 41, Maynard (18) 41, Randall (16) 41, See (17) 38, Parker (18) 37, Falk (16) 37, Norris (16) 36, Gambell (20) 35, M. Lee (19) 35, Faran (18) 35, Harris (17) 34, Sunderbruch (20) 33, F. Trimble (17) 33, Roanoke (17) 33, Williams (17) 31, Ackley (16) 29, Jack (17) 29, Herman (17) 27, Jay Bee (16) 24.

Event 2, 25 targets:		
Gaskill, 2		1111101111101111111111-25
Lovett, 2		1111111111011111001101-22
Way, 4		1111111111010111101111-24
Hadkins, 4		1110110110110110110111-24
Housman, 8		1110110111111011011101-25
Hartman, 5		0110010101011110111010-20
Mahne, 4		1011011111111111111111-25
Mahlinkin, 8		1110101001000101111010-23
Slater, 3		1111111001111111111111-25
Acken, 9		1111011001111100110111-25
J. Goodman, 2		1011111110010111001001-18
A Goodman, 4		1011100111111111111100-25
Bolleschweil, 8		1110100000011101010000-18

Franklin Furnace, N. J., Sept. 26.—At the club shoot to-day the following scores were made. Shooting at 30 targets, Fred Southern broke 16, Andrew Wright broke 21. John Williams broke 20 and Frank Kishpaugh broke 15; each shot at 29. Will Pope broke 9 out of 12. Elmer Blake broke 6 out of 26. Harry Pope broke 13 out of 25, and L. Hawkins broke 2 out of the same number.

Pattensburg, N. J., Sept. 26.—The regular monthly shoot was held to-day. Three tied on 20 in the club event at 25 targets. In the shoot-off R. Stamets was first, N. Stamets was second. The scores:

Edgewater, N. J., Sept. 26.—Event 5 was a shoot-off of ties for silver cup; Glover defeated Eickoff, Truax defeated Morrison. Event 9 was the silver cup shoot, and handicaps apply to that event only.

Troy, Pa.—The tournament of the Troy Gun Club, held Sept. 16 and 17, had a programme whose total was 100 targets each day. Events 6 and 12 on the first day were extra. On the second day events 4, 12, 13, 14 and 15 were extra.

The boys are now working to have an interstate shoot held here, and can guarantee a good time and good accommodations. The following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Ballard	2	10	9	9	7	7	9	6	9	7	9	11
Al Budd	8	8	10	8	7	19	8	9	10	11
Neaf Apgar	9	10	10	10	24	10	9	10	10	10	2	..
Yates	6	7	3	6	5	..	1	8	3	..
Fanning	7	7	6	8	7	..	5	7	7	7	6	..
Woodworth	6	6	4	9	7
Lou Budd	4	7	6	7	5	9
Stowell	5	6	7	7	7	..
L Rockwell	9	7	..	8	7	8	6	5	..
O B Ballard	6	5
Gustin	5	3	..	5
Burr	7	10	..	7	7	9
Moore	2
I Rockwell	7	4	..
Parker	4	5

[illegible]

Mack	5	3	3	2	6	4	4	7	6	8
Woodworth	7	7	3	9	4	7	6	5	..	5	..	4
A Budd	9	8	6	8	6	9	7	8	8	10	6	8	8	4
Fanning	4
Stowell	6	..	7	8	6	5	7	9
Apgar	9	10	9	9	8	10	10	10	10	10	7	8	9	..
Yates	..	8	..	4	6
L Rockwell	7	7	5	5	7	5	6	8	7	8	7	4
W B Ballard.	6	7	9	6	7	8	8	9	8	7	..
D Budd	7	7	7	7	6	3
Bun	8	8	8	7	8	7	9
Dr Barker.	6	8	6	6	6	6	5	4	1
D B Bullard.	7	7	7	8
O L Krise.	4
W Sargent	2	5	5	5

Pollard	1111111101011100111111	-21
Thomas	1100110111111100101111	-19
Dr Meek	1111111111110101111111	-23
Wilson	1011111111110010111111	-21
Smedes	11111110110111110100111	-20
Snyder	101111111111001001111001	-18
A McGowan	1111110101000010001011	-15
Eaton	11110011001101111111111	-20
Birkland	10111001100110111111001	-16
F Wolff	1111110111111111111111	-22
McWilliams	0000000100000001000000	-3
Furgison	11110011010011	
McKinnon	1011110011110101011110	-18
Stone	011001101010011111101	-16
McDonald	1001111011011111011111	-20
W Jones	10010101001001101000010	-11
Bates	01110010000100111001100	-12
Wakeman	1111010010111111101011	-19

FREDERICKTOWN, O., Sept. 24.—A copy of the scores made at the shoot, held here Sept. 22 follows. The club had an ideal day for holding the tournament, with light attendance. All parties were perfectly satisfied with everything, and everything passed off nicely:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	10	15	10	15	20	15	10	15	10	20	15	15	Broke.
Darling	7	14	10	11	18	13	7	15	9	19	15	13	151
Purbaugh	7	12	9	15	18	13	9	13	9	18	14	14	151
Hulshizer	6	14	7	15	15	13	10	14	10	18	14	13	148
Dague	9	10	9	14	15	14	6	15	10	16	13	15	146
Fletcher	9	12	9	14	16	10	7	11	10	16	15	15	144
Singery	9	11	9	12	19	10	10	12	8	15	13	15	143
Campbell	8	12	9	12	17	13	8	14	7	17	12	13	142
Bottenfield	8	14	8	14	16	12	8	9	9	14	13	13	138
Couter	5	9	8	12	17	12	7	10	10	16	9	15	130
E Rinehart	7	12	8	6	14	10	10	8	9	12	6	5	105
Harris	6	11	19	15	9	8	10	20	14	13	125
Struble	8	15	10	12	17	13	10	11	15	14	125
Derry	8	11	8	9	..	14	8	8	12	98
Zeig	9	12	8	12	..	11	6	13	9	16	96
A Rinehart	8	10	8	12	10	11	15	12	85
Say When	7	..	8	11	..	11	9	..	9	12	67

We are informed that at the Williamsport, Pa., shoot, Sept. 16, 17 and 18, all the high averages were made by shooters using Winchester factory loaded shells. Of the expert class, H. L. Stevens, J. A. R. Elliott and J. Fanning broke respectively 463, 462, and 460 targets out of 480 shot at. At the practice shoot of the Charlotte Gun Club, held at Latta Park, Sept. 18, J. E. Crayton broke the amateur record of the South by breaking 96 out of 100 targets from the 29yd. mark. At the Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club shoot, Sept. 22 and 23, Chauncey M. Powers broke 100 straight, a perfect score, in the preliminary match. Mr. W. R. Crosby missed only four out of 200 targets shot at, and Mr. Spencer missed only 6. All these gentlemen used Winchester factory loaded shells.

People who are interested in yachting know no seasons. In they are not getting their yachts in commission or racing or cruising, they are considering models and plans, or are building their new yachts. That the season for this is at hand, is shown by the advertisement this week of Messrs. Burgess & Packard, Naval Architects and Engineers, who attend to the purchase, sale and alteration of old boats, as well as to the designing of new ones.

The ideal Duck Decoy has long been sought for, and there are few gunners who have not given thought to devising something different, and better, than the old wooden decoys, to which, however, most of us still cling. The Acme Folding Canvas Decoy, manufactured by the St. Louis Manufacturing Co., seems to possess very useful qualities, and the description given of it is very attractive.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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THE CONNECTICUT TRESPASS LAW.

It is interesting to observe the workings of the popular mind on matters of game protection as expressed in the acts of various State Legislatures now constantly being passed. Twenty years ago little or nothing of this sort was seen. The Legislatures of the different States then contented themselves with making laws providing close and open seasons for different species of game and fish, and providing also protection for what were loosely termed "insectivorous" birds. But further than this they did not go. A little later, in response to the call of the FOREST AND STREAM, came efforts to prohibit the sale of game—now adopted by most States. Then followed, here and there, efforts to limit the bag, and to prohibit the exportation of game. Meantime the suggestion was raised that non-residents who wished to hunt within a State should pay a certain license, and this, as a ready means of raising money by a tax levied on someone else, became popular and has been adopted in many States. In some States, too, the resident is required to take out a license for killing certain game.

An Act passed last summer by the Connecticut Legislature, although recently quoted in FOREST AND STREAM by a correspondent, has not attracted general attention, nor have its bearings been fully understood outside of the State. As is well known, Connecticut possesses a great number of towns, large and small, many of which are devoted to manufactures. These towns are usually within easy reach of country districts where there is more or less shooting and fishing; or, at least, where there is open land, with birds and streams, and pastures and woodlands. On their holidays or on Sundays many operatives from these towns, and, to a still greater extent, the foreigners who work on the railroads, or who carry on various small businesses, have been in the habit of spreading themselves over the land, enjoying the country, but incidentally doing more or less harm in their rambles over other people's land by killing song birds, destroying their nests, knocking down fences, and, in their search for the various desirable things, animal and vegetable, which are found in the country, doing much other damage.

This influx of more or less irresponsible strangers has become a great nuisance, and has resulted in a passage of the Act in question, Chapter 199 of the Public Acts of the State of Connecticut, which reads as follows:

Section 1. Every person who shall throw down or leave open any bars, gate, or fence upon the land of another, or who shall enter upon the land of another without permission of the owner, occupant, or person in charge thereof, for the purpose of hunting, trapping, fishing, or taking or destroying the nests or eggs of birds, or bee hunting, or gathering nuts, fruits or berries, shall be fined not more than fifty dollars, or imprisoned not more than thirty days, or both. The possession by any person, while trespassing upon the land of another, of a gun, dog, ferret, or fish rod shall be deemed prima facie evidence of his intention of hunting or fishing thereon.

Section 2. The owner, occupant, or person in charge of the land, or such persons as he may command to assist him, may arrest any person violating any of the provisions of the preceding section, and forthwith take him before some proper authority, who shall, upon complaint of the proper prosecuting officer, proceed to try such person.

Section 3. The owner, occupant, or person in charge of the land arresting any person, pursuant to the provisions of this act, shall be entitled to the same fees that are allowed by Section 4850 of the general statutes to constables for similar services, which fees shall be taxed as costs by the court before which the trial is had.

Approved June 22, 1903.

The obvious purpose of this bill is, first, to protect the land owner. The ways into his property must not be left open. Secondly, trespassing for the purpose of appropriating to one's own use the wild things living or growing on the land is forbidden, and punitive damages, or imprisonment, or both, are the penalty. The implements of fishing and shooting are prima facie evidence of an intention to violate the law. Third, the owner or tenant, or other person representing the owner, is clothed with

the powers of a constable to arrest anyone violating the law, and to see that he shall be tried for his offense, and this person making the arrest is entitled to the regular fee of the constable for a similar service, and this fee is to be included in among the costs of the trial.

The open season for upland game in Connecticut began October 1, and there has thus been little opportunity to judge as to how this law will work. It is interesting to learn, however, from the testimony of residents of Connecticut that during the first few days of the open season there has been, on protected land, and in its vicinity, very much less shooting than is commonly heard. In the past such shooting has largely been at squirrels, chipmunks, bluejays, and other small creatures, and probably has not done much toward reducing the game supply; but, on the other hand, it has been very annoying to land owners to be constantly obliged to follow up shooters and to warn them off the premises. Sometimes, too, shooters are impudent, and refuse to move away. At other times they appear to be foreigners, and not to understand what is said to them. If the existence of this Act becomes generally known throughout Connecticut, and if it appeals to the hard common sense of the average Connecticut farmer, it will undoubtedly do much to reduce the amount of powder burned in that State, and may well enough result in a very considerable increase of the State's game supply.

All these expressions of the popular will as to game and fish in the various political divisions of the country are well worth noticing, for each one has a direct bearing on the general situation in which the sportsman is so greatly interested. The present tendency of legislation is in the right direction, and while things may not move so fast as we would like, yet by their legislation the Federal Government and the States alike are constantly working toward better things.

It may confidently be said that had a law such as this been passed by the Legislature of New York State, certain atrocities which have recently taken place in the Adirondacks could never have happened.

OCTOBER DAYS.

THE birds are on the move. Night and day, through the golden mist of autumn sunshine, through the silver silence of the crystal-clear night, they slip joyously along the "King's highway." Often an observant eye may even detect the bee-like dash of a tiny hummingbird, as it mingles its flight with the flitting warblers and sparrows. In the chill of the morning, while the sunlight is struggling through the earth mist that so persistently clings to the lower levels, the bluejay appears to be the whipper-in, as it were, for it is his squalling voice that wakes the sleepy echoes and rouses the sluggish life that has apparently slackened in its quick flow through the veins of the tired host. Later, when the sun is in control; when the keen air has lost the sting of the early hours, every bushy lee that lies open to the genial warmth will have its little gathering of merry travelers, rustling the short grass or stretched with half-closed eye and extended wing in the delicious abandon of a sun bath.

Very charming to watch are these little circles where each individual appears to give itself up entirely to present enjoyment. The cosmopolitan make-up of these bush parties is striking. One will see the members of the aristocratic thrush family jostling with all comers in friendly contest for the warmer spots on which to bask. Often an autumn leaf loosing its slight hold on a nearby tree will drift down on the light air, till, reaching the eddy that draws about the copse where our little friends are resting, it loses its impulse to pass, and pitches with a zig-zag lurch to the midst of the happy company. To see a tawny thrush seize the flaming bit of color and scamper to one side, where he holds himself proudly erect, with slightly raised crest, as though he would say, "Who shall dare?" is to look upon a picture of real life such as is found only in nature's gallery; it is beyond reproduction; brush work would be an insult here.

While every sheltered bit of woodland is holding its little carnival of migrants, the dun meadow and reedy marsh likewise offer a widespread welcome to their visiting patrons. Ducks are trailing in long lines, and again in compact flight across the blue sky as they dart in rapid course high above the marshes drowsing in the purple haze of this perfect day. Far away where the glisten of a sandbar mingles with the shimmering water,

the gray geese are pruning and readjusting their plumage after the night journey just ended. An occasional honk! honk! faint, tuneful, a dream-voice one might say, floats in the quiet air, while from the uplands the call of plover and meadowlark are full of peaceful suggestion. Even the wandering crow flaps silently along, as though ashamed to utter even a single discordant note. The pools that dot the marsh land here and there have each its quota of bird life. Yellow-leg, black-breast, dowitcher, all are present, for the tide is sweeping the mud flats and the myriad gleaners that find their food in such localities must retire before the sweeping flood. So here, gathered about the margin of the quiet pools, they rest and preen, and bask the golden hours away. Here also is music, pitched in the minor key beloved of all shore birds. Unlike the joyous twitter—odds and ends of spring songs—that sound in subdued tones among the bushy borders of the marsh land, these minor calls seem full of pathos. As the eye ranges over the quiet scene the tall figure and sentinel-like pose of a solitary blue heron looms enlarged in the purple haze. Presently his broad vanes are spread in indolent motion as he starts in a seemingly aimless flight far away over the dun marsh. There is silence here. Bird voices and the soft swish! swish! of wings are not noises!

SUBSTANTIAL results are promised from the convention of fish commissioners who met in Boston the other day to consider ways and means for the preservation of the lobster. The reason of the lack of a well thought out and consistent scheme of protection for all the Atlantic lobster waters is found in the fact that in the past there has been no concerted effort on the part of the States and Provinces interested. When lobster legislation came up in the Massachusetts Legislature last winter, the chairman of the Fish Commission, Capt. J. W. Collins, very sensibly and with foresight suggested instead of immediate amending of the laws, a provision looking to the convention which has just been held, to the end that data might be secured for wise legislation and such co-operation assured as would give any adopted system of protection a wider application than to Massachusetts waters alone. The end has abundantly justified the wisdom of Chairman Collins' suggestion. If the convention did not settle the questions at issue, it did point the way to an ultimate solution. The measures urged by it will undoubtedly be adopted by the several States; and when the system of licensed fishermen, a uniform length, long or short, and a sale limited to the lobster in the shell, shall be in operation, we may look to see the restoration of the lobster. In addition to the recommendations adopted, a close season should be provided. As President Reed, of the Massachusetts Association, showed, it is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to entirely prevent the sale of short lobsters while lobster fishing is permitted. Once make a close season when no pots shall be put out on the lobster grounds, and the sale of shorts will be promptly ended.

THE official statistics just published of the fatalities in India in 1902 caused by wild animals and snakes show that there were in the year 2,836 deaths of human beings from wild animals, and 23,166 deaths from snake bite. Beside this appalling destruction of human beings, the killings of cattle are of comparative insignificance, although they numbered not less than 80,796. A persistent warfare is waged upon the savage powers that prey; bounties were paid during the year for the destruction of 1,331 tigers, 4,413 leopards, 1,858 bears, 2,373 wolves, 706 hyænas and other species, making a total of 14,983; and the snakes destroyed were 72,595. As one reads these returns he may well indorse the sentiment of the Kansas man, who, having returned home after making the grand tour of Europe, declared contentedly, "Kansas is good enough for me."

WHEN a moose was killed in the Adirondacks the other day the deed was ascribed to wantonness. It is some satisfaction to learn that the shooting was done by a hunter who mistook the creature for a deer. This cannot be accepted as a sufficient excuse, but it is one which speaks more favorably for the human nature involved. The moose killer was a poor man who works as a day laborer; and it is said that he will have to serve a term in jail to work out the fine of \$200.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Day's Hunt in South Africa.

WE had made a camp on one of the small tributaries flowing into the Pungwe River from the north. The main party had moved forward, and I had been left behind to send on meal, etc., for our carriers on their returning. This gave me ten days in which I had nothing to do, and being in one of the best game districts south of Zambesi, I filled the time by morning and afternoon hunts, and making the meat into beltong. Beltong is made in the most approved manner as follows: First shoot the buck; then, if a large beast, quarter and bring to camp. When at camp take out each muscle whole, and rub in a little coarse dry salt. Then make trestles about three feet off the ground, spread the meat carefully on these so that no two pieces come in contact, and half dry with a smudge fire. Then hang up to thoroughly dry and pack away in bundles or sacks.

The gang of "boys" (all male natives are termed "boys" even though they may be gray haired old men) numbered eleven, and included my own six personal servants. We had also a guide from a neighboring kraal (village) who knew the locality well and the likely places to find game. My usual way of hunting was to take the guide in front and have four to six follow on just within sight or call. The guide was a good one and a trained hunter, and an unusually plucky native.

It had become light and the guide had not turned up as he should have done half an hour before, and so I started off without him. There was but slight wind and that from the usual quarter, east-southeast. As I had already spent a week at this camp I knew the country locally better than my camp boys, consequently I went on ahead, and all the others strung on behind. Soon the first stream was passed and we were well away from camp and camp noises. I looked up the clearing where three sable antelope had been bagged, but drew a blank. Next the dry vley (marsh valley) where I had just shot a buffalo, but nothing was found in it. Evidently the game had moved further away, so I struck out due east for fresh grounds.

Suddenly a bush buck sprang out of cover, and as he stopped for a second look, as most African bucks do, I put a quartering shot into his flank and kidneys and he dropped dead. With a kidney shot a buck drops in his tracks at once; it is more sudden than even the heart. The bush buck is a fine antelope of about three feet height at the withers, and has very pretty, graceful horns, sharp and dangerous to dogs. As a rule, it does its best to escape if wounded, but sometimes it will take cover in a bush and make a sudden attack if followed, and a few hunters have been killed or badly wounded by following up incautiously.

As this was a very poor morning's bag I continued on, crossed two more streams, and got into a district none of us had hunted in. A couple of miles further and I became hungry. My tin of cold stew was produced and I sat down on a fallen branch to put fuel in my furnace. As I was eating, one of my boys, a Delagoa Bay native, came to me with eyes open very wide and in a stage whisper said "Injobvu, boss, injobvu," but injobvu was not in my vocabulary, for I was not familiar with the lower South African native tongues, and, excepting that this injobvu was mighty important I had no idea. I reached for my rifle (a .303 British cal. Winchester, '95 model), and looked. My mind was soon cleared of doubt as to what "injobvu" was, for about 100 yards distant, and coming diagonally toward and past me, were a troop of elephants. My rifle, magazine and chamber, was loaded with split bullets, and the bag with my spare ammunition was not at hand. Luckily, however, I had sewn on my belt canvas loops to hold six cartridges (three .303 and three Martini-Henry), and three were holding solid .303. Carefully and quietly I extracted three split bullets from my rifle and put in the three solid, and shifting off the branch and on to the ground I waited. "Buck fever" days had come and gone, and a lot of hunting and matches on the rifle range at military targets had given me confidence and trained me to steadiness.

Many the time had day dreams of shooting elephants by the half dozen filled my brain, and the knowledge I had from such books as "Rowland Ward on Big-Game Shooting," and Sellows' "Wanderings of a Hunter," made it seem quite easy. The three fatal shots were, I knew, the brain (if you could get at it), the knee, which dropped it so that it could not rise, and the heart. R. W. and S. both said that in the African elephant the heart was at the tip of the ear when it was laid back on the shoulder, so of course that was where in day dreams I had knocked them out of time. But these did not work properly. The exact place the brain was did not seem at all certain; the knee was bobbing about so as to be anything but an easy shot, and the tip of the ear was "all over the place," for it kept swinging to and fro like a large fan. Though all this takes a long time to write, the events passed much more rapidly, for the elephants were walking along at about four miles an hour. Well, I made note of the place where the heart should be, and pulled the trigger. All had been going as quietly as Sunday in a Quaker village; but Sunday was over. The hit elephant swung round on its hind legs and screamed in rage and terror; but it looked the wrong way and could see nothing. As it swung back I fired again; it tottered and fell down, head toward me. A big bull, the boss, came rushing up from the rear guard, had a hasty survey of the fallen member and swung about and went crashing away, the others following, while I sat waiting with my last solid bullet to finish the fallen beast if it attempted to rise. How I have regretted this; for had I known then, as now, that an elephant that falls to a shot never rises, I might have had old gran'daddy also. When I looked round for my boys none were to be seen. As the elephant was evidently dying, I got up and went to it, keeping well out of reach of the trunk, for its eyes were watching me. The boys were called and came from cover, the Delagoa Bay boy wild with excitement. He begged so hard that I let him shoot at it with the Martini-Henry. He put a shot in just below the sternum, and a steady spout of blood rushed out. As the poor brute was gasping and groaning, I put a bullet into the brain from the top of its head. The distance

was just 48 yards from where I shot and it fell. It was a cow with a calf, but as the calf had cleared off with the troop, it was old enough to look after itself. The tusks averaged 25 pounds each.

Two boys were dispatched to camp and to the kraal, and the remaining four made me a camp and commenced to cut up the meat. The two shots had entered in about two inches from each other, the first going through the heart and resting on the inside of the rib opposite, and the second taking a forward course cut the large artery under the upper fore leg. I had given instructions to the boys to be careful and cut out the bullets, and was greatly puzzled when they brought me three. On careful examination I found that the one that had gone in obliquely had slipped out of its nickel jacket. Both jackets were slightly turned over at the base. These bullets I sent to the Winchester Arms Company, together with a short account. Late at night my camp gang turned up, and early next morning the kraal natives, and all day there was cooking, with hacking and quarreling, and at night all the meat had not been cut off. When I left next morning there were still ribs and a leg to be cleaned.

Sections of the trunk make capital steaks, but the tid-bit is the foot. This is plastered with mud and roasted in a hole under a big fire for eighteen to twenty-four hours, then the mud and skin knocked off and the pad can be taken out with a spoon. The tongue is also good if well boiled. The meat of other parts is tough and rank.

While on the subject of hunting in Africa it may be of interest to add a few remarks as to camps, hunting togs.

First of all, hunting in Africa is conducted in a way quite impossible to say a moose hunter in the Mat-tawa district, where in the '80s I used to have a few weeks of hunting with my father each winter, making a lumber camp our base. There weight had to be cut down to one's personal carrying capacity; here in Africa the total weight of camp gear is of little moment, if it does not exceed single pieces of over sixty pounds. In speaking of my six camp boys, only bearers for my tent, stretcher, folding table and stool, water-tight trunk, ammunition, rifles and blankets were taken into account, the provisions being quite another affair, and amounting to five boys for each white man. We had 150 carriers in all, and not enough. The tent was a "Protean" purchased from Cook & Son, Chicago, by order. Readers of FOREST AND STREAM may remember it being advertised by Comstock. I ordered six of the 8 by 8 foot size, and kept two for myself, selling the others. Since I have had made locally two larger flies, cut so as to overlap and to reach the ground. Inside my stretcher is spread, and a mosquito netting hung from pole to back wall.

The stretcher is very simple in design, with no hinges, joints or mechanism to get broken or out of order; it is of the cross-leg type, legs 2 feet long and of 2 by 1 1/4-inch stuff; longitudinal pieces 2 by 2 inches, and 6 feet long. (I'm short myself.) The canvas stands one foot clear of the ground.

The mosquito netting is made of 9-foot wide stuff with a spread of 6 feet 6 inches by 5 feet on the base, and 6 feet 6 inches by 2 feet on top, sewn to a piece of strong cotton of this size (6 feet 6 inches by 2 feet). There are loops at each of the four top corners. The extra length rests on the ground and is covered with sand or earth. On the Zambesi it was too hot for a tent, and so I had the simple net suspended from four punting poles and the stretcher under it, the sand piled on the extra length (about a foot) on the bottom kept the netting from blowing against me. The table gives me a spread of 2 feet 6 inches by 1 foot 6 inches, and stands 2 feet high and has simple cross-legs. In carrying, the top and legs are separate; the stool is an ordinary cross-legged one covered with bush buck hide, and stands 1 foot high. My blankets, pillow and mosquito net go into a roll, and as the stretcher is folded goes on the canvas. This makes only a light load; but as the carrier has other duties, he is entitled to a light load. This stretcher has been in almost constant use for eight years, and has had only to have a broken leg replaced once—this broken through the bearer stumbling and falling heavily.

To return to my camp. Besides my tent, a thatched shade was put up for an afternoon doze. The bearers also put up a hut for the extra meat and another for themselves. In all the low veldt (country) of Africa the grass grows very long and rank, and hunting from March to August is very limited on that account. About August the grass fires are on, and when the new grass sprouts up and until it gets too long, the hunting season is on. About the end of November the rains begin, and by the end of April they are all over. The hot season is from the end of September until the beginning of May.

I have tried all sorts of plans whereby to keep dry and have given it up. Waterproof boots only serve to collect the water. Waterproof coats and trousers are a fairy tale, besides being unbearably hot when the sun gets up. I therefore have gone to the other extreme, and make a business of getting as wet as possible when on a tramp or hunt, and changing to dry things in camp, if what I wear is not already by that time dried by the sun.

My togs for hunting are these:

Foot-gear—A pair of Smith's (of Philadelphia) moccasins for wet weather, and ordinary buckskin Indian moccasins for dry. Thick woolen socks cut off above the boot-top.

Leggins or putties—None at all.

Trousers—Cut off above the knee and loose in leg, and with strong kharkee pockets.

Undershirt—Light wool, low necked, quarter-sleeves.

Shirt—Old flannel cut off above the elbow.

Coat—None, the gun-bearer can take what would go in the pockets.

Head-gear—A cap. Very few people can do this, however, on account of the sun's great heat. My hair, however, is thick and not cut close when on outings, and I have never suffered from the sun.

Socks—One pair extra strong wool socks for wading slippery streams. For crossing on damp or water-covered stones wool socks stick much better than any other foot-gear I know of. Rubber boots are not to be compared with them for the purpose.

Shirts and pants are dyed to a dirty brownish-gray by means of a native bark m'kuti).

The rifles are—One Winchester .303 caliber taking the British Government ammunition. One Martini-Henry sporting, .45 caliber, British Government ammunition of 85 grains powder and 480 grains lead patched with paper.

Sights—On the .303 a Lyman bead No. 24 Jack and a receiver sight. On the Martini-Henry the metal bead sight originally on it and a Lyman rear sight. Both rifles are sighted "dead on" at 75 yards. The .303 does not need elevation to 150 yards, and for distances over 100 yards I use the leaf sights fitted to the Martini-Henry.

For heavy game I would like to add a .50-100 Winchester '86 model, for shooting with the .303 pencil-like bullet is risky at elephant, rhinoceros, or a charging buffalo.

For nearly all shooting I use the .303 with a split nickel jacket cut off at the top to expose a little of the lead. The Martini-Henry is to fall back on and it never fails, though it has had eight years of use and very little attention. Many hunters make it their mainstay. However, as I kept record of a hundred shots and had forty-five kills, and this 100 shots included misses, wounded buck getting away, and shots to put a dying buck out of pain, I consider the rifle quite efficient for our heaviest antelope. The eland goes to over 1,000 pounds.

My stamping ground extends from the Zambesi on the north to the lower Sabi on the south, about 300 miles; and from the coast on the east to long. 33 degrees east on the west. This is nearly all low veldt (country), and from nothing to 1,000 feet above the sea on the flat. Near the coast are large stretches of plains with only a few trees fringing the rivers and pools. Further inland it becomes better wooded and there are low rounded hills and high bald granite peaks with pools. This is the home of the elephant and rhino. Buffalo, and zebras, and many antelopes, lions, hyenas, jackals, and wild dogs are there also. At the edge of the low veldt it is more broken and better watered with small flowing streams. The timber is larger but in it are lovely little opens of various lengths, shapes and widths, and when the long grass is burnt and the fresh grass comes up it is the easiest matter to make a successful early morning stalk and pick a good pair of horns or two.

The hunter has a magnificent list to choose from of over twenty different species of antelope, from the little blue buck of hardly a foot high and with hoofs smaller than one's little finger nail to the sable and eland, buffalo, zebra, and hippopotamus. There are also feathered fowl in abundance, guinea fowl, pheasant, partridge, and numerous ducks and geese. Year by year, however, the game is getting less and less, and soon, unless good game laws shall be made and enforced, it will be the old story of the spring buck on the Transvaal flats and the buffalo on the western prairies, as far as the larger game is concerned. The smaller buck do not seem to be thinning out so rapidly; doubtless the jackals, wild dogs, and leopards are their worst enemies, and the man with a gun is not so dangerous. SHUKALILA-A-GWANZA.

Another View of Kipling's Poetry.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Sept. 26 Mr. L. F. Brown criticises Kipling's verses:

"Do you know the blackened timber? Do you know that racing stream?

With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end,

And the bar of sun-warmed shingle, where a man may bask and dream,

To the click of shod canoe poles round the bend?"

For sixty years I have been familiar with the scenes Mr. Kipling is describing, and I thought when I first read it, and still think the same, that there is no description in the English language which so vividly,



A MAINE LOG JAM.

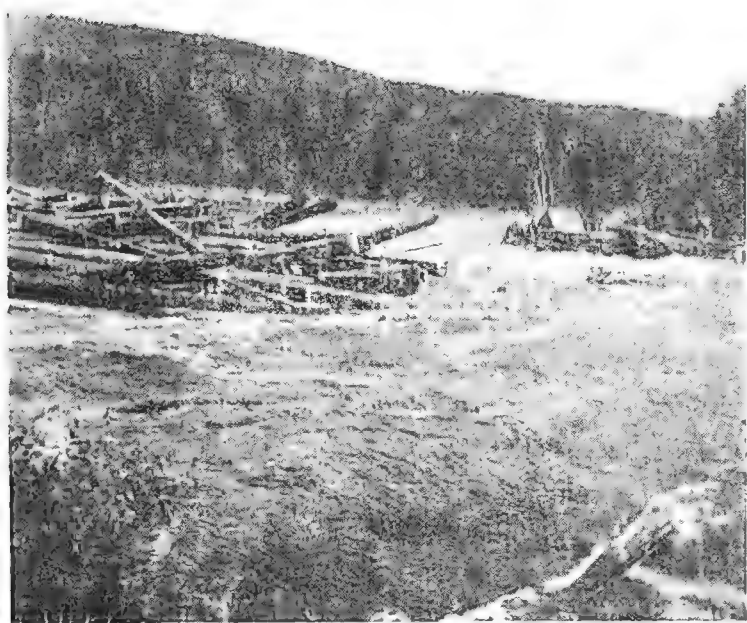
briefly and truthfully tells the story of logs and water. It is true in every detail to what may be seen in Maine any year. How many places of "blackened timber" I remember, and "racing streams" is the exact term for many streams in Maine and New Brunswick.

Mr. Brown says that "no actual log-jam is 'raw,' 'right-angled,' of 'at the end' of such a stream." Any one who has ever seen drives of logs has seen many places where they jam below a short bend and give the appearance of cutting off the stream completely. The two photographs which I inclose, though not typical of such jams, show the tendency of the logs to rear up at right angles. The word "raw" is just the word to use for such a scene, using it, after Webster, as "not altered from the natural state." The color which one sees in any scene depends so much upon the sensitiveness of the individual that no one could object if a man made out all the colors of the rainbow; but as to the "silver of lichens and green and crimson of mosses" they simply do not exist on a log-jam. The logs are driven the first year they are cut, and they grow no moss on their way down our rivers. If by chance a jam has to be left over one season it must be cleared away the next to let the next cut of logs through, and in case of even the most stubborn obstruction, the bark simply peels off, leaving a smooth, shining surface, which, washed by rain and seared by the suns of summer, offers no encouragement to "green and crimson mosses."

Mr. Brown objects to the "click of shod canoe-poles"

round the bend," asserting that "not one canoe-pole in a thousand in either the United States, India (outside of army equipment), Norway, British Columbia, or any of the maritime provinces of Canada, is 'shod'; and when it is, it does not 'click'; and if it did, even its impact on rocks 'round the bend' would not be heard along quiet water, much less in the tumult and uproar of that 'racing stream.'" The odd circumstance here is that Mr. Kipling is right and Mr. Brown is wrong on every point. I have seen hundreds of setting-poles in Maine, and I have yet to see the first one which was not shod, except in cases where a shod pole had been broken and a makeshift was used till a better could be procured. In the Provinces I have seen poles both "shod" and "barefoot," but the latter were used only because their owners were too poor to buy irons. Then the "click" of a pole telegraphs like the rattle of railroad iron. It can usually be heard from fifty to a hundred yards at the least, unless there is a strong wind blowing, or it is very rough water. I have hundreds of times heard the click of the poles long before the canoe came in sight round the bend. It can often be heard above the roar of the water nearly as far as one's voice could be heard. To any one who has been in a canoe in quick water the "click" of a shod pole is as familiar as the sound of an oar in a rowlock is to a boatman.

Mr. Brown objects to the Indian being called "smoky"; it is the precise word. In my early childhood we used to have from ten to twenty Indian vis-



A MAINE LOG JAM.

itors in a day. Living in smoky camps as they did, their clothes were saturated with the smoke, and, with one's eyes shut, one could have told when there was an Indian in the room. In another way, too, they were "smoky." The smoke darkened their skins. I have often seen white men who, from living in smoky camps, had grown much darker from the smoke-tan.

"Real canoeists and anglers would go to the stream and not to the Indian." But if the Indian was needed to handle the canoe they would probably have to go to the Indian. My experience with Indians has been like Brigham Young's when he sent for Ben Simonds to come and see him, and got for an answer: "When Indian want Brigham, Indian go Brigham. When Brigham want Indian, Brigham come Indian." If one wants an Indian he goes to the Indian.

As for the statements that a "bar is always a deposit of alluvium earth-sediment," and there "never was a 'bar' of 'shingle' * * * to which the word 'bar' cannot be correctly applied," I must sorrowfully assert from much experience in running upon them, that we have the thing even if we do not know the name of it. But as for that matter, the Century Dictionary, if it may be fairly pitted against the Standard—which seems to be Mr. Brown's authority—not only covers this ground by definition 2 of "bar," as "anything which obstructs"; but under 4(a) expressly states that a bar is "a bank of sand, gravel or earth forming a shoal in any body of water." In our swift streams and rivers a bar of mud or fine sand cannot form in most places; only the heavy pebbles can withstand the current. The idea of basking and dreaming "on the bar of sun-warmed shingle" which Mr. Brown ridicules brings up very pleasant recollections to woodsmen. It is a very common thing when tired of poling upstream to haul the canoe out on a gravel bar and lie and bask in the warm sun. "Neither do campers sleep on a couch (bed) of hemlock twigs if they can get spruce boughs; and when they do there is no 'starlight on their faces.'" Now, no man but a greenhorn ever uses spruce boughs to bough down with if he can get anything better; and every other evergreen is better. Fir is most generally used because it is commonly the easiest to get; but hemlock is fully as good. Fir, hemlock, cedar and even pine are preferred to the stiff boughs and prickly needles of the spruce. And as to the "starlight on one's face," one has missed something out of life who does not know what it is to lie out without cover. I can recall many nights when I had no tent above me but the stars.

I would not wish to make any animadversions upon Mr. Brown's criticisms of woods life if I understood that he was confining himself to the region he knows; but I thought it was a general criticism of Mr. Kipling's poem, and I have yet to hear that Mr. Kipling was writing about Sand Lake, Michigan.

If Mr. Kipling had been foresighted enough to label it "Maine" or "Canada," there is no question but he might have been passed *summa cum laude* on every point.

MANLY HARDY.

Brewer, Maine

Natural History.

The Advent of Josiah.

ANOTHER citizen of the great West has taken up his abode in New York. Events such as this are not uncommon. The newspapers are constantly telling us of millionaires, who, having accumulated fortunes in California, Colorado, Montana or New Mexico, have hied themselves to New York, believing—we may presume—that in no other place on this side of the Atlantic Ocean, can the surplus revenue be so quickly and easily disposed of. This belief, we think, is founded on fact, for New York City is full of struggling rich who are doing their best to keep their financial noses above water, and to let their wives and children have all they want while they themselves still preserve their business credit.

This new citizen of the town, however, hardly belongs in the category of millionaires. The interest that attaches to him is less financial than political; less economic than ethical. We do not say that he is a statesman; what we do say is that he has associated with statesmen, and who can tell how much of statesmanship he may not have absorbed in this association?

Let us begin at the beginning. Where was he born? What his parentage? What the struggles of his early life? Here is the tale as it came to us from the newspapers. Last spring when the President of the United States was passing through Kansas, he delivered an address from the car platform to the people of Sharon Springs, who had gathered there to meet him. Just as he concluded his address, a little girl in the front rank of the spectators offered him a basket, which proved to contain a tiny badger. As the train moved out, the little girl, anxious to be helpful, shouted to the helpless President, who still held the badger, "Call it J. R."

"Who is J. R?" the President shouted back.

"He is my brother Josiah —" but the last name was lost in the rumble and puffing of the moving train. So it is that Josiah is Josiah plain and simple, and lacks a patronymic.

Being a badger, Josiah naturally has the ways of a badger, and a few people know what that means. If he had happened to be an elephant or hippopotamus, this might have been different, and he would perhaps act differently. Now, he is simply a plain badger, who, under other and less favorable circumstances, would have devoted his life to waddling about over the prairie, digging deep holes in the ground in pursuit of prairie dogs, 13-lined squirrels and other gophers, and robbing the casual bird's nest when he came upon it. But Providence had other plans for Josiah.

After extensive wanderings through the West in the Presidential car, he was brought back to Washington, and for a time lived in the White House. Thence he moved to Oyster Bay, and for many months was guarded by secret service men and others. Incidentally he was a playmate of the children of the President and of their playmates, and all this seemed to agree with him so well that he is now almost a full grown badger. He is absolutely tame, and perhaps as good natured as any badger can be expected to be. Even the most cheerful of badgers always appears to be a pessimist, and acts as though life were going wrong with him; and Josiah, like all his kind, even when playing with the children, wrinkles up his face, turns his flexible nose threateningly in one direction or another, and makes sounds suggesting the suffering of considerable pain. Occasionally, too—when he thinks he has reason for doing so—he grasps the nearest human leg and sinks his teeth into it so deeply as to make marks that last for quite a long time, but we believe he has never drawn blood.

When the President left Oyster Bay this autumn, he made up his mind that Josiah was getting to be too large for the White House; that there was not room enough for him in the edifice unless the President's family should move out. It was determined, therefore, to transfer him to the New York Zoological Society's Gardens at the Bronx—since these grounds are more roomy than those of the White House; so Josiah was turned over to one of the attendants of the Zoological Park and was transferred to quarters there, which he will continue to occupy.

It may be questioned whether Josiah's life at the Bronx will be what it has been for the last six months, and we imagine that often as he is running around his cage, gazed at by thoughtless and not too intelligent visitors to the Zoological Park, his mind will revert sadly to the happy days on the pleasant hills at Oyster Bay, when he was the pet of the President's children.

Audubon Society Annual Meeting.

THE following notice has been issued by the chairman of the American Ornithologists' Union committee for the protection of North American birds:

The annual business meeting of the National Committee of Audubon Societies will be held Wednesday evening, November 18, at 8 P. M. at the residence of Mrs. Edward Robins, No. 114 So. Twenty-first street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The joint meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union and of the several State Audubon Societies will be held on Thursday afternoon, November 19, at which time the report of the National Committee will be presented. The place of the meeting will be announced later.

WM. DUTCHER,

Chairman.

The New St. Petersburg Mammoth.

FREQUENT reference has been made in FOREST AND STREAM to the carcass of the mammoth discovered in Siberia some years ago, and from time to time we have noted the progress of the expedition, organized by the St. Petersburg Imperial Academy and led by Dr. Otto Herz, which set out for the scene of the discovery with the purpose of securing the carcass and transporting it to St. Petersburg.

It will be remembered that the mammoth was found on the banks of the river Beresowka, a tributary of the Kolyma, in the Province of Yakutsk, after a landslide, which entirely exposed the great head. Soon after its discovery the inhabitants of the village near by took away one of the tusks, while foxes, dogs and other carnivorous animals gnawed away the flesh. As soon as the Governor of the Province learned that the carcass had been found, he protected it until the arrival of the St. Petersburg expedition. The carcass was partly buried in ice and partly in sand and gravel, and was so covered with earth that it did not thaw at all.

Dr. Herz began his excavations from the front, and found the fore legs widely spread and bent at the wrist, and the hind legs turned forward under the body. The mouth was filled with grass, and the well preserved tongue was hanging out of the mouth. The chest cavity of the animal was full of clotted blood, and it has been concluded that the animal fell into a hole, and, while striving to escape, burst a blood vessel near the heart. It has been ascertained that the ice surrounding the carcass was not of a river or lake, but was formed from compacted snow, and it is concluded that the mammoth, while grazing over a meadow which formed the thin



THE SIBERIAN MAMMOTH.

covering of a glacier, fell into some crevasse that was hidden by the loose earth, and perished at once.

The remains, which have now been mounted in the Zoological Museum of St. Petersburg, show the animal as he died and was found. The frozen skin has been carefully prepared, the skeleton and all the soft parts that could be saved have been taken from the skin and preserved separately. The skin of the head and ears, which had been destroyed, has been copied from the specimen obtained from Siberia about one hundred years ago, but, apart from the head, the skin is nearly perfect, and it was found necessary only to add in one or two places wool and hair from other specimens. It is to be noted that the tail was well preserved, and that it bears at the tip the tassel of long black hair. The mammoth is a young male and not a large one.

The discovery and subsequent inspection of this specimen at the Zoological Museum at St. Petersburg has led the director, Dr. Salensky, to make a careful scientific investigation of this specimen, as well as to show all that is possible of it. His studies will be published in the series of memoirs which will appear from time to time; the first—that dealing with the skeleton—having already been issued. Unfortunately these memoirs are written in Russian.

Quail in Town.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yesterday a flock of quail came right into the heart of our city of ten thousand population, and, becoming scattered, alighted on shade trees along the principal streets, and for quite a while amused and interested throngs of people by their calls to one another, being scattered over a whole block. They could be seen in the trees not over ten feet above the pavement where people were passing continually, and seemed to have little fear. Many people did not recognize the call which they utter as being that of quail, being only familiar with their Bob White call; thus many had a practical lesson in ornithology right at home. To-day the same flock, no doubt, were scattered through the campus of the university, making the autumn air ring with their calls, which almost made one feel that they were away out in some good quail cover, and it produced a pleasing sensation and diversion in city life. It suggested to the writer that if those who shoot could only forego the gratification of killing, such pleasures as this might become every day occurrences, but when the first day of November dawns our little friends which would help to make life pleasant for us will be eagerly hunted and shot on sight! What queer mortals we be, anyhow!

The Recreation Rod and Gun Club, of this place, but recently organized, has been active in getting game wardens stationed at different points, and have had the game laws of the State printed and posted at all the post-offices and conspicuous places in the county offering liberal rewards for any violations of the game and fish laws.

EMERSON CARNEY.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Animals of Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

In a new country like ours, rapidly filling up with restless and energetic people, the face of nature is constantly being disturbed, and changes take place almost without being noticed. Forests are cleared off, swamps dried up, the courses of brooks changed, animals exterminated or driven off, plants once numerous cease to grow, even the climate is changed. To earlier American naturalists it seemed enough to give general statements concerning the distribution of mammals, birds, reptiles and plants, but in these later days, when so much attention is being given to the geographical distribution of the life and the causes which influence that distribution, we need information that is specific. In many cases such information cannot now be had; the time when it was accessible has gone by, the people familiar with conditions as they existed at or soon after the settlement of the country are dead and buried, and no records remain of the facts we desire to learn.

Modern naturalists are now working on the life of old and well settled regions, as well as of deserts and mountains still far from the haunts of man, but often it is most difficult for them to secure the information that they want. As we have said, recorded facts are wanting, and it is necessary to appeal to individuals likely to be informed on the points in question; naturalists, trappers, hunters, aged men living in or near the region to be investigated, and the descendants of old hunters who have passed away. All this entails great labor in the way of travel and correspondence.

A large and singularly interesting volume on this subject has just been published under the title, "The Mammals of Pennsylvania and New Jersey." Mr. Samuel N. Rhoads, its author, here gives us, in more than 250 pages, the results of eleven years' study of the mammals found in the States in question, including in this list not merely the native mammals, but those introduced by man, so that as a matter of fact the work "treats of both living and extinct, recent and fossil, land and sea mammals found in Pennsylvania in the feral state," for there were many cases where horses, sheep, swine and cattle ran wild, and were hunted and slaughtered; in fact, it is said that at certain points in New Jersey wild cattle and sheep have ceased to exist only within the past decade.

In making his list and in drawing the zoogeographic map which accompanies it, Mr. Rhoads has endeavored to conform as nearly as possible to our knowledge of primeval conditions, though no one recognizes better than he how difficult it is to reproduce these conditions, so changed from what they were by the deforestation of the land. "Fire, ax, flood, summer sun and winter frost have made the famous hunting grounds and natural game preserves of the Pennsylvania Alleghenies a wilderness indeed. Where once the Canada lynx, wolverine, fisher, martin, Canada deer mouse, woodland jumping mouse, northern hare, and marsh shrew found a congenial home, the average midsummer temperature may now be roughly said to have risen twenty degrees; drought and flood quickly succeed each other, winds become tempests and winter takes on an Arctic severity. Instead of white pines and hemlocks we have scrub oaks and briars; instead of fern beds, sphagnum and moist shade, we find bare rocks, glaring sun and withered vegetation. The grinning opossum sneaks up the south slope as the last snowshoe hare hops down the northern one, and the lowland cottontail forthwith jumps her ancestral claim. While the rifle and the trap remain their greatest enemies, the beasts of the earth and the fowls of heavens have an even chance. But the era of ax and fire and commercialism has doomed them unless the era of forestry soon rescues them from extinction."

The life zones found in the two States considered by Mr. Rhoads are the Canadian, the Transition, and the Austral. According to laws laid down by Merriam, these zones are limited by temperature; the southern boundary of the Canadian zone being defined by an isotherm showing a normal mean temperature of six hottest consecutive weeks of 64.4 degrees, of the Transition zone a temperature of 71.6 degrees, and of the upper Austral 78.8 degrees.

While the food habits of many of our birds have been quite fully investigated, comparatively little has been published as to the food of our mammals. Mr. Rhoads has given attention to this in his studies, and declares that there is only one species of native mouse in Pennsylvania—the underground meadow mouse (*M. pinetorum*)—whose food habits are so noxious as to make its extermination desirable. Moles, shrews and common meadow mice are greatly misunderstood from an economic point of view, while the rapacious carnivora still found in Pennsylvania and New Jersey have an importance far greater than is generally supposed. Thus the trade arising from muskrat trapping in the Delaware Valley amounts to many thousands of dollars annually, while the muskrat is commonly eaten in portions of New Jersey, bringing from five cents to eight cents each.

Excepting the black bear and the deer, the larger wild animals have long been exterminated from Pennsylvania; yet the Canada lynx is perhaps still to be found by individuals, while beaver has been reintroduced. The last Pennsylvania elk or wapiti was killed in 1867, and the last cougar or panther of which there is definite and satisfactory proof was killed in 1871. The date of the extermination of the wolf is much more uncertain, and Mr. Rhoads tells us that native wolves apparently existed in Pennsylvania as late as 1890.

Of the marine mammals, such as whales, dolphins and porpoises, no less than eighteen species occur on the coast of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, while three species of seals, the common harbor seal, the harp seal, and the hooded seal, have been reported from the New Jersey coast.

Mr. Rhoads gives the typical Virginia deer as well as the northern Virginia deer of Miller as found in the region under consideration, but states that the first has been exterminated from Pennsylvania, but still exists in some numbers in New Jersey. Perhaps one of the earliest deer laws of the Northern States was that enacted for New Jersey, December 21, 1771, providing a fine of 40 shillings to be paid by anyone who "shall kill, destroy, or take any Roe Buck, Fawn, or any sort of Deere" between January 1 and September 1. Through-

out much of the wilder portion of Pennsylvania, however, the northern Virginia deer is common, and this also exists in New Jersey.

Of the great animals of North America formerly covering a transcontinental range, the wapiti or elk is the greatest, and has been exterminated over the greatest extent of territory. It is thus with extreme interest that we read the very full account printed by Mr. Rhoads concerning the former range and distribution of the species in Pennsylvania and New Jersey which shows that up to the beginning of the 19th century elk were common in the entire Pennsylvania Alleghenian mountain system of the Alleghany River, but were rare in the Blue Ridge and Cumberland ranges, while once they were numerous on the Pocono Plateau. It formerly was found in the valleys of the Alleghany, Susquehanna and Delaware rivers, as shown by its remains. He says:

The favorite haunts of the Alleghenian wapiti in Pennsylvania were in the forest-covered mountain elevations where open glades or savannas and old beaver meadows were surrounded by the primeval forest. Where these features were combined in the vicinity of a "lick" or saline spring the greatest numbers of these animals congregated, and it was in such localities that the last representatives of this noble deer vainly sought to escape their final destruction. From accounts received from numerous correspondents, it appears that the "Flag Swamp," situated in the eastern part of Elk county, near the Cameron county line, and forming one of the headwaters of Bennett's Branch of the Susquehanna on the east and of a branch of the Clarion River on the west, was the last refuge of the wapiti in Pennsylvania. A few are recorded as living there in 1850 in a History of Elk County of that date. Between the dates of 1860 and 1867 I have secured records of the capture of two or three which are each claimed to be the last taken in the State. To one of these undoubtedly that distinction belongs, so far as can be discovered. The one recorded by Roosevelt for 1869 is the same as the one stated by Captain Clay to have been killed in 1866 (see records). It is probably the same as the one stated in the Utica Globe article to have been killed by an Indian in 1867, and in the History of Elk County the same date is given for its extinction in that county, reference no doubt being made to the same individual. This "Flag Swamp Elk," taken in November, 1867, in Elk county, by an Indian of the Cattaraugus Reservation, named Jim Jacobs, appears to have been the last of its race in the Allegheny Mountains, unless it shall be proved that some existed later in the mountain wilds of West Virginia. In the northeastern Alleghenies of Sullivan, Luzerne and Wyoming counties they seem to have totally disappeared in the second decade of the nineteenth century, although a few remained in a favorite haunt called "Elk Forest" in the Pocono range of Wayne county until exterminated between 1830 and 1840. In Tioga, Lycoming and Potter counties they haunted the headwaters of Pine Creek and the Black Forest until 1862, when the last was killed. The veteran pioneer, Mr. Austin, saw their tracks as late as 1857 in Potter county, and near the same time a party of hunters captured three alive in Tioga county. In Somerset and Bedford counties, where the mountain glades and saline or sulphur springs were sought out by numerous bands of wapiti and buffalo in early colonial times, their extermination must have been of very early date, as records of them in these localities seem to rest upon place-names and tradition. (See note under Somerset county.) Even more obscure is the evidence of their former occurrence in the southwestern counties of Pennsylvania, and in the parts of New Jersey pertaining to the valley of the upper Delaware. Elk View, Elk Mills and Elk Creek in Chester county, and Elk River in Maryland, are names whose origin I have not satisfactorily traced, but indicate the former presence of this animal nearer the Atlantic seaboard than anywhere else in the United States. From our knowledge of the partiality of the wapiti to mountain districts, it is very unlikely that it ever resided permanently in Chester county. Kalm and one or two historians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries record them in southeastern Pennsylvania, and Kalm relates how the "stags" (as distinguished from the common deer) were driven down from the mountains into the vicinity of Philadelphia and killed in great numbers because of a great snow. Such lowland invasions probably account for the place-names we have mentioned as well as for the remains of this animal in camp and village sites of the aborigines on both sides of the Delaware as far south as Trenton. Not only would the rigors of winter drive them from their mountain fastnesses, but the increased persecutions from the starving wolves and of the Indians, and the freezing of the Susquehanna and Delaware rivers, would induce the stricken creatures to scatter over areas hitherto unknown to them. It is likely that at no time during man's existence in New Jersey was the wapiti a voluntary resident of that State, even in the Kittatinny range, which is the natural continuation of their ancient haunts in the Blue Ridge, and in its northern section was in easy reach of a hunted wapiti from the Pocono region seeking to throw its pursuers off the scent in the waters of the Delaware. Only as a straggler, therefore, can the wapiti be considered a member of the historic fauna of New Jersey. It should be borne in mind, however, that the accounts of earliest historians, coupled with our knowledge of the wapiti in the Far West, indicate that this species may have roamed at will in pre-Columbian times over almost the entire region included in this paper.

Regarding the habits and food of the wapiti, it may be stated that they are similar to those of the Virginia deer in most respects. They are, however, more addicted to keeping in companies throughout the year and, like the moose, "yard up" during the season of deep winter snows. The males cast their horns in February and March, and by the month of August they are again renewed in all their perfection. They make a loud whistling snort when alarmed, and during the rutting season the bucks utter a loud note of defiance, which Godman says resembles both the neighing of a stallion and the bellowing of a bull. Caton says it sounds like the whistle of a locomotive. The young females give birth in May or June to one fawn, the

older ones generally two, and rarely three. When wounded, the wapiti is more ready to turn on its pursuers than a deer. In flight they pursue a straight course and will sometimes outstrip the chase of the most enduring hunter and hounds for two or three successive days.

When deprived of their usual winter browse of elk grass and brake by deep snow, they subsist for months on the buds and branches of such trees as they would not touch in summer, and when a crusted snow prevents them from going outside their yards for water they do without it for a long period.

Among the favorite trees which they seek to eat in summer is one called by hunters the elkwood.* This they attack, not only devouring the leaves and twigs, but denuding it of bark. By this means their whereabouts are easily detected, the peeled saplings forming a conspicuous "sign" for the hunter. Basswood is also much sought after, but very few deciduous trees come amiss at any season, the elk being a most omnivorous and hearty feeder.

Audubon, in the book "Quadrupeds of North America," thus speaks of a pair which he had in captivity (Vol. 2, 1851, p. 90): "The pair from which the figures on our plate were taken we purchased at Philadelphia. They had been caught when young in the western part of Pennsylvania. The male was supposed to be four or five years old and the female also was full grown. . . . They often whistled (as the hunters call this remarkable noise) which in calm weather can be heard nearly a mile. This shrill sound appears to be produced by an almost spasmodic effort, during which the animal throws its head upwards and then backwards." Audubon further speaks of their gregarious habits, congregating to the number of 50 to 100 in a herd under one master buck, whose movements are closely followed by the whole band, whether in flight or on the watch; easily domesticated and living to a great age, even 25 or 30 years in captivity; lying down in midday and feeding before sunrise and after sunset. Caton, who had a large number in captivity, and hunted them in the West, gives an account of them in his book on "American Deer," from which the following points may be summarized: The fawn is spotted as in the common deer; in wild, undisturbed country not a nocturnal feeder; more polygamous than any other deer except the red deer of Europe; master deer of the herd nearly always dangerous in captivity, a perfect tyrant during the rutting season, and at all times supremely selfish and abusive; does more courageous than bucks against a wild enemy, giving chase in a body and striking with forefeet, the bucks following at a distance; better adapted to domestication than any other deer; more healthy and hearty feeders, eating fodder a cow or horse will reject; young—feign death, when picked up, lying limp; follow dam in two days after birth, unusually precocious in this respect as compared with other deer; wallowing in summer like the bison; natural gait a trot, very rapid and continued when pursued; when closely pressed into a run soon become exhausted; in their natural freedom inhabiting all kinds of country, contiguous to woodland or forested, whether mountain or plain, ranging from above timberland 10,000 to 12,000 feet to the sea level, but preferring mountainous regions, from which they never stray a great distance unless from hunger or enemies; not as tenacious of life as deer, an ordinary shot soon disabling or killing them; hide of little economic value, being soft and pliable as in other deer similarly tanned, but of little strength and durability; meat much esteemed; horns used by the Indians as bows; canine or fang teeth of males used as a valued ornament or charm.

* Also called the moose tree. It is the *Acer spicatum*, a dwarf species of maple, growing about 15 feet high in the forests.
[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Passenger Pigeon—Where?

PRINCE'S BAY, N. Y., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is about the time of year that wild pigeons should show up if there are any at all. I am a doubter myself, but last of all I will believe an honest man's word when I cannot deny it. On Sunday morning, September 20, I was talking with a man who had just driven through Staten Island toward the south shore. He was telling me what quantities of birds he had noticed along the route, and he said, "I saw some wild pigeons, something I had not seen for thirty years." I laughed at the idea, and got him worked up to the point where he began to insinuate I did not know what I was talking about. This gentleman is on the three-score mark, and has lived on the island all his life, and he told me that when he was a boy he had often shot them by the dozen in the same spot where he saw the seven pigeons that Sunday morning. As the conversation progressed I found I had no ground to stand on, and I hope they will not be destroyed by Italians or any other pot-hunters. ***

[The question is not of the veracity of those who report wild pigeons, but of their competence as observers. Our correspondent is no doubt familiar with the fact that readers on the Pacific Coast, in the Central West, and all along the Atlantic Coast have very frequently within the last few years reported wild (passenger) pigeons as occurring in some numbers. It may very well be that some wild pigeons have been seen in certain localities, but, on the other hand, we know very well, because we have seen the specimens, that in a number of cases these supposed passenger pigeons were band-tail pigeons, or were mourning doves. On the other hand reported passenger pigeons, only seen flying at a distance, may have been plover, since it is well known that some plover fly very much like pigeons, and at a distance might easily be mistaken for them.]

It is but a few weeks ago that it was reported to us that sixty wild pigeons were feeding on a rye stubble within seventy-five miles of New York. Cross examination of the observers drew from them only a repetition of the statement, with the further declaration that the birds could not have been mourning doves, because they were too large. However, a visit to the rye stubble by a competent observer showed that the birds seen were doves and nothing else. There was no question as to the good faith of those who reported the "pigeons," but they do not know a passenger pigeon when they see it.

Game Bag and Gun.

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The Game Laws in Brief

is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the Brief.

Sport on Long Island.

LONG ISLAND is not an exactly ideal spot, looking at it from the sportsman's standpoint, not the happy hunting ground pictured in the Indian's dream, but still the game life of the island is not by any means extinct; and from its close proximity to New York, the island each year furnishes enjoyment to thousands of men who love both gun and rod, but who cannot spare but a few days, or perhaps hours, from their business.

The island is about 125 miles long by twenty in width, the northern side hilly and heavily timbered, while the southern shores are low and indented with numerous bays and creeks. The center of the island is the most unattractive portion of it. Nothing but level plains intersected by occasional roads and covered with yellow grass and scrub oaks, hardly ever more than knee-high, the monotony of the landscape being broken by lonely pine trees, seared by the fierce fires that sweep across these plains every fall and spring, giving the vegetation a sooty, burnt-up appearance which serves to intensify the dreariness of the scene.

The main line of the Long Island Railroad runs across these plains, and the farmer, speedily taking advantage of this method of quick transportation, has reared his homestead and successfully struggled with Mother Earth in his fight for existence, and now the farms stretch in a nearly unbroken line on each side of the railroad, from one end of the island to the other.

Quail, ruffed grouse and woodcock are found on Long Island. In the course of a season's hunting the sportsman may find one or possibly a pair of pheasants that have escaped from the pen of some club or private person.

Although there are more or less quail on both the northern and southern shores, the principal hunting grounds lie in the center of the island in the farming belt. Owing to the absence of thick, heavily timbered woods about these farms, quail shooting, so far as being able to see the bird is concerned, is an easy matter, but while there is nothing to obstruct the vision, there is a tangled mass of briars and short scrub oaks which make walking an arduous task and seriously interfere with your dogs' hunting abilities. For hunting game birds in this section, the setter far excels the short-coated, tender-skinned pointer, who, although willing and probably able to hunt for a day or two, soon becomes so cut up by the cat-briers and burnt scrub oaks with their fire sharpened branches that it is rank cruelty to hunt him, while his long-haired relative enjoys greater immunity from similar causes.

Among the hills of the north side and in the thick swamps and cedar thickets along the southern shore, there still live a few ruffed grouse, more commonly known as partridge. Of late years the grouse has rapidly decreased in numbers. It is found in the greatest numbers in the vicinity of Brookhaven, but a few are scattered over nearly all the island, and there is hardly a local hunter who cannot account for one or two of them when summing up the results of his fall shooting.

While the sportsman is strolling through the fields in the summer or early fall, accompanied by the pup who is to make his debut on the first day of the open season, he may flush an occasional woodcock, but this long-billed wanderer is not found in large enough numbers to warrant hunting him. It is only by lying at dusk near some little pond or water hole in the hills that one may see sufficient birds to enable him to make a decent bag. This is hardly a sportsman-like way of shooting them, however, and is left to the farmer's boy, who, after the chores are finished, takes his single-barrel of ancient make and patiently waits by the edge of the pond, in the shadow of the surrounding vegetation, until he sees the luckless bird, eager to quench its thirst, alight, then remorselessly pots it.

The meadows, which lie all along the southern shores of Long Island, also furnish their fair quota of sport. Yellowlegs, krikeers, golden plover and that little grayish-brown fellow, the English snipe, whose erratic flight has caused many an ounce of number eights to be wasted, frequent these marshy grounds. To the south of the village of Freeport, one of the largest summer resorts of the island, lies a noted snipe meadow, and during the summer months the incessant popping of guns proclaims the presence of many gunners. Rail and meadow hens also live in the long grass along the banks of the meadow creeks, but these birds do not attract as much attention from the sportsman as do the swifter-flying, and consequently more prized, snipe.

The islands near the beach, in the Great South Bay, particularly Oak Island and the Fire Islands, furnish some of the best snipe shooting obtained on the whole south side. Not so easy of access as are the meadows of the main land, the snipe are not disturbed by continuous shooting, and are, therefore, more plentiful and stool much more readily.

If one, however, wishes to kill the larger varieties of snipe, the willet, jack, marlin or black-breasted plover, the narrow strip of sand separating bay and ocean is the spot upon which to set out your stool. Find one of the many shallow ponds that abound on the beach, in which the water, during the last of the ebb tide, is only one or two inches deep, build your blind, stick your decoys up in the water, in the most natural manner, and, especially if all this is accomplished when a blustering sou-wester is blowing, ac-

companied by a little rain, in all probability your gun will not lie idle by your side.

The sand bars lying north of the Shinnecock Life Saving Station, in Shinnecock Bay, form another well-known resort for the snipe shooter. Sedge grass grows on the bars in many places, and in this the sportsman either builds his blind, or if the depth of the water will permit, pulls his sharpie, the tall grass making an excellent cover. Over these bars fly nearly all the varieties of snipe; and famous bags have been made there in past years by men prominent in the highest political and social circles.

The one sport for which Long Island is particularly adapted is duck shooting. From Coney Island to Montauk Point stretches a continuous chain of bays, four in number, all connected by canals, and each one containing excellent feeding grounds for wild fowl. Of these four, the Great South Bay is the largest and Peconic Bay the deepest, but the two on which most of the duck shooting is done are the Shinnecock and Great South bays. On both the same devices are used; when the bay is open the battery, or, as it is locally known, the machine, is anchored on a flat, from one to three hundred stool thrown in the water around it, and the gunner lying comfortably in the coffin-shaped box in the midst of this delusive gathering of decoys deals death and destruction to the unwary wild fowl that comes within shooting distance. The battery is a box built of some light wood, preferably white pine, about six feet long, sixteen inches deep, and if for two men, forty inches wide. This is known as a double battery, the single one being only twenty inches wide. These wings, as they are called, are made, extending from two to three feet on all sides of the box. The purpose of these is to make the box float steadily and prevent water from splashing in upon the occupant. A head fender, made of canvas tacked to narrow strips of wood and generally from fifteen to twenty feet in dimension, is always anchored just to windward of the battery, and enables the gunner to lie in much rougher water than would otherwise be possible, as it keeps the waves from breaking over the machine. This, together with from one to three hundred stool, forms a rig, as the bay gunners call it, and is all carried in the stool boat, generally a large sharpie, which is towed by the sail boat on which the gunner sleeps and lives.

When the bays are covered with ice the scooter takes the place of battery and stool boat, and also carries the sportsman to the air hole in which he does his shooting. This little boat is about sixteen feet long by four in width, and is shaped on top somewhat similar to a turtle, hence the derivation of its name—turtle-back, scooter. These boats all have brass runners on their bottom, and are supplied with an ice hook, lateen sail, oars and sixteen decoys, generally hollow, for lightness is an important feature in the scooter construction. In this boat the sportsman is able either to sail or row over ice and water; and when the ice is so thin that the scooter's runners cut through, the ice hook is used, pulling or pushing, as the case may be, but the craft is always able to go where nothing but a similar boat could follow.

Point shooting is but little indulged in on the island, unless it be on the north side, where the coots that live in the Sound all winter, are sometimes killed when flying past or over one of the numerous points. This style of shooting is principally done by residents of Northport, who stand on the narrow neck of land separating Northport harbor from the Sound, and those of East Marion, who shoot off Rocky Point, just to the west of the life saving station of that name.

Shinnecock Bay sportsmen have a few days of goose shooting each fall and spring. The wary birds are shot from boxes sunk into the sand bars, which make the southern part of the bay unnavigable, unless in a small boat. Generally live decoys are used, and the method of inducing the geese to come to them is rather unique as well as exceedingly interesting to watch. For this sport two, or still better, three men work together. The ones who are to do the shooting are left on a bar near, but not too near—for geese are the wisest bird that flies, and could never be driven to a spot where they have seen men but a short time before—the flock of geese that they have designs upon and proceed to stake out the live decoys, arrange the fox grass about the boxes and in every way endeavor to make the spot look as natural as possible. In the meantime the man in the boat—a small sailing skiff is used for this business—has been sailing off in the direction of the particular flock that has attracted the gunners' attention, trying to get them between him and the bar on which his companions are rigged out. When this is accomplished he sails down on the geese, and they, of course, swim away from him. He then draws off until they have recovered from their alarm, then closes up on them again. This maneuver is repeated time after time until finally the geese, who have been swimming toward the bar, see some of their own kind near and confidently hasten toward what are really the live decoys of the gunner. Though this driving geese, as it is called, may seem to be a comparatively easy operation, not many men are capable of doing it. Patience, perseverance and the ability to correctly estimate distance, as well as to know when to hurry the geese or when to wait until they have entirely recovered from the scare occasioned by the close proximity of the boat, are all required, and many a man has found that driving geese is not the easy task that it seems to be to the onlooker.

The majority of ducks shot are broadbill, but black duck, redhead, canvasback, sprig-tail, brant, old-squaw, coots and whistlers are all killed in greater or less numbers by the gunners of the island. The last named bird is seen only when the bays are frozen over, and then many of them are shot from the scooter.

The four-footed game of Long Island is limited to the smaller varieties of fur-bearing animals, with the one exception of deer. Rabbits, squirrels and fox constitute about all the other species that are hunted, although a few opossum, coons, mink and muskrats are trapped or shot.

The deer shooting is confined to Islip township, the swamp owned by the Southside Sportsman's Club being the home of most of these animals. This swamp

is watched by the gamekeepers of the club, and, owing to the protection thus provided, the deer have increased in the last few years. Indeed, many of the farmers complain each summer of the ruin wrought to their gardens by deer, which have grown so accustomed to the sight of man that only vigorous measures are of use to drive them from the irate owner's vegetables.

The method of shooting these, you could hardly call them wild, deer, on the days provided for in the game laws; to wit, the first two Wednesdays and the first two Fridays after the first Tuesday in November, is not in a strict sense of the term sportsmanlike. If you should happen to live in any one of the different villages adjacent to the shooting grounds—Babylon, Bay Shore, Islip, Bayport, Sayville or Central Islip, you would probably be awakened near midnight by the baying of hounds, rattling of wagons, and the horns and voices of crowds of men and boys who have started at this early hour to reach the selected spot on the fire line, surrounding the Southside Club's preserves, before dawn. These gangs, each comprised of from ten to twenty men, on their arrival at the chosen place, wait until it is light enough to distinguish any object fairly well; and then spread out along the cleared strip, known as the fire line, about seventy feet apart. Then two, or possibly three, of the party, mount their horses, and taking the hounds with them, ride off into the scrub oaks, shouting and making all possible manner of noise in the endeavor to jump a deer. When this is accomplished both dogs and horsemen give chase, the men with the object of claiming the deer if shot by other than one of their own party. The deer always make for the club swamp, and though they may succeed in distancing dogs and huntsmen, some one of the men on the fire line, by this time stationed from one railroad track to the other, a distance of three miles, either kills or wounds the unfortunate animal so severely that its capture is certain. Once in a while an old deer, wise from the experience of many seasons, skulks across the fire line, and these fortunate ones remain on the club grounds until the absence of log and man proclaims peace to the hunted.

Shotguns loaded with buckshot, are used in this kind of shooting, rifles being tabooed, as their range is dangerous to the thousands of men scattered through the woods. This style of sport, while not lacking a certain degree of excitement, is rather suggestive of butchery, and has called forth many expressions of disgust from those who believe in giving the deer a better show for their lives.

In the winter, when the snow covers the ground to a depth of three or four inches, fox hunting is indulged in, and many an exciting run is enjoyed. The Meadow Brook Hunt Club has made Long Island famous for this class of field sport, but not a few of the farmers protest against the methods of this celebrated clique. The foxes run by the club members are not always natives of the island, so the farmer claims, and a goodly proportion of these imported foxes escape, to roam at large, increasing the supply of these devastators of chicken coop and duck pen, and causing an additional trouble and expense to the man who already has had his spring wheat trampled down and fences broken by the hunters.

Rabbits are plentiful in all parts of the island; but squirrels, though shot occasionally on the south side, are more abundantly found in the big timber that covers the hills of the northern portion.

If, in this description of the sports of Long Island, the fishing were not mentioned, all lovers of the rod would have just cause for saying that one of the greatest attractions had been woefully neglected. The trout that inhabit nearly every brook and pond on the island are every whit as gamy as those of the famous lakes of Maine, and though not found in such generous quantities, furnish many an hour's pleasure to persons whose pocket book is not of the plethoric dimensions required for a trip to more distant fishing grounds.

The sport, however, from an angler's standpoint, that yields the most enjoyment and annually draws thousands to this little isle, is bay fishing. Every day in the summer the channel, from Fire Island Inlet to the spot known as the head of the channel, where the shoal water of the Great South Bay commences, is covered with sailing craft, generally hired for the day, but many flying the private ensigns of their owners, and all having on board a merry party energetically striving to fill the fish boxes to the brim. The same conditions prevail on Jamaica and Peconic bays, and many a dollar finds its way into the pocket of the bayman from renting boats and supplying bait.

The gamy bluefish is caught in, perhaps, larger numbers than any of the other inhabitants of bay or ocean, by trolling, or that more killing but rather nauseating method, especially on a hot day, known as chumming. Weakfish, flounders, sea bass, porgies, blackfish, Spanish mackerel and other species are found.

Brief mention has been made of the Southside Sportsman's Club, which, though not the only club of its kind on the island, is one of the oldest and largest. It is near Oakdale. Founded in 1866, it has grown into a large organization representing many millions of dollars; and it owns or controls thousands of acres through which flow numerous brooks, and both land and water are abundantly stocked with game and fish.

The Wyandanch Club is a similar institution, with considerable land in the vicinity of Smithtown. Some of the finest quail shooting on the island is enjoyed on the preserves of this club, which turns out hundreds of quail each year, and not only rigorously protects them, but takes excellent care that they shall not want for food during the severe winters.

The Westminster Kennel Club is at Babylon. These are three of the most prominent sportsman's clubs on Long Island, but there are numerous others as well as many private preserves, among which may be mentioned those of W. K. Vanderbilt and W. Bayard Cutting.

F. ARTHUR PARTRIDGE.

All communications intended for **FOREST AND STREAM** should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Life in the Rockies.—IV.

(Concluded from page 258.)

For a few days in the timber camp I had been slightly indisposed, during which time we had run out of meat, and I did not feel equal to going out to hunt. One morning I took a glance around, as I invariably did when coming out of the cabin, and saw a deer standing about 100 yards away, taking a look at our camp. I went inside, got my rifle, and stepping to the door I fired at it, when it humped its back, went a few steps and lay down. We had in camp a large shepherd dog, old Jack, the best hunting dog for big game I have ever seen. I had not then an opportunity to see him after big game, but had heard his master, Mr. P., talk of his worth, and thought this was a good time to try him. The dog was 200 yards above the cabin with Mr. P., who was making fence-bucks. I went up and told him the situation, and he came down with the dog to help. We started over, and when we were half way to it, it got up and old Jack saw it, but as usual would not go a step toward it until told to go. I told him to go after it, and he went with a will. It was in a bad windfall, and the way that deer cleared that down timber and left the old dog behind was a revelation to us, who expected Jack to come up with the deer immediately. I followed a short distance, but could not go far. I sat down and in a very short time Mr. P. gave a whoop, which I knew meant something, and I made my way about a mile down the gulch which we were near, and there found that Jack had caught and killed the deer in short order, and we prepared it for transportation to camp. Previous to that I never would allow him to go with me hunting, but after I saw how much sense he had, and also how speedily and surely he could run down and capture a wounded deer, I generally took him with me on all my hunts.

It was seldom that I needed to take time during my regular working hours to go hunting, but generally managed to kill enough to keep us in meat by going out late in the evening after the day's work was done. One evening, just as the sun was sinking behind the great towering mountains in the west, old Jack and I started out to look for meat. We went straight up the side of a timbered mountain, then followed one of the numerous deer paths around the side of the mountain toward some little open, grassy spots. It was a perfectly still, quiet evening, without a sound of any kind of life, and the only thing to be heard as I slipped noiselessly along with moccasined feet, was the panting of old Jack, who was fat and covered with long, woolly hair. As long as I would keep walking he would keep up his panting, but the instant I would stop he would cease, and not a sound would escape from him as long as I stood still. While I would be listening he would look up at me, then turn his head to one side and listen so intently and eagerly that no one, seeing his great, intelligent eyes, and noting his actions could doubt that he knew as well as I what I was looking for. Just as it was getting dusk I stopped near a thick, brushy place, and heard the muffled thud! thud! of deer, which had probably winded us and were taking a hasty leave. Jack heard them also, and knew well what it meant, but never budged. Some fifty yards ahead was a little rocky knoll, beyond which was a steep slope of open ground, at the bottom of which there was a windfall, and I judged rightly that they would go through this. I therefore made a lively run for this opening, and when I got there saw the deer—two of them—just entering the windfall, 100 yards away. They stopped to look back after entering the windfall a few rods, and I immediately got in my work and brought down the largest of the two, but fearing it might not stay down, as is frequently the case when they drop in their tracks at the crack of the gun, I told Jack to go, and he went like a whirlwind, but he missed the one that was down and got after the other one, and did not get back until after I got to the one that was down, which was dead when I reached it. I was then about a mile from camp, and thought I could call to Mr. P. to assist me in getting the meat to camp, so I sent out some wild whoops, and succeeded in making him hear me, and he started out to hunt me, but not getting the direction exactly, he failed to locate me, and went back to camp and to bed.

I had never tried packing a fresh killed carcass of a full-grown deer alone, but concluded to try it. Shouldering the warm, slippery thing I took my rifle in one hand and started for camp, and about an hour after dark staggered into camp, as hot and tired as any American who ever shouldered venison. One afternoon we had a hard rain, and about three o'clock, after the rain was over, Mr. P. said, "Guess you had better take the rest of the day looking for meat." I took my rifle and started up through the woods and in twenty-five minutes was back to camp for a horse to pack in a deer which I had killed.

It was seldom that I went out for meat and came back empty, but one day I went out right after dinner and spent all of the afternoon without seeing any big game. While sitting along a game trail, watching, I heard a rustling noise, and soon an old mother grouse with about a dozen young ones following her, came in sight only a few steps away, and it was with much interest that I watched them as long as they were in sight. They were tiny little fellows, and it was most interesting to see how suddenly they would dart off and seem to vanish out of existence at the least warning sound from the old hen. I have since thought that if some of the debaters who have been recently advocating the theory in FOREST AND STREAM that the young have to be taught by example what to do rather than by knowing it by instinct, could have watched that family for half an hour or more as I did, they would weaken in their belief, for could these little youngsters, but a few hours old, have been taught what they knew by seeing other grouse run and hide at the same sound? No, they knew it by instinct, before they were two hours old. To those not familiar with birds of the grouse family, it is surprising how shifty the young ones are. I knew of the nest of a quail being passed in the morning when the eggs were all there, none of them being broken open, and in the evening of the same day the eggs were all hatched and the young gone.

The next day at 4 P. M., as I was chopping about one and one-half miles from camp, I took my rifle along, and

took a circle on my way to camp. When passing the point where I had killed my first elk, it was getting so dusk that objects were very dim, and I jumped a yearling bull elk, which ran toward camp, into the heavy green timber. Not having a good opportunity for a shot, and being much opposed to shooting at game by random, I withheld my fire and went on into the green timber toward camp. After going some distance into the woods I saw the elk off to my left about fifty yards, running parallel with the way I was going. It being so dark in the woods, and the timber so thick, I did not risk a shot, but saw at once where I could maneuver to its undoing. About 200 yards straight ahead of me was the head of a ravine, around which was a favorite pass for all kinds of game, and I was quite certain it was making for that pass. I got down to a 200 yard sprint in a way that could only be induced by the vision of 250 pounds of good, tender elk meat. It was so dark, and I was so busy watching for a clear track through the underbrush that I was within a few yards of the head of the ravine before I realized it. Just as I put on the brakes to stop, I saw his majesty coming straight toward me; he had gone rather beyond the place, in his hurry, and was coming toward me to get around the head of the ravine, rather than going down through it as I had planned he would. I dropped on one knee, which was always my favorite attitude for good shooting, and when he was within about 25 yards of me I whistled and he stopped. It was so dark I could only level the rifle at him, without seeing the sights; when the rifle cracked he whirled around and ran back a few rods and lay down by a tree, with his head directly behind the tree, so that I had no difficulty in crawling up within a few steps of him, and I broke his neck with the next shot. Mr. P. had been in bed when he heard me shoot, and when I came in he suggested that I had better just do my hunting at night thereafter and save time.

Work in the wild woods, which have never been touched with an ax, and where the wild creatures live in their natural state, is full of interest, and I have at times become so engrossed in the study of wild life about me as to almost forget what I was working at. To note with what engineering skill their trails are laid out through the mountains, so as to take advantage of every ravine, canyon, ridge and peak, so as to get from one point to another through rough, wooded country by the easiest possible routes, would cause anyone to admire and wonder at their seeming wisdom. I never crossed one of these well-beaten and long used trails along the steep mountain slopes without thinking, "What could an observer have seen could he have been stationed by the side of this trail all through the past ages, and seen all the wild creatures which contributed their share toward the making of this trail?"

Once, while removing an old log which was so decayed as to be readily torn to pieces by the hands, I found, directly under the log, and consequently several inches under the ground and old leaf mould, a pair of buck deer antlers, with the skull attached to them, which had evidently been protected from the rodents all these years by being covered up. I spent considerable time holding an inquest over the remains, to try to determine how and when it met its death; and whether it was lying there and was killed by the tree falling upon its head, or whether it had met its death before the tree fell. It was all so fascinating to try to picture in the mind the tragedy that must have happened there in the solitary wilderness long before the foot of any white man was set in those mountains; for, judging from the great length of time which the fallen pine timber on those dry mountain sides will remain solid, the log must have lain there more than a hundred years.

While working on the same spot at another time, I stopped, straightened up and looked around to see if any living thing was in sight, as was my habit. Up on the mountain side in the open timber, less than 100 yards away, stood an immense buck deer with wide spreading antlers, watching me at my work. I began to talk to him in a loud voice, and apologized for intruding on his territory, and told him with some genuine sadness that he and his kindred were doomed to be crowded out, like the Indian, whose tepee poles were scattered around only a few rods from that spot. He stood and listened to it all, then walked slowly away, as if in a deep study.

The next camp meat was that of a full-grown elk which I found late one evening about one and a half miles from camp, as I was on my way from my work.

I frequently got on my horse and rode over to Big Creek Park, to see my neighbors, and look after my ranch. One evening while on my way back to camp, and while going through a little open park, I looked off to my left, and there was a fine buck deer with large antlers standing in the edge of a windfall, about seventy-five yards away, watching me as I rode by. I had no gun, but remembered hearing of people who had roped deer and other game from their horses. As I was riding a horse that was swift for a short distance, my plans were made in an instant. After getting somewhat past the buck, so as to keep him unsuspecting, I began circling gradually around toward the windfall, to get as near as possible to him, hoping when he would start I could get him to go out into and across the park, which was about 200 yards wide, and believing that in such case I could make a dash and come up with him. All this time I was taking my rope from the saddle, and had it all ready to throw, and was just getting ready for the chase when he wheeled around and went off through the windfall, after I had gotten quite close to him, and spoiled my plans.

One day I was at Luke Wheelers' and they had been out of meat for some time. It was getting late in the season, and the deer were gathering in bands preparatory to leaving for their winter quarters, and were hard to find. As the country between there and the timber camp was all unsettled and full of game, Luke suggested that I take his rifle with me as I went back to camp and try to kill a deer for him, which he might get the next day, as he intended driving to our camp with the wagon and take his wife and sister over for a day's outing. While I was allowing my horse to climb slowly up the side of a steep mountain on the other side of which was our camp, just as the sun was setting, I saw a deer standing away above me feeding. I had a lariat rope tied around my horse's neck, and fastened in a coil to the

saddle, so that it could be taken loose in an instant. I loosed the rope from the saddle, jumped off my horse, and dropped the rope at my feet, dropping on one knee on top of it to keep the horse from leaving me, and took a shot at the deer. The horse made a plunge to get away and my feet in some way got caught in the coils of the rope, and, for an instant there was a general mix-up. By some of the most creditable high-kicking and contortions ever executed, I was disentangled from the rope, and as soon as the horse found it was free it stopped and began grazing.

I gathered up the gun and my scattered senses and slipped up a little ravine a few yards, where I could get a better view of where I had seen the deer, and raising up I saw not only the one I had seen, but about eighteen or twenty others, all standing within gun-shot.

It was the largest bunch of deer I ever saw together, and it was a splendid sight. They were in their short gray coat, and looked so much the color of their surroundings, in the dusk of the evening, that it was difficult to see them only as they would move a big ear or turn their head.

Taking careful aim at a large doe, which was nearest to me and standing broadside to me, I shot, not doubting that it would collapse right there. It never moved when the gun cracked. Pumping in another load I shot with even more care, if possible, than before, and it still remained motionless. Then it just occurred to me that I was shooting a strange gun, and I knew it was sighted entirely different from mine, but how I did not know. Some of the deer were by that time getting uneasy and beginning to walk cautiously away toward the timber a few rods distant. I was uneasy also, but remained where I was. I concluded that the gun was shooting high, and aimed for the fore leg, half way between the knee and the body, and when the gun cracked that time the deer dropped, but I knew full well that it was not down to stay. I jumped up and ran with all possible speed toward it, and did this so suddenly that I was fairly among the others before they were aware of it, and such a stampede as was on for an instant would have made a picture for an artist, could it have been continued. I was within ten steps of my doe when she saw me, and seeming to rally all at once did what I had expected—jumped up and started off on a good run. I was as close as I wanted, and at the second jump put in a shot that brought it down to stay. The first shot had simply creased it on top of the shoulders, as I supposed. By the time I had the game dressed and got my horse it was dark, and I left it there and rode on to camp by starlight.

If in all the affairs of life I could profit as well by the mistakes made, to guard against a recurrence of the same, as in the art of hunting, it might be well. I owed my success of that evening to a failure on a previous occasion, when I was stopping at Wheelers' for a few days. Deer were very hard to get just then, and I volunteered to try and get one for them. I had hunted hard and faithfully until about two o'clock, when, in coming over a bare ridge, I saw a fine bunch of deer, but they saw me at the same time, and were off. There was some snow, and I followed after, but soon found that they were sighting me at intervals and moving on. At last, by great care and some maneuvering, I saw one of them standing on a bare hill nearly a mile away. Having them once located and stationary, I knew it was only a matter of time until I should get to them, unseen, for stalking was my strong hold. By much circling I kept in ravines and sheltering places, and crawling on my hands and knees the last hundred yards I finally got to the nearest point to them that it was possible to get, which was still a long shot. There were quite a bunch of them standing and lying around, at a point where they could see far back on their trail, and were evidently feeling secure in their advantageous position. The one which was nearest to me was lying down, and taking a very careful aim I fired at its shoulder. When the gun cracked it began to flounder and kick around, but could not get up. In my inexperience at that time I supposed of course that if it was disabled for the time being it was so for good, and after taking a few long running shots at some of the others, I began hunting around for the empty shells which I had thrown out of my gun, and after a minute or more of search for them, I started leisurely over to take care of my deer. When about half way to it I saw, away down to my left, a deer running away, and it fell, but got up quickly and went on at a good rate. I realized as soon as I saw it fall that it was the one I had been so sure was mine. I fired a couple of parting shots at it, but it went on, and although I followed it for miles, I never again got sight of it, and never even found where it had stopped. Subsequent experience taught me that it had been creased on top of the shoulders or neck, and I have never followed any game thus wounded and come up with it, though I have followed some animals many miles. Such wounding is probably not fatal, and they soon recover from the effects. When I looked back through my "hind sight" and saw how easily I could have gotten it before it got up at all, and then realized how badly I wanted it, my remorse was a just and full punishment for my mistake. A day or two later, when telling the famous hunter, Cooke Rhea, of my blunder, he said: "Take this advice, which I can give from a long experience: when you shoot at anything and it drops at the crack of the gun, get to it just as quick as you can!" With the above experience and advice I never lost another head of game in that way, but have frequently had success which depended on getting on the spot with all speed. On the other hand, when a big-game animal is shot and runs a few rods before falling, then it is safe to take plenty of time in getting to it, for it will stay down.

The time was drawing near when our work would be finished, and camp would be broken. I was anxious to get some meat to take home with me to my ranch. My saddle horse and a mule belonging to another fellow had left the range where they usually stayed, and Andrew Pennoyer and I started out one morning to hunt for them, and I took my rifle, hoping to see something to shoot. The mountain on which we were camped was mostly covered with timber on the north side where we were camped, and on the south side it was open, and covered with fine feed for stock; it was there we believed our stock had gone, and we went over and found them

away down at the foot of the mountain, fat and well contented. We caught them and were leading them up the side of the mountain when a deer ran out of a small patch of timber and went out of sight over a ridge. Leaving Andrew in charge of our stock, I took a sneak up to the top of the ridge to look for the deer. I could see nothing of it, but while looking carefully over the vast open mountain side of ridges and ravines, I saw, away near the top of the mountain, several animals moving about, but as they were fully half a mile away I could not be sure what they were; anyhow it was game, and I knew it was deer, antelope or sheep, and I instructed Andrew to keep well into the ravines and make his way with our saddle animals to the top of the mountain and there wait for me. I went straight up the mountain over the top, then keeping just over the top, followed up to a point opposite where I had seen the game, then crawled down until I could look over, where I saw a small bunch of antelope just where I had first seen them. They were all lying down, and I began one of the most difficult stalks ever I tackled. It was all open except for a few scattering sage-brush and an occasional rock, with a fallen tree as the objective point to be reached, which would bring me within good range. The most of the distance had to be covered by crawling flat on my belly, which is a slow and by no means easy mode of locomotion, but serves a good purpose when no other will bring the required results. I did not raise my head to investigate from start to finish, and when I finally slid up to my position and peeped under the log, they were all standing up looking intently in my direction, having probably seen some northeast corner of my anatomy as it may have risen above the prescribed line of vision, while of course my head was crowding the earth.

I poked my rifle over the log and shot at the nearest one to me, which started on the run with the rest of the bunch, but fell dead after running a few rods. The others ran within a few rods of Andrew, who was on top of the mountain nearly a mile away.

Some years later while spending some months with my friend, James H. Cook, a famous hunter and ex-chief of scouts during the Indian wars in the West, on his ranch in Nebraska, he told me a story of his own experience which brought to mind this particular stalking of antelope. He was guiding a party of four Englishmen on an elk hunt; they were without any hunting experience whatever, and were very raw. He sighted some elk, but had a difficult stalk to get near enough for sure shooting. The only way to come up with them was to go on hands and knees, and keep very low at that. He started to lead the way, and told his Englishmen to do just as he did. When he had crawled some distance, squatted as close to the ground as was possible, he stopped and looked back to see how England was coming on. He said: "They were coming, all four of them, strung out in single file, and crawling, not on their hands and knees, but on their hands and feet, with their heads so low that their ears were trailing on the ground, and their rumps as high in the air as they could possibly get them, looking as if they were trying to stand on their heads, and the sight was so ridiculous and comic that to suppress an outburst of laughter was the severest strain of the day." Of course he accompanied the description by getting down and showing how they were coming, and afforded food for such laughter as adds years to a lifetime.

A few evenings later I went for a final hunt with old Jack, and on the old familiar grounds, as I intended leaving the next day. After following the top of the mountain a distance of nearly two miles from camp, I started to go down the side, when I saw about a dozen deer away below me, scattered in and around a quaking asp thicket, and they saw me. They were so far away that they did not take alarm, but I knew it was useless to try to get closer, as there was no way of doing so only to walk down the bare open side of the mountain in plain sight; so I decided the only thing to do was to try a long shot. I sat down on the ground and took a shot at the one nearest to me, and none of them seemed in the least alarmed, and I kept shooting away at different ones until I had fired about a half dozen shots, and still they kept browsing around without any concern, and I gave it up as a bad job, as they were beyond my range. I went on down then toward them, and they soon disappeared in the thicket. I went on through the thicket and came into more open woods by the side of a small ravine, and saw the glimpse of a deer as it went up out of the ravine into the woods above. It did not belong to the bunch I had seen, and had not seen me, so I crawled carefully down into the ravine and followed it up a short distance, then came up so I could see up into the woods. There I saw my deer, a splendid buck, standing broadside to me, about fifty yards away, and, fortunately for me, his head was entirely hid by a bunch of leaves, while the whole body was exposed, thus allowing me to see him while he could not see me.

I laid my rifle across a rock right in front of me and shot him through the shoulders, when he fell, but seemed to be trying to get up. Old Jack had been sitting close behind me all this time, and he looked so eager for a share in the fun that I couldn't deprive him, and said "Go get him!" He had him by the throat before I got half a dozen steps toward him, and how he did enjoy the tussle. It was one of the fattest deer I ever killed, and was a valuable addition to my larder for the coming winter. There I learned something new again. It had always been my belief, as it is of many others, that deer always add additional numbers of points to their antlers for each year of their age, and I always believed that a two-point buck (two points on each side) was always two years old. I have killed quite a number of bucks which had the small two points, where the size and appearance of the deer would indicate that they were two years old, but this one, though having but the two points on each side, had much larger horns with wider spread, and the size and appearance of the deer indicated an older animal. Being certain it was more than two years old, I was puzzled, and called a Mexican, who was working in our camp, and who was an experienced hunter, to explain what I believed to be an uncommon freak. He opened his mouth, and as soon as he saw its teeth he told me, by signs, that it was four years old, and that the points on the horns had nothing to do with determining the age.

So far as I have been able to observe, all two-year-old bucks have the two points on each side, but all two-point bucks are not two-year-olds. Like the old adage on lawyers, "All lawyers are liars, but all liars are not lawyers."

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.

EMERSON CARNEY.

A True Bear Story.

SOUTH CHATHAM, N. H.—I had shot at two bears before the one about which I am going to tell you.

The first one I saw last year, and Dr. E. A. Chase, of Brockton, Mass., who was spending the summer at my place, was with me. We were out fishing, and the bear came quite close to us. Having brought my shotgun along, I fired at him, but as my gun was loaded with fine shot, it could not have injured him much.

The other bear I saw up in the woods, where I was hunting small game. At sight of the bear I drew my charges of fine shot and put buck shot in their places. By that time the bear was nearly out of sight. I fired at him, but it did not take effect, and he got away. But now to return and begin my story. One September afternoon I went up in the woods to hunt small game. I had been away from home only a little while, and had just entered a beautiful grove of oak trees when, about a hundred yards away, I saw a large black bear.

He was down on his haunches eating acorns. The next instant, however, he had raised himself on his hind legs, as tall as a man. I decided that it would be impossible to kill him with my shotgun at so long a distance, and I had almost made up my mind to go home for my rifle, when bruin started away, and making a circle to the left, disappeared from view. Fearing that I should be unable to find him again if I went home for the rifle, I decided that I would do the best I could with the shotgun, which was loaded with buck-shot.

So crossing a ravine to my left, I crawled up the hill on my hands and knees to head the bear off. In a moment I caught sight of him standing on a large, flat rock about eighty yards away. The distance was so great I thought it best not to fire. The bear stood watching some cattle that were a short distance away, for a few moments, and then started off again. I followed until I lost sight of him. In a few moments, however, I saw him again, this time coming toward me. I dropped behind a large boulder close by, and waited. He kept on coming, and when he was within thirty yards of my hiding place, his side being turned toward me, I fired. I only wounded him, however, and he started off again. I followed a little way, and fired a second time. I hit him back of the fore shoulder. He started to walk away, nevertheless, but he had only gone a short distance when he fell, and in a few moments he was dead.

I then got a team and some men to help me, and we got the bear home. He measured six feet and three inches long, weighed 160 pounds, and was one of the largest bears ever shot in this vicinity, which is in the edge of the White Mountains, near North Conway.

A. B. F. STILES.

The Maine Season.

BANGOR, Maine, Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The game season is on in Maine, but the usual rush of sportsmen that usually marks the beginning of the season is conspicuous by its contrast with preceding years. Those who advocate the license idea and believe that it was a good thing for the State at large, now say that the great majority of non-resident sportsmen, having to pay fifteen dollars for their privilege, are waiting until their outing will permit them to kill both moose and deer, and so will not visit this State until later. The camp and hotel owners, transportation companies, and others interested are sincerely hoping that this may be so, and look forward to the middle of next week to see the promised influx of sportsmen from other States. One dreamy representative of the game interests is reported as saying to a reporter that the way sportsmen were pouring into the camps is beating all records—and so it may be, but just the opposite of what he may have meant to be understood as saying. One year ago the night Pullman from Boston to this city brought twenty sportsmen, and the same night this season it brought six. That night a year ago there were as many more who sought sleeper tickets that could not secure berths; this year those six were practically all the hunters aboard the train. "In ten years," said one of the party, "I never saw the Boston station so lacking in evidences of outgoing sportsmen as it was last night." Still, the crowd may come later, and there are many who are trusting sincerely that it may be so. Those guides whose old established parties have cancelled their dates don't hope for anything but a chance to kill a couple of deer and a moose and sell them to the markets, thus earning a few dollars at least in the spare time they expect to have this fall.

This, by the way, is a great year for bears. A prominent taxidermist of this city told the writer to-day that he had received upward of twenty bears in the last three weeks, which beats all records in Bangor. Some of these have come from New Brunswick and some from Bangor, but they have all been bears, and the sportsman who wants to hunt b'ar needs no license, this year or next, in Maine.

But if there are few sportsmen coming into Maine just now, her neighbor "across the line" is having an abundance of business in the way of moose hunters, while some are coming out from Newfoundland with their gracefully horned caribou. A large number of these Canadian-killed heads find their way to this city for mounting, and the first to be received here this season was killed by Dr. J. C. Wilson, of Philadelphia, who hunted in the country reached via Bathurst, N. B. The largest head from that country measured 60 inches, and was sighted by C. Carnegie, of New York city. The antlers spread 60 inches. A. B. and T. W. Roberts, of Bala, Pa., and Joseph G. Rosengarten, Jr., and A. L. Wheeler, of Philadelphia, Pa., have been on to the Newfoundland barrens, sending out three fine caribou heads

apiece. Amos P. Webber, M.D., of Boston, has one of the handsomest heads seen here in a long time, the antlers being very massive and spreading 58 inches. Other trophies received from the Provinces include one moose and bear, H. G. Rowe, Medina, O.; a moose, Thos. G. Rowe, Bucyrus, O.; a bear, C. E. Warren, Cleveland, O.; one moose, Dr. Benj. Pennabaker, Philadelphia, Pa.; two moose, R. H. Stevenson, Boston; one caribou, H. Cummings, Jr., Boston; one very nice moose, B. L. Longenecker, Brooklyn, N. Y.; a caribou (from Quebec), E. L. Pollock, Bridgeport, Conn.; moose (head spread 58 inches), George F. Norton, New York city; an entire family of five bears, Joseph Adamowski, the widely-known Boston musician. Perhaps the most astonishing story of the game season in New Brunswick this season is that of the experience of George Wilcox, of Meriden, Conn., who was accompanied by his little son, eleven years old, in a trip to Newcastle. The boy shot his moose with a .22 caliber rifle. Judge H. J. Cookinham, of Utica, N. Y., had a fine trip into Newfoundland, and sent two caribou heads here to be set up. Benson Mann and son, of Philadelphia, secured four in the same barrens, and Rev. Harold Pattison, of Hartford, who left his summer camp at Moosehead Lake a month ago or less to try the same sport, succeeded in shooting three caribou. Charles W. Keyes, of East Pepperell, and Henry W. Keyes, of North Haverhill, Mass., secured three caribou apiece, and E. Otz, of New York city, made a double trip, getting three caribou in Newfoundland and then coming over to New Brunswick, where he secured two moose.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

Massachusetts Fish and Game.

BOSTON, Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The readers of Boston dailies last Thursday were given a genuine surprise by the report of a buck perambulating the streets of Chelsea, a city comprised in greater Boston, and within the limits of Suffolk county. The deer, by good fortune, turned into a street where is a stable, and, by intuition, I suppose, considered that the proper place of abode. At any rate he took possession and was secured. The owner was nonplussed and not knowing just what to do, telephoned in various directions for information, the result of which was the advent of Deputy Warden Bent, who was sent by Capt. Collins to take possession of the deer, as the property of the State. The deputy secured needed assistance and succeeded in transporting the deer to a remote forest several miles from the city limits, where he was set free, and it is quite probable that he will have full enjoyment of his liberty till the expiration of the close time five years hence.

It is also reported that the people of Gloucester are greatly exasperated by the killing of a deer in the outskirts of that city. The Commissioners have been informed that several owners of dogs have allowed them, or encouraged them, to chase deer, and have sent warnings to those persons, and have instructed their deputies to see that the law is enforced to the letter. Your readers may rest assured if the deer are not saved it will not be the fault of the State Commissioners and their deputies.

Deputy Bent had a case against a Boston dealer for shipping short lobsters which came before the court on Wednesday last. I am informed that the dealer admitted to Mr. Bent that he shipped them, and the deputy asked the judge whether his own statement would be sufficient, and was told that his testimony would be of no account—that he had no standing with the court. At first the judge objected to having witnesses come from Fall River, where the lobsters were delivered, on the ground that it would involve too much expense. However, several witnesses were brought from that city and gave their testimony, and it would seem the case against the dealer was clearly proven, but for all that he was acquitted. The source of my information is such as to preclude the possibility of doubt as to the facts above stated, and the case should, it seems to me, be carried to a higher court. As President Reed, of the State Association, said at the conference of commissioners, the 10½-inch law is a very difficult one to enforce, and when a case is brought before a judge who is prejudiced against the law, a conviction is impossible.

It is too early yet to learn how our hunters find the partridges, but that the quail shooting will be good is certain, the reports from various parts of the State indicating that they are abundant, many having been seen in sections where they are not usually found at all.

Commissioner Wentworth writes that the gunners who have sought the covers in New Hampshire have not as yet secured large bags, but he anticipates better results later.

A party of Boston sportsmen are arranging to visit Sandwich, N. H., in a few days for deer hunting, and it is quite certain that a considerable number who have been accustomed to hunt big game in Maine will go to the northern section of the Granite State this year instead. For the man who can spare but two or three weeks from business, this furnishes an inviting field, not only on account of accessibility, but for the abundance of game as well. The great host of hunters who can only go out for a day or half a day will welcome the time when they can get now and then a deer near home.

Our Commissioners tell me they have of late been called on to appoint three of four unpaid deputies every week, and now almost every town wants one or more fish and game wardens. This is unmistakable proof of the increasing interest on the part of the community. Capt. Collins has not only kept his deputies on the move, but says he has made a careful examination of about thirty ponds, and has notified a number of sawmill owners to keep sawdust out of the streams.

Your correspondent received a pleasant call recently from the well-known Springfield sportsman, Mr. Charles Clark Munn, author of "Uncle Terry" and other interesting stories. His latest book, "The Hermit, A Story of the Wilderness," which I have just read with much pleasure, appeals especially to those who enjoy woods life. Mr. Munn was one of the leaders in the convention of clubs in November, 1899, which resulted in the formation of the Central Committee and the consequent improvement in the bird laws of our State.

Dr. Bishop's party returned this week from New Brunswick with two bull moose and a caribou, killed in

the Canaan River country. It is reported that fifty deer have been shipped through Bangor. The proprietors of camps reached from Bingham are expecting a poor season, although they have a very good moose country. Mr. Davis, of the Lakeside, reports deer and bear abundant, as well as grouse. This is a good point from which to hunt in New Hampshire. CENTRAL.

State Game Preserves.

NELWOOD, Ill., Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noted the several communications in FOREST AND STREAM regarding the preserve question, and wonder if any of the anti-preserve writers own their own homes; and how, if they have a pool on their farm or in their dooryard, or a deer or two in their pasture, or a nice bunch of quail in their stubble, they would like it if some person came along and caught the fish or killed the game, and they had no right, under the law, to say them nay.

I do not own a farm, neither a game preserve; but I do think that if I did I would wish to say who should have the permission to hunt or fish thereon.

This country threw off the English yoke because that Government failed to protect a man in his property rights, and imposed on him in other ways.

Our forefathers declared a man's house was his castle, and in it he was supreme, so long as he kept within the law; and so it stands to-day, and I predict that when this right is taken away then there will be trouble.

I hold the rich man's property to be as sacred to him as the poor man's home is to him, and that he has just so much right to forbid trespass as the poor man has. These are rights that may not be taken from any man, nor should they.

The question has now simmered down to, What is the remedy?

In some of the States the question is easily solved, while in others it is a difficult one indeed. In well settled old States, where the land is all owned by individuals or corporations, it would be a hard nut to crack. On the other hand, in States like Michigan, Minnesota, Maine and all the Western and Northwestern States, it should be quite easy.

Take for example Minnesota, where they are making a national park out of some of the most valuable pine lands of the country; and where the pine has been cut off thousands of acres of land that will not be used for any purpose whatever for another generation.

The cut off and burned land lies in tracts of thousands of acres, which have reverted to the State to sell for taxes. Why not make a State preserve out of some of this worthless land? It can be done; and the game laws will protect the game that thrives in that portion of the State. Let no hunting be done except during the hunting season, and a moderate license be paid for the right to take a limited number of deer or moose; and let any one hunt who pays the license. I know of enough such land, in St. Louis, Lake and Cook counties, to make a State park that would keep stocked in spite of all the hunters that would go there; for from actual observations I have learned that not over one-third of the hunters who go out during the season get the lawful allowance of game.

These lands will no doubt be bought up in time, for no other purpose than for game preserves; and if they are, individual ownership will bar any one from hunting or fishing on them. On these lands are beautiful lakes and streams, all of which abound with several varieties of fish; and the deer by thousands and moose in plenty live and thrive all through that section.

Why not agitate this question with the several States, if for nothing more than the preservation of big game? J. P. B.

A New Wrinkle in 'Possum Hunting

A MAN who was raised in the country in Virginia and says that he has never been "possum huntin'" has not only missed the best of sports, but the average man would either vote him a "Miss Nancy" or a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow. I will admit that the negro, with his characteristic sayings, adds largely to the fun of the thing, and the "new issue free nigger" who has been to school is not capable of getting off the funny sayings that we used to hear, but still, a successful 'possum hunt cannot be had without having one or more negroes along. I have just come through one of the most successful, as well as amusing, in all my experience.

At this season of the year the foliage is very thick, and it is difficult to look up into the tops of the trees.

I took with me last night a small quantity of red fire, such as is used in tableaux scenes, and set fire to it with a match. Instantly it shone through the thickest boughs, and not only enabled us to locate the game, but had it not been for the fire we might have lost it altogether, for it often happens that the possum goes up one tree and crosses over to another. Then it is impossible to get him, and oftentimes the negroes say "dat dorg done tole a lie," when in fact he has barked up the right tree.

Twice last night the red fire revealed his whereabouts by showing every portion of all the trees for a hundred feet around. I want to tell of this for the benefit of brother 'possum hunters.

A New York city man, and a gentleman from Buffalo, N. Y., accompanied us, and as they had often read about such things in the South, they had the very best opportunity of seeing it in all of its phases.

We rarely ever cut down trees, as the young negro men can climb almost any sort, and either grab the game by the nape of the neck or shake him out, after shoving him into the topmost boughs.

Last night a young negro climbed up within a few feet of the 'possum and commenced to shake. Failing to dislodge him, and as the varmint had his head turned toward him, he was afraid to take him by the neck, and he cried, "I'll jes' spring off an' ben' de tree down, an' you'll can take him off." "All right," said I, "come ahead." And I prepared to catch him; but, although the tree was not a large one, it was a tough one, and the negro couldn't "ben' it down" as he thought, and it lacked about twenty-five feet of reaching the ground.

There he was suspended in midair and struggling with all his might to get his toes back to the tree. Seeing that he had to drop, he asked us to look to see if there were any stumps for him to fall on. While we were looking, the top of the tree broke, and here came the man and the 'possum, with about fifteen feet of tree, to the ground. In the melee the dogs got excited and could not tell the negro from the 'possum, and pounced on him. Amid the peels of laughter, the 'possum got away, but only for a time, as he was soon caught by the dogs on the ground.

The negro is a great believer in ghosts (they call 'em hants for haunts). Certain dogs in our pack have a way of treeing game, and on investigation we find nothing. The darkies conclude at once that they are "chasing hants," and if they go out alone, and one of these "hant dogs" strikes the track first, they call them off. One of my dogs last night while running got into a barbed wire fence without seeing it, and made a noise as if something had hurt him badly. A darkey at once exclaimed, "Dar, now, a hant done slap him!"

The negro is a great believer in the value of the stars as a guide by night, and if they didn't get mixed on them they would prove a veritable compass; but as the old woman said about her ability to tell a bad egg from a good one, "it would either sink or swim, she didn't know which." We got lost for two hours within half a mile of home because we followed the negro and his "seven stairs." When we left home, they were in the east, and later, they got toward the west; but the darkey forgot, or did not know that stars, as well as the moon, are moving bodies.

I have made a long letter in trying to tell you readers what a good thing red fire is on a 'possum hunt, but I couldn't help it. We got four 'possums.

POLK MILLER.

RICHMOND, Va.

The Adirondack Close.

Editor Forest and Stream.

It is publicly asserted that the lives of half a dozen or more millionaires who have bought and appropriated for their private use large tracts of wilderness land in the Adirondacks which have hitherto been open to the public, have been threatened by the settlers or squatters, whom they have sought to evict under their right of acquisition and possession.

Without attempting to discuss the various phases of the situation, which are not the pleasantest imaginable, either for the parties immediately interested or for that very large class of "Adirondack Murray's" followers who annually set their faces toward the forests for recreation, I would suggest to the gentlemen owners of the preserves in question, several of whom I know personally, that an easy way out of a like difficulty was discovered and adopted by the directors of the "Blooming Grove Park Association" in the early days of its incorporation, thirty odd years ago, when the appropriation of large tracts of land by clubs or individuals was a new thing, and quite at variance with the ideas of personal freedom and eminent domain inherited from those who had originally driven out the Indians and "subdued the wilderness" to their own use. We simply made game wardens and camp keepers of the settlers or squatters who had log cabins or houses on the premises, paid them fair salaries, hob-nobbed with them around the open fire-places, and so made them interested sharers with us in the privileges and benefits of the park, which were to be enlarged and promoted by the protection and propagation given to its forest denizens by our joint efforts. Their experience and lifelong knowledge of the tract made them far more efficient, and loyal to the club's interests than introduced hirelings would have been, and their services were obtained at a minimum expense. Several of their sons are helpers to this day; some of them keepers of out-stations at distances remote from the club house.

Of course, there are lots of outsiders, jealous of our prerogatives; and some who live adjacent to the park boundary have made no end of trouble and expense by malicious prosecutions for supposititious infractions of the game laws. But the Association has had upon the whole undisturbed peace for a generation, and I doubt not some similar course of procedure by the princely Adirondack owners would bring surcease of annoyance and anxiety.

CHARLES HALLOCK,

First Sec'y B. G. P. A., 1871-4.

The Mississippi Bottom.

SANDIS, Miss., Sept. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I took a short trip down among the lakes in the great Mississippi bottoms (it is now very common to call the bottoms the "Delta," and is a mistake, if we understand the meaning of the word "delta"), and oh, how things have changed within the last few years. Two railroads enter and pass through what used to be some of the best and most desirable hunting grounds, and along the banks of some of the lakes. One can hardly get out of sight of a sawmill, timber camp, or railroad; and of course this makes game rather scarce and wild; but really not so much as one would suppose under such circumstances. Reports from timber haulers and choppers say that deer and turkeys are quite plentiful, while the bear has not given up all claims to this long resort of his race. But with the present strides of settling up that great cotton belt, it will be but a few years before that vast territory will be thickly filled with small towns, and all the timber will be cut down and sawed into merchantable lumber; and then one of the finest hunting and fishing regions of the South will be a mere dream. But the vastness of this bottom will yet take several years to turn it into towns and plantations, instead of the "Sportsman's Paradise," as it now is. There is a strip ranging from a point at Lake Cormorant, on the Y. & M. V. R. R., running south for more than 250 miles in length and from 10 to 20 miles wide, that is as wild and dismal as it was a hundred years ago, and there are some few places away down where the Tallahatchie and Lallabunsha rivers come together and form the Yazoo River, that I believe will be unsettled a hundred years later on.

There is one thing the sportsmen have got to see—that the law is enforced, and that a stop must be called on

dynamiting the lakes and shooting game out of season, which is now very common with some men. We have a moderately good law on this subject, but not such as I am anxious to see passed and enforced.

DENNIS.

Down at Chatham.

CHATHAM, Mass., Sept. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Perhaps you would like to know something about the shooting at Chatham this season, and taking advantage of an off day (a dry nor'easter having been blowing for the past forty-eight hours), I send you the result of two days' work in the boxes. We were favored the past week with strong southeast and southwest winds, which are considered at this place to be the most favorable, and in conjunction with a temperature like mid-summer, the birds seemed to be in no hurry to continue their flight south, and were not at all shy, decoying easily, and nearly every box showed a good bag at night. The following score will give you an idea of the different species of birds usually shot here during the season:

Sept. 14.	Sept. 15.
Brown backs 2	Beetles 38
Beetles 23	Grass birds 18
Chickens 2	Winters 12
Grass birds 23	Red breast 5
Summers 1	Golden 1-74
Winters 5	
Red breast 15	
Golden 1-72	

It is rather unusual not to have had days when we were able to kill at least from 75 to 100 grass birds, but the extremely warm weather seems to have made the feed on the marshes too dry for them, and the few that have been shot are not in the condition of former years. The kind of birds given in the score are what are called at this place large birds, or birds that are swift of flight, although there are a great many sanderlings that offer to the gunners who run down for a day or two a chance to get a little practice. You will understand that with us here it is an unwritten law among the gunners that a bird is to be shot only on the wing (unless crippled), and a wounded bird to be killed, even if a 'gunner has to leave his box to do so. I am pleased also to write that the practice of shooting on the Sabbath is discontinued by mutual agreement, and I can see the effect of this in the class of people I meet here this season as against that of three or four years ago. Should anything of unusual interest occur before my return in October, I shall be pleased to send it to you, for I am much interested in Chatham Beach, with its grand ocean view and the good fellows I meet here, that I feel that you ought to know something about it. HOWARD WADE.

Duck Shooting Extraordinary.

OSSINING-ON-THE-HUDSON, N. Y., Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This morning while reading the article by L. F. Brown in your issue of this week entitled, "Spurious Writings About Angling and Nature," I was reminded of an article which might come in for a share of attention. It was printed in last Sunday's New York Sun under the heading, "Duck Hunters Who Are Rich." It should have been labeled, "Something Rich for Duck Hunters." I will wager the man who wrote it never fired a shotgun in his life. Here is a part of it, and enough of it. "Old Dick," the star duck hunter of Spesutia Island, tells of "Duck hunters who are rich."

"Good shots? Yes, some of 'em pretty to'ble," said Dick, between pipe puffs, "and the curious part of it is I've seen a man knock down black-head after black-head who didn't know how to clean his gun after it was wet—gave me something extra to fix it for him. I took a man out last spring who brought along as fine a pair of barrels as you'd want to look at, but he didn't seem to be able to shoot at all. I 'member we got up a brace of fine canvasbacks at close range—dead easy shot. I knew he was an old hand from the way he kept his nerve while waitin' and the way he handled his piece, but when they rose the charge went 'way over 'em. We waited half an hour and along came four more—as pretty a shot as I ever saw. He fired just at the right time, but the shot went all over the place—never near 'em. He looked at the sights—they were of the telescope kind—to see if they were adjusted right, and took the piece apart and put it together again, but there was nothin' wrong about it; it seemed to be in first-class shape," etc. Then he goes on to say the man borrowed his old muzzleloader and killed three out of the next five—like the old story of the alder pole and bent pin. There is no use picking it apart, as it is "hash." How the sporting editor of the Sun allowed a duck gun fitted with telescope sights to get action on itself in the paper is more than I can comprehend. C. G. B.

The Old Familiar Charms.

From the Clinton Courant.

FOR we all know that the same blue ocean still surges above us and the same kaleidoscopic variety of clouds flit across the heaven's arch, the same sun journeys from the Orient to the Occident of our vision now as in the olden time, the birds sing the same tunes on the same key as did their feathered ancestors, the verdure of field and forest remains unchanged, the streams and brooks course their way through equally attractive landscapes, and the man in the moon as graciously smiles down upon the hills and vales as he did in the years of yore. The supernatural charms of that landscape which we, whose youthful home was in the country, so thoroughly enjoyed, and the apparent loss in scenic attractions as the years go by, have a ready and satisfactory explanation.

Those mountains of cloud which we vainly attempted to fathom and measure—that dazzling sun which daily toured the sky, spanning long days of innocent pleasure—the birds which favored us with hallelujah chorus as a sunrise accompaniment—the stream on which we sailed and in which we sported—the brook in which we constructed dam, dike and reservoir, with no damage to the marginal owners—and the moonlight evenings when all the world was hushed to peace—these several attractions all came to us as our introduction to a world of many and varied beauties, making an ineffable impression upon the then unsullied tablets of our memory; then we were new to the world and the world was new to us. In later

years, while similar experiences gain from us but slight permanent notice, remaining as a partial blur on the memory, those early first impressions are retained in their original distinctness, and come back to us at our bidding in the revival of the long ago which comes with the return of home week; and so we again see our early home, meet the friends of other years and once more hear familiar voices which have long been silent, but are not forgotten.

A View of Maine.

MALDEN, Mass., Sept. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The smell of frost and the rustling leaves makes me think of Maine. But shall I go? I see that our friend Kinney, of Worcester, says that the Worcester gunners are going to New Brunswick instead of Maine. As near as I can learn what is true of Worcester is true of the rest of the State. Perhaps from no city of its size in Massachusetts has there been so large a delegation of hunters to Maine as from Malden; but this year it is different. I can count with the fingers of one hand all who have expressed their intention of going; but there is now a large number in New Brunswick, with two parties to start this week. I am a native of Maine, but I must admit that for the first time I am a little ashamed to own it. They have an impression that we have got to have their game, but we will let them see. We will let them run their empty trains; we will let the farmer and storekeeper keep their potatoes and their groceries. We will let the guide wait at the wharf and the station for his patrons, from whom he has decided that his services are worth four dollars per day, but who is content to work the balance of the season in the logging swamp for \$25 per month. E. M. W.

Five Wagon Loads of Minnesota Ducks.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 30.—The State Game and Fish Commission received word yesterday morning from Jackson, Minn., that five wagonloads of ducks which were shipped from Heron Lake out of the State were seized near the Iowa line. The seizure was made by Capt. Bird, a member of the Commission. The Commission has had a great deal of trouble protecting its game in the vicinity of Heron Lake, and the seizure is regarded as a very important one.

Last year this gang was broken up, but they are at it again, with ten men employed and each to average 100 canvasbacks or redheads per day.

CHARLES CHRISTADORO.

Sea and River Fishing.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Game Laws in Brief.

is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the Brief.

Musings at Sand Lake, Michigan.

III.—A Glance at Some Fragments of its Indian History and the March on Toledo from Tecumseh, in 1836.

"On Marquetuas' flowery marge,
The red chief's wigwam stood,
Before the white man's rifle rang
Loud through the echoing wood.
The tomahawk and scalping knife
Together lay at rest;
And peace was in the forest shades
And in the red man's breast."

—Michigan School Ballad.

At least a few drops of the wild, savage blood of primeval man remain in every sportsman, no matter how "cultured" he may be—the slave of conventionality and civilization, the busy user of the trolley, telephone, and limited railway train, the stock-ticker and wireless message. He may scamper over Europe and stare at the "old masters" in a dozen galleries, eat elaborate course dinners at the Cecil in London, or the Waldorf in New York, and chat with the Boston savant about Psychic Research as he speeds in the automobile along Commonwealth avenue; but there is that inside of him which sometimes calls for life in the tent; for the camp-fire, the noonday lunch of roasted fish beside lake or stream, the sighing of winds through woods, and the whispers of waves on beaches as they tell their story to its rocks and pebbles.

So the angler here at Sand Lake will not only note all these factors of Nature's hypnotism, but will dream of what the savage life must have been in that long ago when the Stone Age man or the dusky Indian belle fished here, and watched this panorama of bluffs, woods, waters and flowers. What manner of men were those old lake-dwellers? Did they have a religion? And what were its rites? Did they have a language of their own? What did they eat and wear, and how did they secure it?

These, and a hundred other queries, will grow in interest, until he may search the libraries, question aged residents, write dozens of letters, read the journals devoted to American Folk Lore, and mourn over the scanty and meagre facts, and that the legends and traditions are nearly always so fantastic and unreliable.

And here at Sand Lake, nearly every mail brings to us some new proof that almost nothing is known of the life of the red men of this region. The Pioneer and Historical Society, with rooms and a library at Lansing, has published thirty volumes relating to Michigan history; and it has a few unverified old manuscripts of interest; but few real messages come from that olden time. Almost the only real facts have been obtained by personal conversations with old residents, who tell the stories of the red men as told to them by the aged white men when they were boys. Special acknowledg-

ment is here made of the service and courtesy to us in this matter, extended by the octogenarian, Mr. Charles F. Dewey, of Cambridge, who came to Lenawee county in 1829, and who is yet hale and hearty.

The writer does not vouch for the authenticity of the legends given here; taken from books that cite no real authority for them. But the facts furnished by three or four old citizens as having been handed down to them from their fathers and friends, are fairly authentic—always subject, however, to the objection that it is next to impossible for any man to relate Indian "history" without "romancing."

The earliest known Indian history of the Sand Lake—Prospect Hill—Tecumseh region seems to begin about 1735, when a sub-tribe of the Algonquins had villages at



A NOONTIDE LUNCH.

Sand, Devil's, Wolf, and Allen's lakes. Some of the names of their chiefs were Man in the Clouds, Tall Chimney, Black Wolf, Comes by Water, Blue Cloud, and Maize Grower. These names purport to be translations from the Algonquin equivalents for them. About 1775 this sub-tribe, which extended at least as far as Morrison's Lake, near Coldwater, south to Angola, Indiana, east to the Detroit River, and north to Long Lake in Genesee county, were decimated by the smallpox, which had been brought by a Wyandotte Indian from what is now Lake St. Clair. The different villages established a partial quarantine against the disease. A famine followed, and in the war that resulted from the non-observance of the quarantine, the region was left with almost no survivors.

This handful of Algonquins became a part of the comparatively numerous tribe that came into the region about 1800, and known as the Pottowottomies. They certainly had one village near Sand Lake, and one between Wolf and Allen's Lakes in 1815. The chief in charge was named Meteagah, a tall, thin Indian, who had a wigwam of birch bark imported from "across

thunderly midnights at the top of the "wādtchu," or what is now Prospect Hill. He claimed power to talk with the bears, wolves, foxes, wildcats and catamounts, then plentiful there. He made a monthly (moon) journey to see a sister who lived near White Pigeon, and followed a "trail" through what is now Addison, Wheatland, Jonesville, Coldwater and Sturgis. The tribe had burial places near Tecumseh, and near Siam, and another on Section Eleven of Cambridge Township, Lenawee county. The remnant of this sub-tribe was removed to some reservation, and their villages were abandoned in 1830.

Their burials are said to have taken place at dawn, the corpse being placed with the head to the rising sun. Some grains of the corn from their scant fields, a small piece of deer meat, a deer bladder full of water, a knife, bow, two arrows, and a tomahawk, were buried with a warrior. Squaws were buried with the head to the west, and with nothing, it would seem, to help them by way of food or weapons when they reached the "happy hunting grounds."

They worshipped the Great Spirit, who lived above the stars and kept a sleepless vigil over all. They assembled once a month (moon) and faced in a body to the east before a fire of birch, and sacrificed deer meat to this deity. They had wordless songs of reverence and entreaty, which contained prayers for the ill, and for success during the hunt, and in war. These songs were carefully taught to their young men, and handed down by an official "Wiladtcuppen," or song-keeper. They often endowed the largest trees with a personality that was supernatural, and under them the tents and "shacks" were sometimes placed. At Wolf Lake was a supposed snake, about forty feet long, which had to be placated with offerings of birds and meat—a water deity.

Their language was a *patois* of the Algonquin. Here is a list that was taken down in 1810, of a few of their words, by a settler or trapper named Ross, who camped and hunted at the "hill" (Prospect) lakes, and whose great grandson, Mr. C. W. Marshfield, now nearly seventy years old, handed to me here in New York last year:

Fish	Pabsi
Canoe	Molchu
Lake	Poagan
Great Spirit	Manitou
Woman (squaw)	Lapsi
Muskrat	Fubgro
Bear	Olachumli
Deer	Klabtowoli
River	Chumcatat

The list could be considerably extended. At best, it was merely the sounds, crudely written in English, as pronounced by Indians, to an unlettered, probably ignorant trapper. But some of the words show their Algonquin origin. For example, "pung" was a sled, pure Algonquin, as was "netomp," or "my friend." But I leave the subject for the antiquarians, merely stating that some of our best-known words come from the Algonquin language, as chipmunk, totem, terrapin, woodchuck, persimmon, porgy, coon, pone, and caucarouse, or a head man—chieftain.

But we leave the subject—it is too obscure.



ONE OF THE LANDINGS AT SAND LAKE.

the flowing water," Canada. He had from six to a dozen wives, was left-handed, smoked dried leaves, and carried an eagle's wing pendant from a wampum belt, as a symbol of his rank. His royal head-dress was made of untanned buckskin sewed with deer-thongs; his moccasins alone were stained red with chokeberry juice, and his was the only canoe at Sand Lake which was entitled to two paddles—the chief's prerogative.

He had charge of the village for about twenty-five years, and was succeeded by "Siam," a lazy, dirty tribesman, who had "cured" diseases by making signs, mumbling incantations, and pouring deer blood and the dry gratings of wild turnip moistened with cherry juice, down the throats of his ill victims. He had a bow of ebony, arrows tipped with rattlesnake poison, and claimed that he had frequent talks with Manitou, the Great Spirit, who visited him under an oak tree on

One well authenticated custom was the forcible carrying from her wigwam of any Indian girl whom a brave desired for a wife. In Siam's village at Sand Lake as late as 1815, a girl so seized killed her assailant with a single blow of a tomahawk. But even when a girl desired to be the wife of her abductor, she kicked and squallied and resisted as if that were the last thing she wished. Women, savage and civilized, often have this trait.

Even in 1829 the Siam village was little more than a camp of squalid Indians, dependent on the bounty of the Government. They started for Malden, with others from the West, in August of that year. Mr. Dewey, the old resident of Cambridge, writes me that "on their return they stopped on the trail that passed our house (about 400 of them), having blankets, guns, shoes and coats, but especially considerable money, and more whisky in deer bladders. They were very

noisy, yet seemed to be under control of certain squaws, one squaw to each division. They would 'mind' her when the chief could not keep them quiet."

But more interesting history, and well known, is that of the pioneers who were settling in these Prospect Hills for twenty years before, Jan. 26, 1837, when Michigan, the thirteenth State, after the thirteen original ones, was admitted into our Union. The woods below Prospect Hill were even then showing many patches of clearings. What a hardy, self-reliant, brave, hustling lot of men and women those settlers were! They showed their native courage when the State of Ohio confiscated their southeast region, in order to secure a port on the lakes at Toledo. The territorial governor of Michigan, Stephen T. Mason, the former secretary of the greatest man Michigan has ever produced (Lewis Cass), called for volunteers to "repel boarders"; and from these very hills at Sand Lake about sixty men left their cabins and joined the "army" of over two hundred men that gathered at Tecumseh, about nine miles east of this lake. They carried flint-lock muskets. One battalion, said to have been led by a son of Gen. J. W. Brown, had charge of the army's one little cannon. In testing it before starting for Toledo, they fired it too close to the bass drum, and burst one of its "heads." One of the soldiers, Asa Gilmore, became famous. He marched to the strip of disputed territory with his "regiment," under Col. Smith. On arrival at Toledo it was found that the Government had promised the Territory of Michigan what is now the Northern Peninsula of that State in exchange for what Ohio claimed at Toledo. This was satisfactory; but private Asa wanted some gun-firing anyhow. He stepped out from the "line" and asked permission to burn powder. So the Colonel arranged what he called a surprise in the camp. It was awakened at midnight by a scattering volley from a few of the old flint-locks, and rose to defend itself from a night attack. Asa loaded his old musket as often as ordered, but forgot or was afraid to fire. He got five or six charges into his gun, when his fear to fire it left him, and he "blazed away." The gun burst, doubled, knocked him down and filled his face with grains of powder, which he carried to his grave. He is said to have applied to the Territory for a pension, which was refused. He was the one wounded veteran of the bloodless Toledo war—a very triumph of comic opera campaigning. His ruined gun is preserved at Lansing as a souvenir.

That was almost seventy years ago. How different from the "forced march" of that plucky band, is the ride of this train-load of passengers, excursionists from Toledo, over the Lake Shore road. We reach Toledo from Pentecost station, near Sand Lake, in less than an hour, doff our brown jackets and outing shirts, help to eat the four black bass we took this morning at the lake, and smoke and chat with our host before taking a train for the East.

But we know that the joys of our outing will linger in memory. Beautiful Sand Lake! May its shores, green for centuries, still show their beauty, and attract sportsmen to their hospitable cottages and tents, when we, in turn, have been forgotten.

L. F. BROWN.

The Flight of a Flying Fish.

I HAD intended to say considerable about a second visit recently paid to that "abode of the blessed," Avalon, but a writer in a late number of FOREST AND STREAM has, with little regard for my feelings, said most of it, and thereby stolen my thunder. I cordially indorse his sentiments on the subject of fishing as carried on at Avalon, and the senseless slaughter attending it, but I think he has neglected some of the more pleasing features, among them the glories of the big glass bottom power boats, and the wonders of the pictures they show one. The boats themselves are so large and comfortable, and, drawing as they do only about a foot of water—the largest draws only ten inches—they carry one through scenes of enchantment extending for miles, the like of which is to be seen nowhere else on earth under such favorable conditions. Then, too, he had nothing to say of a trip of sixty miles around the island that was to us, though devoid of accident or even incident, a keen delight of eight hours' duration.

I dwelt at some length in that article which I wrote for, but shall not send, you, upon the pranks and antics of the kids of all ages in the water and out of it, and of the walks and rambles about the island, with a word for the band that seems to me the very best band of all the world, just because it plays at Avalon; then there was "The Gibson Girl," and the "Cake Walk Girl," and—well, you've missed a whole lot of things I was going to tell you, but what I am really inflicting this screed upon you for is to take issue with your correspondent on the flight of a flying fish. It doesn't seem to me that he has got it just right.

On the trip from Los Angeles to the island and back, and going around the island, I had many chances to study the subject, for the fish were plenty and incidents few to distract the attention; and here is the way it seemed to me.

In the first place, the fish didn't leap from the water and fly through the air. He popped his head out, spread his great pectoral fins and sailed along with his tail in the water working like mad; seen from astern it was a blur. This continued for a hundred feet or even a hundred yards; suddenly his ventral fins opened like another pair of wings, and this raised his tail out of water, and he sailed along on a line parallel and not more than a couple of feet above it. Now if while sailing along in this way he sank near enough to the surface of a long swell to reach it with his tail, the ventral fins were closed, the propeller started up, and he got a fresh impulse.

I saw one fellow who in the course of a flight of considerably over a thousand feet (I think it was a great deal over a thousand feet), partly at right angles to the ship, and partly parallel, got no less than six fresh starts. When they stopped the fish generally plunked head first into a wave, as if they had miscalculated the height. As a rule the fish went in a straight line just as he happened to have been started, and when he turned it was as though he had been swerved by the wind, or

had held one fin higher than the other, or something of that sort. There were no birds pursuing them, so I had nothing to tell me whether the fish could dodge or not, nor were there, apparently, any fish in pursuit of them. It is quite probable that in the latter case they would have sprung much higher from the water; for I remember that on one occasion when I was on my way to Honolulu, the second mate brought me a flying fish which had flown into one of the boats hanging from the davits of the quarter deck on a bark of about four hundred tons. I had him for breakfast and he was by no means bad eating.

The flying fish is a rather nice looking fish when he is dead, but when he is alive and skimming through the air he looks like a streak of iridescent glass, mother-of-pearl, and all that sort of thing; but I don't think he ever really flies an inch, the apparent motion of his "wings" being really the play of light on the surface of the wet fins. The fin is not a wing, but a true fin, though set higher on the shoulder, and much larger than in other fishes. ***

Pollution of Lake Champlain.

THE copious extracts published by all the leading New York daily papers from the article on the pollution of the waters of Lake Champlain which appeared in last week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM, indicates that a widespread interest has been aroused in the matter, and may be taken as a token that this time the fight against the mill owners will be fought to a finish. That the latter will finally be compelled by the courts and by force of public opinion to abate the nuisance may even at this date be accepted as an accomplished fact.

It is expected that within a few days the results of the official investigation of the waters of the lake and the Bouquet and Au Sable rivers recently made by Prof. Olin H. Landreth, consulting engineer of the State Department of Health, will be placed in the hands of Governor Odell. It is expected that the latter, on the basis of the report, will proceed to force the local health officials either to close up the mills or to adopt some effective method of getting rid of the chemical refuse that now finds its way into the lake. If action in the case is long delayed by Governor Odell, it is the intention of those actively interested in fighting the mills to apply to the Supreme Court for an injunction to close up the mills, and it is believed that this can be done.

Although in the past all attempts to put a stop to the pollution have failed, it is purposed that now there shall be no failure. But it will not be a walkover by any means. The power of the pulp mill owners has been evident during the years that complaints have kept coming into at least two departments of the State, for in spite of the fact that the Forest, Fish and Game Commission has in a manner investigated the nuisance, and the State Board of Health, in its annual report for 1899, published an analysis of the water in Au Sable River which showed that the water was impure and that the pollution was due to the pulp mills, the trouble has not been lessened.

Said Mr. Edward Hatch, Jr., who, as a large property owner in the Lake Champlain region, has been actively combating the pulp mill nuisance: "Although this fight has been on nearly ten years now, we have never despaired of ultimate success. It was only last spring that the New York Legislature was importuned to take action to compel the manufacturers to dispose of the waste in some other manner than by dumping it in the streams which flow into the lake, as there are many acres which these companies own and can use for a dumping place. This was done for a time, but after a showing had been made, they again allowed the chemical discharge to escape into the streams. The discharge from the mill on the Au Sable River in one day amounts, it is said, to nearly 200,000 gallons containing about one per cent. of sulphurous acid; while the mill on the Bouquet River in its manufacturing uses a strong caustic liquid of soda and lime, and gives off a discharge equally large. It is not difficult to understand the action of these chemicals upon all forms of life with which they come in contact. Large quantities of fish are found dead as a result of meeting with this poisonous outflow, and the rocks along the shore for many miles are coated with a white slime which makes it a public nuisance as well as a destroyer of life.

"The pollution of the water is especially noticeable in the winter when the lake is frozen over and it is possible to detect the discharge of the chemicals by their color.

"Opposite the mills, which are about half way down the lake, is the city of Burlington, on the Vermont side, which draws its supply of water from the lake. Recently there have been many complaints of this water, and a plan for moving the intake further out into the lake has been discussed. It is my belief and that of others who complain of the pollution, that the deterioration of Burlington's water supply is due to this cause. They have explained their views to Governor McCullough, who has interested himself in the matter. It is probable that the authorities of that State will take action through the United States courts to restrain the continuance of the abuse.

"In my opinion the best speech by far delivered at the recent meeting of the Fish and Game League of Vermont, was that of Justice D. J. Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court. He referred to the preservation of the fish and game of the country, both for game and for food supply, as a serious matter. He had three suggestions to make: Never destroy fish or game for the fun of it, as the early settlers of the country did. Stop the destruction of fish by the pouring of poisonous drugs from the mills into our streams and lakes. That was a duty we owed to ourselves and future generations. We all owed something to each other, and in those matters we had no right to do that which destroyed the rights of another. We should cultivate and replenish our stock of fish. An acre of water is worth as much as an acre of land for production, but it needed cultivation the same as land. He was glad to see what the Government was doing in that matter, and hoped it would do even more."

Mr. Hatch, among hundreds of other letters bearing on the subject, has received the following communication from one of the leading city officials of Burlington: "The people of Burlington have enough to contend

with already without being forced to face the possibility of poisonous chemicals from the opposite shore of Lake Champlain being drawn into the supply pipe of our water system which extends beyond Appletree Point. It is difficult to see why the pulp mills cannot dispose of this waste on land without serious loss or marked inconvenience, and it is to be hoped that the matter will be agitated on both sides of Lake Champlain until this nuisance and menace to both our fishing interests and the public health is abated."

Another letter reads:

"Besides the contaminated waters, however, there are other evils. On the New York side there is little effort made to prohibit illegal seining. I do not believe there is a night in the summer when they are not dragging nets. I see men going by my summer place with nets in their boats, and I hear of it almost every day. At the mouth of the Au Sable are twenty or thirty boats, owned by people back in the country that, I am told, are used at night in the dragging of seines. It indicates a laxity on the part of the game wardens if not indifference or actual connivance. There are enough people, I am sure, who are residents of the State of New York, who spend their summers on Lake Champlain, who, if they would exert an influence, could create a sentiment which would prevent a contamination of the waters and illegal fishing."

Oct. 6.—Since the foregoing was written the matter has assumed a serious aspect, one that may yet end in bloodshed and murder. The life of Mr. Hatch has been threatened, and threats have also been made about destroying his property on the lake.

Mr. Hatch, who has just returned to New York from a visit to Lake Champlain in the vicinity of the pulp mills where his property is located, spoke freely to a representative of FOREST AND STREAM about this latest development in the prolonged fight between the lake residents and the mill owners, which seems likely before long to end in favor of the former. But the victory may be dearly bought. Said Mr. Hatch:

"It was while at Keeseville the other day that I received the first intimation that my life was in danger on account of the determined stand that I have taken in the Lake Champlain pollution matter. Keeseville is situated on the Au Sable River about twelve miles below the pulp mill factory of J. & J. Rogers, and has a population of about twenty-five hundred.

"While standing on the porch of the main hotel there, I was approached by a man dressed in a workman's garb and who appeared to be a bit the worse for liquor. 'So, by God!' said he, 'you're the one that's bent on closing the factories, are you? Let me tell you that if you're not damned careful there'll be another Dexter case up here and a whole lot of excitement. Somebody else is liable to be shot in the back, you know,' and saying this he walked off shaking his fist and scowling menacingly.

"I subsequently learned that since the publication last week of the article on the pollution of Lake Champlain in the FOREST AND STREAM, in which I freely expressed my views, and which article was freely quoted by the prominent New York papers, my life has been threatened more than once. In addition to the direct threat which I received, I was subsequently told by friends in the mill region roundabout that I had imperilled my life by my attitude in the pulp mill matter, and that it would be better for me not to go about unarmed and alone.

"I have no fear, however, of any evil consequences, and despite the warnings of friends who declared that in justice to myself I should protect myself with guards, I went about unprotected in any way during the remainder of my stay there, frequently taking long drives through the woods, and met with no mishap whatever.

"As far as the mill owners and myself are concerned, there is no personal enmity that I am aware of. On the contrary, our social relations are of a very friendly nature. It is only the very lowest riffraff in the community about the mill region who could possibly misunderstand my attitude in the matter, and thus look upon me as an enemy bent on taking the bread out of 'their mouths, as it were.

"As a matter of fact I do not want to close up the offending mills, and thus throw hundreds of people out of employment. I simply want the mill owners to obey the law and discontinue their pollution of the rivers and lake. When it comes to a final test I am sure that rather than close the mills their owners will spend the necessary money and find other means of disposing of the mill refuse than by dumping it into the waters of the lake."

Mr. Hatch said that he intended to return to the mill region again in a few days, and declared that he had no fear of personal violence. "I'm in this fight to win out," concluded Mr. Hatch, "and all the threats and bluffs in the world won't stop me."

Vermont's Fishing Interests.

From the Burlington Free Press.

THE eloquent appeal made at the banquet of the Vermont Fish and Game League by Justice David J. Brewer of the Supreme Court of the United States for the preservation and development of our fishing grounds, ought to result in the adoption of measures for the purpose of carrying out the excellent suggestions made by our distinguished visitor. His remarks about the value of our fish supply and the duty of every man to seek to conserve our fishing interests, while applicable to every body of fresh water in the State and throughout the country, applies with particular force to Lake Champlain.

We fully realize that determined efforts have been made by our leading sportsmen as well as by members of the Legislature to secure the co-operation of Canada with the authorities of New York and Vermont in the adoption of measures to stop seining, especially during the spawning period. We also fully realize the force of the argument brought to bear by those who show that our Canadian cousins haul seine after seine just across the imaginary line constituting the international boundary and ship carloads of fish to the markets of our larger cities, and urge that the income from this work might as well be enjoyed this side of the line as on the other side. This consideration does not diminish the force of Justice Brewer's assertion, that no matter what law may be on the statute book, no man has a moral right to disregard

the rights of the people as a whole in the matter of protecting and promoting the multiplication of fish.

Justice Brewer rightly appealed to the sense of right, and such an appeal ought to prove effective with all classes having to do with our fishing interests. If such an appeal will not cause men to stop the wanton destruction of fish in Lake Champlain by the wholesale, there is possibility of meeting those communities which stand for seining in Lake Champlain on their own ground.

The only benefit which a community receives from the liberty to haul seines within its boundaries is the circulation therein of the comparative pittance which fishers receive from the sale of the fish thus taken. Now compare this small benefit to the results which would follow were Lake Champlain so well stocked with fish for angling that our shores would be lined with cottages and summer cottages for the accommodation of summer visitors attracted here, in part, by our excellent fishing. Would not the large sums of money thus attracted to these shores from the large cities and brought here by tourists from all parts of the country, far surpass the amounts received from the sale of fish taken in seines?

If it be urged that even excellent angling might not mean the realization of the picture thus painted, it can be stated on the authority of those whose interests lead them to study the subject of attracting summer visitors to Lake Champlain that the lack of good fishing with hook and line is one of the most serious objections that they have had to contend against. They come into contact with tourists and know the appeals which tend to attract tourists to other places where good fishing constitutes one of the best drawing cards.

An immense hotel is to be erected on one of the islands of Lake Champlain in the near future by a corporation as an experiment; and if the experiment is a success it requires no argument to show that other structures of this character will speedily follow. It is the duty of the residents of the Champlain Valley to do everything in their power, speaking from a purely selfish standpoint, let alone the common welfare, to spare no reasonable effort to assure the success of this experiment. Instead of clamoring for the privilege of drawing seines, every town on Lake Champlain should see to it that no seines are used within its borders to deplete the stock of fish in Lake Champlain. We cannot hope to convince our Canadian neighbor that he should not draw seine, while we are pulling out loads of fish as we talk to him. Someone must stop seining first, and inasmuch as we shall have summer hotels before our neighbors, it will not be unreasonable to ask that people on this side of the boundary set our neighbors the right kind of an example.

Fish and Fishing.

The Salmon Season in Newfoundland.

MR. W. F. J. McCORMICK, who wrote the interesting details recently given to FOREST AND STREAM of the catching of Newfoundland salmon with bait, furnishes me with valuable information respecting some of the salmon rivers of the Island Colony, and the catches of the recently terminated season. Of the Little Codroy River, from which he wrote, Mr. McCormick says that the fishing there has been worse than in any other part of the island, owing to the crowd of inexperienced persons—not anglers—who have been thrashing the unfortunate stream ever since July 1. Only eight miles in length, and containing but four pools, it has been forced to support a daily average of ten "fishermen" with tackle ranging from a 3½-ounce bamboo trout rod to an English telegraph pole 24 feet long, and heavy enough for a cargo boom on a tramp steamship. Though the Little Codroy fish are not exceptionally numerous, they seem to run large for Newfoundland. Mr. McCormick complains, however, that their fighting powers are not very great. He killed a 31-pound male on the 22d of August in eight minutes. It made but one run and came in nearly dead. He would like to know what is the matter with the fish here, and suggests that they may feel the want of exercise, since the river is very shallow, so much so that it can be waded almost everywhere. Excluding all fish under ten pounds in weight, the following is a list of the salmon killed by Mr. McCormick in the Little Codroy during the first three weeks of August: One of 23½ pounds on a No. 2 silver-doctor; one of 43½ pounds on a No. 1 black-dose; one of 12½ pounds on a No. 4 Hornsby; one of 11½ pounds on a No. 6 Jock-Scott; one of 19 pounds on a No. 4 Hornsby; one of 31 pounds on a No. 2 silver-doctor; one of 16½ pounds on a No. 2 dusty-miller; one of 15 pounds on a No. 2 Jock-Scott; and one of 10½ pounds on a No. 8 silver-doctor. The last mentioned fish was taken on a trout rod on the 25th of August, and the 19, 31 and 16½-pound fish were all killed in about two hours' fishing on August 22. The 31-pound fish is the largest taken this year in the Little Codroy. Mr. McCormick reports that in addition to the large fish mentioned above, he killed a large number of grise from 3 to 8 pounds, and about thirty brook trout from 2½ to 4¾. The best trout fishing, however, this year was in the Gander River. The fish were plentiful about the 1st of July, ran large and took the fly well.

Mr. McCormick believes that he has found out the trouble with the lower Humber and the reason why there is little or no fishing in so promising-looking a stream. It was near its mouth in the Bay of Islands for several days, from the 2d to the 7th inst., and fished for trout at the first big rapids with fair success. The salmon will not stop in the river, however, below Deer Lake on account of the large number of seals with which it is warming. My informant saw six in one small pool at the same time. The Bay of Islands district gives a bounty of \$1 per head on seals, but not apparently with much effect. Molt are plentiful in the river, and in fact a perfect nuisance to the trout fisherman, so that there is every reason to hope that in time the upper waters of the Humber will be well stocked with salmon.

Very Large Trout.

I cannot remember any previous year in which there have been so many large trout killed in this country, as during the last two months of the season which has just ended. From every part of the Province in which large

trout are known to exist come reports showing that the biggest fish have been easily taken on the fly. The excellence of this fall fishing goes far to compensate for the very indifferent sport enjoyed during the spring and early summer. Mr. A. W. Hooper, of New Haven, returned here from Commissioners' Lake on the 2d inst., having killed during the last few days of the season several fish running from 1¾ pounds to 4 pounds. He also lost some very large ones in consequence of bad hooks.

But by far the greatest interest aroused by big trout this season was that manifested in a catch of fish recently brought to town from the big lake Jacques Cartier within the limits of the Laurentides National Park. This lake is very inaccessible, being only reached by two or three days of very hard work, though not more than about seventy miles from Quebec. The road to it has been practically deserted for so long a time, however, that it is in parts well nigh impassable for a horse and buckboard, and would scarcely be recognized by John Burroughs as that traveled by him thirty to forty years ago. Very large trout had previously been taken out of this lake, but none so heavy as one brought thence a few days ago, which turned the scales at 9 pounds.

Speaking of heavy trout reminds me of an illustration which came under my notice the other day of how some big fish records are made. A Toronto newspaper reported that a beautifully spotted trout had been captured by a well-known clergyman of that city in an inland lake of Ontario which weighed over 17 pounds. The item was no doubt perfectly correct, for lake trout of very much larger size have been taken out of Ontario lakes, and the lake or salmon trout (*namaycush*) is certainly a very beautifully spotted fish. But as paper after paper copied the item all over the country, for the Toronto divine is a very well-known and popular fisher of both men and trout, the spotted trout became a "speckled trout," this latter adjective doubtless appearing to the editors to be the better one. So people were seriously asking themselves whether it was possible to catch a 17-pound *fontinalis*, and whether the Rev. Dr. Langtry's trout was not a record breaker; for, as in the case of the "cowslip on the river's brim," a trout is a speckled beauty without distinction of variety to the ordinary newspaper reader, and it is nothing more.

Cognate to this subject is that of the reported catch of several sea salmon of late in the St. Lawrence, in the vicinity of Cornwall or Barnhart's Island. Were these fish *namaycush* or lake trout, or what were they? I am not aware that any species was examined by anybody competent to decide the question. Salmon have inhabited the waters in years gone by where these fish were taken, but there is no reason for believing that they have again ascended the St. Lawrence so far, and if they had they would not take bait or a spoon so far from the sea. It has been suggested that these fish were rainbow trout. It is well known that for some years past Lake Titus, on the American side of the river, has contained these fish, and that specimens weighing at least 10 pounds have been seen below the dam there in spawning time. Being somewhat of a migratory fish it is quite possible that they may have run down the Salmon River into the St. Lawrence, in which case they would be very likely to be taken in the vicinity of Cornwall. The proper examination of a specimen would of course soon settle the question.

In the Footsteps of Cotton.

Charles Cotton built a fishing hut on the bank of the Derwent in Beresford Dale, and it is reasonable to suppose that he made frequent use of a footpath leading by the hut. Concerning this footpath there has arisen a dispute, the present owner having closed it against the public. Beresford Dale is on the borderland of Staffordshire and Derbyshire, and to-day it is quite as favorite a resort of anglers as in the days of Walton and Cotton. There is another footpath on the opposite bank of the stream, but it does not permit a near approach to Cotton's hut, and this is a privilege which the occasional visitors to the Dale, acting through the local Footpaths Preservation Society, are striving to regain.

Mysterious Movements of Fish.

How remarkable are the pilgrimages of some of the immense shoals of fish in the ocean! It has been well said that the laws of their wanderings still belong to nature's mysteries. I hear through friends who have been salmon fishing in Scandinavia that vast armies of herring have appeared off the west coast of Sweden, and that the fisherfolk are reaping a rich harvest. These fish have now been absent for a quarter of a century. During the middle ages the herring fisheries of Sweden produced great wealth, but the herring unaccountably disappeared for three centuries. They reappeared at the end of the eighteenth century and at the middle of the nineteenth, just as they have during the present season.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Wisconsin Muscalonge Fishing.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Sept. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I cannot resist answering two articles which appeared lately concerning the different baits used in taking muscalonge in northern Wisconsin lakes. The statements that amused me the most were these: "One does not recollect any instances of muscalonge being caught on frog bait. The most up-to-date method of taking the educated muskie would seem to be by casting a sucker minnow weighing about a pound. The frog, for one reason or another, is not commonly used by the muscalonge fishers of the Wisconsin district."

Allow me to suggest that this poor unsophisticated writer should be sentenced to thirty days of solitary muskie fishing in northern Wisconsin, with nothing to eat until he should catch a muscalonge "casting a sucker minnow weighing about a pound." Perhaps that might enable him to write articles from experience, and relieve him of that terrible strain of drawing so heavily upon his imagination.

I have fished for muskies for fifteen years in fifty lakes in Wisconsin, and find that casting a frog on a weedless hook without a spoon is the most enticing bait and used more by the best fishermen than any other bait. Of

course, a minnow is the natural bait for muscalonge, but is not used as much as frogs for several reasons. Minnows are not easily obtained in a great many localities; they do not wear as well as frog and cannot be handled as well in casting unless they happen to be just the right size.

I think the next best bait is a plain spoon with a few bright feathers and a single hook. A single hook reduces the chances of being caught in the weeds; and, besides, it is not considered sportsmanlike to use more than one hook.

Now, concerning that "Casting a sucker minnow weighing a pound." In the first place it is almost too absurd to talk about. There is not a casting outfit manufactured for inland lakes fishing that can stand the strain of casting a pound weight; neither could a sportsman be found who could stand the strain for any length of time.

I have fished for muskies every day for the last three months and used frogs for bait two-thirds of the time—always killing the frogs before using. I have no record catches to brag of, as I do not measure my sport by the number of fish taken, but I had excellent fishing all summer.

I shall write you again sometime giving a more detailed account of my experiences fishing for muskies in Wisconsin and shooting chickens in the Dakotas.

T. K.

The Largest Bluefish.

IN FOREST AND STREAM, June 25, 1874, it is noted that a bluefish weighing 25 pounds was caught with rod and reel at Cohasset Narrows, Massachusetts, by L. Hathaway, a veteran fisherman. This appears to have been a record fish, for the vague reports of forty and fifty pound fish in New England prior to the American Revolution must be regarded with some suspicion. Jordan and Evermann, in their "American Food and Game Fishes" (1902), says: "The largest bluefish of which we have any record weighed 22 pounds and had a length of three feet."

I now have to announce the capture of what may prove to be the largest bluefish of which an authentic and definite record exists. Mr. George E. Orpin, keeper of the Maddequet life-saving station at Nantucket, writes to the Bureau of Fisheries that in the latter part of September, 1903, Nelson P. Emer, surfman at the station, caught from the beach a bluefish 3 feet 9 inches long which weighed 27 pounds.

H. M. SMITH.

BUREAU OF FISHERIES, Washington, D. C.

The Kennel.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 20-23.—Frederick County, Md., Agricultural Society show.
J. Roger McSherry, Sec'y.
Nov. 17-19.—Boston, Mass. Terrier Club show.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 26.—Clare, Mich.—Sportsman's Field Trial Association trials. E. C. Smith, Sec'y, Midland, Mich.
Oct. 26.—Washington Court House, O.—Monongahela Field Trial Association trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.
Oct. 27.—Paradise Valley, Nev.—Nevada Field Trial Association trials. Dr. C. E. Wilson, Sec'y, Elko, Nev.
Nov. 2.—Washington Court House, O.—Ohio Field Trial Association trials. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y, Circleville, O.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 9.—Fourteenth annual beagle trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y.
Nov. 9.—Howardsville, Va.—Missouri Field Trial Association trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Nov. 9.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Association trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 9.—Hutsonville, Ill.—Independent Field Trial Club trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Western Irish Setter Club trials. Dr. T. L. Fenn, Sec'y, Chicago, Ill.
Nov. 10.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven, Conn.
Nov. 16.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.
Nov. 23.—Robinson, Ill.—American Championship Field Trial Association trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Dec. 1.—Clay City, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club trials. C. F. Young, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Thomasville, Ga.—Continental Field Trial Club trials. John White, Sec'y, Hempstead, N. Y.
Nov. 16.—Holmdel, N. J.—Potter Club of America's trials. C. F. Lewis, Sec'y, New York city.
Nov. 30.—Chase, City, Va.—Virginia Field Trial Association trials. Charles B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.

Vaccination Against Distemper.

FOR a long time the term vaccination had only a single meaning, indicating the introduction of the virus of cowpox into the system of the human being for the purpose of preventing an attack of smallpox. In the present day, however, the term is used, and for some time past has been used, to include the introduction of any modified virus into an animal's system for the prevention of the disease from which the virus has been derived. Vaccination, however, as it is ordinarily understood, was at one time in great favor, and probably is still with some persons, as an infallible preventive of distemper in dogs, and distinguished medical men have asserted that a long experience with the matter of cowpox taken from a vaccinated arm and inoculated into your dogs by means of passing a piece of thick cotton dipped in the matter through a portion of the inside of the ear has proved an infallible preventive of distemper. It is, however, perfectly well known that, as the result of direct experiments, the virus of cowpox has absolutely no influence whatever as a preventive of the disease of the dog. There was one great difficulty in connection with the attempts to obtain a modified virus of distemper. No one had been able to isolate any specific organism which had the power to produce the disease. Some years ago it was believed that that difficulty had been overcome, and that the microbes of distemper had been discovered. Two organisms had

been isolated, and it was alleged that inoculation with pure cultivation of these bodies in succession caused genuine distemper. Nothing of a practical character arose from the experiments which were instituted. In 1896 Professor Lignières is recorded by Mr. Henry Gray, M. R. C. V. S., of Kensington, to have detected the specific organism, a *cocco bacillus*, one of a large class, found in fowl cholera, swine fever, guinea pig distemper, white scour and lung disease of calves. Dr. Phisalix, professor in the Laboratory of Pathology and the Natural History Museum in Paris, pursued the investigation, and his results during the last two years lend support to the view that a true vaccine has been found. Last year we commented on the report by Dr. Phisalix, which was forwarded to us by Mr. Henry Gray. The paper was a translation of a report read before the French Academy of Sciences, and gave an account of the results of the vaccinations against distemper during the year ending in the month of May, 1902. We have just received a similar report from Mr. Gray continuing the record of vaccinations by Dr. Phisalix from May 15, 1902, to July 11, 1903. The writer remarks that since May, 1902, the vaccinations were continued, and a larger number of dogs had been experimented on; but in the present report Dr. Phisalix only includes the results of his own inoculations in the course of his work at the museum, with the addition of the results which came to him from other sources, contributed by medical men and veterinary surgeons who were able to give the closest attention to the animals operated upon, and to know exactly what the effect produced upon them was. In this manner detailed particulars have been obtained relating to groups of from ten to ninety-five dogs vaccinated by the same operator. Some hundred dogs included in the statistics were tested at the same time as control dogs also were, either by contact with dogs presenting the characteristic symptoms of the disease, or by being kept in places in which dogs had died or were dying of the infection. The inoculated dogs stood the test satisfactorily, while the control dogs, meaning, of course, those which had not been protected by vaccination, took the disease. Dr. Phisalix remarks that he can present the following results as fulfilling all guarantees that can reasonably be desired of security and exactitude:

Of 985 dogs inoculated, 18 only contracted the disease, of which they died or for which were killed, showing a gross mortality of 1.70 per cent. The previous statistics showed a mortality of 2.88 per cent. Of the eighteen cases of death seven occurred from two to seven months after the vaccinal period, when the dogs ought to have been immune. They represent, therefore, the exact proportion of failures, amounting to 0.71 per cent. only. In the case of the eleven remaining dogs, two showed symptoms of distemper some days after the first inoculation, and the other nine were inoculated twice, and were attacked either after the first or a few days after the second inoculation. A dog which has reacted normally to one of the inoculations cannot be regarded as immunized till a fortnight after the second inoculation. It follows, therefore, that during the time comprised between the first inoculation and about the fourteenth day after the second inoculation, nearly the space of a month altogether, the dog, if not already in the incubative stage of infection, remains liable to contagion and natural infection, though the liability, it is true, grows less and less as the days run on. Mr. Gray designates this period as the negative phase of vaccination, and among the many hundred dogs which he has already vaccinated, either on his own account or for some of his colleagues, he has never had any deaths among the animals during this period of vaccinal reaction.

In order to form a correct estimate of the preventive efficacy of vaccination, it is necessary to make sure (1) that the dogs have never before been attacked by the disease, as a previous attack would confer upon them a certain immunity; (2) that the animals have not the germs of the disease within them (for this purpose the dogs should be kept under observation for a fortnight in a non-infested area before they are vaccinated); (3) that it is necessary to avoid during the vaccinal period exposing the dogs to direct or indirect contagion, or to damp, cold, over-exertion, or bad diet, all being causes which favor a natural infection. It is added in reference to 3 that in practice the latter precautions—i. e., prevention of exposure to damp, cold, over-exertion or bad diet—alone suffice, as the vaccine has only a favorable influence on the evolution of the disease when it has already openly shown itself or is incubating. It would seem, therefore, that it is not really necessary to keep the dog for a fortnight under observation, as vaccination will only have a favorable influence upon the result of contagion if the animal does become infected.

A number of observations are recorded both in the report itself and in tables of fatal cases of other diseases occurring after inoculation, such as double pneumonia, acute enteritis, gastro enteritis, intestinal lesions caused by foreign bodies, paralysis, epileptic fits, etc. It is not, of course, suggested that these accidental disorders were in any way connected with the inoculation. A certain number of dogs were vaccinated while they were suffering from attacks of different degrees of distemper. Of forty-four distempered dogs, thirty-six recovered. In one case particularly it is stated that a toy terrier affected with bronchial pneumonia was in a condition so serious as to be almost hopeless. The dog was, however, inoculated, and on the morrow the grave symptoms improved, and it recovered. Other serious cases are referred to by the author as affording evidence that the vaccine has a beneficent influence on the disease after it has declared itself, justifying the systematic use which certain veterinary surgeons make of the vaccine in the case of dogs already attacked. In conclusion, Dr. Phisalix refers to the advantage of a double inoculation, instead of a single one, admitting that sufficient protection could be obtained at once by the use of a single virus, but the risk of loss from such vaccination would be increased, and he prefers, therefore, the two inoculations of graduated virus, as the immunity conferred by this process achieves the object of protecting young dogs against contagion and natural infection without doing any injury to their health afterward.—Field (London).

Pointer Club.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The members of the Pointer Club of America, also others who propose to make nominations in the Championship Stake, should impress upon their minds that entries to the Derby, All-Age and Championship Stakes will close on October 15. Members' Stake will close before starting. A cordial invitation is extended to all owners of broken pointers to enter in the Championship or Free-for-all Stake, and thereby assist in making our fourth annual reunion the red letter field trial of the club. Entry blanks will be mailed on application. The grounds at Holmdel, N. J., offer excellent advantages for the holding of a successful field trial, and as they have always been preserved there will be no scarcity of quail. Excellent hotel accommodation has been provided for all who may attend, and the outbuildings adjoining the hotel have been placed at the disposal of members for their dogs. The trials will commence on Monday, November 16. Week day trains will leave foot of Liberty street, New York, at 8:30 A. M., 3:53, 5:38, 6:30, 11:50 P. M. Sunday, 9:15 A. M. and 4 P. M. C. F. LEWIS, Secretary.

43 WALL STREET.

J. L. Kernochan.

JAMES L. KERNOCHAN, famous as a leading sportsman, died at The Meadows, his country place at Hempstead, L. I., on Monday of this week, aged 37 years. He was foremost as a dog fancier and as a horseman about New York. He maintained a large kennel, and a large stable of high class hunters. As a cross country rider he was eminent for his skill and fearlessness. He was a member of the Meadow Brook and Rockaway Hunt Clubs, the Westminster Kennel Club and the Knickerbocker Club, New York.

National Beagle Club.

At a recent meeting of the National Beagle Club of America Mr. Charles Quynn, of Frederick, Md., and Mr. Thomas Shallcross, of Providence, R. I., were appointed judges, to judge at the fourteenth annual field trials of this club, which will commence on Nov. 9, 1903, at Howardsville, Albemarle county, Va. CHAS. R. STEVENSON, Sec'y.

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

IN order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of *FOREST AND STREAM* offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First prize, \$50.00.

Second prize, \$25.00.

Third prize, \$15.00.

Fourth and fifth, \$10.00 each.

Sixth to eighth, \$5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18 ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept, and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, on or before December 1, 1903.

Canadian Indians Built First Canoes

DID you ever make an elder-pith popgun, a bass-wood windmill, or a man's face on a pine shingle? Then you are probably an angel. Almost every properly constituted boy has wood on the brain. Ask your school teacher. Every sane boy has at some time in his life hankers to whittle and drive nails. Wood fascinates him. The first thing he swaps a cap-pistol for is a jack knife. He is not so particular about the ax; and he rarely pines for the bucksaw—after the first stick. He is too busy whittling.

A farmer's boy any time not less than fifteen years ago could point you out about seventeen kinds of wood on his father's farm. He knew all by the bark, and most of them by the grain.

White oak had those horse hair long lines with the big saw teeth inside. Red oak was like it, but coarser and more brash. Elm was twisty. Soft maple was white in the flesh and wavy red in the heart. Hickory was similar, but tough, with long rosy splinters. Bass-wood was a feminine kind of thing, soft and white, with red pith. Hemlock was as soggy as packed clay. Birch was hard and full of dots. Turn him loose in a lumber yard at night and that boy could pick you out

half the kinds of timber by the touch and the heft; the rest by the smell. He had whittled most of them.

Some time or other he got hankering to make a boat. Perhaps he was a landlubber five miles from decent "crick." In that case, the old horse pond or the town line ditch at the dam would do to float the fabric to initiate him into that mystic craft—the aquatic association of humanity.

The oddest canoe ever seen on the Don was two scooped-out pine logs joined. That was the hermit Joe Taylor's, who himself lived in a dugout. But it was long before his time when the first real canoe was made of birch bark. We popularly credit Hiawatha the Ojibway, with the invention of that. For it was he who sang:

Give me of your bark, O birch tree!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing.

And perhaps the boy never went to school since that epic got into the school books who did not feel a though he was some relation to Hiawatha, and the mythical Ojibway, the first man to think out a birch bark canoe. But bark canoes were made hundreds of years ago, as they are to-day, as far north of Hiawatha's country as Dakota is north of Mexico.

That is, the Arctic Circle; part of Canada not much celebrated for tourists. Most of it is moss on top of rocks. Most of the woods are on the shore of Great Bear Lake, where the electric light are all in the sky. It would have bothered Longfellow to write an epic about the heroes of that country. The midnight sun may be as poetic as a birch bark canoe, but they are unconscious of it. They don't build canoes for poetry, but to carry dried meat and skins, 1,500 miles to Fort Norman; also to spear caribou in—a very lively kind of regatta.

Wherever they roam in the summer in that queer big homeland they go in the bark canoes. The first thing the traveler notices in one of their caribou skin villages is a line of canoes by the bay. And the bark canoe they build to-day is probably the exact image of the one they built in the year 1 of that land.

A canoe often gets smashed on a caribou hunt or worn out on a cargo lug. The family that owns it must make another. They do it in that old-fashioned way known as a bee. The squaws fix up in their very best caribou skins, take their deerskin workbag—the muskamoots—with the deer bone needles and the threads of skin and the caribou sinews inside. They pick out a mossy rock with the water in front and the woods behind. There they squat, while the young girls lug out of the woods the rolls of birch bark cut by the men.

A canoe made on Lake Ontario may have several kinds of wood in it. The Great Bear Indians have the choice of but three; spruce, birch and willow. The willow is for coarse thread—about No. 2; just to bast with. The spruce makes the ribs, which are sewed on to the birch wale-streak. They never use nails. Nail cost about a dollar a pound in that country. But the bearbone needles are stout, and the squaws need no timbles.

The next item is to sew the bark rolls into a blanket for one canoe. This is just an Arctic Circle quilting bee, without the pie for dinner and the dance at night. Imagine the gossip; the little love stories told by those squaws; Jockwintee spearing fish yonder in the bay is going to marry podgy Wanella there, with her flat, smoky feet sticking over the rock. See her blus and simper as she gazes far out over the moss at the wobbling horns of a caribou buck nibbling at the moss hummocks. She pretends not to hear as she bites off her willow thread. But she already fancies that flat faced beau of hers paddling the new canoe that she helps to build.

The blanket is stitched. Into the bay it goes to soak while the girls gather spruce gum in the wood. By the time they are back, the old women have the soaked skin out and hung over the ribs. At it they go, sewing it on to the birch rim. Then they all sit in solemn silence on a rock to chew gum; not tut tut frutt, but wads of pitch.

And when that pensive job is done and the canoe dry in the hot sun, they solder the chewed pitch over the seams with a red hot fir stick. The canoe is done except for a few slats on the bottom. Eighteen feet long and more than four feet wide, the primitive craft weighs about fifty pounds; able to carry half a ton of dried meat and skins of musk ox; able to shoot after the swimming caribou in the spear time; the same yesterday, to-day and forever; the "swift Cheemaun" of the Arctic Circle red men who never heard of Hiawatha and never saw a hammer or a nail.

The white man has never improved much on the fashion of canoe building set by the red man. A canoe made at Sunnyside is stronger than a bark canoe, the expense of being about twice as heavy. The shell is quarter inch. The maker buys it in inch stuff. It makes a canoe out of boards. The first stage is the sawmill. An inch board a foot wide is ripped into six canoe boards, each six inches by a quarter inch. The band-saw does that; a chain of teeth running round pulley. It cuts on a curve without a kink. Boards are marked to a curve and trimmed to the mark; ready for the plane and the hammer down in the shop.

Meanwhile a plank lies on a bench marked off in six paddles. Oars are marked similarly, with no waste of wood. Sawed out to the mark, they are set to the whittling room, where the draw knife, the spok shave and the sandpaper make the blade ready for the oil and the varnish.

Suppose you want a canoe built, sixteen feet long with a thirty-eight inch beam. The first thing is the mold, which is nothing more than a huge shoemaker's last to fit the canoe you want. The mold goes upside down on two horses. In a groove at the top fits the oak keel, notched to go over the ribs. The ribs are a rock elm—tough as whalebone—to bow under the keel and catch by the ends in big swivel nails at the mold bottom.

Sixty ribs go into one canoe—if the barque you want is not a ribbed one but a smooth finish. The plan is busy at his bench; up to the ankles in paper wh shavings. That board he planes there is either bark

wood at \$45 a thousand, or cedar at over \$50. Cedar of the pure grain is hard to get. Basswood is easier; white as a hand in water; scarcely a knot. The planer runs a bead-awl along the edge. He is thinking about the joint, which, not being lapped like shingles, must still turn water.

That little pin scratch he makes is part of it. The rest of it is a long brass groove, as thin as paper and about as wide as four matches. One edge of this he fits into the scratch. The first board with the brass groove at the edge goes up to the keel. The nailer sticks it full of holes with an awl. A cobbler in wood, he stands over the big last, and jabs in the copper nails; a long, red row. Copper is rust-proof. And as there are about 3,000 nails in one canoe of that kind, rust is a good thing to keep out.

In a couple of hours the ribs are covered with a white sheet of basswood, dotted with countless nails and jointed with brass grooves. The bowsprit and stern knee are in, both walnut, and nailed fast. The gunwale goes on next—two slats of maple. That shell turns off the mold, ready for the benches, which are oak, butternut or cedar inlaid with walnut, according to your whim; ready also for the bow and stern caps, which may be varied in the same way.

And now if there is a knot that looks loose it gets a plug of cork. The whole shell gets a coat of linseed oil, which soaks into the grain. Then comes a smear of shellac which fills up the gaps left by the oil. The rest is three coats of varnish and a dry in the sun. The fancy woods are polished. The slats go in. A pair of spruce paddles is tied to one of the benches. Over the done canoe, which now weighs about eighty pounds, and may have been four days building, with its sixty ribs, its seven kinds of wood, and its 3,000 nails, goes a shroud of gunny sack.

That canoe is ready to ship; the red man's canoe over again with a difference; the lineal descendant of the "swift Cheemaun"; made in a shop and a factory, instead of a rock at the edge of the Arctic woods.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Red Dragon C. C.

WISSINOMING, DELAWARE RIVER,
Saturday, Sept. 12.

The annual fall races of the Red Dragon C. C. were held off the club house at Wissinoming, on the Delaware River, on Saturday, Sept. 12, with all conditions favorable to fast time—warm weather, very little wind and a flood tide. The races were open to all amateur canoeists and several members of the other Delaware River clubs competed. Canvas covered Indian model open paddlers were used in all the races except that for the club paddling trophy. A summary follows:

Event No. 1, standing paddling, ¼ mile, double-blade paddles: T. Rice Davis, Lakanoo B. C., first; J. C. McClister, R. D. C. C., second; P. S. McMichael, R. D. C. C., third; T. W. Cook, L. R. Lewis, M. D. Wilt and D. W. Anders also competed.

Event No. 2, tandem, single blades, ½ mile: T. R. Davis and John Conard, Lakanoo B. C., first; J. C. McClister and P. S. McMichael, R. D. C. C., second; M. D. Wilt and E. W. Crittenden, R. D. C. C., third; H. E. Davis and T. W. Cook, R. D. C. C., fourth; L. R. Lewis and D. W. Anders, Monte Cristo C. C., fifth.

Event No. 3, trophy paddling, ½ mile, double-blade paddles, and racing canoes: J. C. McClister, R. D. C. C., first; M. D. Wilt, R. D. C. C., second; L. R. Lewis, M. C. C. C., third.

Event, No. 4, one-man, single-blade paddling, ½ mile: J. C. McClister, R. D. C. C., first; T. W. Cook, R. D. C. C., second; E. W. Crittenden, Riverton Y. C., third; P. S. McMichael, R. D. C. C., did not finish.

Event No. 5, tilting: First bout—H. E. Davis, lancer, and E. D. Hemingway, paddler, won from E. W. Crittenden, lancer, and M. D. Wilt, paddler.

Second bout—L. R. Lewis, lancer, and T. W. Cook, paddler, won from P. S. McMichael, lancer, and J. C. McClister, paddler.

Final bout—L. R. Lewis, lancer, and T. W. Cook, paddler, won from H. E. Davis, lancer, and E. D. Hemingway, paddler.

Mr. J. E. Murray was the judge at finish, and Mr. H. W. Fleischman started the races.

Numerous out-of-town guests, including Mr. J. K. Hand, chairman of the A. C. A. Regatta Committee, and Mr. W. A. Furman, the new rear-commodore of the Atlantic Division, watched the closely contested races with interest. M. D. WILT.

A. C. A. Membership.

The following names have been proposed for membership to the A. C. A.:

Robert Bonner, S. Willard Brigham, Providence, R. I.; B. E. Phillips, Boston, Mass.

Northern Division.—R. Bloomfield, H. E. Miller, B. C. Rogers and H. H. Fullerton, all of Toronto.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg to inform you that the following have been transferred to the Life Membership list of the A. C. A.: June 29, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada; July 28, E. B. Edwards, and A. J. Wright, Peterboro, Canada; Sept. 29, Edwin Gould, 29 Broadway, N. Y. C.

ROBERT J. WILKIN,

Pres. Board of Governors A. C. A.

Editor Forest and Stream:

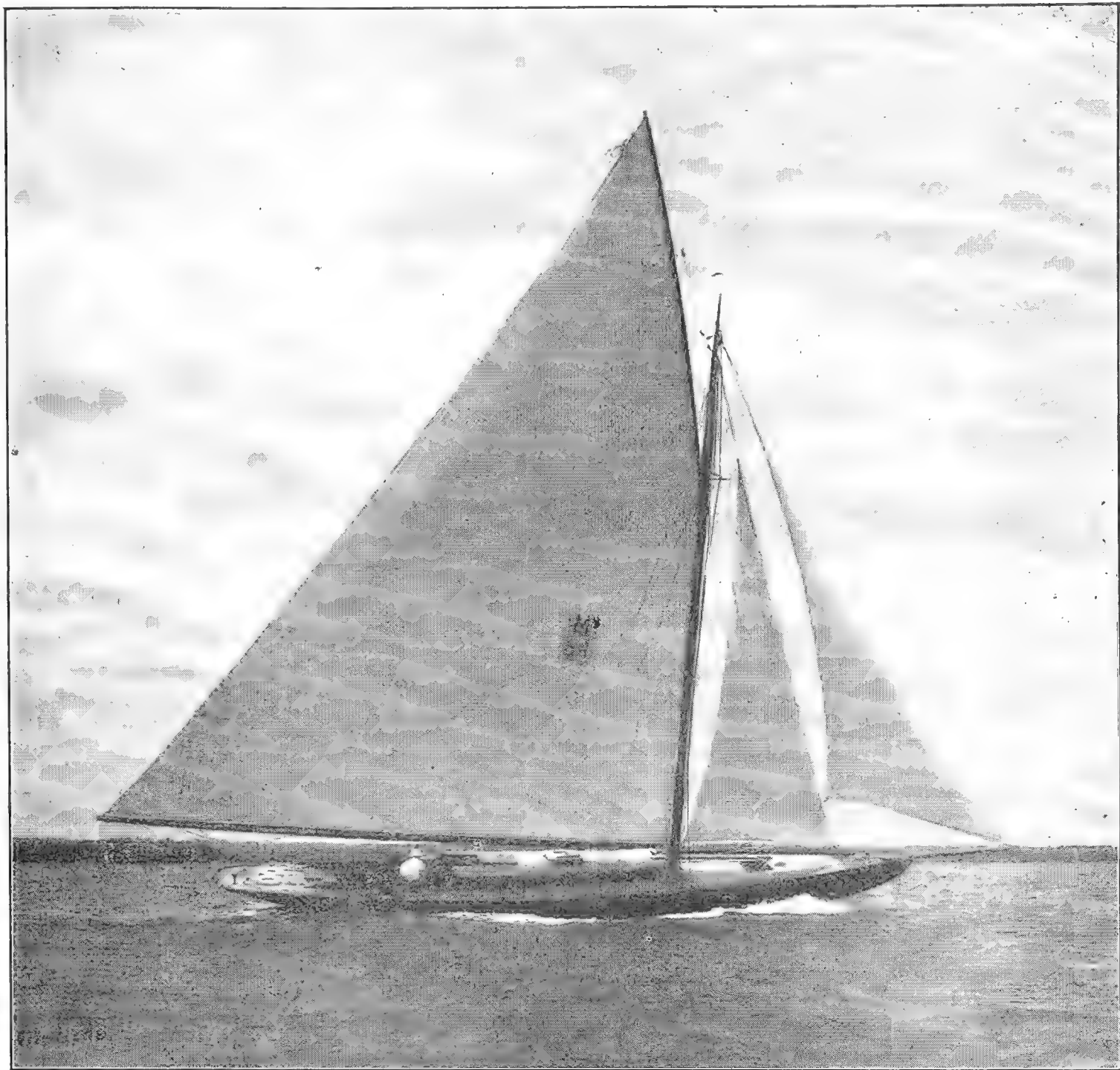
The following have made application for associate membership to the A. C. A.: Mrs. Nathaniel S. Hyatt, Mrs. C. M. Greswell and Mrs. Frederick W. Donnelly. EDWARD MULLER, Purser.

A. C. A. Executive Committee Meeting.

To the Members of the Executive Committee, Board of Governors and Racing Board:

The annual executive meeting of the American Canoe Association will be held at Rochester, N. Y., October 24, 1903. C. F. WOLTERS, Commodore-Elect.

JOHN S. WRIGHT, Sec'y-Treas.



LEDA, Ex EFFORT.

Owned by Stephen Mason. Designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. 1900.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures for 1903.

Members of race committee will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

OCTOBER.

10. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.
17. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1903, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

- First prize, \$75.00.
Second prize, \$50.00.
Third prize, \$25.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1903.
2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.
3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.
4. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.
5. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.
6. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.
7. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, on or before Nov. 15, 1903.

Old Mill Y. C.

JAMAICA BAY, LONG ISLAND,
Saturday, September 27.

The Old Mill Y. C. held its final race of this season

on Saturday, September 27. The boats raced for prizes offered by the flag officers of the club. There were sixteen starters and the contests in the several classes were exciting, a fresh S. W. breeze holding throughout the contest.

The start and finish was from off the bulkhead at the entrance to Spring Creek, and the course sailed by cabin and open cats was from the starting line to a stakeboat off Howards landing, then to red buoy No. 4 in main channel, then to starting line. The course for sharpies and launches was from the starting line to a stakeboat near the Canarsie breakwater; thence to a stakeboat off Howards, thence to the starting line, and sailed over twice.

The preparatory signal was given at 1:30, and the launches were sent away five minutes later. The summary follows:

Launches—Start, 1:35.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
	Finish.		
Amaranth	2 10 37	0 35 37	...
Lottie M.	2 10 40	0 35 40	...
Osceola	2 11 25	0 36 35	...
White Seal	Did not finish.		
Eagle	2 12 40	0 37 30	...
Cabin Catboats—Start, 1:40.			
Diana	3 34 38	1 54 38	1 54 20
Helen	3 42 30	2 02 10	2 02 10
Open Catboats—Start, 1:45.			
Pauline B.	3 31 30	1 36 30	1 36 30
Halcyon	Did not finish.		
Bill Nye	3 30 45	1 35 45	1 25 15
Sharpies—Start, 1:50.			
Alert	3 20 20	1 30 30	1 30 30
Free	Disabled.		
Lester	3 23 28	1 33 28	1 32 28
Clyde	3 21 33	1 31 33	1 31 28
Charlie D.	3 24 36	1 34 36	1 34 66
Wild Duck	3 23 41	1 33 41	1 31 41

The winners were Lottie M., Diana, Bill Nye and Alert.

National Motor Boat Exposition.

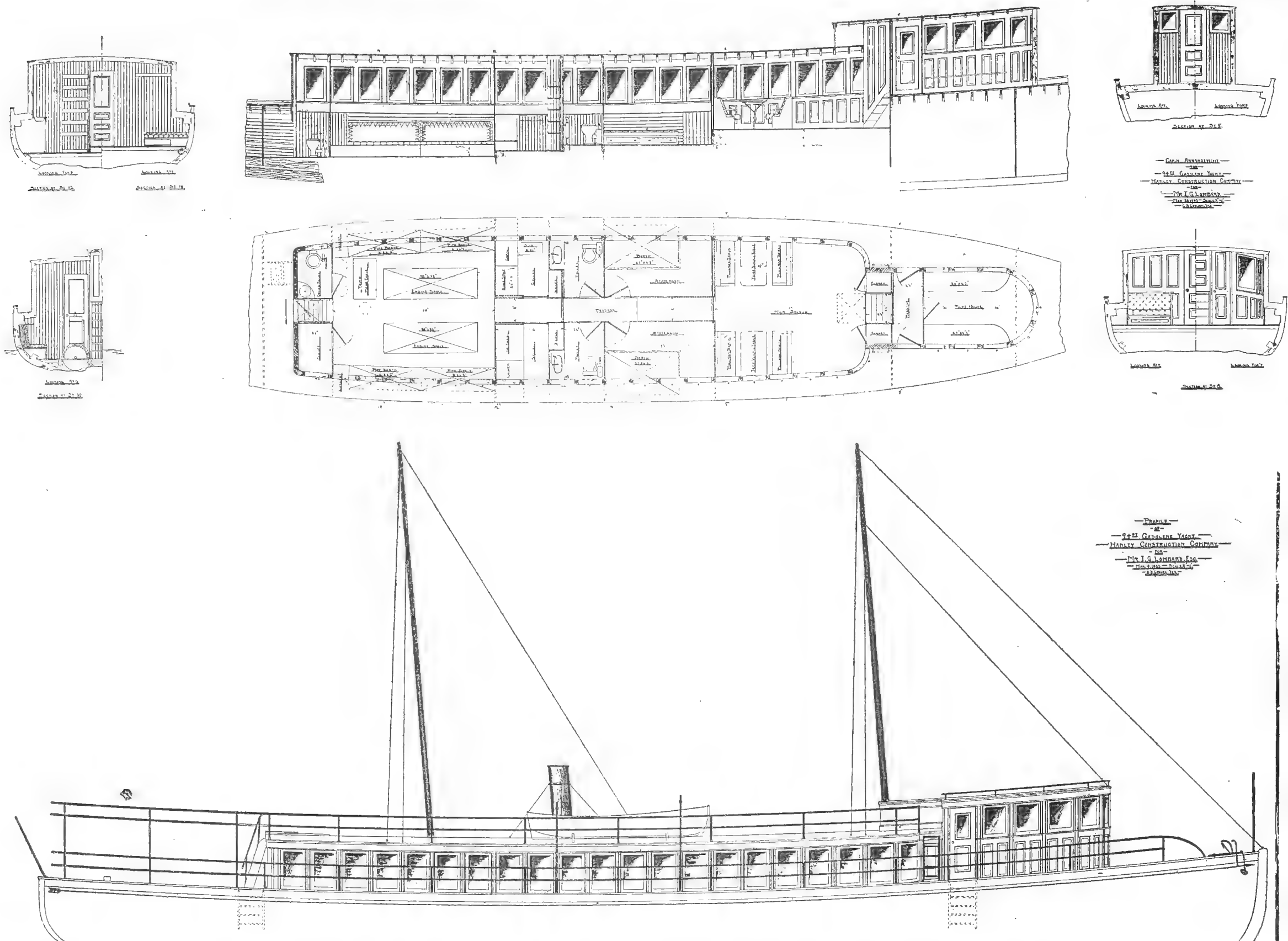
THE first exposition designed to recognize motor boats as a maritime quantity to be reckoned with, will be a unique exhibition event in the winter of 1904 in New York City. The National Motor Boat Exposition will be held February 8 to 20 at the new and spacious Herald Square Exhibition Hall at the junction of Broadway, Thirty-fourth street and Sixth avenue.

The preliminary prospectus sent out by the management of the Motor Boat Show brought quick responses expressing the interest of makers of motor boats, motors and auxiliaries, and the prospect is bright not only for a first show of motor boats, but for its annual repetition.

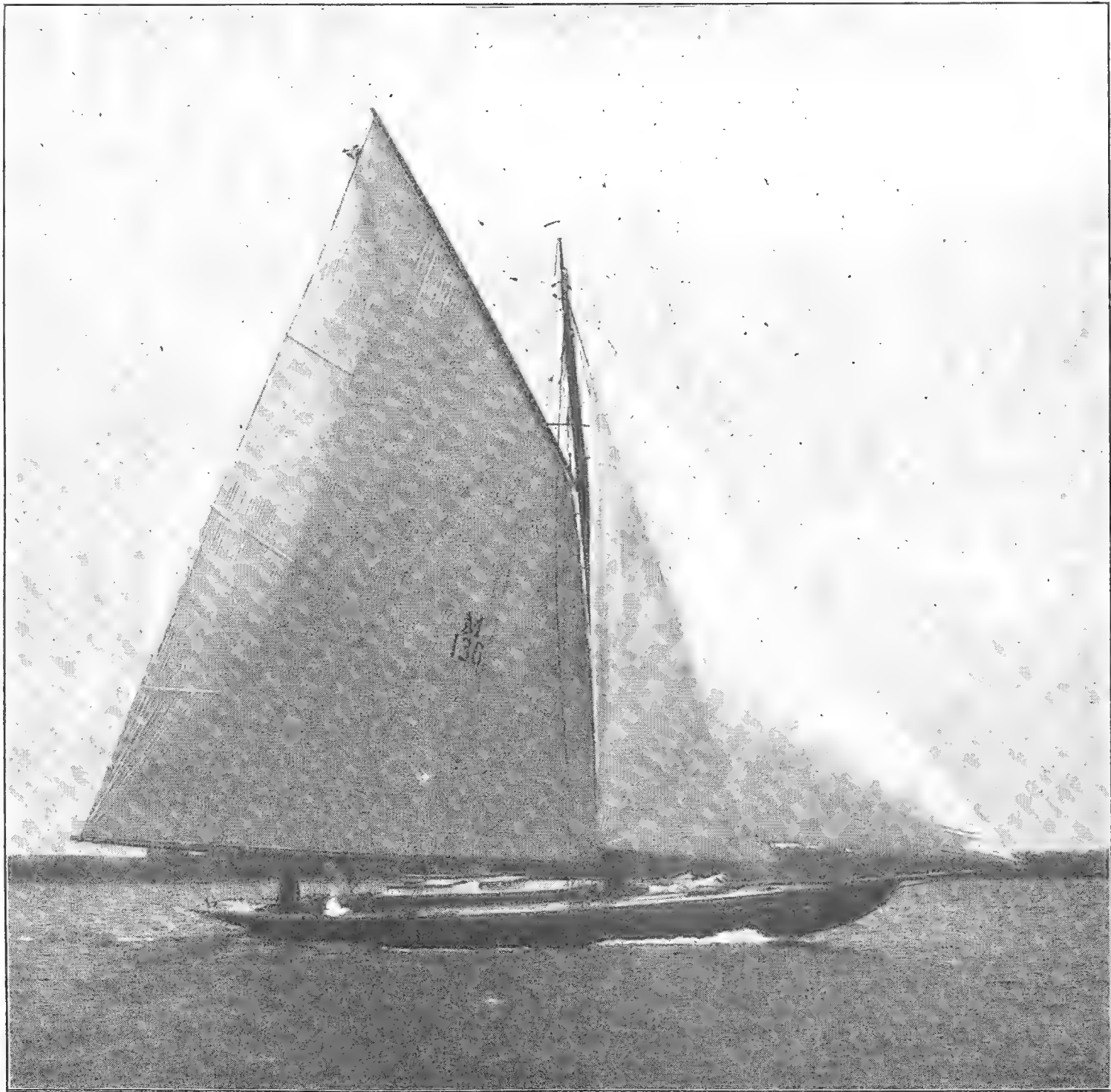
One application has been received by an inventor of an air ship whose craft will be ready, he announced, and can be navigated about the hall. Among the oddities which have been suggested as an exhibit is a motor canoe, invented and built in Newport, on the lines of the famous flying proa. The Newport canoe's main hull is but 2½ ft. beam, and she has made 13.43 miles an hour.

The motor boat is both the rich man's and the poor man's craft, as the steam yachtsman wants his launch for a tender, while with the poor man the launch is "the whole thing." At the National Motor Boat Exposition those interested may see all kinds, and each may take his choice.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.



THE GASOLENE YACHT NAUHAUGHT—OUTBOARD PROFILE, CABIN AND SECTIONAL PLANS—Owned by I. G. Lombard, and built by the Hanley Construction Co., 1903.



SPASM, Ex COUNTESS.

Owned by J. Berre King. Designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., 1900.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

The Gasolene Yacht Nauhaught.

We publish herewith the plans of the twin-screw gasolene yacht Nauhaught that was built last winter by the Hanley Construction Company of Quincy, Mass., for Mr. I. G. Lombard, of Chicago, Ill. The boat was designed by Mr. C. B. Coburn. She has been used constantly during the past summer, and has given entire satisfaction, having proven to be fast, able and comfortable. Her dimensions are as follows:

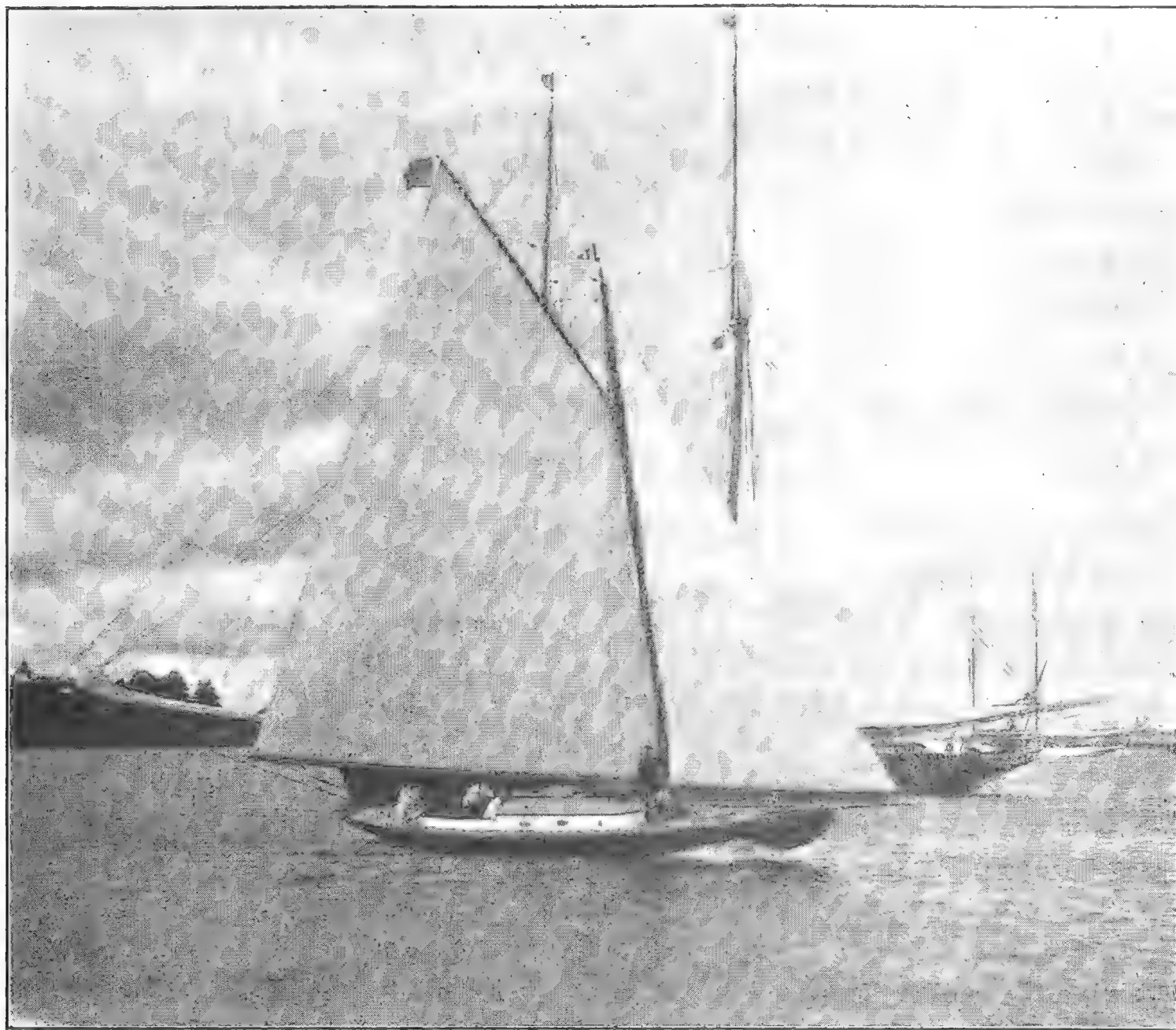
Length—	
Over all	94ft.
Waterline	91ft. 3in.
Overhang—	
Forward	1ft. 1in.
Aft	1ft. 8in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	7ft.
Least	3ft. 9in.
Aft	5ft.
Breadth—	
Extreme	16ft.
Draft—	
Extreme	4ft.

It was the owner's idea to secure a serviceable and strongly built boat, and the builders turned out a most superior vessel. The Hanley Construction Company, with their improved and enlarged plant, are prepared to do the finest grade of work.

Nauhaught is roomy below and beautifully fitted. The house is finished in mahogany; pilot house and main cabin are large and comfortable, also finished throughout in mahogany; in the pilot house there is room to sleep two persons; her main cabin has two berths of the Pullman type; there are two large staterooms, two toilets, a double galley and large engine room with complete accommodation for the crew of four, which consists of captain, engineer, cook and deckhand; these are all finished in cypress with mahogany trim. There are accommodations for sixteen persons, all told, on board. Arrangements are made for a promenade deck on the top of the house.

She is equipped with two 50 horse-power gasolene engines which give her a speed of fourteen knots. The boat is lighted by electricity throughout with a storage battery equipment from the Electric Storage Battery Company.

The steam yacht Wachusett has been sold by Mr. W. A. Jamison to Mr. Sauto Oteri, a resident of New Orleans, and a member of the Southern Y. C. Wachusett is 92.4ft. over all, 86ft. waterline, 15ft. breadth and 6.5ft. draft. The yacht has been refitted and equipped with turbine engines, and it is expected she will develop a speed of fourteen knots. Wachusett cleared from New York a few days ago for New Orleans.



MAB II.
25-foot waterline sloop. Designed by B. B. Crowninshield. Owned by E. H. Litchfield.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

Y. R. A. of Massachusetts.

Proposed New Classes.

THE regular fall meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts will be held at Young's Hotel on Thursday evening, October 15, when the Executive Committee will report on proposed new classes, the restrictions for which have been drawn up by Mr. Louis M. Clark, Hon. Charles Francis Adams, 2d, and Mr. Sumner H. Foster, respectively. Since the discovery that the present rules would admit of yachts of extreme types, generally calculated to be of more harm than good to the sport, it has been the endeavor to get up some restrictions governing individual classes, or rating rules governing all classes, which would produce better boats. Weaknesses in the present rules have been considered, and the results of rules in other sections have been carefully watched. The result is that three new classes will be proposed. Two of these are to be governed by rules similar in nature to those governing the present restricted classes and another is an experiment in rating rules. The restrictions governing the three proposed classes are as follows:

Thirty-Foot Rating Class.

Rating, not to exceed 30ft., equal 80 per cent. of L multiplied by the square root of the sail area and divided by the cube root of displacement.

L is length measured 9in. above the load waterline plane, on a line parallel with the middle fore and aft vertical plane and at a distance from it equal to one-sixth of the greatest beam at the load water line. If this length is shortened by any notches, hollows, jogs, angles or reverse curves, the measurements shall be taken to the straight lines bridging said notches, hollows, jogs, angles or reverse curves. To this length are to be added any penalties hereinafter provided.

S is the sail area in square feet measured according to the rule of 1903 for measuring sails in class D.

D is displacement in pounds. Boat to be measured and weighed in racing trim, without crew.

L. In case length taken as above exceeds 32ft., such excess shall be added to said actual length to obtain L. In case length is less than 25ft., it shall be taken as 25ft.

The maximum beam shall not exceed 13ft. The minimum load waterline beam shall be not less than 9ft.

One-half of any excess of draft over 6ft. 9in. shall be added to the actual length, taken as above, to obtain L.

The sail area shall not exceed 1,400ft.²

All spars shall be solid.

The least freeboard shall be 30in. on 9ft. of load waterline beam, with a deduction at the rate of 1in. for each additional foot of load waterline beam.

There shall be not less than 5ft. 10in. clear headroom above the cabin floor over an area of at least 20 square feet.

The number of the crew shall not exceed five.

The cockpit shall be above the load waterline with scuppers draining outboard.

There shall be a substantial partition at the after end of the cabin.

Two berths not less than 6ft. 6in. long and 21in. wide, in the cabin.

One gas pipe berth in the forecabin, not less than 6ft. long and 18in. wide.

Two clothes lockers, sideboard and linen locker and a toilet room and water-closet properly connected and draining outboard.

All of these fixtures shall be built of stock not less than 1in.

capacity, with proper connection to deck, swash plates, cleaning out aperture and vent.

Ice chest lined with zinc and built into the boat, with proper air space, and capable of holding not less than 100 pounds of ice, besides compartment for provisions.

Also cushions, bedding, stove, dishes, cooking utensils, life preserver, compass, riding lamp, fog horn, all suitable for cruising purposes, must be on board.

Scantlings to be published later.

LOUIS M. CLARK, Committee.

Twenty-One Foot Class.

A boat of this class is intended to be a seaworthy boat, of fair accommodations, rigged with only mainsail, jib and spinnaker, fitted with solid spars and having only one rudder or centerboard.

The length of the load waterline with full equipment shall not exceed 21ft. Permanent distinguishing marks shall be placed on the bow and stern.

The length, measured on a line parallel with and 6¼in. above the load waterline, and parallel with the middle fore and aft vertical plane, and at a distance therefrom equal to one-sixth of the maximum beam at the load water plane, shall not exceed 2½ft.

If the lengths, taken as above, are shortened by any notches, hollows, jogs, angles or reverse curves, the measurements shall be taken to the straight lines bridging said notches, hollows, jogs, angles or reverse curves.

The beam at load waterline in keel boats shall be at least 7ft., and in centerboard boats at least 8ft. 3in., and shall not exceed 10ft. 3in.

The freeboard shall be not less than 20in.

The Draft—For centerboard boats the draft shall be not less than 3ft. for at least 5ft. length of keel for boats of 8ft. 3in. beam, with a reduction of 1in. in draft for 2in. of additional beam up to 10ft. 3in.

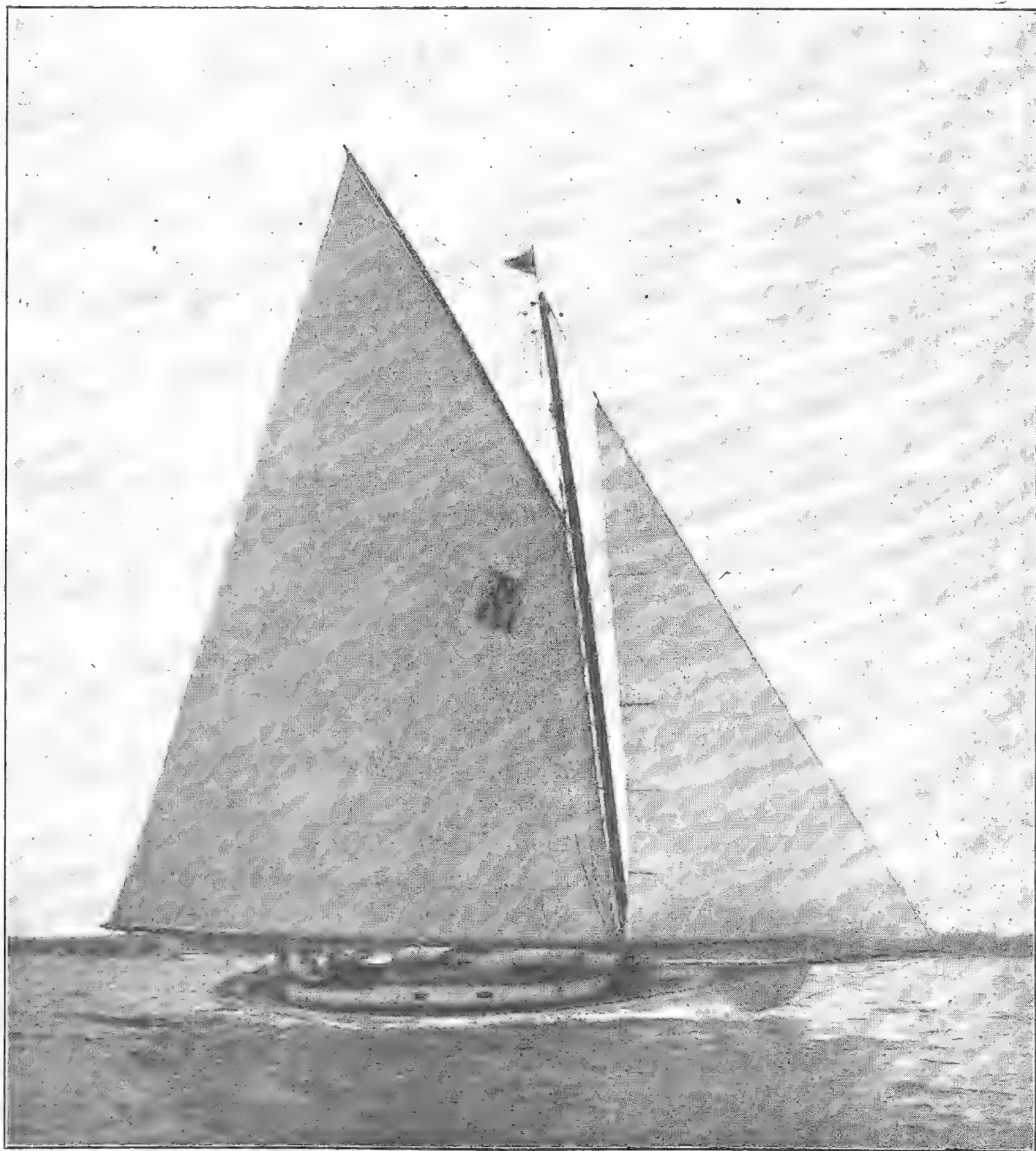
Keel boats shall weigh when rigged and equipped in accordance with these rules not less than 6,000 pounds, centerboard boats not less than 5,400 pounds. It shall be the duty of the measurer to see that nothing is on board when the boat is weighed except what these rules prescribe, and that the boat is in every way in her normal condition.

The keel, deadwood, stem, frames, floors, house and deck beams shall be of oak and solid.

Stem—Three inches sided at head—the minimum siding measured at the rabbet at stem head—siding increased to meet width of keel.

Keel—To run from end of load waterline to transom at stern. Minimum thickness (depth) 3¼in. The minimum of sectional area (48in.), including keelson and deadwood (breadth multiplied by depth in the middle of keel), may be made up, if desired, by a deeper keel. The breadth of keel may taper from greatest section to 4in. at bow and stern.

The minimum sectional area of frames and deck beams shall be 2 square inches; of house beams 1 square inch. Frames and beams shall be spaced not more than 9in. center to center.



MARGUERITE.
25-foot waterline sloop. Designed and built by the Geo. F. Lawley & Son Corp. for John F. Dingee.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

There shall be at least six floors 5in. in sectional area in way of the keel, and two at mast step, with floors of half this area at all intervening frames.

Planking, including deck and the side of the house, shall be not less than seven-eighths of an inch thick; the top of house shall be not less than five-eighths of an inch finished, or one-half inch if covered with canvas.

Deck clamps and bilge stringers of yellow pine shall run from stem to stern, with a minimum cross-section 4 square inches for at least the load waterline length.

There shall be a deckhouse with sides, at least 9in. high over a space 3ft. wide and 7ft. long.

Cabin shall have two transoms 6ft. 6in. long and two lockers.

The actual sail area shall be not over 550 square feet, and not more than 440 square feet of actual sail area shall be in the mainsail. The measurer shall be provided with a correct sail plan of the boat and shall cause distinguishing marks to be placed on the spars as follows: On the mast at the tack and at the throat of the mainsail, on the boom at the clew of the mainsail, on the gaff at the peak of the mainsail. No part of the mainsail shall be allowed to extend beyond these marks. The marks shall be black bands painted around the spars. The inner edge of the bands shall be the limits of the sail. The actual area of the jib shall be measured.

The extreme distance in feet from mast to end of spinnaker boom when in position as used shall be not more than 360 divided by the distance in feet from deck to spinnaker halyard block.

No battens over 2ft. in length allowed.

The forestay shall remain fixed at both ends during a race.

Equipment to include anchor not less than 35 pounds and a cable of not less than 30 fathoms of 1 1/4 in. rope, also bucket, pump, compass, fog horn, lantern and three life preservers.

The crew is limited to three persons, including the helmsman (who must be an amateur).

C. F. ADAMS, 2d,
Committee.

Fifteen-Footers.

The length of the load waterline, with full equipment aboard, but without crew, shall not exceed 15ft.

The over all length shall not exceed 25ft. The forward or after overhang shall not exceed 6ft.

The beam at the load waterline shall be at least 6ft. 6in. for keel boats and 7ft. for centerboard boats.

A square-ended, snub-nose, or square-sided bow not allowed. The beam at a point half way between the waterline forward and the extreme bow shall not exceed 45 per cent. of the greatest waterline beam. The underbody of the hull at said point, measured from rail to rail, shall not exceed the number of inches represented by the sum of the beam plus the depth of hull plus 3 measured at the same point. The freeboard at said point shall not be less than 22in.

Any evasion of the spirit as well as the letter of this rule shall disqualify a boat for this class.

The freeboard shall not be less than 15in.

All boats shall weigh, when rigged and equipped in accordance with these rules, exclusive of inside ballast, not less than 2,400 pounds for keel boats, and not less than 2,100 pounds for centerboard boats. The measurer shall see that nothing is on board when the boat is weighed, except what these rules prescribe, and that the boat is in every way in her normal condition.

The outside ballast shall be not less than 500 pounds, exclusive of any ballast on the centerboard, for centerboard boats, and not less than 700 pounds for keel boats.

The cockpit floor shall be above the l. w. l. with scuppers draining outboard, or the boat shall be provided with water-tight bulkheads satisfactory to the measurer.

There shall be on board anchor weighing not less than 25 pounds and 30 fathoms of suitable cables, two life-preservers, compass, riding light, fog horn and roft. oar.

The crew shall be not more than three persons.

The sail area shall not exceed 375 square feet. The actual area of the mainsail and jib shall be measured. The number of square feet in each shall be stamped on each sail by the measurer in full, round, black figures not less than 3in. high. This number shall be known as the official number of the sail, and shall always be visible. Any yacht using a sail not bearing the official number shall be disqualified.

The measurer shall be provided with the correct sail plan of any boat to be measured, and shall cause distinguishing marks to be placed on the spars as follows: On the masts at the tack and at the throat of the mainsail, on the boom at the clew of the mainsail. There shall be only one mark at each point. These marks shall be black bands, not less than 1in. wide, painted around the spar, which shall be the official marks. The inner edges of the bands shall mark the limits to which the sails may stretch without exceeding the sail area allowed. No part of any sail shall extend beyond these marks, and the marks shall always be kept visible.

The distance from the center of the mast to the outer end of the spinnaker boom, when the later is at a right angle to the fore and after center line of the yacht, shall not exceed 10ft. The spinnaker halyard block shall be placed not more than 25ft. above the deck.

In no case shall the area of the mainsail exceed 80 per cent. of the entire area allowed.

The spinnaker shall be triangular and shall not extend above the spinnaker halyard block, or beyond the end of the spinnaker boom.

All sails shall be made of cotton. Battens shall be limited to 2ft. in length. Hollow spars not allowed. Metal or hollow fins, deadwoods, centerboards or rudders not allowed. No boat allowed more than one centerboard and one rudder. Leeboards not allowed. Boats having a draft of more than 2ft. 6in. without centerboard shall be considered keel boats.

Planking—White cedar, white pine or spruce, not less than 3/4 in. in thickness after final planing. Double planking not allowed.

Frames—Oak, not less than 1 1/2 in., spaced 8in. on center.

Shelf or clamp—Hard pine, not less than 3 square inches sectional area to extend the whole length of boat, one on each side.

Bilge stringers—Hard pine. There shall be one bilge stringer on each side, running the whole length of boat, with a sectional area of not less than 3 square inches.

Deck—White pine or spruce, not less than 5/8 in. in thickness, or not less than 1/2 in. in thickness if canvas covered.

Deck beams—Oak, not less than 1 square inch sectional area, and spaced 8in. on center.

SUMNER H. FOSTER,
Committee.

Beverly Y. C.

DELAWARE RIVER, NEW JERSEY,

Friday, September 26.

The postponed Labor Day regatta of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed on Friday, September 26. Boats belonging to the Riverton Y. C. participated in the event, and there were sixteen starters. The wind was fresh from the S. W., which gave the boats a close reach down the river to the buoy off Fox Island, and a broad reach back to the finish line.

In the catboat class Tiona led all over the course, and finished a winner. Sea Gull was second. Dorathea beat Watmus in the special race in the jib and mainsail class. A. G. Cook took first prize in the Mosquito fleet class, and Cortright won out in the Lark class. The summary:

Catboats—Start, 3:25.		Finish.
Fiona, J. Perkins	4 34 50	
Sea Gull, S. C. Cook	4 35 53	
Carolyn II., C. C. Rianhard	4 37 30	
Titania, J. Hainer	4 39 24	
Peerless, H. Craythorne	4 41 15	
Priscilla, S. Bonfield	4 43 27	
Gertrude, G. W. Holloway	4 47 07	
Jib and Mainsail Fleet—Start, 3:30.		
Dorothea, S. Solomon	4 37 45	
Watmus, B. Morgan	4 55 37	
Mosquito Fleet—Start, 3:30.		
No. 11, A. G. Cook	4 58 53	
No. 14, Walnut Boys	5 02 10	
No. 10, Harry Cooke	5 06 05	
No. 2, Robert Biddle, 2d	Withdraw.	
Larks—Start, 3:35.		
No. 1, Cortright	4 56 37	
No. 2, Petit	5 05 02	
No. 3, Taylor	5 08 00	
No. 4, Wilson	5 10 03	

In the series of races the catboats have won points as follows: Butterfly, 17; Fiona, 10; Peerless, 8. The points secured by the larks in the series were: No. 3, Theodore Bonfield, 8; No. 4, E. K. Cortright, 8; No. 2, H. A. Taylor, 4; No. 5, Woodnut Pettit, 3.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

Saturday, October 3.

Three of the one-design 15-footers sailed a race on Saturday, October 3, over inside course No. 3. The breeze was fresh from the E. Cayenne won the race by over 3m. Sabrina was second. The summary:

15ft. One-Design Class—Start, 3:30.		Finish.	Elapsed.
Cayenne, Colgate Hoyt	6 06 30	2 36 30	
Sabrina, C. W. Wetmore	6 09 31	2 39 31	
Marjorie, Percy K. Hudson	6 20 47	2 50 47	

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Messrs. Macconnell Bros. have sold the 60ft. gasoline yacht Augusta for W. McMaster Mills, N. Y. Y. C., to ex-Governor Geo. W. Baxter, of Colorado; the schooner yacht Adrienne for Col. David E. Austen to H. Ashton Little, of Philadelphia; the auxiliary yawl Marajah to Edward M. Mulford, of New York, and chartered the steam yacht Buccaneer to Hon. Elmer P. Howe, of Boston, for two months, chartered the steam yacht Aida for Hon. Edw. Swann to Mr. C. A. Andrews, of New York; chartered the 74ft. gasoline yacht Pharamond for W. A. Rainey, of Cleveland, to Clarence A. Caldwell; the sloop yacht Narika for C. H. Eagle to John M. Ellis, of Hartford, and the steam yacht Halcyon for Gas Engine & Power Co. to D. S. Harding, of Chicago.

Mr. Hollis Burgess has made the following sales: 30ft. yawl Katharine, owned by Mr. W. Starling Burgess, of Boston, to Mr. Richard Henry Warren, of New York; 23ft. catboat Romp, owned by Mr. Richard Henry Warren, to Mr. W. Starling Burgess, and a new 20ft. sloop to Messrs. F. F. Harvey and John A. Sherlock, of Boston.

No class of small boats has ever given greater satisfaction in Massachusetts waters than the 18-footers. This class was established three years ago and has been growing in popularity and strength ever since. The first of these boats to make an appearance on the Sound was Trouble, which boat was purchased by Mr. Childs last year. She proved to be very desirable for racing on the Sound and on Gravesend Bay, and did well in the regattas in which she was entered. The Bridgeport Y. C., wishing to start a new class for club and circuit racing, decided that the Boston 18-footers were about the size of boat they wanted. Mr. B. B. Crowninshield has sold the following 18-footers, and all the new owners are Bridgeport yachtsmen: Mirage, owned by J. W. Olmstead, to J. P. Bartram; Question, owned by J. Henry Hunt, to N. W. Bishop; Miss Modesty, owned by B. S. Permar, to De Ver H. Warner, and Alanada, owned by A. T. Malcolmson, of Providence, to L. F. Warner.

These boats mark the beginning of the class, which will, no doubt, prove a factor in the Sound racing. It is expected that fully ten or twelve of the 18-footers

will be owned by Bridgeport men by the time next season's racing begins.

Messrs. Burgess & Packard have gotten up plans for a one-design class of catboats that will be raced at Pensacola, Fla. The boats are 16ft. over all, 13ft. waterline and will carry 190 sq. ft. of sail.

The Babylon Y. C., of Babylon, Suffolk county, L. I., was incorporated at Albany last week. The directors: Joseph J. Chew, John S. Foster, William May, James Magee, J. Schenck, S. Remsen, William P. Reid, Egbert V. Strong, John Snedecor, Charles Searle, Benjamin B. Wood, Babylon; August C. Smith, West Islip; James C. Bergen, New York City.

Mr. M. Samuels, who recently purchased Shamrock I., has decided to break her up for the old metal she contains.

Mr. Charles A. Dean is having a twin screw steam yacht built at Morris Heights. The yacht will be completed about Nov. 1, and as soon as she is turned over to her owner she will proceed to Florida, where she will be used during the winter. She is 80ft. over all, 77ft. waterline, 18ft. breadth and 3ft. draft. Forward there is a deck house, and extending aft is a low house over the engine room and owner's quarters, which consist of a large saloon, four staterooms and a bath room. The forward house is used as the dining saloon. The galley and the crew's and officers' quarters are below decks, forward. The yacht will be steered from a bridge, which is just aft of the forward deck house. Three boats are carried on the davits. She will have a speed of ten miles.

Henry Steers was drowned off his country place at Westport, Mass., on Tuesday, Sept. 29. Mr. Steers, together with his skipper, started out in a boat to do some fishing. It was blowing hard at the time, and there was quite a sea running. The boat reached the fishing ground off Stony Point safely, but the increasing wind blew her into the breakers and she capsized. Employes on the Steers place saw the accident, and went immediately to the rescue. Captain Hammond was brought ashore and revived after hard work, but Mr. Steers was too far gone to be resuscitated. Henry Steers comes from a family that have been famous in the yachting world for the past sixty years. His uncle, George Steers, designed and built the famous schooner America, and Henry Steers crossed the Atlantic in her and sailed in the races when she won the America's Cup. At this time he was a lad of thirteen. Mr. Steers succeeded to his uncle's shipbuilding business, and he conducted it successfully for years. He built the schooner Henrietta, which won the first race across the Atlantic in 1866. Mr. Steers was in perfect physical condition, notwithstanding his age, and he took an active interest in yachting. His sad death removes a prominent figure from yachting circles. He was a member of the New York Yacht, Union, Racquet and Engineers' clubs. He is survived by a widow and two sons.

After figuring the corrected time in the 25ft. class, the Regatta Committee of the Riverside Y. C. find that Firefly beat Robin Hood by the narrow margin of 4s. in the race sailed on Saturday, Sept. 26.

Horace Cox, the London publisher, has gotten out the third edition of R. T. McMullen's "Down Channel." The book contains 364 pages and is well illustrated by numerous charts, plans and pictures. The binding is a substantial one of blue cloth and the low price asked for the book puts it in the reach of every one.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Old Guard's Military Fair.

THE Old Guard's military fair opened on Monday evening of this week, at Madison Square Garden.

The feature of the opening was the presentation of the Palma trophy to the American rifle team, the members of which were present. They were in command of Col. Leslie C. Bruce, who also was in command of them while they were abroad. Gen. Bird W. Spencer, the president of the National Rifle Association, made a brief and pertinent speech, after which he introduced Gen. Geo. W. Wingate, referring to him as the Father of Long Range Rifle Shooting in America. General Wingate's presentation speech was vigorously applauded. Former Supreme Court Justice Henry A. Gildersleeve made a strong speech, reviewing the history of the trophy, touching specially on the differences of arms and ammunition, their excellence and the excellence of skill displayed. He also was enthusiastically applauded.

The rifle and revolver competitions were well patronized in the basement. The ubiquitous Lieut. Thomas H. Keller, in uniform, was actively in evidence everywhere, assisting in promoting the success of every detail. He was the busiest worker in the Garden. He is a member of the Range Committee, the Prize Committee, and the Programme Committee, and the Executive Committee. In prizes and cash \$1,000 are offered to successful contestants.

The rifle matches are: A Continuous match; a Souvenir point target match; a Ladies' Souvenir match; Fifty-shot Individual Interscholastic match, and a sub-target re-entry match.

The revolver matches are Match A, any revolver continuous match; Match B, rapid-fire match, any revolver.

Our Own Rifle Club.

Hoboken, N. J., Oct. 3.—The weekly shoot of Our Own Rifle Club was held Sept. 29, at 136 Springfield avenue. Mr. J. Ostermeier won the medal. Preparations for the Thanksgiving target excursion have been commenced. The scores:

Bauder's Team—J. Bauder 240, L. Bittel 226, J. Humphries 214, J. Ostermeier 224, F. Mertz 218, Coley 210, McGoldrick 214, Gerluerson 187; total 1733.

Gabriel's Team—Gabriel 234, F. Besson 230, H. Larson 223, Knecht 215, W. Hertler 197, C. Kull 200, A. Greenfield 195, Tyldesley 203; total 1697.

Excellent Shooting.

The accompanying diagrams show the actual shooting done with the new Peters .30-40 U. S. Government smokeless ammunition in the recent Sea Girt meeting. Diagram No. 1 shows the shooting of this ammunition in the New Jersey trophy match at 500 and 600yds. There are 10 shots, of which are bullseyes; 1 to 5 were fired at 500yds.; 6 to 10 600yds. Diagram No. 2 was shot in the Gen. E. P. Meany match. All shots but one were bullseyes; 1 to 7 inclusive were fired at 500yds.; 8 to 14 at 600yds.

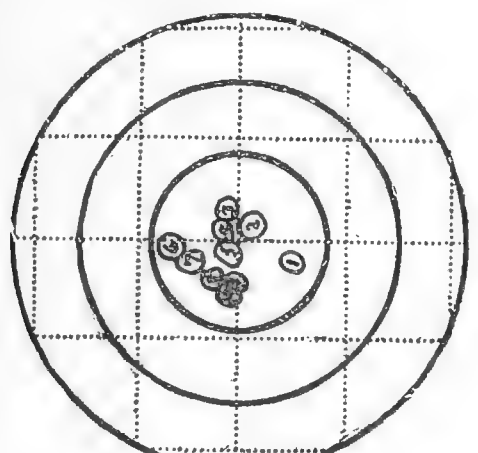


Diagram 1.

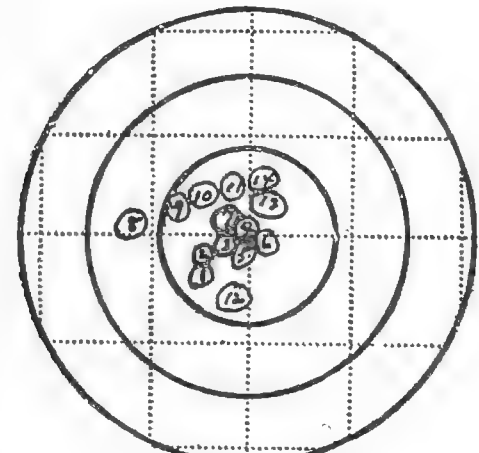


Diagram 2.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa.—The club shot the first half of a match of 100 shots for a prize, a fine rifle, donated by the Stevens Arms Co., on Oct. 19, and the remaining half was shot off on the 26th, Parker winning. Each shooter was given a handicap, based on his season's average. The full scores:

A. Parker.....	84	83	79	78	77	73	70	69	69	65	—753
D. Allen.....	76	71	66	65	64	62	58	55	61	..	—736
Sullivan.....	65	63	68	62	59	58	56	52	62	49	—728
Mount.....	73	69	69	66	65	64	61	61	59	57	—715
Stidham.....	74	74	71	70	68	67	66	67	66	58	—711
F. Almeida.....	68	67	66	64	63	66	57	55	53	50	—708
C. Long.....	72	71	70	68	66	65	65	65	62	..	—702
Bacon.....	71	69	69	65	65	64	59	58	53	—698	

CABIA BLANCO.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Oct. 7.—Sheepshead Bay, L. I.—Three-man team race for target championship; three-man teams of the East.
Oct. 8-9.—Dalton, Ohio, Gun Club's fifth annual tournament. J. Santmyer, Mgr.
Oct. 8-9.—Clinton, Ont., Gun Club's thirteenth live-bird and target tournament; \$300 guaranteed. J. E. Cantelon, Sec'y.
Oct. 8-10.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association. F. B. Cunningham, Mgr.
Oct. 9-10.—Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association's seventeenth annual tournament. A. H. Roberts, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Tournament of the Olney, Ill., Gun Club; prizes added money. J. W. Marks, Jr., Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Sixteenth annual fall tournament of the Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association. A. H. Roberts, Sec'y.
Oct. 11.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Opening all-day shoot of the Fulton Gun Club.
Oct. 13.—Muncie, Ind.—Fall tournament of the Magic City Gun Club.
Oct. 13-14.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club fall tournament. B. D. Ables, Sec'y.
Oct. 13-15.—Omaha, Neb., Gun Club's twelfth annual tournament. D. Townsend, Sec'y.
Oct. 14-15.—Baltimore, Md.—Ninth annual tournament of the Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association; targets and live birds; \$50 added; open to all. J. R. Malone, 2671 Penn. avenue.
Oct. 14-17.—West Baden, Ind., Gun Club tournament; \$500 added. H. L. Winston, Mgr.
Oct. 15.—Batavia, N. Y.—Holland Gun Club annual fall tournament.
Oct. 20.—Mt. Sterling, Ill., Gun Club's eighth annual target tournament. J. Breidenbend, Sec'y.
Oct. 20-22.—Paducah, Ky., Gun Club tournament. W. A. Davis, Sec'y.
Oct. 23-24.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.
Oct. 23-25.—St. Louis, Mo.—Combination live-bird and target shoot at Du Pont Shooting Park. Open to all. Special event, 50 live-bird handicap. Alec D. Mermod, Mgr.
Oct. 26-31.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—First grand tournament of the National Gun Club; \$500 added. John M. Lilly, Pres.

1904.
Jan. 12-15.—Hamilton, Ont., Gun Club tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Mr. J. S. Wright announces that the Brooklyn Gun Club, of which he is the manager, will hold a prize shoot on Oct. 12.

Mr. C. M. Meyer, one of the best shots of the New York Athletic Club, starts on a Southern cruise in his yacht in the near future.

In a contest at 100 targets, Mr. Howard George, of Philadelphia, defeated Mr. Anthony Felix, on the grounds of the Delaware County Country Club, Oct. 3, by a score of 83 to 79.

At the annual live-bird shoot of the Hilltop Gun Club, near Austerlitz, Ky., Mr. C. W. Phellis killed 50 birds straight in the main event. His nearest opponents were Mr. R. O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., 48; Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., 47, and H. C. Hirschy, of Minneapolis, 44.

The return match between Harrisburg and Lykens, Pa., teams was shot at Harrisburg, on Oct. 3. There were thirty men on a side, 25 targets per man. The scores were: Harrisburg 559; Lykens, 414.

At the shoot of the Meadow Springs Gun Club, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 3, a five-man team match was shot, 25 targets per man. The winning team, whose members were G. Smith, Hansel, Pepper, Street and Wright, scored 90, while the losing team—Sharp, J. Smith, Alexander, Martin and Short—scored 76.

The secretary, Mr. J. Breidenbend, informs us that "the eighth annual target tournament of the Mt. Sterling Gun Club will be held Oct. 20. The programme will consist of four ten, eight 15 and two 20-target events; \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance respectively. No one will be barred; everybody is welcome."

Mr. Harry J. Lyons, of Louisville, tied with Messrs. J. T. Page, Elkton, Ky.; Alfred Clay, Austerlitz, Ky., and Jake D. Gay, of Pine Grove, Ky., on 25 straight, in the Kentucky championship contest. There were nineteen contestants. In the shoot-off at 10 birds, Messrs. Lyons and Clay killed straight.

The Fulton Gun Club, of Brooklyn, L. I., desires that shooters keep their opening event in mind. The date is Oct. 11. Shooting commences at 11 o'clock A. M., and there are prize events and sweepstakes. Take car to Crescent street, Kings County "L," Brooklyn. The grounds are situated on the Old Mill road.

The opening shoot of the New York Athletic Club's fall season took place at Travers Island on Oct. 3. The main event of the shoot was a handicap at 100 targets, which was won by Mr. H. Walker, with a full score of 100. Mr. C. M. Meyer was second with 98; Mr. Gus Greiff, shooting from scratch, broke 87.

The Lehigh Rod and Gun Club, of Bethlehem, and the Easton Rod and Gun Club, of Easton, Pa., shot a ten-man team return contest at Easton, on Oct. 3. The scores were: Lehigh 196, independent 195. Mr. J. Maurer, of the Easton team, made the high score of the event, 25 straight. Mr. D. S. Daudt was high man on the Bethlehem team, 24.

Mr. W. M. Thomas, the popular ballistic expert of the U. M. C. Co., witnessed the presentation of the Palma trophy to the American rifle team in Madison Square Garden on Monday evening, this event being a feature of the Old Guard Fair. He was specially interested, having been in England with the team when it was engaged in its memorable contest.

Mr. G. G. Williamson, of Muncie, Ind., famous as a skillful trapshooter, a successful field trial contestant and a most companionable gentleman, was a visitor in New York on Saturday last week. He had been enjoying some field shooting in New Hampshire, besides making some friendly visits in the East.

At Lexington, Ky., Sept. 25 and 26, in the professional class, on the second day at targets, Mr. Wm. H. Heer was highest average, with 190 out of 200. Mr. Fred Gilbert was second, with 187; Mr. C. F. Dreih was third, with 176; Mr. T. Marshall was 174; Mr. H. C. Hirschy was 164; Mr. H. Waters was 169; Col. J. T. Anthony was 165.

The fall shooting season of the Crescent Athletic Club began on Oct. 3, on their beautiful grounds at Bay Ridge. Mr. L. M. Palmer, Jr., presented two valuable cups for class shooting contests. The chairman of the shooting committee presented a trophy for handicap contests, and Mr. Chas. Sykes presented a cup for team competition. The club will hold its regular shoots for the monthly cups, the three best scores of each contestant each month to count. Also the club will offer a cup for the highest scratch average made during the season, and one for the highest handicap average. Mr. T. W. Stake has donated a cup to be known as the Holiday cup, to be contested for on the six legal holidays of the season. The allowance system of handicapping will be retained.

The preliminary programme of the first grand tournament of the National Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 26-31, will have \$500 added, donated by the French Lick Hotel Co. Of this, \$10 is applied to each of the thirty target events, and each event is at 20 targets. Also to each of the five 20-sparrow events, \$10. A silver loving cup to the winner in the 100-target contest, which consists of the tenth event on the first day, and the ninth and tenth events on the second and third days respectively; entrance optional, \$10. To the five high guns shooting through the three days, \$15, \$12, \$10, \$8 and \$5. To each of the five sparrow events \$10 will be added. The five 20-sparrow events will constitute a champion sparrow race, entrance, optional, \$10; high guns; a silver loving cup will be the reward of the winner. Except in five events, which are high guns, the moneys will be governed by the Rose system, 7, 5, 3 and 2. The entries in each of the five 20-sparrow events is \$6. There is also something hinted concerning pigeon shooting and taking pigeon loads accordingly. The complete programme will be issued in the near future. All guns and shells should be shipped, by express, prepaid, and marked "Mr. T. Taggart, French Lick Springs Hotel Co., French Lick, Ind." All requests for programmes, information or rooms should be addressed to National Gun Club, P. O. Box 463, Indianapolis, Ind.

BERNARD WATERS.

New York Athletic Club.

Oct. 3.—On their grounds at Travers Island, the New York Athletic Club held their opening shoot of the fall season. Event 2 was at 100 targets, handicap allowance added as breaks. Mr. H. Walker was first with 100, Mr. C. M. Meyer was second with 98, and Mr. Gus Greiff, shooting from scratch, was third with 87. In a match at 25 targets between Messrs. C. M. Meyer and Gus Greiff, each broke 19 and tied. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	5	100	25	25	Targets:	5	100	25	25
W. Elias, 30.....	2	69	9	..	J. Hill, 45.....	0	61
Greiff, 0.....	4	87	23	21	H. Walker, 25....	3	100	19	..
A. Rasines, 45....	1	80	C. M. Meyer, 20....	3	98	19	19
F. W. Perkins.....	2	81	7	..	S. Hall.....	9

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 3.—Maynard was high man, scoring 85 out of a possible 100 in the Parker gun shoot, Norris and Medico being second and third respectively. The following is a list of the contestants and the scores they made:

B. Total.		B. Total.	
Maynard, 18.....	85	Gambell, 10.....	75
Norris, 30.....	72	Steinman, 20.....	69
Medico, 12.....	78	Ackley, 30.....	48
See, 10.....	79	*Gross.....	81
Jay Bee, 25.....	62	*Stone.....	36
Jack, 25.....	61		

*Visitors.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Berea Gun Club.

BEREA, O., Sept. 24.—The second annual tournament of the Berea Gun Club was held to-day on the club's new grounds, south of Berea village. The shooting commenced at 9 o'clock and continued until late in the afternoon. The affair proved a success in every particular. Marksmen from all parts of northern Ohio participated in the shoot.

The average for high gun was won by Quayle, of the Berea club, breaking 88 out of a possible 90, the last 64 straight.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Broke.
Quayle.....	9	8	12	9	13	12	14	14	15	15	15	15	151
Davis.....	6	7	12	9	11	14	10	8	10	10	15	13	125
Jack.....	9	8	14	10	11	13	15	12	15	12	14	12	145
J. I. C.....	8	6	11	9	14	14	12	12	8	11	14	14	133
Grant.....	10	8	10	8	10	10	13	13	9	15	12	12	128
Johns.....	10	7	11	9	14	13	13	13	11	14	12	14	141
Stilson.....	9	7	14	9	10	10	12	12	13	11	9	12	128
Barber.....	8	9	12	9	11	12	12	11	15	13	14	13	139
Snow.....	9	10	14	9	13	13	14	14	11	14	13	14	148
Cliff.....	7	9	14	7	10	13	11	13	13	9	12	10	128
Wehner.....	5	10	11	7	13	9	12	13	12	12	12	12	128
Burton.....	7	10	12	10	12	13	12	11	11	14	11	11	134
Call.....	9	10	14	8	8	12	12	13	13	11	12	12	135
Brown.....	7	6	13	6	13	11	13	10	11	14	11	10	125
Clafflin.....	9	5	11	4	9	7	8	7	9	11	11	13	104
Bailey.....	8	8	12	9	11	13	11	11	10	14	14	14	135
Ferestein.....	6	..	6	12
Mack.....	7	5	13	8	9	12	10	64
Ledgett.....	5	8	10	10	55
Smith.....	..	7	..	9	..	12	..	14	..	14	13	..	69
W. W. F.....	11	11	12	15	11	13	14	87
Sapphold.....	13	10	12	14	14	13	11	87
Wells.....	4	5	11	9	9	14	9	11	10	13	11	8	114
Blanchard.....	..	5	..	5	..	12	..	8	..	11	9	..	50
Hillier.....	..	6	..	7	..	6	..	9	..	8	36
Knowlton.....	12	7	10	29
Marsh.....	6	..	6	..	9	21
Hopkins.....	7	11	18
	8	11	13	13	45

High averages: Quayle, 151; Snow, 148; Jack, 145; Johns, 141; Barber, 139; Call, 135; Bailey, 135; Burton, 134; J. I. C., 133; Grant, 128; Stilson, 128; Cliff, 128; Wehner, 128; Brown, 125; Davis, 125; Clafflin, 104.

J. F. BESWICK, Sec'y-Treas.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Oct. 4.—These scores were made at the last shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. The day was fine; the traps were good, and good scores were made, except Schorty's, who was shooting a new gun. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	15	25	25	25	25	25
Dudley	14	22	22	22	20	22	Untereiner	13	15
Percy	10	19	24	23	24	22	Sauer	18	12
Edwards	20	20	21	22	22	22	Berger	8	6
Van Dyne	17	20	15	20	17	17	Throuout	10	10
Schorty	14	16	22	19	15	19	Munsey	11	10	11
Malcomb	12	10	10	11	Headen	16	10	11	14	13	..
Gilie	12	15	15	15	Pearsall	12	11	10

Jackson Park Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Oct. 3.—The Jackson Park Gun Club, famous for its gatherings of good sportsmen and good competition, held a live-bird shoot on its grounds to-day. The renowned trapshooter, Capt. A. W. Money, was in excellent form, and took the first event at 5 birds with a straight score. In the second he was tied with three others with 8 out of 10. In the last event, at 10 birds, he tied with two others with a score of 9. The scores:

First event, 5 live birds:			
Lenone, 28.....	00011—2	Morgan, 29.....	22*21—4
Money, 30.....	12122—5	Stalter, 28.....	02200—2
Powers, 28.....	02000—1	Van Horn, 28.....	11*12—4
Barry, 28.....	12000—2		
Second event, 10 birds:			
Lenone, 28.....	0121110112—8	Morgan, 29.....	*212222220—8
Money, 30.....	2201122120—8	Stalter, 28.....	202121220—7
Powers, 28.....	2120222202—8	Van Horn, 28.....	1*2120101—6
Barry, 28.....	0022020202—8	Brown, 26.....	212100202—7
Third event, 10 birds:			
Money, 30.....	2101111122—9	Morgan, 29.....	2212*11221—9
Lenone, 28.....	1111121*0—8	Powers, 28.....	2111212—12—9

The ten live bird match at Rodgers on Saturday afternoon between Robert Radcliffe, of the Jackson Park Gun Club, and an unknown, resulted in a victory for Radcliffe by a score of 9 to 6. The scores:
Radcliffe.....1121012121—9 Unknown.....2122020002—6

Lehigh—Independent Team Contest.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Oct. 5.—Herewith are the scores of the return bluerock match between the Independent Gun Club, of Easton, and the Lehigh Rod and Gun Club, of Bethlehem. Ten men shot on a side, on Oct. 3, at Easton. It resulted in a victory for the Bethlehem team by the score of 196 to 195.

The Bethlehemites say they cannot find words to express their admiration of the manner in which they were treated by their opponents. They had a team to meet the boys at the car and bring them back, and after the shoot they entertained the team with a fine supper.

The high score for the day was made by J. Maurer, 25 straight, for the Easton team, and D. S. Daudt, 24, for the Bethlehemites.

Lehigh Rod and Gun Club, of Bethlehem.	
Miller.....	0111011010101010001001—14
Kramlich.....	111111000111111110111—21
Hahn.....	111111111011111111100—22
Hankey.....	101111010101010111111—21
Koch.....	1101011010101010101111—21
Smith.....	1111111001001100010110—17
Bell.....	111101011111111111101—22
Ritter.....	1110111101110011010101—18
Daudt.....	10111110011001010101010—16
Alam.....	111111111101111111111—24—196

Independent Gun Club, of Easton.	
Fredrick.....	1111101001011111111101—20
Snyder.....	011010110110110111111—20
Elliott.....	1001000101001001001001—11
W. H. Maurer.....	111111111011111111101—23
H. Miller.....	01111001111111110101—20
Hausman.....	111111011011001001101—19
Brunner.....	11001110110011111101001—17
Sommers.....	111111101101110010101—20
Markley.....	111011001010101011111—20
J. E. Maurer.....	111111111111111111111—25—195

H. F. Koch, Sec'y.

Albemarle Gun Club.

RICHMOND, Va., Sept. 26.—The Albemarle Gun Club held its club shoot to-day. The club medal was won by Mr. James Hayes.

The scores were, 25 targets: Boschen 12, Clay 6, Martin 11, Hayes 18, J. Cary, Sr., 15, Hoschen 15, Clay 5, Farmer 12, J. Cary, Jr., 10, Peters 16, Glasgow 11.

Thursday's shoot resulted as follows: A. W. Browning 13; Peters 15, Thompson 15, Edwards 13, H. F. Browning 22, Clay 10, Witt 10, Frazier 9, C. Farmer 16, E. Landrum 16.

ON LONG ISLAND.

East End Club, 17yds.—Dr. Hillsman 20, Anderson 15, Brown 2 Boudar 19, Flippen 23; total 97.

Illinois State Shoot.

PEKIN, Ill., Oct. 1.—The management announced this morning that this would be the last day of the tournament, and that the programme would be finished if possible. The Pekin handicap entrance was changed from \$25 to \$12; three moneys for every ten entries.

The pigeon handicap was changed from \$25 to \$15 entrance. F. C. Riehl was the only one to score straight in the pigeon handicap, and won first money. S. A. Tucker and W. Fred Quimby were on the grounds to-day.

The tournament has been a success financially, and with the changes made in shooting for the trophies, a large attendance can be looked for next year.

Many prominent shooters from all over the country are present. Among them are: William R. Crosby, O'Fallon; C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia.; John Burmister, Spirit Lake, Ia.; Guy Burn-sides, Knoxville; C. M. Powers, Decatur; W. A. Waddington, Beatrice, Neb.; Tom Marshall, Keithsburg; J. M. Hughes, Palmyra, Wis.; John Boa, Chicago; Russell Cline, Spirit Lake, Ia.; Harry Watson, Seneca, Pa.; Harvey Sconce, Sedell; H. H. Taylor, Mecklin, S. D.; Charles Wiggins, Homer; George Roll, Blue Island; J. B. Barto, Chicago; Fred Lord, Chicago; Frank Riehl, Alton; E. D. Rambo, Knoxville.

Sept. 29, First Day.

The programme presented twelve events, 15 targets each. Competition was open to all amateurs in Illinois. A gentle wind prevailed. In the total day's programme of 175 targets W. R. Crosby and Russell Kline, of Spirit Lake, Ia., tied on 175 breaks; Harvey Sconce was next with 174; H. Taylor, of Mecklin; S. D. Ellett and F. D. Ellett, Keithsburg, tied on 172; J. W. Hughes was fourth with 171.

The L. C. Smith cup was on the afternoon programme, and it had fifteen contestants. Four—Crosby, Burnside, Roll and Barto—tied on the possible 20 targets. Crosby scored 20 in the shoot-off and won. The weather was pleasant. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broken.
Connor	13	14	15	12	13	13	14	13	14	13	15	13	162
Riehl	12	13	13	14	14	14	13	14	12	15	14	12	160
Wiggins	13	14	15	14	13	14	14	14	14	15	14	15	169
Boa	13	12	15	13	14	14	14	14	12	15	15	13	164
Lord	7	15	15	12	10	14	12	13	13	15	12	15	153
Waddington	12	14	13	15	15	15	14	16	15	15	15	14	172
Raker	11	12	13	12	13	15	14	14	15	13	12	12	157
McCumber	11	10	12	14	14	14	11	14	12	10	10	14	146
Drennon	10	13	13	14	11	13	13	12	12	12	12	15	150
Twelfth	10	12	9	12	11	11	13	14	10	13	13	14	142
Montgomery	13	9	13	13	13	14	13	13	12	14	12	12	151
Cummings	13	13	14	13	15	14	12	15	14	12	14	12	161
Cooley	12	12	14	12	10	11	10	12	14	11	10	10	139
Taylor	14	13	13	13	15	15	15	15	14	15	15	15	172
Marshall	14	11	15	15	13	13	11	15	10	14	1	512	161
Crosby	14	14	15	15	14	14	15	15	15	15	15	14	175
Powers	15	15	12	13	13	14	15	15	15	15	13	14	167
Burnside	14	12	14	14	14	12	15	12	15	14	15	11	162
Burmister	14	13	13	10	11	12	12	11	11	13	11	13	145
Budd	14	15	14	15	15	14	13	12	12	12	14	15	165
Kline	13	15	14	15	15	15	15	14	15	14	15	15	175
Sconce	15	14	14	14	14	15	15	13	15	15	15	15	174
Watson	15	12	14	13	15	14	15	14	13	13	14	14	166
Hughes	14	14	14	15	15	11	13	14	14	14	15	15	171
Ford	11	12	11	15	13	13	14	14	14	12	14	15	161
Stauber	14	13	15	14	14	14	14	14	11	13	15	13	164
Mulford	13	14	11	12	14	12	15	15	14	15	13	14	161
Buck	14	13	12	13	15	14	11	12	12	15	11	11	153
Ramsey	15	14	14	14	12	13	13	13	13	15	13	13	162
A Mulford	8	15	10	13	14	12	13	11	13	13	15	13	150
Shafter	10	11	12	11	10	12	12	12	12	13	11	11	138
Nesbitt	12	13	12	12	12	10	13	12	11	14	14	14	150
Hayes	13	15	11	7	13	15	13	10	14	9	13	12	148
Sirock	8	11	13	11	7	13	13	6	10	10	11	9	121
Waggoner	12	13	14	10	15	14	13	13	12	14	14	11	156
Foutz	13	15	15	11	11	10	10	14	15	12	13	13	161
Ellett	15	14	14	14	14	15	15	15	15	14	14	13	172
Barto	14	15	13	14	15	14	13	14	13	14	13	13	165
Post	14	14	13	12	14	13	14	12	12	15	12	14	159
Lewis	13	13	15	14	14	15	14	14	13	15	14	12	166
Mackie	13	13	12	11	11	12	13	12	10	11	12	12	142
Coleman	12	12	14	11	14	14	12	12	10	15	11	10	148
Curry	12	13	13	13	12	13	15	13	15	15	12	12	158
Drowne	9	11	10	14	5	13	13	12	12	13	12	11	135
Perry	12	14	13	13	12	11	12	13	11
Wheeler	11	14	13	11	12	14	13	12	11	14	11	11	147
Roll	14	12	15	13	15	14	13	13	15	14	14	14	166
Rambo	13	14	13	13	15	12	13	14	14	15	11	12	166
Baker	12	15	14	13	13	10	13	13	14	14	14	13	158
N C Hayes	11	11	12	15	14	14	15	13	11	13	14	14	160
Blumenshine	13	14	14	13	14	14	14	12	15	12	13	15	182
Orth	12	14	14	11	12	14	11	14	13	9	11	11	143
Scott	12	14	14	14	13	10	13	12	13	12	12	11	150
Jones	12	11	11	11	13	12	14	13	15	12	13	14	151
Harris	12	12	12	10	12	13	15	15	13	14	14	14	156
P Faggott	10	10	11	12	13	12	13	12	11	13	11	10	140
J Faggott	13	14	11	11	10	15	12	13	10	15	13	10	147
C Faggott	13	11	14	12	11	14	12	11	14	12	11	14	149
Tramp	9	10	13
Hagen	10	14	12	8	12	11
Hurff	14	13	13	14	9	9	..
Stover	14	14	13	12	14	13	14	14	14	..
Van Grundy	14	11	11	13	12	1x5	14	14	15	13	..
Parke	14	14	13	15	15	12	..
McGill	14	9	6	8	13	10	..
Fulton	13	14	13	13	13	13	..
Beckstead	13	15	13
Reuber	13	11	14
Meidroth	11	13	12	13	14	13	..
Miller	10	14	14	14	14	13	..

L. C. Smith cup event:

Crosby	11111111111111111111	-2
Powers	110111111111110111	-1
Burnside	11111111111111111111	-2
Roll	11111111111111111111	-2
Barto	11111111111111111111	-2
Boa	111111111111010101	-1
Wiggins	111110111111101011	-1
Sconce	111110011111110111	-1
Lord	11111011111111111111	-1
Riehl	01111111111111111111	-1
Marshall	11110011111111111101	-1
Connor	01101111111111011111	-1
Lewis	11111111101111110111	-1
Wheeler	01100111111111111111	-1
Post	111111111011011110	-1
Shoot-off:		
Crosby	11111111111111111111	-2
Burnside	1011111111	-
Roll	1111010111	-
Barto	11111111111110101111	-

Sept. 30, Second Day.

The finish of the Board of Trade badge was the special event of to-day. Five men tied on perfect scores. Crosby was in the lead on the day's averages with 173 out of 180. Powers was next with 172. Kline and Watson tied on 169. Wiggins was fourth with 168. The tie in the badge event was postponed till to-morrow, though it was shot off partially.

In the annual meeting several important changes were made in the constitution. Lincoln was chosen for the next place of meeting. Officers, all of Lincoln, were elected as follows: President, Robt. Davis; Secretary-Treasurer, J. Davis. It was decided to change the L. C. Smith cup to a handicap event, 16 to 21yds. The Board of Trade badge was also changed to a handicap event, 26 to 32yds. The first is the individual championship at targets, the second represents the individual championship at live birds. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Roll	14	13	12	12	14	14	12	13	14	14	15	15	161
Riehl	11	13	14	14	14	12	15	13	15	15	13	15	164
Wiggins	15	14	14	15	14	14	15	13	14	14	14	12	168
Boa	12	13	14	14	15	15	13	13	14	14	12	15	164
Lord	9	13	12	11	14	14	13	7	11	10	9	13	136
Waddington	15	11	14	13	11	12	12	14	15	14	13	15	159
Raker	11	12	14	12	12	14	11	14	13	15	15	12	156
McCumber	12	12	11	11	11	9	12	13	11	13	13	12	140
Drennon	14	14	10	13	13	9	13	12	11	10	11	9	129
Tweeth	13	11	11	11	14	11	13	14	12	11	12	15	148
Montgomery	13	13	11	14	14	9	11	12	11	14	13	10	145
Cummings	14	9	14	13	14	13	11	10	14	13	11	11	147
Burns	10	11	14	10	13	13	13	14	12	12	14	15	152
Taylor	14	14	14	14	15	14	13	14	14	13	15	14	168
Marshall	11	14	13	14	14	12	13	14	14	14	12	15	160
Crosby	14	15	15	12	15	14	15	15	15	14	15	14	173
Powers	13	12	15	14	14	14	15	15	15	15	15	15	172
Burnside	15	13	13	11	12	14	14	13	15	14	14	14	162
Burmister	11	12	14	11	12	15	11	7	12	14	11	9	129
Budd	15	13	14	14	15	11	12	13	14	15	14	14	161
Kline	14	14	15	13	15	13	15	13	14	15	14	14	169
Parks	13	14	14	14	15	14	13	15	13	15	15	14	166
Watson	15	13	12	11	14	15	14	14	15	15	14	15	169
Hughes	15	14	13	14	11	12	15	12	13	12	14	13	158
Ford	13	15	13	13	15	12	14	15	13	11	14	14	162
Stauber	15	13	12	15	11	13	10	14	12	14	14	13	155
Mulford	15	14	10	14	15	12	12	12	12	11	11	14	155
Buck	13	14	12	13	13	11	13	14	12	14	13	13	155
Ramsey	11	11	11	11	14	11	11	14	12	12	10	13	141
A. Mulford	13	15	12	7	13	15	6	11	12	10	14	14	142
Rupert	14	12	9	15	11	11	..
Shafter	10	9	11	13	12	13	12	12	13	..
Nesbitt	13	9	12	12	10	12	10	10	12	12	13	12	147
Hayes	14	11	15	11	14	13	11	12	10	14	13	13	151
Strock	12	9	12	7	9	13	9	11	10	9	11	10	122
Waggoner	12	11	13	9	13	14	13	15	11	13	14	13	151
Fulton	12	12	9	13	14	8
Ellett	13	12	12	12	14	14	15	14	15	14	15	15	165
Barto	14	14	14	12	12	15	14	14	13	15	13	15	165
Coleman	13	13	12	10	12	13
Lewis	14	13	13	14	15	13	15	14	13	13	13	14	164
Wheeler	8	12	9	11	11	13	10	10	12	13	12	14	158
Connor	14	12	13	12	14	15	14	14	15	15	15	11	164
Rambo	13	11	11	11	12	12
Baker	14	14	12	14	14	14	13	12	13	9	14	14	157
Weller	11	11	9	8	9	10	9	13	10	11	14	13	128
McGill	12	13	9	11	11	9
Walpert	13	12	9	12	7	6
Foutz	14	13	14	15	14	13	9	13	11	13	14	12	155
Ginney	14	13	10	9	11	10	11	13	11	13	14	12	136
Marvin	7	8	7	..	8	9
Risser	14	12	13	11	13	12	13	13	14	9	12	10	146
Stover	10	12	13	13	13	12	13	14	12	13	12	12	149
Harris	14	12	14	12	11	13
Park	14	12	12	9	12	11	13	14	14
P. Faggott	11	11	10	8	13
C. Faggott	8	11	10
Jones	14	11	14	12	11	13	11	13	12	12	13	14	159
Wilson	11	15	13	13	12	12	11
Van Gundy	12	12	9	13	11
Snyder	8
Amberg	11
Buckstein	11	11	11	10

Diamond badge, 10 live birds, \$10 entrance, had only eighteen entries. There were five in the tie, which was finally won by the redoubtable expert, Mr. W. R. Crosby. He killed 10 straight in the main event, and 15 in the tie. Mr. C. M. Powers was the runner up. His 25th bird was dead out.

The number of contestants was exceedingly small considering the prestige, long list of associations and importance of the event.

The scores follow:

Roll	2222222122-10	Powers	122222122-10
Riehl	221222212-10	G Burnside	22*0w
Boa	222222202-9	Stauber	222*22222-9
Wiggins	112221220-8	W L Hayes	211*112211-9
Twelfth	222022222-9	Barto	222222202-9
T C Harris	222212222-10	Lewis	222221222-9
T A Marshall	220222202-8	Wheeler	2022**122-8
G Walpert	222*0122220-7	Connor	220222121-9
Crosby	2211222111-10	Amberg	2221222*02-8
Shoot-off of tie:			
Riehl		2222222212221222211223*-24	
Roll		20w	
Harris		0w	
Powers		21111122223122211121111*-24	
Crosby		121122121112112112111112-25	

Oct. 1, Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Total.	Pekin	Handicap.
Roll	11	14	12	15	52	23	21 18 22 84
Riehl	15	14	13	15	57	23	23 22 21 89
Wiggins	14	15	14	12	55	21	21 22 22 86
Boa	12	13	12	9	47	17	20 17 22 76
Lord	13	13	13	13	54	23	23 19 20 85
Waddington	13	14	14	15	56
Stauber	13	13	13	13	52	20	17 20 18 75
Burns	11	12	11	14	48
Myrick	12	11	13	12	48	19	21 17 19 76
Hayes	13	15	19	13	49	21	20 23 25 89
Ellett	14	13	14	13	54	23	24 20 24 91
Davis	12	12	9	13	46	18	21 16 23 78
Blumenshine	12	13	13	15	53
Taylor	14	15	14	14	57	21	23 20 23 87
Marshall	15	11	14	14	54	19	21 18 22 80
Crosby	15	15	15	15	60	25	21 22 22 90
Powers	15	15	14	15	59	22	21 24 23 90
Burnside	13	14	15	15	57	23	23 22 23 91
Burmister	14	11	14	13	52	22	20 21 20 83
Budd	15	13	13	14	55	22	24 18 23 87
Kline	14	15	13	14	56	23	23 22 24 92
Parks	15	14	13	15	57	22	22 21 22 89
Watson	13	13	14	15	55	23	23 23 23 92
Hughes	12	14	14	15	55	25	25 21 21 92
Ford	11	13	14	14	52	21	24 22 21 88
Farrell	9	14	12	12	47	14	17 18 19 68
Mulford	13	15	12	15	55
Buck	11	13	12	12	49	21	24 20 23 88
Ramsey	13	12
A Mulford	12	14	11	11	51
Barto	14	14	11	15	54	24	23 23 24 94
Baker	14	14	11	12	51	20	24 18 20 82
Waggoner	15	12	13	15	55
Bisbee	12	10	13	12	47	20	20 21 22 83
Lewis	14	14	15	15	58	22	24 22 24 92
Jones	13	12	12	9	46
Connor	14	12	14	15	55	22	22 23 22 89
Sperry	15	13	15	15	58	23	25 23 23 94
Eichner	7	12	10	11	40	20	21 20 22 83
Risser	11	13	15	14	53
Ginney	13	15	12	11	49
Rambo	14	12	13	13	52
Thomas	12	9	15	7	42	19	20 16 21 76
Lyons	13	17
Funk	16	17 15 18 66
Park	20	22 25 22 89

Programme target events, highest averages:

	First Day.	Sec'd Day.	Third Day.	Total.
Connor	162	164	55	381
Riehl	160	164	57	381
Wiggins	169	168	55	392
Boa	164	164	47	375
Lord	153	136	54	343
Waddington	170	159	56	385
Raker	158	156
Taylor	172	168	57	397
Marshall	161	160	54	375
Crosby	175	173	60	408
Powers	167	172	59	398
Burnside	162	162	57	381
Burmister	144	129	52	325
Budd	165	164	55	384
Kline	175	169	56	400
Watson	166	167	56	389
Hughes	171	158	55	384
Daud	161	162	52	375
Stauber	166	166	54	386
Mulford	161	155	55	371
Buck	153	155	49	357
A Mulford	150	142	51	343
Haves	148	151	49	348

Waggoner	156	151	55	362
Ellett	172	165	54	391
Barto	165	165	54	384
Lewis	166	164	58	388
Roll	166	161	52	379
Baker	158	157	51	366
Jones	151	149	56	356

Twenty-five-bird handicap, 27 to 32yds., \$15 entrance, three moneys:

Connor	112111122221202212021222-23
Crosby	12222201211112122111222-24
Powers	102222122222222222222222-23
Barto	221202222222122222222222-24
Roll	20022w
Kline	222222222222222222222222-24
Riehl	21122211222222122222212-25
A Mulford	12111122211011222120222-23
W. Mulford	12011111111121212121122-24
Wiggins	02212222102221222120222-22
Jones	11222122112221120221022-23
Stauber	122221021222220120222222-22
Farrell	21211111*0111122112020-20

Harrisburg-Lykens Team Contest.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Oct. 3.—The return match between the trapshooters of Harrisburg and the trapshooters of Lykens, Pa., came off Saturday, Oct. 3, on the grounds of the East Side Shooting Association of Harrisburg.

The Lykens team arrived at 9 A. M., and were escorted by the reception committee to the Columbia Hotel, where arrangements had been made for their accommodation. Promptly at 11:30, dinner was served, after which the guests were taken to the grounds in a special car. The committee of arrangements had erected a large tent, under which refreshments were served free to the shooters. Although there were no straight scores made some of the shooters did remarkably well, as the conditions were unfavorable. The teams consisted of thirty men on each side, 25 flying targets per man. After the team race was finished a number of sprints were shot, some of the shooters staying until dark.

The Lykens team was under the leadership of ex-Senator A. F. Thompson, with Capt. Geo. Hawk as captain. The captain of the Harrisburg team was Mr. Harry Shoope. On the reception committee were Mr. James Warden, Mr. Frank Lawrence, Mr. A. H. Roberts, Capt. M. W. Long, and Carl Stewart. The general committee of arrangements was made up of C. W. Fisher, Ed Keffer, H. S. Lutz, C. Isenhower, H. O. Siehold, J. B. Singer, E. Kissenger and J. E. Martin.

Great credit is due the different committees for the able manner in which the affairs were conducted.

The official scorer was Mr. H. Debro; referee, Mr. Luther J. Squier. Scorer for Lykens, Mr. H. Hoffman; scorer for Harrisburg, Mr. Frank Lawrence.

Among the trade representatives present on invitation were J. R. Hull, L. J. Squier and Frank Lawrence. The scores:

Harrisburg Team.

Henry011101111011111111100010-18
Dinger1111111111111101111111-24
Fisher110111111011011111110111-21
Herman111110111011001111111111-21
Siebold110111011101110111111111-21
J Warden111000001111111111011001-17
Thompson11111111111111111000111010-20
Hull111111011111011111111111-22
Brewster111110111101000110111111-19
Isenhower111101111001111110111011-20
Martin001111111111111101001001-18
Lutz110110011111111111111111-21
Hess111111111111111111011101-23
Beacher0100111010010111101110010-14
Hunter1111110111100001111101011-17
Martzolf1101110111101111101111100-19
Keffer111111010111110111111101-21
Mumane1001111111110011100111001-17
Roberts0110101011101111110111011-18
Stewart101111010101111111011111-19
Keener1111001001100011001100111-14
Unger1101011111111011111101110-19
Metzger1011110110110100001111011-16
A Miller11110101001110011111111000-15
Long0100101111000101110001111-14
Byers01110001111111100001110111-17
De Walt1010111111101100011111111-19
Ed Keys11101011010001100111111000-15
C Keys1111111111111011111111111-24
Read1011101101111101110100010-16-559

Lykens Team.

G Hawk001100110001101010000000--9
A F Thompson111101110010111010000101--15
J Hahn111010011011110111011101--18
R Budd000000010001000001100010--8
J Alvord1000110001101010110001111--13
D Randall000000100001001010000100--6
J B Thompson0010101101111110110010001--14
E Whitmar111001100011001111111110--16
Phil Brown111111011001011100110111--18
S Shoofstal011001000110111001010010--11
C Hawk011110100110011010011010--13
C Hankenstein0000011001001011011000001--10
A Bright001101011110010101100011--16
R Martz111110111111101100011110--19
L Shodle0000001000010100011100--9
S Cox111100011001101100111111--17
A Thompson111100011110000001001111--14
F Hence011110100001110100111011--15
J Rettinger1101011111110101011110--20
W Reiner110110100101111100010100--15
G Thompson010001010011001110010010--10
J Shuffler100111000101101111001100--14
C Hoff111100111101001001000011--13
J Kissingner111001100011001111111110--17
W George0001111100100111000110101--14
J Witmer1111000000100011110100--13
F Hawk01111111111110111111110--22
Sponglar1011110110011111000000010--13
W Spangler1001001100010010100100100--9
C Showers0011011001111000101100101--13

Northern Valley Gun Club.

The Northern Valley Gun Club, of Leonia, N. J., held their first shoot of the season on Friday, Sept. 25, with a large attendance and a very fine day. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	5	5	10	10	15	15	25
W Annett	5	5	8	9	13	12	22
M Moley	5	4	9	8	12	13	23
R Coyte	4	4	8	7	11	12	20
C Fleischman	4	5	8	6	11	12	21
C H Butler	3	2	6	6	8
P Minley	2	3	6	4	8	8	14
L Minley	3	4	7	4	9	7	13
*S Wescott	3	4	7	7	9	..	18
*L Denton	3	3	5	4	7	..	16
*W Brightly	2	3	4	6	6
*Shot for targets only.	R.	E.	Coyte,	Sec'y.			

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 30.—The Rochester Rod and Gun Club shoot to-day was marked by good shooting in the cup event. Mr. Thomas F. Adkin broke his 27 without a miss. He won a point in the contest for the Adkin and Clark cup. The range

Adkin27	27	Coughlin30	15
Weller28	22	Clark28	23
20	22			

The contest for the cup becomes more interesting every week. The result will be decided Oct. 28. Several of the members have scored two or three points apiece.

The very beautiful cut showing the advertisement of Messrs. Cousens & Pratt, the Boston sail makers, can hardly fail to attract the attention of the readers who scan our advertising columns. Messrs. Cousens & Pratt are well known to yachtmen as particularly skillful and satisfactory makers of sails, and their product has borne to victory many a successful vessel. The beauty of this cut is very suggestive. Messrs. Cousens & Pratt invite correspondence from those who are building, or who contemplate building or refitting, yachts this winter.

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WOMAN IN THE FIELD.

For many centuries the position even of civilized woman was that of an inferior. Unable, owing to lack of physical strength, to fight for the things she desired, she was obliged to take second place. Among the toilers of the world she toiled hardest. Happily this is now largely ended, and woman's position in civilization, and above all in America, is constantly improving. More and more she is coming to share man's pleasures, and if incidentally she is sharing his toils, in most of the avocations of life taking a position of her own, she is doing this voluntarily, of her own free will doing her share in the work of the world.

For many years FOREST AND STREAM has believed that there is no reason why woman should not share with man those sports of the field which bring humanity more and more into contact with nature. And the result of the doctrine that it has consistently preached is seen to-day in the constantly increased use by women of the fishing rod and the rifle, the shotgun and the golf club, the saddle horse and the canoe. There are even women who sail their own yachts, and often do it quite as well as men sail theirs. Yet it is to be remembered that to most women all this outdoor life is new, and that, as all of us learn how to do things only by doing them, so that the woman who takes up any outdoor sport as an adult, learns its mysteries with more difficulty than her younger sister who begins to use the various tools of her chosen craft as a little girl. Just as a man who puts off learning to shoot or cast a fly until middle life is obliged to go through a course of education to become proficient in the chosen art, so a woman must take lessons in the one she may choose. This is especially important when the art is to be practiced with a dangerous weapon. No one is likely to be injured in using a fly-rod, but it is a different thing when a shotgun is in question.

Nothing is more important, therefore, than that the woman undertaking this new pursuit should be taught by someone who is competent. This instructor is likely to be a brother, father, or husband, and he cannot devote too much care and effort to starting his charge just right. Habits—be they good or bad—are easily formed, and, once contracted, are hard to break. If, therefore, the pupil is taught to perform the various operations as they should be performed, if she is carefully watched and her attention called to each slightest infraction of the laws which the instructor has laid down, she will soon learn to do things precisely as he believes they ought to be done; and, by as much as she does them just in this way, by so much will she become constantly more and more a good comrade and reliable friend in the field or by the brookside.

Where one woman shoots, fishes or sails, a thousand ride on horseback, and these are exposed under present conditions to dangers which should be avoided. A woman should straddle a horse precisely as a man rides.

We have often called attention to the danger of the ordinary side-saddle—to the fact that the woman is wholly dependent upon her saddle girths, and in case of accident is absolutely without control over her own motions. She can cling firmly to her saddle, but that is all she can do. If anything goes wrong with the saddle, if a girth bursts, a strap breaks, a buckle tongue pulls out, and so the saddle becomes loose, it is impossible for the woman either to remedy the mischief or to jump free and clear of the saddle, and take her chance of a fall. On the other hand, the man or the woman who rides astride is free. If the accident to the saddle is slight, the rider is still able to cling to the horse from thigh to ankle, or if the horse cannot be ridden, then the rider is free to roll off or jump off with an even chance of striking the ground feet first; while the woman who falls from, or with, the side-saddle, is almost certain to strike the ground on her head.

These arguments have been so frequently insisted on that they have become familiar, and it is well that they have become so, for they have appealed strongly to the hard common sense of many American women. In a certain Western State, an editorial in FOREST AND STREAM on this subject converted all the young women of a county from riders of side-saddles to riders of men's saddles. Two or three young women, standing high in the social life of the community, grasped the force of the reasoning,

adopted the cross saddle, and were followed in the fashion which they set by practically all the woman riders in the county. Riding in this fashion they used to chase coyotes with greyhounds, and had many fine races.

Within the last few years the practice of riding a man's saddle has been extensively taken up in cities like Boston, New York and Chicago. Some women had the courage to adopt this fashion long ago, and more and more of them are doing it. It is not making a rash prediction to say that their numbers will constantly increase. Practically all the little girls now seen riding in New York ride astride as their brothers do, and as they grow up many of them will still cling to this sensible fashion. One of the best woman cross country riders in the United States has adopted it wholly on the ground of its greater safety and greater comfort. The fashion is especially to be recommended to those who by necessity or by choice ride in rough countries, or fast.

NATIVE SUFFERING IN ALASKA.

DISPATCHES just received from Alaska speak of the pitiful condition of the Indians and Eskimo who are said to be starving and for whom help is needed. In these dispatches an attempt is made to put the blame for this human suffering on the new game law, passed by Congress last June, and to show that this law has produced great hardship by destroying the fur trade, and making it impossible for the Indians to kill food.

The only definite statement that we have seen on the subject is that of Lieut. Jarvis, collector of customs for Alaska, who declares that the enforcement of the new law means entire suppression of the fur trade, and seems to involve the very existence of the native Indians and Eskimo. "These people," he says, "are already in a most deplorable condition, reduced by restrictions gradually placed on their pursuits both by the law and by the presence of white men in the country. Their margin of existence was never narrower, and any unusual happening invariably produces want and starvation. Inroads of white people have driven off their game, have taken their fish and food animals, and necessarily have changed their modes of living and clothing, reducing them to such a low condition that in the past few years they have in thousands fallen easy victims to starvation and epidemics of disease introduced among them. It is shown that their inability this year to secure black and polar bears, seals, walrus and whales, have reduced the natives to starvation. Several scores have already died."

The new Alaska game law was enacted for the purpose of preserving from absolute extinction by the head and hide hunter several species of great game which were apparently on the point of being swept out of existence. One species of caribou already had been killed down to a point where it never can recover. The white sheep, the giant moose and other species of great game were continually made merchandise of by white men who exported the heads and hides to the United States, and sold them for a large price, thus destroying the food on which the natives depended. Therefore Congress, in its wisdom, determined to forbid the wanton destruction of wild game animals or wild birds, and the destruction of nests and eggs of such birds, and did pass such a law. But, having regard to the conditions of Alaska and its inhabitants, it made in the first section of that law certain special exceptions providing that nothing in the act should "prevent the killing of any game animal or bird for food or clothing by natives, Indians or Eskimo, or by miners, explorers or travelers on a journey when in need of food." Fur-bearing animals are not mentioned in the act, which has to do wholly with game animals, game birds, and wild birds that are not game. Game animals and game birds are defined, and while among the animals are included sea lions and walrus, the exception in favor of Indians, Eskimo, and white travelers makes mere nonsense of the reports which come from Nome, including Lieut. Jarvis' statement just quoted.

The Alaska Indians and the Eskimo are undoubtedly in a most pitiable condition. They are weakened by disease and by hunger, and starving and dying. They need the sympathy, and, far more, the material aid of the United States Government, and of every man who can reach out a hand to help them, but to put the blame for

their condition on the Alaska game law is to attempt to evade the responsibility which this government and civilization at large cannot escape shouldering. Greed for gold has brought into once desolate and game-filled Alaska a horde of white men, and they have brought to the natives here all the ills that civilization ever brings to primitive man. The food provided by nature has been destroyed or driven away, and, in addition, these simple people have been infected by all the diseases of civilization. The United States has done nothing to provide for these changed conditions except to import a few reindeer from Siberia, and to distribute these among certain of the Eskimo. If any remnant of these suffering people is to survive, this work should be continued, and in the meantime the game law should be kept in force.

OCTOBER.

ALL months of the year, whether of spring, summer, autumn or winter, bear something seasonable, beneficial and beautiful for the use and enjoyment of mankind. Yet each season possesses peculiar benefits which appeal to quite distinct classes of people.

As a matter of sentiment, the springtime, with its mellow sunshine, home-building song birds, opening buds, and floral color, appeals broadly and happily to all mankind; and dull, indeed, is he who, in adolescent years, has not struggled to frame the strong poetic spring feeling of his being in the weak vocabulary of words due to acquisition. Poets are born; words are made. Many a masterpiece of springtime poesy, flowing from the purest fountain of the youthful, and, betimes, aged heart, has miscarried because the words would not rhyme properly, or fit the idea properly if they were true in rhyme, if, indeed, the notes of the sweet spring song could be presented in words which would express it at all. The spring is not without its place of firm esteem in the hearts of the angler, him of the gentle art which has held its place unbroken as a gentlemanly sport from time immemorial.

The summertime, to the sportsman, is a period of rest in the main, while making notes of the signs concerning the fall game supply, and quietly making trifling preparations for the fall sport. The exigencies of the times now require that a sportsman, who is earnest in his sport, must post himself thoroughly in advance concerning a locality with a game supply. The modern sportsman, after diligent seeking, or otherwise obtaining good information and privileges, does not consider it incumbent on himself to inform the world of all he knows concerning his favorite shooting ground which he anticipates enjoying himself, which may reasonably be considered as the elementary manifestation of the principle on which rests the institution known as the private game preserve.

The fall season brings with it the months highest in the esteem of the sportsman. Of these, October is laden with varieties of the sportsman's enjoyment. The ruffed grouse, swift of wing, alert and strategic, taxing man, dog and gun to the utmost, may be pursued in all the States in which he has a habitat, and the reports concerning this bird's abundance are almost uniformly favorable from every section. The heavy foliage which still obtains in many sections, is at present the greatest impediment to good sport.

The reports of the season's quail supply are also favorable as concerns the general situation, and they, too, add greatly to the sum total of October offerings in the way of sport.

Woodcock shooting, in a number of sections in which that bird makes its haunts, has been better this year than in recent years, although the recent heavy storms have sadly upset all plans and knowledge concerning the flights. The local hatchings and supply has been exceptionally good in many sections of New York State.

The big-game reports concerning deer and moose have been pleasingly favorable, although regrettable, if true, there were rumors of much big-game killing before the season opened, and of these rumors Maine was not free.

The principle of discrimination against non-resident sportsmen seems to gain ground steadily everywhere, and the game preserve interest is extending, the lesson of which seems to be that he who desires to enjoy the October days in the free and full style of years past, will need to identify himself with some landowner in a game section or become an owner of a preserve himself.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Swallows.

It was only a schoolboy's gray old barn
Where catnip and smartweed thrive;
Where a straw-stack stood on the bank of the tarn,
And the cattle we called a drove
Stood and browsed, or wandered about the yard
As the milking time drew near;
Where the gates were closed and the fence was barred.
But the wide-cracked barn was dear
For the urchin who stole away from school
To lie on the hay-mow high,
And free from the thralldom of teacher's rule,
He watched the swallows fly,
And perch by their nests on the purline plates
To bow and twitter and sing,
Or snuggle together as happy mates.
How memories cluster and cling,
As here in the sunshine, swallows glide
O'er the river's quiet flow!
A swallow's blithe notes have opened wide
The gates of the long ago.

L. F. BROWN.

Thoreau.

It is something more than natural when things occur that divert a man's thoughts into remote channels by strange coincidences.

A few days ago, amid a lot of rubbish thrown out of a miner's cabin in an obscure ravine in the Shasta Mountains, I noticed an Atlantic Monthly of June, 1862. Glancing through its pages, which were in a good, fresh-looking state, considering the age and location of the magazine, I noticed some articles upon the Civil War, in progress at the time of its issue, and brought it away with me to my wickypup.

The first article in the magazine was "Walking," the first of a series to follow by Thoreau, the proof sheets of which had been corrected during the last weeks of the author's life, and which were published during the year in which he died—1862.

The same day I received FOREST AND STREAM for Sept. 12, and the first article after the editorial matter is a commentary upon Thoreau by your contributor T. J. Chapman, in which he quotes President Jordan, of Stanford University as characterizing Thoreau "the Chief Prophet of the Order of Saunterers."

Mr. Chapman asserts in advance that "it is difficult to characterize Thoreau; difficult to understand what his chief motive in life was; but he seems to have had in mind to give the world a practical illustration of the doctrine of plain living and high thinking."

If Mr. Chapman has studied Thoreau he may perhaps award him a more exalted title than does the learned professor; but I do not presume to contend that a Chief Saunterer is altogether inappropriate to so great and singular a person.

I would merely ask the attention of Mr. Chapman to the essay upon walking, if he is not already familiar with it. As it appears in this old number of the Atlantic Monthly, the author says in his short preface:

"I wish to speak a word for nature, for absolute freedom and wildness, as contrasted with a freedom and culture merely civil; to regard man as an inhabitant, or a part and parcel of nature, rather than a member of society. I wish to make an extreme statement, if so I may make an emphatic one, for there are enough champions of civilization: the minister, and the school committee and every one of you will take care of that."

In the foregoing brief preface or preamble to this series of essays—"Walking," "Autumnal Tints," and "Wild Apples," etc.—it would seem that Thoreau has given something of his creed or doctrine of the science of existing. I do not believe it is very difficult for one who has come in close contact with "absolute freedom and wildness," and with "freedom and culture merely civil," to understand the nobility of Thoreau. But to do so the man must be free enough to contract the two states without inbred bias or prejudice either way.

I believe the entire essay, "Walking," by Thoreau, would find many attentive readers if reproduced in FOREST AND STREAM; but I shall offer but a few extracts from it bearing upon what seems to me to be glimpses of the real character or disposition of the author.

Alluding to himself as a walker, he says, as to himself and a companion: "We have felt that we almost alone hereabouts have practiced this noble art, though, to tell the truth, at least, if their own assertions are to be received, most of my townsmen would fain walk sometimes as I do, but they cannot. No wealth can buy the requisite leisure, freedom and independence which are the capital in this profession. It comes only by the grace of God. It requires a direct dispensation from heaven to become a walker. You must be born into the family of the walkers. Ambulator nascitur, non fit. Some of my townsmen, it is true, can remember and have described to me some of the walks which they took ten years ago, in which they were so blessed as to lose themselves for half an hour in the woods; but I know very well that they have confined themselves to the highway ever since, whatever pretensions they may make to belong to this select class. No doubt they were elevated for a moment, as by the reminiscence of a previous state of existence, when even they were foresters and outlaws.

"When he came to grene wode,
In a mery mornynge,
There he herde the notes small
Of byrdes mery synngynge.

"It is ferre gone, sayd Robyn,
That I was last here;
Me lyste a lytell for to shote,
At the donne dere."

"I think that I cannot preserve my health and spirits unless I spend four hours a day at least—and it is commonly more than that—sauntering through the

woods and over the hills and fields, absolutely free from all worldly engagements. You may safely say 'a penny for your thoughts,' or a thousand pounds. When sometimes I am reminded that the mechanics and the shopkeepers stay in their shops not only all the forenoon, but all the afternoon, too, sitting with crossed legs, so many of them—as if the legs were made to sit upon and not to stand or walk upon. I think they deserve some credit for not having all committed suicide long ago.

"I, who cannot stay in my chamber for a single day without acquiring some rust, and when sometimes I have stolen forth for a walk at the eleventh hour of 4 o'clock in the afternoon, too late to redeem the day, when the shades of night were already beginning to be mingled with the daylight, have felt as if I had committed some sin to be atoned for, I confess that I am astonished at the power of endurance, to say nothing of the moral insensibility, of my neighbors who confine themselves to shops and offices the whole day for weeks and months, ay, and years almost, together. I know not what manner of stuff they are of, sitting there now at 3 o'clock in the afternoon as if it were 3 o'clock in the morning.

"No doubt, temperament, and, above all, age, have a good deal to do with it. As a man grows older his ability to sit still and follow indoor occupations increases. He grows vespertinal in his habits as the evening of life approaches, till at last he comes forth only just before sundown, and gets all the walk that he requires in half an hour. But the walking of which I speak has nothing in it akin to taking exercise, as it is called, as the sick take medicine at stated hours—as the swinging of dumb-bells or chairs—but is itself the enterprise and adventure of the day. If you would get exercise, go in search of the springs of life. Think of a man's swinging dumb-bells for his health, when those springs are bubbling up in far-off pastures unsought by him!"

So many of his words upon his subject, walking. Let me quote a few paragraphs as free of his topic as his soul would be of conventional customs, although the paragraphs are from the same essay:

"In short, all good things are wild and free. There is something in a strain of music, whether produced by an instrument or by the human voice—take the sound of a bugle in a summer night, for instance—which by its wildness, to speak without satire, reminds me of the cries emitted by wild beasts in their native forests. It is so much of their wildness as I can understand. Give me for my friends and neighbors wild men, not tame ones. The wildness of the savage is but a faint symbol of the awful ferocity with which good men and lovers meet."

"I rejoice that horses and steers have to be broken before they can be made the slaves of men, and that men themselves have some wild oats still left to sow before they become submissive members of society. Undoubtedly, all men are not equally fit subjects for civilization, and because the majority, like dogs and sheep, are tame by inherited disposition, this is no reason why the others should have their natures broken that they may be reduced to the same level. Men are in the main alike, but they were made several in order that they might be various. If a low use is to be served, one man will do nearly or quite as well as another; if a high one, individual excellence is to be regarded. Any man can stop a hole to keep the wind away, but no other man could serve so rare a use as the author of this illustration did."

"While almost all men find an attraction drawing them to society, few are attracted strongly to nature. In their relation to nature, men appear to me for the most part, notwithstanding their arts, lower than the animals. It is not often a beautiful relation, as in the case of animals. How little appreciation of the beauty of the landscape there is among us! We have to be told that the Greeks called the world Beauty or Order, but we do not see clearly why they did so, and we esteem it at best only a curious philological fact.

"For my part, I feel that with regard to nature I live a sort of border life, on the confines of a world into which I make occasional and transient forays only, and my patriotism and allegiance to the State into whose territories I seem to retreat are those of a moss-trooper. Unto a life which I call natural, I would gladly follow even a will-o'-the-wisp through bogs and sloughs unimaginable, but no moon or firefly has shown me the causeway to it. Nature is a personality so vast and universal that we have never seen one of her features."

"We are accustomed to say in New England that few and fewer pigeons visit us every year. Our forests furnish no mast for them. So, it would seem, few and fewer thoughts visit each growing man from year to year, for the grove in our minds is laid waste—sold to feed unnecessary fires of ambition, or sent to mill, and there is scarcely a twig left for them to perch on. They no longer build nor breed with us. In some more genial season, perchance, a faint shadow flits across the landscape of the mind, cast by the wings of some thought in its vernal or autumnal migration; but, looking up, we are unable to detect the substance of the thought itself. Our winged thoughts are turned to poultry. They no longer soar, and they attain only to a Shanghai and Cochinchina grandeur. Those gra-a-te thoughts, those gra-a-te men you hear of!"

"We hug the earth; how rarely we mount! Methinks we might elevate ourselves a little more. We might climb a tree, at least."

"Above all, we cannot afford not to live in the present. He is blessed over all mortals who loses no moment of the passing life in remembering the past. Unless our philosophy hears the cock crow in every barnyard within our horizon, it is belated. The sound commonly reminds us that we are growing rusty and antique in our employments and habits of thought. His philosophy comes down to a more recent time than ours. There is something suggested by it that is a newer testament; the gospel according to this moment. He has not fallen astern; he has got up early, and to be where he is is to be in season, in the foremost rank of time. It is an expression of the health and soundness of nature, a brag for all the world."

It seems to me that much character and motive lies

uncovered and exposed in the few extracts given. Few men could write such paragraphs as those, and there are not a great number who would interpret them alike. I do not understand them as implying a sneer at the attainments of men in art and civilization, but I believe they contain the confident, caustic criticism of a powerful mind, embittered by the defects and shams so readily and universally sanctioned by society. If Thoreau tried to put his feet into a pair of "tooth-pick" or French toed shoes to find that they hurt or pinched, he would tell the whole French nation that he did not like them. If there were not other shoes he would make some for himself. In contrasting civil culture and conventional customs with nature's wildness his words and his life attest that he abjured the former for the other as far and as fearlessly as he could. He is one of those who

"Make for themselves a fearful monument!
The wreck of old opinions."

In my estimation Thoreau was more than an exalted saunterer. He was of the heroic pioneer strain. He did not like the highway, where men and mules crowd forward half stifled by their own dust, and he kept out of it as well as he could. He did not approve of houses like jails, and he shouldered an ax and constructed one in the woods to his liking, evidently regretting the expenditure of \$28 for its furnishings as a concession to civil culture not wholly necessary. He did not sanction the hypocrisy of civilized men and did not hesitate to say he would prefer wild ones for his neighbors.

Thoreau's achievement in building his house with his own hands and living for two years or so in the tame wilderness was remarkable chiefly in showing the fearless determination of his independent nature. The fact that he existed as he did is known to the world merely because of his literary intellectual attainments. He hewed a wider clearing and blazed out more territory with his pen than ever with his ax. Thousands of silent pioneers and foresters have exerted more power, endurance and physical fortitude in the real strife with American frontiers than did Thoreau.

Let almost any man spend as brief a time as two years in a wilderness—even though it be no wilder than that about Concord, Massachusetts, was in 1860—let him really keep himself aloof from the throngs of his kind and their cities and towns; let him live as simply as did Thoreau, contemplate the animal and plant life closely; let him be exposed more or less to severe privations; let him see forests shrivel in flames and storms break in fury over mountains, floods bursting in yellow frenzy down roaring gorges—let him in solitary obscurity see the lightnings rend, the thunder shake the earth, and let him know that the activity of his own brain, the efforts of his own unaided strength must protect and preserve his insignificant self from terrifying destruction upon every hand; let him see the morning break over vast solitudes, and the wonder of the sunrise, and all the real majesty of the world!

Take that man to Rome, to Venice, to Paris, or to New York, and show him the achievements of civilization, centralization, competition and wasted intelligence. With Thoreau's brain the man might discern imperfections in civil culture and conventional tendencies. With Thoreau's fearless nature the man might try to blaze a pathway in some wild direction. Viewed from these battlements I would consider the man neither eccentric to notable degree nor as inscrutable as some of your more civil optimists.

In this particular region of the world twenty or thirty years ago there was no end of hermits. There were men of every nationality and of every degree of intellectuality. The discovery of gold brought most of them to the Pacific Coast of California, but doubtless many came with the acquisition of the worshipped metal a merely incidental attraction. In a thousand crannies of the hills and mountains of California you might have found hermits of more absolute convictions and firmer, or rather more extreme, views than those of Thoreau. You might find the wisdom of all the "Old World" in a hut ten feet square and built of the crudest of rocks and logs in the gorges and ravines of the Sierras, while there were those ignorant to a degree that Thoreau might have called "beautiful," for he asserts that man's ignorance is not only sometimes useful but beautiful.

Twenty-five years ago I was presented with "Tupper's Complete Poetical Works" by a pioneer and a hermit of this region. The volume was inscribed as follows:

"To _____,
From his friend, _____."

A member of the Society of California Pioneers, by profession a miner, a Physician, a Materialist, a lover of Nature, and a bitter foe to ignorance, intolerance, and superstition. The present system of Christian education fills your penitentiaries, your poorhouses, and the streets of your cities are swarming with the monstrosities begotten of an Orthodox Christian Mythology.

I long for the time when man, emancipated from the thralldom of Priests and Myths, shall be able to conceive the sublimity of Nature's laws, and by living in accordance with them shall purify the people and the government; and that a philosophy so founded, practiced and taught, will produce a nation greater and nobler than any history makes mention of."

The doctor was an influential citizen, when he went to town. I have seen conventions of people listen respectfully while he addressed them, and upon more than one occasion he was conspicuous in local history for the maintenance of good order and the welfare of the community near which he lived. He might have commanded seniors or Senators. Like Thoreau, he was a pioneer, but not necessarily either eccentric or inscrutable.

CHARLES L. PAIGE.

CALIFORNIA.

A Popular Man.

DINWIDDLE—I wonder if I could induce the commodore of your yacht club to be the agent for my firm's champagne?

Ottinger (confidently)—Don't bother about him. You make me the agent for your champagne and the club will make me commodore.—Puck's Library.

A Night Scene in Maine.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One night in the fall, a few years ago, I witnessed a scene in northern Maine, a description of which, I think, is worth recording.

I was encamped with Louis Nicholas and Sebat Tomah on the thoroughfare between Eagle and Churchill lakes, on Allagash waters, where I had gone in quest of moose. At that time it was not considered unsportsmanlike to call moose, and the law allowed hunting during the rutting season.

About 8 o'clock in the evening Louis and I paddled across the thoroughfare and took up our station, concealed by some rushes on the western side. The sun was just sinking below the horizon and the clouds were colored with grays, pink, crimson, orange, yellow and gold; while the sky was of a blue, changing from a deep tint to a turquoise hue. Louis gave a few ineffectual calls. Meanwhile the sky clouded over, and the dark green background of pines and spruce on the opposite shore, now almost black, was lightened only by vivid flashes of lightning in the southern sky.

After an interval, the clouds cleared away, and the stars came out and fairly scintillated in the clear, cold atmosphere, and there was no sound to disturb the weird call of the horn except the occasional whistle of a loon as he flew over, and once in a while a hoot owl calling to his far distant mate.

Presently it again clouded over, and everything was hushed; and then, out of the east, there came a strange light of long streamers occasionally flashing upward to the zenith, followed by the development of a broad, bright, golden band below them, which gradually extended itself in the form of the arc of a circle, until it reached from the horizon on the east to the horizon on the west, with the long flames flashing upward, and some of them now turning to red. Then out of the east came the most wonderful phenomenon. I cannot describe it better than to state that it seemed as if a great hand had taken a long, broad, curled, silver shaving and seizing it by one end waved it slowly across the golden band, so that the light on the curled silver appeared now here, now there, on different parts, while other parts temporarily vanished. This display of the aurora lasted for an hour, and then the clouds again plunged us once more into gloom.

But the freshening wind gradually dispersed the clouds, and the risen moon gave them a silver lining while its beams danced on the waves of the lake.

As we turned to go home, I said to Louis, "Louis, have you ever seen such a sight as we saw to-night?" He replied, "Seen what?" "Have you seen nothing to-night?" "No."

And yet we had seen in one evening all the natural lights which the heavens display to man.

I do not expect to see such a sight ever again, nor is it all of hunting to shoot a moose.

J. E. HINDON HYDE.

NEW YORK, OCT. 6.

One of the Veterans.

To those who have long known and loved the Adirondacks, the passing of the veterans who established and made honorable the profession of the Adirondack guide, is saddening, like the depletion of the woods themselves. Neither can be replaced. To cherish both is of lasting value. The one presents an example of noble manliness and fidelity, the other a model of elegance, because combining beauty and utility. If it be claimed that this is mere sentiment, the answer is emphatically no—it is also truth. At the same time spare us the infliction of souls without any sentiment. It has a large place in the work and joy of living. It is, therefore, a pleasure to sketch in outline the career of one of the veterans, Nathaniel S. Graves.

Born in Unity, N. H., in 1832, he has manifested the proverbial ingenuity, mechanical skill, pluck and energy which have made the genuine Yankee so large a factor in the building of this nation. When nineteen years old he visited an uncle living at Keene, Essex county, N. Y., and enjoyed his first deer hunt in the Adirondacks. He went with his uncle and a young fellow named Avery (now living at Long Lake) to hunt near North Elba. The uncle spied a deer coming toward them, and directed that all should get down in the grass and keep still until the word fire, when all should fire together. Young Graves rested his rifle across his uncle's shoulder. When they fired at short range the uncle said, "You got him." Graves said, "How do you know we got him? Perhaps your bullet dropped him." "No," said the uncle, "it didn't, for my gun didn't go off. Only the cap snapped." Avery was asked, "Where did you hit him?" and replied with confidence, "In the head—where did you hit him?" Graves answered, "In the hind parts—for uncle moved and disturbed my aim just as we shot." Examination showed an ear just clipped by Avery's ball and both hind legs broken by Graves. This was in the spring. Graves then went to relatives in Boston and spent the summer there in work. Then with a brother and brother-in-law came to the Adirondacks on a hunting trip. At Upper Saranac Lake they found the only hotel in the Adirondacks, a three-room log house, kept by three brothers named Martin, one of whom afterward kept the well-known "Martin's" on Lower Saranac. Of a neighbor a few miles away the Martins hired a yellow cur at 25 cents a week, to run deer for Graves and his company. They got every deer they run, and the races were generally short. Trout were abundant everywhere. The hunters lived on the fat of the land. They hired a boat of Wm. MacClenathan (spelled according to pronunciation by Mr. Graves), Uncle Mac, they called him, who had built the first boat known in all the region, and may be styled the father of the Adirondack guide boat. A neighbor of Uncle Mac's had built a boat after his model, and these two were the only boats known to exist in the woods at that time. These boats had a narrow, square stern, but were otherwise and in a general sense the model after which all succeeding Adirondack boats have been built, says Mr. Graves. That winter he stayed with his uncle at Keene, and cut 300 cords of 4-foot wood at 40 cents

a cord. But he did not have to split nor pile it, as it was for burning in a coal-pit. He was used to hard work, for his boyhood life had been strenuous. When 11 years old he began to work out for \$8.33 per month and a winter's schooling. His employer did not send him to school, and young Graves' father sued the employer for this violation of contract, and recovered damages. But the boy did not get the money.

A brother was hired by another man, who soon reported to the father, and the following dialogue took place: "Graves, that's too big wages for that boy."



NATHANIEL S. GRAVES.

"Send him home, then, if he don't earn it." "I didn't say he didn't earn it, but it's too much—more than he ought to earn." "He'll have to earn it at home." "Then he might as well earn it for me."

The boy stayed his year. These incidents illustrate some phases of early New England life and the growth of that fiber which made the character of Western pioneers as well. But that was before the days of trades unions, dominated by walking delegates and the (lack of) principle of the largest wages for the smallest amount of labor. O tempora! O mores!

The next spring, after cutting the wood, Graves built a boat, modeled from memory, after Uncle Mac's. So far as known this was the third boat built in the Adirondacks.



SHOP AND HOME.

After a hunt Graves went to Boston and stayed several years. But the love of the woods was on him; he had seen very desirable timber land around the head of Big Tupper Lake; thought he would like to live there, and when Moses A. Horrick, manager of the Underhill Hardware Co., of Boston, offered to give him 160 acres a half mile west of Big Tupper if he would move up there, he promptly took it. He then lived about Big Tupper five or six years, and cut the first road to Horseshoe Pond. About this time guiding began to come in vogue, and little by little Graves began to guide on Big Tupper and Bog River. About this time also Paul Smith came out with a white boat, guided some, and in about two years started a hotel in a little log house. This was the beginning of the now famous hostelry. At this time Graves took a sport and his guide to Bog River for trout. The sport had a fancy rod, and Graves said to him, "Leave your fancy pole in the boat—I'll give you all the fish you want—only don't show yourselves in sight of the water." So Graves cut a birch lamming pole, posted the two men behind a stump, where they could fish unseen by trout, went to fishing himself, and for a while the three men "had a trout in the air about all the time."

One season Graves went to Bog River with two others to hunt for market. They saved the hides and jerked the venison. Most of the hunting was done at night. During the day time they dressed the deer killed the previous night. In eight days' time they killed so many that Graves' share of the net proceeds was \$83. "That's what we could do in the Adirondacks before sporting people came in here. Now guides cannot get a living," said the old man when giving the writer this account of his life. Then the

law placed no restriction on the number of deer a man might kill in one season, and the close season was only from Jan. 1 until spring, or time for night hunting. Hemlock boughs were then used for camp beds. Balsam was not yet fashionable. Trapping fur was a valuable adjunct to deer hunting, and, as both lasted till New Year's, the fall's work was generally profitable.

Later in life Mr. Graves had large experiences as a mining prospector in the West, and has been to the Rocky Mountains and back several times. He has been in several Indian fights and with 46 others was once captured by a large band of Apaches. A few years ago he drove with a horse and cart from near tidewater in Lower California across the Rockies and the plains to Blue Mountain Lake, N. Y. The journey occupied three months, during which he camped and cooked, earning money enough to buy food for himself and horse, by tinkering—cleaning hundreds of clocks and mending tinware. Mr. C. H. Downs, the skillful taxidermist at Blue Mountain Lake, bought the horse and cart, and still keeps them as curiosities.

Mr. Graves now lives at Blue Mountain Lake, in a little building he erected over the water, and which constitutes boat shop and dwelling house combined. Here he supports himself by building boats for sale and to rent. He is an earnest Christian of the Advent persuasion, and as such enjoys the respect of the community, for nothing will induce him to break his Sabbath in any way, and whatever men may believe for themselves, they respect consistency in others.

Enclosed is a photograph of the veteran, and also one of his shop house, and the writer is confident that whoever looks on the honest, kindly features of the old man will wish for him that his last days on earth may be as calm and peaceful as his earlier ones were toilsome and adventurous, and that in the next world he may fully realize his hope.

JUVENAL.

October in Nebraska.

OCTOBER. No other section in the country witnesses a more wonderful pageant of nature's paintings, during the mystic month now upon us, than does the always fair prairie State, Nebraska. Our autumnal days, and we have nearly two months of them, are little less than golden dreams, with their uniformly cloudless skies, floods of sunshine, harvest moons and entrancing radiance of hill, plain and wooded vale, where the azure of the jay's gaudy coat vies with the topaz of the flicker's wing, the Tyrian-dyed grasses and yellow and scarlet foliage. I used to think that the perfection of Jack Frost's frescoing and the acme of fall tints was to be found only in the oak and shellbark woods of old Ohio. It was there, I thought, on the gentle hills of Fairfield county, October hung her most resplendent jewels and spread her cloth of gold.

But there is a valley here, which twists and writhes and convolutes away through the paradisaical north-west country, from the city's very limits almost, where the snowy-barked cottonwood, the yellow and crimsoned maple, the purple plum, the blood-red sumach, all mingle with countless shades of green and dun, and these, with the silvery sinuosities of a clamorous river, make up a combination of contour and varied hues charming enough for the mythical land of elis and fairies. Now it is the level plain, pasture, grain and hay field, yellow with stubble and dotted everywhere with tidy farmhouses and rows and groups of stacks of hay and grain. Now it merges into a rolling land, over whose blue shimmering crest you see what appears to be a range of low mountains, which you long to reach and climb. But as you go on the hills seem to dissolve into the general level and you pass through miles and miles of modest undulations, like the long swells of a leafy ocean, with all the myriads of the waning summer's floral hosts springing from the fading sward and spreading like rich tapestries under the umbrageous trees. In consonance with the sentiment of the mellow time of maturity and harvest, that incomparable artist, October, touches each forest leaf, each branch, each tendril, and even to the tiniest blades of grass, with those magic dyes the June flowers were wont to stain themselves, kindling the whole valley with a glow that shadows even the most gorgeous sunset.

Until I trod the Elkhorn valley, by happy chance, I had little conception of the passion and intensity of autumn tints. In Ohio the foundation hue is yellow, the beeches, hickory, ash, elm, walnut, all yielding their different tones of gold, but along the Elkhorn, the species of Lilliputian oak, plum, crabapple, grape, gum and sumach, largely prevail, and it is these that flaunt forth the universal oriflamme, with the most vivid reds and bronzes and purples, of all their kind, while all the vines and weeds and grasses, instead of drying away into a dull gray, rival each other with their dazzling tints. Upon this kaleidoscopic ground is laid the exquisite embroidery of the low, straggling woods, with its hopple and its hazel arraying themselves in perplexing and mysterious combinations, with their dashes of madder, and splashes and splotches of maroon, of pink, of saffron, of gamboge and amber, mingling and intermingling with warming russets, drabs, grays and glows of duller texture. As the sun goes down in riant clouds, so Nebraska's autumn days depart in a halo of glory!

Gladsome, indeed, are these auriferous times to the sportsman—to the man who loves to hunt and the man who loves to fish. He needs no calendar to tell him that this is the chosen time. He sees the long, dotted lines stretched across the morning and evening sky, and he knows that the ducks are on the wing, and the faint breath which fills his nostrils with the odors of the ambrosia and wild chrysanthemum, bears to him, in imagination, anyway, the whir of the uprising chicken's wings. Down in the neglected pastures the feathery stems of the ragweed and brown, naked stalks of the sunflower are but pillars from which the yellow-bellied spider is stretching his lacework and the rowen fields are specked with faded asters, clover heads and the white panicles of the wild parsnip and the shriveled discs of the poppies. The dull yellow of the wheat stubble is tufted with ambitious mullin and bedraggled hemp, green still, but fast withering, and the daily

haunt of the turtle dove and chickadee. Later, here, Bob White will find his banquet board. By the roadside the starwort is blooming, and the tangled grapevines in the creek's bottom burn with the yellowish-red arils of the bittersweet, and down along the mucky shores of the marsh a rain of wild rice pellets is falling!

Quack! Quack! Quack!

Do you recognize that sound? Is it not alluring? Can it be successfully resisted with the sportsman's blood leaping in your veins? Along the low-lying meadows of the sprawling Platte the fluffy flag is fading, and a rufous tinge is stealing over the stately heads of the cattails, and the lance-like leaves of the squaw cane; the plumes of the goldenrod are drooping, and the heart-shaped leaves of the cottonwood are floating down the stream. The sounds that oftenest strike the ear are the clamoring of the marshalling crows, the chucking of the blackbirds, the bickering of the jays, or the answering chatter of the fox squirrel, never too engrossed in his nut rasping, down on that old butter-nut limb there, to indulge in a little habitual scoffing. Louder still than these, though not the voice of any of nature's wild things, yet so common at this time of year that you so class it, from marshland, wooded valley, lake shore and prairie, echoes the crack of the hammerless; now close by and startling, now away off, far out of sight, like a puff of the south wind. To one idling under October skies, these are sounds that open up vistas of stirring pictures with which the whole country is moving. Here on the gaudy prairie, where the versi-colored grasses and brown sunflower stalks mingle, it is a prairie chicken bursting like a gray rocket from its shriveling covert, the fluffy feathers floating like thistle down behind him; and then again it is one of those furry, bob-tailed, long-eared clowns of the plains, a jack rabbit, limping off on three legs through the purple tangle of frosted bluestem and fox-tail, or a belated upland, with long-pointed, down-curved wings, frantically turwheeling and endeavoring to catch up with the dim ranks of his departed kind. Off yonder on the broad level of the tule-hidden marsh, you catch but a wisp of whitish smoke in these days of the nitros, and then the faintest report, and a bunch of bluewing splash to flight from their sedgy feeding beds, or a big, fat mallard, with lagging orange legs, reluctantly leaves his natatorium among the smartweed and the rice; or a flock of tinkling yellowlegs, traversing, on slow, flapping sails, the bends and reaches in the tules; or a skaiping jack, in his rosewood dress, leaping from the flag-shrouded ooze and zigzagging away across the sunlit marsh, or mayhap, a lonely bittern or slovenly mudhen! When it comes from the woods, the hurtling wing of Bob White whirs through the trenchant air, or it is the leafy crash of a squirrel as he leaps from bough to bough, tree to tree, in a frantic scramble for that old hollow elm down there, or the yelp of a skulking coyote, late slinking home after a night's marauding around the rancher's abode. These are the pictures with which the sportsman's vision in fancy are filled in accompaniment to the sounds of October days.

OMAHA, Neb.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Kipling's "Red Gods."

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

It is assumed that, in demurring to L. F. Brown's crushing analysis of Kipling's "Red Gods" lines, Mr. Hardy is not a Kiplomaniac, nor swayed by reason of any personal acquaintance or friendship for the Kiplings, who once lived in New England, and took several journeys into Maine.

So Mr. Hardy should, on reflection, see that the criticism is unanswerable, and that a defense of the lines after such a demonstration that they are the result of ignorance, may run the risk of being ludicrous.

For convenience the "poetry" is here reproduced:

"Do you know the blackened timber? Do you know that racing stream,
With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end,
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle, where a man may bask and dream
To the click of shod canoe poles round the bend?
It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces,
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know;
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the starlight on our faces,
For the Red Gods call us out, and we must go."

Any canoeist and camper knows that this is not only misdescription, but such entire folderol as to make it laughable to real sportsmen.

Kipling speaks of a log-jam as "raw," using the word as synonymous with unfinished. A log-jam is an aggregation of tree-trunk sections. No more finished and exquisitely fashioned creation of nature than a tree trunk! No painter ever even approximated the indescribable fineness and delicacy of the lines and work on the trunk of a tree. As Ruskin says: "Nature has taken wonderful pains with its forms, sculpturing it into exquisite variety of dint and dimple, rounding or hollowing it into contours which for fineness no human hand can follow; then she colors it, and its whole substance is full of hidden histories, concealing wonders of structure which, in all probability, are mysteries even to the angels." Kipling, in his blindness to, and ignorance of, Nature, calls such a structure "raw." Texture of bark, anatomy of muscle beneath, reflected lights in recessed hollows, stains of mosses and lichens, and wonderful delicacy of hues—all this is "raw." By similar reasoning the rough board sawed from that log, which is raw, should be called finished. As well call a steak cut from a quarter of beef finished.

And Kipling calls a log-jam "right-angled." When one side of an angle is perpendicular to the other, it is a right angle. And it is manifest that no log-jam can be right-angled either to itself or the stream; nor can its logs be right-angled to each other, for the ends point in all directions. The pictures of log-jams used by Mr. Hardy demonstrate this.

The truth is that the words "raw" and "right-angled" are cheap, premeditated alliteration which was preferred to accuracy. Thus the intelligent reader gets a painful sense of profound ignorance on the part of the writer.

Nothing is left for him but to reject with contempt the claim that this sing-song is wonderful knowledge—the rare insight of a genius.

And of course no log-jam was ever "at the end" of a "racing stream." Kipling states that this is where his impossible log-jam is located.

And Kipling's "Indian" used "shod" poles.

Here is what a man who has camped and slept under canoes for weeks during half the summers of the last forty years says to me on this subject: "The 'shoe' of a real canoe pole is a hollow tip or socket into which the end of the pole is inserted to keep the wood from splitting on rocks. But such shoes are exceedingly rare. I have never seen one used by an Indian, and only two pairs in use—one on the Margaree River in Cape Breton, and the other at John Connell's Camps on the Tabusintac River in New Brunswick. In each case I was told that the metal would slip on rocks, and so the shoe of metal was not satisfactory. This you will find to be the view of the best Maine guides, and of such British Columbia men as Brewster Brothers, of Banff, and the Abriels, of Nakusp. I have had three summer outings in a canoe on Maine streams, including the trip down the entire St. John's River, and I did not see a single shod canoe-pole; and I do not believe that white guides, much less one of Kipling's 'Indians' use a shod pole.

"Canoe-poles, as used by white guides for shoving canoes up quick waters, are usually made of maple or ash, 12 to 14 feet long, and about an inch in diameter at each end, and a little larger in the middle. Over one end a few white guides place, not a shoe, but a sleeve about three inches long, of copper, and adjusted so that the wood of the pole sticks out two or three inches, because the wood will 'hang' to a rock where any metal shoe would slip. And such sleeve (not shoe) does not strike the bottom, while the wood does. So the 'shoe' (sleeve) cannot 'click,' even when the pole is used on rocks that are not submerged."

As for myself, I have yet to see my first shod canoe-pole, and I doubt if I ever will see one outside of a museum. The genuine Indian certainly does not use them. Instead, when he has to pass up rapid water that precludes paddling, he selects and cuts a pole from the nearest suitable tree, and uses that in its "raw" state. When he reaches quiet water again, overboard goes the pole. He would no more think of carrying a canoe-pole on a trip than he would think of carrying tent-poles. He makes them as the occasion requires.

Trying to be "versatile" as a professional writer, Kipling thought it would be fine to pose in print as a canoeist, angler, and gentleman sportsman who had an "Indian" guide. He knew enough of metre and rhythm to get the proper number of feet into his "poetry." The rest is falsehood paraded as truth. He confounds the well-known semi-handspike of the laborer who "drives" logs in streams (which is tipped with an iron point or pick, and is often used around lumber camps to shove canoes up quick water) with the canoe-pole proper of the sportsman that he assumes to personify.

But suppose the canoe-pole that Kipling really did not use at his unlocated and imaginative scene that never existed (and could not as he describes it) were "shod." The dilemma and falsehood would only be greater. How could the shoes, immersed in from two to three feet of water, be heard to "click" as they touched the bottom? Worse, how could such "clicks" be heard "around the bend," even when they were being used in comparatively still water, instead of a "racing stream" that is full of turmoil and uproar? More inaccuracy! More offensive posturing as a proclaimer of special knowledge! It is a pitiful strut worthy only of a very common literary hack who is thinking of his audience instead of an outing which he never took.

It is intimated by Mr. Hardy that, as Mr. Brown writes from Sand Lake in his native Michigan, he cannot know conditions in Maine. It is, therefore, proper to state that Mr. Brown has spent eleven summer vacations along angling waters on the west slopes of the Canadian Rockies, and has camped in August above the snow-line, sleeping in a bag, in the Yo Ho Canyon region beyond Emerald Lake. He has fished in many lakes of Minnesota and Wisconsin, taken trout from the Campbell River on Vancouver Island, been poled up the Peribonca River, had a canoe smashed on Rupert's Stream, knows the Margaree in Cape Breton, some of the salmon waters of southern Nova Scotia, and has taken trout and salmon from several streams in western Newfoundland. Thus he has studied canoes and their poles and the "smokiness" of a half-dozen tribes of Indians, widely separated, as well as along the Manistee and Au Sable. Add that he spent three long vacations in Maine, and took the canoe trip from the headwaters of the St. John's River down to Conners, and that he has studied and written of Nature's aspects for thirty years, and it would seem that he should know just a trifle more than Kipling about log-jams and canoe-poles.

Mr. Hardy even says when he was a child, fifty years ago, he saw "Indians" so "smoky" and malodorous that he could tell with his eyes shut that one was in a room. If Kipling chose such a guide he lacked taste. For such a "smoky" Indian is very rare. The average Indian is never "smoky," but dark-skinned, tanned.

Mr. Hardy tells us that he "basks and dreams" in a hot sun on his comfortable seat of coarse "shingle"—water-worn stones—forming a "bar" from which the water has taken the only material of which a bar was ever formed, viz., dirt, mud, alluvium. He says that a bar is "anything which obstructs." Then, of course, his log-jam is a "bar," or, better still, so is a mill-dam. And he prefers jams of "second-year" logs, stripped of bark. His logs "grow" no moss except when in the water; and, as they do not there, moss was never on any log. A log is "raw" because it is "in its natural state." If a log in its natural state is raw, so is a rainbow, cloud, wild-flower or star. And he prefers Kipling's "couch" of hemlock, with its sweat and heat under the body of a sleeper, and its hardness and acrid odor, to the balsam-scented and cool, easy bed of spruce boughs! Further, he has seen canoe-poles that were "shod" in Maine (a merely provincial experience); so all over Maine and everywhere else, all canoe-poles are shod! And these shoes, very hammers of "railroad iron," always "click." Mind, he is defending Kipling's line stating that they can be heard on "racing streams," and he says that these small iron tips of his "shod" canoe-poles, as they touch

the bottom under several feet of water, can be heard "hundreds of yards," "long before the canoe comes in sight," and "often nearly as far as the human voice can be heard." The writer knows a dozen "racing streams" where even the human voice could not be heard fifty yards because of the turmoil, uproar, thunder and hiss of the water. Kipling never heard "clicks" of "canoe-poles" "around the bend" of any "racing stream."

And this "versatile" writer masking as a gentleman sportsman has his "couch" of "new-pulled" hemlock! placed so that he lies on it to sleep, it will be "with the starlight on our faces." Balderdash! The real sportsman sleeps under his canoe, in a tent, cabin, "shack" or "lean-to," or at least while protected by thick foliage above his head, to keep off dews and rain. He likes the starlight on his face as he angles at night for big trout, or mingled with the light from the camp-fire as he smokes with a comrade beside it, or as he sits in the canoe while he and his guide return to the camp; but never while sleeping on his bed of boughs.

Mr. Hardy does not try to answer the charge that Kipling's "Red Gods" are pompous poetic license gone mad. No "gods" of red, white, black, Prussian blue or chrome yellow, or of pepper-and-salt or brindle, "call out" the woodman. But wild Nature does beckon to him. Her blue lakes, emerald forests, music of streams, plashing of waves on beaches, wondrous saffrons and grays and tenderness and delicacy of purples at dawn, voices of foliage and winds, evening twilights, and above all, the mystery of her life, are not deities of any hue, much less "Red Gods." They are manifest messages from the only God telling us of blessings, beauty and grace of the earth made for man's enjoyment.

Neither is there any attempt to defend Kipling's senseless statement that he is "going" to some unlocated "racing stream" with "traces," which are sections of spinning tackle that are never used on "racing streams." Yet Mr. Hardy knows of no other such truthful "description."

One of the qualities of error is that it can trust to some self-styled prophet to proclaim it as a new and wonderful discovery of truth. And another quality is that when this "truth" is exposed as falsehood, it can further trust to some one to defend it.

R. W. ASHCROFT.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.

LEWISTON, Me., Oct. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have just received the issue of Sept. 26 and note the "musings" of L. F. Brown, of Sand Lake, Mich., to which he gives the sub-title of "Spurious Writings About Angling and Nature," the whole being a furious arraignment of the poet Kipling for almost every kind and degree of violation of truth and true poetic duty in his verses entitled, "The Feet of the Young Men."

He is "astounded" at "so much counterfeit writing about sport and nature," and "mistruth" and "inexactness" are the mildest of his terms of rebuke of Kipling.

To me, and I cannot doubt to the majority of the readers of his article, the only truthful and enjoyable part is the double quatrain which he quotes from the poem. But still it seems not well to let such an utterance pass without comment.

Ever since Chaucer wrote of the "Longen to gon on pilgrimages," and probably long before that, ever since the feet of young men have turned irresistibly to adventure in the wilderness, there have been those to whom Kipling's words would have come with ample response and answering thrill. I am this moment longing inexpressibly to be down in the woods and among the lakes I know so well—only a very few hours' journey from where I am at this moment—and to me no words could be more deeply stirring than,

"Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath heard the birch log burning?

Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the young men's feet are turning

To the camps of proved desire and known delight!"

Then follow the words—to me equally full not only of lilt and go, but also of most apt and accurate description and truth to nature—but which to Mr. Brown are a "splotteration" "surrounding and befouling" the true picture:

"Do you know the blackened timber? Do you know that racing stream,

With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end,
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle, where a man may bask and dream,

To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?
It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces,
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know—

To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the starlight on our faces,
For the Red Gods call us out, and we must go."

Now, I will not say there is no finer descriptive poetry than that, but really, if challenged at the moment, I could not readily put my finger on anything better. It is "right as a trivet," every word of it, yet not a word of it escapes the railing abuse of Mr. Brown.

He claims to know all about log-jams and canoe-poles, not only at "Sand Lake, Michigan," but in the whole "United States" and also in "India, Norway, British Columbia and the Maritime Provinces of Canada," and will have it that "no actual log-jam is 'raw,' 'right-angled,' or 'at the end' of the vista, and that 'not one canoe-pole in a thousand' is 'shod' or 'clicks.'" He has never heard of a sand bar in his life, but deliberately states that "a 'bar' is always a deposit of alluvium earth-sediment which has gathered and formed a mud bank or island!"

After such a statement no sort of statement can be too extraordinary, and we need not be surprised at his saying that "there never was a 'bar' of 'shingle,'" and if there were, "no sportsman would ever dream of reclining on such a hard, hot, uncomfortable seat as a 'sun-warmed shingle.'"

He says there is no "smoky Indian," evidently supposing that Kipling's exquisite epithet refers to the Indian's complexion alone, although it is true of that.

It is impossible to understand how any man can write in this way with serious intent.

Natural History.

North Carolina Wild Horses.

NOTHING on the Atlantic Coast is more replete with curious features than the "penning" of the wild ponies in North Carolina. These animals, the descendants of the "little Barbary horses" which far-seeing Sir Walter Raleigh sent with his expedition to Roanoke Island in August, 1583-4, have their home only on the long and narrow sand-bank which divides the sea from the body of salt water known as Core Sound, the latter forming part of the long chain of "sounds" of various sizes which so mark the eastern portion of North Carolina.

Core "Banks," as this strip of land is known, is about sixty miles in length, extending from Old Topsail Inlet at Beaufort, to Ocracoke Inlet at Ocracoke. Along this stretch of mingled sea and beach, sand dunes, forests and marshes, are some 3,500 ponies, hardly little fellows, weighing on an average 750 to 800 pounds.

There are several "pens," really corrals; these having names, such as the Diamond, Jack's Island, Hunting Quarter, and Middle. The writer attended two of these "penning." One at the Hunting Quarter pen and the other at the Middle. There was a fleet of no less than sixty-seven sailboats of all sizes on the way to the Middle pen. The scene near the pen was vividly picturesque, and needed only coconut palms to make it tropical. There were the grass-thatched huts of the "crabbers," who search in the earliest spring for the toothsome softshell crab, while the vegetation, yeopon, dwarf live oaks, fan palmetto, pellitory and dwarf pines, added to the oddness. A slue or creek made close to the pen, and up this smaller boats went, persons from the larger ones wading to them or being carried on the backs of the sturdy boatmen. There was much merriment as all hands made for the pen, the time being then nearly noon.

Since dawn two gangs of men had been at work driving the ponies; one from the north, and the other from the south end of the long stretch of banks. Each gang of about thirty had fifteen miles to go, and the driving of the ponies out of that wild waste of scrub growth, marsh and sea shore was no easy task. One of these "drives" is known as the Northern Drive, the other as the Southern Drive. The men from the north made their drive fire, and here came the ponies, 200 in number, in a wild charge, being headed off by a long line of perhaps a hundred men, who prevented them from going southward.

Everything was strange, from the first view as the ponies, looking like a long line of cavalry in skirmishing order, appeared in the distance and came up on the run, with the penners or beaters in the rear. At that distance it was difficult indeed to tell land from water, and ponies and men appeared to be running on air. The line of beaters, all on foot, swept up ceaselessly but noiselessly, and the ponies, seeing their way southward blocked by the long line of men at right angles across the beach, dashed in a wild charge into the pen, a structure built of all sorts of driftwood, and some eighty feet square, with a large opening. On the instant that the ponies entered the pen, they packed themselves in a dense mass. Their faces were a study, many of them being as wild as a prehistoric horse ever had. They next rushed backward and forward, then 'round and 'round; in this frantic movement all joined, no matter whether the tiny colt or the veteran who had figured in many such scenes. First, the sea of pony faces turned one way, then the other; with little wild eyes and penthouse of hair hanging far over the forehead, the hair on the bodies of many being so rough as to make them look like alpacas or llamas. The manes of many were as long as the tails. The prevailing color was dun, but there were dashes of yellow, and one was almost black.

Strapping men plunged into this mass of struggling and quivering flesh, and first snatched out the little colts to save the latter from being crushed to death. Desperate indeed was the scramble, as they sought to seize the larger ponies. Those pursued sought refuge in the thickest of the press, which literally became a dangerous crush, and it appeared that rib-cracking must be a certainty, yet strange to say, neither pursuers nor pursued were in this case hurt. A veteran looker-on said that there were accidents at times, and that he knew cases where men had been killed in the pen.

All the beaters and other participants were fishermen, and their costumes made a picture in themselves; red shirts and blue shirts, high rubber boots, rubber hats, with an occasional palmetto hat of great size. Some went into the ruck wearing only a shirt and trousers, risking their bare feet amid that wild trampling of hoofs. There was an all-pervading odor of wild animals mingled with a milky smell and the salty tang of the sea air. Above everything rose the roar made by the incessant trampling of the ponies' hoofs. A giant negro, known near and far along the coast as Big Bart, dashed into the pen and seized a furious stallion. Bart is the most expert "seizer" on the banks, where there are only one or two negroes, and there was a rush of the white spectators to see his work. With his hands he caught the stallion by the nose and strained every muscle to hold him. Four or five times the animal broke away, while Bart renewed his efforts. It finally required eight men to help Bart hold the powerful stallion, after the big negro had gotten a secure grip on the animal's nose, and had nearly cut off his wind by pressure above the nostrils. The rough rope halter with the double hitch, which is alone used at the pens, was put on the stallion after a ten-minute contest, and then three or four men led the creature out of the pen.

Incidents happened like flashes, among these being fights by stallions, which reared up and fought with forefeet and teeth, and then lashed out with heels, hammering with resounding blows the sides of any animals in range, which yet seemed unhurt, so great

is their toughness. There was no lassoing during the penning; only the bare hands being used, it being a matter of special pride to thus take the ponies. So they have been taken, the records show, since 1713, when the register of brands begins. But these ponies were in use long before that date. The colts which follow the mares are all the property of the owners of such mares, the latter being branded; but the motherless colts—that is, the ones which do not follow any mares—are "mavericks," and become the property of the beaters or penners as a reward for the extremely arduous work the latter do in making the long drives. The tiny colts are first branded, and then the larger ones, while the penners brand their mavericks or "motherless colts," as they always term them. After the desired animals have been picked out and roped, the little boys were allowed to enter the pen and show their skill and prowess in seizing the yearling colts, their elders looking on approvingly. It was noticeable that the talk was all low, and that there was but one burst of applause. These coast people are a quiet sort, and chary of speech; really almost Quaker-like.

There was a steady driving of bargains for ponies. Prices generally ranged from \$25 to \$50. These shaggy little animals, taken from the bank, broken, cared for and given other food, quickly become glossy, lose their wild look, and are highly valued. The older stallions are always smoother of skin and darker, and not nearly so wild-eyed as the other ponies. None of these animals in their wild state ever eat anything save marsh grass and leaves of plants and trees, and so the ponies really have to be taught to eat the food given other horses. This is done by putting them in a stable beside a horse. The experiment of increasing the size of these ponies while in a wild state by placing horses on the banks has been tried, but failed, as the pony stallions invariably surround and kill the horses, which they regard as intruders.

After all the ponies secured by the northern drive had been picked over, those remaining, including the mares, which are never sold, were turned loose. Out of the wide gate of the pen they fled, but stopped when a few hundred yards away and began eating, the little colts, freshly branded, joining their dams. The drive of the ponies from the southward was next completed, and there was another stirring sight as the animals came up in a long-extended line. About a score of them suddenly executed a flank movement by dashing out into the shallow waters of the sound and making a wide circle around the line of beaters, returned to their wild home. The thunder of their hoofs and the showers of shining spray which they beat up in the shallow water made a striking spectacle, as they made their headlong dash for liberty, and in but a few minutes they had reached the sky line. The remainder of the ponies were with ease driven into the pen. The bottom of the latter was covered with rainwater to the depth of a couple of inches, and this had quickly become black mud. The ponies' feet threw out this mud in great splashes on the faces and bodies of the workers and the spectators, but nobody minded it in the least. The hoofs of some of the ponies, which are never shod, were a foot or more in length. This was generally the case with the older mares. Some of the latter were said to be over twenty years of age. The total number of ponies in the pen was 412.

The ponies which had been sold were, after more or less struggling, led down through the high marsh grass to the shore of the sound and were hoisted into the larger boats. The more modern of the boatmen hoisted them in with slings, while others let down a panel in the side of the boat and literally dragged the beasts in, this being the old-fashioned and really barbarous method. The ponies, which struggled in the water and in the air, appeared to be quite at home in the boats, which soon hoisted sails and went careering away with them. When the mainland was reached the buyers took their ponies out and led them away to be broken, civilized and trained to eat grain and other food utterly strange to them. The ponies on the banks are as wild as the rabbits, which likewise abound there, and they have much instinct, this teaching them to get water by pawing holes in the sand not far from the shore, in which it rises, being filtered by the sand, and they know how to swim fearlessly and far in water reasonably still, and also which are the shallow places in which they can walk, and save the trouble of swimming. Thus in times of storm they sometimes walk and swim to the mainland, three or four miles from their home, this movement being before the elemental outbreak. But at other times instinct appears to somewhat fail them, and though they must have premonition of impending storms, they yet occasionally are caught by phenomenally high tides, which sweep over spots on which they had in previous times found safety. The water rises to their knees, to their bodies, to their eyes, and they then become terror-stricken, and are drowned as, huddled in a mass, they kick and plunge. Thus in August, 1899, in a notable storm, 400 were drowned on knolls which had before been places of safe refuge. The ponies could have gone to other even higher places, which the water never covers.

These ponies, as has been clearly proved, were brought over by the first English colonists to America, and, as stated, came from the coast of the Mediterranean, they being then thought to be harder than the English horses. There are in western North Carolina other ponies, commonly known as Indian ponies, which are of Spanish origin, and which are of entirely different appearance. These ponies are in many cases spotted, this being never the case with the banker ponies. They are under the medium size, plump and graceful. They are so gentle at all times that they are at home in the yards or even the houses of their owners in the Cherokee reservation in Jackson and Swain counties. They are in fact pets from birth, and the Indians have always disliked to sell them. They are becoming very scarce now.

FRED A. OLDS.

If you want to be posted as to the constant changes, and have the latest and correct edition of the *Game Laws in Brief*, you should subscribe for it. Price \$1 per year.

If he has never seen a real "raw log-jam" he should not write about one. A bunch of old tree trunks, water-logged and rotting in a cove of some dead water or bayou, may be "a wonderful study of hues—browns, umbers, faint pinks and purples, dull reds and yellows, silver of lichens and green and crimson of mosses," but it wouldn't be a "raw log-jam" or anything resembling one in the very least.

If Mr. Brown has never heard the click of a well shod canoe-pole, he is no more an authority on the subject of canoe-poles than on that of log-jams.

I am unable to infer from any one of his strictures on Kipling's words that Mr. Brown has any familiarity whatever with camp life or experiences in the wilderness. His assertion that campers do not "sleep on a couch of hemlock twigs if they can get spruce boughs" is the exact reverse of the facts in the case as I have known them. Moreover, the intemperateness of his attack and the amazing violence of his diatribe show him to be as unfamiliar with the calm temper of legitimate criticism as he is with the phenomena which he ventures to discuss. I doubt if anything more monstrous ever appeared in the liberal columns of *FOREST AND STREAM* than the characterization of Kipling's sweet, truthful and most poetic lines as "mere fakir vociferation, squawking of a brood-goose on added eggs, self-conscious mountebank strut and posing, brazen assumption by ignorance of real truth, insight and knowledge, bawling claim to Nature-photography," etc., etc.

And now I wish, Mr. Editor, that you would, if permitted, reprint the whole poem, "The Feet of the Young Men" (just made available again in a new volume, "The Five Nations"), that we may all enjoy it again and realize anew the poet's exquisite accuracy of observation and characterization, and the delicacy as well as strength of his poetic feeling. The third and fourth double quartrains are wonderful, to those who can judge of them, in their contrasted pictures of life in the pile-built villages in the bamboo country and of the stalker of *Ovis poli* over Himalayan snows.

And it is all done with such vigor, each characteristic put before you with one unerring stroke of the brush! Mr. Brown has done his readers one service, though unwittingly. He has reminded them again of the one poem which perhaps more than any other of its length in the English language breathes the true inspiring spirit of *Forest and Stream*. C. H. AMES.

[Copyright restrictions would prevent the publication of the poem.—ED. F. AND S.]

The Mosquito as Game Protector.

THE FLATS, Yukon River, Alaska, Aug. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: One of the magazines, a copy of which recently fell into my hands, contained an article on mosquitoes. The writer of the article appears to be one of those who consume none but filtered water and who at every gulp wonder how many microbes went down with it. That he never slaked his thirst while prone upon the bank of a brook, using the rim of his hat for a chalice, and that he never in his life thanked Him who made the brook for one sparkling drink, is also evident. How else could he find in the mosquito nothing but that which justifies extermination? Such is not the plan of nature even in her smallest works.

The article I have in mind closed with the statement: "Science has found a use for nearly everything in creation, but for what purpose the mosquito has been placed on earth science has, up to the present, been unable to ascertain." If that is true, then do I fail to see the use of science. To me the very fact that the mosquito is, is proof enough that he is here for a good reason. There is but one Creator; all things He makes are good.

Could the scientist who sits in a mosquito-proof cottage in the bogs of the Campagna in the interest of science be induced to spend a season in these northern swamps, he would undoubtedly find that here the mosquito serves a purpose even more praiseworthy than is his occupation in the south of Italy, which appears to be the malariaizing of possible Maffiosi. Could the mother moose, the wild goose, the duck, the snipe, and other fowl be interrogated on the subject of mosquitoes, we would probably find that they worship him.

I speak from personal observation and experience here in the "Flats." Were it not for the swarms of mosquitoes who have guarded this magnificent breeding place of moose and all species of waterfowl as well as rabbits, for ages, then would we thrill at this late date no more at the thought of a hunt in the fall. Down at the mouth of the Yukon I have known the natives to give up an egg-hunt, saying the mosquitoes were too bad. Each one of these hunts, if not spoiled as this was, means thousands of eggs eaten instead of hatched. Here in the upper flats everybody keeps away from the timber and the myriads of lakes from the beginning of June until the latter end of August; camping is possible only in the hills or on the sandbars in the river. The wolves, wolverines, foxes, lynx, and marten, all lovers of raw eggs, and chief of them all the black bear, betake themselves to the mountains, and thus the cradle of the things that make a hunter's life worth living remains undisturbed—thanks to the mosquito. WM. YANERT.

Alligator and Dog.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Sept. 13.—L. O. Davis, who lives on the Pacetti Place, a short distance from St. Augustine, lost a valuable dog yesterday in a very peculiar way. While sitting on his porch he heard the dog howl, and, taking his gun, ran toward Von Balsam Branch, from whence came the sound. Reaching the bank, Mr. Davis saw his dog in the jaws of a large alligator. The saurian was backing toward the branch, when Mr. Davis sent the contents of his gun into the alligator's head, killing it instantly. He then went forward to rescue his dog, but found it dead, the jaws of the alligator having crushed the life out of it. He could not even "prize" the jaws open with a stick.

The alligator measured 7 feet 4 inches. Mr. Davis has lived in the neighborhood for some time, and had no idea such a monster had its home so near. As Mr. Davis's children have been in the habit of playing around the branch, it is probable that they had a narrow escape. The alligator was evidently hungry, and, fortunately, chose the dog instead of the Davis children.—Florida Citizen.

The Pennsylvania Elk.

[From the Mammals of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. By Samuel N. Rhoads. Concluded from page 276.]

The following notes by my valued correspondent, Mr. E. O. Austin, of Potter county, Pa., regarding the habits of the wapiti in that county are of much interest. Under date of March 4, 1901, he writes: "I settled at my present residence, now in the borough of Austin, in 1856, then a perfect wilderness. When I came into this region, a young man, I could not be surfeited with the stories told by old settlers and hunters as to what they had seen. On the First Fork of the Sinnemahoning, near Prouty Run [Potter county], was the 'Great Elk Lick' of this region. About 1835 or 1836 the first settlers came into this region. The elk, with other wild creatures, then reigned here in their glory. Clifford Haskins, Charles Wyckoff, the Jordans and John Glasspy, with others, were among the prominent men of the time. They were all settled within three or four miles of this lick. They all told me that they would go to the elk-lick to get a deer as often as they wanted one in the summer time. Here, sometimes, 50 or more could be seen at a time, with the fawns playing around like young lambs. Clifford Haskins said he went there once to get a deer, when he saw several elk

not far from some rocky ridge or large rock, accessible to the elk. The dog attacks him with a great noise, and not much else. The beast runs for a rock as the best fort of defense from the attack. While his attention is absorbed by the antics of the little dog, it is easy prey to put a rope over his horn with a long pole, or by throwing it noosed, and with two ropes on his horns and two strong men, wide apart, to hold him, he soon becomes tired and docile enough to be led out and home. This was not an unfrequent occurrence in those times."

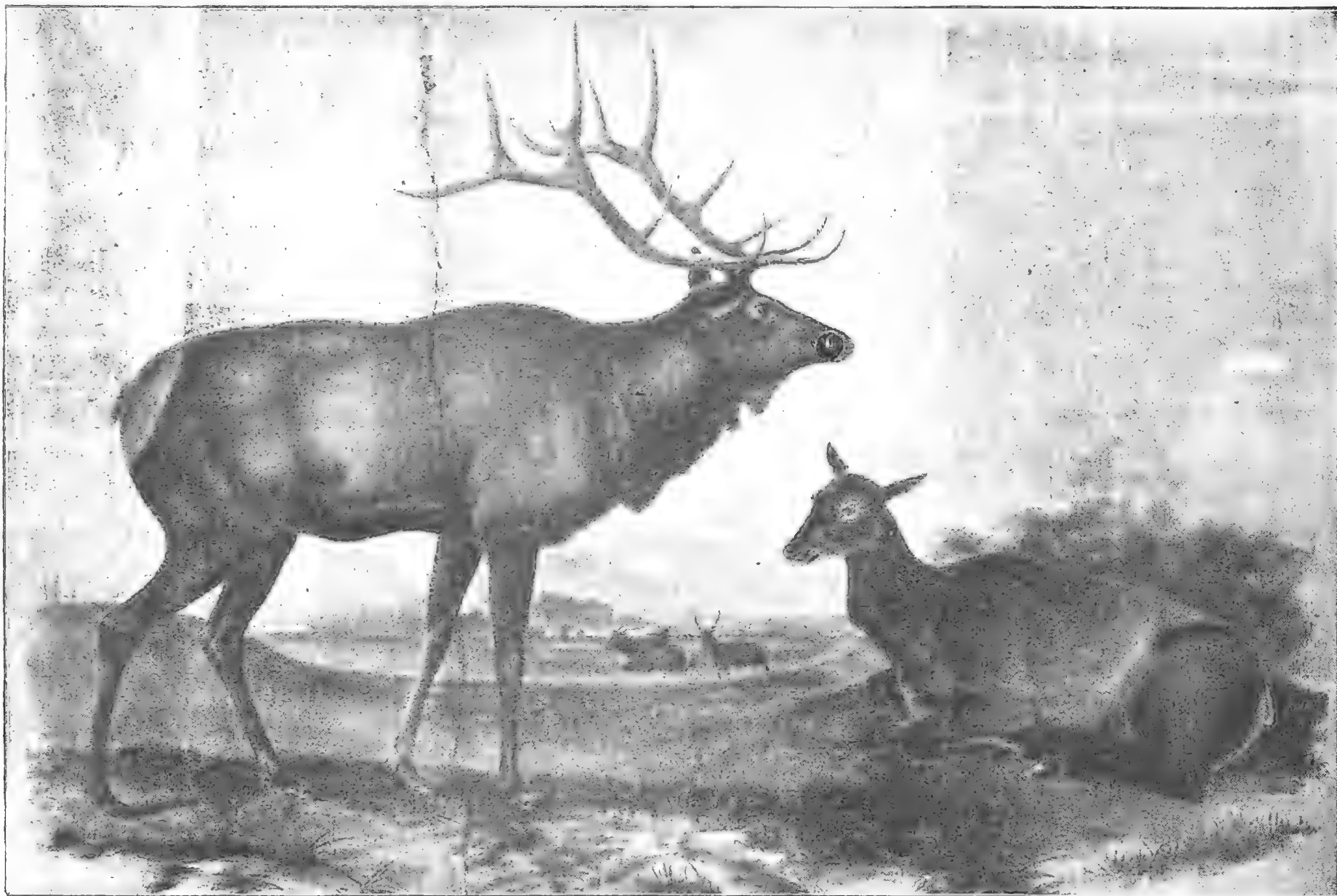
The following article was published in the New York Times and reproduced in the Pittsburg Post of April 19, 1896:

"When I started in to amuse and profit myself by following the chase in northern Pennsylvania," said Colonel Parker, of Gardeau, Pa., "elks were running in these woods in herds. I have killed elk a-plenty in the Rocky Mountain country and other regions since, but I never ran across any that were as big as those of old-time Pennsylvania elk. I have killed elk on the Sinnemahoning and Pine creek waters, and down on the Clarion River and West Branch, that were as big as horses. A 1,000-pound elk was nothing uncommon in that country, and I killed one once that weighed 1,200 pounds. These were bulls. The cows would weigh anywhere from 600 to 800 pounds.

Pine Creek country [Potter county]. She and the bull and calf had been discovered some time before Sterling Devins ran across the cow, by Leroy Lyman, on Tomer's Run, near the Ole Bull settlement [Abbot township]. Lyman got a shot at the bull, but the whole three escaped. The same party of hunters that captured the cow killed the bull afterward in the woods on Kettle creek. The calf the dogs ran into Stowell's mill pond, and there it was killed.

"A set of elk antlers of five feet spread and weighing from forty to fifty pounds, was not an infrequent trophy. George Rae, who was one of the great hunters of northern Pennsylvania in his day—and he is one of the greatest in the Rocky Mountains, even to this day, in spite of his eighty-five years—lived along the Allegheny at Portville. He had in his house and in his barn, the walls almost covered with the antlers of elk he had killed, on the peak of his roof, at one end, being one that measured nearly six feet between the extremities. When George moved West forty years ago he left the horns on the buildings, and only a few years ago many of them were still there, as reminders of what game once roamed our woods.

"It required more skill to hunt the elk than it did to trail the deer, as they were much more cautious and alert. For all that, an elk, when started from his bed, did not instantly dash away, like the deer, but invari-



ALLEGHENIAN WAPITI OR ELK (*Cervus canadensis*).
From Audubon's Painting of Living Pennsylvania specimens.

in the lick and more in the clearing around it. It being the first time he had seen elk there, he gazed in wonder, when more came in, until 40 or 50 had congregated. He watched their grim play for some time and then shot one. The rest started back, then stamped around their fallen comrade, gazing in a bewildered way, and stampeded with the noise of thunder when Haskins approached. Aunt Eleanor Wyckoff lived a mile and a half from Elk Lick. She told me she thought her brother, Mr. Jordan, was telling one of his big yarns when he told her of a similar view of elks, but one day after, when the men found they were around again, she went with her husband to see them. She said, 'First some came, then more, until the clearing seemed full of them and the men said there were about 50 there.' Regarding the clearing above mentioned—where the elk frequented a big lick, they rubbed their horns against the trees, sometimes in play or to rub off the velvet or skin from the new horns. This process soon kills all the trees, except some big old ones, so that a clearing of 2, 3 or 4 acres is made around the lick. A few thorn trees [*Crataegus*] come up on it, which grow so low and stout as to defy them, when it is called a 'thorn bottom.' The elk are gregarious, living in small herds if unmolested, likely in families, but they congregate at the licks in summer in considerable herds.

"I have no account of their 'yarding' in this county. Their food in summer was nettles [*Laportia*], elk or cow cabbage, elk grass (a wide-bladed bunch-grass common to the woods), and the tender growing twigs of most deciduous trees; and in the winter this elk grass, which keeps green all winter, the edible brake or cow brake [*Pteris aquilina*] or fern, and browse of deciduous trees. They migrate in families from section to section of the country, much like deer, but farther away.

"John Glasspy told me of taking a contract to catch elk alive for some fancier. They find and single out their elk, when two men with a small dog, and each a coil of rope and well-filled knapsack of grub, start on the chase, and a long chase it is. But after three or four days the creature halts to see what is following him. Then they let loose the little dog. The elk seems to wonder if he has been frightened by that little whiffet. The men have chosen their time and place

"The Pennsylvania elk's eyes were small, but sparkled like jewels. I have often seen a score or more pairs of these bright eyes shining in the dark recesses of the pine forest, when the shadows might have otherwise obscured the presence there of the owners of those telltale orbs. An infuriated bull elk's eye was about as fearful a thing to look at as anything well imaginable, but so quickly changeable was the nature of these huge beasts that two hours after having captured with ropes, one that had, from the vantage ground of his rock, gored and trampled the life out of a half dozen of dogs, and wellnigh overcome the attacking hunters, submitted to being harnessed to an improvised sled and unresistingly hauled a load of venison upon it six miles through the woods to my cabin, and took its place among the cattle with as docile an air as if it had been born and brought up among them.

"The elk that Sterling Devins had mistaken for a mule, he and Ezra Prichard followed all the next day, but lost its trail. Some Pine Creek hunters got on its trail, drove it to its rock and roped it. When Devins and Prichard got back at night they found the Pine Creek hunters there and the elk in the barn eating hay and entirely at home. That elk had quite an interesting subsequent history. Ezra Prichard had, previous to the capture of this one, secured a pair of elks, broke them, and for a long time drove them to farm work like a yoke of oxen. Sterling Devins was eager for a yoke of elk, and he offered the Pine Creek hunters \$100 for the one they had captured. They refused the offer, but afterwards got into a dispute about its ownership, and it was sold to Bill Stowell and John Sloanmaker, of Jersey Shore. These men took the elk about the country, exhibiting it, and made quite a sum of money. Next fall, although the elk was a cow, it became very ugly and attacked its keeper, nearly killing him before he could get away. No one could go near her, and her owners ordered her shot. The carcass was bought by a man who had a fine pair of elk horns. He was a skilled taxidermist, and he managed to fasten the horns to the head of the cow elk in such a manner that no one was ever able to tell that they hadn't grown there. This made of the head an apparently magnificent head of a bull elk, and it was purchased for \$100 on that belief, by a future governor of Pennsylvania.

"That cow elk was one of the last family of elk in the

ably looked to see what had aroused him. Then, if he thought the cause boded him no good, away he went, not leaping over the brush, like the deer, but, with his head thrown back, and his great horns almost covering his body, plunging through the thickets, his big hoofs clattering together like castanets as he went. The elk did not go at a galloping gait, but traveled at a swinging trot that carried him along at amazing speed. He never stopped until he had crossed water, when his instinct seemed to tell him that the scent of his trail was broken before the pursuing dogs.

"At the rutting season the elk, both male and female, were fearless and fierce, and it behooved the hunter to be watchful. An elk surprised at this season did not wait for any overt act on the part of an enemy, but was instantly aggressive. One blow from an elk's foot would kill a wolf or a dog, and I have more than once been forced to elude an elk by running around trees, jumping from one to another before the bulky beast, unable to make the turns quick enough, could recover himself and follow me too closely to prevent it, thus making my way by degrees to a safe refuge. I was once treed by a bull elk not half a mile from home and kept there from noon until night began to fall. I haven't the least doubt but he would have kept me there all night if another bull hadn't bugled a challenge from a neighboring hill and my bull hurried away in answer to it.

"The whistle of the bull elk, as the hunters call it, wasn't a whistle, although there were changes in it that gave it something of a flute-like sound. The sound was more like the notes of a bugle. In making it the bull threw back his head, swelled his throat and neck to enormous size, and with that as a bellows he blew from his open mouth the sound that made at once his challenge or call for a mate. The sound was far-reaching, and heard at a distance was weird and uncanny, yet not unmusical. Nearby, it was rasping and harsh, with the whistling notes prominent.

"The Pennsylvania elk was never much scattered. When I first came to the Sinnemahoning country, nearly seventy years ago, the salt marsh that lay in the wilderness where my residence now is [Gardeau, in the extreme southeast corner of McKean county, almost on Potter county line], was trampled over by herds of elk and deer that came there to lick the salt

from the grounds as if a drove of cattle had been there. I have seen seventy-five elk huddled at that marsh. That was the 'Big Elk Lick' of legend which the reservation [Cornplanter], Indians had often talked to me about when I lived in Allegheny county, New York, as a boy, and it was to find that lick that my father and I, following the rather indefinite directions of one Johnnyhocks, an old Shongo Indian, entered the Pennsylvania wilderness in 1826. The marsh is now the site of a big hotel, it having been found that the depth of the swamp concealed waters [Parker's Springs] of rare medical value.

"To follow an elk forty miles before running it down was considered nothing remarkable. I have done it many a time, Leroy Lyman, Jack Lyman and A. H. Goodsell once started on an elk hunt from Roulette, Potter county, struck the trail at the head of West creek in McKean county, thirty miles from Roulette, followed it through Elk, Clarion and Clearfield counties, and finally drove it to its rock eighty or ninety miles from where the trail was first struck. They had followed the elk many days, and finally the quarry was found, an enormous bull with a spread of horns like a young maple tree. The horns were the only trophy that the hunters got from the long and tedious chase [meat being unfit to eat], and that trophy was well worth it. It was the largest and next to the finest pair of antlers ever carried by an elk in the Pennsylvania forests, so far as there is any record.

"There are scattered through the woods, generally high on the hills, from the Allegheny River down to the West Branch and Clarion River, huge rocks, some detached boulders and other projections of ledges. These are known as elk rocks, and every one of them has been, in its day, the last resort of some elk, when it had in vain sought to throw the hunter and hound from the trail to make its stand at one of these rocks. Mounting it, and facing its foes, it fiercely fought off the assaults of the dogs by blows of his fore feet or tremendous kicks from its hind feet, until the hunter came up and ended the fight with his rifle. It would be strange if one or more of the dogs were not stretched dead at the foot of the rock by the time the hunter arrived on the scene. I have more than once found dead wolves lying about one of these elk rocks, telling mutely, but eloquently, the tragic story of the pursuit of the elk by the wolves, his coming to bay on the rock, the battle and the elk's victory. The elk was not always victor, though, in such battles with wolves, and I have frequently found the stripped skeleton of one lying among the skeletons of wolves he had killed before being himself vanquished by their savage and hungry fellows.

"In the winter time the elks would gather in large herds and their range would be exceedingly limited. Sometimes they would migrate to other regions, and would not be seen for months in their haunts, but suddenly they would return and be as plentiful as ever. They had their regular paths or runways, through the woods, and these invariably led to salt licks, of which there were many natural ones in northern Pennsylvania. One of the most frequented of these elk paths started in a dense forest, where the town of Ridgway, the county seat of Elk county, now stands, led to the great lick on the Sinnemahoning portage, and thence through the forest to another big lick, which to-day is covered by Washington Park, in the city of Bradford [McKean county]. I have followed that elk path its whole length, when the only sign of civilization was now and then a hunter's cabin, from the headwaters of the Clarion River to the Allegheny, in McKean county. Hundreds of elk were killed annually at the licks or while traveling to and from them, along their well-marked runways.

"The biggest set of elk antlers ever captured in the Pennsylvania woods was secured in the Kettle Creek country by Major Isaac Lyman, Philip Tome, George Ayres, L. D. Spoffard and William Wattles. Philip Tome was a great hunter, and the famous interpreter for Cornplanter and Blacksnake, the great Indian chiefs. He came over from Warren county to help Major Lyman capture an elk alive, and the party started in on the first snow, with plenty of ropes and things. They camped, but the elk were in such big herds that they couldn't get a chance at a single bull for more than a week. Then they got the biggest one they ever saw and gave chase to him. They started him from his bed on Yocum hill. The dogs took him down Little Kettle creek to Big Kettle, and up that two or three miles. There the elk came to bay on a rock. He kept the dogs at a distance until the hunters came up, when he left the rock and started away again. Tome, knowing the nature of elk, said that all they had to do was to wait and the elk would return to the rock. They dropped poles and fitted up nooses. They waited nearly half a day, and then they heard the bull coming, crashing through the woods, down the mountain sides, the dogs in full cry. He mounted his rock again. The hunters he did not seem to mind, but the dogs he fought fiercely. While he was doing that the hunters got the nooses over his immense horns and anchored him to surrounding trees. They got the elk alive to the Allegheny River, and floated him on a raft to Olean Point. From there they traveled with him through New York State to Albany, exhibiting him with much profit, and at Albany he was sold for \$500. That elk stood sixteen hands high and had antlers six feet long, and eleven points on each side, the usual number of points being nine on a side.

"The last elk in Pennsylvania is supposed to have been killed in the winter of 1867, by an Indian named Jim Jacobs, from the Cattaraugus Reservation. Jacobs followed the elk from Flagg Swamp, in Elk county, to the wilds of Clarion county, through a hard snow-storm, where it came to bay on a rock, and the Indian shot it. It was a bull elk and none had been seen or heard in the region for several years before that."

I wrote Mr. E. O. Austin, of Austin, Potter county, distant seven miles from Gardeau, as to his view of the narrative of Capt. Parker above quoted. He writes me that he knew Parker, Lyman, Pritchard, and others named, nearly all of whom, including Parker, are now dead. Sterling Devins still lives in Homer township, Potter county. They all told substantially the same

stories of elk habits as given by Parker, who was an old veteran, not only in age, and hunting exploits, but in his latter days as a story teller. Mr. Austin writes: "What Col. Parker says of the habits of elk and other wild animals is very correct, but he was in the habit of making a good story of his exploits." A failing, I might add, which is common to so many "great, old men," that the world knows how to make allowance for it.—Rhoads, 1902.

Grouse Self Killings.

RIDGWAY, Pa., Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A rather singular action on the part of grouse in Potter county was called to my attention on a visit to Coudersport, Pa., county seat of that county, last week.

Four years ago a new brick building was erected on the main street of the town on the west side. The building has two stories in it, with large plate glass fronts on one side. The first year the glass was put in, in the fall, a grouse was picked up dead inside the store, having gone through the glass in full flight in the morning.

The glass was renewed, and the next year another grouse went through it. The window was patched up, and last fall another unfortunate grouse went through the patched up window. Tired of buying plate glass windows for the birds to break, the owner had a wire screen put over the upper half, and this season recently a dead grouse was picked up on the street, having been killed by flying into the screen.

The only explanation of this is offered in this way. The east side of the street, opposite the store, has large shade trees, and if the sun is shining in the morning the trees are reflected in the glass, which deceives the birds into believing they are about to fly through trees in place of plate glass.

E. H. KNISKERN.

[The case cited is very interesting, but not unexampled, especially at this time of the year. All sportsmen know that during the middle fall—and especially during the month of October—grouse, and also quail, wander about and are frequently found in situations which seem absolutely unsuited for them. We have seen ruffed grouse in the branches of the trees on the main street of a New England village, and very recently Mr. Emerson Carney has called attention to a flock of quail in town. Moreover, during late September and October, it is not at all uncommon for ruffed grouse to kill themselves by flying against houses, and in at least one case that came under our own observation, a grouse flew against a window and was killed. At two houses on a single farm in Connecticut, three grouse have been killed in this way within the last twenty-five years. In two of the cases, the birds flew against the side of a red brick house; in the other, the house was wooden and painted a light color. These cases of self-killing undoubtedly have some relation to the wandering spirit which seems to attack the grouse at this season of the year, and there are many sportsmen who declare that at this time grouse are foolish or crazy. The case cited by our correspondent may possibly be explained as he suggests, by the reflection from the glass. At all events, the case is an interesting one, and we should be glad to hear of its parallel, if one exists. Since these lines were written a case has come to our notice of a grouse flying against a light wire netting topping a fence about a poultry yard. The bird was found dead near the fence.]

Forestry at St. Louis.

THE United States Government, contrary to all precedent, will participate in a competitive exhibit at the World's Fair in St. Louis. Uncle Sam will have for his rival the German Empire. Which nation's methods of forest management is best and most practical is the problem to be solved by actual demonstration.

Two tracts of land, already partially covered with trees, and each about five acres in extent, have been assigned to the United States and German Governments as the laboratory for their tests. The two lie side by side, so that the visitor may walk through what the Americans call an "arboritum" and observe all American methods of forestry, and then step across into what the German designates as a "forest garden" and learn the German method.

No trees will be cut from either tract. Rather transplanting will be resorted to, and when the Exposition opens miniature forests, perfect in every detail, with narrow gravel walks winding in and out, may be seen. Every tree that thrives in the latitude of St. Louis will be represented and the specimen can be easily designated. Attached to each tree will be an aluminum label on which will be stamped the botanical and common names.

In one respect the exhibits will be the same. Each display will embrace practically the same number of trees and they will be practically of the same varieties. Here all similarity ceases. The treatment will accord with the practices in vogue in the respective countries. In the American arboritum the trees will be planted, trained, and pruned and treated according to the American idea. In the German forest garden will be reproduced, in the miniature, the effects that obtain in the forests of the Fatherland, and the story of how the wonderful forests of that wonderful country have been preserved through ages, and renewed from time to time, will be told by practical demonstrations.

The exhibits will be in charge of the most expert foresters to be found in the two countries. Interest will not center in the exhibits merely because they represent all that is best in the forestry of both countries, but because of the practical demonstrations and tests that will be made every day of the Exposition. Trees will be transplanted and the most approved apparatus for this work will be shown in actual operation. Trees will be pruned and trained, and all of the implements used will be a part of the exhibit. Trees will be inoculated with disease, and when the disease is fully developed the most approved treatment will be accorded the affected trees. Careful data will be kept on all such experiments, and the results will be made known, together with a full description of the treatment, in order that the preservation of the forests may be accomplished

Forests probably have more deadly foes in the insect world than they have in the ax of the woodman, and far more difficult to circumvent. This will afford an exhibit of exceptional interest. Collections of the insect enemies to trees will be gathered and kept carefully isolated. On occasions best adapted to experiments that will reveal all of the effects of the destroying powers of the insect, and the efficacy of the treatment to be given, the insects will be released and permitted to attack the trees. Then sprays, washes, and other treatments will be resorted to. Some valuable experiment will be made every day, and full details may be had of the processes and results.

"Of the Kind Known as the Squirrel Hawk."

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was just a bit amused on reading C. G. B.'s contribution in last week's issue relative to "Duck Shooting Extraordinary" taken from the New York Sun.

From yesterday's issue (Sunday, Oct. 11), of the Boston Globe I cut the inclosed paragraph, also taken from the New York Sun:

The park authorities have been at a loss to account for the number of dead squirrels in Central Park lately. Yesterday afternoon Keeper Billy Snyder was near the sheepfold when a number of nurses came up to him and said that a "big eagle" had been flying around and alighting near the children, as though it meant to carry them off.

Snyder got a shotgun and pretty soon discovered the "big eagle." It proved to be a hawk of enormous size. When Snyder found him he was perched on the top of a tree eating a gray squirrel.

Snyder filled his gun with buckshot, and at the first shot brought down Mr. Hawk. The bird, Snyder says, weighed 50 pounds, and was of the kind known as the squirrel hawk. It is believed that he had flown over from the woods in New Jersey. Snyder said he would have him stuffed as a trophy.—New York Sun.

If you think it worth the space, will you kindly reproduce it, to the end that sportsmen and naturalists may know that there are some pretty large hawks abroad outside of Wall street.

J. W. B.

[A typographical error or a reporter's imagination is responsible for the story. No North American bird weighs 50 pounds.]

Game Bag and Gun.

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is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the Brief.

American Game Birds.

I.—Woodcock Shooting.

Of all the kinds of shooting of field and forest, the sport of woodcock shooting holds the warmest place in the hearts of its devotees. The woodcock shooter is an enthusiast of enthusiasts. He may take a keen pleasure in bringing other game birds to bag, but when woodcock shooting is under consideration comparison ceases. And indeed this sport possesses many fascinating features peculiar to itself. First of all, it can at best be indulged in but in very small quantities. There is but little of it when compared to the abundance of other kinds of shooting, for the woodcock is comparatively a rare bird, and its season is a short one, therefore the keen edge of enjoyment of woodcock shooting is never dulled by surfeit. The habitat of the bird is distinctly different from the habitat of all other game birds, and of the vast tract of land which makes the earth's surface there are but tiny spots here and there which meet the wants of its nature, and many vast tracts of fertile country have no woodcock ground at all.

It, too, is a bird of mystery, of whose coming and going no one knows. It is nocturnal in its habits, and its haunts being such secluded and unused spots, ones rarely invaded by man, it is rarely seen. The residents of sections wherein is the home of the woodcock may never see one from year's end to year's end, and, indeed, may go through life with no more knowledge of them than that derived from hearsay, or, seeing one, may still remain in ignorance of its identity. While the quail, the partridge, the snipe and other game birds are not unfamiliar to country residents and are readily identified by them, that of the woodcock and its doings are shrouded in mystery. The large woodpecker in some sections is called woodcock by the country folk, while in other sections any plover with a long bill is classified as being the same bird. So little is the bird known that sometimes when killed it is called snipe and sometimes the snipe is called woodcock by those who have not given the bird special study or attention. Its life being so entirely without the sight of man and in general so little being known of its haunts and habits, it is not at all strange that the little accurate knowledge is obscured by the air of much mystery, and that those who seek the bird find a fascination in it greater than that of any other form of game bird shooting. The bird itself is of peculiar form and of rare richness in its colorings, and its flesh is esteemed a morsel of rare excellence, fit for the palate of the most fastidious epicure. Thus it affords great sport in its capture and is pleasing to the eye and palate.

Its habitat is generally in densely shaded nooks in out-of-the-way places, where man rarely enters, and where the soil is soft and moist, for in such places is its food obtained. The alder ruins, and slopes in the birches, and nooks in the woods where springs or rivulets or excess of moisture makes the ground soft, are its favorite haunts, and sometimes in certain sections it finds spots in the cornfields which are desirable feeding grounds, though haunts and feeding grounds are never plentiful. In Mississippi it is occasionally found in open sedge fields. Many places, which to the eye have every appearance of home for it, still have no birds in them.

The scarcity of the bird, its beauty and the delicate flavor of its flesh, all serve to enhance its value, and its mystic life adds a charm to its pursuit which is distinct from all others.

The difficulties of woodcock shooting have been greatly exaggerated in every particular, particularly as concerns the extraordinary skill required by the shooter, and the still more extraordinary labor and consequent fatigue imposed on the dogs, the latter being an indispensable factor in the sport, if any success worth considering is sought. While intrinsically the sport possesses all the requirements of the highest degree of wing shooting, the writers on it have deemed it fitting that it be dressed in a glamour of romance, presumably that a little knowledge might be presented in an elaboration of high colors which touched on the sky, the sunshine as it glinted through the alders, the beautiful color of the foliage, the balmy zephyrs laden with nature's perfumes, *ad infinitum*, all of which are present in all other kinds of shooting, or, indeed, present if there is no shooting at all. The shooting of woodcock is difficult, it is true, but not so extraordinary in its difficulty as to be distinctly special, and far from being so difficult as most shooters make it from injudicious selections of guns, loads, etc.

Woodcock shooting is close shooting, the closest of any kind of shooting recognized as legitimate sport with the shotgun. While the woodcock is called a game bird, it is gentle and mild in its habits, with none of the pugnacity or extraordinary vitality possessed by members of the grouse family. The smallest of shot is sufficiently heavy to kill it, and the cylinder-bore gun is amply close enough for the ranges which one must accept in shooting it. The choke-bore of any kind is out of place in such extremely short ranges, and unfit to use on a bird so easily killed, though, strange to say, the use of it is not uncommon, owing, no doubt, to the fact that many men owning but one gun, must use it for all kinds of shooting, and in other instances to the further fact of thoughtlessness concerning the proper requirements of the sport. Short barrels, too, are desirable, the difference in the handling of a 30-inch barrel and a 24-inch barrel in cover being far away in favor of the latter.

Woodcock shooting is largely a matter of snap shooting; therefore, a wider pattern at a much shorter distance is a requisite if one is cultivating success instead of nursing a fad in respect to the use of choke-bore guns for all kinds of shooting, whether the guns be fitting or otherwise. In the shooting of quail, or chickens, or ruffed grouse—to a lesser degree with the latter—a certain degree of deliberation and quick aim can be practiced, but in woodcock shooting the opportunities for deliberation are the rare exception; hence the need of adopting an open gun to meet the requirements of quicker work and short ranges. Light loads and smaller shot can be used successfully, some noted shooters using dust shot exclusively. With a short, cylinder-bore gun—a true cylinder-bore, not the modified choke-bores, which are often called cylinder—such a pattern can be secured at 15 or 20 yards as will insure fair success to the average shot and the best of success to the good one. It might be said that such a gun and load are too murderous, and, indeed, they would be in the hands of a man who could shoot with any degree of precision if he could exercise deliberation, but as in the greater number of instances the shooter has but an instant in which to act, the results are far from being so fatal as one might fancy them to be. Often there is but a momentary glimpse of a dusky shadow flitting through or across a small vista in the dense growth, and the shooter must fire then or not at all, unless he is pleased at a purposeless tumult, that being the sum total when he shoots and trusts to luck for the execution of his purposes.

As in all other shooting, experience enables the sportsman to recognize the promising nooks for woodcock, and the signs which denote its presence, they being the holes made by it in boring in the ground for its food and other signs well known to the shooter, and which can only be recognized by experience.

As to the labor and fatigue imposed on the dog while seeking for woodcock, they are largely an exaggeration. Wilson, in his work on the birds of North America, specifically mentions the fatiguing efforts which the dog encounters in woodcock shooting, and mentions that relays of dogs are necessary. As a matter

of fact, the work of the dog in woodcock shooting is the easiest of all kinds of shooting. He must range close to the shooter, or at most not beyond a gun shot if he serve the best purpose in that kind of shooting, and it is not at all essential or desirable that he work at high speed. It is essential, however, that he be intelligent and know thoroughly the best manner of working to the gun and assisting the shooter to get his shots in the manner to insure success. He should work diligently, but not hurriedly, and it is hardly necessary to add that the work should be done as silently as possible, though this also is true of all other kinds of shooting.

The dog should be a good retriever, otherwise a large percentage of the birds will be lost, for many times it is as difficult to find the bird after it is killed as it is before. Dogs which run riot in this shooting can soon tire themselves out, particularly in summer shooting, when dogs are out of condition and the weather warm, the consequent fatigue from such over-exertion and unfit condition cannot be justly attributed to the difficulty of the sport. It is rather hard work for the shooter, particularly he of the North, where the quest must be made afoot and where the footing is difficult and insecure, though after all it is but little more difficult than any other shooting in which the shooter walks.

As the dog often comes to a point in thick cover out of sight of the shooter, even though the point may be but a few steps away from him, a bell attached to the dog's collar has been found of great assistance in determining his whereabouts, and its silence indicates when he stops on point, matters very essential in conducting the sport. Not every dog is a good woodcock dog; even though he may be excellent on quail, snipe, chickens, etc. Some dogs appear to dislike the work intensely, others refuse to recognize the bird at all. A few take to it very kindly and work to the gun from observation to a useful degree far above what could be established by the most careful training. The spaniel is but little used in the United States for woodcock shooting or any other shooting, for that matter, though there is no doubt but what they could be made eminently useful in field sport.

In Louisiana and other sections of the South, where the woodcock seek a clime more genial than that of a Northern winter, the conditions of shooting change almost entirely. In sections at certain times, generally in the last of December and the fore part of January, they may be found in great numbers, and a bag of twenty, thirty or forty in a day is not then considered remarkable. They frequent the switch cane bottoms, or woods in the timbered prairie in which the heavy fall rains have softened the ground and where abundance of food can be found. Their stay in the South is very short, they starting North immediately on the lessening of the winter cold, probably after a stay of about two or three or four weeks, their coming and going then being quite as silent and secret as in the North. They are there killed in great numbers both day and night by market shooters, and shipped to the home and distant markets. They have their choice feeding grounds even in that land of abundance, and skill, diligent effort and knowledge of habitat is quite as essential to success in the Southern winter shooting as it is in the less bountiful shooting of the North in summer and fall.

B. WATERS.

A Bear Hunt.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I got this bear hunt at second hand; that is, I did not hunt the bear myself or see him hunted, but from what I know of the country where he was hunted and the hunters who found the bear, or rather whom the bear found, I have no doubt that I have the story straight. The man who sent it to me did not expect it to appear in print (and it may not appear, either).

The man and his boy who did the hunting—that part of it which the bear left for them to do—are glass workers, the man being a superintendent in a glass works in a small town above Pittsburg, while his boy Ed, who is fifteen years old, works in the factory under his father.

The glass works all close down through the hottest part of the summer, generally about the last of June, and do not begin the next "fire" until the middle of September or later. The men make good wages when they do work, and a good many of them put in their vacation in camps, where they manage to spend a part of this money. Beer seems to be the most expensive item in the list of supplies in some, but not all the camps. I remember one where a regular bar was kept with a keg of beer on tap free to everyone who wanted it, whether he was a member of the club or not.

There are several of these camps here in Lake Erie every summer, and some clubs go over to Canada to find a camp. Ed and his father—I put Ed first because he generally puts himself first wherever he is—were members of a club that had a camp near Erie a year ago this summer, but they did not like this place, and I told them that if I were hunting a camp out from Pittsburg I would not come so far as this to find it, while I had the whole of the Allegheny River to camp on. I had traveled more than they had and had seen a good many rivers, but the Allegheny would suit me well enough for a month or two to start with. If I wanted to make a year's camp of it then I might try the upper Missouri

now since the Indians up there have got to be good Indians. They were not any too good when I knew them. I had explored the Allegheny as far as Warren when a boy, and told them of a number of places on it where a camp could be made that would at least suit me.

Ed had been trying to get the "old man," as he called him when the old man did not happen to be within ear-shot, to go to Canada next year. No, I told them, leave Canada to the Canucks; that is, for the present; we may want to annex it some day; these Canadians seem to think that we want it now, but we don't; but I would not go as far as Canada to find a camp even if they gave me the ground I camped on and threw in the whole county besides. Go up the Allegheny next year and try it. "I'll do it," the "old man" said to me, and he did.

Ed had been greatly interested in bears and Indians. I filled him up with stories of both. I had hunted both and had had the Indians hunt me several times as well. I do not know whether the bear ever hunted me or not; the first one I ever came in contact with seemed to have been hunting me much in the same manner as Ed's bear hunted him. I have never been able since to decide exactly whether I found that one or he found me. I do know, though, that he would have lived longer had we not found each other.

I told them that when they were ready to camp this year to go by rail about as far up as Kittanning; then buy or hire a skiff (Ed proposed to steal one, but I warned him not to try it up there); then they could keep on up the river until they found a place to suit them, then camp, and when tired of this place go on again; they would have both banks of the river clear up to Warren to camp on.

"Ed wants bears and Indians; he can find both up there; the bears, what are left of them, are still wild; the Indians are supposed to be civilized now. Those of them that I have met are civilized. They can drink whisky, eat gingerbread, chew tobacco, and swear in English. What more is necessary?"

I made them promise to send me an account of their camp, telling Ed to write it; but when I had got it I found that the "old man" had written it and not Ed. There are no doubt more of fact and less of imagination in the account since it did come from the old man. Ed would probably have killed his bear with the stock of his gun; then, after he had closed in on him, would have killed him some more with a butcher knife. That is the way the bear was generally killed in the valuable works that Ed carried in his traveling library. Those volumes had given him all the information he had ever got about bears, Indians, and the Rocky Mountains until he met me; and some of the tales that I gave him were patterned after the ones he found in these boys' stories. He had asked me what would be the best gun to hunt the bear with, and I told him he did not need any; that if I were hunting him, knowing him as well as I do now, I would use a baseball bat on him.

They left home on the 8th of July, taking their camp outfit, arms and fishing rods, and went to Kittanning. Here they bought a skiff and such supplies as could not be got at every place on the river, and then started up the river to hunt a camp, rowing the skiff. There is not much current in the river except at a flood stage, but had I been going up it I should have used a sail; it would have saved a good deal of rowing.

They only went about ten miles the first day, and camped at Peart's Eddy, a shallow place in the river which we had to wade and drag our boat when I made the trip nearly fifty years ago; but they found plenty of water here on the bar and crossed without any trouble. Next day keeping on they got across Gray's Eddy, a few miles below Red Bank, then going a mile or two further made the next camp. A creek came in here on the right hand side and they turned up it but had only got up a few hundred yards when a rapid stopped them and the water above was not deep enough to float the skiff.

They landed and when Ed was looking for a pole long enough to use as a ridge pole for the tent, he found an old cabin a few yards back from the creek, and after examining it they concluded to use it, and if this country suited them make their home camp here. Ed thought that this country would not suit him, they had not got far enough up it yet to meet any bears, and the Indians were still away above this also. The old cabin, not used lately, had been built by a charcoal burner, they were afterwards told. It still had a good roof made of clapboards, a stick chimney (one made of small logs and mud), and a door, but no window. The door of slabs still hung on wooden hinges, and two small bunks of slabs were the only furniture. They have preempted the cabin, he tells me, and mean to use it next year again, for the country did suit Ed after all.

After getting their stuff into the cabin and eating dinner, Ed was about to start to hunt up that bear right away, but his father told him that they had better first hunt up any neighbors there might be here and find out whether they were intruding or not, and make arrangements to get their bread and farm produce. They would not have to go many miles above here to find a store. Red Bank is at the lower end of Clarion county, and this country back here in Clarion and Armstrong counties is still much of it a wilderness. It is more or less a broken country with low hills, and is not thickly settled. Ed would be as likely to find his bear here as he would be to find him anywhere on the river.

They found a farmhouse about a mile above the cabin near the head of the creek, and got all the information they wanted about the country, besides getting milk and vegetables here. Ed asked about the prospect of finding a bear. "You are right in the middle of the bear country now," the farmer told him. "I have a bear here that I don't need. You may have him. Come and I will show you where you are likely to find him if you watch for him long enough. I have not time to do it or I would watch for him with an ax."

He took them back to a cornfield adjoining a strip of timber. The timber he told them ran back here for several miles, and there were bear's tracks plain enough. The bear was in the habit of coming down through this timber and getting in through the fence to the corn. "I can't keep him out of it," the farmer told Ed. "If he can't get through the fence he climbs over it. He generally comes late in the evening or after night. If he only took what he eats, he might have it, but he destroys ten times as much as he eats."

The corn stalks were all broken down next to the fence for nearly the whole length of the field. The corn was hardly ripe enough for roasting ears yet, but it was just right for him, the farmer said.

"I had a sow and eight young pigs this spring," he added. "I have the sow and three of the pigs yet; but if I had not missed the others and then taken the sow and what was left of her family out of this timber, I would not have either sow nor pigs now. That bear even followed her down to the barnyard after more pigs. The dogs got after him then and he never came back."

"Why, will he eat pigs?" Ed asked.

"He would rather eat honey if he could get it; but if there is anything he won't eat I don't know what it is."

"I'll get you that bear," Ed assured him. "I am going to hunt him until I do get him."

Ed put in the next forenoon up in this timber watching the cornfield; but the bear did not call; nor had he been there the night before. He may have been hanging around when they were talking about him and heard of Ed's intention to get him. The boy had taken his .44 Winchester to hunt the bear, and at dinner time the farmer sent his boy to bring Ed down to his dinner. Then going home Ed exchanged his rifle for his shotgun, a boy's 16 gauge gun, but a good one; I had used it the year before. Going back into the timber he put in the afternoon hunting for squirrels, but found none. The game warden is not very busy up there or it would not pay Ed to find many just then. He started home about an hour before sunset, and had got to within 200 yards of the cabin, when, hearing a noise behind him, he looked back and found the bear.

There was here a large clump of blackberry bushes that grew close together, and when passing them Ed had gone around them. The bear had been in among them and probably hearing that Ed wanted him was coming now. He may have been in there all the afternoon getting the blackberries, and that was why he did not want any corn. If there was a wild plum or a berry patch in the country, that is just where the bear could be found; I had forgot to tell Ed so.

Ed said that the bear seemed to want to come down and play with him; he was lumbering along after Ed and was not over forty yards away. Ed turning around gave him both barrels; then made a dash for the cabin. If he hit the bear, and he most likely did, his gun was good for at least 70 yards, he would only sting with that bird shot. It was lucky that he did not have far to go to get home; the bear would not do any playing with him now. Ed dashed into the cabin, and, throwing down his shotgun, grabbed up his rifle.

"What is after you now?" his father wanted to know.

"The bear, sir. He chased me clear to the cabin; that is, he did if I have not shot him. I did not stop to see."

"I guess you did not shoot him with a shotgun," his father said, and taking up his own rifle he and Ed started to hunt the bear some more.

The animal was not in sight from the cabin. Going to where Ed had seen him last, they did not find him. He had not followed Ed after getting the dose of shot, but had turned back; the tracks led into the bushes he had come out of. Ed was about to plunge in after him, but his father stopped him. "If you hit him with any of that shot, and I don't see how you could have missed him, you want to see just where that bear is now before you step on him. It might be safe to hunt him with a ball bat when he is in a good humor; he is not in one now. A good deal of that information you were given by Mr. B. about hunting bears with baseball bats was meant for boys only; if he were here hunting that bear now he would take a gun himself to do the hunting with."

They kept around the outside of the bushes, and got to the further side without seeing the bear, then found that he had not stopped there at all, but had gone on home. Ed looked for blood, but found none.

"You won't find any," his father said; "your shot, if he got any of it, only made him angry; it would not hurt him unless he got it in his eyes, and he did not. This trail is going straight enough. When you next find him you will need a rifle; he won't trot along behind you like a dog next time."

It was nearly dark now, and the bear would have to be let go until to-morrow. Ed got a piece of brush and stuck it in the ground where they had stopped following the trail; he did not want to lose any time in picking up this trail to-morrow.

Ed and his father slept in the small bunks in the cabin; one was on each side, half way between the door and fireplace. The door was fastened at night on the inside by a pin pushed in to an auger hole in the end of one of the logs. Some time in the night Ed heard from his bear again. This time the bear had come to the door, and finding that they had him locked out, was pushing and clawing away on the outside. Ed went to the door, and, after listening a while, shook his father and told him that the bear was there again. It was dark in the cabin, and outside as well; there was no moon. They could hear the bear still scratching somewhere, but he was not at the door. Ed felt around until he had found his and his father's rifles; then the pin was taken out quietly and the door opened a part of the way while Ed stood ready to shoot; but there was no sign of a bear there now. They opened the door altogether then, and now the bear (it was too dark to see whether it was a bear or a cow) or what looked like Ed's bear was out at a place where some bread crusts, fish heads and kitchen slops had been thrown on the ground; he was pawing them around.

Ed fired, and the bear was off before he could give him a second shot.

"I think I hit him," he said.

"Yes, and if you keep on hitting him twice a day until we start for home in a month from now you may get your bear after all."

"Why, don't you think he was out there now?"

"Oh, I know he was; but you did not come within a mile of him, shooting the way you did. Why did you not take your time to it, or else let me shoot him? You have only scared him off again; the report of your gun was what sent him off."

At daylight next morning Ed hurried out to the slop pile. "Come out here, father," he called out, "and see if I did not come within a mile of him. He has left a trail of blood here, if I did not."

There were several spots of blood and they followed to where the bear had lain down and there was more blood.

After breakfast they took up the trail, which led to the cornfield and past the corner of it; he had not stopped there to-day.

The ground so far had been soft and the trail plain, but now it led into timber, and here the only trail to be seen was of small spots of blood every once in a while. After following these for over a mile, they began to climb a small hill, having a ravine on the left; and Ed was half way up the hill while his father was still near the foot, when Ed saw the bear again. Down in the bottom of the ravine a fallen tree lay with its roots up hill, and just as Ed had got opposite the tree the bear stuck his head up from behind the trunk near the roots. This was where he lived when at home, as they found out after the bear had ceased to live anywhere. Had he kept his head down he might have escaped again, as Ed was not going down there at all, and for some time they had been going it blind; they could not find even blood spots up here.

Ed dropped on one knee, then began shooting, and the bear now tried to climb up on the log to make a better mark for him probably; but every time he tried to climb the log he would slip back again.

Before Mr. — had got up to where he could fire, Ed's magazine was about empty; it held eleven cartridges, and after his father had given the order to cease firing only one remained in it, and that one would not have been in it a moment later if he had not been told to quit firing.

The bear lay across the log, and was about as near dead now as he ever would be until he was cut up. He looked to be two or three years old and would weigh about 350 pounds they thought; he was not very fat, but was just right, the farmer said, after he had come to get him. Ed's first shot, the one he had fired through the door in the night, had gone through the neck near the shoulder, going clear through; he had not quite made a sieve of him to-day, but had put five balls in him as he lay on the log there, one of the balls going into his head.

"I aimed all of them at his head," he said, "and if I fired ten times, and I must have fired that often, where are the other five?"

"In that log, I guess, the most of them," explained his father. "But you have done very well. I could not do better myself. Only I would not keep blazing away after the bear was dead. That shot you put in his head was all he needed."

Ed went over to the farm. The farmer put saddles on two horses and they rode them over and brought in the bear, leaving the most of it with the farmer to pay him for the pigs and corn the bear had eaten, Ed said.

"We are square now," said the farmer. "I would as soon have him to eat as the pigs." Ed claimed the skin, and since then has had it tanned.

They put in the whole six weeks here, not going any higher up the river. The cabin made a first rate camp, and they did not want to leave it. Ed kept up the hunt for bears, but found no more of them.

A good part of the time was put in fishing. I had fished about there on the river but could catch nothing but cat-fish, which are there yet, it seems, but they got suckers and one large sturgeon as well. Ed got him, of course. He sends me an invitation to camp with them next year and hunt bears with a ball bat. May be I will.

CABIA BLANCO.

Down in Maine.

BANGOR, Me., Oct. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The past week has been one of a good deal of interest to those who watch the game shipments, since it was looked to, in a measure, to indicate the actual attitude of the non-residents toward the new law. Still, it is yet too early to tell with definiteness the actual deterrent effect it will have; but indications are that the falling off from previous seasons will be considerable. The shipments of deer through this city to date are largely to points within the State, although the last few days have shown an increase in the percentage of deer shipped to non-residents.

In this connection an interesting point came up with the wardens on duty at the Maine Central Station here this week. A sportsman from another State killed his two deer, but not wishing to ship both to his home, shipped but one, and sent the head of the other, under a taxidermist's tag, to the taxidermist who was to mount it. He then started for home with the feet and some other unimportant parts of his second deer in his hands, in a bundle. The latter being plainly open to view was, of course, clearly within the law. Still, as he had not expressed his second deer, the second set of coupons was still attached to his license, uncancelled, and if he so desired, he might readily come into the State later and kill and ship out a second deer, or rather a third. The wardens finally decided that the coupons must be detached from his license, and the proper one attached to the parts which he carried of his second deer, that there might be a proper record at Augusta of the number of deer killed, and to prevent abuse of the license. As the rules provide that the coupons must be detached by the express agent at whose office or station the game is shipped, this contingency evidently never occurred to the framers of the rules.

The astonishing record for bears, of which mention was made last week, continues to hold good, and still more members of the numerous bruin family are coming in, almost an average of one a day since the opening of the season. J. N. Barnes, of this city, left the other day for a hunting trip at Amherst, a town about 35 miles from this city, and within an hour of his arrival at that place had shot a bear, and the following morning the stage brought it in to be converted into a rug.

While, of course, the moose season does not open until Thursday of next week, and no moose heads can be shipped from Maine territory before then, the sportsmen who are in simply for deer, are finding them in abundance, even more numerous than most of them would have believed possible. S. L. Preble, of Waterville, who was at Pickerel Pond, a few miles out of

Oldtown, with two friends from the same city, saw in one day ten deer, which is the largest number, he says, that he ever saw in one day, practically together, in open season.

One jolly party of residents has just returned home after a most enjoyable and successful deer hunt at Askwith, some 20 miles west of Greenville, on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In the party were E. T. Wyman, A. F. Drummond, Robert H. Stobie, J. H. Bennett, J. A. Davison, W. A. Hager, S. A. Green, E. S. Jepson and M. J. Roderick, of Waterville, and their express bills called for two deer apiece for all but Hager, Green, Jepson and Roderick, who had but one each.

Landlord J. N. Berry, of the Lakewood Hotel, at Lakewood, N. J., who has been at Moosehead Lake for an outing, took out two deer as his share of Maine-raised venison for this year.

F. S. Snyder, owner of Camp Caribou, on Williams stream, a tributary of Moosehead Lake, who has been entertaining a party of friends there for the early hunting, sent home three bears the other day, and his brother, J. S. Snyder, has his full complement of deer.

F. H. Hayes, B. L. Call, W. L. Fay, of Dexter, and R. A. Kimball, of Bangor, who have been at Houston Pond, three miles from Katahdin Iron Works, have returned home with one deer apiece to their credit.

C. E. Brett and J. A. Thurlow, of South Paris, passed through this city this week on their return from a stay at Molunkus Lake, reached via Mattawamkeag, with two bucks and two does.

Rt. Rev. Wm. H. O'Connell, of Portland, Bishop of Maine for the Catholic Church, and his secretary, Rev. C. W. Collins, came near losing their deer a day or two since. They had been on an official visit to Winn and were taking home two nice deer. Having occasion to stop off at Oldtown, they let their deer go ahead of them, and the wardens seized the game, as it was not accompanied, the law providing that residents must accompany their game to its destination. As the weather has been too warm for real safe transportation of venison ever since October came in, the two deer must have been sold to keep it from spoiling, had not the reverend gentlemen put in an appearance that afternoon and claimed it.

ward Campbell and R. M. Barker, of Newark, N. J., have been on a trip to the Grant Farm, beyond Roach River, and secured a handsome buck apiece.

R. G. Miller, of New York City, who went to Nesowadnehunk Lake for his hunting trip, has sent to a taxidermist in this city two fine deer heads, and doubtless will add a moose to his record as soon as the law permits him to shoot one.

A Bangor taxidermist thinks that two Cambridge, Mass., sportsmen ought to be satisfied with their trip into New Brunswick, proof of which was in the shape of specimens sent here for mounting. The men in question are Francis T. Colby and P. Oakes, and they shot a bear, two caribou and a moose.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

In New England.

BOSTON, Oct. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is too early yet to say much about the success of our gunners, or what sort of a season we are to have for shooting upland birds this year. Dr. C. F. Berry, of Boston, writes that he went out once for quail without securing any birds. He says he "never saw a fall when the trees had changed so little by October 1. They are just as green and as thick with leaves as they were two months ago. Birds are therefore well protected, and you might walk over a quail and not know it."

He also reports that talking with several sportsmen he learned that a few partridges had been killed in Dover, and a good many quail have been seen in Medford. He also heard of a pheasant or two in Needham. He will start to-day for a week of bird shooting in New Hampshire. Mr. Charles Fowle, a taxidermist living in Burlington, reported to-day that he has seen several gunners in his section, especially on Sunday. He says he has seen a brood of seven young pheasants several times in one of the neighboring towns this season, and he expects to hear that they have been shot. Mr. George F. Gaines, president of the Klondike Gun Club, of Rockland, Mass., writes that sportsmen in his vicinity have not secured many birds, and some of them are of the opinion that the great amount of rain that fell during the spring months was disastrous to the young birds. His club, he says, has put out a large number of white rabbits, and would be glad if a law could be passed to protect them. The members have a club house on one of the large ponds in the town of Hanson.

Your readers will be pleased to learn that the two Fall River men who handled the consignment of short lobsters from Boston, of which I wrote in my last letter, have been convicted and fined.

Shore birds thus far have been in small supply in the Boston market and most of the gunners report light bags, but the easterly storm now raging with great severity along our coast will undoubtedly drive in a great number of birds, to the delight of the hunters. In conversation with Vice-President Wiggin, of the State Association, last evening, I was surprised to learn from him that last year 100 deer were killed in his native town, Sandwich, N. H. In the town of Canaan, only 17 miles from the seat of Dartmouth College, three deer were killed the first week of the open season this year. A fine hunting region is easily reached from Littleton, and it is reported that sportsmen are revelling in the condition now existing in that section. Almost daily someone returns with deer, bear or other game.

Two Littleton sportsmen recently killed two 200-pound deer at Nash Stream. Mr. Daniel Glines saw three bears near his house in Landaff, and succeeded in capturing one of them. Similar reports come from Celebrook and from the camps at Connecticut Lake.

One may go into any part of the three northern counties of New Hampshire, and by going a few miles from the centers of population into the forests, return well laden with spoils.

Vermont, too, is making a bid for sportsmen, and there are several counties in that State where farmers and travelers have seen herds of deer along the highways

and elsewhere. They are reported to be more numerous this year than ever before. Within the limits of the village of Bennington three have been seen within a few days. The open season is the last ten days of October, and local gunners, as well as quite a number from outside the State, will try their luck on the 22d of the month.

A Boston sportsman tells me a movement is on foot for the purchase of the camps, etc., at Carry Ponds, Me., for the benefit of a club of gentlemen who have been accustomed to go there from year to year. This gentleman is a native of Maine, has had much experience in fishing there, and says he has always had excellent sport on these ponds. A consignment of salmon for stocking Tuft's Pond, Kingfield, has been forwarded from one of the federal hatcheries, and fishermen are likely to have improved sport there, although there have been quite a good number of salmon captured this year, the largest 6¾ pounds. Woodcock shooting is reported good about Clear Water, some of the best shots bringing in from 10 to 20 birds a day.

Two members of the State Association, A. D. Thayer and Dr. Martin, of Franklin, have formed a party of twelve big-game hunters and left Friday evening for New Brunswick. I hear of other parties that will go soon. The field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club will be held at Harre the coming week, and will no doubt attract a large number of the devotees of fox hunting.

CENTRAL.

Wild Rice.

PHILADELPHIA.—Since the publication by the Government of "Bulletin No. 50. Wild Rice," its uses and propagation, I have received numerous letters of inquiry from different parts of the country. "Where can I get good wild rice seed?" Charles Gilchrist, of Port Hope, Ont., has an advertisement in *FOREST AND STREAM*, and probably may supply those who make application.

Mr. Edgar Brown has answered the question of how to plant it, in the bulletin referred to. He has left little to be written on the subject. I think, however, that it will grow better in two inches of water than in two feet, and probably four feet would be fatal to perfect development. Of this, however, I am not perfectly sure. It will certainly grow in brackish water; that is, water of little salinity, where there is tidal action. In sluggish streams and ponds where marine and plant life is active, and in profusion, throw in as much rock salt as seed. Twice the quantity of salt will do no harm. I have tried this successfully. The prime factor is patience and perseverance. D. M. HALLAM.

[For the republication of the Wild Rice bulletin referred to, see *FOREST AND STREAM* of Sept. 12, 1903.]

Paste it on Your Gun.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

There is a little notice on page 263 of the current number (Oct. 3) that I have thought might be put to a good use by some men who are in the habit of shooting at almost everything they see moving. The shape that this notice has been printed in suggests a use for it: that is, to cut it out and paste it on the stock, or still better on the barrel, of the gun, just back of the rear sight, if it is a rifle.

Should there be both a rifle and shotgun in this man's armory, then put it on the shotgun, or it might pay to send another copy of the paper and get a notice for each gun. Some county may save the expense of a coroner's inquest in consequence of this notice being on the gun. Put in on the gun by all means. We can read it in the paper, but we are liable to forget it when it is most needed. "Don't shoot until you see your game, and see that it is game and not a man" is about as good a piece of advice as can be given in the same number of words. CABIA BLANCO.

Tenth Annual Sportsmen's Show.

The tenth annual Sportsmen's Show will be held at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 10 to March 5, 1904.

In accordance with the suggestions of many of the exhibitors at former shows, it has been decided to adhere more closely for the show of 1904, to the lines that won for its earlier exhibits so great a degree of popularity among visiting sportsmen and such general satisfaction among exhibitors. For the coming show, no experiments will be tried: the best and most popular features of the past nine years will alone be employed; to these, more space will be given, and great effort exerted to make them complete in every detail: sports of the woods and the water, with gun, rifle and paddle will be attractively exploited, and every inducement will be offered manufacturers of sportsmen's supplies—guns, rifles, revolvers, fishing tackle, articles of camp equipment, boats, launches, canoes and sailing craft—to make extensive exhibits of their product and, together with their salesmen, to be present at the show to meet old customers, and to form the acquaintance of new ones.

There will be fly-casting, water games, rifle and revolver shooting, trap shooting, displays of game birds and animals, and the exhibits of camps.

Pennsylvania Grouse.

Messrs. Price Bros., of Pocono, report a goodly supply of ruffed grouse in the Pocono covers, and an excellent outlook for sport for the 1903 season, which opened on Thursday of this week.

Sourdnhunk.

WORCESTER, MASS., Oct. 9.—Having watched the Great Northern Paper Co.'s camp at Sourdnhunk since last April, when the crew went down river, and being in position to observe a good deal of the country surrounding that region, I thought I would drop *FOREST AND STREAM* a line. I notice in your columns about this being a great year for bears. I think this

is true, as the man with me and myself saw quite a number, and their tracks were in evidence everywhere around our camp and around other camps in the vicinity. William McLean, who owns a sporting camp at the lake, trapped a very large one at Black Brook, which is ten miles from Sourdnhunk Lake. Moose were very plentiful, and it was very common for us to see everywhere from six to ten every time we went up the lake. Even sitting outside the camp, we would often see one walking down the brook close by. The deer, driven by the fires which prevailed this summer toward the lake, were very plentiful also. Partridges were not too abundant, and we did not see many. The trout, for which Sourdnhunk Lake is famous, were about in the same humor as usual, and would bite on anything from a piece of pork to a bit of bark. Irwin Hunt, who has a sporting camp on Kidney Pond, right at the mouth of the Sourdnhunk stream, had several fishing parties, all of which were well pleased with their respective trips; quite a few of them got very good pictures of moose swimming across Kidney Pond. The fires played great havoc on many of the lumbering camps in that region (Bert Howe having three camps demolished, one at Black Brook and two in that vicinity). In closing I will say that I think any one looking for a little moose hunting this fall will do well to go to Sourdnhunk, as they being so plentiful there this summer, shows that there is some fine sport to be had in that region.

CLINTON FURNISS.

Sea and River Fishing.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Game Laws in Brief.

is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the Brief.

How Two Ministers Went a-Fishing

FISHING and apostleship, if we may judge from the early records, go well together—four at least of the chosen twelve being fishermen by occupation. And, indeed, when one comes to make fair analysis, there would seem to be quite a number of points of resemblance between the traits which should characterize fishers of men and fishers of fishes—such, e. g., as patience, perseverance, carefulness, caution, tact—to say nothing of *truthfulness*!

It is not at all to be wondered at, therefore, that two friendly ministers, myself and one whose parish was located in northeastern Maine, near the Schoodic waters, a chain of some forty spring-fed lakes, should have found themselves possessed of a simultaneous desire to tempt with seductive fly some of the plump landlocked salmon (ouananiche) which abound in said waters, than which it is but simple truth to say that a nobler or more gamy fish does not swim in any waters on this or any other continent. This is attested by the fact that often, on finding themselves "struck," they leap boldly some two feet out of the water preparatory for making strenuous battle.

For the sake of easy distinction we will call the name of the local minister simply X.; and as he was familiar with all the wilderness region and each of us had some skill with the paddle, it was decided that we would dispense with the customary Indian guide and paddle our own canoe. This, of course, was to be a birch, that marvel of lightness and grace which only aboriginal skill and patience can properly fashion. A few sheets of white bark, a few slats of fragrant cedar, all bound together with the smooth, sinewy cords of spruce rootlets; a few spoonfuls of pitch on the lappings here and there, and lo! all is done, everything staunch and trim and tight.

Providing ourselves therefore with one of goodly dimensions manufactured by a branch of the Passamaquoddy tribe residing on Lewys Island, and which floated on the water as light and dry as a cork and as graceful as a young swan, on a certain day in the early fall of 18— we proceeded to stow away therein our guns, rods, tackle, tent, and provisions for a brief and happy cruise in that wilderness region.

Up through Round Lake and Lewys Lake we passed till we came to the island, where were several birch canoes in process of construction by elderly men, some stalwart Indian youth skillfully shaping lithe maple paddles, to say nothing of sundry dark-eyed Indian maidens to whom our writers of early romance were so fond of introducing their patient readers.

Then on through Long Lake, Pokemoonshine Mountain looming up on the one hand and Musquash on the other, a cloudless sky of deepest blue bending over us, the water beneath being so pure and crystalline that pebbles could be distinctly seen on the bottom many fathoms below, while our canoe glided along as smoothly as a bird sailing through the air, the silence being unbroken save by the rhythmic lap—lap—lap of our paddles as we sped on our way. If there be any scene more restful and soothing to the tired man accustomed to walking the hot, dusty, city streets, or more fairy-like to one given to poetic fancies, I have yet to view it. It seems, in fact, to be a part of a new world, the old world with all its roar and hurry and rush and its manifold cares and worries being shut out and forgotten.

An hour before sunset, on a green little knoll just above Little Falls our camping ground is reached. So we have ample time before the dark came on to pitch our tent and provide our bed of soft, elastic spray from some thrifty young hemlocks growing hard by. Has it ever been your happy fortune to pass the night on such a fragrant bed, with the gentle stars shining through the open flap of your tent and the soothing murmurs of a nearby waterfall lulling every sense to peaceful slumbers and happy dreams? If not, then it will be impossible even to imagine how pleasantly the dawn of a new day breaks upon one, every faculty rejoicing in the sweet refreshment of unbroken rest.

Just a few casts of the fly in the quick water above the

falls bring a couple of as relishable three-pounders as one could wish for breakfast, even had appetites been less keen than those sharpened by the paddling exercise of the previous day, and the tonic ozone of the bracing wilderness air.

Then came the business of the day, X. carefully selecting the place just above the falls where our two breakfast salmon had been captured, and myself a rock near the middle of the stream some dozen rods further up.

And here occurred a marvel which to this day I have been utterly unable to account for, and which suggested the title of this communication. Was it luck? And if not, then what? Will some of my brother fishermen with a larger experience than my own please explain. Every once in a little while my fingers were made to tingle as by an electric shock as I felt that peculiar nervous vibration of line which every true sportsman knows so well, while the rapid whirring of the click-reel made a music more exhilarating than a Chopin waltz and sweeter to the ear than even a Beethoven symphony.

Then X. would cry out: "What! Got another? I can't get so much as even a single rise." In fact the history of that autumn morning might be set down about as follows:

Click! click! Whr-r-r-r goes my happy reel.

"What, still another! Why don't they take my flies?"

Click! click! Whr-r-r-r!

"Another one! What sort of fly are you using?"

The information is given and X. changes his flies accordingly. But with the change of flies there yet comes no change in luck.

Click! click! whr-r-r-r! again sings out my reel while his remains most perversely silent. No wonder that at length his patience—though I am happy to say that not his temper—is almost exhausted, and that he cries out:

"No fish here! Those two which you caught for breakfast were the last of the lot. They have all gone up to your rock!"

"Well," said I, "let's change places. I am sure I don't deserve all the luck."

So the places were changed, but still the luck did not seem to change. "Click! click! whr-r-r-r!" my reel would keep going while his still was silent.

At length X. cried out: "I believe that the luck is all in the flies—that some sort of happy spell has been laid on yours and one just the reverse has been laid on mine. Can't you spare me a few of your flies?"

"With all my heart. Plenty of them. Here's my book. Take your choice and all that you want."

But somehow the "happy spell" did not seem to follow the flies after they left my book.

"Click! click! whr-r-r-r!" my reel would keep going while his remained as perverse as ever.

I wish I could tell you all the various expedients we tried to break the unlucky spell of which my friend complained. Change of places, change of flies, change of rods, even change of reels and lines, all seemed to make no least difference. So that, when our day's labors were ended, more than a score of plump ouananiche graced my pile while only a meagre three were found in his.

Now the problem is simply this: How to account for this great difference? How, on the one hand, was X., who had lived for years within twenty miles of Grand Lake Stream, had been there time and again, and who prided himself on being one of the best casters of a fly in all that region. And how, on the other hand, was myself, an inexperienced angler, who had never so much as cast a fly till a single year previous, and with only a common rod and tackle, and yet the net results of our day's work stood as twenty to three. As I have said before, I have never to this day been able to account for the discrepancy. Had the numbers been just reversed, the twenty being to his credit and the three to mine, I could very easily account for it all; but, the case being as it is, makes it all a puzzle. Is there not really such a thing as pure unadulterated unaccountable luck? And now, after subsequent years have added somewhat to my piscatorial experiences, when I meet with poor success and come out second best, may I not give myself just a grain of comfort and say: "Well, it was all just that other fellow's luck?"

AVERY S. WALKER.

WELLSLEY HILLS, Mass.

Trout Fishing at Night.

THE trout has been persistently sought from the early morning until the darkening shades of night; but how many of us can boast of having taken him with the fly during the midnight hours?

Night fishing is a mode of angling for which we are indebted to an old fly-tyer and fisherman who had his home on the banks of Spring Creek, a noted stream in western New York. This manner of fishing is very similar to our fly-fishing, except that the flies, which are several sizes larger than our day flies, are drawn much slower through the water. They are intended to represent the caddis fly, a fly which derives its name from the case or shell which the larvæ constructs for itself from various foreign substances, including small sticks, stones, shells, etc. The grub lives under the water until it is ready to be transformed into the fly, is very voracious, devouring large quantities of fish spawn, and is extensively used by anglers for bait. The fly makes its appearance about the middle of June, although, like other flies, is subject to the season. It varies in color, having sometimes a brown wing, sometimes a mottled, and still again being entirely white, when it is then known as the white miller. During the day it clings to the bushes along the stream, and as the shades of night begin to fall, makes its appearance.

The night fisher rigs up his leader with the artificial imitations of this fly, which in his vocabulary are known as "night flies"; generally two, yet often three, but never more, as more would be difficult to cast. Perhaps in his inside pocket may be found a small box of worms, or more modestly "barnyard hackle." On this article discussion is forbidden, as it has somewhat the scent of bait-fishing, nevertheless, a little bait on the lead fly often takes the trout where the bare fly fails.

Thus equipped, the fisherman sallies forth. If the night is dark and no moon, so much the better. The favorite spot is reached just before dark. The angler

sits back in the bushes, where a good view of the stream can be had, to wait for the fish to begin feeding. A slight motion in the water tells him that the big fellows are coming up out of their hiding places and slowly moving into shallow water to lie in wait for the nice, fat caddis fly.

Now the last ray of day has disappeared, and everything is quiet save the flap of a fish as he leaps for a fly which is rather high, or the splash of a muskrat as he plunges off a nearby log to pursue his nightly occupations. The angler creeps quietly out of the bushes, pushing his rod ahead of him. The first few casts are made where the fish are not feeding, merely to get out a little line. Then a cast is made just behind a bunch of watercress, where a good-sized trout has been feeding. There is a rush, a swirl, and the fun begins. A small net is produced from somewhere, and the fish, a fine brook trout, is stowed away in the basket. In like manner several others are landed. He has just made a cast clear up to the projecting bank, a mighty swirl and a ting as the hook strikes solid. Now is the time that the angler forgets all his worldly troubles. A thrill of excitement shoots through him as the fish, "an old socker," rushes across the stream toward a friendly stake. To allow him to make one turn around this stake would mean a broken leader and a free fish. All this passes through the angler's mind like a flash, and at the risk of his tackle he holds him fast, and finally succeeds in turning him up stream. The slack line trick, with which the old trout has freed himself several times before, is resorted to, but the automatic reel is equal to the occasion, and never an inch of line does he get. Several more rushes, each one shorter than the one preceding, and he begins to sulk, occasionally coming to the surface with a splash. Thus, after being drawn several times almost to the net, he is landed, the largest of the season, a good three-pounder. He is rapped on the head to kill him, and this time the cover of the basket has to be opened, the hole in it being too small.

The fish in this place being thoroughly frightened, our night fisher moves on to the next hole with mixed feelings of congratulation and anticipation. By this time it is far into the night and very dark. The bare flies fail to attract the fish so well, so, out of the depths of the inside pocket come the worms which are used to capture a few more. These being safely landed and put with the others in the basket, the angler, now well satisfied with his catch, winds up his line, securely fastens it, picks his way back through the woods, and takes his way across the fields to his home.

Of course, this kind of fishing is not without its difficulties. The slippery log, the overhanging tree, etc., hardly ever fail to play their part; but to the true disciple of Izaak, these only serve to add to the fascination of the sport, as well as to furnish pleasant thoughts for many a weary hour. It also brings us into touch with that part of nature which is only seen at night, and which I dare say a great many of us know little about.

H. K. A.

The Devil's Lake and its Big Trout.

SITUATED in the very heart of the Canadian Rockies, and surrounded by scenery of the grandest description, the watering place of Banff is one of the garden spots of the New World. From May to September the splendid hotel built by the C. P. R. is crowded with visitors from every part of Canada and the United States, brought there either by the beauty of the place or by the fame of the natural hot sulphur springs, which are reputed to be an unfailing cure for rheumatism and many of the other ills which poor human flesh is heir to. There are plenty of trout, too, and grayling in the Bow and Spray rivers, which join their waters just below the hotel, but to the angler the great attraction is Lake Minnewanka, or the Devil's Lake, nine miles away. It is a long, narrow sheet of water lying embosomed among the everlasting hills, and no one looking at it, as I did, for the first time on a perfect August day, with its calm surface of brilliant blue unbroken by a ripple, and reflecting the mighty surrounding peaks as faithfully as a mirror, would think that it could possibly deserve its ill-omened name, or the many bad stories told of it by both red and white men.

Nevertheless, the lake has always borne a bad reputation among the Indians, who are very chary of venturing upon its surface either in summer or when sheeted with ice in the hard Canadian midwinter. The popular notion is that deep down in mid lake His Satanic Majesty has his abode, or at least one of his abodes, and that if anyone afloat offends him in any way, either by word or deed, a huge hand and arm is thrust up out of the depths, and both boat and occupants dragged down to a watery grave. A sure way of giving offense and bringing retribution upon oneself is to sing or whistle while fishing, and even the white men in the neighborhood—though, of course, they profess utter disbelief in these legends—are in reality very careful to suppress their musical tendencies on the lake, even in the calmest of summer weather. Like all long and narrow mountain lakes, Lake Minnewanka is very subject to sudden and fierce squalls, and no doubt in days past many a boatman has paid the penalty of over-confidence; hence the lake has gained its diabolic name and reputation, a reputation shared more or less by the whole neighborhood, as a few miles away the Ghost River, with its uncanny name, will show. Be these things as they may, there is no doubt about the number and size of the trout who share his majesty's domicile in the lake. Ten, twelve and fifteen-pounders are common, twenty-pounders by no means rare, and occasional monsters of thirty pounds, and even forty pounds, are dragged from the infernal regions into the light of day. One of over forty pounds is to be seen in the museum at Banff, and Mr. Astley, the host of the small hotel on the lake shore, has the heads and measurements of several over thirty pounds.

Singularly confiding, too, are these big fellows. There is no need of fine tackle; anything finer than a ship's cable is fine enough, and that notwithstanding that the water is the clearest I have ever seen. Mr. Astley himself never uses a gut trace, but attaches his lure direct

to a good, strong reel line with the best of results. The best, indeed, I found it the only, bait is a good-sized gold spoon, the efficacy of which is much increased by the addition of a strip cut from the side of the first victim. Phantom and Devon minnows I have tried in vain, but no doubt if I had not been trolling a spoon on the other side of the boat, I might have accounted for one or two with them. I have paid two visits to Lake Minnewanka—the first in August, 1899, when I stopped off at Banff on my way across the continent to hunt wapiti on Vancouver Island, an account of which trip appeared in the columns of the Field.

Beautiful as Banff is, and amusing as the cosmopolitan throng of visitors was, I had not come to Canada for that sort of thing, and one fine morning I packed my bag, and two rods, a single-handed 13-foot white trout rod which had already been the death of many a white and brown trout and not a few salmon, and a small 10-foot Farlow, and hired a "rig" for the nine-mile drive through the National Park, and past the enclosure of 500 or 600 acres, where a thriving herd of some twenty buffaloes are kept.

Arriving at the lake, I was most hospitably received by Mr. Astley, a good sportsman, and like many others in the same position in the New World, a cultured and refined gentleman, and, therefore, a charming companion as well as host. I set to work as soon as I had swallowed luncheon, and it was not long before my little 10-footer was bending double under the strain of a six-pound fish. I fished with varying success for two days and a half, losing many fish from the fact of my rods not being stiff enough to drive the big hooks home, and the total bag amounted to nineteen trout, varying from four pounds to nine and a half pounds, besides six grayling, caught one evening with blue-bottle flies, varying from one and one-half to three pounds. Mr. Astley told me that I was too late in the season to get any of the real big fellows, and that he very seldom got anything over twelve or fifteen pounds after the end of June.

I determined, therefore, to have another try earlier, if anything brought me into this part of the world again, and last year (1902), on my way to Alaska, I again stopped off at Banff early in May, and after one night spent almost in solitude at the Sanitarium Hotel, as the tourist season had not yet commenced and the big hotel was not open, drove out along the well-membered road full of eager anticipations. Alas, when I arrived in view of what ought to have been an open sheet of water ruffled by a strong northeast wind, an ominous stillness was apparent, although the lake was still some two miles distant. It was quite obvious that the ice had not yet gone, and I could only hope that there might be enough open water to give me some sort of a chance. I found Mr. Astley at the door of his house, just the same as before, and very pleased to see me, and his daughter, who had been three years before a little golden-haired tot of ten, and a great friend of mine, grown into quite a big girl, and a trifle shyer than she used to be, but still not forgetful of her old friend. There were about three acres only of open water at the near end of the lake, and along its whole length of eleven miles not another spot could we see. Mr. Astley was not hopeful. No trout had yet been killed, but if the wind did not change we could at least go out and try. But change it did before I could swallow some lunch and get the boat in the water, and in ten minutes the ice was grinding on the shore, and not enough water in sight to float an egg shell.

There was nothing to be done but to try for trout in the Cascade River, which runs out of the lake, which I did all the afternoon without moving a fin. Next morning a good off-shore wind gave us great hopes, but after exactly an hour's fishing and a six-pound trout, the first of the season, round it went again, and home we had to go. This time I had no rods of my own with me, and had bought an American split-cane rod at Banff, which cost \$6.50, or 25 shillings. The wretched thing snapped short across above the reel like a carrot directly my first fish struck, and I had to hand play the fish and borrow another rod from my host. The third day was worse than ever—an unbroken sheet of ice for some three miles from our end of the lake, though the gap of open water beyond was evidently widening, the ice having been broken up a good deal by the strong wind which had blown all night.

This day I did not fish at all, but went for a long walk along the trail which leads through the mountains by the Ghost River country to the plains. The next day hope returned, there was a couple of miles of water at our end and an open channel a couple of hundred yards wide on each side for at least a mile further. We went at first along the right hand side, and, after trolling without success until we were nearly at the end of this channel, I suddenly noticed that it was getting perceptibly narrower, although there was not a breath of wind. We had to turn and race for it, as it is an ugly thing getting nipped in the ice, which moves with irresistible force on these big sheets of water and piles itself up sometimes 10 or 12 feet high on the shore while breaking up. We just did it and no more, and then decided to try the opposite channel, which this movement of the ice had naturally made wider.

On our way across the end of the lake my host's small boy, who was with us, and who was trolling a spoon on a hand line, hooked a trout, which he hauled in manfully hand over hand, until he had it within a couple of feet of the boat. I had, meanwhile, reeled up my line all except a few feet, and my spoon was dangling close alongside. As I leaned over to gaff the trout for the boy, the hold gave way and the spoon dropped out of his mouth, but without losing a second he just darted round the stern of the boat and seized my bait, almost pulling rod and all overboard. I caught it just in time, and, luckily, finding all clear, had the satisfaction, five minutes later, of landing a lusty nine-pounder. This shows how voracious the trout of this lake are just when the frost breaks up. Two minutes after I was stuck in another, but lost him after five minutes' play. By this time we were well into the left-hand channel, and here I hooked a third, which I landed—another nine-pounder. After trolling up the channel as far as the ice would allow, we turned to go

back, and just at the same spot where I had killed the last trout I found myself fast again. This was evidently a bigger fish, and a better fighter than any I had yet encountered, and it took several minutes to get on terms with him. Before I had well done so, I became aware of a crashing, grinding sound all round us, and saw the ice again in rapid motion coming back to us, and rapidly filling up the narrow channel and piling itself up in high banks on the shore. Astley adjured me to break at once before it was too late to get out, as, although we were so close to the shore that there was very little danger to ourselves, there was every probability of the boat being crushed like an egg shell. I dropped the rod, and with the line in my fingers, pulled for all I was worth, either to break or to haul my friend in by main force. A good, new reel line and a steel trace enabled me to do the latter, and a big, fine trout it was I pitched inboard amid a tangled mass of line, without even taking the hooks out of his mouth, just as the ice closed in on us. In a second we, two men and the small boy of nine, were out of the boat, and not without considerable exertion, had her up on the ice just in time to save her being stove in.

We had then to drag her about 200 yards across the surface of the ice, which, although still some 7 or 8 inches thick, was quite rotten on the top for about 2 inches before we could float her again, and then ensued another race to the beach opposite Astley's house. Five minutes after we landed, all that end of the lake was ice-bound again, and thus ended my second expedition to the Devil's Lake, as I had to go away next day, and it never cleared again before my departure. We agreed that although we had got the better of him this time, the tutelary genius (?) of the place must certainly have taken offense at us and have been doing his best to thwart us and spoil our scheme. This last trout was the best and biggest of the lot, weighing twelve pounds, and is, I suppose, the best I shall capture in this lake, though I know from ocular experience that many finer specimens are there to reward anyone lucky enough to be on the spot late in May or early in June.

These trout are unlike any I have seen elsewhere, and the natives say they are peculiar to the lake. They are not handsome to look at, though broad and thick and well shaped. Their color is a dirty gray, and they are rather mottled like a mackerel than spotted like a trout. They have an adipose fin like all the *Salmonidae*, and their flesh is rather a pale orange than pink, but firm and very good to eat. I took memoranda of the number of fin rays, etc., but have unfortunately lost or mislaid them. They are not champion fighters, and play rather more like a sea fish than a trout; in fact, they remind me strongly of the many bouts I have had with coalfish and lythe on the west coast of Scotland. Still, with my small single-handed fly-rods I had good enough sport with them to satisfy anyone, and on my last day, if the titular owner of the lake had been more charitably disposed, and had kept the ice off a little more than an hour and a half, I had three fish weighing twelve, nine and nine pounds, respectively, and lost another. The chance of a forty-pounder may be remote, but they assuredly do exist, and apart from the charm of the locality, this chance is enough to make it worth the while of any sportsman traveling across Canada to pay a visit to the Devil's Lake.—R. Claude Cane in London Field.

Pollution of Lake Champlain.

THE wealthy residents and landowners round and about the region of Lake Champlain have been aroused by the actions of the lawless element in the Adirondacks. That element, emboldened by the immunity from arrest of the assassin of Orrando P. Dexter, last week threatened the life and property of Mr. Edward Hatch, Jr., whose preserve lies due east of the scene of the Dexter tragedy. These summer visitors to Lake Champlain are more determined than ever to support Mr. Hatch as leader in the fight against the owners of the pulp mills who have been turning their chemical refuse into the rivers which pollute the lake and kill the fish. They have also determined to make every effort to capture the men who have threatened Mr. Hatch's life, and to that end have engaged detectives to take up the case.

There has been some delay in presenting the results of the official investigation of the waters of Lake Champlain and the Bouquet and Au Sable rivers, recently made by Professor Olin H. Landreth, consulting engineer of the State Department of Health, to Governor Odell, but it is expected that the report will be placed in the latter's hands early next week. Meanwhile the mills are keeping up their work of pollution and destruction in defiance of the law.

With each succeeding week the ranks of the residents and property holders engaged in the fight against the offending mills gains in numbers, strength and influence. Dr. Seward Webb, who has just returned from Europe, has announced that he is determined to stop the lake's pollution. His famous preserve, Shelburne Farms, stretches for eight miles on the shore opposite the river on which the pulp mills are located. It is expected that Dr. Webb's wealth and social and political influence will be an important factor in bringing the mill owners to terms.

As president of the Catholic Summer Home Association, with its fine sweep of property on the shores of the lake near Plattsburgh, the Rev. Father Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth avenue, New York, has interested himself in the contest. In speaking with a representative of FOREST AND STREAM on the pollution of the lake, Father Lavelle said that he had often noticed the presence of impurities in the waters, which he had been told was caused by the refuse of the pulp mills. "However," said he, "I am not as well posted on the subject as the superintendent of the Catholic Summer Home, and I will write him at once to make a full investigation and to let me know at the earliest moment the exact condition of affairs. I have decided to await this report before taking an active interest in the matter."

Mr. A. G. Paine, Jr., General Manager of the New York and Pennsylvania Company, was seen in New York city the other day and asked to make a statement in regard to the pulp mill nuisance. Said he:

"The New York and Pennsylvania Company have had a pulp mill on the banks of the Bouquet River for the last twenty years, and have manufactured there pure cellulose from white poplar wood, which is dissolved by boiling with soda, and this soda, after the boiling, is practically all recovered, so that the only residuum allowed to escape is a trace of soda and a trace of spent lime, which is equivalent to nothing more or less than sand. The examination recently made by Prof. Landreth will show, when he makes his report, that, instead of rendering the water impure, the flowage from the mill has a tendency to purify it, and this fact will no doubt be embodied in his report to the State authorities. This is the only conclusion that can be justly arrived at. I myself have a residence on a point of the lake near the mouth of the river, which I have occupied for more than five years, and during that time I have used the water for all domestic purposes with absolutely no ill effects.

"It was about fifteen years ago that the first complaint was made against our mill, and as a remedy we ceased dumping our lime sludge into the river while the fish were running, as some people erroneously thought it was harmful to them. You see, notwithstanding we knew it was more beneficial than harmful to the fish, we respected the complaint.

"A few years later we received more complaints about the presence of our lime sludge in the river and lake, and as a result, we built at large cost, a great dyke to keep the lime sludge from escaping into the river and thence out in the lake. So we now dump nothing in the river but clear waste water having in it but a trace of soda and spent lime, which in fact is just like the lime juice served at a soda fountain in a drug shop, only infinitely more weak. In fact, it is the same thing only not nearly so strong as the lime juice nowadays generally put in milk on which babies are nourished.

"Indeed," animatedly concluded Mr. Paine, "our waste water with its trace of soda and lime, if the public only knew it, tends to star the waters of the lake and make them brighter and more sparkling than nature could accomplish. As a matter of fact, instead of being persecuted as we have been, we should really be paid, and paid well, for clarifying and purifying the waters of the river and the lake."

A prominent railway official, who is known to have large milling interests in the Lake Champlain region, and who desired to have his name withheld from publication, on the grounds that he did not wish to be personally brought into the matter, made some remarkable statements when seen by the FOREST AND STREAM representative. Said he:

"I really can't see what all this row is about. All this talk about the pollution of Lake Champlain is Simon-pure poppycock. On the contrary, the mills are doing noble work in purifying the lake waters from the various contaminations, natural and otherwise, that are emptied into it. In this respect, and many others of a like character, the mills are really performing a most glorious public service.

"From time to time I have read articles in the papers telling about the alleged pollution of Au Sable River by the J. & J. Rogers pulp mill located there—arrant nonsense. This mill, as I well know, uses spruce timber in making its pulp, and it is true employs large amounts of sulphurous acid. What of that? Let me tell you that I have many times made a pilgrimage to the mill for the special purpose of drinking the sulphurous water discharged by it into the river. The sulphurous properties the water contains makes of it a wonderful tonic, rejuvenating to the entire system. After taking only half a dozen glasses of the water it has made me feel like a new man, and I know many others who have had the same experience. People often travel a thousand miles to drink and bathe in sulphurous waters that can't be compared with the waste waters of this mill. Search the world over and I doubt if you will be able to find a body of men of such magnificent physique as those employed in the mill there. Every man of them over six feet high and strong as an ox. These men drink and bathe in the water daily. Indeed, I am seriously thinking of erecting a sanitarium there which would be bound to be a great success."

"Is the sulphurous waste good for the fish, too?" ventured the reporter.

"Remarkably so," was the response. "Each year I find them growing in size and beauty, and their numbers constantly increasing. They appear to have greatly increased in liveliness, too, and this gives added zest to the sport of fishing.

"One thing more. I have seen it mentioned that the mill owners are denuding the grand forests about the lake, and thus destroying another of its renowned beauties and attractions. Nothing could be further from the truth. The work of cutting down the trees to make paper pulp is all in charge of expert landscape gardeners who spare no pains in producing lovely sylvan effects that in time will make the whole region round and about Lake Champlain the garden spot of the world."

It wasn't Baron Munchausen, come to life, who said these things. It was just a plain American railroad president with milling interests about the lake.

In commenting on the present status of the case, Mr. Hatch said:

"It appears that Lake Champlain is not the only body of water in which fish are dying by the wholesale on account of poisonous chemicals dumped into tributary waters by paper mills, which thus disregard the rights of the public, instead of otherwise disposing of their refuse. According to the Paper Trade Journal's Indianapolis correspondent, five suits for damages against the American Straw Board Company have been instituted by Madison county landowners, and transferred to the United States Circuit Court. The complaints allege that the Straw Board Company pours into White River more than 800,000 gallons of refuse daily from its plant, which, it is alleged, has had the effect to pollute the stream. The poisonous qualities of this matter have killed all the fish in the stream below the mill, and in addition made the water so bad that cattle would not drink it. Another cause of complaint against the paper company is that the debris thrown into the stream lodges along the banks of the river, making the vicinity unhealthy, owing to the distressing odors that arise therefrom.

"From Dayton, Ohio, also come complaints of a similar nature. It is stated that great schools of dead fish have appeared on the surface of the rivers in that vicinity,

and the health authorities, impelled to take action by the complaints of citizens interested in fish and game, have determined to find out the exact status of affairs in that connection. It is declared that the State authorities will take up the case, and if the straw board manufacturers are offenders the State Board will make it warm for them.

"Legislators in Vermont and elsewhere have not hesitated to take action against the dumping of sawdust into streams, and it will be no more of a hardship to compel paper manufacturers to dispose of their refuse in some other way than by dumping it into our rivers than to force the owners of other mills to do this. If there was no other way for paper mills but to pour poisonous chemicals into the streams on which they are located, the situation would be entirely different; but even in that case there would be a question concerning the right of the individual as compared with the welfare of the community. In point of fact, however, mill owners in some cases have instituted new means of disposing of their refuse, only to revert later on to the pollution of streams; and there is no reason, save the question of expense, why such refuse should not be dumped on premises prepared for this particular purpose. In the course of time the people of every State in the Union will come to realize fully the dangers which threaten them in the pollution of our rivers and will legislate accordingly."

P.

Albino Brook Trout.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A number of letters received since the closing of the State Fair at Syracuse, indicate that the extensive exhibit of live fish made by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, attracted no little attention, and that the albino trout excited considerable curiosity. These trout came from the Adirondack hatchery located at Saranac Inn. The foreman of the hatchery, Mr. Grant E. Winchester, writes thus concerning them: "They were hatched from the regular brook trout eggs in March, 1902, which makes them about one and one-half years old. There were about fifty of them, some being of a silver bluish-gray appearance, but the most of them pure yellowish-white. They were placed in a separate compartment and given the best possible care and attention, but all have died except two of the pure albinos and two of the bluish-grays. The albinos have the crimson spots and pink eyes, but the grays show no spots."

Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, the well-known expert, when informed of the exhibit, stated that "The albino form of brook trout is by no means common, but has appeared sporadically in several localities within the last ten years." These "freaks" are apparently none the worse for being exhibited at the State Fair, and the hatchery foreman intends to experiment with breeding from them this fall. Should the fish die they will be mounted for the exhibit which the Commission is to make at St. Louis.

JOHN D. WHISH, Secretary.

[The Minnesota Commission used to have a stock of albino brook trout at the St. Paul hatchery.]

The Kennel.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Telegony.

THE following is the London Field's reply to a correspondent, whose spaniel bitch had whelped a litter to a mongrel dog, and who asked whether a future litter would be affected thereby, even if by pure blood sire:

The opinion that is expressed by our correspondent's friends is exceedingly general. We have known numerous instances of valuable dogs being destroyed under similar circumstances, they being regarded as practically spoiled for breeding purposes. From the same cause we have known valuable short-horned cows regarded as useless for breeding stock. It is singular that so general a belief in the doctrine of the influence of a first sire should prevail, when it is so easily confuted by practical experiment. The valuable long-continued experiments of Professor Cossar Ewart have removed all scientific belief in this doctrine. He bred seventeen hybrid Burchell's zebras from various mares of very different breeds. Some of these produced first foals to the zebra, and others had been mated previously. In every case these mares, after producing zebra hybrids, were mated with horses, and in not one single instance was the slightest trace of the previous zebra sire manifested. Anatomically and physiologically considered, there is no foundation for the belief in what may be termed telegony or breeding back to a former sire. The blood of the mother and that of the offspring do not mingle. So to speak, there is no possibility of the contamination of the mother by the blood of the hybrid. These experiments of Professor Ewart are regarded by scientists as settling the question, but they are not accepted by the uninformed public. One of the strangest things possible is that this doctrine, although believed by the majority of people, is never acted upon by themselves as regards the human species. A man who marries a widow does not expect that children born subsequently to his marriage will appear in the likeness of her first husband, and where different races of mankind interbred, such a thing is not observed or even suspected. We do not give this reply with the idea that our opinion will generally be accepted. The prejudices of the uninformed public are not to be overcome by facts.

Boston Terrier Show.

Preparations for the much-heralded Boston Terrier Show, at Boston, Nov. 17, 18, 19, are progressing very favorably, and everything points to a most successful affair. The premium lists are now ready for mailing. This show is given under the auspices of The Boston Terrier Club. The Bench Show Committee, chosen from its members, are men who have very much at

heart the best interests of the breed. There will be twenty classes, \$600 in cash prizes, nearly 100 specials already received, and others expected; also, this will be a four-point show. Entry fee \$3. Mr. Dwight Baldwin is the judge. Cash prizes and trophies will be offered in every conceivable manner, so that there should be no dog entered but what will be eligible to compete for some one or various specials. Horticultural Hall is where the show will be held. Entries close on Monday, Nov. 2. Write Mr. Arthur Mulvey, Room 408, 74 Boylston Street, Boston, for premium lists and entry blanks.

The National Beagle Club of America.

THE fourteenth annual field trials of the National Beagle Club of America, will commence on Nov. 9, at Howardsville, Albemarle county, Va., at the invitation of Dr. and Mrs. Henry Dickson Bruns and General and Mrs. T. M. Logan, on their plantations known as Duncannon and Algoma, where all members of the club and all those making entries will be their guests during the trials.

It is the desire of the club that all members of the club and all persons making entries who expect to attend the trials, will so notify the secretary as soon as possible, and also state the number of dogs which they expect to enter, so that ample accommodations may be arranged.

CHARLES R. STEVENSON, Sec'y.

Yachting.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1903, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

- First prize, \$75.00.
- Second prize, \$50.00.
- Third prize, \$25.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1903.
2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.
3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.
4. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.
5. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.
6. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.
7. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, on or before Nov. 15, 1903.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON has shown a disposition to revive trans-Atlantic yacht races by offering a twenty-five hundred dollar cup for that purpose, the trophy to be a perpetual challenge cup and the races to be sailed from Sandy Hook to the Needles. The contest will be open to sloops, yawls and schooners, and the races to be sailed without time allowance. Sir Thomas suggested that a second prize valued at one thousand dollars be offered by the club accepting his offer. The Atlantic Y. C. will more than likely become the custodian of the cup, as Commodore Tod is very enthusiastic on the subject of ocean races, and has done much to encourage them the past two years.

The German Emperor will soon present to the New York Y. C. a handsome cup, and although the conditions governing the trophy are not known, it is more than likely that it will be offered for ocean races.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Oct. 11.—Nearly everything pertaining to yachting in Massachusetts Bay has, at the present time, become a question of rules governing the present restricted classes or those to govern proposed new classes which may, or may not, be adopted at the fall meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, to be held next Thursday evening. The rules governing the proposed new classes have been published and sent broadcast among the yachtsmen so that any weakness may be discovered and changes recommended before the classes may be actually formed and yachts built for them.

The need of new classes, or some radical changes in the rules governing the rules of the present restricted classes, has been apparent for some time, and particularly so during the past season. At the annual meeting of the Association it was resolved to instruct the Executive Committee to look into the matter of new rules and to report

restrictions to govern any new classes that might be deemed necessary for the Association to adopt. The Executive Committee will recommend at the coming meeting that class D, 25-footers, class E, 22-footers, and class I, 18-footers, be retained, and that three new classes be adopted, the proposed conditions of which were published in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM.

It may seem strange, after such radical types were produced for the 25ft. class in the past season, that the Executive Committee should recommend the retention of the class. It is understood that the members of the committee were not all of one mind in regard to the matter. They were of one mind that the types of boats that have been produced within the past year are undesirable and are far from being what was intended to be produced under the rules. It was realized, however, that several men had invested money in the construction of these boats, in good faith, and that it would be unfair to them to throw the boats out of all racing at a time when they could not be disposed of for racing in other sections of the country, and would hardly be marketable for wholesome cruisers. So the committee recommends retaining the class, believing that nobody will care to invest in any more extreme "slabs" for it, and that the class will die a natural death.

There have been several things that cropped up in the 22ft. class since its formation that were not down on the programme when the class was formed. There was found to be a little mixup between the waterline length and the displacement as against the figures laid down in the rules. This was fixed up, however, by making the rules conform to the boats that had been built, a little irregular proceeding but one that appeared to suit the owners, and the yachts had fairly good racing throughout the season. Both this class and the 18ft. knockabouts—which, by the way, are just as popular as ever—are governed by associations of their own, and would be in on the racing whether accepted by the Association or not.

There are some protests, appealed to the Association in the past season's racing, that have yet to be figured in the percentages for the season. The following official list, issued by Secretary A. T. Bliss, to Sept. 10, will undoubtedly need some changes, but will give some idea of the work of the yachts:

Class D—25-footers.			
	Starts.	Total Per cent.	Average Per cent.
Sally VII., L. F. Percival.....	14	1240	92 1-7
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop.....	11	775	70 5-11
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	16	1081	67 9-16
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton.....	8	361	51 1-2
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	9	238	26 4-9
Seboomook, B. A. Smith.....	4	195	24 3-8
Class E—22-footers.			
Opitsah V., S. H. and H. I. Foster.....	19	1566	82 8-19
Medric, H. H. White.....	18	1068	59 1-3
Chief, S. C. Winsor.....	16	891	55 3-5
Tayac, W. H. Joyce.....	10	548	54 1-5
Urchin, John Greenough.....	6	318	37 2-5
Class S—21-footers.			
Mildred II., S. P. Moses.....	10	749	74 1-10
Perhaps II., J. E. Robinson.....	5	349	69 4-15
Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.			
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.....	18	1323	73 2-5
Miss Modesty, B. S. Permar.....	12	866	72 1-10
Question, J. H. Hunt.....	18	1277	70 17-18
Domino, C. C. Clapp.....	20	1248	62 4-5
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster.....	16	1002	62 5-8
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch.....	16	917	57 5-16
Chance, Reginald Boardman.....	7	560	56
Mirage, J. W. Olmstead.....	17	869	51 1-10
Arrow, E. A. Boardman.....	6	478	47 5-6
Wink, L. B. Goodspeed.....	11	485	44
Patrice, A. W. Finley.....	11	381	34 7-11
Kittiwake IV., H. M. Jones.....	6	298	29 5-6
Biza, Alfred Douglas.....	6	278	27 1-6
Crow, Hooper and Lauriat.....	8	278	27 1-6
Yo San, R. J. Randolph, Jr.....	9	231	23 1-9
Myrmidon, W. C. Loring, Jr.....	5	228	22 4-5
Humbug, Cole and Bacon.....	5	205	20 1-2
Osprey, A. R. Train.....	6	146	14 1-2
Moslem, B. D. Barker.....	2	132	13 1-5
Walada, W. W. Rowse.....	2	40	4
Matillian II., F. L. Woods.....	2	36	3 1-2
Nicknack, E. B. Holmes.....	5	20	2

Crowninshield has an order for a fast steam freight lighter to ply between Brunswick, N. J., and New York city. He has also orders for a six-masted schooner and a three-masted schooner, owners to be announced later.

Burgess & Packard have an order for a 21-footer for Kenneth Stevenson, of Detroit. She will race under the rules of the Country Club. They have also an order for an auxiliary 24-footer for Mr. Holmes, of Plymouth, and have orders for three 18-footers.

At a recent meeting of the Twenty-two Foot Cabin Yacht Association it was voted to increase the minimum freeboard to 23 inches and to reduce the height of the cabin two inches, still preserving the headroom of 4ft. 8in. H. H. White, H. H. Walker and W. H. Joyce were elected judges, all the other officers being re-elected.

Hollis Burgess has sold the 31ft. waterline auxiliary sloop Hostess, owned by J. Murray Forbes, of Milton, Mass., to Robert G. Shaw, of Wellesley, Mass. The Hostess is a fine type of the modern auxiliary, and is equipped with a 20 horse-power Lozier engine of the latest model, capable of driving her at a high rate of speed. Mr. Shaw will use her for cruising and day sailing at Vineyard Haven.

Small Bros. have orders for a 30ft. yawl for E. S. Bell, of North Swansea, a 28ft. auxiliary yawl for H. E. Pratt, of Ocean Park, California; a 21ft. auxiliary yawl for J. H. McCully, of Grosse Pointe, Mich.; a 30ft. yawl for F. Campbell, of Chicago; a 21ft. yawl and a 15ft. yawl for E. J. Kistenmacher, of Davenport, Ia.; a 21-footer for E. Bryan, of Wyandotte, Mich.; a centerboard 18-footer for A. W. Finlay, and a keel 18-footer for Boston parties.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Ariadne—Auxiliary Schooner.

THE fine auxiliary schooner Ariadne was designed by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Tams, Lemoine & Crane, and built in 1902 by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company, at Wilmington, Del., for Mr. H. W. Putnam. Ariadne was designed for off-shore cruising, and is built of steel throughout. All the material and workmanship in the vessel are of the highest quality, and she is to-day one of the very best and most completely fitted cruising yachts of her size in the world.

Her dimensions follows:

Length—	
Over all	145ft.
L. W. L.	110ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	14ft.
Aft	21ft.
Breadth—	
Extreme	26ft. 2 in.
L. W. L.	25ft.
Draft—	
Extreme	14ft. 1½in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	12ft. 6 in.
Least	7ft. 2 in.
Aft	8ft. 8 in.
Tonnage—	
Net	168
Gross	246

A bulwark 2ft. 3in. high gives a sense of security to those on deck; all the waterways, hatches, companionways and skylights are of teak. The deck is of white pine 3in. thick. Below decks the accommodations are very roomy, beautifully fitted and decorated, and well laid out. Every equipment and appliance that would add in the slightest to the owner's and his guests' comfort and convenience have been placed in the boat. The companionway leads directly to the chart room, which is on the port side. The floor is covered with interlocking rubber tiling, and should any water find its way below when the companion slide is open, it does no harm, and can be readily mopped up. The chart room is fitted with a berth, back of which are large drawers, so that the charts can be put away flat. A case for nautical instruments is placed on the after partition of the chart room. There is a port hole directly over the chart table and this gives ample light. A passage extends aft from the chart room to the after cabin. On the port side, aft of the chart room, is a bath room 5ft. 7in. long. Here is a porcelain tub and wash basin and a patent closet. A port hole gives light and ventilation to this room, and the floor and walls are tiled, as are all the bath rooms.

On the port side, aft of the bath room, is a state room, which is the only small one in the after part of the vessel. This room is 6ft. 6in. long and is fitted with a set berth, transom, bureau and set wash basin.

Next aft is the ladies' or after cabin, which runs the full width of the yacht, and is 9ft. long. On the port side is a double berth with a shelf and lockers behind. On the starboard side is a sofa berth and behind there are also lockers and shelves. At the after end of this cabin are wardrobes and clothes presses and a writing desk. Aft there is a private bath for the use of those occupying this cabin. There are skylights over the after cabin and the connecting bath, and these in addition to port holes, make the rooms very light and airy.

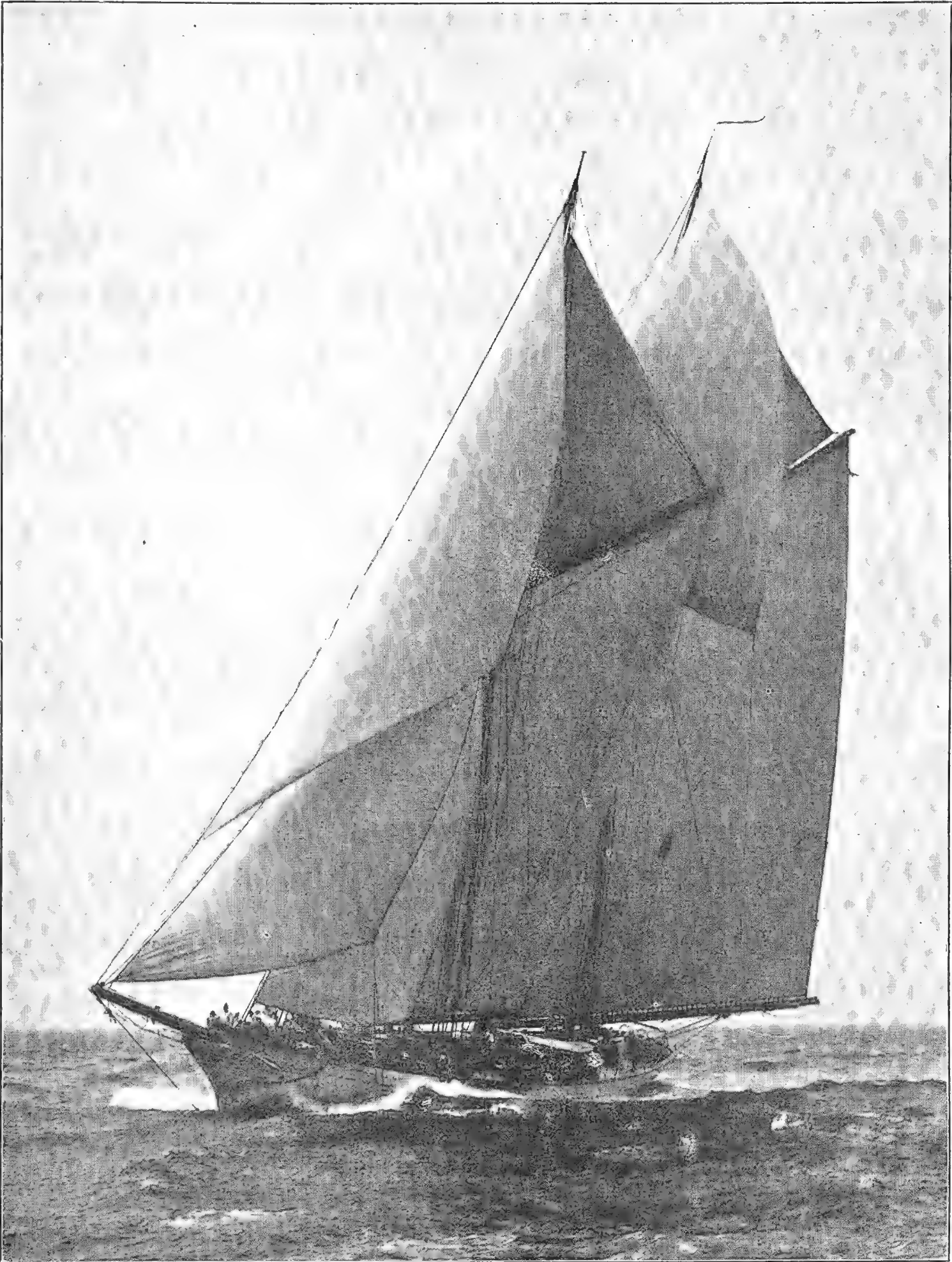
Forward of the after cabin, on the starboard side, is a stateroom 8ft. long. This is a roomy cabin, fitted with a double berth, sofa, wardrobe, bureau and wash basin. Between this cabin and the owner's room, which is forward on the same side, is another bath 5ft. 6in. long. This room is fitted very much like all the rest and is accessible from the owner's room and the cabin aft of it.

The owner's room is the largest single stateroom on the boat. It is nearly 12ft. long. This room has a brass bedstead, sofa berth, large wardrobes and clothes presses, a bureau and a desk. Overhead is a skylight, and there are two port holes in the side. On the port side opposite is another stateroom 8ft. 5in. long. This room is arranged and fitted very much the same as are the other single cabins. One port hole and a skylight give plenty of light and air.

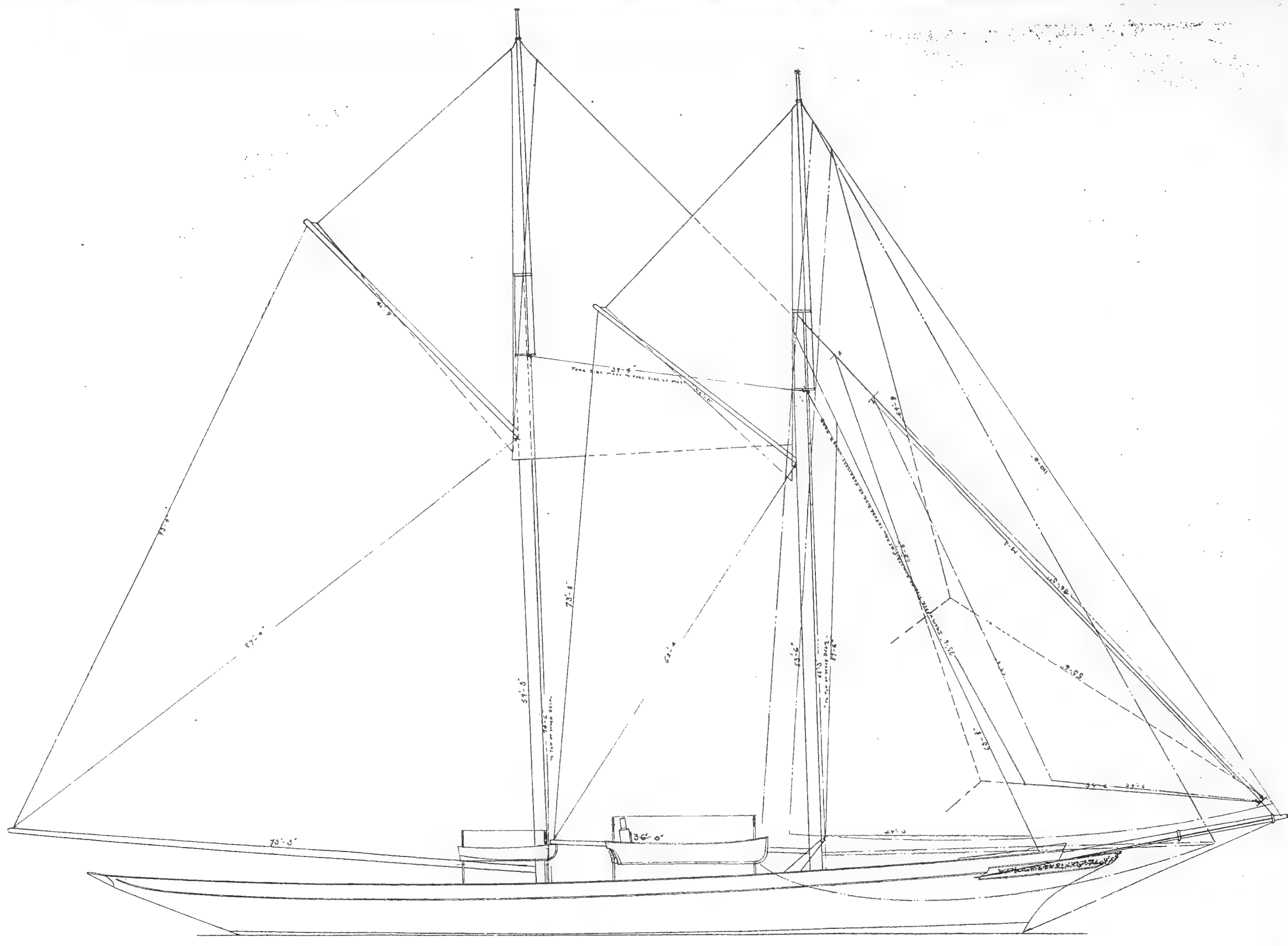
The main saloon is 13ft. long and extends the full width of the boat. This cabin is amidships. On either side are two port holes, and there is a very large skylight above. Under the skylight is an extension table. On the starboard side is a sofa, which returns on the forward bulkhead. On the port side is a short sofa with lockers forward and aft of it. In the center of the forward bulkhead is a fire place, and on the port side is the sideboard. At the after side of the cabin are the piano, music rack and a desk.

Just forward of the main saloon is the machinery space, which is entirely surrounded by double steel bulkheads, and the space between is filled with asbestos. On the starboard side of the engine room are coal bunkers and a stateroom for the two engineers. This room is reached from the cook's room, which opens from the officers' mess room.

On the port side of the engine room is a passage which runs from the main saloon forward to the mess



AUXILIARY CRUISING SCHOONER ARIADNE.
Designed by Tams, Lemoine & Crane for H. W. Putnam, Jr.
Photo by James Burton, New York City.



AUXILIARY CRUISING SCHOONER ARIADNE—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED BY TAMS, LEMOINE & CRANE FOR H. W. PUTNAM, Jr.

room. Opening from the passage is the pantry for the cabin stores. The pantry is equipped with dressers, lockers and shelves, and there is also a sink and an ice box. Forward of the pantry is a coal bunker, which is slightly smaller than the one on the starboard side. Next forward comes a toilet room for the officers. The mess room is of good size, and the deck is reached by an iron companion ladder. On the port side of the mess room are two staterooms, one of which is occupied by two stewards and the other by the two mates. On the starboard side are two more staterooms, one of which is for the captain and the other for the two cooks. Forward of the mess room is the galley, which is of ample size and which extends the full width of the boat. In the galley there is every equipment that would assist the cooks in their work. The placing of the galley between the forecabin and the officers' mess room is an excellent arrangement, the food for the crew being passed through a small opening into the forecabin, and in this way the crew never have occasion to go into the galley. A door opening into the mess room from the galley allows the officers' meals to be easily served, and the officers are thus separated entirely from the crew.

The forecabin has accommodation for twelve men. There is a dresser for the china and also a sink. Each man is provided with a roomy locker for his clothes. Forward is a closet for the crew and locker space for boatswain's stores. Below the cabin floor there is another deck where stores, sails, spare gear, etc., are stored. The boat is heated by steam and lighted by electricity.

The sail plan is of good size, and the boat shows excellent speed under sail alone. Ariadne's engines were built by J. W. Sullivan, and are of the two cylinder type, 9in. and 19in.-14in. She has two Almy water tube boilers. After two seasons' constant use Ariadne has proven herself a very satisfactory craft in every particular.

In a Cornish Lugger.

A FAVORITE dream of mine has been realized. Time after time I had watched the fine Cornish luggers setting out for the herring fishery, and vainly longed to accompany them; now, thanks to a friend, an enthusiastic sailor and lover of the sea, my pet scheme was rendered feasible.

All arrangements having been made, we presented ourselves at the quay one beautiful August afternoon about 4:30, attired in our warmest clothes, as every one had warned us that even in August night fishing was apt to chill the unaccustomed landsman. I carried the oilskin coat and skirt which accompanied me on all my boating expeditions, and long, fingerless, woolen mittens, warmer than any gloves. We stepped from the quayside on board 404 PZ Pride of the Sea, and were greeted by the skipper, a gentle-mannered little old man, with mild blue eyes and a pleasant countenance. Half an hour passed while we waited till the tide should serve, and meanwhile

we were objects of much curiosity and speculation on the part of the crews of the other luggers, as to whether we were going for a short sail or the whole night. At last the foremost boat moved away through the swing-bridge ahead of us, then our halliards were manned, the big lug-foresail was mastheaded, the mizzen set, and we followed suit.

The wind was light, and scarcely filled the sails as the little town slowly dropped astern, and we opened out the various promontories and headlands along the coast. After a couple of hours' sailing we had made an offing of five or six miles, and as the sun was just setting, the skipper considered that the distance from the land was sufficient, and that the nets might be sent overboard. Then the night's work began. The hatches were taken off and the mass of dark nets was passed along and dropped overboard, one man making fast to it small tarred barrels, alternately with strings of corks, to act as floats. This was the only time that we noticed any disagreeable smell from the nets, the result of their having been shut up in the hold.

The tall foremast being lowered to an acute angle, in order to lessen the rolling, two lanterns were fixed, one above the other, in the rigging, and the preparations were complete. By this time it was 9 o'clock and quite dark. The skipper, the boy, and three out of the four men composing the crew went below and turned in, not, however, without overwhelming us with offers of knitted guernseys, mittens, oilskins, coats, etc., but we declined, being already well provided. One man remained on deck as lookout, to be relieved by the others in turn. We now had to while away four hours as best we might. It was a beautiful night, clear, and full of stars, and each little sea curled over in a shimmer of phosphorescence. All along the coast for miles the lights of the various towns and villages shone like clusters of diamonds, and one, bigger than the rest, showed where a lighthouse kept watch on a rocky promontory, but the loom of the land was indistinguishable. Other lights, red, green and white, came and went around us, for we were well in the fairway of the North Sea traffic. All this time the boat rolled steadily and monotonously, but it was too early as yet to be sleepy, in spite of the pleasant cradling motion; so we passed the time in conversation and in watching the lookout man fishing, unsuccessfully, alas! with a hand-line for cod. The time had passed so quickly that it seemed as if but two hours instead of four had elapsed, when the skipper's voice was heard below, "Now, lads, time's up," and the crew tumbled up on deck and began preparations for getting the nets on board.

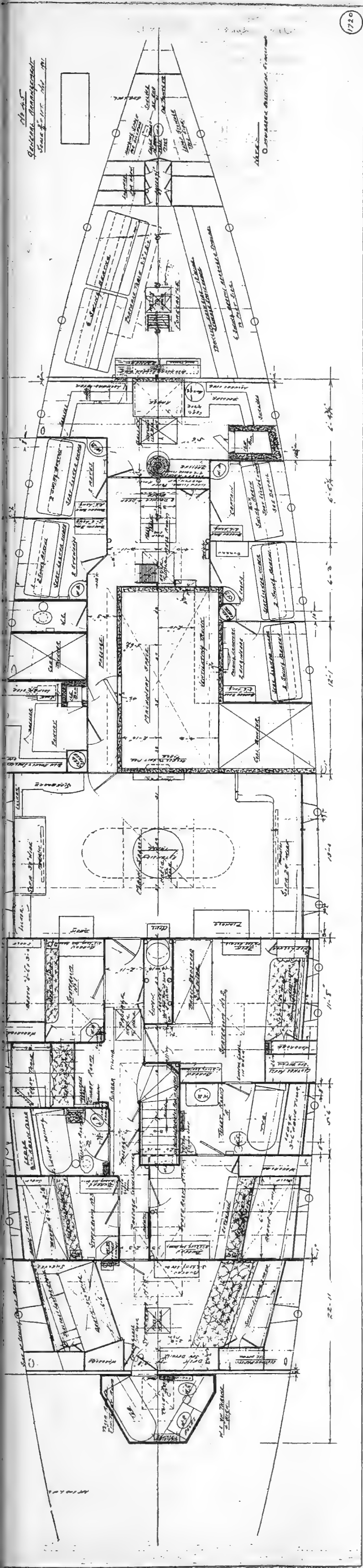
First the steam capstan was set going, and then the skipper disposed his forces in the following manner: One man was sent into the forehold, and another into the hold amidships; the skipper and a third man stood beside the gunwale and hauled in the net, shaking the fish out of the meshes on to the deck; the fourth man sat beside us on the opposite gunwale and hauled in the slack. And presently the net began to come in, hung all over with silvery herrings; in fact, it reminded me of

nothing so much as a net ball dress covered with silver sequins. The men in the hold received it, and disposed it evenly, so as to keep the boat in proper trim; they also tossed out on to the deck any stray fish that had escaped the hands of the skipper and his mates above. Soon the deck was a mass of fish, and looked as if it were covered with heaps of solid silver. The men worked almost in silence, only exchanging a word at rare intervals. Hour after hour passed, and still the laden net came in, and the stillness was only broken by the purring of the steam on the water alongside, the slap of the fish falling upon the deck, and the regular creaking of the boat as she rolled. More than once my friend and I found ourselves nodding forward off the pile of oars and tarpaulins on which we were seated, although we never entirely succumbed to sleep.

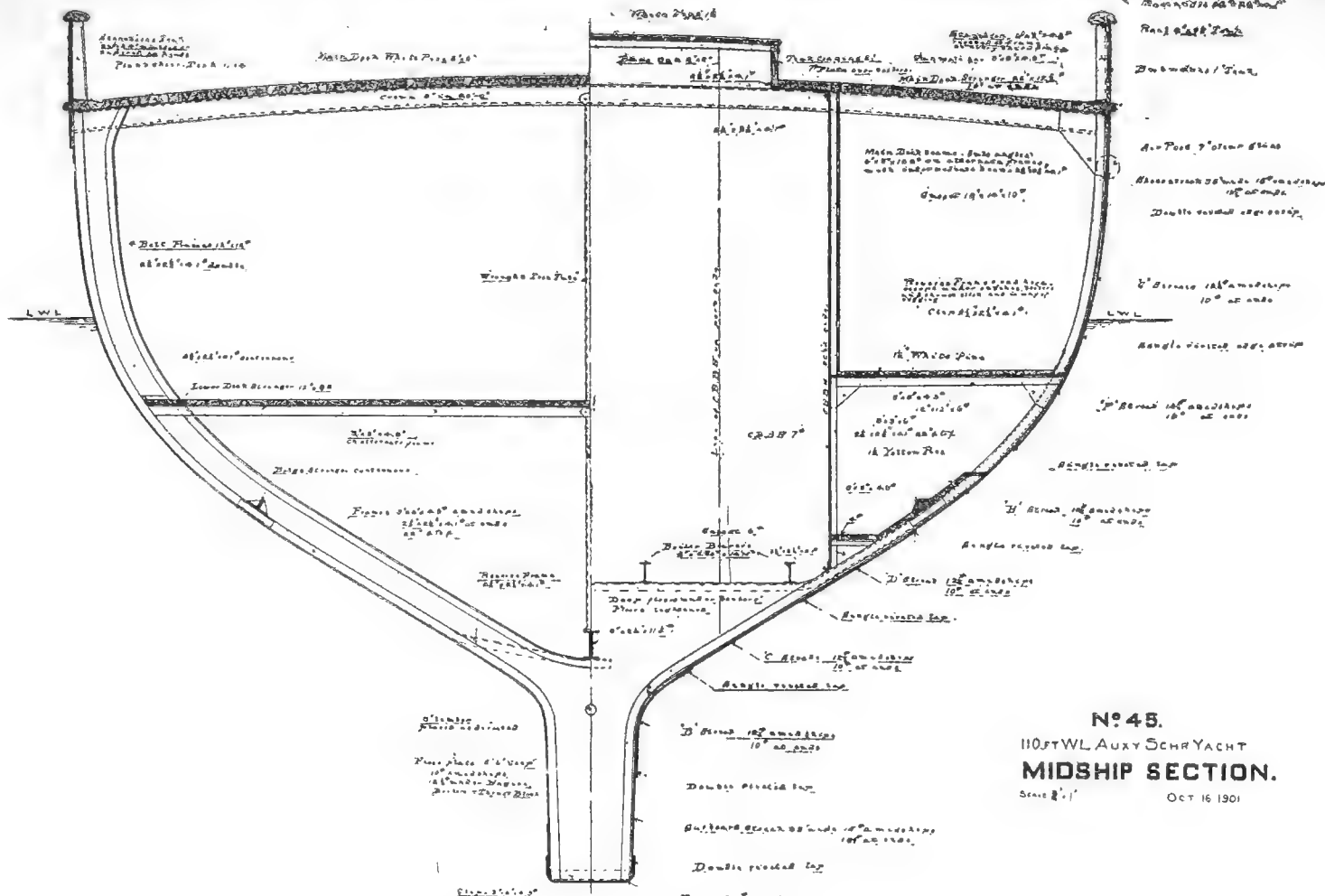
Gradually the blackness of the sky changed to ash color, and away on the dappled surface of the gray water a long line of black dots became faintly visible, the barrel-shaped floats along the top of the nets. From ash color the sky soon turned to a vivid pink, and in the midst of this beautiful flush rose the sun. A light breeze sprang up, and numbers of gulls and kittiwakes came flying round the boat with shrill cries, looking for their breakfast. I glanced down at the hold; it looked nearly full, but all the nets were not in yet; indeed, it was past six before they were all stowed away and the hatches put on, and a goodly heap of fine herrings showed the result of the night's fishing to amount to more than a last (10,000 herrings), which the skipper considered a very fair catch. Meanwhile, word had been passed below to get the kettle boiling, and smoke began to pour from the galley chimney.

The foremast having been restored to an upright position, the foresail was set, the small riding-mizzen exchanged for a much larger one, and we were once more under way for home. Mugs of hot tea were passed up to us from below, a welcome sight, though I confess that it was not without misgiving that we ventured to taste the beverage, as yarns had been plentiful ashore of the Cornish fisherman's cookery, how plum puddings were occasionally boiled in the soup kettle, with the soup, *bien entendu*, but experience proved our fears to be groundless. After breakfast, buckets of water were capsized over the decks, which were carefully scrubbed wherever there was a space clear of fish. Cornish fishermen have a deservedly high reputation for the cleanliness and good order of their boats, and this boat was no exception to the rule. But, alas! our enjoyable trip was nearly over. At 7:30 o'clock, fourteen hours after our departure the day before, we sailed in between the pier heads and made fast to a buoy in the harbor, thus bringing to an end a most delightful experience, and one which, as we assured the skipper on bidding him good-by, we hope some day to repeat.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. Hollis Burgess has sold the 31ft. waterline sloop Hostess, owned by Mr. J. Murray Forbes, of Milton, Mass., to Mr. Robert G. Shaw, of Wellesley, Mass.



AUXILIARY SCHOONER ARIADNE—DESIGNED BY TAMS, LEMOINE & CRANE FOR H. W. PUTNAM, JR.



AUXILIARY CRUISING SCHOONER ARIADNE—MIDSHIP SECTION.
Designed by Tams, Lemoine & Crane for H. W. Putnam, Jr.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.
Messrs. Edward Smith & Co., the well-known varnish makers, have gotten out a picture of Reliance that is one of the handsomest marine views that we have ever seen. The picture, which is 16 by 21 inches, is a reproduction of a photograph and shows Reliance close-hauled on the port tack.

Small Bros. are getting out plans for a 30ft. yawl for E. S. Bell, of North Swansea, a 28ft. auxiliary yawl for H. E. Pratt, of Ocean Park, California; a 21ft. auxiliary yawl for J. H. McCully, of Grosse Pointe, Mich.; a 30ft. yawl for F. Campbell, of Chicago; a 21ft. yawl and a 15ft. yawl for E. J. Kistenmacher, of Davenport, Ia.; a 21-footer for E. Bryan, of Wyandotte, Mich.; a centerboard 18-footer for A. W. Finlay, and a keel 18-footer for a Boston yachtsman.

Frederick T. Adams has resigned as commodore of the Larchmont Y. C. Commodore Adams' resignation has been in the hands of the Board of Trustees for some time past, and it has not been accepted as yet. Mr. Adams was elected Commodore of the club in 1901.

At a meeting of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., held on the evening of October 6, the challenge sent in by the White Bear Y. C., of St. Paul, Minn., for the Seawan-haka cup was accepted. Four clubs issued challenges for the cup, and it was first proposed to hold races between the boats representing the different clubs at Lake St. Louis, and the winner of the series would sail against the Canadian defender. As this plan was believed to be contrary to the letter and the law of the deed of gift, it was abandoned, and a single challenge was accepted, as has always been done.

Messrs. Burgess and Packard have orders for three 18-footers, a 21-footer for Mr. Kenneth Stevenson, of Detroit, and a 24ft. auxiliary for Mr. E. Holmes, of Plymouth, Mass.

Mr. C. Oliver Iselin is to have a large sail or auxiliary yacht built this winter for off-shore and foreign cruising.

Canoeing.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

The Northern Division of the A. C. A. elected the following officers during the annual camp at Sugar Island in August:

Vice-Com., C. W. McLean, 303 St. James Street, Montreal, Can.; Rear-Com., J. W. Sparrow, Toronto, Can.; Purser, J. V. Nutter, Montreal, Can.; Executive Com., Charles E. Britton, Gananoque, Can.; S. W. Gilroy, Smith's Falls, Ontario, Can.; Harry Page, Toronto, Can. Racing Board, Ernest J. Minnett, Montreal, Can. J. N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ontario, Can., represents the Northern Division on the Board of Governors.

A. C. A. Membership.

The following have applied for associate membership to the A. C. A.:

Proposed by N. S. Hyatt: Mrs. N. S. Hyatt, Ossining, N. Y., and Mrs. Greswell, London, England.

Proposed by Jesse J. Armstrong and John S. Wright: Mrs. J. H. Plummer, Miss Reichert, Miss Shea, of New York; Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Armstrong, Rome, New York, and Mrs. C. H. Parson, of Brooklyn.

A. C. A. Executive Committee Meeting.

To the Members of the Executive Committee, Board of Governors and Racing Board:

The annual executive meeting of the American Canoe Association will be held at Rochester, N. Y., October 24, 1903.

C. F. WOLTERS,
Commodore-Elect.

JOHN S. WRIGHT, Secy-Treas.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Old Guard Tournament.

THE rifle tournament of the Old Guard Rifle Club, held in conjunction with the Old Guard Fair, Madison Square Garden, New York, as originally announced as to dates, was to have been held Oct. 5 to 10, inclusive, but Monday, Oct. 12, was added, and the tournament was finished on that day.

In the Continuum match, the prizes were as follows: First prize, a Hunter Arms Co. shotgun, value \$80; second, \$35; third, a Krag rifle, with Stevens-Pope barrel, value \$35; fourth, a Winchester military rifle, value \$26; fifth, a split-bamboo fly-rod. And there were twenty cash prizes ranging in value from \$12 to \$2.

The prize in the Souvenir point target match was a souvenir medal.

In the Ladies' Souvenir match, the prize was a beautiful hat.

In the 50-shot Individual Interscholastic match, the prizes were as follows: A handsome cup, suitably engraved, and the championship, to the winner; second prize, a Winchester military rifle, value \$26; third, a Remington Arms Co.'s repeating rifle, value \$20; fourth, an Iver Johnson revolver, value \$12; fifth, a Stevens Favorite rifle, value \$8.50; sixth, a Stevens-Maynard, Jr., rifle, value \$3, and \$3 in value to seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth.

In the revolver matches, Match A had prizes as follows: First prize, a Winchester military rifle and \$10; second, a Colt .38cal. military revolver and \$5; third, J. H. Lau & Co. shotgun, value \$20; fourth, a Remington single-shot target pistol, any caliber, value \$16; fifth, a King Edward coronation medal.

Match B had prizes as follows: First prize, a Smith & Wesson .38cal. Military revolver and \$15; second, a Winchester rifle, value \$26; third, a King Optical Co. telescope; fourth prize, a Hopkins & Allen ivory handle target; fifth, \$5 or its value in merchandise.

In their circular the Old Guard Rifle Club acknowledged donations from Smith & Wesson, Colt's Arms Co., Stevens Arms Co., Hunter Arms Co., Iver Johnson Co., Hopkins & Allen Co., J. H. Lau & Co., Peters Cartridge Co., Col. Leslie C. Bruce, Julius King Optical Co., Ideal Manufacturing Co., Thomas Conroy, Winchester Arms Co., George E. Conley, Le Roy W. Taylor, Harrington & Richardson, J. W. Johnson & Co., Remington Arms Co.

The members of the Range Committee were Col. Leslie C. Bruce, chairman; Capt. Thomas W. Timpson, Lieut. Thomas H. Keller and Sergt. James McNevin.

The members of the Prize Committee were Lieut. J. W. Miller, Lieut. Lee R. Townsend and Lieut. Thomas H. Keller.

The members of the Programme Committee were Capt. J. C. Summers, Lieut. Thomas H. Keller and Sergt. James McNevin.

The official scorer was Mr. Geo. W. Plaisted.

Continuous rifle match, 3-shot scores, 25-ring target, the two best scores to count; all ties decided by the next best score:

L C Buss.....75	75	75	W A Tewes.....72	72	71
H M Pope.....75	75	74	R Goldthwaith.....72	72	69
P J Donovan.....75	75	69	H Newberger.....74	70	..
Geo Ludwig.....75	74	74	J A Dietz.....73	71	..
E Van Zandt.....75	74	73	Geo Furkess.....72	72	..
O Smith.....75	73	73	H Fenwirth.....71	71	69
H J McCartney.....75	73	72	Chas Meyer.....71	71	64
H Krauss.....75	73	72	P J Hare.....71	70	..
Geo Schlicht.....75	73	71	Lieut A E Wells.....71	68	..
Wm Rosenbaum.....74	73	72	Geo Weigman.....70	68	..
E Mineroini.....74	73	71	J Muzzio.....69	66	..
R Gute.....73	73	73	T G Margetts.....69	65	..
H J Barning.....74	71	71	Dr R H Sayre.....67	65	..
Chas Bischoff.....74	71	..	H C Zettler.....65	65	..
M Dorrier.....72	72	72	S Buzzini.....65	61	..
L P Hansen.....72	72	71			

Premiums for best five tickets:

L C Buss.....75	75	75	74	74	373	Geo Ludwig.....75	74	73	73	368
H M Pope.....75	75	74	74	74	372	E Van Zandt.....75	74	73	73	367

Ladies' hat match, point target, three best scores to count:

Mrs H Fenwirth....	8	7	7	22	Miss A Ballback.....6	3	3	12
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Revolver, Match A, continuous, three best scores to count:

J A Dietz.....49	47	47	143	E Mineroini.....49	40	40	129
Dr R H Sayre.....48	45	45	138	T G Margetts.....46	43	39	128
E De Siena.....46	46	44	136				

Revolver, Match B, rapid fire, five best shots in 30 seconds:

Dr R H Sayre.....43	42	42	127	T J Margetts.....46	34	19	99
J A Dietz.....43	43	40	126	E De Siena.....42	41	31	114

Individual Interscholastic Championship match, 50 shots on point target, 6-shot scores, possible 150 points:

G F Ross, State St. Grammar School, Springfield, Mass.....150							
H J Barning, Jr, G. S. No. 4, Jersey City, N. J.....145							

H H Meyers, Y. M. C. A. School, Hoboken, N. J.....	134
H B Arnold, Barnard School, New York.....	125
Harold A Keller, Barnard School, New York.....	124
C M Daniels, Dwight School, New York.....	86
J C Mason, De La Salle School, New York.....	58
A Gensch, Madison High School, Madison, N. J.....	44
H Conley, School No. 165, New York.....	28

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—At our annual prize shoot on Sept. 27, the following is a list of winners. The shoot in every way was most successful. Shooting at 200yds., on Standard target, three shots to a ticket:

Offhand: First prize, E. D. Payne; second, M. Gindele; third, F. Bruns; fourth, C. Roberts; fifth, Wm. Hasenzahl; sixth, A. Lux; seventh, D. K. Dodge; eighth, C. Nestler; ninth, L. O. Odell; tenth, S. F. Trounstein; eleventh, F. Freitag; twelfth, A. Drube; thirteenth, J. Hoffman; fourteenth, H. W. Kotter, Sr.; fifteenth, G. Hofer; sixteenth, W. Cantzler; seventeenth, G. Kotter, Jr.

Rest: First prize, J. Hoffman; second, C. Nestler; third, M. Gindele; fourth, Wm. Hasenzahl; fifth, F. Freitag; sixth, G. Hofer; seventh, O. Topf; eighth, S. F. Trounstein; ninth, H. Uckotter; tenth, G. Uckotter; eleventh, W. Cantzler; twelfth, A. Lux; thirteenth, L. O. Odell; fourteenth, A. Drube; fifteenth, J. Morkart.

For most points: First prize, C. Roberts, 2,534 points; second, E. D. Payne, 1,777 points; third, V. K. Dodge, 1,276 points.

For most flags: C. Roberts 41.

For best ticket: E. D. Payne.

Premiums for most points, offhand: C. Roberts.

For most points: First prize, J. Hoffman, 1,201 points; second, F. Bruns, 1,061; third, O. Topf, 833.

For most flags: J. Hofman 46.

For best ticket: J. Hofman.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Oct. 14-15.—Baltimore, Md.—Ninth annual tournament of the Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association; targets and live birds; \$100 added; open to all. J. R. Malone, 2671 Penn. avenue.

Oct. 14-17.—West Baden, Ind., Gun Club tournament; \$500 added. John L. Winston, Mgr.

Oct. 15.—Batavia, N. Y.—Holland Gun Club annual fall tournament.

Oct. 20.—Mt. Sterling, Ill., Gun Club's eighth annual target tournament. J. Breidenbend, Sec'y.

Oct. 21-22.—Raleigh, N. C.—Third annual trapshooting tournament North Carolina State Fair; \$150 added money. R. T. Gowan, Sec'y.

Oct. 20-22.—Paducah, Ky., Gun Club tournament. W. A. Davis, Sec'y.

Oct. 23-24.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.

Oct. 23-25.—St. Louis, Mo.—Combination live-bird and target shoot at Du Pont Shooting Park. Open to all. Special event, 50 live-bird handicap. Alec D. Mermod, Mgr.

Oct. 26-31.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—First grand tournament of the National Gun Club; \$500 added. John M. Lilly, Pres.

1904.

Jan. 12-15.—Hamilton, Ont., Gun Club tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The New York Athletic Club will hold a shoot at Travers Island on Oct. 17.

The Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, will hold a shoot on Oct. 18, which will be honored by the attendance of the Wanderers.

At the Harrisburg, Pa., tournament, Oct. 9 and 10, the Carlisle team of four men were victors by a score of 79 out of a possible 100.

In an eleven-man team contest at Pattenburg, N. J., Oct. 3, between teams of the Pattenburg and Norton gun clubs, the scores were: Pattenburg 183, Norton 166.

At Messrs. Whitney and Milner's two-day target tournament, Des Moines, Ia., Messrs. Heer and Crosby tied on highest average, 361 out of 400, for the two days, Oct. 6 and 7.

Mr. Frank Lawrence, representing the Winchester Arms Co. in Pennsylvania, has made himself doubly welcome in his territory for his amiable disposition, business ability and cheerful assistance in the somewhat irksome task of helping to manage the tournaments whenever he can do so.

Mr. J. S. Coggeshall, the energetic secretary of the Aquidneck Gun Club, of Newport, R. I., was a visitor in New York in the early days of this week. He reports that trapshooting in his section is inactive during the present weeks, as is usual everywhere during the game season.

The manager of the Brooklyn, L. I., Gun Club, Mr. J. S. Wright, informs us that his club will give a prize shoot on Oct. 28, commencing at 1 o'clock. Some vandals, without the fear of man in their hearts, broke into the club house recently and stole a lot of shells, which severely tarnishes the erstwhile fair fame of Brooklyn.

The Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Gun Club has fixed upon Oct. 21 for a contest of great interest. It is a handicap at 100 targets for a gold watch, entrance price of targets. This same event will have an optional sweep, entrance \$1, all at scratch, for a gold watch. This should draw a good support from the shooters of New York and New Jersey.

The shoot of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League, at Allegheny, Oct. 6 and 7, closed a most successful series for this season. Mr. J. M. Hawkins was highest average, with a total of 322 out of 350. Mr. L. B. Fleming was close up with 321, and J. F. Mallory was third with 312. R. S. Deniker was fourth with 311, and F. E. Mallory was fifth with 307.

Highest target average at the Missouri State Amateur thirteenth annual shoot, held at St. Joseph, Oct. 8-10, was won by the redoubtable expert, Mr. W. R. Crosby, who broke 384 out of a possible 400, on the first two days. D. Timberlake won the Lake Contrary trophy. The two-man team contest for the Smith cup was won by Messrs. Cunningham and Clapp. Moberly was fixed upon for the next tournament and meeting.

Mr. Robert J. Hopkins, secretary of the Fairview, N. J., Gun Club, writes us as follows: "The Fairview club is open to shooters on the second Saturday of each month, and we welcome any and all out-of-town sportsmen who may wish to shoot, or shoot at, a few targets. We are only about twenty minutes out of city by N. R. of N. J., and about thirty minutes by trolley from Barclay, Christopher, Franklin, Forty-second and Fourteenth street ferries. Fare 5 cents, so that a pleasant afternoon among good fellows is within the reach of any wing shot who feels as though he didn't start with the topnotchers."

Our esteemed correspondent, Snaniweh, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes us as follows: "On the 3d inst., our secretary, A. J. Du Bois received a letter under date of Sept. 4 from U. S. Marshal Geo. A. Derby, secretary of the Sportsman's Gun Club, Shanghai, China, stating that he had been watching our scores as published in FOREST AND STREAM, and asking for information concerning our system of handicapping as used in our trophy shoots. This shows to what extent a gun club, publishing its scores in FOREST AND STREAM, becomes known and advertised, the value of which cannot be over-estimated."

Brooklyn Gun Club team No. 1, the members of which were Messrs. Brigham, Banks and Hopkins, won the Eastern team target championship inaugurated by the Sheepshead Bay Gun Club, and shot on that club's grounds, Oct. 7. They scored 126 out of a possible 150. Eight teams contested. The North River Gun Club team, the members of which were Messrs. Welles, Glover and Richter were second with 124. The Brooklyn Gun Club and Sheepshead Bay Gun Club had two teams each, while each of the following had one: Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City; North River Gun Club, of Edgewater, N. J.; South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., and the White Plains Gun Club, New York.

The third annual trapshooting tournament, North Carolina State Fair, Raleigh, N. C., Oct. 21 and 22, will be conducted by the Raleigh Gun Club. Programmes can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. R. T. Gowan, to whom guns and shells may be shipped. There are seven programme events on each day, at 15, 20 and 25 targets. No. 11 first day is for a L. C. Smith hammerless. No. 11 on the second day will be the State championship contest, at 100 targets, \$2 entrance. Each day \$75 will be added. A prize will be given to the manufacturer's agent who makes the highest average of the two days. Handicaps 16 to 21yds. Manufacturers' agents may stand at 16yds. Moneys will be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. A magautrap will throw the targets. Targets, 2 cents. The State event is open to North Carolina shooters. Shooting will commence at 9:30.

BERNARD WATERS.

As to Official Organs.

THERE are many men, in all grades of society, who, as individuals, or who, collectively as members of groups in joint effort, possess a fund of humor, airy, sparkling, pleasing, delicate in its web and woof, and withal inexhaustible in its supply. But even among humorists, there are those who surpass their fellows. There are those who are so finished as dispensers of humor that in its practical manifestation, they never choose amiss at any time, or place, or occasion, whether at wedding or funeral, whether of church or State, or whether in town or country.

There are those who excel in the humor of high lights which contributes to the gayety of nations; there are a few of special talents who excel in the humor of somber lights, the humor which strips all seriousness from the moribund and the mort, and instead makes them light and pleasing after the manner of the best of comic operas. Here is a specimen of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association humor, evolved by the delegates assembled at the annual meeting of 1903, at Pekin, Ill:

"John Amberg then brought to the notice of the convention that as there was a 'Tramp' reporter present and as he was the only representative of a sportsman's paper present, that The Sportsman, of St. Louis, should be made the official organ of the association. This was seconded by the fluent and silver-tongued orator, 'Our Tom,' who stated that 'The Tramp' had been on earth for 101 these ninety years or more and that he was one of the old school, like Bogardus, and that it was proper that we here assembled should recognize him in a substantial way. That we should not only make the paper he was associated with the official organ, but should all subscribe and read the journal that had enterprise enough to send a representative to report the meeting. The motion was unanimously carried, and the 'Tramp' arose and thanked all for their kind words and appreciation."

The genial Tramp, able trap editor of our esteemed contemporary, saw the humor of the situation, and modestly presented his doings by way of reply as follows:

"He took occasion to invite all the readers of the The Sportsman to consider him at their service when they were in need of hotel accommodations during their stay at the World's Fair, as The Sportsman intends to conduct a bureau of information during 1904."

What could be more pertinent in the way of a reply to so great an honor as to be made the official organ of such a brilliant assemblage of humorists. That "Tramp" was perfectly conscious of the situation, is manifested by the following delicate bit of innuendo which he made a part of his report of said meeting:

"As there were no books or papers turned over by the party who held the last shoot, the fact was patent that the organization was practically a dead one."

That is gravely humorous. But the tramp had still further founts of humor. He wrote:

"Mr. Shafter moved that the old association be abandoned, which was seconded. In arguing the question the Mayor of Keithsburg grew somewhat eloquent and then took occasion to state that he was opposed to State taxation of shooters living in another State, and that the only proper legislation should come from Congress, and that there would be use for the old and at one time powerful organization that in the past had accomplished so much for the members and the residents of Illinois."

The late Gov. Altgeld, of Illinois, also had some excellent ideas of a humorous kind on game protection, supplementary to the foregoing.

The badge events, which, from several hundred entries, had fallen down to 18 and 20 under the able management of humorists, were patched up so that they will be handicap events in future.

The official duties of an official organ this year would have been light, merely to mention that dates had been claimed, dates had been postponed on account of the official papers being unavailable, and new dates announced. The humorists passed a vote of thanks to President Connor. To have thanked the other journals, which had given this shoot mention in advertising its dates, in supporting it during the years of its past existence, in reporting its shoots through those years and in the present year, etc., would have shown a sense of humor in keeping with things alive instead of with things dead.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Oct. 7.—Eight teams engaged in the Eastern three-man team championship, inaugurated by the Sheepshead Bay Gun Club and held to-day. The scores were not high as scores, yet the best are quite good under the conditions. There was a stiff wind, which forced the targets erratically upward or downward, and the traps worked badly. They were keyed up rather tensely, but, the events once begun, they were allowed to remain as they were to preserve a proper equity.

Brooklyn Gun Club team No. 1 won on a score of 126 out of a possible 150. The North River Gun Club's team was a close second with 124. The scores, 50 targets per man, follow:

Hudson Gun Club.				Brooklyn Gun Club, No. 1.			
Schorty	23	20	43	Martin	23	20	43
Wash	22	21	42	Hopkins	22	20	42
Piercy	20	20	40-125	Banks	18	23	41-126
North River Gun Club.				Brooklyn Gun Club, No. 2.			
Welles	23	20	43	Gardiner	20	21	41
Richter	23	15	38	Money	20	18	38
Glover	21	22	43-124	Greiff	15	20	35-115
Sheepshead Bay G. C., No. 1.				White Plains Gun Club.			
McKane	17	13	30	Schirmer	9	15	24
Voorhees	17	22	39	McAndless	9	9	18
Williamson	19	13	32-101	Manchester	22	19	41-83
South Side Gun Club.				Sheepshead Bay G. C., No. 2.			
Feigenspan	20	w		Morris	15	17	32
Ehrlich	23	w		Fransiola	7	10	17
Herrington	15	w		Pillion	8	15	23-72
Other competition was as follows:							

Fulton Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Oct. 12.—The scores made at the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club to-day follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	15	25	15	15	20	10	15	15	15	15
L H Schortemeier	8	11	13	20	13	13	12	16	9	12	13	12
A A Schoverling	7	6	8	18	14	13	10	13	..	14	11	11
Edwards	10	10	12	18	13	14	10	16	10	15	13	13
Cate	8	10	7	18	12	12	6
S Glover	4	14	13	21	12
Lorimer	7	9	14	17	11	10	13	10	8
Goetter	7	14	10	9	10	11
Davis	10	4	8	8	13
May	6	9	11	15	6	8	..	15	7
Charles	5	11	9
Blake	7
Woods	7
Snyder	12
A. A. SCHOVERLING, Sec'y.												

A. A. SCHOVERLING, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Oct. 10.—Event 13 was the handicap silver cup event, which was won by Mr. Eickhoff. Handicaps apply to that event only:

Events:													
Targets:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Eickhoff, 3	10	10	10	10	15	10	6	10	15	10	15	10	15
Allison, 1	6	8	9	6	10	8	6	6	10	9	10	9	21
Glover, 0		9				8	7						12
Richter, 3		9		8	14	10	8		15		13	9	22
Cate		8	9	5	10						11	8	20
Morrison, 2				8	13	8	8		10	11	10	5	
Marshall						5	5	9	12	10	13	5	20
Merrill, 3								5					17

W. P. T. S. L. at Allegheny.

ALLEGHENY, Pa., Oct. 7.—The closing tournament of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League, held under the auspices of the North Side Gun Club of Allegheny, Pa., on Oct. 6 and 7, marks the close of the most successful trapshooting season in western Pennsylvania, and the promoters of the league may well feel proud of their efforts to boom a sport which has been absolutely dead in this section for many years.

The North Side shooters had expected better attendance from the various clubs in the league, as they had by far the most entries in the series of tournaments during the entire season. Both New Castle and Ligonier Gun clubs failed to send a single shooter. However, the tournament was a grand success and one of the best ever held in western Pennsylvania.

Shooters were present from Brownsville, Corry, Ruffsedale Du Bois, Irwin, Blairsville, Derry, Parkersburg, W. Va., and Liverpool, and Ravenna, Ohio. The trade was represented by J. M. Hawkins, J. S. Fanning, Frank Butler, Charles G. Grubb and Chas. North.

In the cashier's office were L. Lautenslager and Bill McCrickart, while A. S. Hollingsworth, of Derry, handled the score sheets. Frank Butler was an ideal referee at trap No. 2, and Charlie Grubb made himself useful in general. Chas. North kept an eye on the magautraps and hustled squads at the same time. L. B. Fleming, who managed the tournament, wishes to thank the above gentlemen for their valuable assistance, as it was largely due to their untiring efforts that the shoot was run so smoothly and rapidly.

Tuesday morning opened with very disagreeable weather, being very dark with a drizzling rain falling. However, the weather did not scare the shooters in the least, and by 9 o'clock there were plenty of them on the grounds. By this time, it had stopped raining. At 10 o'clock the "Mallory Squad" started event No. 1. During the day forty-four shooters faced the score and 6,310 targets trapped. A stop of one-half hour was made at noon for lunch, and the programme was finished at 3 o'clock.

High average for the day was made by L. B. Fleming, of the North Side Gun Club, who broke 166 out of 175. J. M. Hawkins, of Baltimore, finished second with 164. F. E. Mallory, of Parkersburg, third, with 162, and H. C. Watson, of Sewickley, fourth, with 160. In practice, before the programme was started, Hawkins broke 101 straight, and in the regular events he had a run of 71 without a miss.

On Wednesday morning a fierce wind was blowing from the south, papers and boxes were blown across the grounds and targets were anything but easy to hit. Considering the weather, the scores were very good, as the wind kept blowing during the entire day.

Oct. 7, Second Day.

Shooting started the second day at 9:15 A. M., and as many of the shooters wished to take in the ball game between Pittsburg and Boston, things were kept moving at a rapid gait. The programme was finished at 2 o'clock, even though a delay of 20 minutes was occasioned by the breaking of a saddle on one of the traps.

Forty-four shooters again faced the traps; the same number as on the first day, and 6,425 targets trapped. During the two days, counting practice shooting, 14,000 targets were thrown. High average the second day was made by J. F. Mallory, of Parkersburg, with 160 out of 175. J. S. Fanning second, with 159; Hawkins third, with 158, and Fleming fourth, with 155. For the two days J. M. Hawkins led with 322 out of 350. L. B. Fleming second, with 321; J. F. Mallory third, with 312; R. S. Deniker fourth, with 311, and F. E. Mallory fifth, with 307.

Each of these men received \$5 as average money. The North Side team, composed of Fleming, Jeff Watson and Kelsey, won the team shoot, which gives their club first place and title of champions of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. The scores follow:

	First Day.		Second Day.		Total	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
Hawkins	175	164	175	158	350	322
Fleming	175	166	175	155	350	321
J. F. Mallory	175	152	175	160	350	312
Deniker	175	159	175	162	350	311
F. E. Mallory	175	162	175	145	350	307
Fanning	175	147	175	159	350	306
Watson	175	160	175	144	350	304
Raven	175	156	175	147	350	303
Joe	175	152	175	149	350	301
H. Johnston	175	158	175	141	350	299
Kelly	175	146	175	147	350	293
Wolfe	175	146	175	141	350	287
Knodel	175	142	175	139	350	281
C. J. Mowry	175	134	175	143	350	277
S. T. Mallory	175	134	175	138	350	272
Kelsey	175	140	175	127	350	267
J. W. Stewart	175	123	175	135	350	258
Bessemer	140	123	175	135	315	258
Andrews	155	119	175	133	330	252
McGlashan	140	118	175	133	315	251
Pontefract	175	119	175	131	350	250
Reese	140	104	175	132	315	236
E. W. J.	175	150	105	74	280	224
A. H. Kin	140	125	105	96	245	221
Crawford	175	123	105	78	280	206
Rahm	140	121	105	73	245	194
C. S. C.	125	98	105	83	230	181
G. Thompson	105	68	105	84	210	152
West	90	79	105	72	195	151
Tony	90	71	105	80	195	151
A. B. Kelly	175	150	175	150
Jeff	175	147	175	147
Pool	175	146	175	146
Pyle	175	145	175	145
Calhoun	175	145	175	145
Connelly	175	144	175	144
Henry G.	140	127	140	127
G. Meyers	155	118	155	118
Hackett	175	117	175	117
Martin	175	116	175	116
Jackman	140	114	140	114
Hennig	175	114	175	114
Foutts	70	51	85	62	155	103
Benton	175	102	175	102
Howard	120	94	120	94
Ed Brown	140	90	140	90
Yealy	105	81	105	81
H. Stewart	105	78	105	78
Crane	105	66	105	66
Webb	65	45	65	45
Jacque	50	40	50	40
A. Smith	50	31	50	31
C. A. North	20	10	20	10

The North Side boys turned out in great shape. Those who took part in the shoot were Fleming, Watson, Deniker, Knodel, Kelsey, Andrews, Bessemer, Pontefract, Howard, McGlashan, Henry G., Tony, Jeff, Pyle and Brown. The "Mallory" squad, consisting of F. E., S. T. and J. F. Mallory, J. W. Stewart and C. J. Mowry, were always ready at the score. They said nothing but sawed wood—and they can saw some at that. Lou Fleming, although hustling all the time, managed to land within one target of high average.

Jack Fanning has not yet rested up from his ten months' trip, as the scores will show.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Harry Watson, the Sewickley Valley wonder, was not in his usual "snappy" form. He still wears Ed. Rike's coat.

Frank Butler certainly knows how to referee. His decisions were prompt and correct.

Dick Deniker, the war horse of Ruffsedale, as usual, landed near the top of the bunch.

Charlie Grubb found an occasional moment to talk—and eat chicken.

Of the 53 entries who shot during the two days, but three men—Fanning, Hawkins and North shot for targets only.

Flick, the one-armed shot of Ravenna, Ohio, tried a new gun. He smashed 20 straight and bought the gun.

J. M. Hawkins made many new friends by his pleasant and gentlemanly manners. The North Side Club came out exactly even, financially, on the tournament. They were not out for the coin.

Harrisburg Tournament.

THE sixteenth annual tournament of the Harrisburg Shooting Association was held at Harrisburg, Pa., Oct. 9 and 10. Like all late fall tournaments, a chance has to be taken with the weather man; and this time he won, for on those two days the sky was of the dark, cold, wintry kind. Also a gale of wind, such as the writer has not seen at any shoot this season, blew continuously for the two days, accompanied by rain about half the time.

There are but few cities that could turn out as many shooters as Harrisburg did at this shoot, under the same weather conditions.

The trade was well represented, there being present Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, J. M. Hawkins, Frank Lawrence, L. J. Squier, J. R. Hull, E. D. Fulford, Harry H. Stevens and N. Apgar.

Nearly fifty different shooters participated. One of the features was a team shoot for cash prizes; no entrance fee; open to any gun club in the State; four men to the team; 25 targets per man; for \$85 in cash, to be divided among the four highest teams, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The club donated this money instead of putting up a cup, which has been the custom.

Although the weather was the worst ever, everything moved off in good shape, thanks to the good work done by Mr. A. H. Roberts, the club's secretary, and by Mr. Frank Lawrence, the manager of the shoot. Everybody was willing to lend a helping hand, and the shoot was pronounced a success. The scores follow:

Oct. 9, First Day.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Events:	10	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	25
Targets:	7	9	15	14	15	13	11	13	17	13	13	20	165
Elliott	8	12	14	13	8	16	13	10	14	13	9	18	149
Squiers	6	9	6	10	13	20	10	9	11	14	10	21	149
Fulford	8	13	16	11	11	12	12	14	14	10	10	22	153
Stevens	6	11	14	11	13	13	10	10	18	12	14	18	150
Dinger	8	13	13	12	13	17	11	13	14	10	10	18	152
Harlow	5	12	13	10	9	17	9	10	18	8	11	10	132
Brewster	7	11	12	10	15	9	13	11	7	12	14	14	131
Bennor	7	12	10	12	12	9	11	11	13	11	11	16	135
Apgar	9	14	18	14	13	17	10	11	16	13	11	19	165
Fels	6	6	12	12	10	10	5	8	13	7	7	13	109
Hawkins	8	12	12	11	13	17	11	12	17	11	12	22	158
Humer	6	14	15	14	12	13	13	17	16	10	14	18	152
Lewis	2	8	11	7	9	10	8	7	10	6	5	14	97
Parker	6	10	14	10	13	12	7	11	13	10	10	20	136
Martin	5	10	13	8	13	9	9	11	14	11
Pensey	6	8	11	12	8	9
Patrick	5	8	8	8	10	11	6	11	8	11	7	13	106
Reed	11	7
McClure	10	13	9

Team shoot: Carlisle first, \$34; Shamokin second, \$25; Harrisburg, third, \$17; Fuller fourth, \$8.50. Scores:

Carlisle—Humer 20, Sprout 19, Parker 23, Porter 17; total 79.

Shamokin—Marlin 24, Blue Ribbon 19, John Jones 19, Keiser 16; total 78.

Harrisburg—Dinger 21, Oliver 18, Hoffman 21, Brewster 16; total 76.

Fuller—Fuller 19, Hunter 18, Byers 18, Beecher 13; total 68.

Oct. 10, Second Day.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Events:	10	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	25
Targets:	10	15	19	14	15	17	14	15	17	15	14	25	190
Elliott	9	13	19	14	12	19	15	13	16	13	12	25	180
Squiers	4	12	18	14	15	18	14	13	19	11	13	25	176
Hull	9	13	19	15	14	17	13	12	17	14	15	25	181
Fulford	8	14	13	13	14	17	12	14	19	11	14	21	178
Apgar	8	11	15	14	13	12	11	11	17	9	13	20	164
Stevens	7	12	16	12	15	13	14	14	13	12
Hoffman	9	14	20	14	13	16	14	13	14	14	12	21	179
Fielis	9	12	14	12	9	15	12	11	16	12	8	20	150
Humer	8	13	17	13	18	10	10	13	15	14	14	21	169
Dinger	9	14	16	10	13	16	13	11	19	14	15	24	174
Fuller	8	11	13	11	10	14	10	11	19	12	14	16	149
Brewster	6	11	16	8	11	14	9	11	18	13	11	22	150
Parker	7	10	18	10	13	17	10	13	18	11	11	20	153
Blue Ribbon	8	12	16	12	10	13	11	9	18	13	10
Marlin	7	11	14	10	13	18	13	13	17	14	14
J. Jones	8	9	16	13	12	17	12	10	18	13	12
W. Keiser	6	8	9	10	7	13	15	9	14	...
W. L. Sober	8	12	20	11	14	16	14	10	17	11	10	19	162
McClure	...	11	16	8
Ewens	...	10	19	12	12	18	11	12	15
Diebold	...	8	15	10	11	10	11	8	11
Patrick	...	10	19	12	10	12	9	...	13	10
Hunter	13	12	10
F. E. Wase	9	6	4	...	11	11
Martin	8	9	11	11	11	11	12
F. F. Beck	10	9	3	8
C. H. Morris	12	9	11	...	13	10
Newcomb	13	13	11	13	10	16	13	11
Pennsy	13	11	13	18
J. Porter	10	9	...	11
Byers	12	12	...	11
York	10
Oliver	15	16
Halley	9	10	7	8
Hay	10	12
Sprout	10

WESTERN TRAP.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 10.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the fourth shoot of the fourth series. Dr. Meek carried off the honors of the day by winning Class A trophy on 25 straight, while Dr. Huff captured the jewelry in Class B on 19. L. Wolff did the trick for Class C on 15.

The day was an ideal one for target shooting, being cool and just a slight breeze from the rear. The attendance was not what it should be, but that is accounted for by the open season for game.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets:

Wilson	11110101111100111101101111—19
Thomas	101111111111111101101111—21
Dr. Meek	111111111111111111111111—25
Stone	011000100110111101001010—12
McDonald	111111011111011111110110—21
Snyder	111100100111111111011100—18
Smeedes	111101111111111101111001—20
L. Wolff	010101001001011011110110—14

Eaton11111011111111111110101—22
F. Wolf1101011001101111111111—19
Chesterman000101110100000011000001— 8
Dr. Huff10000111111101111111101—19

Events:
Targets: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
Wilson 10 10 10 10 10 * 10 15 10
Thomas 6 6 8 4 4 4 8 8 ..
Dr. Meek 10 9 9 7 4 9 13 ..
Stone 9 9 10 9 10 9 15 ..
McDonald 7 10 6 8 5 9 11 ..
Snyder 7 10 8 7 6 9 11 ..
L. Wolff 7 8 7 7 7 6 11 ..
Herbert 3 3 4
Eaton 6 5 7
F. Wolf 9 8
Smeedes 10 9 8 6 6 10 9 ..
Seymore 8 3 8 11 8
Chesterman 8 6 4 4 6
Dr. Huff 7 10 8
*Pairs.

Nevada Annual Shoot.

NEVADA, Mo., Oct. 10.—The Nevada Gun Club held their annual shoot at Lake Park, Oct. 7 and 8. It was a success from every standpoint. The weather was fair, with the exception of a flurry of wind occasionally. The club was favored with the presence the first day of Mr. and Mrs. Butler, of Chanute, Kan., and with the short while which Mrs. Butler has been following the trap, she made the old heads "go some."

The second day was not so well attended, but some very fair scores were made.

The club is indebted to the big-hearted Dave Elliott (brother of J. A. R.), of Kansas City, for his untiring help through both days, as his ambition any time is to work rather than shoot in order to keep everything moving.

The first day's shoot resulted in Mr. Gresham, of Mineral, Kan., being high man, with 143 targets, being close run by Mackie, of Scammon, Kas, with a total of 142.

The second day ended, Gresham was 126, Mackie 129, leaving Mackie high gun on the two days by a margin of 2 targets.

Oct. 7, First Day.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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Rylands (Ky.) Shoot.

RYLANDS, Ky.—A party of enthusiastic sportsmen and active members of the Cincinnati Gun Club visited Rylands on Oct. 9 and spent a most enjoyable day at the traps. The shoot was to have been held on the 8th, but owing to the non-arrival of the pigeons in time for the morning train, it was postponed. Superintendent Arthur Gambell and a few others went down in the afternoon of the 8th to get everything in good shape for the main party, and, as the birds had arrived by that time, a couple of team matches were shot.

On Friday morning the party left at 8:05 from the Union station on the Central Kentucky Division of the L. & N. Railroad, and after a ride of about three-quarters of an hour, through the beautiful Licking River valley, arrived at their destination, which is fourteen miles from Cincinnati, where they were met by wagons which conveyed them and their paraphernalia to the grounds.

The grounds where the shoot was held are situated on the banks of a large artificial lake, the high, sloping banks of which are fringed with a fine growth of oak and walnut trees. There is a commodious club house, a bath house, a number of boats, and the lake is well stocked with fish. In the distance are the beautiful Kentucky hills, the whole making a picture which is a delight to the eyes of the tired city man. With all these adjuncts to pleasure added to the pure air and magnificent scenery, a day spent here forms an oasis in the life of the busy worker which will be long remembered.

The grounds are under the control of a few Cincinnati gentlemen and were tendered to the trapshooters through the courtesy of Col. West.

The birds were mostly fast flyers, and among them were some screamers. There were a few sitters, but in most cases these turned out to be hard ones when they did start, going off with a twisting flight which puzzled the men behind the guns, and which were represented on the score sheets by a 0 or a *.

The wind was blowing hard toward the traps, and aided the birds very much, so that in a number of cases, those which were hard hit by both barrels were carried over the boundary before falling dead. The traps used, three in number, were of the old scoop pattern, and worked well.

A dinner of fried chicken, with all the accessories, was prepared by chef McComas, and served in the club house. The shooters needed no urging to respond to the dinner call, and here straight scores were made.

A number of hard luck stories could be told by most of the participants. In event 3, Pohlar drew three outgoing right-quarterers; they were screamers, and carried the shot over the boundary before falling dead. H. Norris drew a fast left-quarterer for his first bird in No. 2; it was hard hit, but kept going until it crossed the boundary. In No. 3 a straight score was spouted by his fourth bird, which darted off to the right and fell dead out. Pohlar made a fine second-barrel kill of his ninth bird in event 3; it was a left-quarterer, and was almost out of bounds when he dropped it. H. Norris is a shooter who will bear watching. If we are rightly informed, this was his first live-bird shoot, and he made some of the finest second-barrel kills of the day. Kohler lost his fourth bird in event 3 by not having his gun cocked, an oversight which happens occasionally to many shooters.

In the afternoon the sun shone in the shooters' faces, and bothered quite a little. The wind did not blow quite so hard as in the morning.

Gambell's two setters, Colonel and Pen, kept up the reputation they have earned as retrievers. The former is, beyond question, the best retriever of pigeons in the country. When he goes for a bird, he brings it back. He seems to know when a wounded bird is within the boundary, and exercises almost human intelligence in his efforts to secure it without driving it out. One of the birds to-day fell into the lake, and Colonel went in after it. As the dog drew near, the pigeon rose from the water and flew to the opposite bank. The dog followed, retrieved it and swam back with it in his mouth. This feat was observed by many of the shooters, and was commented on as a most unusual occurrence. Pen is a good and careful retriever, but is hardly in the same class with his mate. Both dogs seem to enjoy the sport even more than the shooters.

The shooting was refereed by Mr. John Falk. The scores follow, the team shoots taking place on Thursday:

Team match, 10 birds per man:
Gambell1220121200—7 Osterfeld0021121212—8
Morris2222022202—8-15 Nye2002222202—6-14

Practice:
Jay Bee211—3 Morris0120—2
Roanoke001—1 Pfeiffer121—3

Team matches, 5 birds per man:

No. 1.	No. 2.
Morris22222—5	22222—5-10
Osterfeld11022—4	*0110—2—6
Kohler01110—3	*1102—3—6
Boeh01222—4	10122—4—8
Pohlar20000—1	16022—3—4
Wolf01100—2	06020—1—3-37
Nye02202—3	22220—4—7
Gambell12102—4	21221—5—9
Jay Bee01112—4	20002—2—6
Roanoke12212—5	01100—2—7
J. Norris01000—1	00002—1—2
Pfeiffer*0200—1	00100—1—2-33

Event No. 1, 5 birds, practice:
Trap score type—Copyright, 1903, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Medico	Boeh	J. Norris	Kohler	Gambell	Willie	Pfeiffer
2 2 1 0 2—4	2 2 1 2 2—5	1 1 0 2 0—3	1 2 2 1 0—4	1 2 1 0 1—4	1 2 2 1 1—4	1 1 0 1 2—4
1 2 0 0 2—3	1 1 0 2 0—3	1 2 2 1 0—4	1 2 2 1 0—4	1 2 1 0 1—4	1 2 2 1 1—4	1 1 0 1 2—4
1 0 2 1 2—4	1 2 2 1 0—4	1 2 2 1 0—4	1 2 2 1 0—4	1 2 1 0 1—4	1 2 2 1 1—4	1 1 0 1 2—4
0 1 0 2 2—3	1 2 2 1 0—4	1 2 2 1 0—4	1 2 2 1 0—4	1 2 1 0 1—4	1 2 2 1 1—4	1 1 0 1 2—4
2 0 1 2 2—4	1 2 2 1 0—4	1 2 2 1 0—4	1 2 2 1 0—4	1 2 1 0 1—4	1 2 2 1 1—4	1 1 0 1 2—4
0 0 2 2 0—2	1 2 2 1 0—4	1 2 2 1 0—4	1 2 2 1 0—4	1 2 1 0 1—4	1 2 2 1 1—4	1 1 0 1 2—4
1 2 1 0 2—4	1 2 2 1 0—4	1 2 2 1 0—4	1 2 2 1 0—4	1 2 1 0 1—4	1 2 2 1 1—4	1 1 0 1 2—4

Event No. 2, sweepstakes, 15 birds, \$1 entrance, division of purse \$4, \$3 and \$2; all at 29yds.:

Medico	Ackley	Osterfeld	*Pohlar	*H. Norris
1 2 2 1 0 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 1—13	2 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 1 1 1 2 2 2—13	1 2 2 0 0 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2—11	0 1 0 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 2—13	*2 0 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2—12

Roanoke	Dick	Boeh	*J. Norris	Kohler	Gambell	Willie	*Pfeiffer
2 0 2 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—w	1 2 0 0 1 2 0 1 2 2 1 1 0 0 0—9	0 2 0 0 2 1 0 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2—11	0 2 0 1 2 0 1 0 2 1 2 0 0 2 0—8	0 0 2 1 2 0 0 2 2 2 1 1 1 2—10	0 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 0—11	2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 0 2 2 2—14	1 2 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 1—6

*Shot for birds.
No. 3, sweepstakes, 10 birds, \$1 entrance, division of purse \$4, \$3.50 and \$2.50; all at 29yds.:

Medico	Ackley	Osterfeld	Pohlar	H. Norris	Dick	Boeh	*J. Norris	Kohler	Gambell	Willie	*Pfeiffer
1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 0 1—9	1 0 1 * 1 1 1 0 2 1—7	0 1 2 0 2 2 * 2 2—6	2 * 2 2 1 * 2 2 1—7	1 2 2 * 1 1 2 1 2 2—9	0 1 2 * 2 0 2 1 2 1—7	2 * 1 2 1 2 2 2 * 0—7	2 2 2 2 2 0 0 0 0 2—6	2 1 0 0 2 2 0 1 1 1—7	2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2—8	1 2 * 2 0 1 1 2 2 1—8	0 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 1 0—4

*Shot for birds.
Event No. 4, match, 10 birds, 30yds.:

Willie	Medico
2 1 1 * 1 2 2 2 2—9	2 2 1 0 2 0 1 2 * 2—7

Cincinnati, O. BONASA.

Davies County Gun Club.

THE fall tournament of the club, held at Owensboro, Ky., on Oct. 6 and 7, was a pleasant affair, but the attendance, and the sport also, were lessened by the rain on the last day. Some of the best-known shots in the country were present, among them being R. O. Heikes, Fred Gilbert, Hood Waters and C. O. Le Compte.

On the first day, which was at targets, there were fifteen entries, high average being made by Fred Gilbert, who broke 201 out of 210. R. O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., was a good second, with 197. G. Herr, of Owensboro, was high gun of the amateurs, making 191. Hood Waters and C. O. Le Compte were not in their usual form, scoring but 178 each. Other shooters arrived in the evening, to take part in the live-bird events of the second day. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
F. Gilbert	10	15	20	25	9	15	19	24	10	12	19	23	210	201
R. O. Heikes	9	15	19	24	9	13	19	22	10	14	19	23	210	197
G. T. Herr	7	15	17	25	10	14	19	23	9	14	17	21	210	191
Wm. Dawson	7	12	18	21	8	14	19	21	10	14	17	20	210	181
Hood Waters	7	11	20	22	10	15	16	22	10	13	13	19	210	178
C. O. Le Compte	10	12	20	22	9	15	16	19	5	14	14	22	210	178
J. T. Griffith	8	12	18	23	9	15	20	18	6	13	15	19	210	171
J. Lewis	8	11	18	22	9	13	15	18	7	10	17	17	210	166
R. A. Powell	7	10	15	23	8	9	14	18	5	13	15	19	210	156
A. Newman	10	13	17	21	9	12	17	20	7	13	15	19	150	124
B. G. Robinson	9	15	19	24	9	13	19	22	10	14	19	23	115	95
T. Collins	8	12	18	23	9	15	20	18	6	13	15	19	70	58
J. Aldridge	9	11	16	20	8	12	15	18	7	10	17	17	70	57
J. C. Burch	9	11	16	20	8	12	15	18	7	10	17	17	70	56
J. C. Shallcross	9	11	16	20	8	12	15	18	7	10	17	17	45	38

On the second day a severe wind and rain storm kept many shooters and spectators away, but nine sportsmen competing in the events. Some remarkably good scores were made in spite of the hard weather conditions. The last event on the programme, a miss-and-out, was the most exciting race ever shot on these grounds. Waters dropped his 15th bird, and the race was between Fred Gilbert and James Lewis, captain of the club, the former winning by a score of 23 to 22. For an amateur to hold his own in this way against an expert like Gilbert is surely something for him to be proud of.

Gilbert was high man with 63 kills out of 64 shot at. Lewis second with 59 out of 62. Heikes third with 53 out of 59. But for the bad weather to-day this would unquestionably have been the most successful tournament ever held on the local grounds. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	5	7	10	10	*	*	49	42
Waters	3	6	10	8	1	14	64	63
Gilbert	5	6	10	9	2	3	59	53
Heikes	4	7	9	8	7	7	22	17
Le Compte	2	7	8	9	9	4	47	40
Herr	4	5	9	8	9	4	62	59
Lewis	5	7	10	9	7	22	5	2
Dr. Griffith	2	2	2	2	2	2	22	17
Wm. Dawson	4	6	7	7	7	7	12	6
J. T. Griffith	3	3	3	3	3	3		

*Miss-and-out.
BONASA.

Tournament at Columbus Grove, Ohio.

THE Columbus Grove Gun Club held a tournament on Oct. 6 which proved to be a very enjoyable affair, although not as well attended as had been expected. The trade was represented by C. W. Phellis (Phil), R. Trimble, M. Hensler. High average was won by Phil, with 186 out of 200; second, R. Trimble, 183; third, Hensler, 177. High amateur average went to the seventeen-year-old boy, Grant Bogart, who broke 176. The scores:

Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
Phil	200	186	145
Trimble	200	183	116
Hensler	200	187	130
Bogart	200	176	105
Barnett	200	172	78
Johnson	170	151	85
George	155	128	70

D. HOSMER.

Whitney-Milner Tournament.

DES MOINES, Ia., Oct. 7.—Whitney and Milner's two-day target tournament closed to-day. The attendance was fair. The shoot was a success. The weather was fine on Tuesday, but, on Wednesday, a forty-mile wind blew across the traps, and made the shooting very difficult.

Harry Taylor, of Mecklin, S. D., was high on the first day with 188. F. B. Cunningham, of St. Joe, Mo., was high on the second day with 177, and won high amateur average for the two days. Heer and Crosby tied for high average with 361 out of the 400. A number of the shooters will leave for St. Joe to-night to attend the Missouri State Amateur Tournament.

Oct. 6, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	187
Crosby	12	13	19	14	15	19	15	14	18	14	14	20	157
Burmister	10	11	17	11	10	13	14	13	15	10	14	19	157
Budd	14	15	18	13	14	20	15	13	19	12	13	17	183
Riehl	14	14	19	15	16	20	15	13	18	14	11	17	185
Heer	14	14	19	13	12	18	14	13	20	15	15	19	186
Kline	13	13	20	15	14	19	15	14	19	13	15	16	186
Hirschy	14	13	17	15	16	20	13	12	19	15	13	18	184
Hoan	13	13	19	14	15	19	11	15	17	12	13	19	179
Ford	14	14	18	14	15	16	12	12	15	13	14	20	177
McDowell	14	12	19	14	14	19	14	13	19	13	14	18	183
Starin	12	13	18	14	11	16	14	13	13	13	13	16	166
Taylor	15	14	20	15	15	17	14	14	17	14	15	18	188
Cunningham	14	12	19	14	15	18	14	13	18	14	15	16	182
Steger	9	11	16	14	13	19	15	12	19	14	12	16	170
Hageman	12	12	18	12	14	17	13	13	17	13	17	17	171
Dove	10	11	16	12	12	16	14	10	14	11	8	13	147
Brookshire	13	13	15	10	14	13	12	13	16	12	12	16	159
Russell	9	14	16	13	13	16	11	13	17	15	13	16	166
Lord	12	15	17	12	13	18	12	11	13	13	12	14	162
Harkins	13	14	15	14	14	14	11	10	19	12	11	18	165
Colhame	9	11	14	10	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Sears	12	4	14	12	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	100
Layman	14	14	14	13	14	14	14	14	14				

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The Hill Top Handicap.

It was a hearty welcome that awaited us at the Clay home at

Jake Gay was in great form, and here is a pigeon shot who

Seco_d Day, Thursday, Oct. 2.

Event No. 4,15 birds, entrance \$10, handicap rise:	
Rhoades, 29.....	2222222222222222-15
Phil, 29.....	12121121121211-15
Heikes, 30.....	12121112223122-15
Waters, 29.....	11122112223122-15
T Clay, Jr, 29.....	02222222222222-14
Heer, 30.....	11120121212121-14
Caraphua, 27.....	00211222222222-13
Head, 29.....	01012121212221-13
Young, 28.....	22220222220222-13
Hernndon, 28.....	02111121212121-13
Medico, 28.....	00111111122222-13
Buckner, 27.....	22222202222222-13
Kaintuck, 29.....	22222202210122-13
Osborn, 27.....	12222222020222-13
Old Ham, 27.....	02102121101121-13
Bennett, 28.....	01222211011012-13
Hicks, 27.....	22122222212201-13
Betts, 27.....	12200112121230-11
Anthony, 28.....	02211121262210-11
Pinney, 28.....	022222**110022-10
Farmer Jones, 27.....	000221200222011-10

Mr. John T. Page, of Elkton, Ky., winner of the Lexington Ky. tournament, used "Infallible Smokeless," as did also Messrs. E. K. Bachman and C. C. English, first and second highest averages at Bristol, Tenn., recently.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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SOME ENGLISH WAYS.

It is not yet three centuries since the practice of shooting birds on the wing was first taken up, the birds being found by a setting dog as in earlier days, when the same dog found the birds for the netter. The flintlock gun was invented in Spain about 1630, and the detonating tube, followed by the copper cap, came in the early days of the last century, about 1818. In 1836 was invented the LeFauchaux cartridge, to be used in the breechloader, and this gun, variously modified and improved, is in use to-day.

For nearly 250 years the shotgun shooter traveled the fields, following his dogs, content to kill his birds as they got up before him, and in America that is the practice to-day. But things are very different in England. There, as we are told by gun makers, and as we may read in books and periodicals, this form of shooting has become too slow. The gunner now cares chiefly to let off as many cartridges as he can in a given time. Hence has arisen a practice of having battues of pheasants, the birds being driven from their coverts by a long line of beaters, in such a way that they will fly over the line of shooters. In the same way the grouse moors are driven, the birds being herded toward the line of shooters who lie concealed in pits or stone towers along the crest of some hill over which the game is expected to fly. All this we have heard of with more or less frequency of late years, and to the American gunner it all seems more or less strange, but within a few years the practice of driving has been extended to partridges, which are frightened from their homes among the roots or in the stubble and driven toward or over the line of gunners, or a line of shooters march forward, putting up the birds before them, and shooting at them as they fly. The use of dogs—except retrievers—is being given up.

In England many people now speak with some contempt of men who are content to potter about, following the dogs, with the prospect of getting a few shots. The average English shooter is not content with this. He must have his place in line with two or three guns, which he stands ready to fire as quickly as possible, and then to pass back to his loader, who stands behind him, taking the empty gun, loading it, and instantly passing it back to the shooter.

This is the refinement of game preserving—of raising birds merely for the purpose of killing them—and is not likely to have a place in the system of American sport for a long time. For at the present day no conditions of American life favor it.

That pheasants are reared artificially in England is an old story to all. The bird is an exotic, living in a climate and under conditions quite unlike those of its native land. What is not so well known is that grouse and partridges as well are reared more or less by hand, or, if not quite this, nature is assisted to a point where really not much is left for her to do. The rearing of grouse by hand has only been undertaken lately, but the artificial production of partridges is quite an old story.

All land which is not grown up with forest or underbrush is, or may become, suitable for partridges, and the desirability of having large numbers of birds to shoot makes it seem to British proprietors a matter of great importance to hatch artificially all the eggs that can be had. In Britain, however, such eggs are private property which may be stolen by poachers, and therefore cannot be purchased there without the danger of buying stolen goods. This difficulty is overcome by importing the eggs of Hungarian partridges. These eggs are placed under small hens, preferably bantams, and hatched usually in from twenty-one to twenty-four days. The question of feeding is one which has called for great care, thought, and experiment, but now seems to be pretty well understood. At the age of about six weeks the broods with their mothers are removed in their coops to the fields, and the

coops opened after dark, so that in the morning the birds have a chance to avail themselves of their freedom. When about two months old, the partridges gather into coverts and thereafter are wild.

On some estates imported Hungarian birds are kept in captivity in large pens from which small pens open. After the birds have paired, they seek the seclusion of the small pen and nest and hatch there in captivity.

It is interesting to see the strides which the artificial rearing of birds has made in England, and this success should offer encouragement to the few men in this country who are endeavoring to domesticate the ruffed grouse and Bob White. Patience, room for experiment, and abundant time are certain ultimately to result in the artificial rearing of game birds on this side of the water as well as it has been done in England.

THE SIDE HUNT DEVASTATION.

An exchange of recent date recounts that some shooters have made arrangements to hold in western Massachusetts one of the old-fashioned slaughtering contests, euphemistically called a club hunt, or a side hunt. It is a kind of game hunt, or, rather, animal slaughter, which involves a clean sweep of undomesticated life in woods and fields in so far as the participants can compass it. The greatest quantity possible of every kind is the desideratum.

The sentiment of the public, and especially of the large class of the public composed of sportsmen, has always been emphatically opposed to side hunts because of their unscrupulous purposes of wholesale slaughter, violating all the accepted principles of sportsmanship and the rights of others. In latter years the side hunt has fallen into the disuse and obloquy which it deserves.

Some years ago, in certain sections of the United States, side hunts were of frequent occurrence. They had a certain vogue with clubs whose members had strong competitive and destructive instincts. A dinner to the winners was the penalty incurred by the losing side, thus there was an incentive to kill for the sake of the dinner on the one hand, as well as for the pleasure of personal and team victory on the other hand.

By way of illustrating the sweeping destructiveness of animal life consequent to the side hunt, the following list of animals and their values is presented. It is taken from FOREST AND STREAM, and is dated October 15, 1886, at Gardner, Mass.: "White rabbits, 100 points; coverts, 50 points; gray squirrels, 100 points; red squirrels, 50 points; chipping squirrels, 25 points; crows, 100 points; partridges, 100 points; blue jays, 50 points; red-headed woodpeckers, 50 points; partridge woodpeckers, 50 points; blackbirds, 25 points; robins, 20 points; skunks, 10 points." There were fourteen men on a side, and they scored a total of 14,315 points. In FOREST AND STREAM of November 4, 1886, is an account of a side hunt which took place at Lowell, Mass., for a dinner. One side scored 30,250 points, the other 16,685 points. Thus the aggregate of wanton destruction must have been great. It will be noted that the list includes almost every undomesticated animal which was present in that section at that season. In the list all consideration of availability as food is abandoned. All considerations, too, of sportsmanship are utterly ignored. The purpose was to kill all that could be killed, and kill more than the opposition. The bird or beast scored regardless of the manner in which it was brought to bag. Game birds, song birds, and vermin were alike sought because their bodies had a numerical artificial value for mere purposes of addition. The old plea in justification, while it had a certain speciousness on its face, failed utterly in justification on the slightest analysis.

It was said that a side hunt, fifty or a hundred killers participating, was only the equivalent of the same number of men shooting separately on different days, and that the total of the side hunt appears inordinately great merely because it is a total. Also, it was held that it was quite as legitimate to shoot animals in a competitive way as it was to shoot pigeons at the trap in a competitive way, the principle being the same, it was contended, in either instance.

Either plea abounds with fallacy. A man, shooting alone, would not systematically kill every living, unprotected creature which he could bring within range. There is not the incentive to kill everything when a

man is shooting alone, each animal then having its own natural value, that there is when each animal has an artificial valuation, as fixed by the side hunts. Few men shooting alone, are wanton destroyers of life. No greater exemplar of a bloodthirsty destroyer could be imagined than that of a man shooting alone after the manner of slaughter in a side hunt. Nor is there any analogy between the side hunt and shooting at the traps. The trapped pigeon is the personal property of the shooter, and after being killed is serviceable for food. The wild game birds and animals belong to the people of the State, and at best the ownership of possession is qualified. To devastate or to partially devastate a large section of the people's property, is a moral wrong even if the letter of the law may not have foreseen the possibility of the destruction and guarded against it. The trend of all modern legislation is to restrict what the individual may take to limits of moderation; and it would be absurd to assume that the people would restrict the individual, and ignore a mass of individuals killing as a horde.

Team hunts seem to have had their origin in a beneficial custom which obtained in pioneer days, when the power of a county sallied forth to kill the bears, wolves, wild cats, etc., which were a menace to the whole community. The choosing of sides and the competition thereby engendered, stimulated each man to kill as much as he could of the common enemy. The side hunt, in a game killing contest, is a perversion of this once beneficent custom. The sportsmen of every community should discountenance uncompromisingly the side hunt whenever such perversion of sport and sportsmanship is attempted.

THE BERTILLON SYSTEM IN MAINE.

The Bertillon system of anthropometric measurements for identification of criminals is now in almost universal use by police authorities throughout the civilized world. When a criminal is arrested and taken to headquarters, he is measured in much detail as to height, length and width of head, length of ear, of forearm, of middle finger, of little finger, and of foot; and all these details, together with others of sex, age, color of hair and eyes, beard and complexion, and contours of profile—forehead, nose, lips, chin and ear—are carefully recorded. In addition a careful record is made of any particular marks, such as pigmentary moles, scars or cuts, boils or wounds and tattooing. All these supply infallible data for subsequent identification, if at any time the same subject is rounded up by the police.

The Maine authorities have adopted the Bertillon system of identification of criminals for the identification of non-resident sportsmen who visit that State for hunting. That is to say, they have adopted the Bertillon system in part. That they have not adopted it wholly is due probably to a feeling that a non-resident sportsman is not wholly and altogether a criminal, whose complete anthropometric record should be on file for the good of society.

The non-resident sportsman who desires a Maine hunting license must first procure a prepared blank, which must "state the name, age, residence, business, post-office address, color of hair and eyes, and height of the applicant, and whether he can or cannot write his own name." The lengths of nose, of head, ear, and other parts of the body, together with any particular marks such as a mole six centimeters to the left of the vertebral column and fifteen centimeters below the seventh vertebra, will doubtless all come in good time, as the exigencies of the system shall require. This will be more or less inconvenient for the applicant, but the Augusta authorities may be trusted to make it as easy as they can for the non-resident who wants to get into Maine; and to this end, it is reasonable to assume, they will arrange with the police authorities of the large cities to do the Bertillon measuring, in consideration of a small fee (to be paid by the applicant). Then when a sportsman living, let us say in Boston, shall hear the Red Gods calling, he will straightway repair to police headquarters, divest himself of his clothing and have his physical dimensions ascertained and recorded, and his moles and other marks mapped and duly set down. Arrived in Augusta he will present himself at the Bertillon anthropometric identification bureau, run in connection with the Fish and Game

Commission, and there undergo a test of mensuration to determine his identity. If the details that have been recorded in Boston shall agree with the ones ascertained in Augusta the commissioner may, if he is favorably impressed with the subject, issue a license on the payment of the license fee and the Bertillon identification bureau fee.

When he shall once be in the woods with his registered guide and his license, the crimi—we mean sportsman—will have nothing to mar his perfect enjoyment of the delightful freedom of the wilderness, except that once or twice or thrice in a day he will be called upon to disrobe and submit to such application of the anthropometrical instruments as the canny game warden may consider absolutely essential to the making sure that he is the individual who measures up to the figures set down in his certificate, and that his moles are all where they ought to be.

There are men who, having gone down to Maine for many years without restrictions, resent the present non-resident exactions, and profess to feel a certain sense of indignity put upon them in the requirement that they shall give their identification points of age, height, color of hair and eyes and other details, for all the world as if they were up for pocket-picking or sneak-thieving. If such finicky persons really and truly want a Maine deer, they would do well to swallow their scruples and get their game to-day, before shall come the morrow of ear measurements and strawberry marks.

The Sportsman Tourist.

With the Golden Plover.

ROBERT E. MERRILL, of the Iowa State University, writes me that he was much interested in the story of a golden plover shoot I enjoyed a number of years ago down at McPaul, Ia., and which he read in the FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Merrill is an ornithological student, and he writes me for information about the golden plover as I knew the bird some sixteen or seventeen years ago, its habits, and the causes of its disappearance roundabout here. In response I will briefly say that there have been more golden plover killed in this vicinity this fall than for the past dozen years, and some of our sportsmen predict that this precious little bird is about to return to this section, but there is no chance in the world for that. Out below Waterloo last Sunday, while jack shooting, Clarence Sobotker and Charlie Wilkins knocked five out of a passing flock of thirty or forty birds, and the same day Herbert Leavitt and a friend bagged fourteen on Mr. Leavitt's ranch near Valley. The latter gentlemen were also after jacksnipe, and the golden plover came in by accident only. Mr. Leavitt told me yesterday that they saw at least a dozen large flocks on the occasion referred to, and that if they had paid as much attention to them as they did to the jacks that they could have made a big kill. And for additional proof that these birds have been encountered here with unwonted frequency this autumn, I only have to mention that the day after receiving Mr. Merrill's letter of inquiry, W. B. Kirkuff, of Council Bluffs, walked into my office and depositing a paper sack on my table, said: "Here, Sandy, is a bird, and we want to know what it is. I say it is a golden plover, but Dr. West—and he's posted, you know—says it is not."

I opened the sack and found a full grown young male golden plover, alive and as sprightly as if just off its customary feeding grounds. Nearly a week before the bird had been shot out of a flock of fifty or sixty, which George Hathaway had run across on the flats below the elevator on the other side of the river. He knocked three or four out of the passing bunch, wing-tipping the bird in question. Dr. West, who is certainly well versed in the lore of the field and stream, was most likely misled as to the identity of the bird by the fact that it was in its first autumnal dress, and the markings were less distinct than they would have been a month later. This bird—the one Mr. Kirkuff brought me—I took over to Albert McVittie's sportsman's resort on Harney street, and for several days it attracted much attention in his show-window, but latterly it refused to eat, grew mopey, and I took it down to taxidermist Wallace for mounting. As Messrs. Kirkuff and Hathaway are both readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, I will again extend to them my thanks here. The specimen is a beautiful one, and I value it highly. It brings back the days of old.

The golden plover used to spend two or three weeks in this section of the country, both spring and fall, in great numbers, and the shooting down about McPaul and Bartlett and up round Herman and Bancroft was always great. They came here more plentifully in the fall season than any other, and remained here longer and afforded better sport for the gunner. In late April, in a normal spring season, they would come here in great flocks, remain but a few days, then continue on to their northern breeding grounds, but few of them lingering this side of the 46th parallel for the purposes of nidification.

The bird was always a most interesting little fellow to me, and I used to put in much time watching them. They dart around over the ground with astonishing agility, reminding one in their peculiar movements of young domestic chickens. When they first espy an approaching gunner they will run with considerable speed for quite a distance, suddenly stop as short as if they had butted into a stone wall, nod their heads comically and tilt their graceful bodies several times, vibrating peculiarly from side to side at the same time, and then they will away again. If they think they have not been discovered they will sometimes lie down and lie crouched close in the short grass until you almost kick them up. When getting ready to leave the country or locality, like the upland

plover when he alights, they will lift their wings in the air over their bodies several times, a brief moment each time, and this the experienced always knew behooved prompt action on his part. When feeding on good grounds they will move along with the regularity of a column of soldiers, jerking their bulb-like heads from side to side, and picking at this and that tempting morsel with a singular bending motion of their gold mottled bodies. They are always weird acting little fellows, and at times will dance and jump and stamp around in a limited area on our moist pasture fields for hours at a time to force the angleworms out of their tiny holes in the soft soil. In September and October they are particularly fond of our winter wheat fields, but are frequently met with on our sunny hillsides, where the wild rose berry and the grasshopper flourish. Again, like their congeners, the uplands, they are gluttons for grasshoppers and coleopterous insects of various kinds. When on a long pilgrimage in migrating time they fly in a line and with much speed, the leaders almost constantly sounding that sweet and musical note that belongs to no other little throat. When they come down here in the fall, and before coming on to a field to alight, as if in an abandon of gladness that their journey is at an end, they will go through many funny evolutions and aerial reticulations, now swooping down and skimming low over the ground, then straight up into the air again and round and round, sometimes gliding through space sidewise, with one sloe-black eye on earth the other on sky, flying out and in and backward and forward in a manner that often tires and disgusts the waiting and impatient gunner. John Hardin, A. H. Penrose and Billy Townsend and myself killed 180 plover in one day's shooting down near McPaul, Ia., in 1888, and even then did not consider that we had accomplished any great shakes.

But to revert to the habits of the bird. When they do light, when arriving here in the fall, the moment their dark feet touch the ground is the critical moment to the shooter, as they are solidly congregated and closely bunched up, but remain so but a transitory moment. The very second almost that their toes touch grass or ground, they separate, like a dash of oil on a still pool, and run widely apart. They also remind one very much of the curls in their flight, checking themselves every whip-stitch in their seemingly maddened rush, as if to examine some object on the ground below, and all the time giving free vent to that singularly mellifluous cry, *Cour-lee-ouee!* *Cour-lee-ouee-ouee!* When they get in here in September—that is, when they used to come—the young birds made capital shooting. They would swoop down and alight on a field, dispersing quickly and running about apparently without aim, but with the most amusing alacrity, and with the one object of filling their crops—filling their bobbing heads. Often, when first in, they would be very tame, as dumb-acting as young blue-wing teal, and a shooter could get right on top of them before, with that inevitable *curl-lee-ouee!* they would jump up into the air and scurry away. That day, down at McPaul, Hardin and I would walk round and round a flock of adolescent birds, gradually crowding them in closer and closer, until finally we would have them, wild-eyed and long-necked, formed into a small circular knot, and then—well, we don't do those things nowadays.

But the golden plover is but a dream of the past, notwithstanding the unusual numbers seen this fall, and in a few years more will be as good as extinct. I forgot to mention that at times I have seen them wading about on our overflowed meadows, but, like the upland plover, they prefer dry ground, differing in this respect from the jacksnipe, yellowleg and killdeer. I have also known them to probe our mellow loam just as the gallinages probe it, but in the fall the dry cow-dung on our grazing fields is what they revel in. Here they will roll and scratch and pick just like barnyard fowl for hours and hours at a time. They are seldom found in poor condition, and are one of the choicest table birds known in this part of the world, and I do not believe that a pair of them to-day at Rector's, Sherry's or Shanley's would allow you much change out of a \$5 William.

To-morrow afternoon, together with my boy Gerard, Major R. Barber, of Baltimore, and Charles Miller, of Kansas City, I leave for the Cherry county sandhills for two weeks with the grouse and the wildfowl. Judge Ives' party, which consists of himself, Dr. Connors, M. A. Hall, Edward Jacobs, Frank Carpenter, E. Abrahams, John A. Kuhn, and Frank Campbell, leave this afternoon for the Crane marshes below Ainsworth, and on Thursday Charlie Metz, Dr. Downs, Billy Marsh, Pete Burk, Mike Fitzgibbons, Dick Seamon, and Charlie Lewis go to Lake Creek, up on the Pine Ridge reservation in South Dakota. John and Sandy McDonald, Jim Tuthill, Gus Harte, Al. Powers, John Hoyer, and Fred Anderson also leave on the 15th for Marsh and Coyote Lake, west of Woodlake, while Charlie Suffin, C. A. Bishop, Fred Rose, and W. D. Smith depart for the canvasback grounds out in Deuel county.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

The Cabin Plan.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For the benefit of my fellow nature lovers, who are readers of your paper, and who, like myself, are not overburdened with this world's goods, I will here describe the arrangement that I have for an outing during my summer vacation, and for the past nine years I have spent from four to six weeks each year in that way.

Having a tract of woodland in northeastern Connecticut, in 1894 I built a rough cabin upon it—the photograph of the cabin was reproduced in FOREST AND STREAM some six years ago; also, dimensions and cost of material were given; but as many who never saw that paper might be interested in some such a project, I will again describe and give the cost of the little hut, as many might be pleased to call it.

Its dimensions are 16 feet by 20, with 9½ feet posts; frame of chestnut timber and plenty of it; covered with unplanned inch white pine boards, and battened outside with 4-inch cedar poles, halved; floor of 1-inch chestnut boards; roof of best cedar shingles, and having a well-built brick chimney, which has been put up since

photo for FOREST AND STREAM was taken; piazza 6 feet wide in front. The chestnut and the pine were cut on the premises.

Had I bought all of the material it would have cost some \$250, but, perhaps, one like it might cost \$300 at the present time, as builder's supplies and labor are dearer now.

It is so well and strongly built that a cyclone might tumble it over and over, but never could tear it in pieces, and not a drop of rain gets inside.

During each of the past four years some one of my children has gone there and roughed it with me, and each considers having an outing at the hut the event of his or her life; also several friends of ours from Asbury Park have had outings there before this year. This year my eldest daughter was there for six weeks with me, in June and July. When the season at the shore was nearly over my other daughter with two young lady friends of hers, were up there and put in three weeks, and after they came back my boy, with two other youths, went up for three weeks, and all of them seemed to consider it the height of enjoyment. Not only all of them, but several others from Asbury Park, are already making arrangements to have outings there another summer, and as far as healths are concerned, I never saw a healthier lot than they all were when they came back.

Now, what I am driving at—mind, I have no ax to grind—is this: that a great many persons, and families, too, in very moderate circumstances, could have some such an arrangement for an outing during the whole or part of the summer at a very little cost. Just think of it, no rent to pay, no fuel to buy, taxes nominal, plenty of milk, eggs and vegetables to be had at first cost, several kinds of wild berries and lots of them to be had for the picking, plenty of the purest air and drinking water, and such sleeps and appetites! yes, and healths, too! and besides no doctor's nor druggist's bills to foot!

Grub for self alone costs less than \$1.50 per week, with others at the same rate, and we have more than plenty. No condiments to spur up one's appetite. Don't require any.

Now, one could get a tract of several acres of rough land, or, perhaps, the whole, or a part of an abandoned farm, in some satisfactory locality—say, near some lake or stream—for less than one would have to pay for a small lot in or near a city, or large village, and improvements—cabin, also furniture—would cost but a little comparatively (by the way, I made all of the furniture for the cabin, stove excepted, out of rough boards, and of different woods cut on the tract), and thus one of small means could enjoy nature and country life in as great a degree as many wealthy ones do.

The tract would also be a good game preserve or shooting ground, for its owner in open season.

Why, I wouldn't exchange my annual outing time with rough bed and fare at the little Bresh hut on Oakledge tract, with its brooks and near-by trout streams, forest and big shade trees, and lots of other advantages, for twice that length of time spent at the best summer hotel in Long Branch, Elberon or Asbury Park, with the fashionable botherations, the highly seasoned and fixed-up feed (with consequent medicines), and the airy (or stuffy?) rooms, with auto and coach service thrown in besides.

A. L. L.

North Carolina Incidents and Game.

RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 17.—Dr. J. W. McNeill and his son Pembroke, are both among the most ardent sportsmen of the Cape Fear section. Their home is on Rockfish Creek, near Fayetteville. A few days ago they went to a place on that stream to catch the yellow perch which so abound there, and which are so highly prized as a game fish and as one of the finest for the table. With Dr. McNeill and Pembroke was one of his hounds, a thoroughbred. She sat near them, looking into the water as they began to fish, but suddenly lifted her head, looked up into her master's face, and then swiftly glided off through the undergrowth. In a few moments she gave tongue a quarter of a mile away, plainly on the track of a fox. Her chase could be clearly followed until she reached what is known as "Carver's old field." Suddenly the music of the dog was shut off; so quickly that at first it impressed Pembroke, but the fishing became very lively and the matter passed out of his mind, and he went home. The hound did not show up at dinner, nor that night, and Dr. McNeill began to be alarmed. Three days passed, but no dog appeared. Search was made all over the neighborhood. On the fourth morning Pembroke remembered that the music of the dog had stopped about the Carver old field, and started off with a companion to make an investigation there. In a dry well, 25 feet deep, they found both dog and fox, alive and lively. The dog was on guard while the fox was intrenched in a little recess in the side of the well. Whenever the fox ventured out the dog made a dash for it. It was very plain when Pembroke looked down in the well that both the dog and fox had been stunned when they struck its bottom, and that the fox, recovering first, had scratched for himself the narrow hole in the clay wall of the well before the dog came to her senses. The hound was pulled out with a noose, the fox leaping up and biting and yelping in a frenzy or rage as the dog was lifted up. Then the fox was caught in a bag, taken out of the well and given its liberty. It dashed away as if it had not missed a meal.

In the Cape Fear section there is glorious fox hunting, and there are some notably good packs of hounds. The cover is good and the record made by some of the old sportsmen is remarkable. The oldest of all the sportsmen was ex-Senator Carver, over 75 years of age, tall and spare, but very active. Not long ago he offered one of his finest hounds to any member of a party of his guests who would make the nearest guess as to the number of foxes he had captured. One man guessed 1,200, and another 1,260. The latter won the dog, Carver saying that he had captured 1,264 foxes in his life. He had "kept tab" on his captures. In this State foxes are run with large hounds, the hunters being on horseback, though persons very familiar with

One Day and Another.

MEMORY is clear and distinct regarding the general outlines of one day in my life, but hazy in some of the details. I can see a small barefoot boy, trousers carelessly rolled half way to the knees, a straw hat, such as country boys wear, much the worse for wear, for being used at sundry times as a net in which to catch minnows, a trap to clap down over fledgling birds or bright butterflies, a handy and useful vehicle in which to carry cherries, apples, straw or blackberries—no one but a country boy knows what a terribly useful article a straw hat really is. This particular day I had my own and my very first fishing line. I earned the money to buy it driving a flock of sheep (I guess I only helped one of the farm hands drive them to Grandfather's). Father had cut me a beautiful pole, none of your new fangled split-made things from a factory—and I am by the creek ("crick," we called it), which lazily lolled along in the edge of the meadow. The new and bright cork is dancing on the gentle ripple of the water. I know my bait is right; did I not put on a big worm and spit on him before dropping the hook overboard? Pretty soon the cork gives a little wiggle, and my heart almost stands still; surely that time it bobbed. I am growing impatient, but remember my father's instructions, "Wait until it goes way under." Two or three times in quick succession it tilts, and I am sure that I was sweating—perspiration is too mild a word. Suddenly, in a slanting direction, that blessed cork starts up stream and for the bottom. It really seems as though it would be out of sight before I can bring my rigid muscles into action; but I "jerk," jerk hard enough to have broken the best of tackle with a really good fish. Well, I have him on the bank—I don't know which—a small catfish, or perhaps a sunfish, perch or chub, I don't remember what the variety was—I had caught him.

Another day—

My boys are in college, my girls in the high school. I have left my business and have traveled six hundred miles for a week's shooting over my own dog. Not that he is the only dog I have ever owned. I cannot remember the time when I have not owned one or more of one breed or another, but this one from the moment I first saw him appealed to me, why I do not know. He was the homeliest pup I ever saw; his eyes were too light, his head too flat, his ears too thick, nose too sharp, and, sin of all sins in a hunting dog, he had a slight crook at the tip of his tail. As a pup he seemed to think himself just as smart and as good as the children. When I began to hunt him, he could and did find game; the difficulty was to find him. Then he began to point beautifully, and would hold his point until I got within from seventy-five to fifty yards; then, apparently thinking that he had been extremely patient waiting so long for me, with a bound that seemed to say, "There they are, come on," in he'd go, and I would see visions of frightened birds and flying dog. If, through some accident, I succeeded in getting near enough to make a kill, and the dog happened to point long enough to see the bird fall, he would go for it—and findings were keepings with him. Why not? I always kept the bird when I got it first, why not he? He would swallow the bird with an air of having done something really worth while, and a look that seemed to say, "I got that one, old man."

He had great speed, a wonderful nose, endurance beyond belief, was bold as a warrior, and had game sense that was unerring. He was good natured, and the happiest dog that I ever saw. His attachment to me amounted to devotion, yet he seemed worthless. I asked John Lewis one day what he thought could be done with him. "Didn't know, but would take him and see."

I had traveled six hundred miles for a week's shooting, and men who really work will appreciate my feelings as I started out that right frosty morning in North Carolina with Sandy Gladstone, I. Murray Mitchell's favorite and celebrated dog, for Donald's companion.

Sandy Gladstone needs no words of praise to anyone who ever saw him in the field, or on the bench, for that matter. It was a hard place to put out my dog. I can only wish that others had been there beside Lewis and myself. Never a falter by either dog; each one speedy, self-reliant, hunting out his own ground, no mistakes, no jealousy, never a refusal to back or a break at shot or wing, my dog a splendid retriever. We came miles and found quantities of birds; the country suited this stout-hearted and strong-limbed pair, and my dog held his own with one of the best dogs that ever pointed a bird. Sandy is still living, resting on his well earned laurels, with every comfort that a dog can have. Donald sleeps beneath a magnificent holly tree on Duncannon plantation in South Carolina.

GEORGE BATTEN.

A Lost "Woodcraft."

ONE of the phenomena of everyday life is the manner in which some inanimate objects travel in circles, and, after many years, return to their original owners. Eighteen years ago a party of Philadelphia boys, returning from a camping trip in the Pocono Mountains, stood upon the Pennsylvania Railroad platform at Trenton, waiting for a train to this city. When the train appeared one of the party missed a small cloth-bound book, bearing the title "Woodcraft." It had evidently been stolen from his coat pocket while he was waiting on the platform. The loss of the book has been mourned ever since, for it reflected much of the boy's love for mountains, woods, and trout streams. Years passed, and, finally, in a mood of longing for boyhood zest for outdoor life, a bright new copy of the book was purchased, but it seemed to lack the flavor that made the old book a loved possession. Last Monday night two men were smoking in a library, when the host said: "Do you know this book?" He produced a little book, bound in blue cloth and stamped on the side in faded gold with "Forest and Stream Series—Woodcraft." The visitor seized the book, and exclaimed: "That is mine! Where did you get it?" "It is mine now," laughingly replied the host. "I bought it in a second-hand store. But here is your name on the inside of the cover." The story of the book's disappearance was told, and an exchange was effected. And so, after many years, the old book has returned to its original owner.—Philadelphia Record, Oct. 14, 1903.

Kipling's "Red Gods."

Editor Forest and Stream:

When I had read Manly Hardy's version of Kipling's poem, I consigned to the waste-basket an article which I had prepared on the same subject.

Mr. L. F. Brown has contributed so many good things to FOREST AND STREAM that I was truly sorry to have to object to his criticism of the poem.

Mr. Hardy has covered the ground fully, and his article, like all of his writings on the waters and woods of Maine, has the true ring.

In my boyhood days I could see from the knoll on which the little red schoolhouse stood, a shingle bar in Cortigan Brook. Years later that bar cost me time and money, for my hemlock logs would persist in forming a "raw, right-angled log-jam" on that bar.

Birch Stream is the dividing line between the towns of Alton and Argyle. For ten miles it winds through all kinds of soil, and its numerous bars are made up of shingle, sand and earth sediment.

I have dined on many of its bars, shingle and otherwise, while log driving and hunting. In a cold November day while setting traps on the quick water, I always found "sun-warmed shingle bars" protected from the wind by high shores a cozy place at dinner time.

My canoe was propelled by one of those "shod canoe-poles," only my setting pole was a double ender—shod at both ends. All the setting poles that I ever saw for canoes and bateaux were shod, and some were shod at both ends.

What Mr. Hardy writes about the "click" of the setting pole is true, and well known to every hunter and log-driver in Maine. Come East, Mr. Brown, come East, and grow up with the "right-angled log-jam and the shingle bar!"

HERMIT.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Oct. 16.—Editor Forest and Stream: Much as I have enjoyed some of the writings of your correspondent, Mr. L. F. Brown, I was simply disgusted when I read his criticism of Kipling's spirited poem of the "Red Gods!" I was tempted to answer it on the spot, but luckily did not feel like writing at the time, and so it fell to the lot of Manly Hardy to make the response, which he did so truly and thoroughly as to leave little or nothing more to be said. Mr. Hardy's sixty years of experience in the woods of Maine gives him the right and the knowledge to speak *ex-cathedra* on the subject, as he does, and I can only indorse every word he has said about log-jams, shingle bars, and canoe-poles. Now, in this week's FOREST AND STREAM comes another correspondent, criticising Mr. Hardy, to whom the best advice I can give is to read "Dogberry's" famous soliloquy and apply it!

Kipling probably wrote from his knowledge of New England streams and clearings, and his descriptions are true to the letter. There are acres, not to say miles, of "shingle-bars" in the Connecticut River at Brattleboro, where he married and lived for some years, and there is a large one on the same river opposite this village where I have basked in the sunshine many a time, and of which I have a capital photograph framed and hanging before my eyes, with two of my little granddaughters playing on it, while my daughter sits on a big stone near the bank, watching them.

The log-jams are very apt to form on these bars at the head of a rapid, and anyone looking up from below will see the "racing stream" as it pours through and under the logs which form the end of the picture, and are not only "raw" from having all their bark pounded off coming down over the rocks in the mountain streams, but "right-angled" and at every other possible angle, as they have been thrown up by the force of the water.

If anyone wants to see a good description of a log-jam, let them read Stewart White's admirable story of "The Blazed Trail."

Kipling has probably seen some of these very jams on the shingle-bars at Brattleboro, and if he lived there when Chesterfield Mountain, on the opposite side of the river, was cleared and burned over, a few years ago, as I think he did, he had the picture of the "blackened forest" right before his eyes.

As to shod canoe-poles, those used by the lumbermen are always shod, so far as I know. Those used by amateur tourists or summer anglers may probably be anything they can cut without too much trouble and throw away when done with. I have heard the "ring" of the shod poles on the rocks often, and no unshod one would "stand the racket" in our mountain streams. Your correspondents may write truthfully of the streams of Michigan and Wisconsin, but if they should visit the "Ammonoosuc" or the Pemigewasset, they would find both "racing streams" and sunny bars of shingle to their hearts' content.

Mr. C. H. Ames, also comes to the rescue in this week's FOREST AND STREAM, and again I indorse every part of his letter, particularly the defense of hemlock boughs, which are flatter and make a better bed than either balsam or spruce.

I might say much more, but the clock warns me to close to get this in the mail. I am not "stuck on" Kipling, but I claim to know something about woods life in New England.

VON W.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 17.—Editor Forest and Stream: I was amused by some of R. W. Ashcroft's criticisms of Kipling's poem and of his criticisms of Manly Hardy for defending Kipling from the senseless attack of Mr. L. F. Brown. I agree with Mr. Hardy that Kipling's poem is practically as true to nature as is possible in describing in verse. Mr. Ashcroft is very hypercritical in his arraignment of Mr. Hardy for some of his statements. For instance, Mr. Hardy says a bar is "anything which obstructs," from which Mr. Ashcroft deduces the conclusion that a mill dam is a bar, without allowing for the rest of the definition which Mr. Hardy omitted to add, but his sin was no greater than was Mr. Ashcroft's in his definition of a log-jam which he describes thus: "A log-jam is an aggregation of tree trunk sections," and I presume by the same reasoning a log-cabin would be a log-jam.

Mr. Ashcroft quotes Mr. Hardy as saying the canoe-poles may be heard "hundreds of yards." Now, I wonder

the routes the foxes are apt to take, sometimes join in the chase on foot. Cases are known in which foxes have been run 30 and 40 miles, the chase being in two counties. Renewed attention to fox hunting is now being given in several parts of the State. On the coast, near Beaufort, there is unusually good sport of this kind, among the small pines, scrub oaks and the tangle of yepoon and other small bushes, which are often so thick that horses cannot dash through, but have to follow the trails, while the dogs do the work in the thickets. It is not probable that in any State the fox hunting is better than it is in parts of North Carolina.

The partridge (no North Carolinian uses the word quail) shooting promises to be unusually good this season. In a few counties the season opened Oct. 15, but in nearly all it opens Nov. 1, and ends March 1 or 15. In a few counties it is only during December and January. The summer was remarkably favorable for the growth of the birds, and the broods are said to be unusually large. To give an idea of the number of the birds, it may be stated that a gentleman here at Raleigh, in the course of a Sunday afternoon ramble, recently found no less than nine coveys. In some cases there are double broods, the little birds, locally known as "squealers," doing their best to keep up with their older brothers and sisters. In this part of the State no lands are taken by sportsmen upon payment of taxes, but in the Piedmont section of the State many thousands of acres are so held, Guilford and surrounding counties being particularly notable for this sort of privilege. The game law for the State has been greatly strengthened by the Audubon law, enacted last March, which has stopped the killing of game out of season, since for the first time in this State it imposes a penalty for having game in possession out of season. It is stated that from one small station in the Piedmont section there were shipped out of the State last season 60,000 partridges, of which one man boasted that he sent away 40,000, he being the express agent at the place. It was an absolute violation of the law. Thousands of these partridges were sent away in egg crates with one layer of eggs on top to mask them, while others were sent away in trunks, valises and barrels. Great numbers of birds were illegally killed and sold during October of last year and previous years, but so far as heard from this year this has not been the case. There is no doubt that there is as good partridge shooting in North Carolina as the country affords. There is all sorts of cover, and the birds are found from the mountains to the very seashore. The acreage of field peas is constantly increasing, and this is found to be the very best food for these birds. In the eastern North Carolina pine country, where sportsmen from the North do not go much, is one of the very best sections for these birds.

A Personal Experience, with a Moral

If any one knowing my fondness for sport had asked me a year ago if I read FOREST AND STREAM, I should have unhesitatingly answered, Yes, certainly.

A quite natural conversation, something like the following, would have shown, however, that my ready and confident "yes" was not quite as truthful as I imagined. "I suppose, then, that you saw the article in last week's issue about the remarkable catch of black bass on the Delaware River, near Milford?"

"Well, no; I don't think that I saw last week's paper. I was very busy on Wednesday, went home late, forgot to get a copy at the newsstand and afterward it slipped my mind entirely."

"But the article in the previous week's issue, about the Garrisons, Ryersons and other old guides of Greenwood Lake; I daresay you were interested in that, as I know you used to fish there every summer regularly years ago."

"I certainly should have been very much interested if I had seen it, but somehow I must have missed that, too, though I intend to buy the paper every week, and don't think that I very often fail of doing so. Now that I think of it, though, there was a series of articles published not very long ago that I meant to put in my scrap book, but in looking over the papers, I found that one or two back numbers were missing, and that reminds me that I must try and get them before they are out of print."

Although this conversation is imaginery, I have no doubt that my actual experience, if recorded, would be not far from this, and not much unlike that of some others who, like myself, have always enjoyed reading FOREST AND STREAM, but have somehow neglected to buy it regularly each week from the newsstand.

But this spring a neighbor remarked one day that if I wanted to keep abreast of the times with rod and gun news, fish and game and forest preservation and other matters of interest to sportsmen and lovers of nature, the way to do it was to subscribe for FOREST AND STREAM, and so get the paper regularly each week.

I am happy to say that I at once responded, and many times since have been glad that I did so. The pleasure that I have since experienced reminds me often of what I must have occasionally missed; but never mind, I am sure now of having a good bill of fare set before me every week of things that I find served to my satisfaction and enjoyment, and as the old lady said, "That is very much to be thankful for."

A few evenings since while reading FOREST AND STREAM, I remarked to my better half, that I never before realized the high tone and character of the paper, and how much solid information its pages contain, aside from the pleasure its breezy and out-of-door articles recall and awaken.

Although not herself a fisher, "but a well wisher of the sport," she replied, "Why not write to the publishers and tell them that you think so. Perhaps, too, a statement of the satisfaction and enjoyment you have derived from your action, may lead some other casual reader to make it a point to subscribe at once to the paper, which you have in consequence learned to value more highly than before."

Hence the testimony of this subscriber, and the moral, "Go thou and do likewise."

R. W. WOODWARD.

ELIZABETH, N. J.

if he read Kipling's poem in the same careless manner; if so, possibly he might be excused for attempting to criticise the same. Mr. Hardy said: "It can usually be heard from fifty to one hundred yards." Quite a difference. Mr. Ashcroft also takes exception to hemlock boughs for bedding. Hemlock boughs are the proper thing, to my notion. In this description Mr. Ashcroft has Mr. Kipling done to a turn. In describing a tree trunk he says "anatomy of muscle beneath." Now, who ever heard of a tree trunk having muscle. Kipling would hardly dare so much. Mr. Ashcroft says "halderdash" at the idea of a sportsman sleeping "with the starlight on our faces." Easiest thing in the world. Cannot Mr. Ashcroft see any starlight from a shelter tent, for instance.

DIXMONT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mark Twain says that the difference between the right word and almost the right word is the difference between lightning and the lightning bug. It is astonishing that there are so many men who do not know the difference between Kipling's thunderbolts and bugs. It is their own loss, but it brings to the rest of us a tinge of sadness.

I have smelt wood smoke at twilight, and have heard the birch log burning, and am quick to read the voices of the night, and feel impelled to say that the words "raw" and "right-angled," applied to the description of a log-jam are so masterly in the stroke that if the Lord will let me find words like that for my own writings, critics may call me anything they please. No matter where Messrs. Brown and Ashcroft place their log-jams, mine occur at the end of a racing stream, or at a bend, or at any other point where the plunging logs are held up in their mad career in the foaming flood.

The click of a shod canoe-pole is so sharply characteristic of wilderness sounds that genius only could have guided the choice of that jewel for the literary setting. It is a peculiar sound, with strange, weird carrying quality, and may be heard further than the ordinary human voice above the roar of the torrent.

The bar of sun-warmed shingle is such a delightful place for basking and dreaming that many a man thrilled with the feeling that the Red Gods were calling him out when Kipling hurled his thoughts back from the work of the town.

The Indians whom I employ are silent and smoky. I have been trying to think of any other two words that would give so comprehensive and true a description, and cannot find a single one.

The couch of new pulled hemlock is particularly soft, fragrant and grateful, if carefully spread upon springy boughs of spruce, or, as my old guide, Caribou Charley, used to say, "on a bed boughed down with care."

Another writer, in the September number of New Thought, apparently does not recognize the difference between thunderbolts and bugs. She misses the awful significance of Kipling's "Vampire," and, applying his words to "wives" proceeds to write tragically in the misery of her misconception.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

NEW YORK, OCT. 19.

BREWER, Me., Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose part of an article from the Boston Watchman. The writer is unknown to me. This shows that there are those who have seen "steel-shod poles" and been able to hear its "click." There are others who, "having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not."

MANLY HARDY.

The Watchman writer says: "There is a fascination about canoeing which is associated with no other mode of travel. The smooth and easy movement of the light craft has made it popular in city parks, but the poetry of canoeing is only learned on the streams and lakes of the wilderness, with the vast and solitary woods standing like sentinels on either hand, and the broad lake or smooth, dark, dead water, broken occasionally by a wild dash down a rapid or a strenuous struggle in poling up stream against a rapid current. The well-known stretches of well-kept lawns are exchanged for the constant surprises of the quick turns of the stream, with the shy and graceful deer, after one startled glance, leaping for the shelter of the woods, waving their white 'flags' not in taken of surrender, but in saucy defiance.

"Who that has ever poled it can forget the musical 'clink' of the steel-shod pole in the hands of an expert canoeman, as, in rhythmic cadence, with graceful sweep of his strong arms, he forces his buoyant craft swiftly up a rocky stream against the rushing water? On a calm day you can hear it a mile away. Clear and bright, but not sharp, it drops through the still and sunny air like diamond points of music."

ST. JOHN'S, Newfoundland, Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I rise to indorse Mr. Hardy's sentiments on Kipling's verses quoted by Mr. L. F. Brown in your issue of September 26. Mr. Hardy's description is so appropriate that I quote him verbatim, except a small substitution of my own. He says: "I have been familiar with the scenes Mr. Kipling is describing, and I thought when first I read it, and still think the same, that there is no description in the English language which so vividly, briefly, and truthfully tells the story of logs and water." And he may truthfully have added of the spring freshet, ouananiche, sea trout and life in the woods generally. If Mr. Hardy would substitute Newfoundland instead of Maine or Canada, I'll guarantee to get a cloud of witnesses to indorse his sentiments of Kipling's verses in every particular. I thought when first I read the poem of the "Feet of the Young Men" that Kipling must have meant particularly Newfoundland. Of course, it was a picture evolved out of his inner consciousness, enriched with the experiences and sympathies of a profound lover of nature, limned by a master with the "seeing eye" and the "gift of song." The line,

"Where the sea trout's jumping crazy for the fly,"

is, to my own knowledge, the most accurate and graphic description in the language of how sea trout act when they are "fresh run," and when you angle for them at the proper time and place. As for the "bar of sun-warmed shingle, where a man may bask and dream," I have dozens of times basked and dreamed, and boiled the kettle and smoked a pipe, and had a snooze on a sun-warmed shingle.

If you ever arose at 2:30 in the morning to get to the falls for the morning's fishing—the hours before and after the dawn—and then whipped the river for a mile or two till 8 or 9 o'clock, with your basket full and your stomach empty; then when the sun mounted high as you began to feel the heat, and the flies and the hunger, you instinctively cast your eye around for the "sun-warmed shingle," and started the fire. With a good photographic instrument, a painter's palette, a rhyming dictionary, and a select committee you might evolve a graphic and truthful picture, but in comparison with Kipling's epigrammatic word painting it would be as "moonlight unto sunlight or as water unto wine."

This poem was written by a man who loves nature, who sees it with a keener insight than the average uneducated eye, who feels and throbs and thrills with its ever-varying phases, and who, above all, possesses the divine gift of "singing as he sees." Any sportsman at random can cull a line from the poem that will be a complete description in itself of any phase of shooting or fishing.

With Mr. Hardy, "I would not like to make any animaladversions upon Mr. Brown's criticism" of Kipling's verses. It appears to him differently from Mr. Kipling or Mr. Hardy, but if Mr. Kipling had been short-sighted enough to localize what was meant for a universal picture of what happens to a victim of spring fret, I'd say that he should have labeled it Newfoundland, and then there is "no question," as Mr. Hardy puts it, but he might have been passed *summa cum laude* on every point.

NEWFOUNDLANDER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am full of gratitude, and ask your good leave to voice my feelings.

When I read, in the issue of Sept. 23, the remarkable attack of Mr. L. F. Brown upon Kipling's "Red Gods" lines, I laid the paper down with a sigh.

"Alas!" thought I, "thus do the fair dreams of our youth vanish away; thus are the pins ever being knocked from under our fondest illusions!" And I was sad, and would not be comforted. For, I had theretofore looked upon those lines as the ultimate expression of the call of the wild, which finds so wide a response among the readers of FOREST AND STREAM—as an inimitable word-picture of the wilderness of which I dream often, but may, alas! visit so seldom in the flesh.

But no more was I to enjoy the lilt of that matchless description, to which I had responded so gladly, for was I not told—in print, too—that the lines were the work of a "quack of error," and many other things too horrible to repeat? And with details and cross references to boot. Egad!

So for two weary weeks I was left to mourn and muse upon the emptiness of all human joys. Then came a ray of hope, piercing the dull gray clouds of despair. Mr. Hardy, who lives in Maine, the home of the racing stream, the log-jam and the canoe pole, told me some facts which made me think our dogmatic and analytical friend might not be infallible. I began to sit up and take notice again. And now comes Mr. Ames, with his summing up of the case on the evidence, and the restoration of my faith is complete. In vain does Mr. Ashcroft threaten to consider me ludicrous if I accept not as unanswerable the "criticism" of his friend, Mr. Brown. Reason has climbed back on her perch and resumed her sway, and I shall return to my first love, utterly disregarding the gentleman's foot-rule and square and eke his microscope, which shows him not only the "texture of bark" of a tree, but, apparently at the same time, the "anatomy of muscle beneath." (And, by the way, isn't that last paragraph of Mr. Ashcroft's, on the qualities of error, rather a boomerang in the hands of one who is but fallible, as all men are?)

I want to thank those gentlemen who have come to the rescue and restored to me a gem that was so nearly swept away beyond recall by a torrent of words.

It is true that I knew, through personal contact, of bars of shingle, bars of sand, as well as bars of "alluvium earth-sediment," otherwise mud banks; so that portion of the "criticism" did not greatly disturb me. But, to my sorrow, I am not up on canoe poles and log-jams. Consider, then, my feelings when Mr. Brown solemnly proclaimed that no canoe pole, from Sand Lake, even unto the ends of the earth, ever was, or might, could, would or should be shod, and that log-jam was only another name for a rainbow, and, therefore, a log-jam could not possibly contain any right angles, or angles of any sort, and would, of course, be most inaptly described as "raw." What, then, was left for me but to abjure that poet and all his works, and thereby lose much that helped to brighten my journey through the vale?

Now, let there be rejoicing! The facts and photographs of Mr. Hardy have cleared up all these questions. The word of a man who has seen and heard hundreds of shod canoe poles is convincing as to their existence as against the statement of one, or of many, who have not seen them.

FRED. D. BIDDLE.

PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. C. H. Ames joins Mr. Hardy in denying the justice of Mr. Brown's scathing criticism of eight lines of Kipling's "poem," "The Feet of the Young Men." Mr. Ames reminds us that the "poem" has "just been made available again in a new volume," "The Five Nations." He wants the issue broadened by the publication in these columns of the entire "unerring" "poem," so that his defense may not be confined to consideration of the eight lines criticized. FOREST AND STREAM reminds him that copyright restrictions prevent this. Mr. Ames should know that Kipling has the reputation of refusing publication of any of his "poems" on which he cannot collect a royalty, even if it should be a free ad for him.

I invite the two Maine letter-writers to read carefully the recent editorial criticism by the New York Evening Post of this very volume, "The Five Nations." These eight lines appear in that volume, which is merely a col-

lection of miscellaneous verses on a number of subjects. As only the eight lines criticised are under consideration, I do not propose to enlarge the issue and claim an entire absence in this book of anything that could justify or excuse its pompous title; nor that this very "poem," "The Feet of the Young Men," could with equal truth and no more absurdity have been called their heads, hearts, toes or livers. Very few of our young men actually fish and hunt, as compared with the number of those who do not—more's the pity. In point of fact, not one young man in five hundred joins leisure and inclination to camp and use a canoe. Yet Kipling says, by inference, that all young men are "going" to camps in the woods. Nor can I properly take up the balance of the "poem," line by line, and claim and demonstrate it to be further misdescription and misassumption of vague, unspecified, mystic "knowledge." For all this is not in issue here.

A forest that has been ruined by fire is a pitiful, depressing spectacle. These New England gentlemen say, in substance, to the critic: "You write from Sand Lake, Michigan, so you are an ignoramus about camps and beds and canoes. You say you have never seen any blackened timber. Then you have never been in Maine." The critic said nothing of the kind. He said it would be difficult to crowd into Kipling's eight lines of "poetry" more of misdescription. He challenges Kipling's "accurate" "sweet" choice of "blackened timber" (a nightmare spectacle and environment) as a place pre-eminently felicitous for a camping site—one to which sportsmen are irresistibly drawn, and affording an exquisite view especially adapted for "dreaming." And when he charges Kipling with trying to sit and "bask" on an impossible "bar of shingle," they ask if the critic "never heard of a sand-bar?" This is all fog. Sand is not "shingle," nor is gravel of ordinary size. "Shingle" is a waste of small, water-worn stones that no stream ever threw up into a bar. The mixed sand, mud and dirt that alone can be coaxed by a stream into forming a bar, have been washed away from and have left the "shingle."

In the eight lines under criticism, about the only correct adjectives are "blackened" timber, "silent" Indian, and "racing" stream. To be in consonance with the other misdescription, these should have been "soot-charmed" timber, "fairy" Indian, and "bitter" stream.

Mr. Hardy and Mr. Ames are manifestly mesmerized by the mystic halo with which their optics envelop Mr. Kipling, for they consider it sacrilegious to criticise any of his productions on account of the divinity hedging about him. Mr. Ames even lectures FOREST AND STREAM for permitting a legitimate literary criticism.

Both these gentlemen take what they consider to be the weakest statement by Mr. Brown, namely, that almost no real canoe-poles are shod, and when they are, their impact on the bottom of a stream several feet below the surface of the water cannot be heard "around the bend" of a noisy "racing" stream; and, after denying this, they argue that they have proved it to be error, so all the rest of the criticism must be error.

No genuine sportsman, being poled up a stream, would submit to the annoyance of a "click" every few seconds that could be heard a hundred yards away, and that "telegraphs like railroad iron," and would drive the fish away from his flies and scare away all game "long before the canoe comes in sight."

Neither the FOREST AND STREAM nor its readers care anything for sparring. They want facts. If Kipling was a mountebank and fakir blowing his own horn falsely when he wrote the eight lines criticised, they want to know it. So, as a matter of interest, a circular letter will be addressed to sportsmen who have used canoe poles in India, Norway, (some replies are already held as to these), Australia, Finland, Alaska, the Provinces of British Columbia, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Cape Breton, Newfoundland and Labrador, besides several points in the Upper Amazon Valley. The replies will be tabulated and submitted to you for publication without comment. This will be fact for your readers, not "Red Gods" nonsense. All this will, however, occupy several months' time.

If this inquiry results in showing that Kipling was not a fakir when he wrote the nine words "to the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend," your readers will realize it. But that will not affect the correctness of the remainder of Mr. Brown's criticism.

R. W. ASHCROFT.

NEW YORK, OCT. 17.

Natural History.

More Quail in Town.

I WAS much interested in Mr. Carney's little sketch of the advent of a covey of quail to town. To hear the gathering call of the quail from the shade trees around one's residence certainly would make one feel that the game millennium had arrived when quail and sparrow would war for a living. One evening this week my boy came running to me breathless and excited, as I was enjoying the glint upon the horizon of the fast receding sun. "Prairie chickens! Prairie chickens! Two of them just alighted in the weeds near the tennis court." I smiled and asked, "Are you sure they were chickens and not quail?" "No, too big for quail," and with that he started again for the weed encircled tennis court to kick them up. The birds had pitched for the night, and the boy did not succeed in routing them out.

I cut short the following up of the subject as to whether they were chickens or quail by agreeing to allow the matter to rest until daylight, and let the birds settle it themselves. And sure enough, with the first rosy tinge on the horizon came the call that, when once heard, "can never be forgot"—the co-ee, co-ee of the calling quail. My boy was awakened in time to hear the last note, and he exclaimed, "You were right, pa, they are quail." He, too, knows. And what a mental transference to prairie, slough, stubble and woodland does the honk of the goose, the quack of the mallard and the call of the quail bring about! As the honking gander-led V high up in the heavens cleaves its way southward, the honk! honk! honk! coming to

you as clear as a bell from the clouds above, how easy to imagine yourself in your pit on the stubble, crouched low, surrounded with decoys and listening with throbbing heart to the nearing honk! honk! of the approaching and confiding flock!

You dwell on every note of the passing flock high overhead, as if it were from the throat of a Patti at \$10 per. You listen and watch as the moving specks upon the heavenly background, until the flock passes out of your vision, and you yet faintly hear the honk! honk! after your eyes have failed you. The staccato quack of the wise and wary mallard brings you back to the rice-grown slough. You sit motionless in your boat as the old greenhead leads the flock in circles toward your wooden lures. Two quick, sharp and smokeless reports, and a pair of greenheads fall as lifeless as the wooden decoys that drew them to their destruction.

And where does the call of the quail carry you? Through golden stubble framed in by scarlet woods. Through willow swamp and sere and yellow grass fields. Along hedge grows dividing green pasture lots. Through brier and sumach grown dells. Along southerly exposed hillsides among the birches, hickories, maples and chestnuts and in brier grown fence corners, where they love to lie up during the middle of the day and bask in the sun. But much as I would like to wander—with my lead pencil—through valleys and over hills and now and then bringing to bag a partridge, woodcock or quail, yet must I desist, for the train is on time and the porter is awaiting me with his whisk broom, for we are within the city limits of Chicago.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

That "Apple Bird."

OAKLAND, Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been so busy since my return from the Klamath Lake outing that it was the latter part of last week before I got to the number of the FOREST AND STREAM containing Mrs. Fannie Hardy Eckstorm's analysis of the Siskiyou "apple bird" mystery, and I was pleased to learn that she was as greatly puzzled and interested as I was in its solution. I had never posed as an ornithologist, but I was always interested in birds, and after more than sixty years' experience thought that I knew something of most of the more important ones in our own land; but when last summer I struck that northern depredator that I had never seen or heard of before, it took the wind all out of my sails, to use a nautical expression; and I determined to ventilate even though it gave me the suspicion that I might be relegated to the same category as was the man who heard of the failure of a certain bank and was in great distress for fear of loss until he had hurried home and examined all his purses and security boxes, and finding he had no bills on that bank or any other felt much relieved.

I knew that the family of woodpeckers was not large, and although ashamed of my own ignorance felt sure that an appeal to the FOREST AND STREAM would make the matter perfectly clear if the account was aided by even the briefest description of the bird; had there been any doubts in my mind upon this point I should have forwarded the skin to assist in the identification.

Failing in this, the next best thing was to find that it puzzled better authorities than myself, and, like the bank fellow, I felt much relieved.

Mrs. Eckstorm's article was exhaustive and very interesting, but working, as was necessarily the case, from very uncertain premises, she was, as far as I am able to judge, wrong in all of her conclusions; at least I cannot harmonize them with which I am cognizant. As I understand it, she decided that I either shot the wrong bird or was culpably careless and incorrect in the description. Bearing in mind the fact that I went to the orchard early that morning expressly to identify the bird if possible, I will take each hypothesis in its order.

When I approached the trees there were fifteen or twenty of the birds already there, and no other birds of any other kind were in sight, and it was seeing one of them light on the side of a post that made me quite sure that they were woodpeckers. They were not in a flock, but scattered about everywhere among the trees, and from their plumage could be recognized as far as they could be clearly seen. Long before I got into the orchard I was as certain that they were the depredators as I would be to see a flock of crows rise out of a field where they had been pulling corn in early spring. Every action denoted the mischief they were engaged in. As I approached they all flew toward the forest, but I killed one of them from the top of a cottonwood tree, although I stood under an apple tree when I fired. My first step was to make myself still more sure that they were woodpeckers, and I did this by examining the ends of the tail feathers, where I found the stiff, bare points which, to the best of my knowledge, distinguishes this species from all others.

I then returned to the house, taking the bird with me, where it was instantly recognized by the whole Woolmin camp family as the "apple bird," and as the men were killing more or less of them nearly every day I considered this point definitely settled. For at least fifteen minutes I had it in my hand and carefully examined it, taking down in my note book the brief description I sent you; brief for one reason because the plumage had but two colors, black and a dull red shade, nearer the color of an ordinary red brick than anything I can think of.

Nearly, if not quite all the birds of this species that I was acquainted with had bright red feathers on some part of the head or body, but the "apple bird" had not a feather of any other color except the two mentioned. The breast, with the exception of the belt, was black, although destitute of the gloss that marked the back and wings, and in this respect they resemble the crow or raven, the brick colored belt about an inch wide began at the root of the bill and went without much change in color and in width to the root of the tail; a few small feathers of the same color were visible mixed with the black all around the eyes. The body I judged to be about the size of a robin, although its head and neck were, of course, larger and stronger.

These are facts just as they came under my own observation and admit of no twisting or speculation.

Now for the hearsay section. It was Mr. W. that assured me that they husked and eat the corn, and that the invasion came from the south, although I mentioned the fact that I had never seen or heard of them there, he still seemed to have a decided opinion upon that point. He also said that they infested all the orchards from Agar to Klamath Falls, but were much worse on some ranches than they were on others. Of these three assertions the only one that admits of any doubt is the second, and it is quite possible that upon this point he may have been mistaken. But nothing is more certain than that the birds I have just described are there at the proper season, and as Mr. W.'s ranch is on the main road, only eight miles east of the railroad at Agar, they could be easily investigated.

FORKED DEER.

The Carcajou.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 12, a couple of paragraphs are printed anent "The Carcajou," one seeking information and the other in an honest effort to elucidate. Now, if there is one thing more than another that I know anything about, or at least I think I do, it's the carcajou or corcajou. And in my travels and researches I found a whole lot of people who thought that they knew what a carcajou was, but were woefully ignorant on the subject. I spent money, time and pains in my search for knowledge regarding this animal and its name. I became aware of the fact that prominent writers on natural history, eminent professors, and even dictionary makers were lamentably ignorant on the subject of the carcajou. Capable writers have also attempted to invest it with mystery, as if it was a very rare brute of almost fabulous ferocity.

Your assertion that carcajou was a name given to several species of carnivora is correct, but the word carcajou should never be applied to the cougar, Canadian lynx or badger, nor any other animal than the wolverine. It belongs strictly to the wolverine. It is a French-Canadian corruption of the old French word signifying glutton, and in Canada is always applied to the wolverine. And it is rightly so, for that quadruped is in every sense a glutton, and that cannot be said of the cougar, lynx, or badger. The last three animals know when they have got enough, but the wolverine seemingly never. In fact, I have come to believe, almost, that the wolverine goes foraging even in his sleep, an eating somnambulist, as it were.

The wolverine is a wolverine wherever you find him, whether in Canada, New York, Michigan, Alaska, or the Arctic division of the southern Rockies. There may be some little difference in them as distinguishing those inhabiting the woods or forests of the lowlands from those who are at home in the high altitudes of the mountains, but there is, if any, very little difference. They are nearly all of a color and marking, and of the same size and structure, as well as of habits. I did see a wolverine in Utah once that was a pure albino, and which I believe is the only instance on record of such. And from what I can learn the wolverine of northern Europe and Asia are almost the same as the American animal. He is exactly the same when it comes to an appetite. Many spurious stories have been put into print as to the wolverine's (carcajou's) prowess, cunning, and habits. But if the simple truth were told of him, he would still be a very interesting creature.

One bit of misinformation that has gained general circulation is that the wolverine is a cross between the bear and wolf. He is of neither. The wolverine belongs strictly to the weasel family. In the Zoo at the Shutes in San Francisco are a couple of long-tailed, high-legged animals labeled "Siberian Wolverines." But they are no more like the true wolverine than the Reliance is like a tugboat. The wolverine is low, squat, rather longish, with a short, flat tail, and quite short legs, rather more like those of a dachshund than those of a greyhound or wolf. Some people might at first sight liken the wolverine to a bear, and he might, it may be admitted, resemble a very dwarfish bear, but he has none of the habits that characterize the bruin family.

I have seen carcajou also spelled corcajou, and karcajou, and in descriptions I have seen where writers have gotten the karcajou mixed up with the kinkajou, a totally different animal altogether, and one residing in the hotter portions of South America! The carcajou, on the other hand, belongs to latitudes and altitudes where snow falls at least in winters.

If Mayne Reid ever wrote of the carcajou and wolverine as two different beasts, he erred, but the error would be a pardonable one, for in the Rockies the term carcajou is applied often to the panther, but in such cases it is clearly in ignorance of the real meaning of the word. Carcajou, wolverine and glutton are synonymous when referring to a North American animal. Calling a jaguar, lynx or badger a carcajou does not make any one of them a wolverine, even though they may at times be ravenous or voracious.

I recall a saying attributed to Abe Lincoln which I think is appropos to the subject in hand. Somebody was trying to convince Abe against his own hard good horse-sense on some matter or another, when Abe asked: "Calling a sheep's tail a leg, how many legs has a sheep?" "Six" was the prompt reply. "No," says Abe, "you're wrong. Calling a sheep's tail a leg does not make it a leg." Let us apply such common sense to nomenclature in natural history. And it is due to the general public that writers and the conductors of newspapers and periodicals see to the keeping pure of our language, and prevent the induction and the perpetuation therein of errors and untruths.

That majestic animal of the plains, prairies and savannahs, now all but extinct, went down into history labeled and libeled the buffalo, when its true name was the bison. All authorities are agreed that the animal is a bison, and not a buffalo, yet magazine editors, lacking the moral courage to wield the blue pencil properly, permit the word buffalo to go into print where it should be bison.

WM. FITZMUGGINS.

[Perhaps our correspondent will tell us what is the "old French word signifying glutton." The etymology of the name has been much discussed in the past.]

Submission of Animals to Surgery.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Within a short time publications have appeared in several journals detailing with more or less completeness, instances where wild animals have submitted themselves to surgery or medical treatment, with apparent understanding of the benefits to be later enjoyed by them. This proposition is by no means new, being as old as Aristotle—skeptical that he was concerning most superstitions—or even Æsop, but it seems to have taken on new life, as a part of the humanized *Natural-Philosophie* to which so many popular writers have lately contributed.

Let us examine shortly certain assumptions which must be made before such relations can be accepted as true. It may be conceded that some domestic animals, notably the dog, occasionally do submit quietly to minor surgery inducing pain, but here the mental condition involved can be accounted for by much the same course of experience as that which has led to a like state in human beings. The dog is accustomed to regard his master as his protector and his refuge in time of trouble. He trusts him, and when he comes to him holding up a hurt paw—as the story usually has it—he merely exhibits confidence, but a confidence so empty of any defined conception of what is going to follow to his benefit, that it may be questioned whether it should not be classed as a reflex, organized by generations of experience—and nothing more.

But obviously no such course of experience can have come into the mental history of wild animals—at least before their entry into menageries. On the contrary, the course of nature has been away from curative methods. Nature cares nothing for the sick or the hurt. Her need is for those too healthy to become ill and too strong and skillful to be injured. Her judgment is that of the Roman amphitheater—the wounded must die. Under her methods there are no prizes for therapeutics or surgery, and there is no real evidence that under nature, animals ever knowingly practice either.

The relation of pain in the animal economy must also be taken into account. The function of pain is obvious enough, under any philosophy which undertakes to explain it. It is just that of the rattle of the rattlesnake—or, rather, it is the subjective side of that of which the rattle is the objective—a warning of ills to be avoided. It and its offspring, fear, are what animals flee from. It was the first sensation concerned in developing the instinct of self-preservation, one of the two fundamental instincts of organic things. Is it imaginable that innate aversion to its greatest evil can be at once overcome through an effort of will, by an animal, merely upon the mixing into its affairs of an unknown, two-legged creature, which is probably to it the greatest mystery of its existence? Those who have had the experience which is left for few men in these later days, of meeting with genuine and uncontaminated savages, know the mistrust with which such a people look on curative pain. Is it conceivable that a greater power of abstraction is present in apes and monkeys, in lions, tigers and the like?

So much on the logical side! Now, what occurs in practice, and by uncritical observers is translated into submission with understanding of purpose, is this: When wild animals have to be secured for surgical or other treatment, a time usually comes, after a struggle, when ropes and straps are adjusted and drawn tight. In most cases, at this point the subject relinquishes the fight and lies quiet. How much of this state is due to recognition of helplessness, and how much to excess of nerve and muscle strain, is not easy to determine, but all are doubtless present. But the first is probably the chief element, for if the bonds are in the least degree relaxed, in most cases all conception of the value of surgery vanishes, and the struggle against constraint begins over again.

When this passive and temporary condition exists, the only thing necessary to turn it into an example of submission with understanding, is the presence of a human observer who has not yet learned the primary need of the student in animal psychology: that he shall forget all about the perceptions and reactions of his own race, while he is engaged in interpreting those of lower animals.

ARTHUR ERWIN BROWN.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Philadelphia, Oct. 17.

The Bird and the State.

IN the forthcoming annual report of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of the State of New York, Mr. Frank M. Chapman discusses very interestingly the economic value of birds to the State. Mr. Chapman, as is well known, is a long time student of birds, and is Assistant Curator of Mammalogy and Ornithology in the American Museum of Natural History, and writes not only out of abundant knowledge of his subject, but also in very pleasing style.

He takes up the question of what the bird does for the State, pointing to the services they render by eating harmful insects, eggs, and larvæ, by eating the seeds of noxious weeds, by devouring small mammals which injure crops, and by acting as scavengers. He indicates the relations of the bird to the forester, the fruit grower, the farmer, and finally the citizen at large, and in view of all these services asks what the State does for the birds, and advises what it should do.

For a long time now the economical ornithologists have been striving by a study of the food of different birds to determine what species are useful and what harmful to man. Much has been learned, but by no means all. In many cases, if not in all, the problem is a complex one, requiring deeper study than has yet been given it. At the same time it is clear that the vast majority of birds have a distinct service to perform for man and that they perform that service well, and the work of bird protection in which Mr. Chapman and his associates have played so important a part cannot be applauded too highly.

This paper is worth reading, not only for the interest-

ing matter which it contains, but for the beauty of its illustrations. These are by Mr. Fuertes, the great bird-painter of the day, and each deserves a frame. Among the species figured are the red-tailed and Cooper's hawk, screech owl, black-billed cuckoo, three species woodpeckers, three of flycatchers; there being about a dozen plates, all of them representing familiar and useful birds.

It is evident that the proofs of this interesting paper did not pass under the author's careful eye, for there are too many typographical errors, both in the English and the Latin words.

Mr. Rhoads' Paper on Elk.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As to elk traits, habits, behavior or habitat, food, dispositions, etc., the article in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Oct. 17, reprinted from the notes of Samuel N. Rhoads, is by long odds the most valuable and comprehensive treatise on elk that I have ever seen: a most valuable contribution to natural history.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Game Bag and Gun.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

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American Game Birds.

II.—The Ruffed Grouse.

FROM the time when the mind of man runneth not to the contrary in matters of shooting for sport, the ruffed grouse, by common consent, has been classed with the most difficult of game birds which the sportsman endeavors to bring to bag under the approved conditions of sportsmanship, if indeed it be not the most difficult of all. For it taxes the sportsman's nerve, patience, skill, woodcraft and endurance as no other bird taxes them and as no other bird can tax them; and all these requirements are necessarily supplemented by a gun of good killing powers, one selected with special reference to cover shooting; and last, but not least, a dog of more than ordinary intelligence and good intent and good training, if the sport is to have any successful results and pleasing finish in its action. If any element of the sportsman's ruffed grouse craft be missing, success is marred accordingly.

The ruffed grouse in every art and article is a bird to fill the sportsman's ideal—its habitat is in nature's most picturesque setting; the bird is beautiful in its delicate tracings and markings, and rich and varied in its colorings; racy of form and faultless in symmetry; wild, dashing, daring, alert and infinitely resourceful in its crafty devices when pursued; exclusive in its habits, and withal a bird of rare excellence for the table, its flesh being of delicate texture and pleasing flavor; so palatable, indeed, that it is by many epicures more highly prized than is the flesh of any other game bird. With those who may vaunt the excellence of the woodcock, the snipe, the prairie chicken, the duck, the turkey, etc., it also holds a high place in their esteem; and the exceptional man, whose fancy for one particular kind of bird prejudices him against all others, will not speak unkindly of it. And yet, delicious as it is when properly prepared for the table, it can easily be spoiled by ill cooking, and of bad cooks there is no end. The art of cooking it properly is quite as rare as is the skill of killing it properly. If it be cooked too much or if it be cooked improperly, it loses much of its rich delicacy of flavor and texture, and becomes dry and unpalatable; and in that unfortunate condition it probably was when that eminent authority, Wilson, partook of it, and thereafter, in his "American Ornithology," wrote of it: "At these inclement seasons, however, they are generally lean and dry, and, indeed, at all times their flesh is far inferior to that of the quail or of the pinnated grouse." Yet, as tastes are not all alike, the superlative will probably be placed according to individual fancy in matters of food as in all other matters, and it is well that it is so. If all fancied alike, all would be monotony. Nevertheless, a man who cannot have a culinary spell cast over him by a skillfully cooked ruffed grouse, it having been kept a proper length of time after killing—not too long—has no music in his soul and may not be even fit for treason and spoils.

For its home the ruffed grouse prefers the country above the snow line, in its rough and timbered sections, for it is strictly a bird of the woods and thickets, preferring the roughest parts of a hilly or mountainous country, and of these it many times selects the densest recesses; or the timber of seamy and rocky hillsides; or where ledges, fallen tree trunks and tree tops in the woods secluded from man guard against intrusion; and even the timbered swamps are not obnoxious to it when it seeks a habitat free from the incursions of man.

For man it has the most uncompromising aversion. It selects its habitat in the places least frequented by him, though once the habitat is determined upon it holds to it with dauntless persistency, let the gunner disturb it as often as he may.

In choosing its habitat it prefers that it be near a supply of good water and an abundance of good food, for it is a good feeder. Whortleberries, blackberries, beechnuts, acorns, chestnuts, partridge berries and buds are readily accepted as food in their proper season.

The bud of the laurel is said to render the flesh poisonous for food purposes, though the belief seems to rest more on tradition than on any direct evidence.

The habitat of the ruffed grouse is in the timbered country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, bounded on the south in an irregular way by suitable habitat and the snow belt; and on the north into British America to a line not definitely determined, though, as a matter of course, all timbered or rough country within the region mentioned is not necessarily good ruffed grouse country. Some sections have been stripped too much; some have suffered from the worst of all despoilers, the snarer; while others, to all appearances favorable, are not frequented by it.

Unlike the quail, which loves to make its home near the homes of man, and the prairie chicken, which sticks closely to the grain fields, the ruffed grouse is ever intent on choosing its home and haunts distinctly apart from those of man. In the East it is called "partridge"; in sections of Pennsylvania, "pheasant."

In the breeding season, when it has been free from pursuit and harassing alarms, it sometimes strays a short distance from cover into the adjacent fields, where grow palatable huckleberries and blackberries, though rarely venturing further than a short flight, and often but a few yards from cover.

Though always a wary bird and ever avoiding man, it is not so wild and quick to take wing, before the frost, and unsettled weather of fall set in, as it is afterward; and if the gunner disturb it once or twice, the full wildness of its nature and its constant alertness to avoid man are fully and permanently aroused. Then man and the places he frequents are shunned as much as possible. Indeed, it is not a social bird with its own kind. After the young birds have matured, they separate and, in the fall, the gunner will find them in ones and twos, and at rare times in threes.

Given to the sportsman the conditions of an open field and therein a ruffed grouse on the wing within range, then the difficulties of killing it are but little if any greater than those which obtain in the killing of a prairie chicken on the open prairie, though whether in open or cover the ruffed grouse is always swift and decisive in its flight. But in the open, whether it be on field or prairie, there is an even light and an unobstructed view. Then for safety the bird can rely only on its swiftness of wing, all too slow when pitted against the sportsman who can, under those circumstances, with studied quickness or deliberation, command a large circle around him. Thus the ruffed grouse is at a fatal disadvantage when shot at in the open field, as is also every other bird pursued under the same conditions; but these conditions are rare indeed in ruffed grouse shooting, for, as mentioned before, it ventures into the open only on such infrequent occasions as it is tempted to search therein for food, and then only in places seldom invaded by man, where it fancies there is freedom from pursuit. To all fixed habits there seems to be an exception for a short period in the fall, when it is subject to a crazy waywardness.

While in the open field it is strong and swift of wing, in cover it is at its best. It will on occasion dash through the densest thickets with apparent ease, with no diminution of its swiftest speed, seemingly having a charmed manner of flying through tree tops and thickets as if they were but phantom trees of the woodland, or shadows offering no obstruction to its onward flight.

And in its favorite haunts it is a master of the art of self-defense. It can utilize thickets, trees, old fences, ledges, stone walls, swift wings and endless cunning to evade its pursuer. Be the position of the shooter what it may in reference to this bird in cover, it, when flushed, takes instant advantage of the nearest thicket, or the trunk of a tree, or old fence, keeping one or the other between itself and the gunner in its line of flight, thus in a great measure blocking all opportunity to shoot, or at least hampering the shooter greatly and oftentimes causing a miss.

The bird, in most instances, times its rise so as to have the advantage of some nearby object as a shield to its flight. On occasion it will display a courage bordering on audacity, permitting the shooter to pass close by and flushing after he is some yards further onward. This wile is oftenest practiced after it has been flushed, marked down and pursued. Both man and dog are apt to pass it then, though they may follow in the exact line of flight. The shooter may hear

the irritating roar of the bird's wings behind him, on ground but a moment before passed over, or catch a shadowy glimpse as it dashes away from some tree top.

Owing to its short flights and its proneness to take a straight or nearly straight line, the persistent shooter may be able to mark and flush the bird again and again. It sometimes in repeated flights, returns to near the place where it was first found, and it always takes the flights so that ground and cover are to its advantage in avoiding danger.

Once in a while a fool bird will be found, which will do the very thing it ought not to do, commonly paying for the lapse with its life; so that if there is anything in the theory of heredity, the ruffed grouse should be uniformly of high capabilities, the fool birds being killed promptly and never breeding.

By far the greater part of the shooting is at close range, as it needs must be in thicket or woods, where the longest views are short and obstructed by trees, or ledges or the undergrowth, or the hilly nature of the ground, where in the early season the view may not be greater than a few yards or feet if the leaves have not fallen.

It then is not an infrequent occurrence that the shooter will hear the startling whir of wings close by him, and yet be unable either to shoot or to mark the bird's course from inability to see the bird at all. The light of the woods, broken and broken again as it is through the irregular openings in the tree tops and branches and leaves interposing, with here and there shafts of clear light and masses of shadows interspersed everywhere, add a difficulty to quick and clear vision, and therefore to the difficulty of accurate shooting, differing thus from shooting in the open.

The successful ruffed grouse shooter must be ever promptly ready to shoot, and further must be quick of eye and motion. He must instantly decide on the manner of making the shot, taking advantage of all the few opportunities offered, and avoiding the obstructions which interpose. No studied effort at aiming is possible. Cover shooting of all kinds requires quick action, but ruffed grouse shooting requires the quickest. Of all snap shooting, ruffed grouse shooting is the snappiest; and the successful shooter of that bird must excel in that kind of shooting, since in most cases he will have but an instantaneous glimpse of the bird in the unfavorable mixed lights and shadows and cover.

For this shooting the gun should be light, short of barrel—26 to 28-inch—and a cylinder bore, for a full choked gun is entirely out of place in such cover shooting, equally unsatisfactory when it does or doesn't kill, it being a miss in the first instance and often a badly mutilated bird in the second.

The average shooter will find that he has success far below his opportunities even when equipped with the gun most fitting for the work. In this shooting there is no waiting for opportunities to fit the gun.

The successful shooter must take the shots that are offered and as they are offered, it matters not how difficult they appear or how brief the opportunities may be. He may catch but a momentary, shadowy glimpse of the bird as it crosses some diminutive opening, or he may see it for an instant in a maze of leaves and branches, or he may get only a partial glimpse of it and some disturbed leaves in the course of its flight, yet those are the opportunities which are the most numerous and which must be relied on for the bulk of the shooting; in short, that is ruffed grouse shooting.

If the shooter be too indolent or apathetic to be ever ready to shoot, or if he be too slow to take advantage of the opportunities, his success will be but meager so far as material results are concerned, though he may be greatly encouraged by the belief that his last ill success was due to faults in the bird, and that if he can have another opportunity he will acquit himself nicely. The opportunity comes and failure again evokes more excuses. Once in rare while the shooter will have a good opportunity, catching the bird in some corner so favorable that the advantage is with the shooter, but such instances are rare indeed, and by themselves would make but little sport.

To be ready for the opportunities, the sportsman must be quiet and never relax his vigilance, and his gun must be so held that it can instantly be brought into position to shoot. The nerves of the shooter must be constantly at a high tension, in readiness for the rise of the bird and the instantaneous shot. Every faculty must be at a high key. The very moment that the shooter relaxes his attention will be the moment that the bird will rise, and before sportsman can get ready the opportunity is gone. It will be seen that the man who dawdles with his gun, who is slow in the handling of it, or who is noisy, cannot hope for any satisfactory success in shooting the bird of game birds, the ruffed grouse. On the other hand, he can be keyed up to too high a pitch, over-ready when the bird rises. A nervous flurry does nearly as much to disarrange the desired results as does the more indolent dawdling.

There are those, however, who can never overcome this nervous start at the roar of this bird's wings, though they may be perfectly undisturbed in any other bird shooting.

And the skill of the shooter, be it ever so high in degree, must be supplemented by the work of a quiet, well-trained, industrious, intelligent dog, for the shooter is much better off without any dog at all than with one that is riotous, or one that ranges too far, or that is heedless of his work. Loud orders to the dog have no place in ruffed grouse shooting. The sportsman himself cannot observe too great a silence. The human voice, in particular, alarms and puts the birds to flight.

The work required of the dog in this shooting is distinctly different from that required in any other kind of bird shooting, except perhaps woodcock shooting, which in a way it resembles, though a higher degree of dog intelligence and obedience are required, as the ruffed grouse is far more cunning and wary than the woodcock.

The "partridge dog" should not work far from the gun in cover, and he should be silent and diligent in his quest. Many experienced shooters highly commend the use of a small bell tied to the dog's collar, its low tinkling constantly indicating the dog's whereabouts in the thick cover, and, generally, when the bell stops, it indicates that the dog is on point, thus in a way keeping the shooter posted by ear as to his dog's doings and whereabouts.

The rattle-headed, highly nervous dog, or the one which gallops swiftly and merrily about, is distinctly out of place in this kind of shooting. The æsthetic shooter, whose dog must carry a high head and a tail flashing his sides merrily as he gallops and bounds about in the ecstasy of his enjoyment, as the dogs many times do in idealists' tales of great work afield, would better take his fiery dog into the open where he can better disport himself unhampered, and where his pretty ways may be admired without any unpleasant interposition of the ruffed grouse. Such manner of the dog's seeking is incompatible with ruffed grouse shooting, for the shooting should be the dominant feature, not the joyousness of the dog.

A dog of fair gait and persistent industry can easily beat out the necessary range, and the one which makes his quest patiently and soberly and quietly, working with judgment and honesty to the gun, will bring the shooter satisfactory success in the results, to say nothing of the incomparable comfort and pleasure in shooting over him.

Nine out of every ten dogs which are running with high head and merry action are running because they are in high spirits and for their own pleasure, with no thought of the birds or of work to the gun. When they come on birds, such is often a matter of chance and their point work is marked by detrimental errors. This kind of dog leads his partial master to believe that when he wears off the wildness and wire edge he will steady down to a useful grade of work; but often when such dog has worn off his exuberance he has worn off all there is of field performance in him, and he either loafs or does his work in the same slovenly manner, though, loafing, he does less of it.

In shooting for sport, the shooter takes his birds on the wing. Of course, in shooting for market, the market shooter has no thought of sport or its practices. His one object is to kill the bird and bring it to bag. The manner of it is of the least importance. His theory and practice are founded on commercial principles. Therefore, he shoots his birds as he can, whether they are on the limb of a tree, the ground, or flying.

Some hunters have dogs trained to seek for the birds, and finding them, they flush and follow them. When flushed by the dog, the birds generally take to the trees, and the dog, barking, so engages their attention that they fall an easy prey to the hunter, he often bagging every bird in the covey under such circumstances. Often when flushed by the dog they fly to the tree tops immediately overhead where, in fancied security, they calmly watch the dog. The shooter then pops them one by one, taking the lowest birds first. The falling of the lowest ones does not disturb the ones above, though if a top bird is dropped the others fly away forthwith.

As to the number a shooter can kill in a day, so much depends on the shooter's skill, the bird supply, and the local shooting conditions, that they alone determine it.

In some sections of New England two or three birds at the end of a day of diligent effort is considered a highly successful result, and it is not an infrequent occurrence in that section that a diligent day may have no birds at all at its ending.

In certain favored sections of New York, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota, etc., and in the mountain sections where the ruffed grouse abound, such a bag would be considered an absurdity if held forth as an index to good shooting, industry and superior results.

While in North Dakota recently I heard of one bag

of eighty birds, made to one gun in a day, something extraordinary. They were shot at the air holes along the banks of the Red River after it had frozen over, the birds coming to those places for water. This was not recounted to me as a matter of sport, nor is it so set forth here, but will give an idea of the numbers of the ruffed grouse in the sections where it is in the greatest abundance.

But the sportsman who seeks the ruffed grouse for the true sport of it, has a more exalted pleasure than comes from shooting any other game bird. First of all, he must be skillful with the gun, and when he shoots, be he ever so skillful, he can only apply such skill as he can muster in a moment, the opportunities of ruffed grouse shooting being but mere fragments of the opportunities accorded to shooting in the open.

When the bird at length is brought to bag, it represents a toiling through brush and bramble, wooded hill and dale, scrambling over ledges and floundering through swamps, all colored by constant expectancy, unavoidably lost opportunities and seeking to circumvent the birds by cunning woodcraft, supplemented by the wonderful powers of the dog, a degree of cunning, skill and persistent effort, greater than that required in the shooting of any other bird.

It is shooting pitched in the highest key, and that is why I think the shooter can justly feel a greater glow of pleasure when he makes a successful shot at a ruffed grouse, and why he loves this sport above all others, since it tests to the utmost his skill, his woodcraft, his patience, his endurance and his dog; and of the dogs, if he own a good one, he owns one of a thousand.

B. WATERS.

The Maine Game Country.

BANGOR, Maine, Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As yet the expected rush of sportsmen to the woods of Maine has not materialized, but there are still those who contend that it is early yet, and that the moose hunters will soon be seen in numbers on every train, filling our forests with rifles and the camps with guests. Reports from almost every section of the game belt are that the numbers in camp are far less than last year at this time. The exceptions are those sections reached via the Ashland branch of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, which has a wide reputation for shipping more moose than any part of Maine, and as sportsmen generally, who pay the fifteen dollar license, prefer to go where they have some expectation of getting all that the license permits, the business at Ox Bow and Masardis has received an unusual impetus, and the influx of moose hunters is greater than ever before, as one prominent camp owner told the writer a day or two since.

Reports from the Rangeley and Dead River regions are that many of the camps in that part of the State are closed, or closing, since so few sportsmen care to pay the required fee to hunt just deer, that they cannot afford to keep the camps open for one or two. As moose in that part of the game belt are unusual, the hunter hardly hopes for a sight at one, although of course he may be disappointed, now and then.

Were it not for the allurements of the famous Alleghash and other canoe trips, which furnish a most delightful outing, change of scenery every hour and a delightful variety of diet if the trip include a part of September and a part of October, one might almost think the shipments of game would be even lighter than they have been, which up to date is a falling off from the same period in 1902. Within three nights the writer has met five parties at least who have just completed the trip from Moosehead Lake to Fort Kent, and in every case they felt that they had received their money's worth.

People who do not live in Maine can have but little idea of the closeness with which the wild wards of the State touch the borders of civilization. Bangor is a city of upwards of 20,000 inhabitants, yet partridges have been picked up with broken wings or in rooms of houses, where they have either flown through windows or struck the walls of buildings in their flight; moose have been seen within a mile and a half of the post-office, and deer have run through principal residential streets. Hunters need not go two hundred miles to reach the game sections from Bangor, although he who should come here expecting to see all the uncommon incidents above referred to would be bitterly disappointed; he must go beyond this city for his sport.

C. E. Noyes, of Portland, has returned home from a two weeks' visit at Pickerel Pond, only fourteen miles from Oldtown and twenty-five from this city, and while there he saw, in the last week of September and the first of the hunter's month, five moose, and easily shot his limit of deer and a fine lot of partridges.

One of the most happily disappointed parties to go out within the week was made up of R. L. Bond, of Bondville, Mass., E. S. Loomis, of Boston, and H. S. Ludlow, of Troy, N. Y., who had been at Fish Lake. They had a splendid time, shot partridges and ducks until they thought they would never care to eat another duck, and were tired of partridge, while they had no difficulty in securing their quota of deer. On the Sunday before they left for home they saw two moose—but the protection was still on, so they came away without the trophy.

F. A. Guild and John R. Buchan, of New York City, and Henry A. Bishop and W. A. Trubee, of Bridgeport, Conn., are out after a delightful outing at Carr Pond. The water was so low that streams became mostly carries, and they were thus prevented from undertaking many trips planned. But they found birds plentiful, and their limit of two deer showed a buck and doe apiece.

One of the finest bucks to be brought down over the roads leading into Bangor in the first part of the month came down the first day of the moose season. It was a very large buck to be secured so early, and was very attractively antlered, its horns spreading seventeen inches and bearing ten points very evenly arranged. It was shot

by G. P. Stevens, of Orono, in the valley of the Passadumkeag Stream.

Those who think the game all killed off in the woods of Maine, ought to take the Alleghash trip if they are willing to be convinced. One of the parties above mentioned told the writer that they counted deer until it was impossible to keep the record if one was to take note of any other features of the trip. The record kept by another party was, perhaps, an average of the whole. They counted 170 deer within easy rifle shot, which they might readily have killed, not counting those which were merely started but were not really seen long enough to have shot at them. The count of moose was 26, and of these, six were bulls. Two sportsmen just out of the Patten region also report a large number of these animals there, and one man said he saw, just ahead of the season, one monster moose whose antlers were very fine, the frontal horns being very long and having palms, much like the brow antlers of the Newfoundland caribou, although much more massive.

William Einstein and A. W. Mack, of New York, have gone home from their delightful camp on Snowshoe Lake, once the home of the famous Jock Darling, with all the game the licenses allow to their credit.

The first moose to be brought into Bangor this year was shipped out by Frank Osgood, of Boston, and was shot in the Patten region. The same night saw a second moose started from Washington county, but it came only as far as Cherryfield in the same county, being the property of a Cherryfield hunter who had been further east for his sport. The second moose to reach Bangor arrived on to-day's noon train from Aroostook county, shot by Samuel A. Ordway, of Malden, Mass., and still a third came in to-night, the prize of John Graham, of Chelsea, Mass.

Other moose have been shot, among those reported thus far being one secured in the vicinity of Ebeeme Pond, about fifteen miles from Brownville, by P. F. Ham, of Monroe, whose moose was taken home by team. Three Presque Isle men went out after moose the first day and returned by noon of the next day with three bull moose and a deer, a bag for the number of men and length of time that is unlikely to be surpassed if equalled this season.

Thomas F. Strange, of Charlestown, Mass., passed through the city to-day with a moose head, secured by him in the Provinces, he having gone in by way of Fort Kent, across the St. John and to the woods beyond Connors.

E. C. Ostby, of Providence, who visited the Grand Lake region in the spring to try the salmon fishing, has gone back for his fall sport, and sent a buck to his home the other day.

And this reminds your correspondent that there seem to be a great many misunderstandings regarding some of the advantages of the new license law. Express and station agents, and not a few guides, still cling to the idea that all game must be identified at Bangor, whether the game bears the red tag of the non-resident or not, and as a consequence many trips have been cut short, or else sportsmen have gone home with their game to return later and finish their outing. Sportsmen from outside of Maine having bought a coupon for that purpose, which comes as part of the license, may have it attached to their game and thenceforward bother their heads not at all; so far as wardens are concerned it will reach its destination without further attention on the part of the owner. But all owners of game whose homes are in Maine, unless they purchase the special shipping tags heretofore issued for all sportsmen, and permitting them to ship game unaccompanied, must go home with their game or it will be seized.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

In New England.

BOSTON, Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Deputy Thayer, who runs the commissioner's boat, the Scooter, has arrested two men for pursuing wild fowl illegally on Sunday, in Boston Harbor, and certain specified waters adjacent thereto.

Deputy Nickerson secured the conviction of Mr. G. M. Wilkinson in court at Salem, for violation of the lobster law, and a fine of \$70 has been imposed.

The commissioners inform me that they have commenced the sending out of fingerling trout. They have about 90,000 for distribution this season, including some rainbow and brown trout, besides the common brook trout.

Reports they have received are to the effect that partridges have not been found in great numbers by the sportsmen, but that quail are unusually plentiful.

Mr. C. C. Munn tells me that hunters about Springfield say they have never seen so many quail in that section. In my last letter I said that probably the storm of a week ago would drive many birds in from the sea. A report received from Lake Assawampsett, Middleboro, states that thousands of wild geese have been driven to shelter in the woods and waters about that lake, and many of them and ducks as well have been bagged by the gunners. No doubt the same is true of scores of other ponds in the southeastern part of the State especially. To the hunter who desires good bird shooting along with the pursuit of large game, Lake Umbagog offers special attractions. The lake is easily accessible from Middle Dam. On the first day of the open season several deer were shot not far from the hotel. Among those who are now hunting at Umbagog are Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Ambrose, of New York, and Mr. S. Boothby and wife of Portland. The well-known Boston sportsman, Mr. J. Parker Whitney, his family and several friends, are now at Camp Whitney, on Richardson Lake. Partridges and deer are reported very numerous about Billy Soule's camps, on the Cupsuptic. One of the surprising things connected with deer killing in Maine so far this season, is the large number that have been reported killed in towns outside of the great northern wilderness.

There is a report, too, that even Connecticut is receiving acquisitions to its game supply, and the farmers of Glastonbury are suffering from their depredations. A report in the Boston Herald of Oct. 17, says one of them is to bring suit against the State for damages to his crops, caused by deer.

I regret to chronicle the death of two valued members of the State Association, during the past week. Mr. Edward E. Hardy became a member in 1882, was many years a vice-president, always an active worker for protection, and since 1896, on the list of honorary members. He was a man of sterling character and of genial temperament and will be greatly missed.

Mr. Nathaniel P. Jones, of the firm of Cumner, Jones & Co., had been a member of the Association since 1887, and was greatly interested in its objects. It is but a few days since one of the younger members, Mr. Charles E. Dresser, beloved by all who knew him, was suddenly called to "join the innumerable caravan that moves to the pale realms of shade."

They still live in the hearts of their associates and co-laborers in the cause of fish and game protection.

CENTRAL.

Game Preserves.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your courteous correspondent, W. M. E., in the October 3 number of FOREST AND STREAM, lays down some propositions on the subject of land tenure in relation to game preserves that I believe cannot be sustained with due regard to the established principles of property rights.

He seems to assume that it is only necessary for the State to pass a law in order to impose any degree of restriction that the "public" may demand upon the right of a landowner to exercise control over his own landed possessions.

It is probable that any such law that should be framed so as to curtail a man's full control over his land, supposing his title to be clear and undisputed, would be pronounced by the courts unconstitutional.

There is a school of political economists who hold that land should not be subject to private ownership at all, but should be as common property as is the air we breathe; that is, should belong to the State for the common use of all her citizens.

The fallacy of this propaganda, as well as that in the contention of your correspondent, lies in the fact, as I conceive, that whereas the land was originally public property, with title resting in the State, the State has divested itself of title by conveying the land to individuals for a consideration, full title to same being qualified only by the right of eminent domain, which the State reserves.

Every landowner derives title constructively from the State; that is, from the public.

If the State conveyed originally unconditional title—that is, all her rights except that of eminent domain—she cannot afterwards reassert any degree of control over the land she has parted with, except to exercise police powers to guard the rights of others from a misuse of the land that might deprive them of the proper enjoyment of their own; as, for example, the abatement of nuisances, etc.

A man cannot close an ancient highway through his land, as W. M. E. correctly lays down. But the existence of such ancient highway presupposes that the landowner or his predecessor has parted with his right to do so by vesting title in the public.

The State can, in the exercise of the reserved right of eminent domain, appropriate private land for public use; but cannot do so without first making full compensation to the owner.

The proposition that "a stranger may mine gold" on another's land "without paying for the privilege," seems strangely at variance with all recognized rules of property rights; and I am constrained to believe that your correspondent is in error in this statement.

Another proposition, that "he himself may not divert a water course within his own boundaries," must be taken with limitations, and with regard to the rights of other individuals, not the State. If the water course runs off of one man's land on to another's, the second man having acquired rights in same as well as the first, then the first man cannot deprive his neighbor of his share of the stream by turning it away from his land, nor out of its natural course. In the arid regions of the West, if an individual acquires land he may consume all the water in a stream running through it for irrigating purposes, and cannot be deprived of the right to do so by a second purchaser who may acquire land on the same stream below him after his right is established. But a third purchaser, coming after the first and acquiring land above him, could divert the stream from him, and so deprive him of a vested right.

The general rule prevails that a man may not divert a natural water course on his own land to the injury of his neighbor who possesses rights in the same stream.

But this is a very different principle from that assumed by W. M. E., that the State can give the right to individuals, or the public, to invade the lands of a private owner.

The principle that property rights in the *feræ naturæ* repose in the State, and not in the individual until reduced to actual possession, has long been established. It probably had its origin in the arbitrary exercise of power by the early Norman kings of England, who asserted ownership over all the wild creatures in the kingdom. We hear nothing about "the king's deer" before their time. But color is given to the rule that *feræ naturæ* are not the property of individuals until reduced to possession by the fact that the wild creatures do not inhere in the land of any individual, having no permanent abiding place, and not being subject to human control; but are on this man's land to-day and that man's to-morrow; so that no individual landowner can claim any other than a transitory interest in these wandering denizens of nature's wide domain. And it is no great strain on the fundamental principle of property rights for the State to assume a restrictive control over these creatures that cannot in the nature of things be considered one man's property more than another's when in a wild condition, the State's intervention being for the purpose of best securing the rights of all in the game and fish that are common to all who can properly gain access to it.

But if the State itself should appoint agents to go on a man's land to reduce to possession the game that it has a theoretic title to, the landowner could challenge the right of the State to invade his premises for such a purpose, and would be sustained by the courts,

Neither can the State, as suggested by W. M. E., dictate to a landowner what kind of use he shall make of his land; or undertake to determine whether he is so using it or not as to afford proper grounds for excluding the public from it. Whether he shall elect to keep it in a forest state for future use, or for the benefit of his children, or shall cut the timber and market it, and put the land in cultivation, it is not a matter in which the State or the public can properly concern itself. The owner of the land must be the sole judge as to what use he may choose to make of his possessions, so long as he does not interfere with the property rights of others; and any interference with this right on the part of the State would open the door directly to a breaking down of the fundamental principles upon which the whole social fabric rests.

I am not a lawyer, and hold myself subject to correction in laying down legal propositions; but a learned legal authority once said that "good law is good common sense," or words to that effect; and I am willing to be judged by that standard.

COAHOMA.

MISSISSIPPI.

"Them Big White Bir's."

PEOPLE who have frequently seen deer in their native haunts and are acquainted with their habits and peculiarities of movement, will be deeply interested and amused at a story, which is told concerning the experience of a prominent physician of Utica, while on a hunting trip in the Adirondacks. The gentleman referred to had never seen a deer in its wild state, but, like most amateur hunters, he had no misgivings as to his ability to recognize the game at sight and he had little fear but that he would be able to bring down the first animal he shot at. The party of which he was a member, all of whom, by the way, were Uticans, went into camp on the bank of a good-sized stream in an unfrequented portion of the wilderness where deer abound, and as soon as possible thereafter hunting operations were begun. As the doctor was not as familiar with that part of the woods as some of his companions were, a guide was assigned to accompany him. The two accordingly sallied forth full of hope that their efforts would speedily be rewarded by the bagging of venison enough to supply the camp. They had only gone a short distance before they reached a locality where deer signs were numerous, and in order to improve their chances for getting a shot, they separated, taking care, of course, not to get far enough apart so that there would be any danger of the Utican becoming lost. The latter, when thrown upon his own resources to some extent, enjoyed the situation all the more and proceeded to hunt cautiously and in what he considered was the proper manner.

While carefully moving forward in the direction which had been agreed upon, he caught sight of an object resembling a large white bird flying rather slowly through the shrubbery with a graceful, undulating movement. He thought it rather strange that such a bird should be seen flying about thus in the depths of the woods, and was intently occupied in pondering over the matter when, to his astonishment, he saw what he took to be another bird of the same kind, though a trifle smaller, flashing through the undergrowth only a short distance away. It exhibited the same graceful, wave-like manner of flight that the other had done, but its rising and falling appeared to be more rapid and it vanished from view more quickly. These incidents made quite an impression upon the Utican, as he could not make up his mind what kind of birds they were that he had seen, unless they were sea gulls, and what business the latter would have in the thick woods he could not cipher out. He concluded to question his guide about the matter at the first opportunity, and see if he could explain it. Accordingly, when the two came together again some time afterward and the guide asked him if he had seen the deer, the doctor replied: "No, I haven't seen any deer, but I saw two big, white birds flying through the bushes in a mighty queer sort of way. Guess they must have been sea gulls, weren't they?"

A peculiar sort of twinkle came into the guide's eye at this moment, but he reserved his decision until the Utican had told all about his experience, and then made the apparently irrelevant remark: "Guess you haven't ever seen many deer running around in the woods, have you?" "No," replied the doctor, "I never saw a live wild deer in the woods in my life, but what has that got to do with those birds?" "Well, them big white birds, as you call 'em, was the tails of two deer. The first one was a big fellow and he didn't seem to go very fast, because he hadn't been scared. The other was a smaller deer, and he was going through the brush to beat the cars, because he had scented you or seen you and knew it was time to be on the move. You see, when a deer is running through the woods he bounds along with his tail up, and that is white on the underside, and sometimes, when the bushes are pretty thick, you have to look twice before you get your eyes on the body of the deer. So you can say you have started up two deer to-day." Now, the doctor had a certain amount of confidence in his guide, but at the same time he placed a great deal more dependence on his own eyesight and judgment, so the outcome of the matter was that he refused to believe that the white objects which he had seen were anything else than birds, and presumably sea gulls at that. His guide, finding himself unable to convince the Utican as to the truth of what he had told him, wisely refrained from arguing the point at great length, but by way of friendly advice, added: "Well, anyway, I don't think you had better tell the boys in camp the story about them white birds."

It is customary for deer hunters on returning from a day's sport to discuss the adventures and experiences which they have had while in quest of game, and usually this confidential talk forms one of the most interesting and enjoyable features of a trip. As might have been expected, therefore, the Uticans were all ready and anxious, on returning to camp that night, to tell about what they had seen and heard during the day. The professional man, utterly ignoring the advice of his guide to remain silent on the subject of sea gulls, made

a point of telling his story at the earliest possible moment, laying particular stress upon the strange and weird spectacle produced by the white wings of the gulls as they gleamed through the shrubbery in the depths of the wilderness. Greatly to his surprise, however, his friends immediately took the same view of the matter that his guide had done, and their unrestrained merriment awakened the echoes in the woodland for miles around. Nothing that he could say would dissuade them from the belief that he had seen two deer and mistaken them for gulls, and from that time forward, as long as they remained in the woods, he was known by the familiar appellation of "White Wings."

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., Oct. 16.

New York State League.

An Appeal to the Sportsmen of New York.

THE shooting season is here, and the many lovers of dog and gun will soon once more start out, to tramp through the swales and covers, where in former seasons, they have spent so many happy hours.

As the season passes, the increasing scarcity of game in places, where at once time fair-sized bags could always be counted on, will probably not infrequently be forcibly brought to the shooter's attention, and the necessity of fostering and caring for our native game birds, and protecting them in their close seasons—if the old conditions are to be brought back, will undoubtedly appeal to many, who have heretofore seldom troubled themselves about such matters.

To such persons especially, as well as to all others, who have at heart the better preservation and protection of our fish, game and forests, we wish to once more appeal and to urge them most earnestly, if they have not already done so, to join either as clubs, associations or individuals the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League.

The objects of this League are to bring together, for concerted action, all those who are interested in the protection and preservation of the fish, game and forests of our State, to procure the enactment of proper game laws when necessary, to promote and enforce the observation of those which are now on the statute books, and to prevent the constant tinkering with, and repealing of measures, which we deem proper and desirable.

Our game laws were never in such good shape as at present. The record of the last Legislature, in passing among other good bills, first, the bill prohibiting the spring shooting of web-footed wild fowl—with the exception of brant on Long Island; second, the bill prohibiting the sale of grouse and woodcock killed in this State; and third, the bill extending the right of search to the counties of New York and Kings (all of which, by the way, were urged and advocated by the League), is a most creditable one, and gives reason for the hope that the people in general are awaking at last to a realization of the fact that our supply of native game is being seriously diminished, and that only strenuous measures can preserve what remains and gradually restore our waters, swales and covers to those conditions as to abundance of fish and game, which most of us remember and all of us long for.

The coming session of the Legislature will, however, undoubtedly bring the usual large number of bills affecting the game laws, the greater part being local attempts to secure special privileges and exemptions from the operations of the present laws; while others are more dangerous ones will be introduced in the interests of the dealers in game and of the cold-storage men, who with a single eye to their own present business interests, can be counted on to oppose all good game legislation and will never lose an opportunity to secure the repeal of any section which in any way affects their business. They have always done this in the past, and will surely not be idle in the future.

To help us to hold what we have, and to properly meet these attacks on our game laws, which are sure to come, we want the assistance and co-operation not only every club and association interested like ourselves in game and fish matters, but of individual sportsmen in every county in the State.

Urge your club or association to join us, and if you have no such organization, try to form one, but you cannot arouse enough interest in your locality to organize a club, join us as an individual.

We need your aid, particularly in influencing your representatives in the coming Legislature, to see that no backward steps be taken; that all good game laws retained on the statute books, and in no cases repealed or modified, in the interests of certain localities.

We want you one and all, and if you have at heart the objects for which the League was formed, a hearty welcome awaits you.

Our next annual meeting will be held at Syracuse, Dec. 10, 1903, and we hope for a full representation from all parts of the State.

Won't you see that your particular section is represented at that meeting, either by an organized club, or by individual sportsmen?

Applications for membership should be made to the secretary, who will furnish the necessary blanks and give any further information which may be desired.

ROBERT B. LAWRENCE, President.

ERNEST G. GOULD, Secretary, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Moose Every Year for Fifty-three Years.

SOUTH BROOKFIELD, Nova Scotia, Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Once more I have to tell you of the success of our old sportsman and guide, Mr. W. Crooker. Mr. Crooker, who is a land surveyor, has been very busily engaged all the summer and fall in surveying and running lines, and not a week passed without him coming on the yards of from three to five or more moose in them. Quite often he was within fifty and a hundred yards of them, and not until Saturday morning, 3d inst., did he offer or attempt to get one. This morning he said to his two boys while eating their breakfast about 5 A. M., "This being Saturday, and a fine, ca"

morning, I guess we will try and see if there is any moose about here." One had been up within ten yards of their tent the night before.

So as soon as their breakfast was over, out they went, and when only a short distance from the tent Mr. Crooker gave one call, and in a very few minutes he got an answer, and heard him coming tearing through the woods, making more noise than any steam engine on a railroad, and in a few minutes more the moose was killed. Within half an hour from the time of taking their last cup of tea in the tent, they stood alongside his dead body.

He is a beauty, weighs about 750 pounds dressed, with a fine head and antlers with a spread of fifty inches. Mr. Crooker is now in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and this is the sixth year in succession that he has got his moose the first day out, although he has never failed to get from one to five moose every year since he was twenty-one years of age.

Our local sportsmen have also had remarkably good luck this season. There have now been about twenty moose killed quite near here, some bringing home one and some two, and hardly any of them over twenty-four hours from home before they were enjoying a good fresh steak with their families.

Moose are very plentiful this season. I have not heard of any bears being killed yet this season. Partridges are very numerous.

GEORGE SEAMAN.

New York Game.

POUGLKESPIE, N. Y.—For the past three years quail shooting in Dutchess county has been excellent—so good, in fact, that many old sportsmen say that they never knew when quail was so plentiful. The coming season, judging from the number of Bob Whites that one sees sitting on the fences and hears in adjacent fields while traveling the country roads this summer, will be a record breaker for abundance of these gamiest of birds. A sportsman and friend of the writer whose business takes him to all parts of the county, says that he has seen plenty of birds in every part of the county. And recently, while driving over a country road, he noticed a male bird sitting on a stone wall. The bird was very much interested in something on the other side of the wall. Not wishing to disturb the quail, the gentleman drove past. Returning in a short time to the place, he still saw the old bird there, and all around him on the wall were a dozen or more little fellows. The young birds were just able to fly, and the male bird was probably looking after them.

SNANIWEH.

Currituck Ducks.

WATERLILY, N. C., Oct. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are having a northeast storm to-day, blowing about sixty miles an hour, and wild ducks are coming into the sound in countless thousands. They seem to be of nearly all kinds, except canvasbacks and ruddy ducks; it is too early for them. I notice a very large number of widgeon and quite a sprinkling of redheads and blackheads. On Sept. 28 I saw the largest flight of bluewing teal I ever saw at Currituck. They came in bunches of from half a dozen to 200. They came from the northwest and seemed in a big hurry to get south. We have the brightest prospects for good duck shooting. Our season opens Nov. 1, instead of the 10th, as formerly. We have a non-resident tax of \$10, too, I'm sorry to say.

Our quail shooting will be up to the average. We have had some fine yellowleg shooting, from Sept. 15 up to date. I made a bag of 145 in one day and several bags of from 50 to 90. I bagged, perhaps, 50 golden plover, more than I have shot in ten years before.

MORE ANON.

Essex Association.

A well-attended meeting of the Essex Fish and Game Protective Association was held Oct. 14, in its headquarters at 137 Belleville avenue. Twenty-six new names were added to the roll. The annual election of officers took place and the selections made met with the hearty approval of all present. The officers chosen are: Walter H. Parsons, President; Frederick Felder, Vice-President; Alvin E. Ebie, Treasurer; Joseph Crawford, Secretary; William Waltzinger, Charles Liming and Victor Hess, members of the Board of Governors. Regular meetings will be held hereafter on the third Thursday of each month. A determined effort will be made by the association to have the next Legislature pass a bill prohibiting pound net fishing in New Jersey waters.—Newark Sunday Call, Oct. 18.

Maine Summer Deer Killers.

THE office of the fish and game commission in Augusta is the liveliest place in the building lately. Big hunting stories, illegal killing of deer, moose and partridge and notices of arrests come in almost every day. Word has just been received at the office that warrants have been issued by the Farmington Municipal Court for the arrest of Frederick White, of Brooklyn, N. Y., for hunting and trapping fur animals without a license. This same party was arrested some time ago, for camping and kindling fires on wild land near Eustis, without being accompanied by a guide. A warrant has also been issued for the arrest of Dr. C. B. Parker, also of Brooklyn, for camping and building a fire on wild land without a guide, and for killing deer in close time.—Bangor Daily News, Oct. 13.

Pennsylvania Quail.

YORK, Pa., Oct. 17.—The York Gun Club held a meeting last night and decided to issue an appeal to York county hunters to refrain from slaughtering partridges that are not fully matured. Partridges have been on the increase in York county for the past six years. Birds from Kansas have been extensively introduced and propagated, and if the coveys receive the proper protection the county will become an excellent section for quail shooting.

Nebraska Notes.

The Omaha Gun Club's annual autumn tournament will be held this week—October 13, 14 and 15. It will be live birds and targets, and the prospects are fine for a large attendance.

The fifth annual coursing meet of the Friend, Neb., Coursing Club will be held October 13, 14, 15 and 16, with two grand stakes, the Puppy and All-Age.

CLARKS, Neb., Oct. 12.—Friend Sandy: Was down on the Platte yesterday and there was a big flight of ducks. I bagged twenty-five, twenty-two of which were mallards. Some Canadas are in. The river is in fine shape, water low, and you can drive right out to the blind. We are going to have great shooting from now on till winter. Better run out and get a little of it while this beautiful weather lasts.

SAM RICHMOND.

Game Warden George Carter and Fish Commissioner O'Brien are kept pretty busy these days. They have just secured 10,000 yearling and six-months-old black bass from Langdon, Kansas, in exchange for a lot of gold fish they have had on hand at the State hatcheries. These bass will be deposited the coming week in likely waters throughout the northwestern part of the State. The Government has also just allotted Nebraska 10,000 fingerling rainbow trout from the Government fisheries at Neosho, Mo., and the Nebraska fish car will go down after them November 10. These trout will also be distributed throughout our western and northwestern waters.

Charlie Highsmith, of Omaha, and Messrs. Slusser, Orr and Coots, of Grand Island, returned from a three-days' chicken shoot near Burwell last evening. They killed the limit, each man, every day, shooting but a couple of hours mornings and evenings.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Personal Notes.

Mr. B. W. Sperry, of Jacksonville, Fla., one of the most enthusiastic and best known sportsmen of his State, is in the city, and has been renewing with his many sportsmen friends here memories of Florida days in their company in the quail fields. Mr. Sperry says that the outlook for game in the winter of 1903-4 is very favorable.

Mr. A. S. Reid, of Victoria, B. C., is reported as at the present time hunting big game in the Rocky Mountains of British Columbia on Sheep Creek near Field. Not far from Mr. Reid, Mr. C. A. Moore, of this city, is also hunting.

Mr. John J. White, Jr., who, with Mrs. White, left New York early in September for the Jackson's Hole country, is expected back shortly before November 1. It is understood that Mr. White intended to visit a sheep country, the precise location of which is not generally known.

Mr. Madison Grant, the Secretary of the New York Zoological Society, has recently returned from a trip into the mountains of British Columbia. The region which he visited is one hitherto untouched by sportsmen, but is apparently only a summer range, and winter set in just as Mr. Grant reached the ground. The trip was undertaken more for exploration than for actual hunting, nevertheless four specimens of the mountain caribou (*Rangifer montanus*) were secured, and will no doubt go to the American Museum of Natural History, toward the increasing of whose collections Mr. Grant has done so much. The precise locality visited on the trip is not given.

Another trophy brought back is the head of a goat (*Oreamnus montanus*) of extraordinary size, since its horns measured 11 inches in length. Such a length for horns of the male goat is, we think, quite unexampled.

Mr. Grant is perhaps the first sportsman who ever captured a specimen of *R. montanus* knowing what it was, and he is to be congratulated on his good fortune.

Sharpshooting Snipe.

FREEPORT, Long Island.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Brooklyn Times printed from its Far Rockaway correspondent the other day this report of shooting conditions there: "There are plenty of snipe to be found, and sportsmen with their rifles can be seen daily hunting this bird on the grounds surrounding the Edgemere Hotel and at Rockaway Point."

We shall soon see our German friends with 'coon dogs and air rifles shooting the festive snipe. This is the way the sporting column of the Times is marred.

E. K. L.

Amos Green, a worthy colored man, who conducted a farm in the vicinity of Alachua, decided he wanted to eat some gopher, and accordingly went in search of his game. This was on Friday morning, and when he did not return on the following day, his good wife and family naturally became alarmed; and, with a few neighbors, instituted a search.

After a couple of hours, one of the searching party discovered the man's legs extended from the ground, his body and head being buried. With the shovel, which Green had carried with him, the earth was soon removed, and when he was released from this bondage it was discovered that one hand was still tightly grasping a gopher's leg at the bottom of the hole.

It is supposed that Green attempted to dig his game out of its abode, and when a sufficient quantity of earth had been excavated, he had gone in after the game head first, expecting to capture it and pull it out. The earth, being soft, at once gave way, and the man suffered the terrible experience of being buried alive. It is supposed he had been dead about twenty-four hours.—Florida Citizen.

All communications for Forest and Stream must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Sea and River Fishing.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Game Laws in Brief.

'is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the Brief.

Camping at Fort Washington.

SEVERAL summers back, Dick Gibson, then of Alexandria, and I started down the river early one morning to camp for a few days at Fort Washington, about eight miles below Washington, D. C. We had been planning this camping trip for some time, and in the meantime had built a sailboat, and this was her first trip. She glided through the water to our entire satisfaction, and with a stiff breeze behind us we were soon at the fort. Anchoring our boat we unloaded her and put up camp. We had everything in order by 12 o'clock, and after dinner we decided to try the fish.

We started out to try our luck with the channel cats, which have been caught off this point weighing eight and ten pounds. There are plenty of other fish, such as white perch, ring perch, rock fish, etc., and by 4 o'clock we had a nice string, but the channel cat was missing. He was not biting to-day. We started back to camp. After supper and a good smoke we turned in and were soon off to the land of dreams.

We were awakened the next morning by the hoarse whistle of a tugboat towing a big schooner to Alexandria. It is a pretty sight to watch the different craft going up and down the river. Along about 7 o'clock in the morning you can see the palace steamer Norfolk coming around the bend in the river. At first she looks like a mere white speck, but as she noiselessly glides through the water, you can presently distinguish her identity. Later in the day the excursion boats begin to come down on their way to River View and Marshall Hall. In the distance we can hear the band playing and see the flags flying. On past us they go, and what a merry crowd it is—all glad to get away from the hot city for just one day.

After dinner we got into the boat and went up to "Hell Hole," a favorite place to fish for white and ring perch. Here the water shoots off from the main river and goes on down to the dyke below New Alexandria, at which place, on Sunday, scores of fishermen from Washington can be seen catching a species of perch which they call "tobacco box." Sometimes you see a man with as many as 150. We caught a good string of white perch at "Hell Hole," and spent part of the afternoon swimming and watching the big four-masters go by. In the distance we could hear the ferry boat blowing, which told us it was 6 o'clock, so we put up sail and started for camp. Soon the blue smoke was curling up through the trees from our camp stove, and it was not long before the odor of frying fish pervaded the atmosphere around us. Dick is a fine cook, and as I am not a good hand at anything in that direction, I always got the fish in shape for the skillet.

We had planned a frog hunt on this trip, and we were told by a gentleman who lives near the fort that right back of us a short distance were plenty of frogs as big as our hats. We made a date with this gentleman to meet him there some night and we'd take a hunt.

The next day we were going down the river to Hennecky House, the exquisite romance of which has been read by so many Virginians. The morning dawned clear with a stiff breeze blowing, although it was rather changeable, which necessitated our making many tacks before we reached our destination. It was great fun riding the swells from the steamers passing along the river. Sometimes, it seemed, we would go nearly out of sight in the hollow of the waves, only to rise again and go down with another one. Right below where we anchored are the great herring grounds of Plum Tree Gut, where each spring thousands and thousands of herring are caught every day. Some of the nets are four and five hundred feet long, and are hauled out by horses and engines. All kinds of fish are caught—anything from perch to sturgeon, and sometimes a shark, following a schooner, attracted by the continual throwing out of refuse, is captured in the nets. Near where we landed was a high plateau, from which it seemed you could see almost into Chesapeake Bay. In the distance were the white, motionless sails of the craft, which grew larger as they drew nearer. It had gotten along to the hour of 12, and after eating our lunch we put up sail and started back up the river for Fort Washington. We had not gone far before we heard the blowing of a steamer behind us, and looking around we discovered that we were right in the course of the excursion boat Samuel J. Pentz, and she was coming along at a good rate, too. We threw our sails around and got out of her way, but somehow or other the swells struck us broadside and nearly swamped us, filling our boat half full of water. We finally got straightened out, and after that hugged the shore a little closer.

We reached camp about 4 o'clock, and were somewhat surprised to find that a party from Washington who had come down the river on a pleasure trip had stopped to see us, and finding no one there had waited until we returned. We made them stay to supper, promising them plenty of fried fish and good coffee. They stayed, and it did us good to see those fellows eat. They had never eaten in this way before, out in the pure fresh air, and they all declared they did not know when they had eaten a meal that had tasted half so good. They came down to see us again before we left, and seemed glad when they had their feet under the old camp table once more.

After our visitors left, we got ready to take the long-talked-of frog hunt. We rigged up in old clothes and shoes with a bicycle lantern apiece. My friend Gibson had never hunted frogs with a lantern and laughed at me when I told him that all you had to do was to walk along and throw the light on the frog and then pick him

up and put him into the bag. The man who had told us about the frogs was waiting for us when we got to the place, and we lighted up our lanterns and started. Dick was the first to see game.

"Oh, Cline, look here; here is a monster of a frog," and following the direction he pointed out I saw one that looked as big as our skillet. For a moment I envied Dick, for I would like to have caught that frog myself.

"Well," I said, "go on and pick him up."

"Oh, get out," he said. "Why, that frog wouldn't let me get within ten feet of him."

"All right," I said, "you go on and try him."

Dick eased on up and felt more encouraged as he found himself getting nearer to the green monster. He kept inching up until he was within two feet of his prey, and still the frog had not moved. Dick was staring him in the face with his lantern all the time and walking on air. He stopped for a moment and measured the distance between him and the frog, and he knew now that by leaning forward he could easily reach the green monster, unless it should jump. His hand slowly approached the frog—and still it was rigidly still. Dick made a grab and landed squarely on the head of the frog and pressed it down into the mud. When he had secured a firm hold on it, he held it up high, its long white legs dangling in the air.

Dick was very enthusiastic now, and went to look for another. In about two hours we caught fifty-four, and then we called the sport off for that night. We were tired when we got back to camp, and needed no rocking to put us to sleep.

Our camping trip was over, and we were to leave the next day for old Alexandria. We fished faithfully the next day up until 12 o'clock in order to have some fish to take to our landlady, and we succeeded in catching a nice bunch. After dinner we broke camp, packed the boat, and at 4 o'clock took off our hats to the old fort and pulled out up the river.

ALF CLINE.

WINCHESTER, Oct. 12.

The Lake Champlain Situation.

DESPITE continued threats of violence against life and property, the ranks of the residents and property holders about Lake Champlain interested in fighting the pulp mill nuisance under the leadership of Mr. Edward Hatch, Jr., of the firm of Lord & Taylor, are determined to bring the issue to a successful end.

Governor McCullough, of Vermont, when seen by a representative of FOREST AND STREAM at his office in New York city, declared that it was his firm intention to do all in his power to stop the further pollution of the waters of the lake by the offending mills, and also to put an end to illegal seining.

"For some time," said he, "I have been endeavoring to get the authorities of the States of Vermont and New York and the Dominion of Canada to unite in taking some concerted action looking to ending the evil, and I have strong hopes that in the near future combined and uniform action by the trio of legislative bodies will bring about the desired result."

"I have many times had the matter of the offending pulp mills brought to my attention. When Prof. Landreth, of the New York State Board of Health, hands in to Governor Odell his report on the subject and it is found that the mill owners are breaking the law against the pollution of streams, I think summary action should be taken."

"If the mill owners show delay in abating the nuisance, it will then behoove residents and property holders to apply to the Supreme Court for an injunction to close the mills. Such strenuous action, I believe, would cause the mill owners to at once adopt some plan of getting rid of their refuse other than by dumping it into the lake as I understand has been done for many years. The grievance of the residents and property holders has my full sympathy and support. To stop pollution of the rivers and lakes and illegal fishing has long been a matter in which I have been vitally interested."

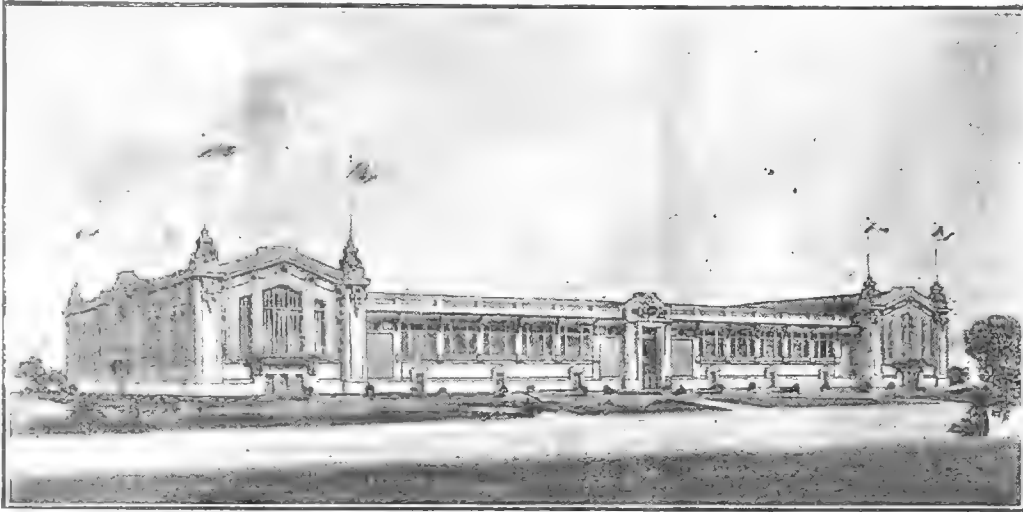
Mr. Hatch when seen yesterday declared that the ridiculous statements made last week by those having the milling interests at heart would surely act as a boomerang in defeating their very purpose. "It was one of the most remarkable instances of pure nerve and gall that I ever heard," said he. "Everyone having but the slightest intimacy and knowledge of the matter knows that the mills in question have for years been defying the law, polluting the waters of the lake, and, besides killing the fish, have converted certain rivers and portions of the lake into veritable sinkholes of noxious slime and filth. Just think of the bare-faced audacity of statements to the effect that the mill refuse in question tends to star and clarify the lake waters, and not only to beautify, enliven and increase the fishes in it, but that they should be paid and well paid by the State for so doing. Also that the waste refuse that they pour into the lake is a fine medicinal tonic for both man and beast. I have some of this newly discovered elixir of life in some jars there. Will you please examine it?" The jars appeared to hold a villainous compound, and the smell was nauseating. "Well," commented Mr. Hatch, "that's the crystal, sparkling, and delicious waste water that the mill people are pumping into the waters of the lake to the extent of several hundred thousands of gallons daily. I suppose that the next thing we will hear is that pipe lines are about to be built to convey these magical waste waters to the various resorts in the Adirondacks so that summer visitors, excursionists and invalids in search of curative waters for all bodily ailments can have ready access to them, and all without cost to anyone, and from purely philanthropic motives. I'm sure if Ponce de Leon were alive now all he would have to do would be to journey to the mill region to discover the long-sought-for 'fountain of youth.' From what they have said, I suppose that they are supplying this pure, scintillating and de-

lightful waste water to the New York aquarium so that the poor fishes there may be benefitted. Such statements as these, coming from persons interested in the mills, are very amusing, but at the same time so ridiculously untrue that no one except an idiot would give them credence. If the contestants on the other side have any hope of winning this fight they must adopt saner tactics, and stop telling Munchausen-like stories that not only have a tendency to amuse but to offend and insult the intelligence of the public.

"Mr. L. S. Drew, whose world-famous breeding farm for Ayrshire cattle is located on Shelburne Bay, tells me that the shore line of his estate is literally covered in the springtime with millions of tiny dead fish. They are poisoned by the breaking up of the ice in the rivers by the spring freshets. This ice, after being impregnated with the mill refuse all winter, is carried out into the waters of the lake, and the young fish, unable to live in the contaminated waters, are killed in myriads. A number of fishermen are now engaged in gathering additional information on this point, all of which will be adduced at the proper time."

"I am advised that the anti-polluters in Burlington are now up in arms on the sewage question there and are determined that an end be put to the further pollution of the lake from this source. They argue that a disposal plant should be built, and doubtless their efforts will be rewarded before long."

Dr. Ricketts, of the firm of Ricketts & Bank, of John street, New York, noted as consulting chemists, stated to the writer that he had heard much of the pollution of the waters of Lake Champlain by pulp mills in that region, and that the firm had been consulted on the subject. However, no investigation had been begun by them as yet. "We have just completed a somewhat similar case," said Dr. Ricketts, "for a fishing club on Lake Hopatcong who complained that the waters were being poisoned and the fish killed in the lake by the impurities discharged into it by a powder mill. We found that about the only way to convince the jury that the owners of the mill were polluting the lake was by a practical experiment made in court. Two jars, one containing water brought from a distant part of the lake, and the other filled with water obtained in the lake nearby the mill, were placed on the court room table. Young fish that were placed in the latter jar died in a few minutes, while those placed in the first mentioned jar continued to



PALACE OF FORESTRY AND FISH AND GAME, ST. LOUIS.

live. The verdict was at once given in favor of the complaining members of the fishing club, and as a result the mill owners adopted other means of getting rid of their chemical waste.

"Many instances could be cited to show how owners of mills and factories have had fortunes thrust upon them in being compelled by the authorities to find methods of getting rid of their refuse other than by dumping it into streams, rivers, lakes, etc."

"Several years ago the sludge acid discharged from the oil refineries situated along the North and East rivers and Staten Island Sound became an intolerable nuisance. The local boards of health, the courts and the Legislature were all appealed to to bring about an abatement of the trouble. The refinery owners fought the issue tooth and nail. Years went on and the boats and piers were covered with sludge and slime that gave out the most sickening odors. Finally a popular uprising resulted in the enactment of a law compelling absolutely a discontinuance of the pollution."

"The refinery owners were given a certain length of time to find other means of disposing of the refuse when it was discovered that the sludge, etc., was in reality a valuable 'by-product,' and now the greatest care is taken to recover it, letting none go to waste."

"I feel sure that if the pulp mill owners on Lake Champlain are driven to the wall by the courts, they will manage to find some other way of getting rid of their chemical waste, and it would not greatly surprise me if in the end they greatly profited thereby."

Palace of Forestry and Fish and Game.

THE Palace of Forestry and Fish and Game was designed by Mr. E. L. Masqueray, Chief Designer, Division of Works. It is 600 feet by 300 feet in area and covers four acres. It will be completed in December at a cost of about \$175,000. The building is located a short distance south of the Administration Building. It has three principal entrances on the north, and three on the south front. The central nave is 85 feet wide and entirely clear of posts. The ends are 85 feet in width, without posts.

Interesting features of this palace are the great aquarium and inclosures which will contain the live fish and game exhibits of many States. In the center of the building is a marine pool, 40 feet in diameter and 5 feet deep.

The forest resources as well as the fish and game of most of the States and many foreign countries will be exhibited in this palace. The exhibit space will be supplemented by many acres of outdoor area for displays of tree-planting, forest management, live game and other features.

Sawdust and Fish.

BY A. P. KNIGHT, M.A., M.D., PROFESSOR OF ANIMAL BIOLOGY, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.

(The following report on the effects of sawdust on fish relates to experiments undertaken by Professor Knight, at the suggestion of Professor Prince, Fish Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada.)

THE investigation was begun at the suggestion of Professor Prince, the fish commissioner for the Dominion of Canada, and has been carried on largely through the encouragement which he has given from season to season.

The question, "Is sawdust injurious to fish life?" has been before the Canadian public for over forty years. The Fishery Act of 1858 for the two Canadas provided that fish ways should be erected upon dams that obstructed the passage of anadromous fish to their spawning grounds in the shallow headwaters of rivers; and it forbade also throwing lime, chemicals, and other poisonous material into such rivers. It did not mention sawdust or mill rubbish, but it provided for the making of regulations by the executive, and in the exercise of this power we find that on May 16, 1860, a by-law was passed making it illegal to throw "slabs, edgins, and mill rubbish into any river or stream which may have been leased or reserved by the Crown for propagation, or where fish ways have been erected."

Immediately after confederation the act was further amended, and a very important proviso was attached to the foregoing clause, viz.: "Provided always that the Minister shall have power to exempt from the operation of this sub-section, wholly, or from any portion of the same, any stream or streams in which he considers that its enforcement is not requisite for the public interests."

Evidently the promoters of this legislation either did not feel sure that sawdust was poisonous, or they thought it just, in the interests of the lumber industry, to exempt from the operations of the act certain large rivers in the maritime provinces, Quebec and Ontario. Exemptions were continued by the Minister from year to year down to 1894, when they ceased by Act of Parliament. Parliament itself, however, extended these exemptions down to 1899.

Most of the Eastern United States have legislated against throwing sawdust into streams containing protected fish; but so far as I have been able to discover, the promoters of the legislation have never been able to prove conclusively the poisonous action of sawdust. At any rate, the scientists of the United States Fish Commission have not been unanimous in their opinions regarding the matter.

On November 29, 1888, there was started in FOREST AND STREAM a very remarkable correspondence, which lasted nearly a year. The general topic was the effect of sawdust upon trout. The writers lived in Canada, the New England States, and some in the West as far as California. Both sides of the question were presented with great vigor. Most of the correspondents were evidently keen sportsmen and close observers of nature, and the only regret one feels in reading through these letters is that some of the men did not test their observations and conclusions by experimenting with sawdust.

In this same year (1889) a very remarkable report on this subject was sent to the Hon. C. H. Tupper, the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, by W. H. Rogers, late Inspector of Fisheries for Nova Scotia. The report did not appear among the State papers, and it was consequently published in Halifax under the title of "The Suppressed Sawdust Report." No one can read this pamphlet without being staggered with the mass of information which is supplied to prove the harmlessness of sawdust, and the marvel is that the Minister did not order a thorough investigation to be made into the whole subject.

Of course, diametrically opposite views were expressed by other fishery officers, in whose judgment, no doubt, the Minister had perfect confidence. For example, Mr. S. Wilmot, the Superintendent of the Dominion Fish Hatcheries, wrote a very vigorous report denouncing the deadly effects of sawdust, and his opinions were certainly entitled to some weight. But there was this marked difference between the reports of the two officers: Mr. Rogers' was bristling with facts and observations based evidently upon first hand knowledge of the subject, whereas Mr. Wilmot's report showed no close acquaintance with it.

Coming to 1899, we find a very important report from the Dominion Fish Commissioner, Professor Prince, and one from the Deputy Commissioner for the Province of Ontario, Mr. Bastedo. Both reports command attention from the fact that they take opposite sides upon the sawdust question. Professor Prince says: "So far as our present knowledge goes, sawdust pollution, if it does not affect the upper waters, the shallow spawning and hatching grounds, appears to do little harm to the adult fish in their passage up from the sea." * * * "There is no case on record of salmon, or shad, or any other healthy adult fish being found choked with sawdust or in any way fatally injured by the floating particles."

Contrast with this Mr. Bastedo's opinion, as published in his report for the same year: "There can be nothing more destructive of fish life than the depositing of sawdust in the rivers and lakes. It is said to absolutely kill all vegetation, and it is well known that in waters where there is no vegetation fish life is noticeably absent. Minute crustacea of various kinds feed upon the juice of the plants which are to be found at the bottom. These afford food for the smaller fish, and again these furnish food for others of larger size."

In 1900 at the suggestion of Professor Prince, I undertook some experiments at St. Andrews, N. B., for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not sawdust was injurious to fish life.

The results of these experiments were published in the report of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, in 1901, and went to show that brook trout were not injured by living for two weeks in a water tank largely filled with sawdust, so long as a copious supply of water was allowed to run into and out of the tank. These results were abundantly corroborated

this summer (1902) in a series of experiments carried on for several weeks in the biological laboratory of Queen's University, Kingston. Perch, rock bass and black bass fry were all used. In fact, the tests this season were, if anything, more exacting than they were in 1900. The volume of pine and of cedar sawdust used was 20 per cent. of the whole volume of the tank, and both adult fish and black bass fry (these latter only about six weeks old and an inch long) were kept for four or five days in the mixture, without any apparent injury.

When, however, sawdust was allowed to lie in still water, or in very slowly running water, entirely different results were obtained. Then, the most disastrous effects followed the immersion of different animals in the poisonous mixture. Not merely did adult fish die in it, but fish eggs, fry, aquatic worms, small arthropods, animalcules and water plants. Nor was the cause of death due to suffocation from lack of oxygen, because when air was made to bubble rapidly through the solution the final results were the same, the only difference being that death was somewhat delayed. No one could paint too vividly the deadly effects of strong solutions of pine or cedar sawdust when soaked in standing water. Adult fish died in two or three minutes; fish eggs in a few hours; fry and minnows in from ten to fifteen minutes; aquatic worms and insects, eight to twenty-four hours; aquatic plants, a few days. Every living thing died in it, and if one were to judge of its effects by laboratory experiments alone, then the prohibitory legislation needs no better defense.

The following conclusions are based upon the results of many similar experiments: From 50 per cent. to 80 per cent. of white pine sawdust sinks in standing water, in from two to three minutes. The variations in quantity and time depend upon (1) the size of the particles, (2) upon the manner in which they are made, (3) upon whether the water is perfectly still or agitated, and (4) upon whether the particles are dry or moist.

Large particles sink much more slowly than small ones, because the latter are more easily penetrated through and through by the water.

Dust made with a hand-saw sinks more slowly than sawdust made with a large mill saw. The difference seems to be due to the difference in the force with which each is made. A large upright or circular lumber saw strikes the log with great force, squeezes out the imprisoned air from the wood fibres, renders them denser, and as a consequence they sink more quickly than particles of a similar or smaller kind which have been made by a hand-saw.

When water is slightly agitated, sawdust thrown upon it sinks more quickly than when the water is perfectly still. Consequently, in the swells of a steamer, in the waves made by wind, and in the ripple of a slight rapids, all the sawdust excepting the largest particles would sink to the bottom in a few minutes.

If thrown into a rapidly flowing stream, sawdust is carried downwards until it reaches comparatively still water, and then the finer particles sink; the coarser may be carried for miles and miles down a river and out into the bays of a lake or sea.

In laboratory experiments the coarser particles would float for days, because the water is unable to penetrate the fibre and displace the imprisoned air, which gives to wood its buoyancy. Wood fibre is, of course, heavier than water, and therefore sinks; and pine logs would sink much more quickly than they do only that the water cannot penetrate their interstices and drive out the air. Yet they do sink in considerable numbers, as every lumberman knows.

Hardwood logs cannot be floated to market at all, because the water of the cell-sap permeates them, rendering them heavier than water, and they sink. A very simple experiment illustrates how pine logs sink after being in the water some time. Throw a piece of black-board crayon into a dish of water. At first it floats, but soon bubbles of air escape from the chalk, and in a few moments it sinks to the bottom. So is it with sawdust and logs.

The first experiments of the season were performed for the purpose of determining the effects of sawdust upon fish eggs. The St. Andrew's experiment had shown that adult trout were not injured by sawdust in rapidly running water; but two other points remained to be determined: (1) Whether sawdust killed fish eggs, and (2) whether it destroyed the food of young or full grown fish.

Perch eggs were collected along the shallows of Collins Bay, just west of Kingston, and brought to the laboratory on May 12. They were placed in a clean aquarium with a stream of tap water (from Lake Ontario) running into and out of the vessel. On the same day a bag made of bleached cheese cloth, and filled with a peck of white pine sawdust was placed in an aquarium, 40½ inches by 15 inches, by 16½ inches. It was weighted with stones to keep it on the bottom. Water entered the aquarium very slowly, so that the conditions of the experiment approximated somewhat to those in the pools of a sluggish stream.

Next morning it was noted that as a result of the bag of sawdust being in the aquarium all night, the water had dissolved out a sufficient amount of material from the sawdust to turn the bottom layer of water a yellowish brown color. This layer measured 1¾ inches in a total depth of 16½ inches. Above the yellowish brown layer, and separated from it by a well-defined surface, the water was as clear as that of Lake Ontario. Only about four-fifths of the bottom of the aquarium was covered by the bag; its upper surface stood about half an inch above the brownish liquid. Four batches of eggs were placed in the aquarium at 10 A. M. of the 13th of May, viz.: two batches on the very bottom of the aquarium in the brownish water, and two on the surface of the bag of sawdust, well within the clear water.

Next morning at 9:00 A. M. every egg in the yellowish brown water was dead; and every egg in the clear water was alive.

Assuming that the brownish water was a saturated solution of material extracted from sawdust, two other solutions were made from it—one of 25 per cent., and one of 50 per cent. strength, in tap water. Fresh batches

of eggs were placed in each of them. In twenty-four hours the eggs in the 25 per cent. solution were all alive; half of those in the 50 per cent. solution were dead. In twenty-four hours more some of the fry had hatched out, but eggs and fry in both solutions were all dead.

In order to ascertain whether the death of both larvæ and fry was not due to lack of oxygen, rather than to poisonous extracts dissolved from the wood, air was made to bubble rapidly through some of the brown water. This experiment was begun at 12:30 P. M., and 800 c.c. of air per minute were passed through 230 c.c. of the discolored water. At 5:30 P. M. of the same day, a batch of 60 eggs was placed in this aerated water, and air was passed continuously through it all night at the rate of 400 c.c. per minute. Next morning at 10 A. M. every egg in the batch was dead. The conclusion, therefore, is quite clear. The eggs were killed, not by lack of oxygen in the water, but by the poison contained in the water and evidently dissolved out of the sawdust.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Notes from Cincinnati and Vicinity.

THE Pelee Club, composed of prominent business and professional men of Cincinnati, namely, Joseph S. Peebles, Wm. A. Webb, Frank C. Tullidge, Hon. T. B. Paxton, T. W. Paxton, Col. Rennick, Judge Hollister, Albert H. Mitchell, Charles Lewis, Frank Shaffer, W. L. Kayser, Lee Early, Jas. A. Collins, R. K. Le Blond, Capt. Laidley, and Jos. Reeves, returned from their summer outing at Pelee Island, Lake Erie, on October 13. The season's sport was marred by bad weather which kept the anglers in the house a good deal of the time. The prize black bass of the season was caught by T. B. Paxton and weighed 4 pounds 9½ ounces. Charles was a close second with a bass of 4 pounds 6½ ounces weight. Several double and triple catches were made, and the sport was excellent during the good weather. Although the members did not have as good sport as last season, for the reason given, they are not discouraged, but look forward to next season with pleasurable anticipations.

The members of the Columbus (Ohio) Fishing Club were entertained at their thirteenth annual dinner on October 13 by Dr. Thoman, of the Park Hotel. Those present were: M. A. Joyce, president; Calvin Sohl, secretary; James Atkinson, superintendent of club grounds; E. A. Coe, J. G. Dun, W. F. Huffman, B. W. Payne, and S. W. Lyons. The club's grounds are one mile north of Fishinger's bridge, and are said to be one of the best of the fishing preserves in northern Ohio.

Anglers at Louisville, Ky., say that the salmon fishing along the gravel bar just south of the city is good, and some good strings have been taken. A fall in temperature and continued low water in the river will improve the sport materially.

BONASA.

Pennsylvania Fish at the World's Fair.

ST. LOUIS.—Pennsylvania will make an extensive exhibit of fish at the World's Fair. The State Commission has appropriated \$10,000 for the display. W. B. Meehan, State Fish Commissioner, will install thirty-five aquaria in the Forestry, Fish and Game Palace. This is as many as the United States Fish Commission will have in its exhibit in the Government Fisheries Building. The exhibit will include mounted specimens of mammals, birds, and reptiles that prey upon fish life, paintings in colors of the principal pool and game fish of the State, literature upon the subject of fish protection and culture, a miniature waterfall and trout stream, and a hatchery in full operation.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 17-19.—Boston, Mass. Terrier Club show.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 26.—Clare, Mich.—Sportsman's Field Trial Association trials. E. C. Smith, Sec'y, Midland, Mich.

Oct. 26.—Washington Court House, O.—Monongahela Field Trial Association trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y, Homestead, Pa.

Oct. 27.—Paradise Valley, Nev.—Nevada Field Trial Association trials. Dr. C. E. Wilson, Sec'y, Elko, Nev.

Nov. 2.—Washington Court House, O.—Ohio Field Trial Association trials. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y, Circleville, O.

Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.

Nov. 9.—Fourteenth annual beagle trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y.

Nov. 9.—Howardsville, Va.—Missouri Field Trial Association trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.

Nov. 9.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Association trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 9.—Hutsonville, Ill.—Independent Field Trial Club trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 9.—Western Irish Setter Club trials. Dr. T. L. Fenn, Sec'y, Chicago, Ill.

Nov. 10.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven, Conn.

Nov. 16.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.

Nov. 23.—Robinson, Ill.—American Championship Field Trial Association trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dec. 1.—Clay City, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club trials. C. F. Young, Sec'y.

Dec. 5.—Thomasville, Ga.—Continental Field Trial Club trials. John White, Sec'y, Hempstead, N. Y.

Nov. 16.—Holmdel, N. J.—Pointer Club of America's trials. C. F. Lewis, Sec'y, New York city.

Nov. 30.—Chase, City, Va.—Virginia Field Trial Association trials. Charles B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.

Brunswick Fur Club Trials.

The Brunswick Fur Club trials, the great annual events of the foxhound devotees of the Northeast, took place on the week commencing Oct. 12, at Barre, Mass.

The gathering of 1903 was great, both as to numbers and the eminence of the visitors. The Derby was the first stake. The first day's competition was not decisive enough to determine the winners. The weather was rainy and unfavorable. A start was made at 7:30. Those who, mounted, followed the hunt were

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Hitchcock, Dr. A. C. Heffenger, Miss Heffenger, Harry W. Smith, C. Smith, E. H. Walker and J. E. Bentley. There was a large attendance, among whom were President O. F. Joslin, of Oxford; N. I. Bowditch, of Framingham; John Duguid, of Framingham; Dr. R. F. Perkins, of Framingham; Thomas Brown, of Framingham; Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Campbell, Woonsocket, R. I.; J. H. Baird, of North Orange; Herbert Maynard, of Dedham; E. H. Walker, of Hammack, Ky.; A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester; B. L. Brooks, South Vernon, Vt.; C. E. Perkins, Burlington, Ia.; Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Heffenger, Charles Heffenger and Miss Heffenger, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Lemuel Pope, Jr., Portsmouth, N. H.; George A. O'Neil, Yonkers, N. Y.; Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury; O. B. Howe, Hudson, and V. S. Spaulding, Monroe City, Mo.; Thomas G. Breemer, Brookline; S. P. Breemer, Boston; Henry Hill, Worcester; H. B. Smith, Norwich, Conn.; Philip W. Moen, Worcester; Harry W. Smith, Worcester; Mrs. George Crompton, Worcester; Miss H. Barton, Worcester; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Hitchcock, Westbury, L. I.; Chetwood Smith, Worcester; C. J. Prouty, Scituate, Mass.; John C. Bentley, Sandy Spring, Md.; Capt. S. B. Parker, Boston; Henry G. Vaughan, Boston; F. B. Whidden, Boston; George S. Whittemore, Leicester; Fred Bucklin, Worcester; A. B. McGregor, Medfield; W. Hair, Worcester; C. H. Howe, Worcester; L. F. Herrick, Worcester; F. S. Peer, Ithaca, N. Y.; W. H. Turner, Newburg, N. Y.; J. Bradley Scott, Newburg, N. Y.; A. Wheeler, G. Henry T. Mitchell, C. Lovell, P. Cummings, Worcester; Henry L. Morse, Boston.

The Derby competition was resumed early, 6 o'clock, on Tuesday, Oct. 13. Three foxes were started, the first by Mr. Harry W. Smith's Sing and Song, the second by Mr. Thomas W. Hitchcock, Jr.'s, Maid, E. Walker's Ben and Harry W. Smith's Sing and Song. The third chase was largely in the open and was excitingly spectacular. After dinner the judges announced the winners as follows: First, Thomas W. Hitchcock, Jr.'s Maid; second, Harry W. Smith's Sing and Song; third, W. S. Walker's Ben; fourth, E. H. Walker's Flirt. The winner of the Derby will hold the R. D. Perry Cup for one year, and wins outright one of the club cups.

The judges were Charles H. Howe, of Worcester; Bradford S. Turpin, of Roxbury; Dr. Lemuel Pope, of Portsmouth, N. H.; George B. Appleby, of Oxford; E. L. Brooks, of Vernon, Vt.; F. B. Whidden, of Boston, and C. J. Prouty, of Scituate. The entries were: Mrs. L. W. Campbell's Ten Broeck and Beauty; V. G. Spaulding's Mark Hanna; Thomas W. Hitchcock, Jr.'s, Maid; S. D. Parker's Wayward; F. S. Stark's Hazel Belle; W. S. Walker's Ben; E. H. Walker's Flirt; A. B. F. Kinney's Cricket; H. W. Smith's Sing and Song; A. O. Allen's Jess, and W. H. Turner's Jack.

The entries in the All-Age Stake was the record breaker of the club. There were upward of 70 entries. Of these about 62 started. Competition in this stake commenced on Oct. 14. The start was made at 6 o'clock A. M. The weather was clear and calm. Foxes were found in ample numbers. The trial was unfinished on Wednesday, therefore was carried over to the next day. The judges will gradually sift out the dogs which have no chance to win. The first fox was started soon after the hounds were slipped. He was started near the Hancock Swamp, south of the Petersham road. A pack of 25 hounds carried him swiftly southeast, driving him into the open for a clear run of three miles, to Dennyville, on the outskirts of Barre Plains. Messrs. A. B. McGregor, Harry W. Smith and Dr. A. C. Heffenger followed dashing. The pack was split, and a part of it had in the meantime started another fox, which they hunted for about two hours in the Moose Brook district. Another section of the pack carried off the fox to the Hardwick Hills. In a fourth hunt, the fox was driven to earth. Much of the hunt was in the open. Some discussion on the unsettled question, whether hounds can run a northern red fox to the death was revived on finding a dead fox where the hounds had had a noisy skirmish earlier. The fox, on examination, was found to be a cripple from a gun shot wound in a hind leg. The consensus of opinion was that the distinguished Southern visitors had changed their minds, both in regard to the Northern hound, which they heretofore considered slower than the Southern hound, and the Northern red fox, which they considered as being overrated. The Northern red fox was conceded to be the speediest and wariest of the fox family, beyond the compass of any pack in his native hills.

The All-Age Stake was finished on Friday.

Early in the morning 38 hounds were started for the final chases. The weather was unfavorable for good work, being foggy and the ground wet. The judges held a long conference, about seven hours, before determining the winners.

The club cup was won by Ailsie, owned by E. H. Walker, of Hammack, Ky.

The Pope Memorial Cup for first in trailing speed and driving, was won by Bandit, owned by Dr. A. C. Heffenger, of Portsmouth, N. H.

The first hunting prize was won by Mont, owned by E. H. Walker, of Hammack, Ky.; second was won by Logan, owned by P. W. Moen, of Worcester; third was won by Scott, owned by J. Bradley Scott, of Newburgh, N. Y.

First trailing prize was won by Bandit, owned by Dr. A. C. Heffenger, of Portsmouth, N. H.; second was won by Calif, owned by H. C. Alley, of Burlington; third was won by Breeze, owned by Mrs. L. W. Campbell, of Woonsocket, R. I.

First speed and driving prize was won by Ailsie; second was won by Rye, owned by J. Bradley Scott, of Newburgh, N. Y.; third, was won by Bandit.

First endurance prize was won by Victor, owned by J. C. Bentley, of Sandy Springs, Md.; second was won by Arp, owned by E. H. Walker, of Hammack, Ky.; third was won by Calif.

Special, a hunting horn, was awarded to Logan. Ailsie also was given the club cup, and will hold for one year the Hitchcock cup and the Woodstock Kennel cup, offered by Randolph Crompton, of Worcester. In the four classes the first prize winners each receive

a cup, and the winners of second and third get diplomas.

The competitive qualities are defined as follows:

By hunting shall be understood the general ranging and starting qualities of a hound.

Trailing shall be considered the manner in which a hound follows a trail before a fox is jumped.

Speed and driving shall be considered rapidity of movement while actually carrying the scent, and therefore the hound doing the greater part of the leading and known to be carrying either the ground or body scent, is the speediest.

By endurance is meant the capacity of a hound for continuous maximum work during a number of successive days' trial.

By tonguing is meant the use a hound makes of his voice after he is let loose for the day's trials.

The foxhound having the highest general average shall be adjudged the winner of the All-Age Stake, and in computing the highest general average, the first prize in any class of the All-Age Stake shall count 50, the second 30 and the third prize 20.

The Law About Dogs.

From the New York Times.

By the common law, as well as by the law of most, if not all, the States, dogs are so far recognized as property that an action will lie for their conversion or injury, although, in the absence of a statute, they are not regarded as a subject of larceny. The very fact that they are without the protection of the criminal laws shows that property in dogs is of an imperfect or qualified nature, and they stand, as it were, between animals *feræ naturæ*, in which, until killed or subdued, there is no property, as in domestic animals, where the right of property is perfect and complete.

They are not considered as being upon the same plane as horses, cattle, sheep and other domestic animals, but rather in the category of cats, monkeys, parrots, singing birds and similar animals kept for pleasure, curiosity, or caprice. They have no intrinsic value, by which we understand a value common to all dogs as such, and independent of the particular breed or individual.

Unlike other domestic animals, they are useful neither as beasts of burden nor draught except to a limited extent. They are peculiar in the fact that they differ among themselves more widely than other classes of animals, and can hardly be said to have a characteristic common to the entire race.

While the higher breeds rank among the noblest representatives of the animal kingdom, and are justly esteemed for their intelligence, sagacity, fidelity, watchfulness, affection, and, above all, for their natural companionship with man, others are affected with such serious infirmities of temper as to be little better than a public nuisance. All are more or less subject to attacks of hydrophobic madness.

A suit is practically impossible by statute to distinguish between the different breeds or between the valuable and the worthless. The legislation which has been enacted on the subject, though nominally including the whole canine race, is really directed against the latter class, and is based upon the theory that the owner of a really valuable dog will find sufficient interest in him to comply with any reasonable regulation designed to distinguish him from the common herd. Acting upon the principle that there is but a qualified property in them, and while private interests require that the valuable ones shall be protected, public interest demands that the worthless shall be exterminated; they have from time immemorial been considered as holding their lives at the will of the Legislature and properly falling within the police power of the several States.

Laws for the protection of domestic animals are regarded as having but a limited application to dogs and cats, and, regardless of statute, a ferocious dog is looked upon as having no right to his life which man is bound to respect. In the case of *ex parte Cooper*, 3, Texas Appellate Division, 489, it was held that dogs were not property within the tax laws of the Constitution, and that a tax upon dogs was a police regulation, and a legitimate exercise of the police power. The point was made that dogs, being property, should under the Constitution, be taxed ad valorem as other property was. But it was held that the law was not a tax law in its regular sense, but a police regulation. It is true that under the Fourteenth Amendment no State can deprive a person of his life, liberty, or property without due process of law, but in determining what is due process of law we are bound to consider the nature of the property, the necessity for sacrifice, and the extent to which it has heretofore been regarded as within the police power. So far as it is dangerous to the safety or health of the community, however, due process of law may authorize a summary destruction.

Although dogs ordinarily retain their hereditary wolfish instinct, which occasionally breaks forth in the destruction of sheep and other helpless animals, others too small to attack these animals, are simply vicious, noisy, and pestilent. As their depredations are often committed at night, it is usually impossible to identify the dog, or to fix the liability upon the owner, who, moreover, is likely to be pecuniarily irresponsible. In short, the damages are usually such as are beyond the reach of judicial process, and legislation of a drastic nature is necessary to protect persons and property from destruction and annoyance. Such legislation is clearly within the police power of the State.

It is purely within the discretion of the Legislature to say how far dogs shall be recognized as property, and under what conditions they shall be permitted to roam the streets.

LOUIS A. CUVILLIER.

Virginia Field Trials.

RICHMOND, Va., Oct. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am having a good many letters from sportsmen in various parts of the country, especially Virginia, asking for entry blanks for our forthcoming Virginia field trials

the week of November 30. Our by-laws require that entries close not later than twenty days previous to holding the trials. I am having the blanks printed now and hope to mail them very shortly. The Virginia field trial will hold an open free for all stake this year, and we hope to have a nice entry of outside dogs.

The judges selected Mr. S. H. Humphrey, Indianapolis, Ind., prominently known as the genial and hustling secretary of the Independent Field Trial Club. We will also have the pleasure of the services of Mr. Chas. W. Tway, of Irwin, Ohio, also known to every man connected with the field trial business. We have also secured the services of Mr. Harry Colquitt, of Richmond, Va. Mr. Colquitt is an old dog man, although not an old man himself. He has attended many trials, and formerly owned Count Gladstone IV. His interest in field trials is unabated, and he now owns some very fine setter dogs and continues to breed the pure Llewellyn.

The Mecklenburg Hotel, where we were so grandly entertained last year, will again be headquarters. Birds are very plentiful on our preserves and are being watched very carefully. Everything points to a bigger and better meet than our most successful one of last year.

CHAS. B. COOKE, Secretary.

National Foxhunters' Association.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Oct. 14.—Please announce that the directors of the National Foxhunters' Association have decided upon New Haven, Ky., as the place to hold the next annual meet, commencing Nov. 30 with the Derby. New Haven is within ten miles of Bardstown, the place of the most successful meet the Association ever held.

Foxes are abundant; in fact, too plentiful.

Good accommodations and good mounts can be had.

The trials are open to all, and foxhunters the world over are invited and urged to attend.

ROGER D. WILLIAMS,
Honorary Sec.-Treas.

Points and Flushes.

JUDGE JAMES M. THOMPSON, Circuit Judge of the Fourth Circuit of Louisiana, died at his home in Covington, Ky., recently, at the age of 61 years. He was an enthusiastic and accomplished sportsman, having a national fame in canine matters as they concern field trials, he having acted as judge a number of times in the 80's, notably in the trials of the New Orleans Gun Club, Southern States Field Trial Club, and Alexandria Rod and Gun Club. He served as a lieutenant in the war between the States, was a Representative in 1870, a Senator in 1872, and was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention in 1879. In 1892 he was elected a member of the Court of Appeals. Personally he was of a quiet, gentle disposition. He had a multitude of friends who were held by their esteem of his sterling worth.

Mr. E. A. Watson, of Nimrod Hall, Va., was a visitor in New York last week, tarrying for a brief period before his departure for England on the 16th inst. He has had bad luck with his kennel in the past year, but he pluckily purposes to replenish his kennel stock while abroad.

Yachting.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1903, the publishers of *FOREST AND STREAM* offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in *FOREST AND STREAM*. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, \$75.00.
Second prize, \$50.00.
Third prize, \$25.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1903.
2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.
3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.
4. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.
5. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.
6. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.
7. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the *Forest and Stream* Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, on or before Nov. 15, 1903.

New Haven is to have another yacht club, and the new organization will be known as the New Haven Sailing Association. Among those interested in the new club are General Phelps Montgomery, Henry F. Parmelee, Myron R. Durham, Edward J. Savage, Clifford E. Smith, James B. Smith, and Vice-Com. Ennis N. Searles, of the New Haven Y. C.

Summary of Lake Michigan Racing, 1903.

THE season of 1903 has undoubtedly been the best of any on Lake Michigan, there being more big events given and keener racing than ever before.

One of the greatest drawbacks has been the scarcity of good harbors, but this has been made up by the fact that better sailors have been developed, through having to stay out when a storm came up, instead of having a handy harbor to run into, and thus escape having to learn by rough experience.

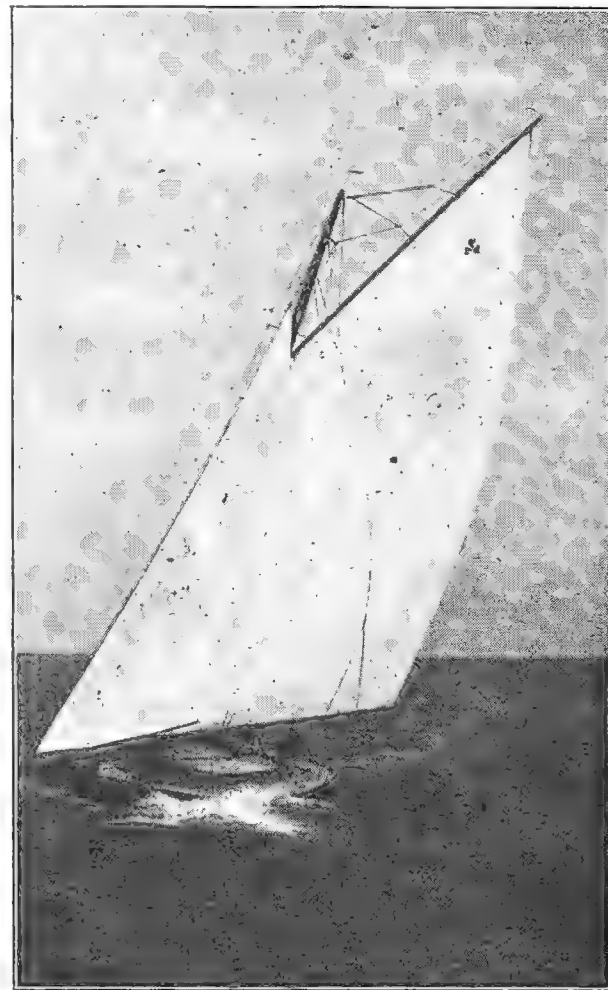
Another great drawback has been the great diversity of types of yachts, thus making it absolutely necessary to peculiarly divide them, and to give time allowance, therefore making races uninteresting as a general proposition for the spectator, he usually seeing a yacht finish and cheered as a victor, and then read in the paper next morning that some yacht he had not even noticed won on time allowance.

In the general racing, yachts have been classified as follows:

All yachts shall be classified by racing lengths. Yachts having 25 per cent. of their over all length in overhang, at least one-third of it forward shall class by themselves and be designated by the letter "A"; all other yachts shall class by themselves and be designated by the letter "B". "B" classification shall only apply to yachts built prior to 1900.

Yachts shall classify by measurement as follows:

Schooners and Yawls—Class 1, over 37ft. R.L.
Schooners and Yawls—Class 2, 37ft. R.L. and under.
Sloops, cutters and cats classify as follows:
Class 1A, Class 1B—Over 45ft. R.L.



LITTLE SHAMROCK.

Class 2A, Class 2B—Over 30ft. R.L. to and including 45ft. R.L.

Class 3A, Class 3B—Over 25ft. R.L. to and including 30ft. R.L.

Class 4A, Class 4B—25ft. R.L. and under.

Special Classes—21ft. knockabout; 21ft. cabin class.

Schooners race at 85 per cent. and yawls at 93 per cent. of their measurement in mixed races.

The formula

$$\frac{L.W.L. + \sqrt{S.A.}}{2} = R.L.$$

has been used together with the above classifications with extremely gratifying results the past two years, the yachts on these waters seeming to be very well matched under them as a general proposition, so that first one wins and then another in a majority of the classes, which keeps up the interest. This will, however, not be the condition many years, as all new yachts building are for the special classes, and the racing proper is being held by the special classes nearly exclusively; general rules, however, will be necessary for many years on account of the many annual long distance events.

The greatest amount and highest grade racing of the past season has been in the 21ft. cabin class; in fact, this class has attracted more attention on the Great Lakes than any other.

Originally the most bitter feeling existed between the advocates of the knockabouts and the advocates of the cabin class, and the rivalry between the owners in the two classes was most intense; however, this has passed and the cabin class advocates have won out; their type of yacht won a popularity heretofore unknown on the Great Lakes, and it has done this strictly on its merits, the rules compelling the designing and building of the best type of yachts for these waters of any yet discovered, they being particularly roomy, strong, able and seaworthy, and therefore extremely popular for cruising, and at the same time possessing speed unattained by any other class of yachts ever seen here, a factor that must not be overlooked by the rule builders, as owners of to-day do not care to invest in slow-going yachts on the theory that they will last forever, all seeming to prefer to have one with good speed that is strong and safe, than one possessing everlasting life.

EVENTS OF THE YEAR.

June 13.—Columbia Y. C. twelfth annual Michigan City race.
July 4.—Columbia Y. C. annual open regatta and race for Thos.

H. Webb 18 to 30ft. time allowance cup, and Pfister cup race under auspices of Chicago Y. C., in the forenoon.
 July 4.—Columbia Y. C. Special Hyman-Berg cup race for 21ft. cabin class.
 Aug. 1.—Columbia and Milwaukee yacht clubs' open race, Chicago to Milwaukee.
 Aug. 7 and 8.—Lake Michigan Y. A. annual meet at Milwaukee.
 Aug. 9.—Milwaukee to South Haven.
 Aug. 11 and 12.—Races at South Haven.
 Aug. 14 and 15.—Annual regatta of Macatawa Bay Y. C.
 Aug. 27 to Sept. 1.—Columbia Y. C. second annual series of 21ft. cabin class for the Sir Thomas J. Lipton competitive cup.
 Sept. 12.—Columbia Y. C. twelfth annual fall regatta, for the Tom Murray time prize cup.
 Sept. 17.—Vencedor-Vanenna match for championship of the Great Lakes, under auspices of the Chicago Y. C.
 Sept. 19.—Second race of the foregoing series.
 Sept. 29 and 30.—Three final races of series of ten for Thos. H. Webb cup, for championship of 21ft. cabin class.

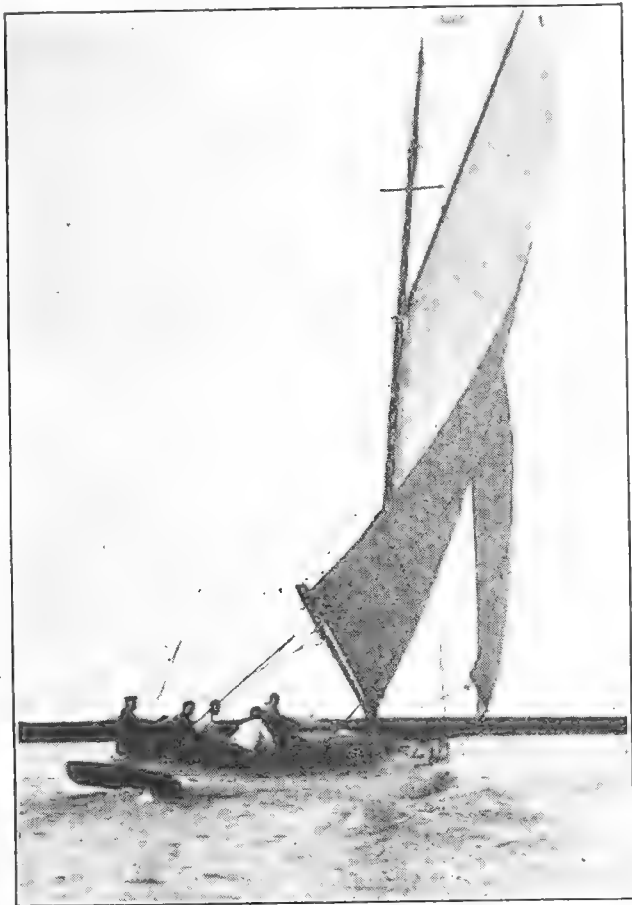
MICHIGAN CITY RACE.

On June 13 the Columbia Y. C. held the real opening of the local yachting season on Lake Michigan with its twelfth annual Michigan City cruising race for cabin yachts, a 38-mile course, under the most favorable weather conditions since the race was inaugurated, it being bright and warm with a brisk fair wind at start and finish with a slight lull about the middle of the lake. Twenty-six cabin sail yachts made the run, Vencedor making the best time, 4h. 56m. The winners were:

Vencedor—Class 1A and time prize for A classes.
 Iroquois—Class 2A.
 Columbia—Class 3A.
 Saint—Class 4A.
 Hoosier—21ft. Cabin Class.
 Alice—Class 1 schooners and yawls and time prize for B classes.
 Wizard—Class 2B.
 Vixen—Class 3B.
 Zamona—Class 4B.

Some five hundred members of the club and their friends followed the race on the big passenger steamer Soo City, which the club chartered for the purpose. The yachtsmen and their friends made merry in the evening at a ball given in their honor by the citizens of Michigan City, at which the prizes were presented, and those present unanimously pronounced the opening event of the season a grand success.

The next events of importance were the Pfister cup race of the Chicago Y. C. and the Thos. H. Webb cups and general open regatta of the Columbia Y. C. Independence Day forenoon. The day opened up bright with a good whole sail S. W. wind, and very warm and pleasant. The Pfister cup was offered by Mr. Charles Pfister, of Milwaukee as a 21ft. knockabout trophy to be contested for annually, and it becomes the property of the yacht that wins it three times. Colleen, the Chicago Y. C.'s sole representative in the class, had already won two legs on it, and it was a case of do or die on the part of the Milwaukee Y. C.'s representatives, and they therefore had every yacht of the class in its fleet on hand to



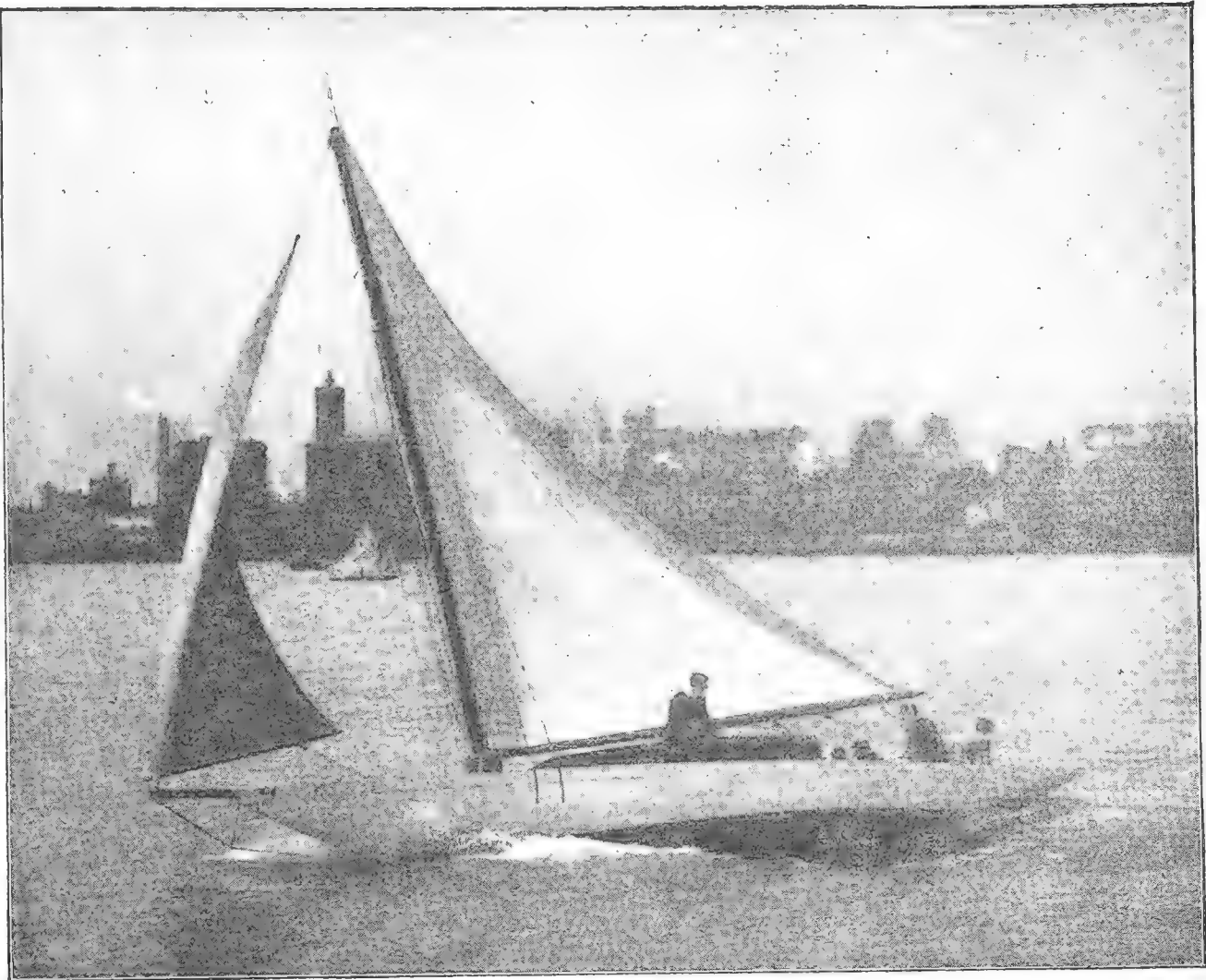
HOOSIER.

try and wrest the trophy from the Chicago Y. C. In this they were successful, as one of its four representatives, the new yacht Badger II., handily won by a margin of 2m. 10s., and the Milwaukeeans went home with their trophy in a particularly happy frame of mind. The afternoon event planned by the Chicago Y. C. was declared off on account of unfavorable weather, a rain squall having arrived.

The Columbia Y. C. started over forty cabin sail yachts in its open race, and as the weather on the first two legs of the course was absolutely perfect, and everyone of the fleet carried balloon jibs the first leg and spinnakers as well on the second leg, no prettier sight could greet one's eye. At the end of the second leg the spectacular features of the day began, and excitement on the guest boat ran high as the wind suddenly freshened to 35 miles an hour, and the leg home being a beat to windward, only twenty-two of the starters crossed the finish line, the balance quitting to run for the harbor if behind or breaking down; one capsized and another missed the harbor and ran to Waukegan, the nearest harbor north. The winners were:

Vanenna—Class 1A.
 Columbia—Class 3A.
 Vision—Class 4A.
 Sprite—21ft. Cabin Class.
 Alice—Schooners and Yawls.
 Beatrice—Class 2B.
 Kathleen—Class 3B.
 Halcyon—Class 4B.

Sprite won a leg on the Thos. H. Webb cup for cabin



VISION.

yachts of 18ft. to 30ft. L.W.L. on time allowance. Nymph won in 1901, and LaRita in 1902. As the cup must be won by a yacht three years in succession, and a different yacht has won every year, it begins to look like a perpetual trophy and the only interest now is to settle what club will hold the trophy from year to year. The Columbia Y. C. won the first two years and the Chicago Y. C. now holds it until next year, this being the only trophy of prominence for a Columbia Y. C. representative competed and lost the past season.

The Columbia Y. C. afternoon schedule called for a race of the 21ft. knockabouts and 21ft. cabin class, the knockabouts declined the issue on account of the rain and squalls, but the cabin class were ready at gun-fire, and LaRita won the Hyman-Berg cup. The forenoon and afternoon races of the 21ft. cabin class counted as the first and second of the series of ten for the cup offered by Mr. Thos. H. Webb for the championship of that class this season. A percentage table is used in this series.

It might be well to note that Vencedor lost to Vanenna in the forenoon race on a breakdown, and that the accident occurred only a short distance from the finish, and that she was well in the lead at the time, and that this is the only time a yacht of her class defeated her during the season.

The next big event was the combined open race from Chicago to Milwaukee, a distance of 85 miles. This race was started in a stiff E. by N. wind with a big sea, which gradually increased to a gale and hauled to the S. E., the course being about due N., making a close reach at the start and a broad reach the last 20 miles. The start was made at 2:30 P. M. Saturday, August 1, and the Vencedor finished in a smother of foam at 10:18 P. M., having broken all records for sail yachts between the two ports, her elapsed time being 7h. 48m., an average of 11 miles per hour, and this after breaking down just after the start, so that they were only able to carry lower canvas all the way. However, this great record was of no avail, as the little 21ft. cabin class yacht Hoosier hung on like grim death, and won on time allowance over Vencedor by 17m., and Illinois, the old Canada cup trial yacht, also nosed out Vencedor on time allowance. The winners in this event were:

Vencedor—Class 1A.
 Illinois—Class 2A and second time prize for A Classes.
 Columbia—Class 3A.
 Hoosier—21ft. Cabin Class and first time prize for A Classes.
 Zephyrus—Class 2B and first time prize for B Classes.
 Wizard—Second time prize for B Classes.
 Sixteen cabin yachts competed.

The Lake Michigan Y. A.'s races were held at Milwaukee under the auspices of the Milwaukee Y. C., and that organization deserves great credit for the excellent manner the races were conducted. The race on August 7 was sailed in a light S. W. wind. The winners were:

Vencedor—Class 1A, Columbia Y. C.
 Milwaukee—Class 2A, Milwaukee Y. C.
 Pats—Class 3A, Columbia Y. C.
 Blackbird—Class 4A, Milwaukee Y. C.
 LaRita—21ft. Cabin Class, Columbia Y. C.
 Badger II.—21ft. Knockabout Class, Milwaukee Y. C.
 Dolphin—Class 2B, Chicago Y. C.
 Vixen—Class 3B, Columbia Y. C.
 The winners of the forenoon races of August 8 were:
 Vencedor—Class 1A, Columbia Y. C.
 Illinois—Class 2A, Milwaukee Y. C.
 Pats—Class 3A, Columbia Y. C.
 Phantom—Class 4A, Milwaukee Y. C.
 Pilot—21ft. Cabin Class, Milwaukee Y. C.
 Badger II.—21ft. Knockabout Class, Milwaukee Y. C.
 Dolphin—Class 2B, Chicago Y. C.

This gave the championship to Vencedor, Pats, Badger II., and Dolphin, and left Milwaukee and Illinois tied in Class 2A, Phantom and Blackbird in 4A, and LaRita and Pilot in the 21ft. Cabin Class, and the ties in the 2A and 21ft. Cabin Classes were sailed off that afternoon to settle the championship of these classes. Milwaukee won from Illinois on a break down, and LaRita won from Pilot, after a hair-raising struggle from start to finish, by 7s. The first two races of the

21ft. Cabin Class counted as the third and fourth of the series of ten for the Thos. H. Webb cup.

The races were not as well attended as they should have been, especially the smaller classes, but there is no logical excuse for Siren and Vanenna marring the contest in Class 1A by refusing to start and thus practically giving Vencedor a walkover, as the big cruiser Neva was all that was left to compete with her.

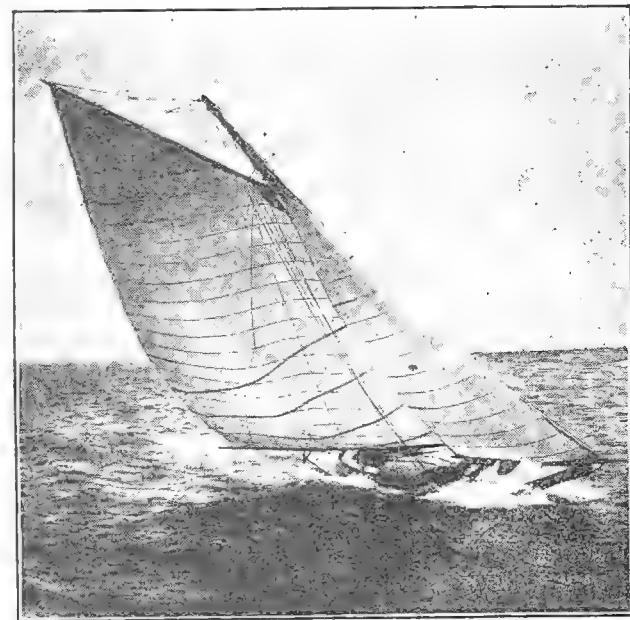
MILWAUKEE TO SOUTH HAVEN.

Promptly at 7 P. M. August 9 the fleet started on a 93-mile race from Milwaukee to South Haven for five time prizes. The wind was dead ahead and varied a whole sail to a close reef breeze during the night, with squalls and rain and heavy head sea all the time. The winners were:

Vencedor first, \$100.
 LaRita second, \$50.
 Sallie third, \$30.
 America fourth, \$20.
 Widsith fifth, \$10.

RACES AT SOUTH HAVEN

August 11 in a gale the yachts divided into three classes



LA RITA.

started to sail a course to windward and return, but before they had gone a mile to windward the wind lightened so that full sail was necessary. LaRita won all the honors in this race, defeating Vencedor on time allowance, although after the race it was announced that she was not sailing in the A classes, but in a special without a competitor, much to the dissatisfaction of many of the yachtsmen of the 21ft. cabin class, as they had been informed before the start that they had to race against Vencedor, and much to the disgust of the Vencedor crew, who had been informed that they were not racing against LaRita. The winners of the first race were:

A CLASSES OVER 30 FEET R.L.

Vencedor first.
 Thor-Bjorn second.
 Widsith third. Michigan broke down.

A CLASSES UNDER 30 FEET R.L.

LaRita, walkover.

B CLASSES AND SCHOONERS.

Sallie first.
 Snipe second.
 Hattie B. third.
 America fourth.
 Vixen fifth.
 Mackinac sixth.

On August 12 the yachts were divided the same as the day previous, and raced in a smashing good whole sail breeze; in fact, all they wanted on the wind. In the A classes over 30ft. R. L. Vencedor won and captured first money, \$50; Widsith finished second, and Thor-Bjorn

third, so they were tied on the two races, and divided the money, each taking \$20; Michigan cut the course and received nothing. In the A classes under 30ft. R. L., LaRita defeated Little Shamrock 22s. and secured first money, \$50; Little Shamrock second, \$30; Outlaw third, \$10. In the B classes and schooners, Snipe defeated Sallie and tied her for first money, each taking \$40, although under the rules Snipe had defeated Sallie the first day, those in charge giving Sallie 10m.; she was late in crossing the starting line, although the race was advertised as a one-gun start. America finished third and tied Hattie B, and they split the money, each taking \$15; Vixen finished fifth and received \$5. Considerable dissatisfaction cropped out at this point, and the yachtsmen fought clear of the event to a large extent, as it was more of a private affair or money-making proposition than a yachting event, there being no yacht club located there.

The following day, August 13, the fleet that had not already gone to Macatawa Bay made the 34-mile run that morning.

On the 14th the Macatawa Bay Y. C. tried to hold its first race of their regatta for all classes, but the wind was so light and fluky that only LaRita, Little Shamrock and Hoosier finished in the order named, and within the time limit. This was not a test of merit, but of luck.

On Saturday, August 15, it rained and blew and the race was postponed until afternoon. LaRita won from Hoosier in the 21ft. cabin class. Widsith won from Thor-Bjorn in class 2A. Snipe first, Eleanor second and Zeta third in Class 4A. America defeated Jeannette on time allowance in Class 2B.

SIR THOMAS J. LIPTON COMPETITIVE CUP RACES.

The greatest event of the season, however, was held off until the last week of August, the Sir Thomas J. Lipton competitive cup races.

The first race of the series was sailed Thursday, Aug. 27, in a stiff whole sail breeze. Seven competitors were on hand at starting gun fire. They all finished but Privateer, and did so in the following order: LaRita, Sprite, Hoosier, Little Shamrock, Pilot and Outlaw.

An attempt was made to sail a race the 28th, but on account of lack of wind the race was called off until the following day. On Saturday, August 29, what was lacking the day previous was on hand in overabundance, the wind blowing 40 miles an hour from the N. E., and kicking up a tremendous sea. Sprite won, followed by the others in the order named, Little Shamrock, Hoosier, LaRita, Pilot, Outlaw and Privateer did not finish.

On Monday, August 31, the gale had abated, the wind only blowing about 25 miles an hour at the start and decreasing to about 15 at the finish. It looked as though Sprite had the cup won for the Chicago Y. C., and it did on its lead in points, except that her skipper made a blunder by trying to outluff LaRita on the last leg of the course, and allowing Hoosier to catch up so that LaRita finished first, Hoosier second, and Sprite third, thus making a tie between LaRita and Sprite, whereas if Sprite had been sailed on a direct course on the last leg of this course it would easily have finished second and won the cup.

On Tuesday, September 1, the tie was sailed off. Sprite secured a lead of 10s. and maintained it by deliberate fouling on two separate occasions, the first 6 miles, and then when in the lead on the wind allowed LaRita to split tacks and get a slight shift of wind and make the windward leg about 3m. in the lead, and finish 4m. 38s. in the lead and just 1m. 15s. within the time limit. More protesting and kicking by skipper of Sprite. As a matter of fact, he should have been ordered out of the race just after the start for deliberate fouling. By this win LaRita secured the cup a second time for the Columbia Y. C.

These three races counted as the fifth, sixth, and seventh of the series of ten for the Thos. H. Webb 1903 championship cup, and gave LaRita such a lead that no other yacht could win, provided she finished in the three remaining contests.

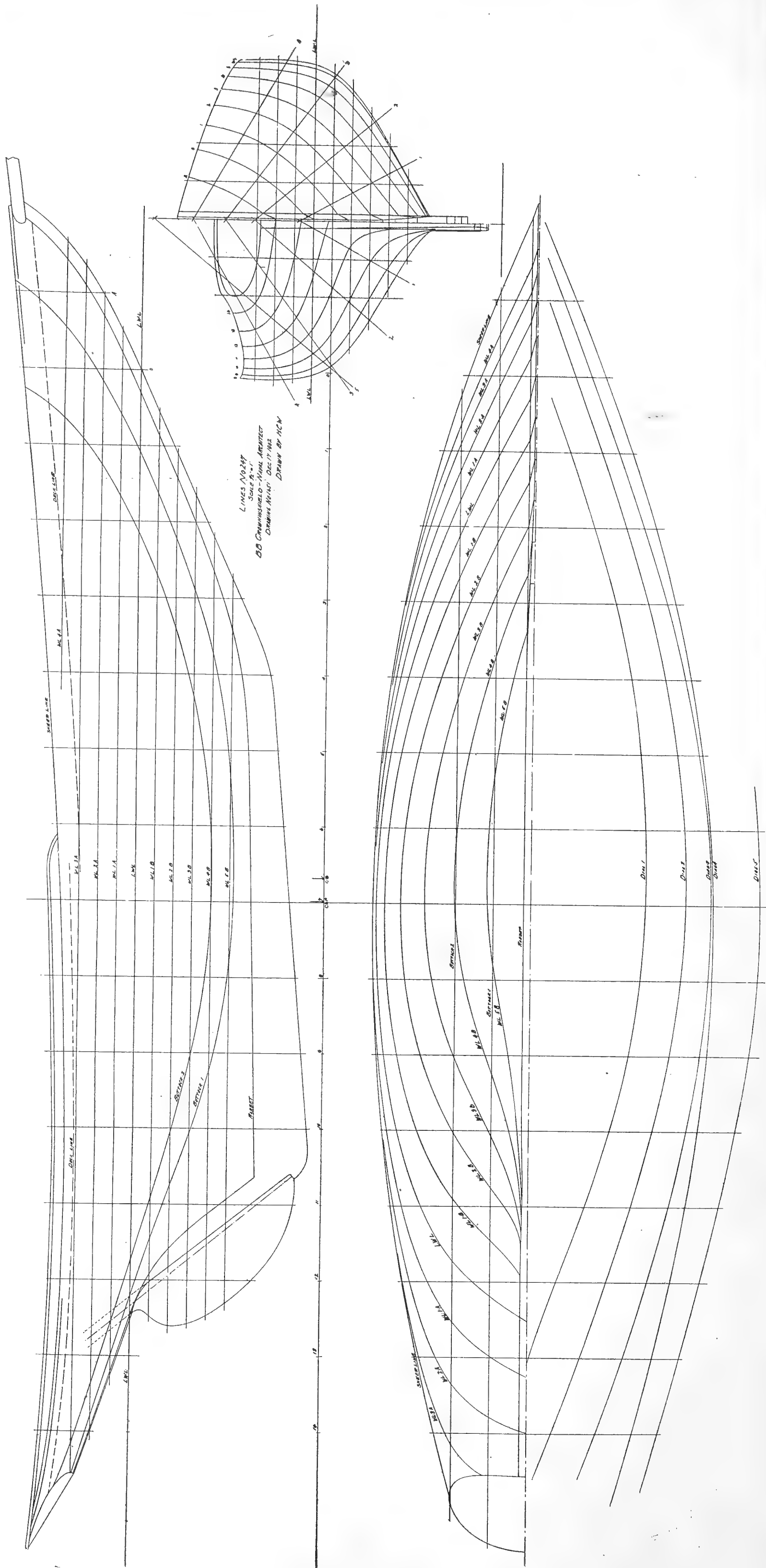
The owners of Little Shamrock were not discouraged at the showing to date their boat had made, but immediately shipped her to Detroit and entered her in the races for the Country Club competitive cup, and their faith was not misplaced, as she won three straight races and brought the cup to the home of the Columbia Y. C. in Chicago. The Country Club races were sailed September 9, 10 and 12 on Lake St. Claire.

On Saturday, September 12, the Columbia Y. C. held its twelfth annual open fall regatta. It blew 53 miles an hour, according to the weather man, and Vencedor won a leg on the Tom Murray cup, sailing the course at a terrific pace.

Then came the match race between Vencedor and Vanenna for the championship of the Great Lakes, under the auspices of the Chicago Y. C. on September 17 and 19. As Vencedor won the first two races with ridiculous ease it secured the cup and championship flag, and the ex-flag ship of the Columbia Y. C. is ready at any time to defend this title, and is particularly anxious to secure a match with the Irondequoit in order to ascertain the difference in speed between this year's model and Canada cup winner and the old Canada cup challenger of 1896. Such a race would excite more interest than the races for the Canada cup did the past season, and for the good of the sport on the Great Lakes it would certainly be a big aid.

After the return of Little Shamrock from Detroit she was fitted out and entered in the three final contests of the Webb cup just to prove their claim that she was as fast as any yacht of the class on the Great Lakes, and the races between her and LaRita were three of the best of the season, Little Shamrock winning all three by narrow margins.

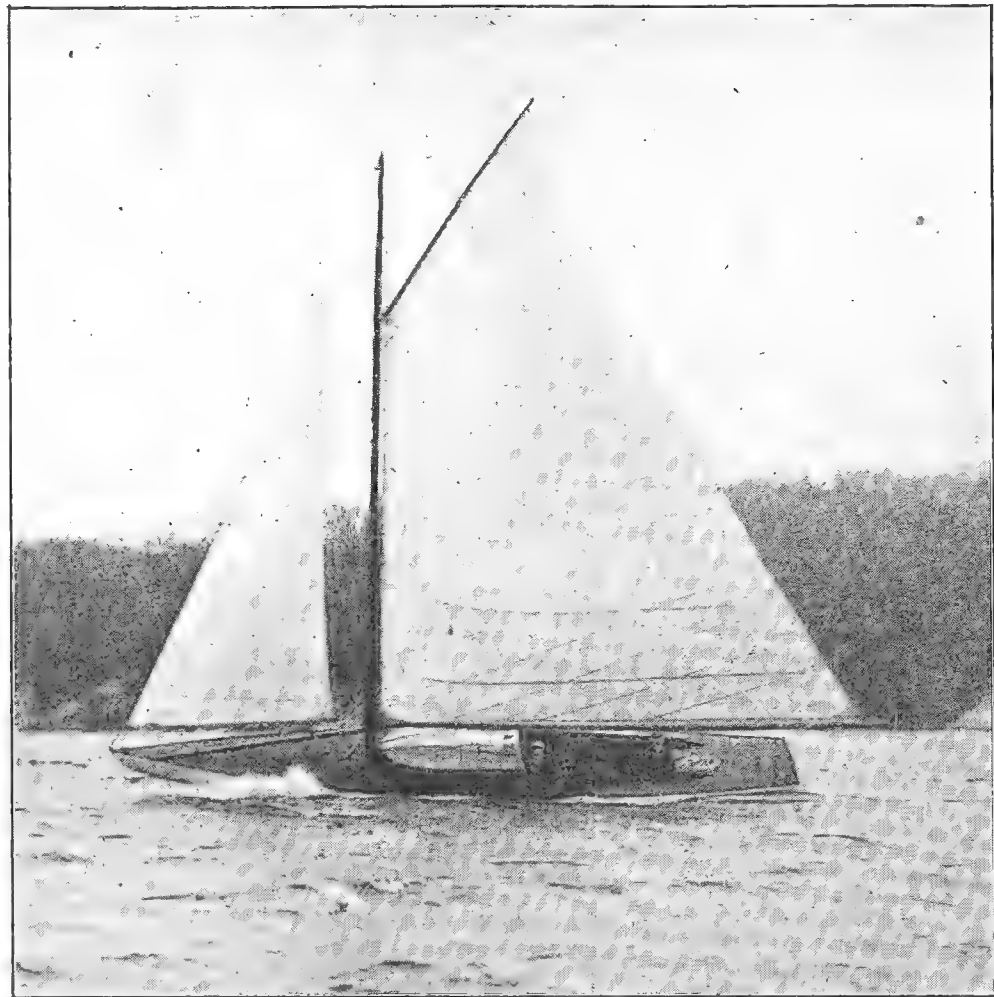
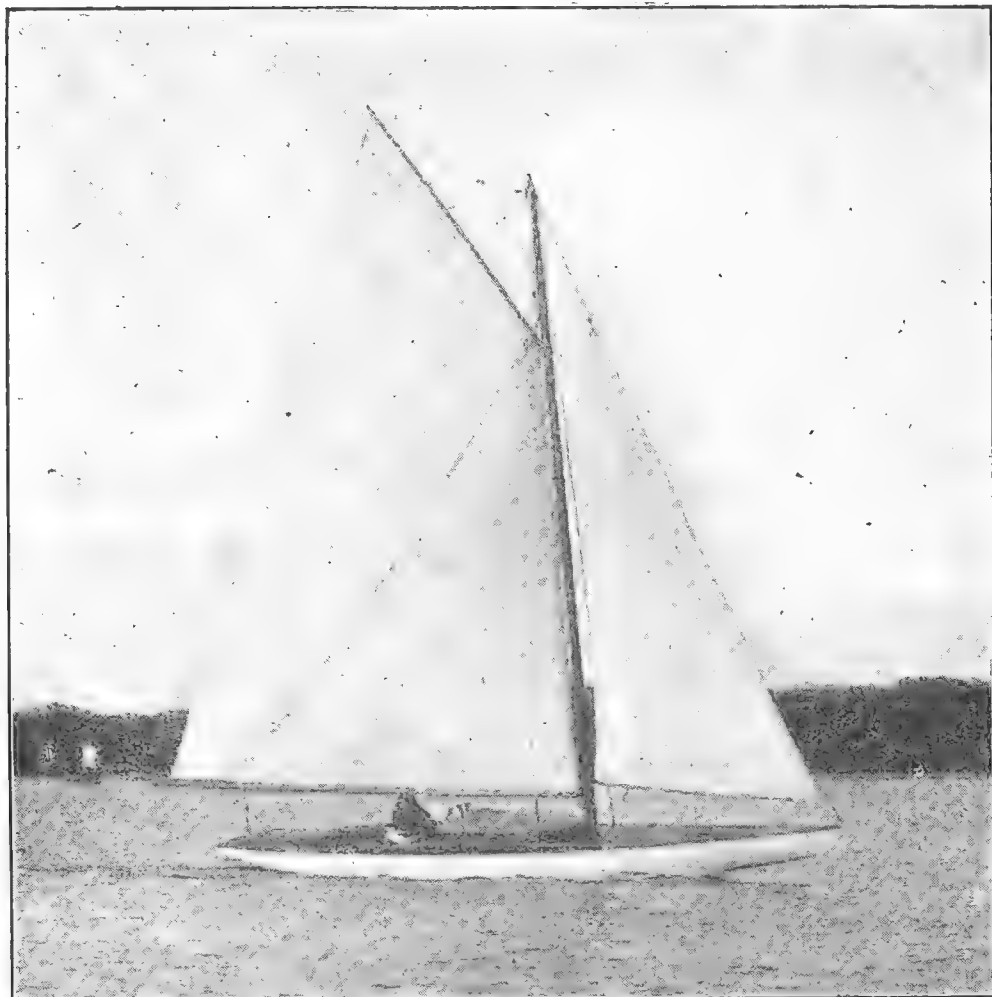
Altogether the season has been a big success, and the outcome is that next year will see more interest in yachting and spirited racing than during the past season, particularly in the 21ft. cabin class, as members of the Country Club of Detroit are having five new yachts built expressly for the Lipton cup races, and to defend their Country Club cup when the Columbia Y. C.'s fleet are sent to Detroit next September to again bring home that beautiful trophy, if possible. The Columbia Y. C. members are preparing a warm reception for the invaders from Detroit, and are building several new yachts for these two events.





É. T. B.

	Starts.	Firsts.	Seconds.	Thirds.
Ingomar, M. F. Plant.....	2	2
Hildegarde, E. R. Coleman.....	2	1	1	..
Kiawassa, H. B. Shaen.....	1	1
Endymion, George Lauder, Jr.....	2	2
Fleur de Lys, Dr. L. A. Stimson....	3
Iroquois, J. G. N. Whitaker.....	2	..	2	..
Thistle, Robert E. Tod.....	4
Estelle, L. J. Callanan.....	1
Lasca, R. P. McCurdy.....	1	..	1	..
Short Course Races—Class C.				
Estelle, L. J. Callanan.....	1
Kiawassa, H. B. Shaen.....	1	1
Class K.				
Ondawa, H. J. Robert.....	2	..	1	..
Nymph, W. C. Townen.....	2	1
Umbrina, W. H. Childs.....	1	1
Class L.				
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	3	1
Mira, T. W. Church.....	2	1
Class M.				
*Bagheera, Hendon Chubb.....	14	4	3	2
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon.....	10	1	4	..
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.....	12	5	1	1
Surprise, L. D. Martens.....	1
Vivian, S. E. Vernon.....	1	..	1	..
Narika, C. H. Eagle.....	1
Alert, J. W. Alker.....	3	1	2	..
Oiseau, H. L. Maxwell.....	3	1
Adeline, J. B. O'Donohue.....	3
Class P.				
Vagabond, T. A. Vernon.....	12	6	3	2
Cockatoo, W. A. Barstow.....	11	4	2	..
Kate, J. S. Negus.....	9	1	1	1
Corona, J. E. Beggs.....	6	..	1	..
Karma, J. C. Erskine.....	2	1
Ogeemah, Brophy & Mackey.....	2	..	1	..
Smoke, L. H. Dyer.....	7
Naiad, Dr. J. D. Palmer.....	5	2	2	..
Lizana, Wylie & Archer.....	1



LANAI—DESIGNED BY TAMS, LEMOINE & CRANE FOR A. C. JAMES, 1903.

Class Q.				
Trouble, W. H. Childs.....	7	6	1	..
Spots, D. D. Allerton.....	4	1	..	1
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins.....	8	..	2	1
Mary, Max Grundner.....	8	..	2	..
*Eilene, F. J. Havens.....	3
Careless, F. J. Havens.....	6	1	2	..
Cicada, A. D. O'Neill.....	1
Class R.				
Pickaninny, E. H. Low.....	5	2	1	..
Scalawag, E. S. Ludlow.....	12	4	2	1
Constance, F. D. L. Prentiss.....	5	..	1	1
Apukwa II, E. T. Tefft.....	7	2
Peanut, F. L. Wing.....	1
Sandpiper, W. W. Redfern.....	4	2	2	..
Piccina, George H. Church.....	2
Opossum, R. F. Doremus.....	1	1
Class V.				
Boozie, C. D. Durkee.....	1
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock.....	4	2
Martha M.....	2	1	1	..
Millie, E. H. Bogert.....	2

In the power boat race the launches Allure, Queen Bess, Standard, Express and Corona won in their respective classes.

*One sailover.

Lanai.

LANAI was built last winter for Commodore A. C. James, of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., from designs by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of Tams, Lemoine & Crane, to be used as one of the team and raced against the Beverly Y. C. in Massachusetts this past summer.

Lanai was designed to be the heavy weather boat of the team, and as centerboarders had shown their superiority in the raceabout class in Buzzard's Bay, it was decided to make Lanai a centerboard boat, and to build her under the raceabout rules of the Beverly Y. C. of Massachusetts—that is, the original raceabout rules of the Knockabout Association of Massachusetts, Beverly not having made the change to the weight rule when the other clubs made their changes in 1901.

Lanai's scantling is the same as called for in the Long Island Sound rules, as also are her beam, sail area, draft, etc., but it was expected that while using the required 3,000 pounds of lead for ballast it would be possible to save a little weight. As a matter of fact, Lanai weighed a little more than 100 less than the 5,900 pounds required by the Sound rules, and in consequence was some 2 in. short on the waterline.

From the start Lanai has shown herself exceptionally fast, not only in the heavier winds for which she was designed, but in any weather stronger than a drifting match.

She raced through May and June with the raceabouts belonging to the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., Merrywing, Mystery, Natalie, and Jolly Roger, and showed herself conclusively the best of the five.

In a team match against the American Y. C. in a moderate S. W. wind she showed herself so very much superior to any of the six boats entered that she finished the first round $4\frac{1}{4}$ m. ahead of the nearest boat, and on the second round gybed over and went back to the assistance of her team mates, blanketing Rascal, of the American Y. C., and holding her under her lee until Merrywing had passed her, and then going after Howdy of the same club, which had a lead by this time of 75 yards, and again beating her in to the finish for first place.

In the team races of Buzzard's Bay she was able to treat the Buzzard's Bay team in the same way.

After the team races at Buzzard's Bay she went down to Islesboro, and in addition to beating all the boats of the raceabout class there in their races, entered against the Marblehead 25-footers, Chewink I. and II., in a strong breeze, and beat them $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. over an 8-mile triangular course.

She ended her season in Islesboro by beating the Herreshoff raceabout Jilt in a match of two races, the first one triangular, and the second one windward and return. In the windward and return race, three miles to windward and back, she beat Jilt $3\frac{1}{4}$ m. on the windward leg, and ran her another minute before the wind.

Lanai's dimensions follow: Length over all, 34 ft. $5\frac{1}{4}$ in.; L.W.L., 21 ft.; breadth, 8 ft. 8 in.; draft, board up, 4 ft.; board down, 6 ft. 3 in.; sail area, 598 sq. ft.

Mr. Robert Jacob has built for his own use a launch 40 ft. over all, 6 ft. breadth and 9 in. draft. She will be equipped with a 25 horse-power Buffalo engine.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

On Saturday afternoon, Oct. 17, there was launched from the yard of the Racine Boat Manufacturing Co., Racine, Wis., the steel houseboat, built for Mr. John W. Gates. The yacht was named Roxina, and will be used in Southern waters. She is 100 ft. long, 17 ft. breadth and draws 2 ft. 4 in. Roxina will leave for Port Arthur, Tex., in a few days by way of the Illinois and Michigan Canal.

There is building at the yard of the Townsend & Downey Company, at Shooter's Island, S. I., a cruising schooner for Mr. Chester W. Chapin. She was designed by Messrs. Cary, Smith & Barbey, and will be built of bronze. The yacht will be finished as soon as possible, as her owner wishes to make a Southern cruise in her this winter. She is 115 ft. over all, 85 ft. waterline, 21 ft. breadth and 6 ft. draft.

Messrs. Harlan and Hollingsworth, of Wilmington, Del., as members of the U. S. Shipbuilding Company, went into a receiver's hands, together with the other plants that were interested in the deal. Work has stopped in this yard, and thus Mr. Albert C. Bostwick was greatly delayed in securing the auxiliary schooner that was being built for him. The yacht, which is known as the Vergemere, has been taken to Mr. Robert Jacob's yard at City Island, to be completed. Mr. Bostwick hopes to make a Southern cruise in her this winter. She is 158 ft. 6 in. over all, 120 ft. waterline, 27 ft. 6 in. breadth and 16 ft. draft. Her engines will develop 300 horse-power.

At the annual meeting of the Hempstead Bay Y. C., held on Wednesday evening, October 14, the following officers were elected: Com., William P. Miller; Vice-Com., John A. White; Rear-Com., Fred K. Walsh; Treas., Carman R. Lush; Sec'y, De Witt C. Titus; Meas., Fred C. Southard. Board of Governors: William E. Clowes, Charles H. Southard, H. L. Crandall and Marcus H. Tracy. Regatta Committee: Hiram R. Smith, Joseph Rollins and De Witt C. Titus.

The reports of the various committees showed that the club was in excellent financial condition, and there were now eighty-seven active members.

On Thursday evening, Oct. 15, a reception was given at the New York Y. C. to the following members: Vice-Com. August Belmont, Com. Frederick G. Bourne, Capt. J. Malcolm Forbes, Mr. Elbert H. Gary, Capt. Clement A. Griscom, Capt. James J. Hill, Vice-Com. C. Oliver Iselin, Capt. William B. Leeds, Com. Edwin D. Morgan, Com. J. Pierpont Morgan, Capt. Charles J. Paine, Capt. Oliver H. Payne, Mr. Norman B. Ream, Mr. William Rockefeller, Mr. James Stillman, Rear-Com. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Capt. William K. Vanderbilt, Capt. P. A. B. Widener, Vice-Com. Henry Walters.

All these gentlemen have been interested in the defense of the America's Cup in one way or another. There were about 400 members present, and the affair was one of the most successful ever given by the club.

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

IN order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First prize, \$50.00.
Second prize, \$25.00.
Third prize, \$15.00.
Fourth and fifth, \$10.00 each.
Sixth to eighth, \$5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18 ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept, and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black-ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, on or before December 1, 1903.

A. C. A. Executive Committee Meeting.

To the Members of the Executive Committee, Board of Governors and Racing Board:

The annual executive meeting of the American Canoe Association will be held at Rochester, N. Y., October 24, 1903.

C. F. WOLTERS,

Commodore-Elect.

JOHN S. WRIGHT, Sec'y-Treas.

Notes from the Delaware.

THE flood of the 10th in the Delaware did a great deal of damage to Park Island. The island was completely covered with water, flooding the club house and bungalows to a depth of over three feet and carrying away many trees. Many of the camping fixtures have been lost and men will be busy for some time making repairs and cleaning up. The Trenton C. C. house was in great danger for some time, but escaped with very little damage, besides much mud over canoes and furniture. The Totowa Club House, adjoining, went down the river with four canoes, and is a total loss; the Hiawatha Club lost almost everything.

Reports from Bordentown and Burlington are that no serious damage has been done.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Greenville Schuetzen Park.

NEW YORK.—There was the usual group of the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association members in the Greenville Schuetzen Park on Saturday of last week. A heavy easterly storm was in force, making the conditions anything but pleasant for the shooters. Dr. W. G. Hudson and Major Ed Taylor were on the rifle range (200 yds.) for the purpose of a little further experiment in ballistics, but there were no experiments, for the reason that the Doctor had entrusted to his wife the packing of his cartridge box, and the good woman had neglected to put in the sights.

H. F. Barning, another worthy marksman, came to the park without an extractor for his rifle. Barning has one of those handy take-down rifles with interchangeable barrels—a good thing when one has all the parts intact; otherwise one is liable to the use of language that is unparliamentary.

L. P. Hansen, by good luck, came to the park with all his truck in good order and nothing shy. Both Hansen and Barning

shot in good form, and, considering the weather conditions, their scores were good. Scores:

L. P. Hansen.....	24 24 21 19 21 23 23 21 22 19—217
	18 20 19 22 21 24 23 24 24 19—214
	23 22 20 19 22 19 19 21 18 19—202
	21 17 21 23 24 23 23 23 25—223
	22 22 22 22 18 23 15 22 25 20—211—1067

Three-shot score:	
Hansen	24 21 21—66
Barning	24 20 15—59
Rifle:	
H. F. Barning.....	23 24 24 12 20 20 19 15 24 23—202
	23 17 22 21 23 18 16 21 17 25—203
	24 20 15 19 24 25 20 21 25 19—212

Down on the revolver range, 50yds., were gathered a small group of revolver cranks who are seldom absent from the Greenville range on a Saturday afternoon. In the group was John A. Dietz, who divided the honors in the Old Guard fair last week with Dr. R. H. Sayre. Dietz was in good form, and put up a score of 50 shots close up to the record mark, making a total of 463 points. A. P. Proctor also shot in good form, and finished with four scores averaging 90. Scores:

J. A. Dietz.....	10 10 10 8 8 9 8 10 7 9—89
	8 9 10 10 10 8 9 9 9 10—92
	9 10 9 10 10 10 10 10 9 10—97
	9 10 10 9 9 10 9 8 10 10—94
A. P. Proctor.....	10 9 8 10 10 9 7 10 8 10—91—463
	9 10 8 8 10 10 9 9 10 9—92
	8 8 7 9 10 10 9 9 10 9—89
	8 8 9 9 9 10 9 9 8 10—89
W. J. Coons.....	8 10 10 8 10 9 8 10 7 10—90—360
	10 8 9 8 9 7 8 9 10 10—88
	10 8 9 8 10 7 8 8 9 9—86—174

The annual Election Day 100-shot championship match, which has been one of the fixtures among our local riflemen for a number of years, will be held on Nov. 3, in Armbruster's Greenville, N. J., range.

The Zettler Rifle Club has taken hold of the shoot, and in the future will make it one of its annual fixtures. The conditions of the match are much the same as in the past—\$5 entrance fee, 100 shots per man. The Hayes trophy, with its annual bar for the best hundred-shot score, and the Armbruster trophy for the best ten-shot score. After deducting all expenses, which includes one of Mother Armbruster's famous dinners, the balance of the entrance money will be divided among the competing marksmen pro rata.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 12.—Yesterday the weather conditions at Shell Mound were favorable. M. Blasse distinguished himself in the Germania competition shoot, making 234 on the 25-ring target in his 10 shots. Scores of the day:

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, monthly medal shoot, Pistol Club trophies: G. E. Frahm 90, Charles Becker 87, G. Armstrong 82, B. Jonas 80, E. C. Cordell 69.

Pistol, re-entry match: Dr. Smith 91, 84, 80; G. Armstrong 89, 86, 86, 84; Charles Becker 87, 86, 85, 85; J. Kullmann, 86, 86; W. F. Blasse 84, 83, 83; G. E. Frahm 84.

Revolver Club trophies: W. C. Prichard 86.

Revolver, re-entry match: W. C. Prichard 91, W. R. Proll 89, 81; Charles Becker 80.

Rapid-fire match, six shots in thirty seconds: S. Carr 53, 49, 47, 39; W. R. Proll 37, 34, 26; Charles Becker 26, 30.

Re-entry match, rifle, expert, Class A: A. Gehret 226, 223; C. M. Henderson 222.

Second Class: M. Kolarer 208.

Club trophy: A. Gehret 226, D. B. Faktor 217, C. M. Henderson 212, M. Kolarer 208, W. Blasse 204, G. Tammeyer 204, G. Armstrong 189, E. Woenne 198.

Medal bars: M. Blasse 214, M. Kolarer 208, 207, 203.

German Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First champion class, E. E. Mason 229; A. Gehret 229. Second champion class, George Tammeyer 213. First class, D. Salfeld 197; second class, George H. Bahrs 210; third class, A. Schaefer 199. Best first shot, F. P. Schuster, 24; best last shot, F. P. Schuster, 24.

Competition shoot: M. Blasse 234, A. Gehret 221, F. P. Schuster 220, H. Huber 217, N. Ahrens 210, C. F. Thierbach 208, Fred Brandt 202.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, monthly medal shoot, champion highest score class: F. P. Schuster 443; champion class, R. Stettin 426; first class, J. Lankenau 410, second class, not filled; third class, John de Wit, 394; fourth class, Edward Doell 340; best first shot, George H. Bahrs, 25; best last shot, F. P. Schuster, 25.

ROEL.

New York City Corps.

THE New York City Corps, captain, R. Busse, finished its outdoor practice shoot for the season of 1903, at Union Hill Park on Wednesday, Oct. 14. The prizes will be distributed to the winning members on Nov. 5. Scores:

Ring target, 10-shot scores: R. Busse 219, A. Kronsberg 219, J. Facklamm 217, R. Schwanermann 210, R. Bendler 196, O. Schwanermann 185, C. G. Zettler 178, Ch. Wagner 174, H. Radloff 171, A. Range 159, A. Frank 133, C. Schmidt 119, J. Riedl 96, II. Bartels 85, A. Wiltz 56, J. Keller 56.

Man target, 3-shot scores: C. Schwanermann 59, C. Wagner 53, A. Kronsberg 54, C. Schmidt 54, C. G. Zettler 54, J. Facklamm 53.

Point target, most points: A. Kronsberg 65, J. Facklamm 47, R. Busse 29, R. Bendler 28, R. Schwanermann 10, C. G. Zettler 7, H. Radloff 6, O. Schwanermann 6, A. Keller 6, C. Wagner 5, C. Schmidt 4, A. Range 3, A. Frank 2, J. Riedl 2.

Bullseye target, best center shot: A. Kronsberg 9, R. Busse 3, R. Schwanermann 2, J. Facklamm 2.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Oct. 10.—The club did their shooting on Saturday in a gale of wind, blowing from the northwest, but made very good scores. The scores:

A. Mount	78 72 70—230
E. D. Allen.....	64 59 49—172
J. Bacon	63 63 69—185
J. F. Almeda.....	76 73 66—215
F. Lynch	67 66 64—186

Oct. 3.—The club had a small attendance to-day, though they had a first-rate day to shoot in—no wind and a good light. Scores: W. A. Parker..... 81 79 77—237 J. F. Almeda..... 73 71 67—211 A. Mount

CINCINNATI Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—At our regular meeting on Oct. 11 the following scores were made, shooting at 200yds., offhand, 25-ring target. Nestler was champion of the day with 227:

Nestler	227 213 212 211 210
Hasenzahl	222 219 216 214 213
Payne	215 212 204 191 199
Lux	207 204 196 191 184
Trounstine	206 198 194 180 174
Drube	202 196 183 158
Freitag	201 196 183 182 176
Hesse	200 193 187 184 180
Roberts	190 188 184 180 179

Mr. J. B. Burnham, of Essex-on-Lake Champlain, writes us as follows: "It may interest you to know that one of my daughters, Miss Rose Burnham, has just won a rifle in the prize competition of the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company. The boy wasn't in it." The latter sentence refers to his son. Mr. Burnham is an accomplished sportsman himself, having hunted moose successfully in the wilds of Maine, shot big game in other sections, and attained notable skill at target shooting with both pistol and rifle, hence the young lady had every advantage in the matter of heredity.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Oct. 21-22.—Raleigh, N. C.—Third annual trapshooting tournament North Carolina State Fair; \$150 added money. R. T. Gowan, Sec'y.

Oct. 20-22.—Paducah, Ky., Gun Club tournament. W. A. Davis, Sec'y.

Oct. 23-24.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.

Oct. 23-25.—St. Louis, Mo.—Combination live-bird and target shoot at Du Pont Shooting Park. Open to all. Special event, 50 live-bird handicap. Alec D. Mermod, Mgr.

Oct. 27.—Fremont, Ind., Gun Club first annual tournament. J. L. Lint, Sec'y.

Oct. 26-31.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—First grand tournament of the National Gun Club; \$500 added. John M. Lilly, Pres. 1904.

Jan. 12-15.—Hamilton, Ont., Gun Club tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club has fixed upon Jan. 1, 1904, as the date for an open tournament.

The rain of Saturday in the East dampened the ardor of the shooters in that section, and the attendance at club shoots was consequently light.

Mr. E. E. Eickhoff, at the shoot of the North River Gun Club, on Oct. 17, scored his third win on the club cup, and thereby established a clear title to it as a part of his personal belongings.

Mr. Royal Robinson, not many years ago one of America's famous shooters, was a visitor in New York on Tuesday of this week. He departed on the evening of that day for his old home, Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. H. S. Welles, the energetic representative of Messrs. J. H. Lau & Co., 75 Chambers street, New York, arranged to leave for Maine on Saturday of last week for a three weeks' outing in a section where the ruffed grouse does weird stunts in eluding flying shot.

The successful teams in the contests of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League, April 8 to Oct. 7, finished the season in the following order: First, North Side Gun Club, of Allegheny, 85 points; Millvale, 43 points; Ruffsedale, 35 points; Ligonier, 27 points; Irwin and Brownsville, 22 points each; this tie to be shot off later; McKeesport 14.

After an absence abroad of upward of three months, Mr. Justus Von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, 318 Broadway, New York, arrived in New York on Tuesday afternoon of this week. He crossed on the renowned Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. It is surmised that he enjoyed a combination of work and play in Europe.

For the programme of the Fremont, Ind., Gun Club's first annual tournament apply to the secretary and field captain, Mr. J. L. Lint. Send guns and ammunition to W. N. McKeehen. Moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The programme consists of fifteen events, each at 10 targets, \$4 added; \$1 entrance. Handicap contests; winners of first handicapped 2yds., 20yd. limit. The date is Oct. 27.

Mr. John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club, informs us that the prizes at his shoot on Saturday of this week will be well worth the earnest effort of the contestants. Mr. Wright shot a match with Mr. C. A. Lockwood, of Jamaica, on Saturday of last week, on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club, which Mr. Wright would have won had he broken four more targets. The scores stood 74 to 71 in favor of Mr. Lockwood. Each shot at 110 targets.

Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, with a delicacy which is habitual and surpassingly Chesterfieldian, calls our attention to the fact that the Hudson Gun Club team, of which he was a conspicuous member, Oct. 7, at Sheephead Bay, was second instead of the North River Gun Club, as we inadvertently stated. It may incidentally be observed that Mr. Schortemeier was high man of his team, a matter of importance which is respectfully presented for the consideration of expectant nations.

The programme of the National Gun Club tournament is a work of art, and is full of information. We published a review of it in a recent issue. It can be obtained on application to the secretary-treasurer, F. M. Holloway, Indianapolis, Ind. Keep the dates, Oct. 26-31, in mind. The French Lick Springs Hotel Co. has donated \$500 added money. French Lick Springs is situated on the Monon Railroad, of which the general passenger agent is Mr. Frank J. Reed, 198 Custom House Place, Chicago.

The Jackson Park Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J., was again a sufferer in common with many other property owners and dwellers of that much afflicted city, consequent to the recent floods, the Passaic River maintaining its reputation for responsive destructiveness. With that pluck which has ever marked the Paterson people, the club will proceed to restore its much-injured grounds forthwith. Mr. Garry Hopper, the energetic secretary-treasurer of the club, suffered severely in his business interests, his stock of ammunition being a total loss. He is pluckily readjusting and restocking. It is hard to down a good man or men.

BERNARD WATERS.

West Baden Tournament.

WEST BADEN, Ind.—The first annual West Baden handicap and grand shooting tournament given at this place under the management of that old-time wizard, Mr. John L. Winston, and to which a \$500 purse was added by the New West Baden Hotel, was pulled off on Oct. 14 to 17, inclusive. So far as enthusiasm, depth of interest, splendid grounds, etc., are concerned, it was a decided success.

In view of the location, the magnificent grounds, hotel, equipment, and the fact that \$500 was added to the purses, the attendance was not up to what it should have been. The only way to account for this lack of attendance must be that there has been so much shooting in this vicinity during the past season that the majority of the boys are practically worn out.

In alighting from the train at this little town of West Baden when one looks to the left he sees the typical Hoosier village, but when he turns to his right, he sees across a little valley and seated at the foot of one of Orange county's noble mountains, a magnificent pile of brick, stone, concrete and granite known as the New West Baden Hotel, conceded to be the finest in the world; in fact, upon entering this magnificent structure, one is transported from a little country village to the center of the gayest of metropolitan hostleries, built here for the accommodation of the thousands of guests who come here to seek the benefits to be derived from the many springs which have made this place the "Carlsbad of America." It would be impossible to describe in detail the magnificence and beauty of the New West Baden Hotel; but one must be its guest to fully appreciate what is here. It is built in circular form around an atrium surmounted by a dome 260ft. in diameter, 135ft. in height, and which dome is said to be the largest in the world.

But to the tournament. The earlier arrivals were Tom A. Marshall, Fred Gilbert, Col. J. T. Anthony, who arrived on Saturday previous; and these, with a few of the local boys, spent Sunday together, and on Monday shot at a few preliminary practice birds.

The tournament proper opened on Tuesday, the 14th, a most beautiful day, with the following well-known sportsmen present: C. O. Le Compte, Eminence, Ky.; Stanley Rhodes, Columbus, O.; Ed. Voris and Frank Snyder, Crawfordsville, Ind.; J. B. Stipp, Bedford, Ind.; George Schwartzkopf, Columbus, Ind.; Willard Thomas, Logansport, Ind.; P. Schlicher and Charles Bailey, Marietta, O.; Hugh Clark, Wabash, Ind.; C. E. Binyon, Lowell, Ind.; Tom Marshall, J. T. Anthony, R. O. Heikes, J. L. Head, Charles G. Spencer, John S. Boa, Fred Gilbert, Hood Waters, J. B. Barto, J. W. Gerlaugh and Dr. J. G. Senour, completed the entries of the first day.

The traps are situated in a beautiful little valley immediately in front of the hotel, and are set to face a little north of east, providing a beautiful background. As the three sets of traps worked beautifully, and the targets were fairly easy, some splendid scores were made. One Fritz Gilbert, from the 21yd. mark, topped the professionals, missing but 6 out of 175, and Monsieur Le Compte led the amateurs with 10 misses, but very closely pushed by Hugh Clark and Claud Binyon, each with 11 doughnuts on his plate. The scores of the first day are as follows:

Oct. 14, First Day.

Scores of Oct. 14, first day, ten events, total broken out of 175: Thos. A. Marshall 156, C. E. Le Compte 165, J. S. Boa 156, S. Rhodes 162, Col. Anthony 151, Ed. Voris 164, J. B. Stipp 156, Schwartz 145, W. Thomas 155, J. B. Barto 163, P. Schlicher 155, Chas. Bailey 158, F. L. Snyder 89, H. M. Clark 164, C. E. Binyon 164, F. E. McKay 157, J. W. Gerlaugh 158, J. G. Senour 158, R. O. Heikes 162, F. Gilbert 169, C. G. Spencer 159, H. Waters 156, J. L. Head 150, H. W. Ryan withdrew, J. Keedy 156, E. H. Tripp withdrew.

Fred Gilbert was high gun, losing only 6 from 21yd. mark; Ed Voris made the long run, 89 straight, from 18yds..

Oct. 15, Second Day.

The second day was another bright, sunny one, and the crowd was slightly augmented when A. W. Ryan (Paddy), of Troy, O.; Jim Keedy, of Shoals, Ind., and Ernest Tripp, of Indianapolis, Ind., arrived. Good scores were again the order of the day, as there was no wind to interfere with the flight of the targets. Fritz Gilbert again topped the professionals, with 169 out of 175, closely followed by Col. Anthony, Charlie Spencer and Hood Waters, with 9 misses, while Hugh Clark led the amateurs, with 11 losses. Pop Heikes, who stood alongside Fritz on the 21yd. mark, was going a merry tip, having lost 13 the first day and 12 the second.

The boys expect great things of Pop by to-morrow, as his eagle eye has begun to shine under the influence of these waters. The scores for the second day, 10 events 175 targets, distance handicap, are as follows: Marshall 156, Le Compte 155, Boa 159, Rhoades 158, Anthony 166, Voris 156, Stipp 157, Schwartz 157, W. Thomas 162, J. B. Barto 162, P. Schlicher 154, Bailey 161, Snyder withdrew, Clark 164, Binyon 151, McKay 149, Gerlaugh 156, Senour 139, Heikes 163, Gilbert 169, Spencer 166, H. Waters 166, Head 159, Ryan 149, Keedy 156, Tripp 134.

Oct 16, Third Day.

This was another bright, sunny day, and the crowd was again slightly increased by the appearance of John Amberg, of Chicago; Joe Blistine, of Lafayette, Ind., and Harry Norman, of Louisville. As this was the day for the 100-bird handicap, \$250 to be added to the purse, great interest was manifested, and, as the wind kept very quiet, good scores were expected. There were five 15-target races on the regular programme, to be shot before the big race started. Some very good work was done, Mr. Le Compte going out with a score of 75, while "Hiz-zonner," T. A. Marshall, got very busy and skimmed along with 72 to his credit. Jim Head, Pop Heikes and Fritz Gilbert formed a short squad of three, and from their respective marks, 18, 21 and 21yds., did some very creditable work. In one series of events the three of them broke 162 out of 165 targets. The first half of the big race was shot before lunch, and some of the boys were feeling mighty good over their splendid start, Hugh Clark and John Gerlaugh having 49 as a beginner, closely followed by Heikes and Marshall with 48, and there was a whole squad of 47s. After an hour's intermission and a big lunch, the race was again on. Hugh Clark, who was shooting from the 20yd. mark, seemed to have the best chances to land the winner, but during the noon hour his face, which was being badly punished by a new gun, had a chance to get a little sore, and he got a bad start right after dinner, losing 2 of his first 3. About the time 75 had been shot at, it was plain to be seen that one Mr. R. O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., would have to be reckoned with when this pot was split, as he had lost but 2 out of that number. When he, with Jim Head and Fritz Gilbert went down to No. 2 set of traps to come under the wire a large crowd of interested spectators followed him up mighty close. Pop was back at 21yds., but he had his old Remington pointing about right and was surely hitting 'em on the nose. He went down to

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FOREST AND STREAM.

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OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE Christmas Number of the FOREST AND STREAM will be the regular issue of December 5. It will be enlarged and handsomely illustrated, and the cover will be printed in colors. The price will be 25 cents. Order from your newsdealer in advance.

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

RAYMOND L. SPEARS, whose unique relation of experiences on "A Walk Down South" attracted so much attention and was received with so much favor as published in these columns, has undertaken, under commission from the FOREST AND STREAM, an extended expedition down the Mississippi River, starting from St. Louis in a small boat and proceeding as far toward New Orleans as the time to be devoted to the trip shall allow.

Mr. Spears will study the phenomena of the great river, the natural history, and the people. There is no more interesting section in this country; and Mr. Spears has in his "Walk" demonstrated his rare capacity as an observer of things that are worth seeing, and his skill in the delineation of them. Our St. Louis contributor, George Kennedy, wrote the other day: "I have traveled many hundred miles with that wonderful man who sees things and tells what he sees. He should always travel and always write about his travels."

In the Mississippi country Mr. Spears will find of things to see and describe a very embarrassment of riches. His letters will be one of the most notable features of these columns in the months to come.

COLORADO DEER SKINS.

A CASE of great importance to the protection of Colorado game is before the courts of that State. It is one arising from the confiscation of 300 deer hides which the authorities claim were unlawfully had in possession. The warden seized them, the dealer from whom they were taken sued to recover them and won his suit, and the State has appealed from the decision. The importance of the final adjudication of the case is well indicated in the paragraph of the argument for appellant in which the meat and hide hunters and buyers are truly characterized as, except the beasts of prey, the most heartless and persistent enemies of the game. If this case shall be lost by the State the effect upon protection will be most deplorable. The District Attorney is fortunate in having for an associate in the case one whose interest in game protection is so warm as that of Mr. Beaman, and one who understands so thoroughly not only the legal principles involved but the true relation of a perpetuated game supply to the good of the commonwealth.

Mr. Beaman has had large share in the development of the Colorado game law, which is to-day among the most sensible and comprehensive of our game codes. It makes recognition in full measure of what has come to be accepted as a basic principle of adequate game protection, that the sale of meat and hides must be prohibited. This is saying, in another way, that the game is for the people, all the people, and not for a few butchers and dealers. Colorado has found out, as other States in the West and in the East have proved, that prohibition of selling is an absolute essential of any scheme of protection which protects. The outcome of the case now before the court will be looked for with an interest by no means confined to Colorado.

THE PASSING DAYS.

How few of us know the pleasures of outdoor life, or, knowing them, enjoy them as we might and should. We are brought up to believe that business is the most important occupation of life, and that time is money, and so we stick to our desks and miss many innocent and healthful amusements that lie within our grasp, if we only knew it. There are few men who would not work better and live better if out of every week they took one day to spend abroad in the country, enjoying the sights, sounds and pursuits so easily accessible to all of us, and so foreign to our daily lives.

The passing days of autumn are especially attractive. All nature is astir with slow movements—the gradual changes which presage the coming winter, when our world shall sink into the long sleep which will end in another beautiful awakening. The fields, still green for the most part, though patched now and then with brown, are dotted with autumnal flowers, and fringed with hedges and woods, yellowing in their ripened frondage, while here and there the flame-colored foliage of hard maple, or Virginia creeper, or late sumach, brightens the landscape with touches of brilliant crimson.

If one goes out now with dog and gun, he may follow up the course of some brooklet, beating the alders and birches which spring from the moist soil, in the hope of starting a russet woodcock, and then turning into a wide corn-lot, may push his way through waist-high ragweed and among shocks of yellow corn. At each step a hundred little sparrows or warblers spring from the weeds where they are feeding. The dog, as he quarters the field, shows now and then dimly white through the weed-tops. Over the woods beyond, black-winged crows are slowly faring, silent now, where a month or two ago they were gathering together in tumultuous conclave.

Plunging into the woods, the good dog may strike the trail of the ruffed grouse, which, if old and wise, may rise far ahead, with its sound of distant thunder; or, if it be a bird of the year, may run and stop, as the careful dog draws after it, until finally, when it takes wing, it may be within reach of the ready gun, and before it has gone many yards may fall to the quick shot.

Beyond the woods are other stubbles, one of buckwheat, from whose border the quail this morning have run out, and, scattering themselves among the thin stalks, are now feeding. A light breeze brings their scent to the dog's nose, and before he has got far into the lot he stops; then, as we come up on either side of him, he moves cautiously forward. Little by little he crouches lower and lower, until finally he is crawling on his belly, and at last comes to a full stop, showing us what is not often seen to-day, the real setter dog—a dog which sets his game. As we step forward, and as the rattle of wings falls upon our ears—a roar which always sends the blood a little faster through the veins, and is likely to make the gunner shoot too quickly—we try to select our birds, but we shall do well if we get a single one for the two barrels; and, indeed, when retrieved, it may appear that the birds should be left, for they have not yet attained their full size, and are not fit to kill.

Let us take then an old and little used road, which shall lead us to another covert, where a woodcock or two may be found. On either side the road are tracks for the infrequent wheels, and between them another track where the feet of horses have worn down the grass. Late goldenrod and asters spangle the vivid green which lies everywhere between the tumble-down stone walls marking the boundaries of the road. On either side great birches hang over it, yellow now from lowest branch to topmost twig, and dropping through golden sunshine leaves yet more golden in a continuous shower. The October sun shines warm; the October haze hangs a delicate veil between us and objects a few hundred yards away. Scarcely a sound is in the air, except now and then the subdued chirp of some tiny bird or the distant call of a bluejay, changing his location in the nearby wood.

Such days are too perfect to work in, and he who spends them confined within four walls is missing more than he knows of pleasure and of inspiration. Such days are for contemplation, for the enjoyment of the beautiful things in nature, and he who spends them abroad bears with him on his return—whether his game bag or fishing creel or collecting case be light or heavy—

a reward far greater than may be measured by money gained or meed of success won in the pursuits of store or office.

Each one of us ought to take advantage of such days, of which so many come at each season of the year. He who goes much abroad will never find two days alike, and in each day will find some pleasure not had in any other day. Each season has its own peculiar pursuits, its own vivid interests, its own especial charm. It is well to go abroad for shooting, or for angling, or to observe the birds, or to gather the flowers; yet the purpose for which one goes is not important; what is important is that he shall go.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

—Wordsworth.

FIXED.

In these days of restricted shooting areas and growing difficulties of finding for oneself desirable shooting opportunities, a leaf may be taken out of the experience of a New York man, who, by the exercise of an engaging personality, has secured for himself an exclusive shooting over a well stocked preserve. It is not a preserve in name; the shooter has no actual title to it, not even a lease; but he holds the ground year after year by the simple power of good will and personal agreeableness to the owners. A decade ago this New York sportsman found himself in a section of North Carolina not frequented by gunners from abroad. There were no hotels nor any special inducements for the tourist sportsman, beyond the one essential of a moderate game supply. Having persuaded a farmer to take him in as a boarder, he enjoyed the season's shooting, and at its close had formed friendships which prompted an invitation to come again. A second visit not only strengthened the friendship already made, but widened the circle of acquaintances, and with each succeeding year the visitor's part in local interests has grown. The question of where to go for game, which vexes so many, gives him no trouble. He is "fixed."

CHARLES P. FRAME.

ON Thursday, October 22, Charles P. Frame, of this city, died suddenly on a sleeping car near Indianapolis, Ind. Mr. Frame was born in Brooklyn, L. I., and educated at Flushing. As a boy he entered a fire insurance office, and his ability and attention to his work won him rapid promotion. When he went into business for himself he was very successful, and the firm Frame, Hare & Lockwood, and their successors, Frame & Hare, were widely known in insurance circles as successful houses. Mr. Frame retired from business some years ago. At the time of his death he was in his 64th year.

Mr. Frame was always an ardent sportsman, devoted especially to gunning, and above all to duck shooting. For many years he, with a number of friends, among whom were Mr. Frederick W. Leggett, John B. Lawrence, Jr., and D. G. Elliott, the ornithologist, visited with great regularity Albert Lea, in Minnesota, and Puckaway, Wis., where they had wonderful duck shooting. Later, Mr. Frame was a member of the Narrows Island Club, of Currituck county, N. C., and there he had great shooting. At the time of his death he was a member of the Laurentian Club, of Canada, which he visited every year. Latterly Mr. Frame had turned his attention more to angling, and did less gunning.

Mr. Frame was a man of singularly genial manners and of an unusually sweet nature, and of those who met him, there were few who did not wish to know him better. Enthusiastic as he was about shooting, he was at the same time a man of very even temper, cool and ready for whatever might turn up. His death causes deep sorrow to a very large circle of friends.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Passing of October.

THE oak's red and the maple's gold
All day seem shivering in the cold;
Fleece-lined the clouds go hurrying by
The young moon mounting in the sky;
At morn a million dew-gemmed leaves
Are rippled by a vagrant breeze;
Far off and lonely floats the swell,
The music of the old school bell.

All day the squirrelys bark in the trees,
Bold sunflowers nod at every breeze;
The nuts thud down at early morn,
And eddied leaves wood ways adorn.
The smoke lies brooding on the hills,
While dream-like tinkle all the rills;
October yields to Queen November's sway,
And ushers in the winter's roundelay.

WM. FELTER.

BLUE MOUND, Kansas.

A Dry Camp.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some time since, while trying to give an explanation as to how a sergeant came to be shot when an officer had ordered a blank cartridge to be fired at him, I said that this officer was probably a young one who would learn more as he grew older.

I had in mind just then another young officer who was in the process of learning when I came in contact with him; and both he and I learned something. He found out that he did not know it quite all, and I found him to be a different man from what those that knew him better than I did thought he was. I succeeded in teaching him something, as he afterward told me.

Some of these young officers, when they leave West Point, imagine that their education is complete, others have sense enough to know that there are many things that they cannot and don't try to teach at the Academy; these have to be learned in the field.

The cavalry gets some of the best of these young men; they are assigned to the different branches of the service, according to their standing in the class, the engineers getting the first two or three, then the next dozen or more go to the cavalry; those at the lower end of the class go to the infantry.

It has been a pleasure to me to teach what I knew to some of these young officers, in a different manner from what I took to teach this one, but these other officers wanted to learn what they did not know already. I remember one who, after he had joined the troop, would put in an hour at a time asking me questions on almost every subject, from the distance a line of telegraph poles were placed apart (twenty-six of them to the mile in that case, I told him), to the formation of the different rocks in the wall of a canyon, or the depth at which water would be likely to be found where we then were; the difference between the regular and volunteer soldier's gloves; a full history of General John A. Logan (Black Jack), after he had seen me talking to him; all I knew about shotguns, rifles and dogs; and what I thought was the best all around hunting dog. Every time I met him he had a new list of questions. He afterward transferred to the infantry and fell while leading his company at Santiago, Cuba. He was my favorite among all of these young officers I had ever come in contact with. His name was Walter M. Dickinson.

A man who had never been nearer West Point than I had, could, if he had paid any attention to the country that he had been in, tell one of these young officers about it. They are not expected to know anything about it until they are told.

I never visited any part of a country without making a mental note of its features, and marking down on my map the places where I found water, besides making a note of it in my diary. It might come of use to me or to others some time in the future. I was once sent from Camp Charlotte, Texas, with one of these young officers, who was making his first scout, without having an older officer with him; and at the start he thought he did not need to be told about the country. Afterward he revised his opinion, and after that did not disdain to learn even from me. I often told him about things afterward without getting myself snubbed.

The first camp we made after starting, and when not twenty miles away from the post, was signaled by his putting on a guard of four posts day and night. He had a detail of about thirty men out of several different troops, and this guard would take nearly half of them. One of our old officers would have had probably one post on, or at most only two; they would act as picket in the day time and as herd guard at night.

I knew but little about this "cadet," as we called these young second lieutenants; he did not belong to my troop, but he had a sergeant of his troop with him; and I said to the sergeant that in my opinion we would not get many nights in bed on this trip.

"You will be lucky to get any," he replied. "Wait until you see more of this fellow. We have had to teach officers before now things that they forgot to tell them at West Point; but don't try to teach this one anything, you can't."

We kept on going west for several days after this, and were now getting into a country where water was rather scarce; and if we kept west another day we would strike a country where there would be no water at all. I thought that the officer knew that; it seems he did not.

The country west of us was almost a desert. I had

crossed it and knew what it was; and when we again headed to the west on leaving camp, I said to the sergeant, who had warned me not to try to tell the officer anything, "You should tell him now just what kind of a country he is heading for. He does not know this country, of course, and is going it blind."

"Well, if I ought to I won't. You can tell him if you choose, and get yourself snubbed. Did I not tell you that he knows it all? You can't tell a man like him anything."

"I'll tell him, then, and let him snub me, I can stand it. Neither I nor my horse want any dry camps if we can avoid them."

We had been riding across dry grass so far; but now came to where the grass had been burned off, and only lately, too. The new grass had not begun to spring up yet, and as far as we could see to the west the prairie had been burned over; it might extend clear to the Pecos River, away over in New Mexico.

He will turn back now, I thought, he can see that the country is all burned over. But he kept on.

If there can be found a more uncomfortable country to ride over than a burned prairie, I have never found it. The dust on a dry plain is bad enough; but these dry ashes, when they are stirred by the horses' feet, almost choke both horse and rider; and the hot sun that beats down on your head, hot enough to give a man who is not used to it the sun stroke, does not help the matter any.

At the end of five miles we halted to dismount and rest the horses. Rest would be all they would get here; there was no grass for them to eat while resting.

Going up to the lieutenant I said, "You are going into a country now, sir, in which you cannot find a drop of water in the next forty miles. I thought it was my duty to tell you so, as you may not know that country." I knew very well he did not know it.

He looked at me a moment, then asked, "How do you know I cannot find water?"

"Because there is none there, sir, to find. There never is. It is a desert. I have been across the country coming from the Pecos on about the same trail we now are on, and in over forty miles out here the only place I saw that would possibly have water at any time was one shallow pond, about twenty miles from here. It had none then and will hardly have any now."

"Why did you cross it then?"

"We had to cross it somewhere, sir. One place would be as good as another. There is no water anywhere this far south on it. We had to make a dry camp there when we did it. But there was good grass then; there is none now, you can't camp on this burned prairie; and it may extend nearly to the river, 100 miles west, I think it does."

"Oh! I'll find you water, don't worry. Who sent you to me?"

"No one, sir. I came of my own accord."

"Well, let this be the last time you come. When I need any information about this country, I will let you know."

"Yes, sir," I said, and again saluting him I left, and said to myself, "When you do let me know any information you get from me won't be of much use to you, when you come to be examined for your next promotion."

"Well, how did you and he make out?" the sergeant asked. I told him.

"You are lucky. I expected to see you walk and lead your horse from now until we make that dry camp he is heading for. You would have had to do it, only he does not even know enough to punish you."

"Well, if he did, I know enough to report him afterward, don't I? And he may know that I would do it. That may account for my not having to walk and lead any horses."

We kept on across the burned grass until noon; then the trumpeter dropped back to tell me that the lieutenant wanted me. He had sent for me sooner than I expected. I rode forward and gave him another salute. I was afraid now that the idea of making me walk had just occurred to him, and I would now get the benefit of it.

"Where was it you saw that place where you said there might be water at times?"

"About fifteen miles to the southwest of this, sir, I think. It may be more. On account of this grass being burned off here, I hardly could be sure. I could go to within a mile or two of the place, then circle for it, but it would be of no use; there would hardly be one chance in a hundred of us finding any water there. In the wet season there would be water for some time in it. I noticed that it had a clay bottom. That would hold the water for quite a while."

"Well, we have had quite heavy rains out here lately."

"Yes, sir, we had them east of this; but I do not think that it rained this far west. I have thought that this prairie here was burned about the time that rain fell, it has only been burned over about three weeks, I think."

"Who burned it?"

"The Indians did, sir, or the cowboys. It may have been burned by accident. It was set fire to east of this and the fire traveled west."

I saw now that he was not half as confident of finding water as he had been a few hours before. An old officer would have turned back now had he come this far; but he would not have come even this far.

We kept on and in an hour got off the burned grass. The fire had suddenly gone out here, I thought, from a change of the wind then, afterward I concluded that the rain had put it out. I had found the water then; it had rained this far west.

Now I could form a better idea of what part of the country I was in, and after some study I came to the conclusion that we were still away east of that pond.

We kept on until sunset, but found no water; and now made the dry camp that I and my horse did not want. I got my saddle off and had led my horse out on the grass; then looking to the west from where I stood beside him, I saw now that I knew where I was, and coming in I said to the sergeant in charge of us; he was out of my own troop, "I am going to find

water, I think. Will you have a fire started to guide me to camp again?"

"Yes, go ahead, find us water if there is any in the country. I'll give you fire enough." And he ordered it started right away. Taking his canteen and mine, and my carbine, I went straight southwest, and had only gone a mile until I almost stepped in that pond of mine. It was where I had thought it was and was full of water. I drank all I wanted, then filled both canteens and came back.

"Now, don't say anything to the lieutenant about this," the sergeant said to me. "We don't want a half night's work watering horses and mules. He was so anxious to make a dry camp that he came all the way here to make it, blank him, let him get the full benefit of it."

"But I want to take his dog robber with us to get water."

"Well, you won't. Let them go without water. We want to teach that fellow a lesson."

The sergeant had all the camp kettles sent for water. I was taking a small one.

"I don't want you to carry any," he told me. "I'll send men enough. You go in charge of them."

"I want to bring this in full for your horse and mine, I'll carry it," I said.

We brought in plenty of water, and I gave mine to the two horses I had carried it for. Then going to the sergeant I said, "Now, I want to call the dog robber and give him enough water for their supper. We can tell him that we only found water enough for coffee. I don't want to put in half the night in watering horses any more than you do."

This "dog robber" was a man whom the lieutenant had for a servant; most officers have one; he is always a man who is hardly fit for anything else, and would rather carry wood and water for a cook, black boots, groom the officer's horse and nurse the baby if there is one lying around loose (and there generally is), than do his duty in the company. The only part of his work that I would ever do would be to nurse the baby if it happened to be a boy baby; I have done that for Mrs. Captain, but drew the line at girl babies; I did not want them and they seemed to know it.

Calling the dog robber, I gave him the water and told him what to tell the lieutenant when he asked about us having it—"tell him we found enough for coffee, and let it go at that."

After supper we made another trip to the pond for water for breakfast, and I got more for our two horses; they and we made no dry camp of it, anyhow.

Next morning, after breakfast, the lieutenant sent for me again and wanted to know about that water.

I told him all about it.

"Why did you not report it to me when you found it?"

"You had not sent for me, sir. You remember what you told me yesterday. I never have to be told the same thing twice."

"Tell the sergeant to have the stock watered, and then put out on fresh grass; I will remain here in camp to-day."

We watered them. Then taking my carbine I said, "Now I am going hunting; that is, if his nibs will let me."

Going up to him I asked to be let go hunting.

"Why, certainly. Did you want your horse? You can take him if you do."

"No, sir, I want to give him a rest."

He hesitated a moment, and then said, "I was too hasty yesterday when I spoke to you as I did. I am sorry now that I did not listen to you, and think it only right I should tell you so."

"The fault was mine, sir, I had no business to give you any advice until you asked for it."

"Oh, yes, you had. You knew this country and I did not. I should have thought of that. You did right in trying to tell me, and after this any time you are with me and think of anything which I ought to know don't hesitate to let me know it. None of us ever get to be too old to learn, and only a fool refuses to learn what he does not know. I don't want to be considered a fool."

"He is a gentleman after all, I thought. A good deal like myself maybe in not wanting to be told anything he or I are paid for knowing, but he can resent being told, I can't."

We filled up our horses with water next morning, drank plenty ourselves, and took all we had canteens for with us, then started back to the camp we had left to come here, and made it in good time; and from there scouted the country for a few weeks more, but took care not to make any more dry camps. I was with this officer many times after this, and more than once told him what I knew about the country we happened to be in at the time, but never got another snub from him, and never asked him for a favor that I did not get. He got his two promotions in his turn and died a captain a few years ago out in California.

CABIA BLANCO.

Connecticut Trespass Law.

A DRASTIC game law, passed by the last Legislature, will probably be put to the ultimate legal test by the sportsmen of New Haven, says the Register, and it may prove a casus belli between the city sportsmen and the farmers of the State with serious consequences.

This law converts every farmer into an officer of the law with power to arrest a hunter found on his land. It doesn't say that the huntsman shall be caught in the act of hunting; if he is found carrying a gun or with a dog, the law says he shall be deemed a trespasser of the law and liable to arrest.

This law was opposed by the sportsmen of the State, but it went through because the farmers insisted upon having it. Good lawyers say it is unconstitutional, because it is class legislation and transgresses human rights. It also creates a mushroom constabulary without warrant.

Moose Hunting in New Brunswick.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in his book, "The Wilderness Hunter," says that the moose is the largest and noblest game in the western hemisphere, and that the antlered head of one of them is the most highly prized trophy that a hunter can secure. With this in mind, we decided to go moose hunting, and, upon inquiry, learned that New Brunswick is probably the best place in the world for them. The party consisted of Senator Spencer K. Warnick and the writer.

We started for New Brunswick on Friday, September 11, having previously engaged guides by letter. Our route took us over the Boston & Maine, Maine Central and Canadian Pacific railroads, via Boston and Portland, Me., and we arrived at Perth, New Brunswick, Saturday afternoon. Here we purchased our hunting licenses, which permitted us to kill one bull moose, one caribou and two deer. After a wait of a couple of hours we boarded a combination passenger and freight train, which slowly crawled up the valley of the Tobique, over a primitive roadbed. After being "well shaken" for twenty-two miles, we got off at Reed's Island, where we spent Sunday at the home of Charles Wright, with whom we had made the arrangements for our hunting trip.

We were bound for Mr. Wright's camp, near the head of the north branch of the Miramichi River. Mr. Wright built his camp in 1900, and, in accordance with the custom which all New Brunswick guides respect, the erection of this camp gave him the exclusive hunting privileges of the surrounding country. We found this to be a great advantage, for during our stay of eighteen days in the woods we neither saw nor heard any other hunters.

Early Monday morning, September 14, we started from Reed's Island on our all-day journey of twenty miles through the unbroken woods to Wright's camp. Our baggage and provisions were loaded in a large lumber wagon and hauled in by team, while we, with our guides, trudged along behind. We saw frequent moose and deer tracks, and flushed numerous partridges, in which the region abounds. Toward evening we arrived at the camp, which we found to be a snug little log cabin, furnished with bunks, cook-stove, table, etc., and we were soon comfortably established.

Our guides were Herbert Camber and Robert Torrance, both of Arthurette, Victoria county, and their ability is evidenced by the success of our moose hunt. Herbert is a veritable giant, weighing 225 pounds, strong as an ox, good natured, willing and sociable, and a skillful woodsman, axman, and cook, while Robert possesses all the qualities that are found in the perfect guide.

Tuesday afternoon we all started out to look over our hunting ground. It is located about a mile and a half from camp, over a good trail, and consists of a deadwater about fifty yards wide and a mile long, resembling a long, narrow lake. Here the cow moose come in to feed upon the lily roots early in the morning, and late in the afternoon during September. The cows have no antlers, and are protected by law, but our licenses allowed us to shoot one bull moose each. The bulls seldom feed in the water, but in the fall of the year frequently accompany the cows as far as the banks, where they keep pretty well out of sight among the trees and bushes. As a result, it is difficult to get a shot at the old bulls, for they are very cunning and wary. Lucky, indeed, is the hunter who gets a chance at a moose with a good set of antlers. Even then the shooting through the brush and trees is difficult and uncertain, when perhaps only a pair of horns or a head is visible. There is also a spice of danger in the operation, for the bull moose sometimes attacks the hunter, especially in the mating season.

A popular method of hunting the moose is by calling. The guide imitates, through a birch bark horn, the call of the cow, and the bull, hearing it, comes crashing along, only to be shot by the hunter, who is lying in wait for him. We did not practice calling, as the season was too early for it.

On the afternoon in question we paddled our canvas canoe down the deadwater, and during the trip saw two cow moose, both of which would have been easy marks. During our hunting we saw a good many cow moose and always found them quite tame. They seemed to know that they were protected by law, and that we would not harm them. On several occasions we approached as near as ten or fifteen yards to a cow before she condescended to leave the water, and then she seemed unconcerned and not at all alarmed.

We noticed brook trout jumping in large numbers, and were informed by the guides that the water had probably never been fished. We decided that it soon should be, however; so later on we hunted up some flies, and caught trout until our arms ached from casting, each cast landing a fine fish. Thereafter fresh trout was a pretty frequent item on our bill of fare. The trout are so ravenous that they will take almost any kind of bait or fly. On one occasion, having hooks but no flies, I cut a small piece of white felt from the lining of my hat and attached it to a hook. Meanwhile the guide had cut a moose-wood pole which was so heavy that two hands were required to manipulate it. Thus equipped for the game of all fish, I made a cast, and landed a fine trout, and continuing soon had a fine string. We also caught trout with salt pork for bait, and with flies which we manufactured out of red twine.

At the foot of the deadwater we found a small open camp, which had been built by some lumbermen, and this we decided to utilize in our hunting, as it was right on the deadwater, while our home camp was a mile and a half from the hunting ground. Our plan was to take turns hunting the deadwater. One of us was to go down in the afternoon for the evening's hunting, spend the night at the open camp, get in the early morning's hunting, and return to the home camp in time for dinner. In the afternoon the other would start out with his guide and repeat the programme.

The Senator took the first try at the deadwater, starting the afternoon of Wednesday, the 16th, Robert guiding him. They took along blankets and a small supply of grub, and hunted that evening and the next morning, spending the night at the open camp. They saw six moose, but only one of them was a bull, and he was a two-year-old with spike horns, so he was not disturbed.

On Thursday, the 17th, I hunted the deadwater with Herbert, but there was a high wind which kept the moose away from the water. We caught a nice lot of trout for supper, and spent the night at the open camp. We started on our hunt the next morning at about 6 o'clock, without stopping to eat breakfast. As I settled in my seat in the bow of the canoe, the guide remarked that he felt it in his bones that something was going to happen. I, too, felt a presentiment; so every sense was on the alert as we slowly paddled up the deadwater. Everything was in our favor, as not a breath of air was stirring. We had gone not more than a quarter of a mile when we saw a cow moose standing in the middle of the stream, in about six feet of water, feeding from the bottom. She would dive down and stay under water for at least a minute, leaving only a few inches of her back visible above the water. It was an amusing sight, and as her head was under the water most of the time, we paddled to within a few yards of her before she came up for a breath of air and saw us. She then got out as fast as she could, making a great splashing.

At the same time we heard a crackling noise on the right bank, about two hundred yards up stream. Looking in that direction, we saw protruding above the bushes the head and neck of a magnificent bull moose, standing there with a cow. Evidently the noise made by the first cow in getting out of the water had alarmed him, for he turned and saw us, and started off into the woods at once. "Let him have it," said the guide. The critical moment had come. Bearing in mind that the first shot is the one that counts, I drew a very careful bead, aiming well forward, and fired one shot from my .33 Winchester. He quickly disappeared in the woods. We landed immediately, and, in an agony of doubt, made the best of our way through the bushes to the spot where he had been standing. Great was my relief to find a large splash of blood on a tree, about five feet from the ground, which showed that the bullet had struck its mark. Then ensued a wild scramble over fallen trees and through bushes in the direction he had taken, being guided by the noise his horns made striking an occasional tree. After going about 300 yards we caught sight of the antlers of our game above the trunk of a fallen tree, behind which he had dropped down, mortally wounded. "He's a big one," said the guide, "and I guess he's our meat."

On our approach the huge beast got up, though feeling pretty sick, and started off, but another shot staggered him, and at the end of fifty yards he again dropped down. I now came quite close, at the same time taking care to keep well out of reach of his horns, which he still had strength enough to shake at us, and fired two more shots just back of the forward shoulder, which put an end to his sufferings.

He was a large moose, very fat, and would weigh about eleven hundred pounds. He measured seven feet from the top of the forward shoulders to the ground. His antlers were large and handsome, and had a spread of 52 inches, 21 points, and a palm 11 inches wide. We skinned out the head for a trophy and the hind quarters for meat. Upon examination we found that the first bullet had struck him in the neck, close to the forward shoulders, and had inflicted a mortal wound. The second shot took effect in the hind quarters, high up. We packed the head to our home camp.

At the camp we were visited by two men who were looking for a horse which had strayed away from a lumber camp, and had been lost two weeks in the woods. The men were following the tracks, and camping in the woods whenever night overtook them. They spent the night with us and had not been gone two hours next morning when we heard the tinkling of a bell, and soon the lost horse walked into our camp, wearing all his harness except the bridle, and apparently none the worse for his wanderings of many miles through the dense woods. The fact that during that time nobody saw him nor heard his bell shows the wildness of the country.

Saturday afternoon the Senator and his guide Robert started early in the afternoon for the foot of the deadwater, preparatory to hunting that evening. About half way down the stream they came upon a large cow moose feeding in the water, and paddled to within twenty yards of her before she took alarm and got out. It was an excellent opportunity for a photograph, as the sun was shining brightly, but, unfortunately, the camera had been left at camp. Later in the day they saw a young bull moose, which was too poor a specimen to shoot.

The Senator and Robert spent Sunday night in the open camp, and started up the deadwater in the canoe about 6 o'clock Monday morning, September 21. They had almost reached the upper end when, upon rounding a bend, they caught sight of a large set of antlers projecting above the bushes on the right bank. The horns moved, and soon a monster bull moose stepped into view. This was the Senator's opportunity, and he made the most of it. He fired four quick shots and got ashore as quickly as possible. In doing so he slipped into a quagmire, which the guides call a moose bog, and had considerable difficulty in extricating himself. Meanwhile the moose had disappeared, but a few drops of blood were spattered on the bushes here and there, and, as afterward appeared, two of the four shots had taken effect, one in the neck and the other in the forward shoulder. Following the blood drops with great difficulty, they slowly tracked their huge quarry, and after a search of about three-quarters of an hour spied him lying down in a dense piece of woods, badly wounded. He staggered to his feet and started off, but several more bullets quickly put an end to him. He was a large moose and had a magnificent pair of antlers, with a spread of 52 inches and 26 points. They were beautifully palmated, and measured 14 inches in width at the broadest place. A finer head is seldom seen. After being photographed, it was carried to the camp, later to be mounted. Both heads were subsequently shipped to Vanceboro, Me., where they are now in the hands of the taxidermist.

In six days of hunting we had each of us killed a very fine moose, and we were now prepared to enjoy the luxury of camp life, which we did for several days to the fullest extent. We feasted upon an abundance of fresh moose meat, which closely resembles beef, and is excellent eating.

On Friday, the 25th, we decided to try for caribou. Loaded down with blankets, grub, cooking utensils and

rifles, we traversed five miles of rough country, the trail at times being nothing more than a line of blazed trees, and finally arrived at our destination, which was a barren about eight acres in extent. It is a sort of moss-covered bog, surrounded by dense woods, and so wet that no trees will grow there. The caribou come here to feed on the moss.

After preparing camp, we took up our positions in the middle of the barren and watched until sunset, but no caribou appeared. We were about to give it up when we heard the horns of a bull moose rattling against the trees in the woods nearby. Herbert and I went over to the edge of the barren to see what was doing, and crouched down in a clump of bushes. Soon a cow moose emerged from the woods very near us, and walked out into the barren. After an interval a large bull moose followed her. After a while he saw us, and stopped. The poorest of marksmen could not have missed him as he stood there in the open staring at us for several minutes, not twenty yards away, broadside to us, bigger than a horse. As I had already killed one moose, which is all that the law allows, shooting him was, of course, out of the question, though the temptation was strong. We kept pretty still, as we were so near that we thought there might be some danger of his charging us, but he finally got scent of us and quickly turned and trotted into the woods, preceded by the cow. One seldom has an opportunity to observe a live bull moose at such close range, and we considered ourselves very fortunate.

The next morning we returned to our home camp, having seen no caribou.

There occurred one more interesting incident to mark the close of our hunting adventures. While returning along the trail from the deadwater one day we suddenly came upon a large black bear. Upon seeing us bruin lit out pell mell through the dense undergrowth. I got in one snap shot at him as he scurried through an opening in the thicket, but missed, and the bear is probably running yet.

No one who visits New Brunswick can fail to be impressed with the fact that it is a wonderful game country. We were in the woods eighteen days, and in that time saw thirty moose, three deer, a bear and scores of partridges. Caribou are very plentiful further to the north and east, where there are extensive barrens. The waters are teeming with trout and salmon. Excellent guides are always procurable, and the visitor everywhere meets with such considerate and hospitable treatment that he always remembers New Brunswick and her people with much pleasure, and longs to return to her primeval forests and again try his luck with his rifle in one of the greatest hunting regions in the world.

GARDINER KLINE.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

Kipling's "Red Gods."

Log-Jams, Shingle-Bars, Canoe-Poles, Smoky Indians, and that Sort of Thing.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Since that genial member of the old guard of observing forest rangers, skillful anglers and accomplished writers, Charles Hallock, founded your sporting journal in 1873, I doubt if so much "spurious writing about angling and nature" has appeared in its columns as is contained in your issues of Sept. 26 over the signature L. F. Brown, and in that of Oct. 17, over the name R. W. Ashcroft. About Mr. Brown's critique on the two quatrains he quotes from Kipling's *Idyl*, "The Feet of the Young Men," all I shall now say is that in everything he condemns with all the confidence of ignorance, Kipling is right and Brown wrong, as every one who has the requisite knowledge and experience of forest life will perceive.

In your issue of Oct. 10, Manly Hardy, who writes from Brewer, Mo., in very courteous terms, endeavors to put Mr. Brown right. If B. is at bottom the clever and genial gentleman he is described by a common friend, I feel sure he will see and acknowledge the errors into which lack of experience on our Northern rivers and racing streams has led him. Anyone who has had that experience will recognize the essential truth of all that Mr. Hardy advances in defense of the *vraisemblance* of Kipling's wonderful word-pictures. The pleasure of reading Hardy's paper, with its intimate knowledge of forest life, will amply repay all sportsmen for the annoyance they felt at Brown's offensive dogmatism, and almost move them to thank him for introducing us to so keen an observer and so ardent a lover of nature as Mr. H. proves himself in every line of his letter.

In your issue of Oct. 17, R. W. Ashcroft, of your city, comes to the rescue of Mr. Brown, and shows himself a more pretentious critic than his friend. Why such incompetent writers as this man proves himself, will foolishly "rush in where angels fear to tread" and make an abortive attempt to criticise so experienced a woodsman as Mr. Hardy shows himself, is one of those "curiosities of literature" which, to quote my old friend Ned Sothern, "is one of these things that no fellow can understand." The whole of the two columns this writer perpetrates is, to use his own elegant diction, "such entire folderol as to make it laughable to real woodsmen," of whom he ignorantly supposes him to be a past master.

The Old Angler is now in his eighty-third year. Since he caught his first trout with a worm on a bent pin and a piece of yarn for a line, he has been familiar with most of the rivers and racing streams of eastern Canada; but those of northern New Brunswick, the St. John, the Tobique, the Restigouche and its affluents, the Nepisiguit, the Miramichi, its branches and their tributaries, the Bartibogue and Tabusintac on the southern side of Bay Chaleur; the Scrimac, the Nouvelle, the two Cascapédias and the Bonaventure on its northern side, have been familiar haunts since early manhood, and he says, without fear of contradiction by anyone who has camped out and canoed on these racing streams, that every feature painted in Kipling's lilting quatrains is to be seen on all of them. Any canoeist and camper on any of these

streams will recognize the "blackened timber," the "racing waters," the "raw-right-angled log-jam" at what seems to be the "end" of the water, whether seen from above or below the jam, making a raw spot in the sylvan scene. I doubt if any other five words in the English language can be combined to paint so true a picture as is presented to the mental vision of anyone who has ever seen a jam of logs. I am persuaded that neither Mr. Brown nor Mr. Ashcroft ever saw what I attempted to describe in a sketch of an outing on Grand Lake stream in the State of Maine, written forty years ago. Mr. Hardy and Mr. Ames will recognize the picture, badly as it is painted.

* * * "As it was useless to fish while the drive lasted, we spent an hour or two very pleasantly in watching the operations of a gang of men employed in breaking a small obstruction, which had formed below the fall, where the water pitches over a ledge into a long stretch of wild rapids. Above this ledge the stream is narrow and rapid, but the rise of water consequent on lifting the gates in the dam at the 'corporation house,' caused the stream to overflow this channel and spread over a rocky and rugged shore. To watch the action of the logs as the pressure of the water behind piled them up into all fantastic shapes, was most interesting and exciting. Sometimes logs would rear up on end, like restive horses, and then tumble over backward, sideways, or forward, as their weight and balance inclined. In their wild antics they would form all sorts of figures, from right angles with the logs against which they impinged to acute angles with the body of the jam, and every degree of obliquity with the water and the shore. At times a more or less perfect isosceles triangle would tremble in the air, while scalene triangles would form and vanish in a twinkling of the eye. A short turn in the stream, just above the ledge, offered every facility for the formation of a vast jam, which would be a serious matter for the drive, and the utmost activity was necessary to prevent this troublesome and dangerous occurrence. About a dozen men were busy as bees in a strange hive; they seemed to possess the gift of ubiquity, for they were everywhere at once, with keen eyes, steady feet and strong hands, pushing, prying and rolling with strong peavies the logs that grounded or caught against the rocks of the shore. Despite their strenuous exertions the nucleus of what might grow to be a very serious jam, had formed on the very verge of the pitch into the rapid, and unremitting exertions were made to prevent its growing, while several men took turns at the difficult task of cutting through the 'key-log' that held all the rest. This once divided, the obstruction would be removed, and the whole incipient jam, log by log, would tumble over the ledge and find ample room in the broader stream below. The difficulty extended only part way across the stream, commencing on the hither shore, and the object of the men was to guide the rapidly arriving logs past the outer edge of the jam and send them over the ledge through the narrow passage that was still open. Wonderful activity and daring courage were every instant exhibited. Sometimes a man would make a prodigious leap and alight upon a log that threatened to lodge; this would set it rolling in the water. With the skill of a rope dancer and the quickness of a practiced acrobat, this man would maintain his footing on the rolling log, guide it along the outer edge of the jam, and when it approached the pitch would spring from it to the one nearest and from that to the next, until he regained the shore. While these and various other daring, difficult and dangerous feats were being performed on all sides, one man was constantly wielding the ax, and the obstructing log was cut nearly half way through. This was on the innermost verge of the pitch, the log was nearly submerged, and as the only footing was on the log itself, the duty was not only difficult but full of danger, for the immense and growing pressure behind might at any moment break the log and precipitate the chopper, as well as the whole jam, into the boiling torrent below, where almost certain death awaited him. But, cool and self-possessed, as if they were cutting a back log for a Christmas fire, these men took their turns at the terrible task until the situation became extremely critical. But a few more strokes were needed when the foreman of the drive, Frank Waite, a slight, lithe young man with a mild, blue eye, looked first at the log, then at the mass behind it, as if calculating its weight and the momentum it would have when in motion; then seizing the ax himself he gave several vigorous strokes, and just as the log began to bend to the pressure, he leaped to the next above it, and made his way to shore over the moving mass, just as the whole body went tumbling over the ledge. All this took place in less time than I have spent in relating it, and it formed no small part of our morning's diversion." * * *

Had I possessed the genius of Kipling all this could have been conveyed to the experienced woodsman by the five words which the poet has so happily combined to make a picture in which neither Brown nor Ashcroft can recognize a salient feature, but with which both Hardy, of Brewer, and Ames, of Boston, Mass., are delighted, because their experience recognizes its truth to nature. Mr. Ashcroft says: "Kipling speaks of a log-jam as raw, using the word as synonymous with unfinished, and tells us that 'a log-jam is an aggregate of tree-trunk sections,' which, to the average reader, who knows nothing about saw-logs, conveys the idea that these sections may be made lengthwise, and then he treats us to a long paragraph about the beauty and finish of a tree-trunk, and quotes the following gush from Ruskin to show us that he saw it all in a jam of saw-logs, which are sections of tree-trunks! 'Nature has taken wonderful pains with the forms of trees, sculpturing them into exquisite variety of dint and dimple; rounding or hollowing them into contours which, for fineness, no human hand can follow; then she colors them, and their whole substance is full of hidden histories concealing wonders of structure, which, in all probability, are mysteries to the angels'; and all this to show us that Kipling in his blindness and ignorance of nature calls a log-jam raw—not in the sense of 'unfinished,' as Mr. Ashcroft ignorantly supposes—but in the sense of a raw spot

or wound in an otherwise beautiful scene. And, then, emulating Ruskin, he gives us the following gush about the logs in this jam: 'Texture of bark, anatomy of muscle beneath, reflected lights in recessed hollows, stains of mosses and lichens and wonderful delicacy of hues,' which poor Kipling could not see! Mr. Hardy tells us, and truly, too, that nothing of this kind can be seen in a log-jam, and Mr. Ames adds his testimony that no "wonderful study of hues—browns, umbers, faint pinks and purples, dull reds and yellows, silver of lichens and green and crimson of mosses—is to be found in a raw log-jam." In looking back over my own long experience by wood and stream, I conclude I must have been blind, for nothing approaching all this have I ever seen, either in a new or an old log-jam. Mr. Ashcroft concludes this paragraph of his unique criticism thus: "By similar reasoning the rough board sawn from that log, which is raw, should be called finished. As well call a steak cut from a quarter of beef finished." In the name of all the Gods at once—white, black and red—what has all the above "folderol" to do with logs in a jam? Kipling does not apply the word raw to a log. The raw thing in the landscape, as Kipling applied it, is the jam! Not "sensing" this, Mr. Ashcroft spreads himself thus: "If a log in the natural state is raw, so is a rainbow or a cloud, a wild flower or a star." And this is criticism as she is understood by these two sportsmen.

Mr. Ashcroft gives us a detailed itinerary of his friend's sporting experience, which extends from Vancouver Island to Nova Scotia, including the salmon and trout streams of Newfoundland, and then argues that "he should know just a trifle more than Kipling about log-jams and canoe-poles." Well, perhaps! But as Mr. Hardy justly observes, "the odd circumstance is that Kipling is right and Mr. Brown wrong on every point." This is corroborated by Mr. Ames, as it will be by every man familiar with woodcraft.

The "bar of sun-warmed shingle," which is a conspicuous feature on all our northern rivers, and the "click of shod canoe-poles" must recall pleasant memories to every sportsman who has lunched and smoked his brier-root on these bars, and in the pleasant breeze, which generally blows over them, has sought surcease from the black flies and sand flies or midges, which were the only drawbacks to the intense enjoyment of his surroundings. Had these critics ever been on one of Kipling's racing streams they would have seen that no "dirt, mud or alluvium" could form a bar on them. A stream that moves boulders of ten or fifteen tons hundreds of yards after a freshet, would make quick work of any bar formed of dirt, mud or alluvium, which, they tell us, is the only material of which bars are ever formed. The only bars they will find in our rivers are formed of shingle—water-worn stones—with coarse gravel and sand in the interstices, and even these seldom withstand the spring floods.

Yes, Mr. Ashcroft, Kipling's Indians used and still use "shod canoe-poles" when they could get the iron thimbles with which to shoe them, and every Indian worth his salt can do that. Your friend of forty years' experience could never have been on our waters. He could easily make that trip down the St. John's River, the Tabusintac and the Margaree without seeing an Indian or a birch canoe, but if he made "three summer outings in a canoe on Maine streams" of any volume, he must have had Indians and guides too poor to buy shoes for their poles, and so he did not hear the click. My own experience of sixty years on our rivers (twenty-two of which were on duty as a fishery officer), enables me to say that an unshod canoe-pole is the exception to the rule. In all that experience with the best canoe men, both white and red, that New Brunswick has produced, I never saw an ash or a maple canoe-pole; nor have I ever seen one made large in the middle and tapering toward each end. Nor did I ever see or hear of such a copper sleeve as Mr. Ashcroft's quotation from his friend describes. There never was such a thing seen in New Brunswick out of a museum, and I never heard of it being even there. As for the "click," Messrs. Brown and Ashcroft could never have read Charles Hallock's "Fishing Tourist," published as long ago as 1873, or they would know better than to write such dogmatic nonsense as their criticisms exhibit. At page 147, in his chapter on New Brunswick, this veteran woodsman and fine writer says: "It is marvelous with what untiring energy and pertinacious effort the Indians mount the long and wearisome rapids. Never pausing, seldom speaking, pushing steadily with synchronous stroke, the rhythmic click of their iron-shod poles upon the stony bottom seems to mark the time."

No doubt we ought to be thankful to these sponsors of sport and purists in poetry for telling us that "traces" are not wanted on racing streams; but Kipling knew that his smoky Indian could take him to wonderful lakes on all our rivers, where Mr. Brown's *bête noir*, the so-called "sea-trout"—are to be had of 6 to 8 pounds' weight; but the over-fed rascals will take neither fly nor worm at times, but may often be caught with a gyrating spoon or a spinning minnow. So, even in this small matter, Kipling has shown himself the best informed sportsman, and convicted his critics of ignorance.

"A silent, smoky Indian!" Here, in three words Kipling has painted a picture which any sportsman who has ever had a real Indian guide, will recognize with a thrill of delight, as I did when I first read it. Even now my old blood warms at the memories it conjures up. Certain I am that no other words in the language can recall so correct an idea of the Indian to one who has ever known him. Writing to me some time since, Mr. Hallock said: "Kipling is the only writer who has touched on the smoky Indian in their wood epics. Time and again I have spoken and written of the smoky Indian when relating my experiences. I can smell an Indian as far as I can Limburger cheese; and so can a mule or cayuse on the plains. Many times have they warned us of Indians by pointing ears in the direction of their approach. In addition to the tepee being always smoky, the women are generally tanning skins in the smoke of the wickiups, so that they always live in an atmosphere of smoke when at home."

The most unfortunate break both Brown and Ash-

croft have made in their ambitious attempts—the first to criticize Kipling, the second to show how much more proficient he is in woodlore than Mr. Hardy—is shown in their sneers at the "Couch of new-pulled hemlock." *De gustibus non est disputandum* is an old and wise saw, and as long as these critics speak for themselves no woodsman or sportsman will object. But when they tell us that campers do not sleep on a couch of hemlock boughs when they can get spruce; they simply show how limited has been their experience. Mr. Hardy tells the exact truth when he says: "No one but a greenhorn ever uses spruce boughs when he can get anything better, and every other evergreen is better." Fir is softer and smoother; cedar comes next, then hemlock, then pine, and when these are not easily got the old hand must put up with spruce. For myself I prefer a foundation of hemlock boughs topped off with cedar, and whoever will try this couch will have no other while he is in the woods. Mr. Ashcroft calls all this "balderdash," and informs us that "the real sportsman sleeps under his canoe, in a tent, cabin, shack or lean-to." Well, I have slept in all these and also "with my back to the sod and my face to the stars"; if the night was fine I preferred this, as Kipling appears to do, for which I like him, for he also loves "to get near to the great heart of nature."

Let me say that you cannot better please "true sportsmen than to print again the three quatrains; and let me ask if any of your numerous readers can refer me to any other twelve lines of verse or prose in the whole range of English or American literature that paint so many, so true and so vivid pictures, and make the woodsman and the sportsman hear the Red Gods calling them to their haunts with such persuasive tones that nothing but sheer inability to leave their duties prevents them from yielding to the voices of the Charmers. Listen to them:

"Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath heard the birch-log burning?

Who is quick to hear the voices of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the young men's feet are turning

To the camps of known desire and proved delight.

"Do you know the blackened timber? Do you know that racing stream,

With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end,
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle, where a man may bask and dream,

To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?

It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces,
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know—

To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the starlight on our faces,
For the Red Gods call us out, and we must go."

In concluding for the present I tender hearty thanks to Manly Hardy, of Brewer, and C. H. Ames, of Boston, Mass., for coming to the rescue of genuine woodcraft, and for defending the accuracy of those word-painted pictures which raise in all sportsmen who know and love their cult, that longon to gon a fissinge, which tells him the Red Gods are calling on their votaries.

THE OLD ANGLER.

Sussex, N. B., Oct. 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My sense of humor leads me to humbly thank you and the good sportsmen who have locked horns over Kipling's "Red Gods" lines. I especially enjoyed Mr. Ashcroft's assertion that a log-jam is "an aggregation of tree-trunk sections," and Dixmont's retort that a log-house is a log-jam!

May not this thought be the key-log to the jam in your columns? If a log-house whose logs were hewn should be stranded in a "racing stream," it certainly would make a log-jam that was "raw" and "right-angled." May not Kipling have seen such a house, and meant that in his lines?

F. J. HOYLE.

PELHAM MANOR, N. Y., Oct. 12.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This Kipling controversy has been very interesting to me as illustrative of how men's minds and powers of observation vary. For a man who knows so little comparatively about the subject, it does seem a little like "butting in" for me to add my say before the blue pencil of the editor gets in its work and scores the incident as closed.

I can testify to there being bars of shingle up in Maine, and other places as well, and I have lain upon them and basked in the warm September sun and have enjoyed it.

I have seen log-jams—some that have been unjammed by dynamite—and of all the "raw," broken, splintered, pounded and maimed things is a jam made up of logs that have fought every inch of their way over rapids and amid rocks and boulders, only to become entangled into one inextricable mass at a gorge or bend in the stream. I think the pounded and frayed end of a log almost wholly stripped of its bark is a pretty "raw" looking proposition compared with the freshly hewn log, covered with bark and green with emerald moss. So far the "shingle bar" and "raw" logs appeal to me as correct. As to the angularity of the log-jam I can only say that as a geometric proposition in angles the log-jam "takes the cake." We get all kinds in such a melee of logs—rectangular, obtuse, and principally acute. So, as an angular proposition, the log-jam is a success to my way of thinking.

The iron-shod canoe-poles are all right, too. River men working in and around logs on a deep stream sometimes use other means of traveling than on the floating logs themselves—to wit, boats or bateaux. The iron-shod pike-pole, fourteen to sixteen feet long and about 1½ inches in diameter, is the mainstay of the river man. That in manipulating a boat, he should use his pike-pole in preference to the oars or a paddle I can readily understand. That it, when used, would make a "click" or ringing noise when coming in contact with the stony bottom seems but natural to me. As to spruce or hemlock boughs for one's bed, there may be a distinction and a difference, but I have been so tired after my tramps in the woods and days on the streams that when I have lain me down to rest I have had no spirit of contention or dis-

mination left in me to berate my pride for using hemlock instead of spruce—Morpheus has settled the question on the spot, by bringing peace and quiet and refreshing sleep.

They do things differently in different parts of the country, and I do not think Mr. Brown fully considered the fact or he would not have written so critically of me as he has done.

Kipling certainly is an observer, and I think in this respect he certainly has writ as he saw and heard.

Where his Red Gods come in I am at somewhat of a loss to say; but poets are entitled to license, and on this point I am perfectly willing to bow my head to the Red Gods, be what they may, considering that he has hit the life-size fairly and squarely as to other things.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Look Out for a Long Cold Winter.

THOSE of our esteemed veterans and pioneers of the silvered State, especially those who are indigenous to marsh country along the west shores of Lake Erie, do not dodging the wet spells and stray shot from careless duck hunters, are devoting the later October days to a conservative forecast of the future with reference to quality and quantity of weather which is in store for those who are to be out of doors from now on until spring, or have the wherewith to meet the coal dealer with a bold front and a full wallet and stay inside. There is, as usual, some diversity of opinion on the subject, depending much upon the kind of "signs" that are utilized for the purpose. So far as my close observation goes, the signs on the sun cut no figure at all with the genuine old weather-guided weather prophet, if, indeed, he is aware that there are any spots on that blazing old swirler. That he banks on principally is the musquash, and his comparisons in the fall; the crop of nuts and acorns, and the activity of the 'coon and squirrel in gathering the same for future reference. My acquaintance with this sort of forecasters leads me to the conclusion that as around reliable prognosticators they can give the Government paid officials all kinds of odds and win out with their hands tied behind them. There is my old friend Xavier Francis Mouchoir, who resides in the fastnesses of the "ma'sh," for instance; he *knows*—and it is like flying in the face of fate to go contrary to what he says in regard to weather. He has lived in the locality thus indefinitely alluded to so long that he knows every muskrat by sight, and is on speaking terms with all the other mammals whose acquaintance is of any account whatever. Whether Xavier has, as has been surmised, any means of communicating with these families more intimate than those of mere casual intercourse, and learns from them secrets and information perfectly authentic in regard to the seasons and atmospheric phenomena generally, I am at this time unable to state; in fact, I dislike to betray confidences reposed in me by trusting friends. Let that matter pass for the present. What we want to know just now is, are we, or are we not, likely to be thrown headlong into the devouring maws of the anthracite, bituminous and other forms of omnivorous coal barons for a longer and more disastrous period than heretofore, and whether is the man who can tell us, and does.

"Wall, seh, I was goin' to tell you somethin', mah fren'. 'Een you was saw fiel' corn inside of it, dat tick, heavy sk—tick, tick, lak bundle straw, you mus' mak' plenty warm places for you' cattle, and plenty wood for you' fire-place, dat tam we goin' see planty col' winter—planty snow. It was dat kan o' corn husk we see dis year; also when you was see beeg, beeg piles hack'ry nut an' hacorn made wood, an' many, many leetle squirrel ketch 'em up 'n' hide 'em een dare nes', den you look out; dat was w'at we see dis year. Also, mah fren', w'en you was see dat corn apple full, full dare blossom', and full, full o' dare apple, too, you mus' not t'ink we goin' have hopen winter; ef you do, you goin' git lef', sure. Also w'en you was look an' see muskrat mak' hees house beeg, beeg 'n' tick, den you want bank up you' house, house, and mak' planty split wood for hol' woman to make fire. Wall, mah fren', we was goin' see hall dese t'ings dis year, hevvy one. You wait—you see."

That's enough for me. I'm buying my winter fuel right now. I have known Xavier Francis for forty-seven eventful and prosperous years, and he has hit the bullseye every time. So when I get to the month of September, October and I detach those months from my beautiful Winchester calendar, I am looking around for Xavier. It has happened once or twice that, owing either to some miscalculation on the part of the muskrats and of the geese in their flight, that they have been pinched, just as we have seen robins in the spring look very sorry at they came, and appear to be in doubt whether they could go back or stick it out, but this is not the fault of Xavier. This year he says so emphatically that we are going to have old Boreas with us early and late, and all sorts of things doing that I feel it my duty to utter warning to lazy, shiftless farmers and the ten-cent restaurants to look a leetle outd already.

FRANK HEYWOOD.

When off duty, Prof. Richards, of Yale, enjoys a joke, and his pupils often come to him when they have heard a new one. He adds to the fun sometimes with a witticism of his own. Such was the case when one of the students perpetrated the following antiquity: "Professor, wouldn't you like a good receipt for catching rabbits?" "Why yes," replied the professor. "What is it?" "Well, you crouch down behind a thick stone wall and make a noise like a turnip," answered the youth, giggling in ecstasy. Quick as a flash came the reply: "Oh, better way than that would be for you to go and sit quietly in a bed of cabbage heads and look natural."—Springfield Republican.

A Westerner was strolling about Battery Park, Manhattan, when he espied the Aquarium.

"What is that building?" he inquired of a newsboy.

"Dat's de fish t' eater," was the reply.—Ex.

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Natural History.

Zoological Society's New Animals.

THE Hamburg-American liner Pretoria, which reached port the other day, brought to this country for the New York Zoological Society one of the most valuable consignments of animals the Society has ever imported. It comprises, in fact, almost the entire collection planned for the new antelope house in the Zoological Park. The new arrivals found comfortable quarters immediately upon their arrival in the now almost completed antelope house, which will be formally thrown open to the public on November 10.

The collection comprises more than twenty-five specimens from Africa, Asia and South America, and includes two giraffes, many rare antelopes and a complete collection of the cameloid animals of South America—llamas, alpacas, vicunas and guanacos. More than \$14,000 was expended in getting the African and Asiatic specimens in the collection. They were brought together by Karl Hagenbeck, who declares the collection to be the equal of any other in the world. The South American animals were given by Robert S. Brewster, of this city. These animals are now quartered in a special building erected for them on a wooded knoll near the southwest entrance of the park.

According to Director Hornaday, the most important animals in the lot, both as to appearance and value, are the giraffes. They are splendid specimens, the female ten feet and the male eleven feet high, finely mottled and sleek. They were taken in German East Africa. They are installed in a special room in the antelope house, twenty feet high, twenty-three feet long and nineteen feet wide.

"The giraffe," said Mr. Hornaday, "is one of the most delicate of animals, and one of the hardest to keep in captivity. Every effort will be made in the way of furnishing adaptable quarters and giving the greatest care to keep the two new arrivals trim and fit for exhibition. There are now only about twenty-five giraffes in the various zoological gardens in the world, and while not as scarce as the big rhinoceros, they are rapidly becoming depleted in number. The only other giraffes that I know of at present on this side of the ocean is the one owned by the Barnum, Bailey & Co. Circus and the two owned by the Ringling Bros.' Circus. A local New York dealer has two in his possession just now, and these, I understand, will soon be acquired by the aforementioned circuses.

"The manner in which the giraffes are caught is by huntsmen, mounted on fleet-footed horses that can outpace the younger giraffes, the lasso being the means of their capture. Full grown giraffes are rarely caught. The young giraffes when captured average from one to three months old, and from five to six feet high. When full grown they command from twenty-five hundred to five thousand dollars each. Our two new giraffes are about two and a half years old, and with good luck and good management they may be on exhibition at the park for the next twenty-five or thirty years, which is the giraffe's normal length of life.

"When caught the giraffes are, as a rule, shipped direct to London or Antwerp, where they have frequently been bred in captivity. If fortune favors us, it may be that we will have a third specimen in our collection before the year rolls round."

The two new giraffes arrived at the park in splendid condition, and without any mishap, and are remarkably fine specimens. They are sorrel in color, and mottled with dark chestnut spots. They appear to have taken kindly to their surroundings, and give every indication that they will continue to thrive. Keeper Forester says that they are daily fed with a bucket apiece of warm milk, the finest clover hay, and all sorts of vegetables chopped up and mixed in bran. By spreading their forelegs the lanky animals manage, when necessary, to eat from the ground, but their food is usually placed for them in a manger on a level with their heads. While several attempts of a more or less unsuccessful nature have been made in Europe to break captive giraffes to harness, no such an attempt will be made with the new animals at the Zoological Park. Keeper Forester declares that the giraffes are about the most stupid animals of any sort that he has ever taken care of, requiring almost constant attention to see that they do not injure themselves. They bump their long necks and fragile legs about in the most alarming manner, he says, and scarcely appear to know enough to get out of their own way. They appear to be very tame, however, freely feeding out of any visitor's hand.

Of the antelopes an eland bull from Central East Africa, and weighing over 2,000 pounds, stands in a class by himself. The eland is the largest of all antelopes, and this particular bull is one of the largest of his kind. When in condition, and he has forgotten the terrors of his ocean trip, it is expected that he will tip the beam at 3,000 pounds. Mr. Hornaday says that these mammoth antelopes, once abundant in Africa, are now very rare. The present specimen is said to be the only one that has been sold by anybody in the last four years. It was secured by Carl Hagenbeck from the collection of the Duke of Bedford, who enjoys the distinction of owning about a dozen of these rare animals.

The newly arrived big eland is in color very much like an Alderney cow, having almost straight horns about two feet in length. The forehead is covered with a mass of fluffy brown hair tapering off in color toward the nose to deep black, which gives the animal a most striking appearance.

Then there is a pair of gnu, with white whiskers, zoologically and more politely known as white bearded gnu. Also there are two white-tailed gnu. They represent a species of African antelope now almost extinct. The white-tailed gnu frequent the Boer country along the Orange River. In appearance they strongly resemble a horned horse, by which name they were some years ago commonly called. About three feet and a half high, their hindquarters and trim, delicate legs strongly resem-

ble those of a thoroughbred horse. Rising above the hogged mane the horns sweep out straight from the head and then curl in again. Keeper Forester says that they are very wild and that no one cares to venture into their so-called cage for fear of bodily injury. The gnus are being rapidly killed off by the Boers, who say that they mingle with their cattle on the ranges and frequently injure them with their sharp, murderous-looking horns.

The blesbok, meaning blazed antelope, which is represented in the new collection by one adult specimen, is another kind of antelope which cannot find any of its kind for company without looking over large parts of Africa. In color the blesbok is a bright bay shading to darker about the sides, with face and legs blazed with white. There is a beatrix antelope from Arabia, and an addax, which, before it was caught, spent its young life in cavorting around on the burning sands of the Sahara. Both of these are as beautiful as they are rare. The body of the beatrix antelope is pure white, shading off to brown about the legs, and with long horns curled slightly back.

The Zoological Park now has on exhibition a herd of sixteen American elk, one Roosevelt deer, two alтай wapiti, and three Sambar deer. What, with the new consignment of animals, the collection is one that will surely be of great interest to the public.

Animals of Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

(Concluded from page 276.)

TO THE general account of the elk in Pennsylvania, Mr. Rhoads adds a more detailed consideration in which he takes up different sections of the State and for northwestern Pennsylvania the different counties. From this it appears that in many of the northwestern counties elk were common enough during the decade between 1830 and 1840; that in Elk county an elk was killed by a man named Gaylord in 1862; in Potter county one is reported to have been killed in 1862 or 1863. In New Jersey there seems to be no modern record at all, though the old histories refer to elks as existing in various points, and their remains are not uncommon.

The buffalo, as shown by Dr. Allen, were found in western Pennsylvania, but it was long ago. Their remains, together with those of closely similar species, have been found in many localities.

The beaver has been reintroduced in Pennsylvania though the source of the supply is unknown, except that a number of years ago some beaver escaped from the preserve of Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant's game preserve at Allamuchy. It had long been extinct. However, there is a considerable colony on the farm of Judge Edinger, near Stroudsburg, in Monroe county, Pa. Here they have built dams and established themselves, and fortunately Judge Edinger is greatly interested in them, and will protect them so long as they are on his property.

In New Jersey, as first shown in an article published in the FOREST AND STREAM in August, 1900, beaver have established themselves. This fact was first made public by Mr. J. Von Lengerke, who states that there are a number of localities where the beaver may be found, especially in Sussex county. With protection, there is no reason why in both these States the beaver should not do well. The damage which it does along the streams is trifling.

Of the southeastern muskrat Mr. Rhoads says: "This animal is rightly regarded as a nuisance by those who have the care or ownership of artificial water embankments, because of its persistent burrowing. Owing to its aquatic habits, wariness and prolific breeding, it defies extermination in the most populous regions. Were it not for the value of its fur and meat, which latter is largely consumed by those who trap it, and by the negroes and Italians, it would speedily become a pest in some districts. Some of the canal companies of Pennsylvania and New Jersey give a bounty on the scalps of muskrats taken on their property, besides employing regular trappers to hunt them the year around. In some of the large reclaimed tide marshes of Salem and Cumberland counties, N. J., the trapping of these animals for fur is so profitable that the larger owners of these dyked lands lease the privilege of trapping upon them for considerable sums of money yearly. An examination of the reports of fur dealers in Pennsylvania and New Jersey shows that muskrat furs number five times as many as all other kinds of fur put together, with an aggregate value of about double that of all the others. The food of the muskrat is rarely secured at the expense of man, being confined largely to aquatic vegetation of little use in agriculture. I have known one in severe winter weather to travel overland through deep snow to a corn crib after grain. They damage some grain and vegetables, but the aggregate amount is trifling. They have been accused of killing fish, and have a habit of gathering mussels from the mud and piling them upon the logs and rocks to die. The shell thus opens and the contents are devoured by some animal, presumably the rat, though I have never seen them do it. No doubt minks, 'coons, and foxes, etc., participate in those feasts. The muskrat, like the beaver, has two distinct classes of homes, the earth burrow and the house or lodge in either of which they live, but only rear their young in the former. Along swiftly flowing streams or lakes without extensive marshy tracts the first kind of home is alone practicable, but in tide-water and in open swampy areas which are always submerged and inaccessible except by wading or boat, the rats pile up heaps of grass, leaves, mud and sticks to the height of two or three feet and six feet in diameter, making an oven-shaped chamber near the top, and entering it from below by two or three waterways leading to the distant bed of the stream. This home generally overtops the highest tide and flood, and is often so bulky as to fill a cart.

Among the mountains of Pennsylvania the panther was formerly not rare, but thirty or forty years ago it had become scarce, and perhaps the last one killed was in Clearfield and Suffolk counties in December, 1871. This animal was treed by a bulldog, and on the day following a second was tracked to a swamp near Big Run. When the bulldog was put on the track it drove the panther

under a rock nearby, but the dog going in after it dragged it out. It finally broke away from him and took refuge on a rock, where it remained until the hunter killed it. In Lycoming county there is an inferential tradition that a panther killed a man. The two specimens killed by Mr. Hastings, a male and a female, are said to have measured, the female 8 feet; the male, 9 feet. On the other hand, we know that panthers killed by Mr. Roosevelt in Colorado averaged about 72 inches, the largest male being 8 feet long; the largest female 7 feet long.

The Canada lynx has been taken in Pennsylvania in quite recent years, though it was probably never a common species in Pennsylvania. Specimens taken within the State have been examined by the author, and one is reported as having been killed in Lycoming county in 1896.

The wildcat is probably increasing in Pennsylvania, but scarce in New Jersey.

Both the red and gray foxes are abundant in both States.

Of the wolf, Mr. Rhoads has much to say, and he believes that in Pennsylvania it has been exterminated only within a few years, although in New Jersey the last wolves were probably seen in the early part of the last century. Pennsylvania accounts seem to indicate that a remnant of the typical wolf of the Allegheny may still exist in some of the mountains of the State. In Clearfield county a wolf is reported to have been killed by a man with a club the winter of 1891-92, and wolves have been seen and their tracks have been seen at different points in recent years. But these are not records to which the scientific observer would care to tie himself.

There seems to be evidence, however, that wolves still exist in Somerset and Westmoreland counties in Pennsylvania, and that at least one wolf was captured there perhaps in 1897. Wolves have been killed also in Tioga county, but they were western prairie wolves purchased from a circus for 50 cents apiece, and then killed and \$10 bounty collected on each one. The date of the extermination of the wolf in New Jersey is a long way back.

The wolverine, known also as glutton, and recently more or less discussed as carcajou, no doubt formerly occurred in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, but must have always been rare in recent years. There is testimony, however, of wolverines having been captured in Pennsylvania in the latter half of the nineteenth century, but only on one or two occasions.

The fisher or black cat may still occasionally be found in the rough mountains of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Rhoads has secured many records of its capture in recent years.

The black bear, of course, is still occasionally found in the territory under consideration, and some observers in 1900 report them as increasing.

Among the introduced species mentioned in Mr. Rhoads' list are Franklin's spermophile from the west, the beaver, and possibly the western timber wolf. There is a long list of extinct mammals.

Mr. Rhoads' admirable work is one which should be not only in every public library in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, but in the library of every man resident in those States who is able to afford the luxury of a few books. It would be hard to imagine a volume which should have a greater interest for each resident of these States than this one, and indeed it is besides of much practical use to the farmer, and the man who spends much of his time out of doors. The volume is heartily to be commended. The cloth bound book sells for \$2.50.

The Apple Bird.

Editor Forest and Stream:

May I thank Forked Deer through you for his last contribution to the "apple-bird" mystery? He has certainly proved to my satisfaction that he got the right bird, and it is no doubt my own fault that I cannot name it from his description, but that light stripe the length of the under parts is beyond my experience in woodpeckers. However, one of the first things to learn in science is that there is a great deal that we have not seen ourselves, and one of the next (which I set aside because I was not afraid to show what I didn't know myself if I could find out what someone else did know about the "apple-bird"), is "not to guess without you know." There can be practically no doubt about this bird, and yet I am not acquainted with any plumage of the Lewis's woodpecker which answers to the description.

If someone could settle the point authoritatively it would give me one more additional good point about the woodpeckers, for all the information that Forked Deer has given about the habits of the bird, including its eating green corn, bears the mark of unimpeachable authenticity.

There are notes upon notes published in natural history, some manifestly bogus, some as patently careless, some written by those who have had neither the information nor the experience to enable them to make a true record, so that they put together a tissue of well-meaning blunders; but I wonder sometimes if those who really do have the ability to tell the truth clearly and who are good enough to record their observations for the public service, know how quickly their records are sorted out from the trash and taken in charge by the specialist in some department. There is always someone who is waiting for just that bit of information.

FANNIE HARDY ECKSTORM.

An Albino Squirrel.

DECORAH, Iowa, Oct. 14.—A snow white female squirrel was captured here last Sunday without injury. She is a most beautiful animal, almost full grown, young, pure white, with pink eyes. Understanding that FOREST AND STREAM had a standing offer for animals of the albino persuasion, will you kindly write me what, if any, price or prices you hold out for same, or refer me to a fancier who is reliable, as this is a chance for a handsome pet?

M. A. HARMON.

[We do not give prizes for albino specimens.]

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is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the book.

American Game Brds.

III.—The Quail.

FROM the personal point of view, each one generally has his own preference in respect to the bird which he prefers to shoot to secure the greatest pleasure, and this preference in turn determines the shooter's opinion that such bird is therefore the best of all birds for the purposes of sport. Thus one prefers ducks, and not considering that his own personal idiosyncrasies, or greater success, or habit and long association, or what not, may have much to do with his preference, he solemnly avows that duck shooting is the best of all shooting. And so with him whose choice of sport is the shooting of some other bird—that bird is sure to be exalted above all others.

But from the standpoint of the greatest good to the greatest number, quail shooting for many reasons is the best of all shooting. It is a kind which affords such mixed shooting—open and cover, slow and swift—that parts can be found to meet the skill and fancy of all, be the former true or great, and the latter fastidious.

There is much of the open quail shooting which is not so difficult as to dishearten him of moderate skill, while, on the other hand, shooting in cover tests the skill of the most expert sportsman. And again, taken all in all, whether in open or cover, the quail shooter of good average skill can compass a good showing in results, having the consequent pleasure which comes from reasonable success.

In this connection, it may not be amiss to maintain that a certain degree of success is essential to the shooter's pleasure. Many writers deprecate the consideration of the bag, treating it as an irrelevant, gross incident, so dominated by the beauties of nature and the ethics of shooting in the abstract that it should be mentioned in hushed tones, or viewed with eyes askance. The beautiful and the useful of sport should go hand in hand. Each is a part of the great whole, and as such should be equal factors in sportsmanship. To the sentimental, which ennobs and adorns the useful of life, there must be added the material and the practical. To the shooter there must be reward for his efforts. It has often been said that it is not all of shooting to shoot, nor all of fishing to fish, forgetting the converse that, all of shooting or fishing being absent, there is no shooting nor fishing at all.

As to quail shooting in respect to quantity, there is more of it than there is of any other kind of shooting, hence each shooter can better satisfy his longings for sport if it be measured by the possibilities of the bag or the number of opportunities offered. And there is also more of it when measured by the matter of time, for it extends through a season of about five months, taking it as it is in the North and the South. Thus the man whose business cares leave him but a few days for shooting, and these at no definite time, has more possibilities of sport on quail than on any other bird.

But the very abundance of the quail seems to have checked the proper appreciation of it. Not that it is treated with neglect, but there seems to be a lack of the enthusiasm and lavish use of the superlatives, as is often to be noted when writers are discoursing on the ruffed grouse, or woodcock, etc. Nevertheless, it is not uncommon to have a keen relish for what is rare, even if it be not of the best, while the good may be so common as to escape notice.

The quail is more uniformly and widely distributed throughout the United States than is any other game bird. Its habitat generally comprises both open and cover (though whole districts are exceptions, as will be touched on later), thus, besides giving the sportsman a mixed style of shooting, is added the charm of constant variety and the testing of the sportsman's skill in woodcraft. It differs from the ruffed grouse, whose habitat is in the woods, a much smaller section relatively. The ruffed grouse is strictly a bird of the forest. It in practical shooting never can be the bird of the people, though it be a bird whose qualities are equal to testing the skill of the best sportsmen.

All works on natural history, so far as I know, teach that the quail's habitat comprises conjointly both open and cover, and while such is true in a general way, there are important exceptions to it—so much so that a work devoted to the habits and habitat of the quail as they are in one locality might be distinctly erroneous if applied to the quail of some other locality. In

this respect it differs from the prairie chicken and the ruffed grouse; for of the one it may be said without qualification, that it is a bird of the prairie, of the other that it is a bird of the woods. Such saying of them will be found to be true where these birds may be found.

The quail thrives wherever it can obtain a food supply, in open or cover. It readily adjusts its habitat according to the dominating circumstances of food and cover, whether it be in prairie or woods, or a country comprising both open and cover.

In the country north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi rivers, it frequents the open fields largely, preferring such as have a good food supply, with hedges or old walls and fences fringed with brush, or nearby woods and thickets to which it can run or fly for shelter or safety. In such sections it rarely goes far into the woods, preferring to skirt along the outer edges of them merely for protection and shelter. The hawks are its deadly enemies and it needs ever to be alert in avoiding them.

Flights.

Often the flight of the quail when fleeing is a compromise between cover and open, so that it is never so easy a prey to mediocre skill as is the bird of the open, the prairie chicken, slow of wing, little given to strategy in evading its enemies, and trusting for safety to flight, which is neither swift in itself nor puzzling to the shooter.

As the ruffed grouse is so discouraging to most of shooters consequent to being beyond their skill, patience or endurance, so the prairie chicken, being at the other extreme, soon dulls the sportsman's interest from the monotony of the sport which is afforded, and the ease with which the bird may be killed. The chief merit of chicken shooting consists in that it is summer shooting, coming at a time when the zest of the sportsman is keen from months of deprivation from sport with dog and gun, and when the outing has the charm of the prairie in its most beautiful adorning. There is a monotonous sameness to chicken flights which begin and end in the open, thus lacking the variety which pervades the sport when solving flights in cover and open wherein the trees and brush force the shooter to time his shots and to take advantage quickly of the opportunities offered. Such combinations of obstructions and flights, curves and straight lines, require a style of shooting differing in every particular from the spiritless and calculating method so commonly practiced by the methodical chicken shooter. When the chicken becomes very wild, as it does late in the season, it flushes at long ranges and is difficult to shoot. Shooting then is a test of the gun quite as much as it is of the shooter. However, chicken shooting is at a time when nearly all sportsmen have finished their shooting on the prairie, hence late, it is not worthy of much consideration as a sport of the many.

Roosts and Shooting.

The quail oftenest roosts in the open fields, where there is at least a few inches growth of grass, stubble or weeds for concealment, and it uses the same place many times if not constantly disturbed. This is indicated by the grass or other vegetation being beaten down in the roost, the small circular opening, about 2 feet in diameter, and the pile of droppings in the center of it.

The birds huddle on the ground, bunched up close in a circular form with their heads outside; thus all face toward the outer circumference of the circle which cannot be approached without coming to the view of some bird. This arrangement is said to provide admirably for the safety of the whole. In theory it seems a wise arrangement; in practice it works very faulty, since they often fly reluctantly when they have comfortably adjusted themselves for a night's rest. The pointer or setter also can draw very close to them then, generally doing it with greater precision than when they are more scattered about, the evening hours being more favorable for stronger scent and accurate pursuit. Were not dogs trained to such stanchness as is required in shooting, they could easily, at such juncture, spring in and capture, as indeed some partially trained dogs will do under the circumstances.

In the States of greatest bird abundance, as in Arkansas, Mississippi, etc., and where there are many ragweed fields, in them very destructive shooting often takes place near the twilight hours, when the birds have settled themselves for their slumbers. When the dog points the bevy the shooter fixes himself at the proper distance from the roost to obtain the best scatter of the shot. Then the huddled birds, being flushed, swarm up loosely together for 3 or 4 feet then the shooter takes a snapshot at them, and often does nearly as much consequent damage as if he had potted them on the ground. It is hardly necessary to add that this practice is disapproved by all true sportsmen.

In the Prairie Region.

In Minnesota, Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas and other prairie States, the quail readily adapts itself to the local peculiarities of the different sections, utilizing such slight advantages as may offer, as hedges, fences, the cover with which most streams are fringed, high weeds, etc., in this respect the habitat of one bevy being quite distinct from that of another even in the same immediate locality.

Its Enemies.

The quail sadly needs cover for its protection, its destroyers being both of air and earth—hawks, foxes, dogs, etc.—and the eggs, too, fall a prey to the rapacious appetites of some of its enemies. In the South the cur dogs of the negroes—every family owning one or more, all kept in a kind of half-furnished condition—crowl through the fields seeking for food, they are the very worst of egg destroyers. Were it not so sturdy and prolific, its fate would be swift and extermination certain.

The negro dogs seem to be almost omnivorous. In the fall they may be seen making daily visits to some persimmon tree, under which they eat the fallen fruit with great apparent relish. The ones which have some claim to blood are not averse to making a meal in the cornfield on corn when it is in the milky stage. With such rapacious enemies to contend against, the destruction of the quail must be great, but in addition to all that, many by man are trapped and netted, methods which destroy whole bevies at a time.

Quail of the Woodland.

But to return to the matter of the quail's habitat—in certain parts of the South, as in the oak woods in sections of Alabama, Texas, Arkansas, or in the pine woods of Louisiana, Mississippi, etc., the quail may live wholly in the woods, food, always a first consideration, being therein secured in abundance.

In cover, some of the shooting is easy and some of it very difficult, though hardly ranking in difficulty with ruffed grouse shooting. The quail is neither so wary nor so wild as the ruffed grouse. Shooting in some parts of the pine woods is almost as easy shooting as shooting in the open, the ground being bare except for its covering of dry pine needles. The smooth trunks of the pine trees standing several yards apart and free from limbs upward of 30 or 40 feet, offer no serious obstacle to the shooting. In other sections of the pine woods, where the growth of the trees is more stunted and the limbs grow from near the ground up, the difficulty of the shooting is second to none, and in some sections is almost prohibitive.

Prairie Quail.

Again, there are sections wherein the quail live on the open prairie, as in parts of Arkansas, and being strictly open shooting, it much resembles chicken shooting, excepting the difference in the size and speed of the two birds, the quail being much the quicker to get away at the start. The quail makes its flight in the open prairie, lighting near any little bit of shrubbery, be it no more than a bush or two of sumach, which, by the way, grows here and there on the prairie in Arkansas. In the woods, when pursued, it frequently takes to the tree tops for safety, where it is hidden indeed. On the warm days, or when there has been a long spell of pleasant weather, it is far less wild than when the weather has been stormy, or when there has been a sudden change from warm to cold. Such changes add to the difficulties of the shooting immeasurably.

Northern Shooting.

In the North the quail makes its habitat where some buckwheat or other grain field is available for a food supply. It so arranges its haunts that it has some cover within easy flight in the densest part of which it seeks safety when flushed, not refusing the heavily timbered swamps if too much persecuted by the shooter. In such places it has an excellent chance from pursuit or to foil its pursuer by simply running away, or, if pressed to take flight, it has many chances to escape, owing to the difficulty of shooting accurately in the dense cover.

New England shooting is the most difficult of all quail shooting, excepting perhaps shooting in the dense pines of some sections of the South. Then to have any satisfactory success, the scattered birds must be diligently followed and sought in the thickets, be they ever so dense. In this respect it differs from shooting in the sections of more abundance, where such close attention to the scattered birds is unnecessary either for sport or the interest of the bag.

In the South, where there is an abundance of birds comparatively, the sportsman rarely tarries with a bevy which gives him any special difficulty. It is much easier and more satisfactory to go on and seek more birds. For this reason, even under favorable opportunity, the scattered birds are never, as a rule, hunted

till the last one is flushed, and flushed again when it is possible, as in the North.

In New England buckwheat fields are the quails' choicest resorts for food, and any adjacent brush, or long grass of swamp or upland, or the skirts of woods, afford the shelter and protection that they need or seek. No doubt the birds become wilder in the North than in the South, for first of all the inclement weather of the North tends to make them so, and there is a much more relentless pursuit of them by the shooter. The birds being scarce, after the bevy is scattered the search continues while there is a hope of finding a single remaining one, and if success with them has been unsatisfactory the shooter may return later to catch them, when they are whistling to each other in their attempts to come together as a bevy.

Local Quail Dogs.

In the broad plantations of Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, etc., a dog of reasonably wide range is necessary, much wider than would be either desirable or useful in New England or similar sections in respect to cover; for there is much of the country in the South open and cover which everywhere affords a bountiful food supply, and therefore, the birds are to be found in the most unexpected places. The cover and cultivated fields of the South do not aid the hunter's judgment as to quail haunts to the degree that they do in New England shooting. In the latter place there are comparatively few areas in which the birds can get both food and cover together, or even food alone, and the sportsman soon learns to distinguish the favorable places. In the South, in cover and open, there is food in abundance everywhere. There are vast fields, some of which are overgrown with sedge grass, others with weeds, with fields of cotton and corn interspersed, any part of which is a fit habitat for the birds; thus the dog working out such ground in the South can, as a rule, beat out all parts of it with probable success. In the more open grounds of the South, the dog can be seen at long distances, so that a wide range is not detrimental in itself, providing that the dog is really working to the gun and not self-hunting, or semi-self-hunting.

As to the manner in which the dog should hunt, no hard and fast rule can be laid down which would apply to all sections.

Whatever may be the habitat of the quail, it learns to make the most of its surroundings in promoting its own safety and interests. It learns whether it is better to fly or run in evading its pursuer, and the best strategy to attain that end. If good cover is conveniently near, it may trust to its wings at once for safety, and to its legs and wings if followed into the cover.

If the country is open or with narrow and insufficient cover, as in parts of Louisiana and other sections where the ground is thoroughly cultivated, it trusts a great deal to its legs and cunning devices. In working on such birds, the dog must learn to govern his work by the circumstances of it. He might be an excellent performer on quail in the North and a poor one in the South, or he might be a good one in Mississippi and a poor one in Louisiana, though the presumption is that, if he was good in one section, he would soon be so in any other section after the necessary experience.

Dogs in Louisiana.

Many of the plantations of Louisiana are drained by open ditches running parallel at reasonably equal distances from each other, though the distances may vary greatly one field with another, and may be 50 or 200 yards more or less apart, while other ditches of like arrangement intersect them at right angles; thus a plantation may be cut up with more or less regularity into small squares surrounded by ditches. Some plantations may be irregularly ditched, while others, with a fair degree of watershed may not be ditched at all. The heavy rains round out the banks of the ditch and its bottom, and a fringe of weeds and brush thick and thin in places, strings along the banks and makes a fairly good shelter for the quail. On these land squares are grown cotton, or corn, or nothing, as the case may be, though if not cultivated there is always certain to be a good crop of weeds, affording plenty of quail food. When flushed in such places, the quail may fly a few yards to the first ditch, or may cross over two or three ditches before finding a place to its liking.

As mentioned elsewhere, the state of the weather may greatly affect the quail's habits. The bevy having gone to the ditches for safety, the dog, to be useful, must have great superiority in roading if he pursue successfully. When in the ditch, the birds run swiftly along the bottom. It is almost impossible at first to induce the green dog to go into the ditch, or, being in it is impossible to make him remain there, though it may not be over a foot deep, and dry. The green dog will promptly cross out from one side to the other, missing the scent and accomplishing nothing useful.

He does not know what is required of him. But once he catches the idea, he soon improves on it, following carefully along the bottom of the ditch and pointing the scattered birds here and there every few yards apart in ones and twos, the shooter having a good opportunity from his position on the outside to kill as the birds fly out.

The shooting along ditches is not so easy as one might imagine. Sometimes the birds run swiftly several hundred yards or more in the ditch and may then run out and across to other ditches, giving a trial which may try the most experienced dogs to follow.

If the birds happen to be near a cotton or corn field, where the ground is bare and there are no ditches for concealment, they may run so fast and far that the dog may never approach near enough to them to secure a point, and the shooter, who is inexperienced in this work, will then think that his dog is surely deceiving him.

When near the woods or switch cane the birds often take shelter therein; when in the latter cover it is well to abandon further pursuit of them.

In the sugar country, where there may be corn fields here and there among the broad levels of the sugar cane, the character of the shooting again changes. Many birds will be found in and around the cornfields, and then it is very pretty shooting.

It may not be amiss to mention, for the benefit of those who shoot in the sugar country for the first time, that they should keep their dogs out of sugar cane fields as much as possible.

The cane, in harvesting, is cut diagonally across with a knife, thus leaving a stump with an edge which will cut a dog's foot almost as a knife would. It is a common matter for a dog to split his toes or heel on cane stumps, with the resultant crippled condition and no more work from him for a time.

Winter Shooting in the South.

In Mississippi, in the midwinter season, the birds stay in the woods mostly. Good shooting may be had in the South from the middle of November to the first of March. Many of the Southern States have a longer local open season, but the dense cover and warm weather make a natural limitation to the sport.

The weather is mild, the birds are strong, and the sport is at its best in the winter months of the South.

Guns for Quail Shooting.

Quail shooting in the main is close shooting as to the ranges at which the birds are killed. Most birds drop within 25 yards, some much nearer than that distance.

A gun weighing from 6½ to 7½ pounds is of ample weight. The 12-bore is most commonly used, though the 16 and 20-bores are excellent, and are preferred by many sportsmen.

As a matter of course, the smaller bores may be much lighter than the 12-bore.

The 16 and 20-bores being smaller, their killing circle is less, though they shoot with good force in comparison with the 12-bore. Closer holding is required to shoot them well.

Whichever bore is used, it should not be closely choked.

There is no need of a choke-bore in quail shooting. Some shooters use a .28-caliber shotgun.

It is an extremely difficult matter to induce the average shooter to use an improved cylinder-bore gun. The recommendation to use an open bore seems to construe as reflecting on his ability to shoot a close gun instead of being accepted as sound information concerning the gun fit for that particular kind of game.

It requires time to effect a reformation concerning the use of choke-bores in quail shooting.

One needs to treat indulgently the emotional attacks, varying from sentimental to practical, which appertain to shooting; from the romance of it which requires that the landscape be bathed in mellow sunlight, the prairie bespangled with flowers, the breezes laden with the fragrance of the wild woods, the glories of nature coloring all to the attacks in the practical details which require the closest of guns in shooting quail and woodcock, the heaviest of powder loads when the lightest are better and what common sense dictates; or that a point, be it ever so well done and so accurate withal, is sporting heresy unless made by a black, white and tan "blue blood" dog.

The sportsman should go forth equipped for his sport according to its needs, and not to the whimsicalities of senseless fashion. He should not take a full-choked gun in cover, nor a cylinder-bore gun to shoot ducks. There should be intelligent adjustment of means to ends. Industry and skill and woodcraft should not be balked by visionary theories and inappropriate weapons.

A Rare Sport.

The foregoing is written of the quail as it refers to man's pleasure afield with dog and gun. It naturally is not fearful of man. It rather prefers to dwell near his haunts; not from an affection for him, but from

the fact that near cultivated sections there is always more food to be found than in the uncultivated. The matter of providing food for itself and its young is quite as constant and insistent in the life of the quail as it is in the life of man.

It often nests close by the cultivated fields. Its cheery, ventriloquous whistle, reiterating its favorite utterance "Bob White," may be heard about the farms, particularly in the morning hours, and "Bob White" has come into use to designate the bird itself. Sometimes the call is uttered with a short introductory note, and these, with a few alarm calls, or calls of inquiry when the birds have become scattered, seem to be about all the vocal means of communication which these birds have.

In many parts of the South, where the quail are in greater abundance, their sweet notes may be heard in many directions, at many distances, in the early morning and evening hours. These cries work great harm to it, for by them the shooter learns the whereabouts of all the birds in his neighborhood and "locates" the haunts of every bevy. In the fall, the cry "Bob White" often serves to inform the sportsman as to the best course for the morning's hunt. In the South the quail is called "partridge."

In the fall, when the shooting opens, the quail soon learns of the gunning dangers, and its habits thereupon change quickly to conform to a life of greater safety, though it will run many risks to be near an abundance of food. However, when danger is impending, it avoids the open much more than when danger is not, and is more alert, quicker to suspect mankind, and quicker to take alarm.

When spring returns, the quail seem to lose their fears of man, and they breed with little reference to concealment from him. Their confidence is unimpaired till fall approaches, when there is a repetition of all the fears and troubles and dangers of the preceding years.

He who can average three kills out of five shots, cover and open, is an excellent marksman. The shooter may make a run of ten or twenty straight kills, but there are soon sure to come misses if he does not pick his shots. In winter the shooting is much more difficult than in the fall. Of course, "the man who never misses" might do better, but "the man who never misses" is of the parlor, not of the field.

B. WATERS.

Quailing Without a Dog.

AS THE day approached for chicken shooting there was much planning around my house for which a small boy was responsible. The corner of the attic, sacred to rods and guns and field toggerly generally, was visited, and those things necessary for one on chicken shooting bent were collected and packed in the grip.

Our family physician, possessed of several fine pointers, had planned the trip. We were to go to a farmer in the northern part of the State who had a number of coveys marked down and whose stubble fields were "posted" against all comers but the Doctor and his friends. The boy had never shot a chicken and his pulse beat high whenever the subject came up. Certainly the prospects for a day or two of royal sport were of the best. Everything was fixed and settled that on my return from St. Louis we should start off. But my engagements lengthened out, and although the Doctor waited two or three days for me, when I returned I found he had gone. And successive Saturdays brought responsibilities that kept me at my desk. And the boy showed much self-control and patience through it all. One Saturday morning I slammed down the lid of my desk, and, gathering up some rods, we essayed a trip down to Prescott on the Mississippi River to try the bass off the wing dams, and boarding the train we waited for it to start, only to be told that on account of a washout it would be hours before it left the depot, and drawing a sigh of resignation mingled with keen disappointment, the boy shouldered the rods homeward and I went back to my office.

Then the quail season opened and Mr. Fullerton and I planned a trip. He was not only to supply the comradeship and good fellowship, but the dogs as well. He was to meet us at the shooting grounds, but some strenuous work in connection with the breaking up of the Heron Lake market-hunters held Mr. Fullerton at the last moment and we were like the mariner with "quail and quail everywhere, and not a quail to shoot," because we had no dog. And as far as we could learn there was not a dog in the village—that is, a quail dog.

"Come, pa, and let us tramp the woods; we may scare up something," and we tramped the woods. The boy was alive and alert to everything. The desolate and storm-beaten nests, the former occupants of which were now well toward the south, were quickly espied out by him, and the kind of bird builder conjectured at. The toadstools, mosses, curiously twisted trees, the giant elm riven to the roots by the electric fluid, all absorbed his attention. A passing flock of mallards, high up and afar, brought forth many questions concerning the proper way to hunt that wary bird.

And then we tramped and rested and talked the hours away in the October woods. I remarked to the boy how disappointed I felt over the mishap to our plans, and was met by the reply: "Well, we're having a great time, anyway." And as we walked along through the rustling leaves and turned our faces toward the hotel for our noonday meal, I vowed to scour the village once more for some kind—in fact any kind—of a dog. And I found a Good Samaritan who owned a finely bred pointer dog, young and absolutely unbroken. The owner gave me the pedigree of the dog, and while prognosticating all

kinds of fool things the dog would do yet, promised us some fun with him. The dog would find the birds, that was certain; but as to holding them—that was another story.

And getting a rig we bundled in and drove out of town a few miles, stopping at the first combination of stubble, thicket and woods we came to. We put out the dog and worked up a steep knoll in the stubble field. As he reached the top the dog suddenly turned and stiffened. A whirr, five quick shots, and the birds like a flash disappeared behind the knoll and presumably into the thicket lining the woods a short distance off. The boy unmistakably had killed his bird, one going well to the right, and was elated beyond measure.

And so the ball was opened. The dog certainly did "run in," and showed a thorough disregard for the first principles of discipline, obedience, and did no end of fool things, but he had a nose that not only found the living birds but the dead ones as well. As we drove along, at the roadside fifty yards ahead, grouped on a bit of closely cropped sward, we saw a bevy of quail. We pulled up. The dog scented the birds on the breeze, and, despite the yells of his master, started on a steeple-chase gallop for them. The main bevy stood alert and showed no intention of rising. Separated from the bevy was one bird, a few yards nearer to us, and this quail the dog selected, and sprang at it like a fox at his prey, endeavoring to seize it in his mouth. The quail sprinted ahead of the dog and we were all interested lookers on. The bevy was seemingly as much interested as any of us. It was but a few seconds before the dog gained on the bird, when it flushed, and, at the same time the whole bevy went into the air.

The dog watched them, and tracking them down unerringly ran to the spot, which, fortunately for us, was a brush heap, but having hidden themselves well under same, the dog had to stand point until we came up.

And so it happened that with a no-account dog, a dog that some impatient hunter might have, in a moment of rage, filled full of shot, we yet not only got birds, but enjoyed ourselves—especially the boy. Skirting the dividing line between stubble and woods Harold gave us a dissertation upon rabbit hunting, and was somewhat confident in his belief in his marksmanship on rabbits, when round the corner of the fence and through the stubble thirty yards away came a cottontail bounding toward him. He fired and missed, the shot tearing up the stubble above the rabbit. Then quoting freely from Bogaardus he tried to reconcile his miss. The shot had not dropped as he thought it would and for which he had made allowance, etc.

It certainly was a day full of experiences—especially of a canine variety. But we certainly went out into the field under no false pretenses, as far as the dog was concerned. But despite opinions to the contrary, we found him far better than no dog at all. It only went to show how people in this world can get along if they will only adapt themselves to their surroundings and to circumstances. We made allowances for the unbroken "pup," made the best of things, had a splendid afternoon's outing, gave the boy a most enjoyable time, and went home with a bunch of quail which the boy insisted on carrying himself, and of which he was very proud. So why complain if the dog did many things that he ought not to have done, and left undone those things that he ought to have done? He did the best he could, and did not do differently because of a lack of training.

His owner is to put him in the hands of a trainer, and some day we may again shoot over him when he will know better than to try to catch and eat every quail he scents and sees.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

That Reminds Me.

THE other day I had to go down East on a little business over the end of the week, and, of course, I took my shotgun along on the chance that I might be able to get a day off with my friend, Ernest C. Davis, who has the inside track of a whole lot of bully good grouse and woodcock covers. On the way to the North Station I bought a copy of FOREST AND STREAM of October 17, and noted with much interest the letter of Mr. E. H. Kniskern, of Ridgway, Pa., concerning "Grouse Self Killings." I clipped this out and showed it to Mr. Davis when I got to his house late the next night, and he told me of a case of self-destruction by a grouse which beats anything I have ever heard of in this line.

Mr. Davis and a friend from down in Vermont had been shooting all day in the covers back of Rockland, and just at dusk were flying for home behind his little fast mare that only touches the high spots. As they came down over the brow of a little hill, with covers on both sides, something passed swiftly out of the cover on the right of the road and seemed to fly straight into the forward wheel. The horse was pulled up, and just as Mr. Davis got out to go back and see whether they had run over a bird, a partridge dropped out from under the front spring of the wagon and fluttered in the road, startling the horse, and nearly getting Mr. Davis run over. Apparently the bird had either gone through the front wheel of the wagon or passed just in front of it and flown into the spring, its neck being caught between the spring and the wagon box or between the spring and the axle, and it was so killed. The next day he showed me the exact spot where the incident occurred, and his description of the affair was corroborated in detail by a native who keeps a little cooper shop just at the top of the hill. I do not mean to infer that this story, remarkable as it is, would need any corroboration, for Mr. Davis is noted for his truthfulness, and anyway, I saw the wagon, the horse and the hill where it all happened.

While we were discussing the matter there in the road, and he showing me exactly how it all happened, the dogs rounded to a point in a corner of the cover just down the hill, and we shot there one of the biggest woodcock we got during the day. We found the woodcock fairly plentiful. I think they were mostly flight birds. We got nineteen birds in a day and a half, only five of them being partridges. There do not seem to be many young partridges anywhere in New England this year so far as I can learn. It is the general theory that the young birds were hatched out during the drought early in the spring.

and were nearly all killed by the long spell of cold rain which followed during June.

Not only is my friend Davis a good sportsman, but he can shoot like oiled lightning, and when he gets into a streak of luck, there is nothing that cannot happen to him. He has the slickest kind of a lunch box equipment made up to hold just the things you need, and this is always in the bottom of the wagon. There is included a little alcohol chafing dish for frying the steak and boiling the coffee at noon. After we got five or six miles out of town, he happened to remember that the bottle of alcohol for the chafing dish lamp had been left on the kitchen table. He had hardly finished expressing his sentiments concerning the matter, before we saw in the road ahead of us a package which had been spilled out of a wagon. I jumped out to examine it and found that it had consisted of two bottles—one of which, containing that which passes in the prohibition State of Maine for whisky, having been run over and broken; and the other sound and whole, containing a pint of alcohol. I think this ought to make a fitting addition to your "Strange Finds of Sportsmen."

That night we opened the camp in the birches at Alford's Pond and by eight o'clock we had finished our supper of broiled partridges and baked potatoes, had washed up the dishes and were ready to turn in. It had been decided that we should arise at 4:30 to get a good half day's shooting before going home, and Ernest undertook the contract to wake us up on time. After I had been totally unconscious for what seemed about ten hours, I heard him getting up and feeling around for a match. He called across the partition to ask what time I thought it was. I guessed it was about four o'clock. After he had bumped himself against the furniture and the doors, he got into my room and found a match in my shooting coat and got my watch out of my trousers and found it was 10:30. The next time I woke up it was 11 o'clock, but we got away in a jiffy and managed to get in another good half day's sport before going back again to be "chained to business."

ROBERT L. WARNER.

BOSTON, Oct. 23.

In Maine Woods.

BANGOR, Me., Oct. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream*—The strange and curious things that people will read and what is worse, believe, in the metropolitan papers, actually beyond comprehension of the ordinary mind. To one living in the State of Maine, or who has become familiar with it by virtue of frequent visits, the great mass of so-called "information" that might well be termed "misinformation," sent broadcast through the land by reporters who are merely filling space in the daily press, is both disgusting and amusing.

A striking instance of this misleading "news" came your correspondent's notice this week, and it gave him cause for many a hearty laugh, although he was careful not to hurt the feelings of the two "innocents" most nearly concerned. Upon a train going north he met two men with rifles, who inquired the distance to Greenville and later secured all the helpful information the newspaper man was able to give them in the way of names of reliable guides, etc., as an aid to a pleasant and successful trip. They told, by degrees, how they had read in the highly reputable New York city newspaper of the wonderful increase in bears in Maine, embellished by wonderful instances to prove the story, and on the strength thereof they had come to Bangor, fully expecting to be able to pick up (in Bangor) a guide anywhere on the streets, and go forth to kill bear from there. It was something of a shock to find, when 700 miles from home that they must go nearly another hundred—as someone advised them—before they could hope to meet with the game of the great Maine woods. To be sure, one need not go as far as Greenville to find game, but neither could it be found in Bangor, except in very rare instances.

To-day has proved, at this writing, and the evening trains are yet to be heard from, the record breaker of the season, as more deer and moose have passed into and through this city than for any previous day of the open season. Over fifty deer came into the city on one night, besides several moose and bears, and the total pieces of game examined by the wardens at the depot was close to the hundred mark. To-night's train will be nearly as heavy, if not greater, and the shipment of the twenty-four hours ending at midnight will more like the "good old days" of 1902, when all previous records were eclipsed.

A matter that receives far less attention than it ought from sportsmen going into the woods of Maine, is the leaving of names and woods addresses with the nearest telegraph office. Nobody expects bad news, but it is liable to come when least expected, and the man who tells the station agent or telegraph operator how he can be found in case of urgent need, may save much delay and sorrow for himself. This was forcibly illustrated this week when an out-of-the-State man was telegraphed that his father was dead. The telegram was addressed to an unknown camp via Katahdin Iron Works, no one there or in that vicinity having ever heard of a camp run by a man of the name given. But a man was at once dispatched to Camp Comfort, thence to Brown & Son's, and still beyond Freese's, whence the messenger returned the Chairback Mountain camps, which he reached at night, only to find his quest fruitless there. Believing that the one remaining camp in that vicinity, the Houst Pond camp, must harbor the bereaved sportsman, the sportsman stopping at the Chairback Mountain camp volunteered to do as he would be done by, and pilot the messenger through the notch of the Chairback range to the camps, which was made as quick a trip as was possible, the trail being followed on the lope so as to get the man word in season to take the forenoon train out of Bangor. Finally the man was located and the message delivered at Barnard, miles away from the Katahdin Iron Works region, and on another line of railroad. The sportsman had left his address when he left the railroad for the woods, there would have been no delay in the receipt of the message, not to mention a great saving in unnecessary expense.

Caribou are undoubtedly drifting back into Maine, and unless the contention of some old hunters that they were

driven out by the deer is true, will before many years become once more plentiful in this State. Already they are being reported quite often by sportsmen and other hunters, and they have one caribou in Aroostook county that is attracting widespread attention. This animal has joined the flock of sheep owned by a farmer in Ludlow, not far from Houlton, and wherever those sheep go, so, too, does the caribou go, and nothing will seemingly drive the creature from its adopted friends. It is as little afraid of humanity as the sheep it mingles with, and many people have driven from all the country around to see the unusual sight.

Bears continue to form a most interesting feature of the shipments to and through this city, and there has been a considerable number of moose brought out of the woods by sportsmen. Robert B. Blair, of Brewer, joined a party of friends from Springfield, Me., for a trip into the region beyond that town, and two of the party killed bull moose, while there were several seen. They report that moose were wonderfully plentiful in that locality, and they had no trouble in getting what they wanted.

It is not likely that many parties will have the great luck of seven jolly traveling men who spent two days in camp on Sugar Island, Moosehead Lake. There were in the party Charles S. Gilman, of Portland; Whit. Sawyer, F. H. Lathrop, Charles Peeling, Harry Peeling, Charles Small, and A. S. Tripp, of Boston, and they not only killed what deer they wanted, but added three bears to the record for this fall.

Dr. W. B. French, of Boston, started out with his guide the other morning from Five Islands in Schoodic Lake, and his guide, Charles Hoxie, of Orneville, took him to a good moose section beyond Sebosis Lake. When the morning train from Bangor reached Milo, these men got aboard to ride to Schoodic, having killed, dressed and hung up two moose, and reached Milo in time for the train. It was a great morning's hunt.

Some others of the successful moose hunters include A. G. McClintock, of Washington, D. C., who has been at Nesowadnehunk Lake; N. L. Millard, North Adams, Mass., who has been at Trout Pond, near Grindstone; Ernest E. Rogers, of New London, Conn., who shot his moose at Webster Brook; Frank N. Houghton, of Somersworth, N. H., who made his hunting grounds around Fish Lake in the North Aroostook country; P. S. Noble, of St. Louis, Mo., who was in the Ox Bow region, going up the Aroostook to satisfactory hunting grounds. Dr. V. R. Gardner, of Factoryville, Pa., was one of a party that went into camp at Shin Pond, reached via Patten, and he killed a fine moose, with antlers spreading 51 inches; a very nice specimen. N. Ricker, of Holyoke, Mass., went home after an outing at the East Branch of the Penobscot, satisfied with a moose, a bear and two deer; Joseph G. Vaudreuil, of Worcester, Mass., secured his moose on or near Sandy stream, a tributary of Millinocket Lake.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

A Colorado Game Case.

COLORADO COURT OF APPEALS, SEPTEMBER TERM, 1903.

E. W. Hornbeke, Appellant, vs. C. M. White, Appellee.
Appeal from the District Court of Mesa county.

Argument for Appellant.

Statement of the Case.

December 10, 1900, White, plaintiff below, had in his possession 300 deer hides, which he had bought in the neighborhood of Meeker, Colorado, in violation of the game laws.

These hides he was transporting to Rawlins, Wyoming, to sell, when he was overhauled by the defendant, Hornbeke, who was then a deputy sheriff, and White and the hides were taken back to Meeker, where, by some sort of an arrangement with James Lytle, a deputy game warden, White paid \$30 and the hides were returned to him. True, the plaintiff claims that this transaction was wholly between the defendant and himself. Whatever the truth may be, it can make no difference in the result. Nor does it matter whether the transaction was a corrupt deal or a sale under the provisions of the game law.

On January 28, 1901, White was again found in possession of about the same number of hides in Axial Basin, when he was again overhauled by Hornbeke, who had then been appointed a deputy game warden in place of Lytle, and the hides were taken to Meeker, and there placed in the custody of T. H. Johnson, State Game and Fish Commissioner.

There is serious question whether these were the same hides taken from plaintiff on December 10 previous, but that is altogether immaterial, as he had no right of possession in either event when the seizure of January 28 was made.

On February 2, 1901, White filed his original complaint for replevin in the Rio Blanco County Court, and the hides were taken by the sheriff.

The case found its way into the Mesa County District Court, where it was tried before a jury, resulting in a verdict for plaintiff for some \$400.

Argument.

I. The Principles Underlying Game Laws.

This, we believe, is the first case under the game laws which has found its way into an appellate court of this State, and we deem it important to get before the court what we understand to be the true foundation and correct application of laws intended for the preservation of game.

Many cases have been heard in the courts below, on the criminal side, and the defendants acquitted on grounds as erroneous as those on which the plaintiff here succeeded, but, being criminal cases, the State was without remedy.

With the possible exception of the mountain lion, the coyote and the wolf, the most persistent and heartless enemies of the game, and at the same time the most difficult to detect and punish, are the meat and hide hunters and buyers.

If, with the law declaring the limit in possession for one person to be two horned deer (or any part thereof), and that in the open season only, a man can successfully get away with 300 hides of all sexes and ages, in the close season, then game laws are ineffectual, and the game department had as well be abolished.

The importance of this case is, therefore, apparent, and it is now for the first time up to this court to determine and declare the law in Colorado, and put an effectual quietus on this lawless business, and thereby aid in putting a stop to game law violations, and in protecting the game of the State from the annihilation soon to occur if the law is not more rigorously enforced.

A popular error prevails that possession and ownership of game, once acquired in pursuance of law, is of that fee simple and indestructible quality that attaches to the possession and ownership of property generally, instead of a qualified right depending wholly on the provisions of the laws relating to game.

It has been difficult for inferior courts to get rid of this idea, which must be done in order to properly administer game laws.

It has also been difficult for some courts to comprehend that cases involving game law violations are not solely between the individuals named in the suit, but also between the State and the violators, and that the officer or party representing the State is wholly without authority to act except in the manner and to the extent provided by law, and has no power to waive any provision of the law, condone any offense or create any estoppel against the State.

This is especially so in a civil case, like the one at bar, which the court below seems to have treated as an equitable action between the parties, in which the defendant officer might estop himself and the State by his failure to comply with the requirements of the law, and thereby deprive the State of its property.

Geer vs. Conn., 161 U. S., 519, is the leading game case in this country, and in it the principles involved in the game law, and their origin, are so fully stated that we trust the court will not only read our quotations therefrom, but read the whole case.

The questions involved in the case at bar arise under the game laws of 1899, chapter 98, the amendments of 1903 not affecting them.

Section 16, division A, is as follows:

"All game and fish now or hereafter within this State not held by private ownership, legally acquired, and which for the purposes of this act shall include all the quadrupeds, birds and fish mentioned in this act, are hereby declared to be property of the State, and no right, title, interest or property therein can be acquired or transferred, or possession thereof had or maintained except as herein expressly provided." (Page 188.)

In Illinois a similar statute exists and in Meul vs. People, 64 N. E., 1106 (Ill.), it is said:

"Prior to this enactment the State had general ownership of animals *feræ naturæ*—not as a proprietor, but in its sovereign capacity, as the representative of the people, and for the benefit of all the people in common. Sec. 11 places the title and ownership in the State as a proprietor and the individual may no longer acquire ownership by capturing, killing or reclaiming such animals, except in so far as permitted so to do by other provisions of the act."

This is perhaps slightly different from the view taken in the Geer case, as to the status of game in the absence of statutes like those of Colorado, Illinois and many other States, vesting ownership in the State, as the Geer case apparently makes no distinction between the two kinds of ownership.

This difference, if any, however, is of no practical importance. The status of the game when owned by the State in its "sovereign" capacity, was as the common property of the people, with the right in the people to capture or kill at pleasure, except as prohibited by law.

Its status under the statutes of Colorado and other States vesting the ownership in the State as a "proprietor" takes away from the people the right to capture and kill unless prohibited, leaving under these statutes no right except as permitted. In other words, the game without such statutes was like the water of the streams, open to the first appropriator, except as prohibited by law, while under these statutes, like the land and timber of the State, it can be appropriated to use or held in possession only as permitted by law.

Both cases, however, as well as all other game law cases, affirm the power of the State to restrict, regardless of the character of its ownership. All agree also that such laws are within the purview and proper exercise of the police power.

In Stevens vs. Maryland, 43 A., 930, it is said:

"That the total prohibition of having game, from whatever source derived, in possession during the closed season, is a reasonable, if not necessary, means of protecting the domestic game of the State making the prohibition, has been held in a number of cases,"—citing them.

In the Geer case the game laws of Connecticut permitted the killing of birds during certain months, but prohibited their transportation out of the State, or possession with intent to so transport.

Geer was convicted of possession with intent, and his conviction having been affirmed in the Supreme Court of the State was taken to the United States Supreme Court, where he denied generally the validity of the act, and also alleged it to be in violation of interstate commerce clause of the Federal Constitution.

The Supreme Court says that the question presented is—

"Had the State of Connecticut the power to regulate the killing of game within her borders so as to confine its use to the limits of the State and forbid its transmission outside of the State?"

It is then stated that,

"From the earliest traditions the right to reduce animals *feræ naturæ* to possession, has been subject to the control of the law-making power."

The court then points out the difference between the qualified ownership in game acquired under restrictive game laws and that unqualified right in other property acquired under general and unrestrictive laws; and that

the right to kill the game in Connecticut was only given on condition that it be not transported beyond the State limits.

The court also cites from *Magner vs. People*, 97 Ill., 320, the following:

"So far as we are aware, it has never been judicially denied that the Government, under its police powers, may make regulations for the preservation of game and fish, restricting their taking and molestation to certain seasons of the year, although laws to this effect, it is believed, have been in force in many of the older States since the organization of the Federal Government. * * * The ownership being in the people of the State, the repository of the sovereign authority, and no individual having any property rights to be affected, it necessarily results that the Legislature, as the representative of the people of the State, may withhold or grant to individuals the right to hunt and kill game or qualify or restrict, as, in the opinions of its members, will best subserve the public welfare."

The interstate commerce question was disposed of by declaring that, although the exercise of the police power in prohibiting the export of game might remotely and indirectly affect interstate commerce, it was not thereby rendered invalid.

Referring, then, to some cases in Kansas and Idaho holding otherwise on the question of export, the court says:

"The reasoning which controlled the decision of these cases is, we think, inconclusive, from the fact that it did not consider the fundamental distinction between the qualified ownership in game and the perfect nature of ownership in other property, and thus overlooked the authority of the State over property in game killed within its confines, and the consequent power of the State to follow such property into whatever hands it might pass with the conditions and restrictions deemed necessary for the public interest."

The foregoing discussion is for the purpose of showing the principles involved and getting started right, as the questions decided there, although not precisely like those in the case at bar, rest on the same principles.

The sum of the matter, then, is that one suing for the possession of game must point out the statute giving him the right of possession, and also show that he is strictly within its terms. Failing in either, he cannot succeed. And this rule applies to his pleading as well as his evidence.

II. The Application of these Principles.

The court below erred in overruling the objection to the introduction of any evidence, the motion to direct a verdict for defendant, in giving instruction IV., in refusing each instruction asked, and the verdict should have been for defendant. Other errors appear in the record, but the foregoing, or any one of them, raise the only points we deem it necessary to discuss.

White claims that the deer hides in question were the same ones which he had in December, and as, presumably, the jury must have so found, we will discuss it on that assumption.

The game law, section 7, division B, then provided as follows:

Sub. 1. The open season for deer having horns * * * shall begin Aug. 15 and end Nov. 5 next ensuing. (Page 192.)

Sub. 7. The right given by this section to take game or fish is limited to food purposes, * * * and no person shall take, kill or have in possession in any one season more than * * * one deer, and one antelope, or, instead of one deer and one antelope, he may have either two deer or two antelope. (Id.)

Sub. 8. No game or fish shall be held in possession by any person for more than five days after the close of the season for killing the same, except as in this act otherwise provided. (Page 193.)

Sec. 16, Division D. Any person having the lawful possession of game or fish killed within this State, may, upon proof of such fact, have issued to him, by the commissioner, a storage permit which shall authorize storage, possession and use of the same not longer than ninety days next ensuing the open season therefor. (Page 209.)

Sec. 18, Division A * * * whenever the possession, * * * transportation, storage, sale, * * * of game or fish is prohibited or restricted, the prohibition and restriction shall, where not specifically otherwise provided, extend to and include every part of such game or fish, and a violation as to each animal or part thereof shall be a separate offense. * * * (Page 189.)

By section 19, division A, the possession of game or fish, unaccompanied by a proper and valid license, certificate, permit or invoice, is prima facie evidence of unlawful taking and possession. (Page 189.)

So that White not only had 298 more hides than the law permitted, some of which were does and fawns, which are contraband at all times, but, having no storage permit after the season closed, his possession on December 10 was doubly unlawful.

More than that, sections 11 and 13 of division D provide as follows:

Sec. 11. When any person lawfully in possession of game or fish shall desire to transport the same within this State, the transportation of which is not herein otherwise provided for, or out of this State, the commissioner may, upon being satisfied that the possession and transportation is not in violation of the spirit of this act, grant a permit therefor, and thereafter during the period of ten days after its date, such transportation shall be lawful between the points therein named. Such permit shall be substantially in the following form:

Form 11
STATE OF COLORADO.
DEPARTMENT OF GAME AND FISH.
TRANSPORTATION PERMIT.
No. .. Denver,, 189..
This certifies that Mr. is entitled to transport from, Colorado, to the following game and fish, to wit, This authorizes possession and transportation between the points named herein only, but not sale or storage. Void after ten days from date.
.....
Commissioner.

Sec. 13. Game or fish may be transported out of this State only when accompanied by a permit from the commissioner authorizing the same, as provided in Sec. 11 of this division, or when being transported from some other State or Territory where taken or killed, through this State to some other State or Territory.

White was, therefore, by his own admission, attempting to export them without an exportation permit. Bearing in mind that, under the statutory ownership of the State, we do not need to look for a prohibition of an act to render it unlawful, but that the defendant must show that he is acting under a permission found in the law, he had no right to export, or attempt to export, these hides without such permit, as section 1, division G, provides that:

Every attempt to violate any provision of this act shall be punishable to the same extent as an actual violation thereof * * * (Page 217.)

2. The defendant, as deputy sheriff, had a right to seize these hides under section 11, division A, which provides:

The commissioner * * * and every sheriff and constable, in his respective county, is authorized and required to enforce this act and seize any game or fish taken or held in violation of this act * * * (Page 187.)

When, therefore, the defendant seized these hides, on December 10, the possession was then restored to the State, where it rightfully belonged, and the plaintiff must show a right to have them again in his possession on January 28, 1901, before he can successfully maintain his replevin suit.

3. The only way he could have lawful possession of them again, at any time, would be by a sale and purchase under sections 9 and 10, division D, which are as follows:

Sec. 9. All game and fish seized under this act shall, without unnecessary delay, be sold by the officer seizing the same, or by the commissioner, except when a sale is impracticable or is likely to incur expenses exceeding the proceeds, in which case the same shall be donated to any needy person not concerned in the unlawful killing or possession thereof. Possession by virtue of such sale or donation shall not be unlawful. The proceeds thereof, after deducting the costs of seizure and sale, shall, if made by the commissioner or any warden, be paid into the State treasury, but if made by a sheriff or constable, shall be paid, one-half to the commissioner and one-half into the treasury of the county where the seizure was made.

Sec. 10. In case of such seizure and disposition the officer making the same shall sign and give to each purchaser or donee an invoice stating the time and place of disposition, the kind, quantity and weight, as near as may be, of the game or fish disposed of and the name of the purchaser or donee. Such invoice shall authorize possession, transportation within this State, storage and sale for thirty days after date and shall be substantially in the following form:

STATE OF COLORADO.
DEPARTMENT OF GAME AND FISH.
OFFICER'S INVOICE.
....., 190..
Disposed of by me, this day to.....
the following game and fish, to wit: kind,
number,; weight,; the same
having been seized and disposed of by me under the provisions of
the game law. This authorizes possession, storage, transportation
within this State, and sale. Void after thirty days from date.
..... (Title of Officer.)

(Page 206.)

That any such sale took place is not shown by White's evidence, nor is it pleaded in his amended complaint. All that is there said is that the defendant retransferred and delivered the hides to plaintiff for the consideration of \$30, "stating" to plaintiff that he had a right to do so. This comes far short of pleading a sale and purchase under and by virtue of the law.

Giving all the weight to his pleading and testimony that can be fairly claimed for them, they show nothing more than a personal deal with the defendant as a private individual.

The defendant says he had no part in the deal, but so far as the legal effect is concerned it makes no difference.

The State is the real party in interest, and is not bound or estopped by an unauthorized act of an individual or an officer. More than this, the plaintiff cannot predicate a right and maintain a suit upon an illegal act to which he was a party. He it is who is invoking the aid of the law, and his right must be a perfect one or he must fail.

4. But if there was an actual bona fide sale on December 10, 1900, the possession of White on January 28, 1901, was nevertheless unlawful.

First. Because he received no officer's invoice or bill of sale, as provided in section 10, just quoted. It does not appear that he asked for one and was refused. It was as much his duty to demand an invoice or bill of sale as it was for defendant to give him one. Indeed, the fact that he neither asked for nor received one, shows that it was not considered an actual sale under the law.

Having elected to receive the hides without the invoice which the law makes essential to the right of possession, his possession at once, and for the second time, became unlawful, and the hides were subject to seizure by any officer of the law the moment they were returned to him.

This provision of the law cannot be waived by an officer any more than it can be by the violator.

We must not be understood as asserting or assenting to the proposition that the defendant was personally concerned in any unlawful or corrupt deal. His testimony is that he was not, and he is entitled to the benefit of it. But we are arguing it from the worst view possible, for if a corrupt or authorized act of an officer, whose duty it is to enforce the law, can enable a violator to escape punishment, then the door is opened wider than ever before.

But we do not have to rely even upon this principle, as we will now proceed to show.

Second. If it was a sale and he had received an invoice or bill of sale in due form, it could have no force beyond January 9, being the thirty days provided for in the law. The law makes no provision for extending the right of possession thereafter, except in pursuance of a storage permit, before referred to, and there is no pretense that he had anything of that kind.

So that, if everything connected with the sale was waived, and lawfully waived; if every illegal act of plaintiff and of defendant and of Lytle was condoned, and lawfully condoned; pardoned, if you please, by the Governor, yet upon the expiration of thirty days from the date of sale, the possession of plaintiff at once and for the third time became unlawful, and the hides subject to seizure.

A storage permit under section 16, before cited, can only be issued to one having lawful possession. Under an invoice of sale, if one had been issued to him December 10, 1900, his lawful possession ceased January 9, 1901, and thereafter there was no authority vested in any officer to issue a storage permit.

So that if everything which plaintiff could possibly claim by reason of a lawful sale by an officer to him be conceded, all right of possession ceased nearly twenty days before the seizure of January 28, and nothing the officer or game warden did or failed to do on December 10 relieves the plaintiff in the slightest degree, as to unlawful possession.

Third. He was, on his own confession, again attempt-

ing to take them out of the State in violation of the sections before referred to. If he had complied with the law and paid the fees for transportation out of the State, they would have amounted to \$1,500. (Section 2, division H, page 220.) Thus, for the fourth time, his possession became unlawful, and this is also totally disconnected with the alleged sale and the acts done or undone at that time.

The purpose of these sections was to discourage the hide hunter and the hide buyer, and make the way of such transgressors hard, and it ought to be hard.

In ex parte Maier, 103 Cal., 476, it was claimed that the game in question was purchased in the State of Texas, and being brought into California made it an article of merchandise, the possession of which the Legislature could not forbid. The case was elaborately considered and numerous authorities referred to, and the validity of the statute upheld.

In State vs. Rodman, 58 Minn., 393, the question was also as to the right of possession in the close season of game purchased in the open season, and the statute was sustained, and a large number of cases cited.

In People vs. Haagen, 72 Pac., 836 (Cal., 1903), the prosecution was for the possession of fresh salmon during the close season. The defense was that the salmon were caught or purchased during the open season, and therefore became an article of merchandise, the subsequent possession of which the State could not prohibit. The defense was held bad, and the Maier and other cases referred to.—See, also, State vs. Snowman, 94 Me., 99.

The law makes these regulations as to the right of possession and exportation in order to protect the game of the State, and no failure of duty or corrupt compromise can affect the right of the State to retake these hides when held in total disregard of the requirements of the law.

Besides this, the amended complaint is fatally defective in not showing that the place of taking was in Rio Blanco county, the place of commencing the action, and in not alleging that the property was in that county at the time the action was commenced.—18 Enc. P. & P., 540.

The plaintiff was entitled to possession only by virtue of ownership created by the laws of Colorado, and hence his complaint is insufficient in not averring all the facts necessary to such ownership.—18 Enc. P. & P., 537-538; Baker vs. Cordwell, 6 Colo., 199-202.

From the day it was commenced to the time of the verdict, the case never had a leg to stand on; the objection to the introduction of evidence and the motion for judgment in favor of the defendant ought each of them to have been sustained.

Hundreds of the game law cases have been decided in the higher courts, but the books will be searched in vain for one holding that the right of possession and traffic in game may not be restricted by the State at will.

In the Geer case it is said:

"We have been referred to no case where the power to so legislate has been questioned, although the books contain cases involving controversies as to the meaning of some of the statutes."

The misfortunes of game laws have never been in the courts of last resort, but in inferior courts, where the laws have been frittered away and made a fool of by acquittals in the face of overwhelming evidence, and often in the face of admissions by the defendant showing his guilt. This comes from an unreasoning prejudice on the part of the people generally. This has been most intense among residents of the game regions themselves, many of whom have taken the view that game laws are made for the benefit of the rich tourist and the city hunter. Nothing could be further from the fact. The men of limited means and the residents of the game regions are, of all persons, most interested in game protection. If protected by reasonable laws, game will always be within their reach. If it is destroyed at home, the hunter of ample means can go to British Columbia or Alaska, while the one of limited means will be altogether deprived of it.

When the people are educated out of this short-sighted prejudice, they will see the special benefit to them of game laws and give them a hearty support, instead of conniving with or assisting violators in evading them.

The plaintiff has amended his complaint twice in an effort to state a cause of action, and has failed. Under the undisputed facts he could not then, nor can he ever, amend it so as to state a cause of action.

His disregard of the plain requirements of the law has placed him beyond the possibility of success.

The case ought not only to be reversed, but dismissed without further annoyance to the officers and the courts, and that the people of the State may understand that game protection has come, and come to stay.

S. G. McMULLIN, District Attorney, and
D. C. BEAMAN, for Appellant.

OCTOBER 7, 1903.

In New England.

BOSTON, Oct. 24.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: For shooting on Sunday, James Chapman, of Mansfield, has been arrested at Norton by deputy sheriffs Perry and Nerney. All officers qualified to serve criminal processes are bound by their oath to look after the enforcement of game laws, but too few give any attention to their violation.

On the 21st Governor Bates visited the Walnut Hill Rifle range, where he qualified as a first-class marksman, making 40 bullseyes out of 50 shots at 200 yards. Several members of his staff also made excellent scores.

Your correspondent received a pleasant call from Dr. M. G. Munro, of Gardner, Mass., this week. He says he has had very good bird shooting in his section this month, securing a number of ducks, quail and partridges. He also killed a wildcat weighing 29 pounds; he thinks it was a genuine loup cervier. This will be a surprise to many, as it was to me. The Doctor is a son of the famous Nova Scotia guide and woodsman of Maitland, J. V. Munro, with whom several well-known American sportsmen are acquainted. Maitland (Annapolis county) is a good point from which to reach fine trout waters, and is the center of a moose country as well. The Doctor visited the old home this summer and he tells me that

while there he saw three moose, but this was in the close season. He has a camp on the Kegmagee Stream. The building of the Caledonia Branch of the Annapolis Valley Railroad enables sportsmen to ride by rail to within ten miles of the settlement.

Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, who called on Wednesday, tells me that there is a great scarcity of partridges in that region of Worcester county.

Mr. R. C. Dixey, of Boston, and others, have just organized the Berkshire Hunt Club at Lenox. Mr. Giraud Foster, Mr. Dixey, Mr. Samuel Frothingham, and Mr. C. A. Bristed are some of the officers, and Mr. C. G. Gilmore is master of the hounds. There are already forty members.

Connecticut Deer.

Two deer were recently struck by a freight train on the Air-Line Division of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., near Montowise Station. They were so frightened by the approach of the train that they stood still on the track till killed by the engine.

The first Vermont deer reported killed was shot by Herbert Estes near Pownal. On Rice Hill, Sheldon, a Swanton hunter killed one also on the first day of the open season. On the 23d, in Lanesboro, Topsham, Gorton, Stowe, and several other towns, deer were killed weighing from 150 to 200 pounds—one was reported to weigh 400 pounds, another 300. If true, the Vermont deer show the benefit of good feed and time to grow.

A sportsman from Goffstown, N. H., hunting in Grafton and Alexandria is reported to have killed one weighing 325 pounds. Two Center Harbor sportsmen secured a deer this week. A freak of nature in the form of a five-legged deer was killed by a lumberman named Grover near Northeast Carry, Maine, recently, the fifth leg being perfectly formed and attached to the front part of the body.

An experiment to test the value of a close time on lobster catching has been made this summer by the fishermen at Matinicus and Cribhaven, Maine. They agreed among themselves not to set any pots in August and September this year. Four thousand pots were put into the water September 30. During the next two days 10,000 lobsters were taken. One fisherman got 360 in his traps the first haul. This is said to beat all previous records. This result is worthy of attention on the part of all who wish to see the lobster industry perpetuated.

CENTRAL.

Virginia Shooting.

SOUTHERN hotels are adopting the game preserve system for the benefit of their guests. Among these the Hotel Chamberlin, at Old Point Comfort, has taken the precaution to provide an ample shooting territory.

The territory adjacent to James River is well known for being one of the best natural breeding places of all varieties of game found in this part of the country, which accounts for the many clubs of sportsmen who own or lease immense tracts of land, including marshes and creeks, for the shooting privilege alone. In fact, so much of the desirable property is restricted in this manner that it is difficult for the non-member and non-resident to find a suitable place to enjoy a few hours' sport with the gun.

The management of the Hotel Chamberlin has acquired a large acreage of the best located land in this section for a shooting preserve, where the guests of the hotel can have the opportunity of hunting under all the necessary conditions and protection. The preserve is situated in James City county, about one hour's ride from Old Point Comfort, on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, which makes it easy of access and so convenient as to enable one to leave the hotel right after breakfast, shoot all day, and return in time for the evening meal. If it is preferred to remain over night, a lodge is provided for that purpose. By natural and artificial means the preserve, which consists of ten thousand acres, has been made as near perfect as possible, and it is therefore not conceivable how a day's time can be more pleasantly spent. Aside from squirrel, possum, rabbit, and coon, in their season, there is an abundance of quail, ducks, brant, wild turkeys and woodcock, during all the late fall and winter; in the spring, snipe; while in the early autumn millions of sora afford great sport along the shores and marshes. The Chamberlin preserve is unique from the fact that the season is so unusually long. There is good shooting from September to May.

On the Monroe Marshes.

MONROE, Mich., Oct. 17.—Shooting in the Monroe marshes has been very excellent this year, and those members of the Marsh Club have been enjoying fine sport among the canvasbacks. After the 20th of the month all, or nearly all, of the members will be at their club house for the remainder of the season. They are expecting to entertain as their guest this year former President Grover Cleveland, who will, for the first time, experience the delights of shooting in the finest duck preserves in this country. Canvasbacks and redheads predominate here, and a record for one man of 120 in a day has been made.

F. H.

Long Island Ducks.

GOOD GROUNDS, L. I., Oct. 26.—Just a few lines to let you know, as well as your readers, that the Shinnecock Bay is full of ducks of all kinds, and the Bay men claim there have not been so many birds here for the last twenty years as there are now in the bay. Mr. Schuyler, of Wall street, went out last week and averaged from 40 to 100 birds a day. Quail and partridges are also plentiful here; so if any gunners want good sport, now is the time to come.

E. A. BUCHMILLER.

All communications for *Forest and Stream* must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Pennsylvania Shooting.

SAYRE, Pa., Oct. 23.—Gray squirrels are reported plentiful in some sections of Pennsylvania and unusually scarce in others. Across the woody ridges of the Wyandoming country some fine bags of squirrels have been recently taken, but in woods about Sayre where ordinarily ten or more grays may be bagged in a day, only here and there is one found.

Generally speaking, ruffed grouse are reported less plentiful than usual, the wet nesting season having, it is said, reduced the number of young birds hatched to considerably below the normal. However, as the season advances it is likely that the wary grouse will be found in greater numbers than the present visible supply would indicate.

The woodcock supply is about an average one, taking the past few years as a basis for comparison, which means, of course, that a few long-bills may be had for the seeking. And how delightful the quest after all! There is really nothing in the whole line of sportsmanship quite so enticing as an October day abroad a likely woodcock ground with the big robust fellows bouncing up over the line of vision to stir the blood and test the accuracy of one's aim.

The quail crop is about normal, but the birds in many sections—in fact, in most sections—of the State are small and immature, and will require some time in which to grow to full size. In view of which sportsmen may well forego pursuit of these confiding little chaps.

The rabbit season, which opens November 1, promises an enormous stock of "bunnies" in all parts of northern Pennsylvania.

From Cayuga Lake a friend advises that the last cold weather brought down an unusually large flight of wild ducks of all varieties, and the shooting at the northern end of the lake, and over the Montezuma marsh, during that time was particularly good. M. CHILL.

Long Island Robin Potters.

NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Is there any game protector for Long Island City, Woodside, Corona, and North Beach? I ask you this for this reason: Last Sunday on the 10 o'clock boat for Astoria were four Italians with guns. I thought at first they had a shooting match in some park, but in my walk through the above mentioned towns I found at least eight gunners shooting robins, and anything with feathers. One could hear the report of shotguns in every direction all day. Seven of the men I saw were Italians. Is there no way of stopping this? As there was a strong wind the poor birds would only fly a hundred yards or so and light on another tree, so I guess the Italians found very good shooting. G. E. J.

New Hampshire Game.

DERRY, N. H., Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Still the report is that ruffed grouse are very scarce. Woodcock have been coming some our way. One man got twenty in three days. I saw three fresh 'coon skins in one of my neighbor's barns. J. W. B.

Sea and River Fishing.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Game Laws in Brief.

is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the Brief.

Fish and Fishing.

Angling Contests in England and in Canada.

THE Fen district of Stonea in Cambridgeshire, England, was last month the scene of a fishing contest held under the auspices of the Sheffield Anglers' Association, the members of which are stated to number 18,000. In the competition 970 anglers actually fished. Separated by intervals of a few yards only they covered a distance of six miles—three miles on each side of Stonea railway station. The total value of the prize list was £120, and the first prize (£10) was secured with a catch weighing 5 pounds 14¾ ounces. So that less than six pounds of coarse fish was the best basket made in the day's fishing by any of the 970 anglers participating in the contest. Surely the Waltonian qualities of patience and quietness are possessed in a superlative degree by our English angling brethren, and often, very often, must their experience recall that of the poor Galileans who toiled all night and caught nothing. But how distressing to dear old Juliana Berners, who endeavored to limit the circulation of her fishing book lest the sport of angling might become too much vulgarized if it fell into the hands of the common people, would have been this long row of nearly a thousand anglers crowded along six miles of water, and how enormously has the pastime become popularized in England since the good prioress wrote in her "Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an angle:" "For whanne ye purpoos to goo on your disportes in fysshynge ye woll not defyre gretly many perfonces wyth you, whiche myghte lette you of your game."

At least two Canadian newspapers have offered prizes this year for angling competitions, the awards to go to those producing evidence of having taken the heaviest fish of certain species during the open season of 1903. While the offer of a prize for the largest fish is likely to work less injury than one for the biggest basket, as offered by the Sheffield Anglers' Association, I cannot avoid the temptation to go on record as opposed to angling competitions of all kinds in which size or quantity of fish captured are the determining factor. It would be different if the competition took some other form, such as the measure of success achieved in improved

methods of angling, in the use of finest tackle, in a more intimate knowledge of the fish life of lake and river, in wrestling from nature her innermost secrets, in a more profitable reading of the pages of her ever open book, in renewed health of mind and body and a higher appreciation of the grandeur of this beautiful world and of the outdoor life which it constantly offers us, and last, but not least, in the acquisition of a deeper sense of gratitude that these pleasures are within our reach, and that we have life and health and leisure to go a-fishing. What, in comparison with such joys as these, and with the rare delights of forest, lake and stream, can possibly be the assurance that we have caught a bigger fish or a larger number of them than our fellow anglers?

Nevertheless it is uninteresting neither to the angler nor to the scientist to hear of new records in size of captured game fishes, and possibly these newspaper prizes may cause the publicity of some which would not otherwise become very widely known. In my last letter to FOREST AND STREAM mention was made of a trout which had turned the scales at nine pounds, and which had been captured in the Grand Lake Jacques Cartier. A newspaper in Montreal, which had offered a prize for the largest trout of the season caught in Canadian waters, has not only received satisfactory testimony of the taking of two brook trout of Lake Jacques Cartier, weighing respectively 9¼ and 8¾ pounds, but has the mounted skins of the two monsters on exhibition in its office windows. There are some who claim that the larger of these fish is probably a record one, so far, at least, as Canadian waters are concerned, though there may be some successful American anglers who have something to say about almost or quite as large fish taken in the Batiscan or other famous northern waters.

An Interesting Legal Decision.

The Superior Court of the Province of Quebec, sitting at Three Rivers, has recently given a decision of great interest to members of Canadian fish and game clubs. At the last annual general meeting of the St. Bernard Fish and Game Club, General W. W. Henry, U. S. Consul at Quebec, presided, in his capacity as president of the club. The attendance of members was not large, but General Henry and his friends had a majority of proxies, though they were in the minority of those present. The test of strength of the rival parties for the control of the club's affairs was made upon the election of treasurer. There were two candidates for election, James W. Brock and Charles W. Wilson. The friends of the former, who were in the minority at the meeting, but who held a majority of proxies, proceeded to elect their candidate, when the other side raised the point that the proxies should be set aside and only the votes of those present be counted, since there was no provision in the by-laws of the club for voting by proxy. General Henry declared that the proxies were perfectly legal in a club duly incorporated under the laws of the Province of Quebec, and had a perfect right to consideration. The other side appealed from the decision, and when General Henry refused to entertain the appeal, the majority of those present declared the chair overruled, and instructed the scrutineers not to count the proxies. Mr. Wilson was thereupon declared elected Treasurer. Later, General Henry took a writ of quo warranto against Mr. Wilson, claiming that he had been illegally elected to the position which he had usurped, and requiring him to cease to occupy it or to fulfill its duties. The decision of the court is that the St. Bernard Fish and Game Club is a corporate body, legally constituted in virtue of the statutes of the Province of Quebec, and as such governed by the laws concerning joint stock companies, and that in virtue of these laws the voting for the election of directors may be by proxy. It is consequently declared that Mr. C. H. Wilson usurps, intrudes into, and unlawfully holds and exercises the office of treasurer of the club, and orders that he cease to so occupy and to exercise the said office.

All the fish and game clubs in this Province are incorporated under the same statutes as the St. Bernard, and the decision above reported may be therefore applicable to them; but it is always advisable that the by-laws of the club should specifically state whether or not proxies are to be recognized, in order that no misunderstanding may occur on the point. Both time, money and good sport may be wasted by the lack of such an arrangement, and perhaps good fellowship and old friendships among sportsmen sorely tried or altogether severed. Fortunately for the St. Bernard Club, the members of the two contending parties are too good sportsmen to permit the holding of different views as to the management of the club's affairs to interfere with their old-time friendships. But club memberships are not always so happily constituted.

Izaak Walton and his Friends.

There are good and sufficient reasons, as every angler knows, as well as many who are not anglers, for the cult of the gentle Izaak. The reverence paid him is so great that scarcely a year now passes that does not witness a new edition of his "Compleat Angler," and many of his contemporaries have been made memorable simply because they were counted among his friends. I am reminded of this latter fact by the recent issue of a new work in England, entitled, "Izaak Walton and His Friends." In a sense, of course, all anglers and all bookmen are Walton's friends. But the friends of whom Mr. Stapleton Martin writes in the book in question are chiefly those of Walton's personal acquaintances whom he honored with his friendship, and who, according to one of the number, Charles Cotton, must have been an exemplary lot, "for my father Walton," he says, "will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men."

One of Walton's friends, whose biographer he became, was Dr. Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, and in turning over the pages of a Boston book dealer's catalogue the other day, I found the entry descriptive of quite a unique copy of this biography, an entry which, for the moment, made me envious of those who possess the means of gratifying their love of books and of Walton. This copy, for which the sum of \$100 was asked, and no doubt promptly paid, was one of the original edition of 1678, bound in sheepskin, measuring 4½ by 7 inches, containing

276 pages and a portrait engraved by R. White. It was a presentation copy from the author, as noted in the handwriting of the recipient—the Bishop of Salisbury—"Seth Sarum, Donum Authoris June 20:78." What makes the book invaluable to the Waltonian is the fact that it contains a number of corrections in the text, in the hand of the author, made with the pen of which Wordsworth so well says that

"the feather whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropt from an angel's wing."

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

The Alaska Salmon Fisheries.

THE special commissioners sent out by Hon. Geo. M. Bowers, Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, to make a study of the salmon fisheries of Alaska, have returned to Washington, after an absence of nearly four months. The commission consisted of President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University; Dr. Barton Warren Evermann, assistant in charge Division of Scientific Inquiry of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries; Mr. J. Nelson Wisner, field superintendent U. S. fishcultural stations; Mr. Cloudsley Rutter, naturalist, Str. Albatross; Mr. A. B. Alexander, assistant in charge Division of Statistics and Methods of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, and Lieut. Franklin Swift, U. S. N., commanding the Albatross.

The following assistants to the commission accompanied the expedition: Dr. Harold Heath, Dr. Chas. H. Gilbert, Mr. M. H. Spaulding and Mr. Harold Jordan, of Stanford University; Mr. F. M. Chamberlain, Mr. L. E. Goldsborough and Mr. H. C. Fassett, of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, and Mr. A. H. Baldwin, the well-known fish artist.

The principal object of the investigations was to make a careful study of the salmon fisheries of Alaska for the purpose of determining what regulations are necessary for their preservation.

The steamer Albatross, which was assigned to the work, sailed from Seattle for Alaska June 18. Visits were made to all the salmon canneries, salteries and fishing grounds in Alaska from the southern boundary to Chignik Bay, Alaska Peninsula. A special visit was made to the Government reservation on Afognak Island, where a salmon hatchery may be established. A visit was also made to Sand Point and Pirate Cove in the Shumagin Islands, where the needs of the cod fisheries were considered. The Alaska cod is very closely related to the Atlantic species, and the fisheries about the Shumagin Islands and in Bering Sea are of considerable and increasing importance. But to preserve them, artificial propagation will have to be resorted to.

The Alaska salmon fisheries are in fairly satisfactory condition, but cannot long so remain under existing conditions.

Most of the regulations governing the fisheries are observed, but some of them are wholly impracticable and cannot be enforced. This is particularly true of the one requiring the canning companies to maintain hatcheries. The artificial hatching of salmon is the solution of the whole question, but it will have to be done by the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries and on a very large scale.

There are five species of salmon in Alaska, namely, the king or chinook, the red or sockeye, the coho or silver, the humpback and the dog. The largest and best of these is the king salmon, which reaches a maximum weight of 90 pounds. It is, however, the least abundant salmon in Alaska. It is found in numbers only in the larger rivers, such as the Yukon, Nushagak, Alek, and Taku. In southeast Alaska it is not at all common.

The most valuable salmon in Alaska is the redfish or red salmon. This is exactly the same fish that is called sockeye on the Fraser River and Puget Sound, and blueback salmon on the Columbia. It attains a maximum weight of 7 to 10 pounds. Its habits are peculiar in that it is not known to enter any stream which has not a lake somewhere in its course. It is abundant throughout southeast Alaska, about Afognak and Kadiak islands, the Alaska Peninsula, and especially in Bristol Bay. It is the most sought after of all the salmon. Its flesh is a rich salmon color, and makes a more attractive appearance when put in the can than any other species.

The next most desirable species is the silver salmon or coho, which is fairly abundant in southeast Alaska and south to southern Oregon. It attains a weight of 12 pounds, and is a good food fish. Its flesh, however, is not so red as that of the king or the red salmon. This species runs later than the other salmon. Perhaps the most abundant salmon in Alaska is the humpback, the smallest species of any, reaching a weight of 3 to 7 pounds, running a little later than the red salmon, and then literally swarming in all the streams however small. When sea-run the humpback is a trim looking fish, but at spawning time it develops an enormous hump on the back, its jaws become greatly distorted, and, withal, it presents a very unattractive appearance. The sea-run humpback, as a fresh fish, is delicious, being excelled, if at all, only by the king. Humpback bellies are a great delicacy, and great quantities are now salted every year. Of all the Pacific Coast salmon the humpback is the one most desirable for introduction on our New England coast. As a fresh fish it would soon be in great demand in the markets of Boston, New York and other large Eastern cities. As a canned fish it is inferior to the king, red and coho. The dog salmon, the remaining species, is the least valuable of any, albeit, when sea-run, it is a beautiful fish, not a whit less attractive than the king. But even then its flesh is spongy and pasty; and as the spawning season approaches, the dog salmon becomes repulsive in appearance. His jaws become hooked, great fang-like teeth appear, the body becomes blotched and splotted with dark and dirty red, and the flesh becomes unpalatable. Until recently this species was not canned at all, and even now it is not extensively used. As a salted fish it is held in high esteem by the Japanese, and a market is developing in Japan for our salted dog salmon.

In Alaska the trade names under which the different species of salmon are canned are as follows: The king is labeled "King Salmon," or "Spring Salmon," the redfish is called "Red Salmon," "Red Alaska Salmon," or

some variation of which the word "Red" is always a part; the silver salmon is usually "Coho," or "Medium Red," the humpback is called "Pink Salmon," and the dog salmon is "Chum." Not infrequently the inferior grades are put up under fictitious labels, in many cases merely deceptive, in others actually false.

While the pack of salmon in Alaska this year exceeds 2,000,000 cases, valued at more than \$8,000,000, it is somewhat less than that of 1902. This large pack was secured only through unusual energy and persistence on the part of the cannerymen, and it is of vital importance that the Government take steps at once to preserve these important fisheries.

BARTON WARREN EVERMANN.

Sawdust and Fish.

BY A. P. KNIGHT, M.A., M.D., PROFESSOR OF ANIMAL BIOLOGY, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.

(The following report on the effects of sawdust on fish relates to experiments undertaken by Professor Knight, at the suggestion of Professor Prince, Fish Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada.)

The source of the poison given off by sawdust is undoubtedly to be found in the contents of the wood cells. Sugar, starch, oil, resin, gum, jelly, alkaloids, and acids are all examples of material stored in different parts of plants.

In the older parts of trees the protoplasm and sap disappear completely from the cells, and they may then contain nothing but the stored material. In the pine family there is stored in the wood and bark cells an abundance of crude turpentine and resin. The Norway spruce of Europe furnishes in this way turpentine and Burgundy pitch. The yellow pine of the Southern United States yields spirits of turpentine by distillation of the crude turpentine which runs away from the tree by cutting into it. The residue after the distillation is resin.

Now, the poisonous material in sawdust must be either the cell wall or the stored material. It cannot be the cell wall, for this is just the wood fibre or material used in making paper, and pure paper is certainly not harmful to fish life. The poison can scarcely be anything else than the turpentine and other substances stored in the cells.

Different trees, such as tamarack, pine, cedar, spruce, etc., generate and store different kinds of reserve material. When a log from one of these trees is cut into boards, the sawdust gives off proportionately much more poisonous matter than the slabs, edgings and bark. The reason of this is easily understood. As each cell or vessel is microscopic, and contains only a very small quantity of poison, and as the cell wall must be broken open in order to let out the contents, it follows that the greater the number of cells that are opened, the greater will be the quantity of turpentine, resin, etc., poured out. Hence, a saw log converted into sawdust, or ground into shreds, as in a pulp mill, gives out the maximum of poison; whereas a similar log sawn into boards, edgings and slabs, will give out a much less quantity. The minimum will be given out by a saw log floating in the water.

There are other industries in Canada which in preparing their products for market grind up plants and trees, and thus let out their cell contents. One of these is the pulp industry—likely to become very extensive in the near future. Two processes are in vogue in this industry. In one, the logs are macerated with chemicals, the mills being known as sulphite mills. In the other process, the logs are ground into shreds in what are known as mechanical mills. Both processes liberate the greatest possible quantity of stored material from the wood cells, and if this material is equally poisonous with that liberated from sawdust, then the waste water discharged from a pulp mill should be much more poisonous than from a sawmill. The St. Andrew's experiments determined the percentage of poison from a sulphite mill which is fatal to fish life, but, so far as I know, the percentage of poison from a mechanical mill has never been determined. A provisional conclusion, however, may be based upon some of the experiments to be described later in this paper.

The experiments hitherto described would seem to indicate that some considerable time was required for the water to dissolve out the poisonous extracts from white pine sawdust, but such is certainly not the case.

Millmen and anglers alike testify that many kinds of fish are taken by hook and line at mill-ends, no matter how excessive the sawdust may be. The sawdust does not kill the fish so long as there is a rapid and abundant flow of water. Why do fish thus congregate at mill-ends? To answer this question we must remember two things: first, rapidly running water is better aerated than sluggish water; and secondly, some fish, such as trout and salmon, ascend streams until they reach suitable spawning grounds, or are stopped in their ascent by high falls or milldams. In ascending a river these fish are but obeying a law of their nature; in congregating at mill-ends they are equally obeying a law of their nature, and are instinctively seeking water which furnishes their blood with a plentiful supply of oxygen. This instinct is well illustrated in one of his experiments. The experiment was repeated a number of times, and in every instance the fish discovered where the fresh water came in. In one instance, in order to get close to the incoming water, a minnow stood on its head for fifteen minutes with more than half of its body buried beneath the sawdust. It was thus acting under the impulse of two fundamental instincts, viz., the instinct to avoid poisoned water on the one hand, and to seek fresh water on the other. The experiment seems to throw light upon the experience of anglers who have found that trout desert the main stream when saw mills are running, and betake themselves to the unpolluted branch streams lower down.

Reference has already been made to the fact that black bass fry, minnows and perch, when placed in an aquarium, invariably avoided the poisonous sawdust water at the bottom. Having sunk into it once or twice, it was found almost impossible to drive them into it again. Here was a conflict between two fundamental instincts. On the one hand was the natural in-

stinct to hide in deep water; on the other hand, the equally natural instinct to avoid the poisonous solution at the bottom. Which instinct would the fish obey if compelled to make a choice?

The following experiment was designed for the purpose of seeing which instinct was the more powerful, and for the further purpose of imitating what might possibly occur in a stagnant pool along the course of a sawdust polluted stream.

A glass aquarium 12 in. x 8 in. x 6 in. was placed in a much larger vessel and a mixture of ice and salt packed in the latter so as to surround the aquarium. The aquarium was then half filled with white pine extract which had been forming for three weeks, and which killed adult fish in from one to three minutes. After the extract had been cooled down to 8° C., tap water at the temperature of 13° was slowly admitted to the aquarium so as not to disturb the underlying poisonous water. The tap water, being warmer, floated clear and transparent on the dark purplish extract below. The clear water entered and left the aquarium at the rate of 150 c.c. per minute.

At first two minnows were placed in the aquarium. They at once dove to the bottom, encountered the poisonous water, immediately came up again, repeated the operation a few times, and finally remained swimming about in the clear water. Three black bass fry, liberated one after the other, went to the bottom and never came up—suffocated and poisoned in the dark stagnant water at the bottom. Of two other minnows dropped into the aquarium, one large one never came to the surface; the other joined its fellows in the clear water above. All three soon found the end at which the fresh water was entering and remained there facing the stream.

This experiment shows what might possibly happen in pools partially filled with sawdust. Wood extracts would form, and being cooler and heavier than the clear water, would lie at the bottom of the pool. Of course, fish already in the pool would be driven away, but those coming up or down stream through shallow stretches, and trying to hide in the deeper waters of the pool, might be suffocated or poisoned.

One objection frequently urged against the practice of throwing sawdust into streams and rivers is that the decaying sawdust imparts such a disagreeable odor to the water that sensitive fish are driven away to other waters not so polluted. It seemed to me, therefore, that some progress might be made towards a definite conclusion in this matter, if sawdust were allowed to stand for several weeks in an aquarium and tested from time to time as to the changes going on in it, and the influence of these upon fish.

With this end in view about 1000 grams of white pine sawdust were placed in an aquarium three feet four inches long, fifteen inches wide, and filled up to sixteen and a half inches deep with fresh water. This was done June 24. No water was allowed to enter or leave the vessel. No direct sunlight fell upon it.

The usual results followed, viz., a well defined layer of pale, yellow water one and three-quarter inches deep formed in a few hours and lay at the bottom. On top of this was the perfectly clear layer about fifteen inches deep.

After soaking for two days, bubbles of gas began to rise to the surface of the water, but no attempt was made to analyze it. The bottom yellowish layer had become so dense that no object could be seen across it—a thickness of fifteen inches. Its upper surface was sharply marked off from the overlying transparent water by a thin grayish layer. Microscopic examination of this layer showed it to be swarming with bacteria.

At the end of a week, only about an inch at the bottom had retained the original yellow color; the next inch had changed to a yellowish brown; then came a grayish layer about one-sixteenth of an inch thick; above this, what had at first been fourteen inches of perfectly pure water had turned to a dark gray, though still quite transparent. Black bass fry placed in the aquarium at this time at first sank to the bottom, but after meeting the poisonous extract once or twice could not subsequently be driven into it. On the contrary they swam along the top with their nose just touching the surface of the water, and behaved as if suffering from lack of air. They lived only about two hours.

Four days after this, black bass fry placed in the upper fourteen inches lived only about one hour. They also swam along the surface and appeared to be gasping for air. That they were suffocating in both cases was proved by the fact that when fry were placed in a wash bottle of this water with air bubbling through it, they lived on for twenty-four hours, and were then apparently well and exceedingly active. On being transferred from the wash bottle to the aquarium the animals at first plunged downward to the bottom, paused there a moment, but soon came toward the surface breathing very rapidly. Evidently they were suffering from lack of oxygen. They swim along the top with noses upward and body inclined at an angle of about thirty degrees with the surface. Gradually they tire; sink toward the bottom; rise again; swim convulsively toward the surface; jump clear out of the water with gaping mouth; become exhausted by their convulsive efforts and finally sink to rise no more. Of all the fish killed in this extract not one ever rose to the surface after death.

It would be difficult to say whether this experiment throws any light upon a point much discussed in the literature of sawdust. The point is this: if sawdust kills fish, why are they not found dead in considerable numbers along the course of the stream? In my experiments the dead bodies of the fish never rose out of the poisonous liquid.

However, the connection between a few links in the chain of animal life was apparent enough, viz., wood extracts supported bacteria, bacteria supported mosquito larvæ, and these again (after aeration of the water such as would occur in running water) supported fish life. These observations dispose to some extent of the oft repeated charge against sawdust that it destroys the food of young or newly hatched fish. When minnows relished mosquito larvæ as food, and I fre-

quently saw them eating the larvæ, it requires no great stretch of the scientific imagination to understand how fish fry of different kinds, such as trout and salmon, might subsist upon the larvæ of mosquitoes and other aquatic insects, these latter in turn subsisting upon bacteria, and the bacteria subsisting upon the organic matter derived from the decaying vegetation of the forest.

Another thought comes up in connection with the presence of organic matter in streams and rivers. The organic matter which passed into a river when Canada was covered with forest must have been quite different in character from that which this same stream receives today from the vegetation of the farms along its valley. The surface drainage from a forest must differ in kind from the surface drainage of a farm; and the bacterial life in each must differ also. Moreover, the waters of our smaller streams were, years ago, shaded by trees, and the varieties of their bacterial life must thus have been quite different from the bacterial life in sunlit streams of today. Consequently, it may fairly be argued that the insect life, in and along the streams of an agricultural district, differs both in kind and number from what characterized these same streams 100 or 200 years ago. And if larval and adult insect life has dwindled or disappeared, so must the fish life which subsisted upon it.

The Anglo-Saxon has always been a disturbing factor in the balance of life. Forests, game and fish all disappear with his arrival. To get good fishing or good hunting nowadays one must travel back to unsettled districts. No one expects game to be plentiful along the shores of Lake Ontario, but many people are amazed that fish are not abundant in it. They still hug the pleasing delusion that if brooks have been overfished, the fish hatchery can re-stock them. But with the disappearance of our forests it is exceedingly doubtful whether we can ever again, by all the help of hatchery, overseers and fish commissioners, re-people the streams which have been depleted by man through over-fishing and deforestation. He has upset the balance of life; it can only be fully restored by a return to primitive conditions. When game, therefore, becomes plentiful on the streets of Ottawa city, fish will be equally abundant below the saw mills of the Chaudiere Falls.

Such, at least, is the conclusion to which my experiments point, notwithstanding the indisputably poisonous effects of strong solutions from sawdust near the source of pollution. As I have already pointed out the question of whether any particular stream is sufficiently polluted with sawdust to kill fish life is simply the question of determining whether enough sawdust is passed into the stream to poison its waters. The forestry engineer will soon be trained to determine the strength of sawdust solutions, and will then be able to settle this question of pollution beyond the possibility of doubt.

At present, however, a final judgment cannot be pronounced upon the poisonous effects of sawdust. These effects must be studied near the mills and along the sawdust beds of our rivers. A three weeks' study of the Bonnechere river, a tributary of the Ottawa much polluted with mill rubbish, led me to modify very considerably the conclusions which I had based upon my laboratory experiments. I visited the mill, fully expecting that not one fish could survive in such surroundings. But pike were abundant for miles below the mill, and fish (chub) could be caught any day along the side of the submerged driftwood. Stranger still, the fish so caught lived for three hours in a pailful of sawdust water drawn from the very center of a sawdust bed. A few brook trout had been caught earlier in the season just below the mill when it was running. At the date of my visit, August 20, 1902, the mill had been closed for seven weeks and no sawdust was then passing into the river.

Of course, these figures are mere approximations, but they point unmistakably to the conclusion that the sawdust poured into the Bonnechere river is not destroying its fish life. Moreover, in Golden Lake, an expansion of this same river, and ten miles above any saw mill, lake trout used to be very abundant. Every October large numbers were caught in nets along their spawning beds. Now these spawning grounds are reported to be deserted by the fish, and certainly sawdust cannot be blamed for their disappearance. Higher up the river, in Round Lake, the October fishing is still good, solely because there are fewer settlers and less fishing.

1. Strong sawdust solutions, such as occur at the bottom of an aquarium, poison adult fish and fish fry, through the agency of compounds dissolved out of the wood cells.

2. The overlying water in such an aquarium does not at first kill fish. After about a week it does kill, but solely through suffocation, the dissolved oxygen having all been used up.

3. Bacteria multiply enormously throughout all parts of such an aquarium, and through oxidation change the poisonous extracts to harmless compounds. Mosquito larvæ live on the bacteria. No doubt, in natural pools, other aquatic insect larvæ live on bacteria also.

4. Subsequent aeration and sedimentation of sawdust water purify it, so that fish can live in it without injury.

5. Since adult fish and black bass fry both refused to be driven into pine extracts in the bottom of an aquarium after they had experienced its poisonous effects, we may infer that fish would desert a river much polluted with sawdust, going down stream and into tributaries to escape from the disagreeable influence of sawdust extracts.

6. No stream can be pronounced off hand as poisoned by sawdust. Each stream must be studied by itself and the varying conditions must be thoroughly understood before a judgment can be pronounced. The chief things to be considered are (1) the quantity of sawdust, and (2) the volume of water into which the sawdust is discharged. Subordinate conditions are the rapidity or sluggishness of the stream, the amount of sunlight or shade, and the character of the water, whether from agricultural lands or from primitive forests.

7. Further observations and studies along sawdust polluted streams and rivers of Canada are urgently needed before more definite conclusions can be reached.

Lake Champlain Pollution.

By the time this issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* is in the hands of its readers, the report by Professor Landreth, consulting engineer of the State Board of Health, in regard to the much-discussed pollution of the waters of Lake Champlain by the pulp mills in that region, will probably have reached the proper State executive officials, and its context will be made public. The report, which has already been much delayed, may, however, be held back for several days yet.

While Prof. Landreth refuses to disclose the nature of his report until its contents shall have been made public by the proper authorities, persons in a position to speak with knowledge on the subject declare that the report will be to the effect that the mills are polluting the waters of the lake, killing the fish, flooding the shore lines with noxious slime, and in other ways transgressing the law.

It appears that industrial enterprises representing many millions of dollars are threatened by the report. If the present laws in relation to the pollution of the waters of the State are as a result enforced, the offending mills will be compelled either to close or adopt other methods of getting rid of their chemical refuse now dumped into the lake waters, and scores of mills in all parts of the State may be similarly affected.

This would affect millions of dollars of invested capital and the Legislature will doubtless be petitioned by the mill owners to pass new laws to protect their interests, and these efforts will be actively combatted by those interested in the present enforcement of the law against the pollution of the waters of the rivers, lakes, streams, etc., of the State.

Mr. Edward Hatch, Jr., of the firm of Lord & Taylor, leader of the residents and property holders about Lake Champlain engaged in the fight against the owners of the pulp mills, declares that he and those interested with him will fight to the end against all legislation that may be made favoring the pulp mill nuisance, and that he will be at hand at Albany with injunctions from the Supreme Court to carry the issue to its limit.

To a citizen living in the village of Keeseville, located on the Au Sable River, Attorney-General John Cunneen writes:

"I have your favor at hand, wherein you call my attention to the alleged pollution and unhealthy condition of the Au Sable River, which passes through the village of Keeseville, which pollution, it is said, has been brought about by the discharge of sludge acid and refuse from certain pulp mills, and you request me, as Attorney-General, to take some action to prevent the continuance of this wrong.

"The health board of your village and the State Board of Health are vested with ample powers to redress the injury and prevent the continuance of the wrong.

"The Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts has declared, and our own Court of Appeals adopted and approved the declaration, that the courts will not, on the application of the Attorney-General, interfere where the obstruction of the rights of the public is of such a character that it may, with equal facility, be removed by other constituted authorities and public officers."

This letter plainly indicates the attitude of the Attorney-General on the subject, and indicates also that if Prof. Landreth's report is a condemnatory one, it is the clear duty of the State Board of Health and the local health officials acting under its jurisdiction, to take the matter in hand and see that the law against the pollution of the waters of the State is enforced.

Dr. Charbonneau is the local health officer at Keeseville, and Dr. Barton at Willsborough, in the heart of whose districts the pulp mills are located. Although both officials are known to be on friendly terms with the owners of the pulp mills, they are accredited with being men of such high moral and professional worth that once their duty is pointed out to them by the State Board of Health on taking action on Prof. Landreth's report, they will act promptly in the performance of their duty.

Dr. P. Lewis, President of the State Board of Health, when seen by a *FOREST AND STREAM* representative yesterday, stated that if Prof. Landreth found that the mills were violating the law he would at once notify the local health authorities to carry the law against the mills into execution. This means, he said, that the mill owners would be given a reasonable time to abate the nuisance, and failing in this, summary action would be taken to compel them to cease operations.

"Contrary to general report," said Dr. Lewis, "it is not Governor Odell but myself who will take official action when Prof. Landreth shall have made his report." This remark of Dr. Lewis was quite in line with Attorney-General Cunneen's view of the matter, and in conformity with the most recently enacted law.

In speaking of the subject yesterday with a representative of *FOREST AND STREAM*, Gov. Odell declared that the matter was a grave one, and that he was in doubt as to the best method of its satisfactory solution. "Numerous complaints," said he, "have reached me about the pollution of the waters of Lake Champlain by the pulp mills. As a result, I have had an examination of the waters made by Prof. Landreth, whose report, I understand, will be turned in to the officials of the State Board of Health in a day or two.

"The subject is a very broad one, and fraught with public interest. It is a matter that I have given considerable attention. It may be that the mills have for so many years been dumping their refuse into the waters of the State that mere time itself will keep them from coming under the ban of the law. On this point I am not quite sure.

"If State proceedings were begun against the pulp mills in the Lake Champlain region, we would doubtless be compelled to take similar action against numerous mills in all parts of the State that may be transgressing the law in this particular. Carried into immediate effect, such action would, I fear, bring about a crisis in the milling interests of the State of wide reaching effect.

"As I have said, it is a matter which I have given grave concern. Reports and complaints have reached me about various municipalities on the Hudson which are declared

to be menacing the public health by their wholesale, so to speak, pollution of the river by their sewerage, etc., and urging that they be compelled to adopt disposal plants. It may be that in a comparatively short while every city, town and village in the State including all mills, factories, etc., now emptying their sewerage and refuse into the waters of the State, will have adopted some such measure.

"As is well known, I am decidedly opposed to all unnecessary and unlawful pollution of the waters of the State, and in reference to the Lake Champlain pollution matter in particular, wish to state that I will be glad to meet Governor McCullough, of Vermont, more than half way in whatever efforts he may see fit to make in the way of protecting that magnificent body of water from pollution by the mills along its banks."

Mr. Hatch said yesterday that he had received a number of letters from old residents and well-known fishermen who lived about the borders of Lake Champlain, in which they declared that very few fish were caught in the lake nowadays, in contrast to the superb fishing the lake afforded only a few years ago. The absence of the fish, they assert, is due to the chemical refuse dumped into the waters of the lake by the pulp mills. These letters will be embodied in the form of affidavits, and the writers of them will back their statements in court when called upon to do so. The whole matter of the pollution of the waters of Lake Champlain promises some very interesting developments during the present week.

October Bass.

SAYRE, Pa., Oct. 13.—Bass fishing in local waters has been practically at a standstill for some time past owing to the heavy rains and consequent abnormal condition of the Susquehanna and its tributaries.

The exceptionally fine season of weather now prevailing, with clear frosty nights, and days which are a delight, are rapidly developing ideal bass fishing conditions, and presently we should hear of plenty of bass being taken.

Reports from Cayuga Lake are especially alluring, and indicate that excellent bass, pickerel, pike and muscalonge fishing is being enjoyed at Canoga, Union Springs and Cayuga village. Ithaca anglers are also taking some nice bass along the east shore of the lake within two or three miles of the university city.

Life has few pleasanter experiences than idling in an easy boat over bass waters, with the soft winds of October gently stirring the air and a thousand lovely tints of autumn appealing to the soul of the angler. Sure enough, it is not all fishing to fish. There are sweeter and far more delightful compensations than mere acquirement of a well filled creel.

The glorious free air out of doors under the deep blue sky, never so blue as now, is an exhilaration in contrast to which life within brick walls and amid the rude turmoil of industry is small and uninviting.

In connection with this subject of bass fishing, an Athens paper alludes to the seven pounds and fourteen ounces small-mouthed black bass caught from the Susquehanna River last fall by Wm. H. Thomas, of Owego, N. Y., as the "largest specimen of its species ever known to have been captured." The writer has no data at hand upon which to base a contradiction to this claim, but thinks that *FOREST AND STREAM* has record of a larger black bass having been taken, and its weight amply verified.

This subject of large bass is an interesting one, and if Mr. Thomas has really caught the largest "specimen of its species" the record should be clearly established and widespread credit attached to the achievement. What have the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*, or its editor, to say concerning Mr. Thomas' 8 pounds 14 ounces black bass as a record breaker?

M. CHILL.

Transportation of Live Fish.

ACTING upon the principle that fish live with ease in any water if it is supplied with oxygen, European exporters are beginning to use metallic tubs to which oxygen generators are affixed in such a manner as to feed the water regularly with the gas, which escapes when the pressure surpasses that of the atmosphere. Recently by this means 40,000 trout were exported from Switzerland to England, Germany and Austria, of which number only 400 died.—Thornwell Haynes, Consul, Rouen, France, Sept. 3, 1903.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.

Nov. 17-19.—Boston, Mass. Terrier Club show.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Washington Court House, O.—Ohio Field Trial Association trials. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y, Circleville, O.

Nov. 9.—Fourteenth annual beagle trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y.

Nov. 9.—Howardsville, Va.—Missouri Field Trial Association trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.

Nov. 9.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Association trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 9.—Hutsonville, Ill.—Independent Field Trial Club trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 9.—Western Irish Setter Club trials. Dr. T. L. Fenn, Sec'y, Chicago, Ill.

Nov. 10.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven, Conn.

Nov. 16.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.

Nov. 23.—Robinson, Ill.—American Championship Field Trial Association trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dec. 1.—Clay City, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club trials. C. F. Young, Sec'y.

Dec. 5.—Thomasville, Ga.—Continental Field Trial Club trials. John White, Sec'y, Hempstead, N. Y.

Nov. 16.—Holmdel, N. J.—Pointer Club of America's trials. C. F. Lewis, Sec'y, New York city.

Nov. 30.—Chase, City, Va.—Virginia Field Trial Association trials. Charles B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.

Pointer Club Entries.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following are the entries in the several field trials stakes of the Pointer Club of America, which will be run at Holmdel, N. J. Commencing Nov. 16, exclusive of the Members' Stake, which closes before starting, the number of entries is 44.

The Field Trial Committee desire to inform members that Matawan will be the alighting station of New Jersey Central R. R., instead of Hazlet, as previously announced, inasmuch as better stage and livery accommodations can be had at Matawan. The round trip fare by stage, including the conveyance of dogs from Matawan to Holmdel, will be \$1. The railroad excursion fare from New York to Matawan is \$1.25. The proprietor of Union Hotel at Holmdel will be prepared to accommodate all who may attend the trials.

Derby.

Saddleback, l. and w. dog, by Clerk—Daisy. Geo. S. Raynor.

Lady Lou, bl. and w. bitch, by Tioga Sam—Rip Raps Pearl. W. P. Austin.

Buckthorn Accident, blk. dog, by Silver Socks—Gay Isabel. H. B. Rathborne.

Royal Flush, l. and w. dog, by Top Notch Launcelot—Anna Held. H. B. Rathborne.

Top Notch Cordovan, lem. and w. dog, by Top Notch Nibs—Vernon Gip. A. H. Ball.

John McKerron, w. and l. dog, by Woolton-Nick—Ightfield Kyte. Dr. J. R. Daniels.

Top Notch Tum, l. and w. dog, by Top Notch Launcelot—Anna Held. A. H. Ball.

Fair Acre Messenger, l. and w. dog, by Fair Acre Puzzle—Fanata. Wilcox & Fairbairn.

Members.

Dream of Brookdale, bl. and w. dog, by Rolland—Brookdale Lilly. E. W. Throckmorton.

Nero, l. and w. dog, by Chancellor of Kent—Bloom of Kent. Dr. A. G. Terrell.

Fair Acre Ben, l. and w. dog, by Fair Acre Cy—Fanata. Alfred Cox.

Silver Socks, blk. dog, by Durston's Sweep—Jet Trilby. H. B. Rathborne.

Top Notch Nibs, blk. and w. dog, by Silver Socks—Bessie Ford. H. B. Rathborne.

Fair Acre Fay, l. and w. bitch, by Fair View Priam—Miss Lancashire. C. B. Seeley.

All-Age.

Champ. Bessie Bang II., l. and w. bitch, by King of Lynn—Trilby Bang Bang. Dr. J. S. Howe.

Baby Kent, l. and w. dog, by ch. Duke of Kent II.—Queenie. Dr. J. S. Howe.

Champ, l. and w. dog, by Bruce—Birdie. George S. Raynor.

Brownie, l. and w. dog, by Clerk—Daisy. George S. Raynor.

Dream of Brookdale, b. and w. dog, by Rolland—Brookdale Lilly. E. W. Throckmorton.

Nero, l. w. and t. dog, by Chancellor of Kent—Bloom of Kent. Dr. A. G. Terrell.

Tioga Sam, b. and w. dog, by Plain Sam—Lady of Rush. W. P. Austin.

Blackstone, b. and w. dog, by Ripstone—Pearl's Fan. W. P. Austin.

Silver Socks, blk. dog, by Durston's Sweep—Jet Trilby. H. B. Rathborne.

Top Notch Tobie, blk. and w. dog, by Wang—Nanna B. A. H. Ball.

Top Notch Jingolette, l. and w. bitch, by Royal Jingo—Indiana Girl. A. H. Ball.

Top Notch Launcelot, l. and w. dog, by Royal Kent Hessen—Fandango. A. H. Ball.

Woolton Dick, w. and l. dog, by Woolton Druid—Golden Rod. Dr. J. R. Daniels.

Milton Druid, w. and l. bitch, by Woolton Druid—Lady Salisbury. Dr. J. R. Daniels.

Woolton Game II., w. and l. dog, by Woolton Druid—Lady Salisbury. Dr. J. R. Daniels.

Cornish Chief, w. and l. dog, by Champ. Jingo—Queen of Lites. Dr. J. R. Daniels.

Woolton Sam, w. and l. dog, by Woolton Druid—Sam's Fly. Dr. J. R. Daniels.

Championship.

Rap of Jingo, w. o. and t. dog, by Young Rip Rap—The Jingo. John J. Young.

Champ. Bessie Bang II., l. and w. bitch, by King of Lynn—Trilby Bang Bang. Dr. James S. Howe.

Champ, l. and w. dog, by Bruce—Birdie. George S. Raynor.

Brownie, l. and w. dog, by Clerk—Daisy. George S. Raynor.

Nero, l. w. and t. dog, by Chancellor of Kent—Bloom of Kent. Dr. A. G. Terrell.

Tioga Sam, b. and w. dog, by Plain Sam—Lady of Rush. W. P. Austin.

Blackstone, b. and w. dog, by Ripstone—Pearl's Fan. W. P. Austin.

Top Notch Launcelot, l. and w. dog, by Royal Kent Hessen—Fandango. A. H. Ball.

Wilton Druid, w. and l. dog, by Woolton Druid—Lady Salisbury. Dr. J. R. Daniels.

Cornish Chief, w. and l. dog, by Champ. Jingo—Queen of Kites. Dr. J. R. Daniels.

Woolton Sam, w. and l. dog, by Woolton Druid—Sam's Fly. Dr. J. R. Daniels.

Woolton Game II., w. and l. bitch, by Woolton Druid—Lady Salisbury. Dr. J. R. Daniels.

Top Notch Jingolette, l. and w. bitch, by Royal Jingo—Indiana Girl. A. H. Ball.

C. F. LEWIS, Secretary.

All communications for *Forest and Stream* must be directed to *Forest and Stream Pub. Co.*, New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Yachting.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1903, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, \$75.00.

Second prize, \$50.00.

Third prize, \$25.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1903.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

5. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

6. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

7. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, on or before Nov. 15, 1903.

Constance—Auxiliary Schooner.

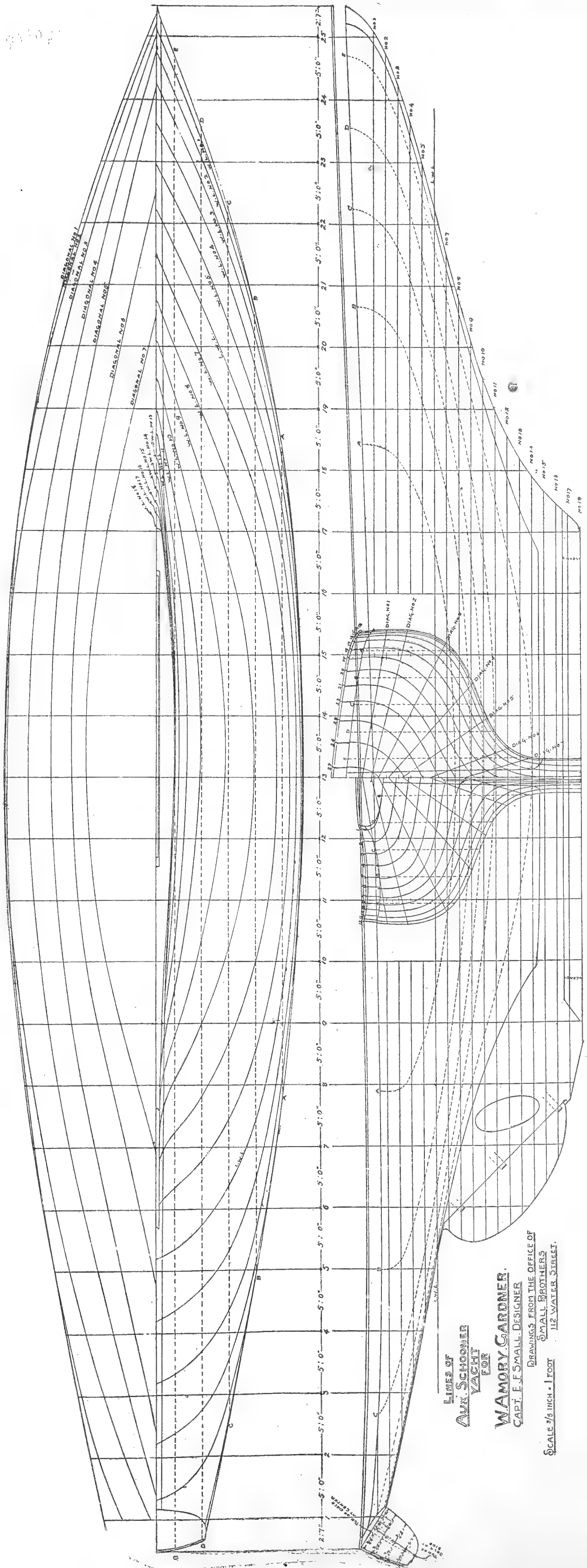
THE auxiliary schooner Constance was designed for Mr. W. Amory Gardner by Messrs. Small Brothers under the direction of Captain E. F. Small. She was built last winter by Messrs. Rice Brothers, of East Boothbay, Maine. Captain E. F. Small has been Mr. Gardner's sailing master for seventeen years. He was in charge of Rebecca for two seasons and commanded the old cup defender Mayflower from 1890, when Mr. Gardner purchased her, up to last season, when she was sold. Captain Small got out the model of Constance, and Messrs. Small Brothers faired up the boat's lines and worked out her arrangements and fittings under his superintendence.

Constance was designed solely for a cruiser, consequently seaworthiness and comfort were considered of first importance. Although speed was a secondary consideration, she demonstrated last season that she was a smart boat, and showed a very fair turn of speed both in light as well as in heavy weather.

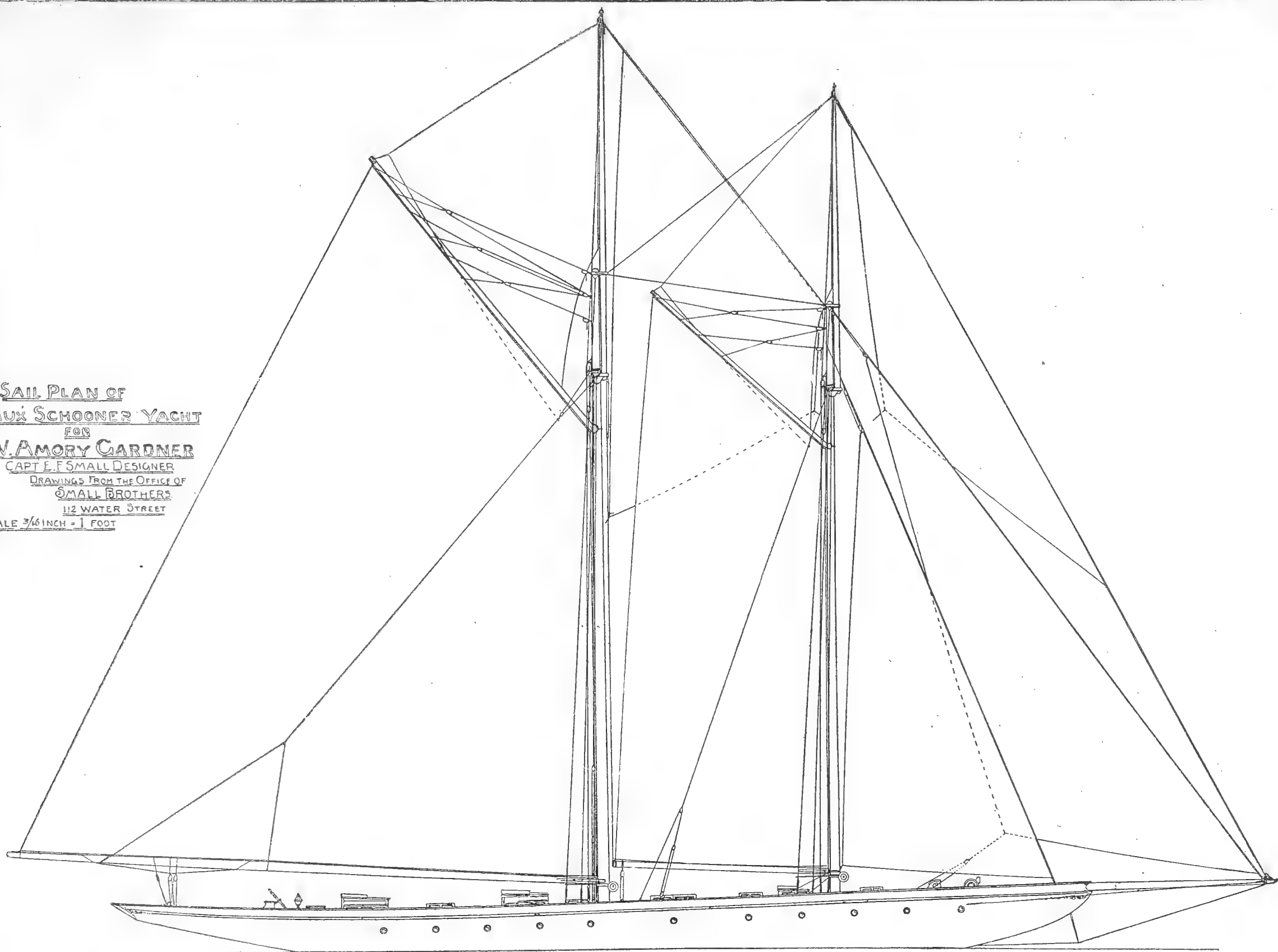
Her dimensions follow:

Length—	
Over all	125 ft.
L.W.L.	85 ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	16 ft. 6 in.
Aft	23 ft. 6 in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	24 ft.
L.W.L.	23 ft.
Draft—	
To rabbet	8 ft. 6 in.
Extreme	12 ft.
Board down	20 ft.
Freeboard, top of rail—	
Bow	8 ft. 6 in.
Least	5 ft. 9 in.
Taffrail	6 ft. 6 in.
Displacement	138 tons
Ballast—	
Outside	40 tons
Inside	10 tons
Area working sails	8,285 sq. ft.
Mainmast—	
From stem at L.W.L.	45 ft.
Deck to hounds	68 ft.
Masthead	13 ft.
Maintopmast	32 ft.
Main boom	74 ft.
Main gaff	44 ft.
Foremast—	
From stem at L.W.L.	16 ft.
Deck to hounds	64 ft.
Masthead	11 ft.
Foretopmast	28 ft.
Foreboom	27 ft. 6 in.
Foregaff	29 ft. 6 in.
Bowsprit—	
Over all	31 ft.
Outside gammon iron	23 ft.
Spinnaker pole	61 ft.

Constance is built entirely of wood, and is splendidly put together. Her approximate cost was about \$40,000. In her construction a novel feature was introduced. She has a single keel 55 ft. in length which is 27 in. by 30 in. instead of the usual keel and keelson. The stem, sternpost and horn timber all extend down to the keel and are mortised into it. Keel, stem, sternpost, frames, deck beams, clamps and stringers are of white oak. The frames are spaced 20 in. on centers. Amidships they are



SAIL PLAN OF
AUX SCHOONER YACHT
FOR
W. AMORY GARDNER
CAPT. E. F. SMALL DESIGNER
DRAWINGS FROM THE OFFICE OF
SMALL BROTHERS
112 WATER STREET
SCALE 3/4 INCH = 1 FOOT



CONSTANCE—AUXILIARY SCHOONER—SAIL PLAN.
Designed by Small Brothers for W. Amory Gardner.

sided roim. and molded 5in. at the head and 7in. at the foot. For about one-third of the distance forward and aft they are sided gin. and molded 5in. at the head and 6in. at the foot. The deck beams are spaced 24in. on centers, the main beams being 7in. by 8in. and the regular beams 5in. by 5in. The shelf will be 6in. by 8in. The planking is of yellow pine 2 1/2 in. thick and the deck planking is of white pine 2 1/4 in. square.

The forward overhang is strongly trussed and braced as a precautionary measure against strains. Diagonal steel straps are placed on deck to give additional strength and stiffness. The knees are of hackmatack. All coamings, hatches and companionways are of mahogany. The waterways and rails are of teak, while the stanchions are of oak.

Although Constance is a centerboard boat, her board does not interfere with her accommodations in any way, as it houses under the cabin floor. The main companionway leads to a storage from which a passage runs forward and aft. The engine room, which is placed under the companionway, is 5ft. wide and 10ft. long. The engine room can be reached directly from the deck or by a door which opens from the steerage. On the starboard side of the steerage is the owner's suite of rooms, which consist of two cabins and a bath room. The first room reached is nearly 8ft. long and contains, besides a bureau and set wash basin, a wide sofa with a berth behind. Just forward of this room and opening from it is another cabin over 8ft. long. These rooms are finished in mahogany and white enamel, and are fitted up in very much the same manner. Port holes give the necessary light and air. The bath room is reached from the forward cabin of the owner's suite. The bath room contains a porcelain tub, marble wash basin, and a patent closet. The owner's quarters can be used in suite or separately as both cabins can be made independent of one another. On the port side of the steerage are two staterooms and a toilet room. Both of the staterooms are of ample size and are finished in mahogany and white enamel, as are all the cabins and staterooms. Going aft the passage opens into the ladies' cabin, a very commodious room 7ft. long and running the full width of the vessel. On either side are sofas behind which are wide berths under which are drawers and lockers. A bureau is placed against the after partition, and on each side are easy chairs. Connecting with the ladies' cabin on the starboard side forward is a private bath.

Leading forward from the steerage the passage gives access to the main saloon, which is 12ft. long and extends the full breadth of the boat. On either side is a long sofa, back of which are shelves. On the port side there are a linen closet and a china closet, and on the starboard side there are a clothes closet and a bookcase. At the after end of the saloon is a fireplace, while a large built-in sideboard is at the forward end. Overhead is a large skylight and there is a deadlight in each side.

On the port side of the saloon is a door which opens into the galley, which is about 8ft. long and runs the boat's full width. The galley and the rooms opening

from it are finished in butternut. Aft of the galley on the port side is the steward's room, while on the starboard side is a room for the two cooks. On the starboard side are a space for stores, dish locker, shelves and a large locker. On the port side are four dish lockers, a dresser, sink and the range. An iron ladder leads from the galley to the deck. The ice boxes and refrigerator are located in the galley. The main ice box holds over a ton of ice, which is lowered into it from the deck. A smaller ice box is accessible from the galley. Forward of the ice box is the refrigerator, while there is also a cold storage space beneath. There is a toilet room on the starboard side forward of the galley for the cooks and stewards.

Forward of the galley on the port side is a stateroom for the two quartermasters. The forecabin is roomy, and there is ample accommodation for the eight men carried. The crew have a wash room, toilet room and lockers for their dunnage.

Well aft, and separated from the owner's and guests' quarters by a bulkhead, are the captain's and mate's staterooms, with entrance by a companionway just forward of the wheel, which leads to a steerage. The officers have a private toilet, and their cabins are finished in butternut.

The gasoline tank has a capacity of 300 gallons, and is located in the lazarette, which is aft of the owner's quarters. The water tanks are of 1,000 gallons capacity. The yacht is steered with an Edson screw gear.

Her motive power is furnished by a 40 horse-power Standard engine, which drives the boat in smooth water at a rate of over five miles.

The yacht carries a crew of sixteen men all told. Beside the captain and the mate there are two quartermasters and eight men before the mast. Then there are two stewards and two cooks.

Although Constance is the largest vessel yet designed by Small Brothers, her success shows clearly that they are fully qualified to handle this kind of work.

Boston Letter.

Boston, Oct. 26.—At the present time the yachtsmen of Massachusetts Bay are not particularly active in placing orders for new boats in the new classes that have been recently adopted by the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts. They are giving those rules their closest attention, however, and it is likely that after the rules have been gone over carefully in every detail, orders for new boats will be forthcoming. Some time ago Messrs. Burgess and Packard were commissioned to design a 30-rater, if the class should be accepted, and it is quite possible that this boat will materialize shortly. Mr. E. A. Boardman has an order for a keel 15-footer for Mr. J. W. Olmstead, of the Boston Y. C. This boat will be built by Shiverick, of Kingston.

Several yachtsmen, members of the Dorchester Bay clubs, and of the Winthrop, Quincy and Lynn Y. C.'s,

are desirous of having a class of 15-footers in which ballast may or may not be carried, according to the ideas of the owner. While there has been no direct promise of any certain number of boats for such a class, should one be formed, it is understood that there are quite a number who stand ready to build. It is understood that these yachtsmen do not wish an entirely unrestricted class, but do want the privilege of racing without ballast if they so desire. There has been some talk of forming an association similar to those governing the 18ft. knockabouts and 22-footers should the Y. R. A. not feel disposed to provide rules for the class. In such case, if sufficient number of boats should be built to warrant it, there is little doubt but that the Y. R. A. of M. would adopt the class for the benefit of those racing in it.

Early in the fall it looked as though the cruising yachts would make another record breaking stay in the water before being hauled out for the winter; but the north-easter of a few weeks ago dampened the ardor of the late stayers and now there are few yachts to be seen at their moorings. Even at City Point, where they remain until very cold weather, they are being hustled off to the yards. The yards and basins throughout the district are being rapidly filled up and it will not be long before the last pleasure craft will be under cover.

Mr. J. Malcolm Forbes' big sloop Volunteer, defender of the America's Cup in 1887, arrived at Lawley's basin last Friday from Naushon Island. A number of her bow plates have become corroded to a great extent and these will be replaced during the winter.

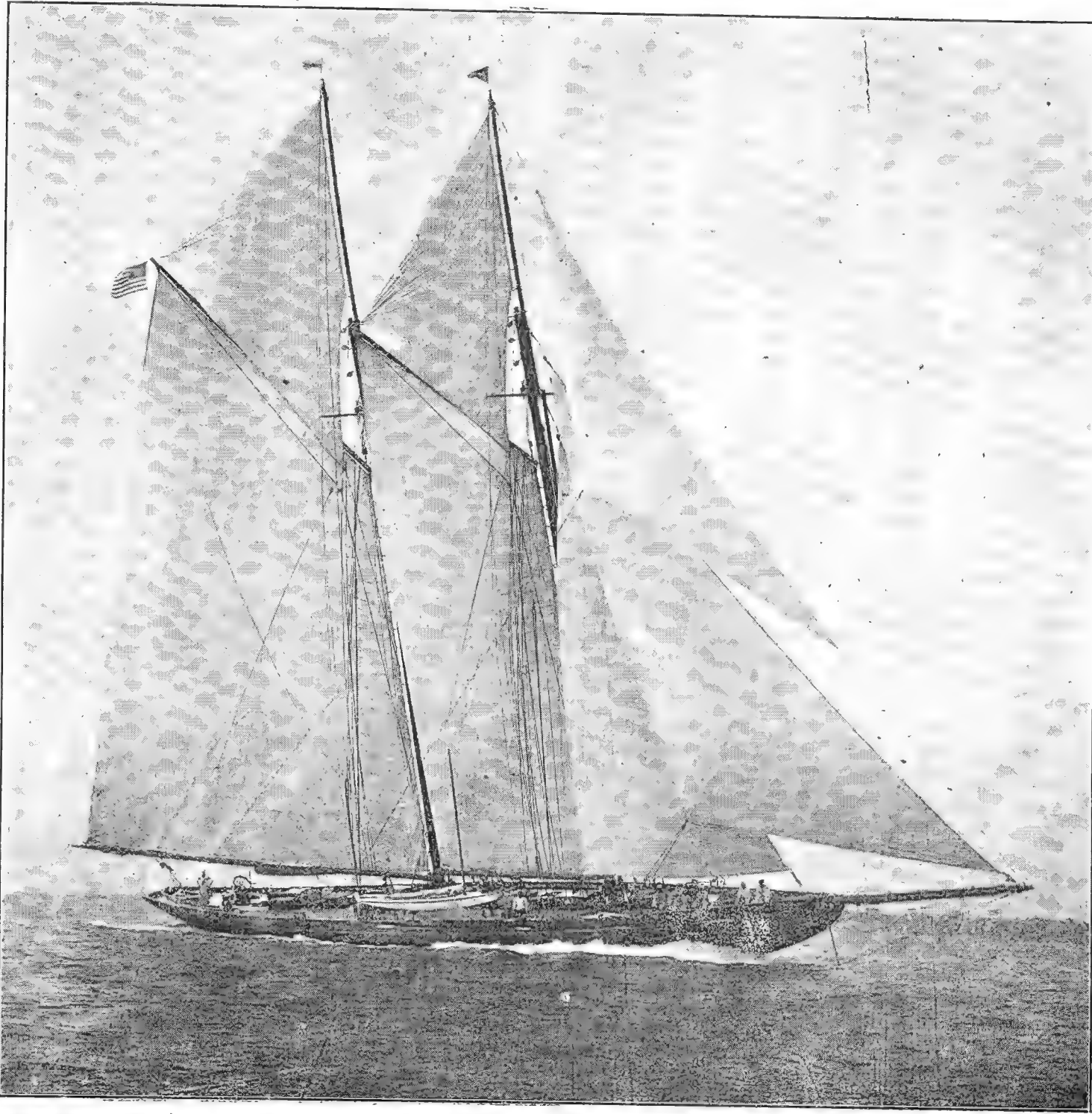
At Lawley's an 18-footer, designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield for Mr. L. M. Chase, of the Boston Y. C., is being laid down. A 50ft. waterline centerboard schooner, designed by Mr. Fred D. Lawley for Mr. J. H. Cromwell, of New York, is also being laid down. In the west shop the 70ft. steel auxiliary schooner, designed by Messrs. A. Cary Smith and Barbey for Mr. W. H. Alley, has been plated and the cabin work is being put in.

The 50ft. auxiliary yawl, Vagabond, formerly owned by the late Mrs. Charles DeBlois Gibson, and in which that devoted yachtswoman received injuries from an explosion resulting in her death, has been rebuilt. She is now owned by Mr. Robert Saltonstall, of the Eastern Y. C., who will probably give her another name.

The house committee of the South Boston Y. C. announces a schedule of fall and winter social events as follows: Evening of October 29, dancing for members and women guests; evening of November 19, athletic entertainment and smoke talk; Thanksgiving Day, open house; evening of December 10, whist party; Christmas open house; December 31, dancing and watch party.

The fourth general meeting of the Eastern Y. C. for 1903 will be held at the house of the St. Botolph Club, Boston, Tuesday evening, October 27, at 8:30. The following nominating committee has been named by the commodore, subject to confirmation at this meeting; Messrs. J. Malcolm Forbes, Gordon Dexter, Russell G. Fessenden, Walter I. Badger, Elmer H. Harding.

At a regular meeting of the Boston Y. C. to be held at



CONSTANCE—AUXILIARY SCHOONER.
Designed by Small Bros. for W. Amory Gardner. Photo by Willard B. Jackson, Marblehead.

the club house on Rows Wharf, Wednesday evening, October 28, at 7:30, action will be taken on two amendments to the by-laws. The first is to increase the membership of the nominating committee from five to seven. The following have been named on this committee, subject to confirmation at this meeting: Messrs. Clarence W. Jones, John A. Stetson, Jacob A. Barbey, Jr.; Herman W. Friend, Sumner H. Foster, Charles H. Cross 2d, and B. S. Permar. The second amendment relates to the dues of members of class A, who were members of the old Boston Y. C., and under the present by-laws pay \$10 a year, and have the privileges of the City Point and Marblehead houses only. One amendment offered is to raise the dues to \$20 a year for this class, which is but \$5 less than is paid by members having full privileges. Another amendment fixes the dues at \$15. The meeting will determine by vote which of these shall be accepted by the club.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

The Country Club, of Detroit, has issued a pamphlet which contains a detailed account of the first series of races for the Country Club competitive cup held on Lake St. Claire on September 9, 10, 12. The little book is well gotten up and contains, beside a good account of the races, some excellent illustrations. The series of races were won by Columbia Y. C.'s representative, Little Shamrock.

King Edward of England has presented a cup to the Club Nautique de Nice which is to be called the King Edward VII. Mediterranean cup. The race will be open to yachts of all nationalities and be sailed from Nice to Gibraltar.

Mr. Edmund Randolph has purchased, through Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, the British built auxiliary bark White Heather. She is 220ft. over all, 180ft. waterline, 28ft. 6in. breadth and 16ft. 6in. draft. Mr. Randolph contemplates making a Mediterranean cruise in White Heather, and she will be entirely refitted under Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane's direction. She will receive new decks and a new and larger boiler. A cold storage and ice-making plant and a ventilating system will be installed, and new plumbing will be introduced. The new electric plant will be most elaborate, and it will be used for lighting, heating, cooking and all hoisting.

The new auxiliary schooner Atlantic, designed by Messrs. Gardner & Cox for Mr. Wilson Marshall, and built by the Townsend & Downey Co., Shooter's Island, S. I., left New York on Saturday, October 24, for the trial trip. She will go as far east as Newport, and will then return to New York, where her interior fittings will be put in place. She is 189ft. over all, 135ft. waterline, 29ft. breadth and 15ft. draft. She is a centerboard boat, and is rigged as a three-masted schooner. She carries about 16,000 sq. ft. of sail.

The new schooner Ingomar, owned by Mr. Morton

F. Plant, is to be raced in English waters next season. She will be commanded by Captain Charlie Barr. She was designed and built by the Herreshoffs, and is 127ft. over all, 87ft. waterline, 24ft. breadth and 14ft. draft.

The fifth general meeting of the New York Y. C. was held at the club house, West Forty-fourth street, New York City, on Thursday evening, Oct. 22. The following nominating committee was appointed: Edward M. Brown, Lewis Cass Ledyard, C. Oliver Iselin, Seymour L. Husted, Jr., Charles Smithers, Philip Schuyler, J. Searle Barclay, Charles T. Minton, Robert Bacon and W. Butler Duncan, Jr.

Seventeen new members were elected.

A club station has been opened at San Juan, Porto Rico. This station will be in charge of Mr. Regis H. Post.

A committee of seven is to be appointed to revise the racing rules and report at the annual meeting, to be held in February. Another committee of five is to be appointed to draft resolutions of thanks to the syndicates and managing owners of the Reliance, Constitution and Columbia, and to the Government and naval officers for what they did for the recent races for the America's Cup. The reports of the committee on Cup challenge and of the Regatta Committee are now in the hands of the printer and will be sent to the members shortly.

The regular October meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound will be held at the Arena, No. 41 West Thirty-first street, New York city, on Thursday, Oct. 29, 1903, at 8:30 P. M.

Amendments to the rules, providing for restricted classes of 15ft., 18ft., 27ft. and 32ft. load waterline length respectively, will be offered.

Other amendments will be offered as follows:

Rule II. To strike out the last sentence of the sixth paragraph of Section 3, beginning, "should the boom when in use," etc.

To strike out Section 9.

Rule III. To abolish the separate classifications of cabin and open sloops, and cabin and open catboats in the 25ft. classes.

To abolish the distinctive lettering of the catboat classes, and reletter such classes with their relative sloop classes.

Section 3. To strike out the words "December 1, 1898," and substitute therefor the words "January 1, 1899."

Section 5. To insert the words "or catboat" immediately after the word "yawl."

To strike out Section 6.

Rule XII. To amend by striking out the present rule and substituting the following: "Except when otherwise specified in the instructions, a race in any class in which no yacht has finished at 30 minutes after sunset, shall be declared off."

Rule XV. To strike out the last paragraph of Section 2.

To strike out Section 3 and substitute the following: "The Race Committee boat when at the finish line shall display a red ball. The signal to denote the con-

clusion of the race shall be the lowering of the red ball."

To add to Rule XV. a new section providing signals for postponing the start for half an hour, postponing the race for day, shortening the course, sailing the course in reverse direction, etc., etc. (in part now covered by Rule XIX).

To strike out Rule XIX.

The new home of the Hampton Roads Y. C., on Willoughby Spit, is nearly finished, and it will be opened on Nov. 10. Nearly \$22,000 have been spent on the club's new property, and about \$2,000 additional was expended in furnishing the building.

Captain Charles Barr was the guest of Mayor Weaver, of Philadelphia, on Oct. 23. At noon he was presented with a loving cup by a number of Philadelphia's business men.

Mr. Regis Post has sold his schooner Shawondasec, through the agency of Mr. Thomas A. St. Johnston, to Mr. James King Clark.

Messrs. Cousens & Pratt, the well-known Boston sail makers, have recently gotten out a very handsome little book called "Sail O!" It contains photographs of some eighteen successful racing and cruising boats for which they recently made sails. Letters from the owners of these yachts have been received by Messrs. Cousens & Pratt, and in them their work is given the most unqualified endorsement.

The steam yacht North Star, owned by Rear-Com. Cornelius Vanderbilt, New York Y. C., arrived at Queenstown on Oct. 25, from New York, after a passage of nine days and seventeen hours. She will proceed to Greenock, Scotland.

Captain Brown, who left Boston on August in the little sailboat Columbia III., has reached Funchal, Isl- and of Madeira, after a passage of 73 days. Captain Brown first put in at Halifax for supplies and left that port Aug. 26. On Sept. 6 the craft was capsized in a gale and Captain Brown was thrown overboard. After hours of hard work he righted the boat and got aboard. He had lost much of his provisions and three of his four casks of water. The British steamer Greenbrier sighted Columbia III. on September 17, and Captain Brown was taken on board. After being supplied with food, water and his reckonings, lat. 37.21 west, long. 42.45 west, Captain Brown resumed his voyage.

The Gardens of the Caribbees.

MENTION was made a short time ago in these columns of a new book recently written by Ida M. Starr—"The Gardens of the Caribbees." It is an account of a cruise made on a German steamer in 1901 to the West Indies and the Spanish Main while our soldiers were still occupying Cuba and Puerto Rico and before the destruction of Martinique by the eruption of Mont Pelee.

The writer addresses the following to the reader: "These sketches were written during a memorable cruise to the West Indies and the Spanish Main in the winter and spring of 1901. There has been no attempt to write a West Indian guide-book, but rather to give preference to the human side of the picture through glimpses of the people and their ways of life and thought. With this idea it was thought best to give attention only to such of the ports visited as were full of human interest and typical of the life about the Caribbean Sea.

There was a strong feeling that we were sailing in romantic waters, and there has been no desire to eliminate the element of fancy from these pages.

It may be of interest to remember that at no time since—and perhaps never before—could this voyage have been made under the same conditions. Since then man and the greater power of nature seem to have conspired to make much of this delightful region forbidding to strangers. Several ports have become dangerous because of fever and plague; proclamations in French and pronunciamientos in Spanish have adorned West Indian street corners; Haiti has reverted to its almost chronic state of riot and revolution; the Dominican Republic has again chosen a President whose nomination came from a conquering army; Venezuela has been full of alarms and intrigues; while already the Germans are beginning to show their hand in the Caribbean; Martinique and St. Vincent have been desolated by volcanoes then thought to be practically extinct; and of delicious St. Pierre there remains but a sadly sweet memory."

The story is most charmingly told, and from the time it opens when the writer is leaving New York on the steamer on a cold January day, it is full of interest and incident. Haiti is the first island visited, and the writer's impressions are delightfully described. After a short stop at Port-au-Prince the writer visits Santo Domingo. San Juan, Puerto Rico, is the next port touched at, and it is interesting to learn what great benefit the American influence has had on the city and the island.

After leaving the island of St. Thomas a stop was made at Martinique. This was before St. Pierre was wiped out by the eruption of Mont Pelee, and one gets a very impressive idea of the place and its people. Trinidad is the last place described in the first volume of the story, which is published in two parts.

Part two opens with a more elaborate account of Trinidad. After a trip through the Spanish Main (which is rich in romance, the very name suggesting pirates and buccaners), the main land of South America is reached. La Guayra, a famous port of Caracas, was the place where the writer first set foot on South American soil. From Caracas the country round about was explored, and a trip to Puerto Cabello was made.

The Dutch city of Willemstad, the capital of the Dutch West Indies, on the island of Curacao, was found to be a fascinating spot, where it seemed as if a part of Holland had been transplanted there, so pronounced was the Dutch feeling.

Kingston was found to be less attractive and interesting than many of the other places, and the writer says it is "dirtier and hotter and in every way more dull and uninteresting than Port of Spain." After a word about Cuba, the author closes with the story of Martinique since its devastation. The place as she saw it when it was in the height of its loveliness and as it now is.

The writer holds one's interest to such an extent that the reader feels as though he had actually made the cruise himself. The book is very attractively gotten up, and is well bound in green cloth. The half-tone illustrations, and there are many of them, are particularly good, and most of the photographs were taken by the author herself. L. C. Page & Co., 200 Summer Street, Boston, Mass., are the publishers.

All communications for Forest and Stream must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

In order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First prize, \$50.00.
Second prize, \$25.00.
Third prize, \$15.00.
Fourth and fifth, \$10.00 each.
Sixth to eighth, \$5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept, and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. When practicable an outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in. While a chart will count in estimating the events of the log, it is not a necessary factor, and a log may be sent without it.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, on or before December 1, 1903.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

At the annual meeting of the Park Island Canoeing Association, held on Tuesday, October 13, the following were elected to serve for the next year: President, E. C. Hill; Vice-President, F. B. Yard; Secretary-Treasurer, W. A. Furman; A. H. Wood and W. A. Holcomb.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The United States Revolver Association.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Oct. 23.—Appended is the official report of the annual championship match of the N. R. A.:

The annual championship matches of the United States Revolver Association for 1903 were held during the period of the meeting of the National Rifle Association, Sept. 2 to 12, inclusive. Arrangements were made to conduct these matches at Sea Girt, N. J.; Boston, Mass.; Chicago, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo., and San Francisco, Cal. The prize winners and order of the contestants in each match are as follows:

MATCH A—ANY REVOLVER.

Open to everybody; distance 50yds.; 50 shots on the Standard American target; 8in. bullseye, 10-ring, 3.36in.; any revolver; time limit, one hour; entrance \$5; any ammunition.

First Prize—The championship silver cup (value \$200), to be held by the winner until the next annual competition. Inscribed on the cup, in raised ornamental letters is "This cup represents the Revolver Championship of the United States of America." The name of the winner, the year and the score are also engraved on the cup each year.

To the winner is also awarded a gold medal (value \$25), with the same inscription on the reverse side as appears on the cup.

Second Prize—A silver medal, with inscription on reverse side.

Third Prize—A bronze medal, with inscription on reverse side.

A bronze medal of the same design is also awarded to all competitors making scores of 425 or better.

First Prize—J. E. Gorman, at San Francisco, Cal.:

8 10 10 10 10 7 9 10 8 8—90
8 10 8 9 9 9 10 10 9 8—90
7 9 9 10 10 10 9 9 8 8—89
10 10 10 10 10 8 10 8 10—96
8 9 8 10 10 10 7 10 9 8—89—454

Second Prize—A. L. A. Himmelwright, at San Francisco, Cal.:

7 8 9 10 10 10 10 10 9 10—93
9 7 10 10 9 8 9 8 7 10—87
8 8 7 8 10 9 10 8 7 10—85
8 9 10 8 10 9 8 9 9 10—90
9 9 10 9 9 9 7 7 10 10—89—444

Third Prize—J. B. Crabtree, at Sea Girt, N. J.:

7 8 8 8 9 10 10 10 10 10—90
7 8 8 8 9 9 10 10 10—88
6 8 8 8 9 9 10 10 10—88
8 8 8 8 9 9 9 9 9 10—87
7 8 8 9 9 9 10 10 10—90—443

Medalists.

Wm H Lockett, at Sea Girt.....89 87 89 88 85—438
W C Prichard, at San Francisco.....86 84 83 89 91—433
J A Dietz, Jr., at Sea Girt.....93 80 83 89 86—431
E L Harpham, at Chicago.....83 81 90 84 92—430
T Anderton, at Sea Girt.....87 89 87 85 79—427
A P Proctor, at Sea Girt.....86 88 85 90 77—426
C L Bouve, at Sea Girt.....86 89 86 85 80—426

Other scores:
E H Kessler, at St. Louis.....424
P A Becker, at San Francisco.....414
L C Hinkel, at San Francisco.....412
S E Sears, at St. Louis.....416
W L Ekvall, at Chicago.....401
W T Church, at Chicago.....398
E P Creedy, at St. Louis.....397
J C Burn, at Sea Girt.....386
H G Tiffany, at St. Louis.....364
M Summerfield, at St. Louis.....359
H Frese, at St. Louis.....330

MATCH B—ANY PISTOL.

Conditions same as Match A otherwise.

First Prize—The championship silver cup (value, \$175), to be held by the winner until the next annual competition. Inscribed

on the cup in raised ornamental letters is "This cup represents the pistol championship of the United States of America." The name of the winner, the year and the score are also engraved on the cup each year.

To the winner is also awarded a gold medal (value \$25), with the same inscription on the reverse side as appears on the cup.

Second Prize—A silver medal, with inscription on reverse side.

Third Prize—A bronze medal, with inscription on reverse side.

A bronze medal of the same design is also awarded to all competitors making a score of 435 or better.

First Prize—Thomas Anderton, at Sea Girt.:

8 9 9 9 9 10 10 10 10—94
6 8 8 9 9 10 10 10—89
8 8 8 8 9 10 10 10—91
8 8 9 9 9 10 10 10—92
8 8 9 9 9 9 10 10—91—457

Second Prize—E. H. Kessler, at St. Louis.:

7 8 8 8 10 9 10 9 9—87
9 10 10 8 10 8 9 10 10—93
10 9 10 8 10 7 8 10 10—91
9 9 10 7 9 10 10 8 8—89
9 9 10 10 8 9 8 8 9—88—448

Third Prize—E. L. Harpham, at Chicago.:

9 9 9 10 7 10 9 10 8 8—89
10 10 9 8 9 9 8 10 10—93
9 8 9 10 9 10 10 9 9—91
9 8 10 9 9 8 7 7 7—81
8 9 9 10 9 10 9 8 10—92—446

Medalists.

J A Dietz, Jr., at Sea Girt.....92 84 93 87 90—446
R S Hale, at Sea Girt.....92 82 92 92 86—444
A L A Himmelwright, at San Francisco.....84 86 89 90 89—438
A R Whittier, at Sea Girt.....89 83 89 89 85—435

Other scores:
G Armstrong, at San Francisco.....425
F M Gordon, at Chicago.....414
Wm G. Krieg, at Chicago.....400

MATCH C—MILITARY REVOLVER.

Open to everybody; distance 25, 50 and 75yds.; 5 consecutive strings of 5 shots at each range on the same target as Match A. Each string at each range must be shot within the time limit of 15 seconds, taking time from the command, "Fire." Misfires and shots lost on account of the arm becoming disabled while firing any string will be scored zero. If a shot is fired after the time limit has elapsed, the shot of highest count will be deducted from the score. No cleaning allowed. Arm any military revolver, or any military magazine pistol. Ammunition, the full charge service cartridge. The score must be begun at the shortest range, and must be completed on the same day. No sighting shots will be allowed after beginning the score. Entrance \$5; no re-entries.

First Prize—The championship silver trophy (a silver bowl, value \$450), to be held by the winner until the next annual competition. The trophy bears the inscription "The Military Revolver Championship of the United States of America." The name of the winner, the year, and the score are also engraved on the cup each year.

To the winner is also awarded a gold medal (value \$25), with the same inscription on the reverse side, as appears on the trophy.

Second Prize—A silver medal, with inscription on reverse side.

Third Prize—A bronze medal, with inscription on reverse side.

A bronze medal of the same design is also awarded to all competitors making scores of 535 or better.

Twenty-five Yards.

First—R H Sayre, Sea Girt. Second—C L Bouve, Sea Girt.
10 10 10 9 8—47 5 7 8 8 8—36
8 8 8 9 10—42 7 8 9 10 10—44
10 10 9 8 7—34 4 8 9 10 10—41
10 10 9 7 6—42—223 5 8 9 10 10—42
8 8 8 9 10—43—206

Fifty Yards.

5 6 6 7 7—31 6 7 8 9 9—39
6 7 8 9 10—40 5 7 8 10 0—30
5 7 8 10 10—40 3 4 6 6 10—29
*9 9 8 9 10—36 6 8 8 8 9—39
5 5 8 8 8—34—181 3 5 8 8 10—34—171

*Shot before the word of command, and counted 0.

Seventy-five Yards.

4 5 5 5 7—26 3 4 5 7 8—27
10 9 7 7 5—38 4 4 5 5 7—25
9 9 4 4 3—29 4 4 6 6 0—20
10 10 9 7 4—40 5 6 7 8 0—26
3 4 5 7 9—28—161 4 5 7 7 7—30—128

565

505

MATCH D—MILITARY REVOLVER (RE-ENTRY).

Open to everybody; distance 50yds., 5 consecutive strings of 5 shots under the same conditions as Match C. Entrance \$1. Entries unlimited.

First Prize—A gold trophy (a laurel wreath surrounding a scroll, mounted on an ebony shield; value \$150). Between the scroll and the wreath is a ribbon on which, in raised letters, is "The United States Revolver Association." At the top of the scroll is engraved "Military Record Match" and the name of the winner, the year and the score for each year are engraved on the scroll below. This trophy is held by the winner until the next annual competition, and is to become the property of the competitor winning it three times.

Second Prize—A silver medal, with inscription on reverse side.

Third Prize—A bronze medal, with inscription on reverse side.

A bronze medal of the same design is also awarded to all competitors making a score of 190 or better.

First—T. Anderton, Sea Girt. Second—R. H. Sayre, Sea Girt.

7 7 9 9 10—42 6 7 7 8 8—36
8 8 9 10 0—35 6 8 8 9 10—41
7 8 9 9 9—42 7 8 9 9 10—43
7 8 9 9 10—43 5 5 7 8 9—34
7 7 8 9 9—40—202 6 7 8 9 10—40—194

Third—C. L. Bouve, Sea Girt.

5 4 9 9 10—37 7 8 9 9 10—43
6 7 8 8 8—37 7 7 8 8 8—38—191
5 6 8 8 9—36

Other scores:

M H Smith, Sea Girt.....186 C F Armstrong, Sea Girt....141
R S Hale, Sea Girt.....178 M C Mumba, Sea Girt.....141
J B Crabtree, Sea Girt.....165 W H Luckett, Sea Girt.....133
G B Young, Sea Girt.....157 A Himmelw't, San Francisco.124
F E Healy, Sea Girt.....166

A. L. A. HIMMELWRIGHT, Sec'y.

Greenville Shooting Park.

THERE was quite a bunch of revolver and rifle experts and novices gathered together on the Greenville range on Saturday of last week. The weather was clear and windy, with the temperature down to the point that makes one think of getting his top coat out of hock. Among the riflemen who were out for practice were L. P. Hansen, Dr. W. G. Hudson, O. C. Boyce, Harry Fenwirth, C. Bischoff, H. F. Barning, R. Goldthwaith, Major Brinkerhoff and Lieut. Oliver; the last two gentlemen are well-known in military circles as members of the Fourth Regiment, N. J. S. N. G.

The shooting was of an informal order, simply practice. The scores are appended, 10 shots, possible 250:

C. Bischoff 214, 209, 219.
Wm. A. Tewes 225, 209, 219.
H. F. Barning 215, 198, 216, 194, 216; total 1039.

Dr. W. G. Hudson 230, 216.

H. Fenwick 196, 202.

L. P. Hansen 212, 207, 213, 217; total 1056.

Among the group of revolver shooters were J. E. Silliman, A. P. Proctor, W. J. Coons, A. L. A. Himmelwright, and John A. Dietz. The shooting was on the 50yd. range, with the Standard American target. While there were not very high scores made, the general average was good. Scores, 10 shots, possible 100:

L. R. Piercy 91, 85, 92, 90, 89; total 447.

A. P. Proctor 87, 86, 81, 84, 85; total 424.

W. J. Coons 85, 79, 91, 83, 84; total 422.

A. L. A. Himmelwright 89, 88, 94, 88, 86; total 445.

J. A. Dietz 92, 86, 90.

J. E. Silliman 76, 83, 82, 84.

Miller Rifle Club.

At the weekly shoot of the Miller Rifle Club, held at headquarters, No. 423 Washington street, Hoboken, N. J., on Oct. 21, 10 shots, .22cal. rifles, distance 75ft., the following scores were made: C. Bischoff 246, D. Dingman 242, F. Unbehnen 241, O. Smith 239, D. Miller 238, H. Bohn 234, R. W. Evans 234, P. Schultz 233, R. Goldthwaith 233, C. Bayha 232, R. Kinsey 230, W. Grube 228, C. Doyle 220.

New York City Corps.

THE New York Corps, Captain, R. Busse, finished its summer practice shoot at Union Hill range last week. The list of winning members on the several targets are appended. Scores:

Bullseye target, best shot, 4in. center, degrees: J. Facklamm 24, J. Keller 32½, R. Busse 34, A. Wiltz 66, H. Radloff 78, A. Keller 80½, C. G. Zettler 85, O. Schwanermann 95, C. Wagner 100, R. Schwanermann 133, C. Schmidt 155, R. Bendler 167 degrees.

Ring target, 10 shot scores, most points for the season: R. Bendler 5,357, Ch. Wagner 4,219, R. Busse 4,083, A. Kronsberg 2,402, J. Facklamm 2,285, H. Radloff 1,656, R. Schwanermann 1,418.

Point target, most points: J. Facklamm 314, R. Busse 296, A. Kronsberg 263, R. Bendler 151, H. Radloff 90, R. Schwanermann 70, C. G. Zettler 61, Ch. Wagner 54, O. Schwanermann 52.

Plattddeutsch Schuetzen Corps.

THIS corps, which is one of the younger societies in our large group of shooting organizations in and about New York city, opened its winter gallery practice on the Zettler Bros. ranges on Monday, Oct. 19. Nine members were present, and took part in the contest. Scores:

Plattddeutsch Corps, 3-shot scores, 25-ring target, two best scores to count, .22cal., distance 75ft.: H. Helmke, 73, 71; H. Lohman, 72, 70; A. Bischoff, 70, 69; F. Passe, 70, 69; H. Rottger, 66, 66; Ch. Remecke, 62, 60; F. Schmidt, 63, 58; W. J. Hopper, 63, 61; H. Van Hinken, 58, 49.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE winter gallery shooting of the Zettler Rifle Club for the coming season was opened at the club's headquarters, No. 159 West Twenty-third street, New York, on Oct. 20. While there was a large attendance, of the club members, few of them took part in the opening. Several of the members had just returned from their fall outings and summer vacations, and they were more interested in the event that brought them together again. President Gus Zimmermann was on hand to greet his fellow members and receive their congratulations for his success at the Bundesfest in Hanover and Hamburg, Germany. Louis Maurer, who has just returned from his annual hunting trip in northern Maine, too, had many pleasant experiences to relate. Vice-President Henry D. Mueller had a new supply to his fund of good and interesting stories. The meeting was, in fact, a home-gathering of congenial spirits, who were pleased to return to the old rendezvous again. The scores of the members who took part in the opening of the winter shoot are appended:

Ten-shot scores, 5 scores (consecutive) to count:
W A Tewes.....239 245 245 241 245—1215
E Van Zandt.....242 241 237 242 243—1205
W A Hicks.....240 241 240 239 239—1199
R Gute.....238 243 239 238 240—1198
Geo Ludwig.....237 237 240 237 245—1196
Louis Maurer.....233 236 237 237 259—1182
H D Mueller.....227 234 231 231 239—1162
Geo. J. Bernius.....222 225 228 231 225—1131

Independent New York Corps.

The annual festival and king shoot of the Independent Corps, Captain Herman Weber, was held in Union Hill Park, on Sept. 17. Owing to bad weather, the shoot was extended to Oct. 15, and in the meantime the extension was declared off and the prizes were distributed to men with the high scores. At the close of the shoot on Sept. 17, the prizes were given out by the shooting master, Gus Zimmermann, at the Zettler Club headquarters, on Oct. 20.

The list of the winners, their scores and prizes won are appended:

Independent New York Corps—Bullseye, best center shot: M. Dorrlor, 30 degrees, \$15; L. P. Hansen, 41, \$12; George Schlicht, 46½, \$10; Gus Zimmermann, 49½, \$8; R. Gute, 52, \$7; Wm. Hayes, 52, \$6; B. Zettler, 61, \$5; E. Greiner, 64½, \$5; G. D. Wiegman, 109, \$4; Hy. Kröger, Jr., 107½, \$3; M. Schultheis, 114, \$2; A. Begerow, 115½, \$2; Geo. Zimmermann, 126, \$1.

Ring target, 3 shots: L. P. Hansen, 71, \$20; Gus Zimmermann, 70, \$12.33; A. Kronsberg, 70, \$12.33; M. Dorrlor, 70, \$12.33; R. Gute, 69, \$7.50; W. Hayes, 69, \$7.50; L. Schmidt, 68, \$7; Geo. Schlicht, 67, \$6; A. Begerow, 66, \$6; B. Zettler, 64, \$5; W. Söll, 63, \$5; Hy. Kröger, Jr., 60, \$4; C. Von der Broek, 27, \$4.

First bullseye: Geo. Schlicht.

Last bullseye: Gus Zimmermann.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Oct. 17.—The members of the club seem to be losing interest in their matches, as only four of them were present to-day, but it was a raw, cold day, with a high west wind blowing. Shooting offhand at 200yds. on Standard target, the following scores were made, Mount beating his previous record:

A Mount.....81 70 67—218 J Almeda.....66 63 61—189
J Sidham.....76 73 66—215 J Bacon.....65 62 60—187
CABIA BLANCO.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Oct. 26-31.—French Lick Springs, Ind.—First grand tournament of the National Gun Club; \$500 added. John M. Lilly, Pres.

Jan. 12-15.—Hamilton, Ont., Gun Club tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Chicago Gun Club has fixed upon Nov. 26 for a shoot, open to all amateurs.

In the badge shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, Oct. 17, 25 targets, Messrs. Hughes, Stevens and Davis tied on 23.

At Paducah, Ky., tournament, which commenced on Oct. 20, Mr. Fred Gilbert was high professional, with 482 out of 500. J. M. Hughes was second with 473. Of the amateurs, Mr. C. O. Le Compte was high with 461.

In the Sheepshead Bay Gun Club handicap shoot, 100 targets for a gold watch, at Sheepshead Bay, Oct. 21, Mr. H. Hutchins was the winner. There were eleven contestants. Three shoot-offs were necessary to determine the winner.

This week closes the summer and fall trapshooting season of the Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago. However, Dr. J. W. Meek, the secretary, reports that additional weekly shoots will be held if a sufficient number of members desire them.

Messrs. A. A. Felix and Fred Miller shot a match at 50 live birds, 30 yards rise, reported to be for \$100 a side. It took place on Point Breeze race track, near Philadelphia, Oct. 24. The wind was stiff, the birds were good, and the scores were: Felix 42, Miller 39.

"Bonasa," in our trap columns this week, conveys the pleasing information from Cincinnati that Mr. Arthur Gambell's son Lutie has so far recovered from his recent injury that he is able to be up and about with the aid of a cane. May his total recovery be near.

The match between Messrs. H. M. Clark and J. L. Head, 50 live birds each, was won by Clark with a score of 47 to 44. Clark, by prearrangement, was forthwith challenged by Mr. Max Witzgreuter, same conditions, and he won by a score of 47 to 46. Mr. Witz now holds the trophy emblematic of the Indiana State championship at live birds.

In the shoot of the New York Athletic Club, at Travers Island, Oct. 24, Mr. F. W. Perkins, comparatively an inexperienced shooter, won the silver loving cup, the prize in the 100-target handicap event, and also the gold penknife in the 25-target event. Mr. Fred Vilmar has donated a silver loving cup as a prize of the club shoot, fixed to be held on Election Day.

We are informed that the Yale Gun Club has disbanded. There will be no Yale team in the Intercollegiate championship match Nov. 21, at Cambridge, this year. The Yale team was the most successful of any team in the Intercollegiate contests. The action to disband was consequent to the refusal of the University Athletic Committee to grant the wearing of "Y," thus leaving the team without any insignia.

Mr. Will K. Park, the popular and energetic trap editor of Sporting Life, announces that the committee on the "Howard Ridge testimonial" have turned over to Mrs. Ridge \$237, the net amount realized in the testimonial event held in connection with the Florists' shoot Sept. 29-Oct. 2. The amount includes all the moneys received, whether the tickets were used or not. He concludes by saying: "All who assisted in any way in this testimonial have the sincere thanks of the committee and the beneficiary."

The S. S. White Gun Club team defeated the Arlington Gun Club team, eleven men on a side, on the grounds of the Delaware County Country Club, on Oct. 24, by a score of 146 to 121. Each man shot at 25 targets. The scores were as follows: S. S. White team: Harper 22, Denham 14, Wilkins 14, Cantrell 13, Robinson 14, Dr. Cotting 16, Hinkson 12, Parry 11, Semper 11, Kendall 10, Read 9. Total 146. Arlington team: Harroitt 20, Fontain 16, Pratt 15, Dr. Lake 13, Lebon 13, Redman 10, Rossberg 8, Newton 8, Stout 7, Bowen 6, Snyder 5. Total 121.

Mr. J. S. Fanning, an eminent trapshooter of the Laffin & Rand Powder Co., has many interesting anecdotes of his eleven months' sojourn on the Western coast. One item of especial interest to trapshooters is the great tournament to be held in conjunction with the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition in 1905, at Portland, Ore. At least \$5,000 will be added, and no one will be barred from competition and no one will have a handicap. The exposition is to be held in commemoration of the exploration of Oregon by the Lewis and Clark expedition, which was the beginning of Oregon's development, as indeed it was the developmental beginning of the entire Northwest by the great fur companies of Canada and the United States.

Last week it so happened that two skillful sportsmen, famous trapshooters, were visitors in New York. One was Mr. W. T. Nash, president of the Indianapolis Gun Club; the other was Col. B. W. Sperry, secretary of the Jacksonville, Fla., Gun Club. Each one is a performer of eminent skill. What was more harmoniously in order than to arrange a friendly shoot; so on Thursday, with Mr. John S. Wright, in his happiest mood of mind and actively in charge of the shoot, the party assembled on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club. Besides Messrs. Sperry and Nash, there were Messrs. C. A. Lockwood, of Jamaica, and Wm. Hopkins, of Aqueduct, two of New York's best, and Messrs. Batten and Waters, of Forest and Stream. The wind blew stiffly and variably, the targets were thrown swiftly and variably, yet the visitors proved their skill. Both were handicapped by using strange guns. Messrs. Nash and Hopkins, in an event at doubles, scored 8, which was excellent work under the hard conditions. Col. Sperry broke 22 out of 25 in one event, as did also Mr. Hopkins. Mr. Nash returned to Indianapolis in the evening. All departed with an earnest wish to try it all over again some day. Mr. John Wright's assiduous efforts contributed in no small degree to the success of the event.

BERNARD WATERS.

Felix—Miller.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 24.—In a match at 50 live birds between Messrs. Anthony A. Felix and Fred Miller to-day, on the Point Breeze race track, Felix won by a score of 42 to 39. A stiff wind helped the birds greatly, and made the shooting correspondingly more difficult. The birds were a good, strong lot. The conditions were 30yds., 50 birds:

A. A. Felix.....22121202222222021212221120—22
*120222222222222222222222—20—42
Fred Miller.....221*22121*12202122020201—19
101222221212*220122212*—20—39

A miss-and-out sweepstake at live birds, with eight entries, followed. At the fifth round Coleman, McAfee, Leonard, Felix and Miller had straight scores. Coleman missed his sixth and McAfee lost his ninth. Miller, Felix and Leonard each killed 9 birds and divided the purse.

WESTERN TRAP.

Rohrer's Island.

Following are the names of the winners in the recent prize shoot of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, Ohio. First event, 1st prize, Dr. Hook; 2d, C. Smyth; 3d, W. Kuntz.

Second event, 1st, W. Kuntz; 2d, C. Smyth; 3d, Dr. Hook. The club medal was won by Charles Miller. Those who took part in the outing were Messrs. Dennick, Schaerf, Craig, Clark, Kersner, Theobald, Doneghor, Hash, Cook, Whittaker, Gerlaugh, Hohm, Nunlist, Ballman, Nohr, Selby, Gemin, Brandenberg, Hales, Ike, Rohrer, Cain, Tredway, Reigler, Stoddard and Mrs. May.

L. D. Arndt won the Peters gold medal at the fall shoot of the Tiffin (Ohio) Gun Club, on Oct. 23. There were ten contestants, the match being at 50 targets. Arndt's score was 49.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

A big crowd assembled on the grounds of the Corner Rod and Gun Club, Oct. 19, the occasion being the shoot for the State championship trophy between H. Clark, of Wabash, holder, and J. L. Head, of Peru, challenger. All conditions were favorable, well as the shooters enjoyed the day.

The weather was fine, the birds a good lot, and the spectators as Shooting began at 9:30 A. M., the first event on the programme being a match between Joe Smiley, of Matthews, Ind., and Will Ferrell, of Muncie. This was at 50 birds for \$50 a side, and was won by Smiley with 34 to 33. Of Ferrell's last birds, five fell dead out, more than enough to have won him the match if he had got just a little more shot into them. After this three handicap sweepstakes and a miss and out event were shot. First money was divided by Rodney Fleming and Jack Hines on straight scores in the 5-bird sweep. Williamson and Clark were the only ones to kill straight in the 7-bird event, and divided first. In the 10-bird event Keller, of the local shooters, and Clark tied on 10 straight, and divided first.

The boys played a trick on Sam Miner in one of the sweeps, by placing a spring chicken in the trap instead of a pigeon. It didn't rattle Sam a bit. He just killed the bird, and won the title of champion chicken shot. The retrieving was done by G. G. Williamson's (Muncie) dog Lady's Count Gladstone; a dog belonging to G. W. Wagner, of Peru, and Gale, belonging to Charles Rundell, of Fort Wayne. They did the work well, and it was a pleasure to watch them. Next the main event, the match between Clark and Head, was started. It resulted in a victory for Clark by a score of 47 to 44. Then came what was the big event in local estimation, as Max Witzgreuter immediately challenged Clark for the trophy. This was according to previous arrangement, and the match was started at once. Witz shot in fine form, and won by a score of 47 to 46. Once more the trophy is in Fort Wayne, and there it will remain until a better man than Witz comes along. The scores:

Event No. 1, match, Smiley vs. Ferrell, 50 birds, \$50 a side:
Smiley.....21*0222212002012110201111—18
010210120000222222222222—16—34
Ferrell.....*1*211*0122001*2*02211011—14
02021202222210202111222220—19—33

Event No. 2, sweepstakes, 5 birds: J. L. Head 4, S. R. Miner 2, F. Martin 3, J. W. Ferrell 4, Williamson 4, Fleming 5, Max Witz 3, Gus Witte 1, Roy Keller 2, Wm. Jones 3, H. M. Clark 4, Smiley 4, P. Bahrt 3, J. Hines 5.

Event No. 3, miss and out: Head 23, Clark 22, Witz 16.
Event No. 4, sweepstakes, 10 birds: Head 8, Ferrell 7, Williamson 8, Witz 8, Clark 10, Smiley 8, Keller 10, Wm. Jones 7, E. Jones 8.

Event No. 5, 7 birds: Head 6, Ferrell 5, Williamson 7, Fleming 6, Witz 6, Clark 7, Smiley 4, Keller 6, Wm. Jones 6, Jack Hines 5, F. Martin 5.

Event No. 6, match for State championship at live birds, 50 birds, \$50:

H. M. Clark.....22222222222222222222—23
J. L. Head.....22222222222222222222—24—47
222222222222222222222222—22
222222222222222222222222—22—44

Event No. 7, Witzgreuter vs. Clark, match for State championship at live birds, 50 birds, \$50:

Witz.....222*22222222222222222222—23
Clark.....222222222222222222222222—24—47
222222222222222222222222—23
222222222222222222222222—23—46

BONASA.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Oct. 24.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the sixth trophy shoot of the fourth series. Fred Stone won Class A trophy on a score of 24 out of 25. Snyder won B on 22, and Birkland C, on 16. Aside from a rather chilling wind from the right quarter, the day was a fine one for trapshooting. The wind, while chilly, was not strong enough to materially affect the flight of targets.

One more shoot winds up the regular season. If attendance warrants it we may continue.

Trophy shoot:

Lord.....11111101101111101111—22
Thomas.....0111111111111111001001—20
Dr. Meek.....11011011111111111111—23
Sincides.....111111110110110111101—21
Birkland, Jr.....01111111011011111110—22
Snyder.....1101111111111011111110—22
Stone.....11111111111111111111—24
L. Wolff.....110110100010100000011101—12
Eaton.....1101010011110110111001—17
T. Wolff.....0111011011111111011111—21
Ford.....1010111111111101101111—21
McKinnon.....1110111111111111111111—23
Birkland, Sr.....0000111101011011011011—16
Tentlinger.....1101101000000111101111—16
Kearns.....1011000110111000101111—16

Chicago Gun Club.

THE Chicago Gun Club will hold a special holiday shoot on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26, 1903. Grounds, 79th street and Vincennes Road. Take Wentworth avenue cars direct to the grounds.

Competition is open to all amateurs. Shooting commences promptly at 9 A. M. The contest will be for a beautiful solid silver trophy, known as the White Horse Cellar Coronation Snuff Mull, presented by P. J. Mackie, Esq., Isley, Scotland. It will be a prize to the high gun. This trophy is a curiosity, being an antique, and cost originally \$65. It can be seen at Von Lengerke & Antoine's gun store, 277-279 Wabash avenue, where it will remain on exhibition until the day of the contest. The contest will be open to members of the different gun clubs of Chicago, and all amateurs, and will be at 50 targets each man, distance handicap ranging from 16 to 20yds. Expert traps, Sergeant system. The trophy will become the sole property of the winner. Prizes also for the twelve high guns. The contest will be an optional sweepstake, \$3 entrance, for those who desire to shoot for the money. Shooters who do not care to shoot in the sweepstake can shoot for the prizes only. Shooting will be in rounds of 15, 15 and

20 targets; all ties to shoot off in rounds of 10 targets each. Entries close on the firing of the last shot in the first squad.

Prize of targets, 2 cents each, to be paid by each shooter before stepping to the score. Bring your shells with you, as there will be none for sale on the grounds.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Oct. 24.—The fourth competition for the October cup resulted in a tie between Messrs. W. W. Marshall and L. W. Palmer, Jr. There was a strong wind, which made the shooting extra difficult. The scores:

October Cup, 25 targets, handicap, allowances added: L. M. Palmer, Jr. (2) 25, W. W. Marshall (5) 25, G. R. Meeker (5) 24, A. G. Southworth (5) 24, H. M. Brigham (0) 23, T. W. Stake (5) 22, Dr. J. J. Keyes (3) 22.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: T. W. Stake (3) 15, J. H. Jack (2) 12, W. W. Marshall (3) 12, H. M. Brigham (0) 11, A. G. Southworth (3) 9, G. R. Meeker (3) 6.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: W. W. Marshall (3) 15, J. H. Jack (2) 13, H. M. Brigham (0) 13, T. W. Stake (3) 12, G. R. Meeker (2) 9, A. G. Southworth (3) 8.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: L. M. Palmer, Jr. (1) 15, J. H. Jack (2) 13, W. W. Marshall (3) 13, A. G. Southworth (3) 12, H. M. Brigham (0) 11, G. R. Meeker (3) 8.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets, handicap: H. B. Vanderveer (5) 25, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (2) 25, J. H. Jack (4) 23, H. M. Brigham (0) 23, W. W. Marshall (5) 23, A. G. Southworth (5) 22, G. R. Meeker (5) 22.

Shoot-off: Vanderveer 25, Palmer 24.
Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: H. B. Vanderveer (5) 25, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (2) 24, H. M. Brigham (0) 23, W. W. Marshall (5) 23, J. H. Jack (4) 22, Dr. J. J. Keyes (3) 22, G. R. Meeker (3) 21, A. G. Southworth (5) 21.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: Dr. J. J. Keyes (2) 15, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (1) 15, H. B. Vanderveer (3) 15, H. M. Brigham (0) 14, G. R. Meeker (3) 12, T. W. Stake (3) 12, J. H. Jack (2) 10, A. G. Southworth (3) 8, W. W. Marshall (3) 7.

Shoot-off: Keyes 15, Palmer 13, Vanderveer 13.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: G. R. Meeker (3) 15, Dr. J. J. Keyes (2) 15, A. G. Southworth (3) 15, H. M. Brigham (0) 14, W. W. Marshall (3) 14, H. B. Vanderveer (3) 13, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (1) 13, T. W. Stake (3) 10.

Shoot-off: Southworth 13, Keyes 12, Meeker 9.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: H. M. Brigham (0) 14, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (1) 14, W. W. Marshall (3) 14, A. G. Southworth (3) 13, Dr. J. J. Keyes (3) 12, H. B. Vanderveer (3) 11, J. H. Jack (2) 9, G. R. Meeker (3) 9.

Shoot-off: Palmer 15, Brigham 13, Marshall 13.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Oct. 24.—There were eight shooters in attendance at the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club to-day. Wash was high man in the totals. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	15	25	25	10	*	*
Wash	9	14	15	21	20	10	8	8
Ketcham	6	12	11	14	17	5	4	*
Wright	6	8	14	19	18	8	6	6
Lamb	2	5	6	3	..
Howard	..	11	..	16	17	..	5	6
C. Grinnell	17	15	..	7	..
R. Grinnell	8	10	..	7	..
Winter	15	15	..	6	..

On Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 1 P. M., the B. G. C. will hold a 100-target handicap, entrance price of targets; prizes donated.

*Five pairs.

Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Oct. 21.—The gold watch handicap, 100 targets, drew eleven entries, Messrs. Hutchings, Piercy and Lockwood tied on 100. Three shoot-offs were necessary to determine the winner, which proved to be Mr. Hutchins. Several practice events were shot. The scores of the gold watch allowance handicap, 100 targets, follow:

Targets:	25	25	25	Broke.	Hdp.	Total.
H Hutchings	19	16	22	19	78	24
G Piercy	23	22	25	24	94	7
Dudley	23	19	21	20	83	7
S Glover	23	22	24	22	91	6
A Squires	10	14	15	17	56	35
G Greiff	21	22	22	22	87	10
J Fanning	22	24	23	21	90	5
Capt. Money	17	18	16	23	74	12
C Lockwood	18	14	16	13	66	35
Voorhis	14	17	18	20	69	24
I McKane	16	17	14	13	65	24

First shoot-off, 25 targets:

Targets:	17	9	25	Broke.	Hdp.	Total.
Lockwood	17	9	25	23	6	25
Piercy	22	2	24

Second shoot-off, 25 targets:

Targets:	7	25	Hutchins <th>20</th> <th>5</th> <th>25</th>	20	5	25
Lockwood	7	25	Hutchins	20	5	25

Third shoot-off, 25 targets:

Targets:	7	25	Hutchins <th>18</th> <th>5</th> <th>23</th>	18	5	23
Lockwood	7	25	Hutchins	18	5	23

Practice events:

Targets:	25	10	15	10	10	15	25
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
I McKane	10	10	6	8	8
Glover	24	10
Piercy	21	9
Mae	13	3
Lockwood	..	4	8	5	6	9	21
Greiff	8	9	..
Squires	5	4	..
Voorhis	5	6	..
Wash	9
Money	22

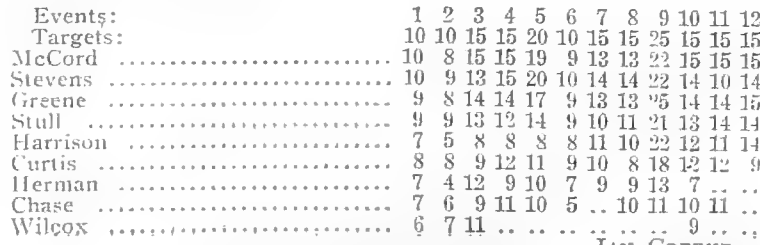
IN NEW JERSEY.

Trap at Lake Denmark.

Lake Denmark, N. J., Oct. 24.—A pleasant live-bird shoot, two events, was shot at Lake Denmark to-day, one of the contestants being the redoubtable expert, Mr. Thomas W. Morfey. This is Mr. Morfey's second live-bird shoot since March 6 last. He is now devoting his energies to the Mount Pleasant Dairy, Stock and Poultry Farm, at Dover, N. J., in which he is making notable success.

All the contestants were of Dover, excepting two, Mr. James Timmons, of Morristown, and Mr. John Rickett, of Rockaway. Class, Jr., is a youth of sixteen or seventeen years. His scores of 9 out of 10 and 5 straight are excellent. Mr. Timmons was the only contestant who killed straight in both events. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Rickett	2121210111—9	11120—4
Morfey	1112221122—10	20222—4
Timmons	222122222—10	22222—5
Taylor	1020111102—7	20222—4
Hinchman	2001102221—7	22222—4
Baker	222111222—10	22220—4
Fanning	0111001012—6	20111—4
Munson	022222222—9	02122—4
Schomp	0111202200—6	12000—2
Class, Jr.	112120222—9	22121—5



Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md.—The ninth annual tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association was held on Oct. 14 and 15. In the merchandise event, the handicaps, by distance, were as follows:

Lupus 17, German 19, Chew 18, Foard 17, Malone 17, Cottman 16, Coulbourn 17, Bowen 17, Smith 17, Edwards 16, L. S. Mordecai 16, Hawkins 20, Storr 18, Fulford 20, Pennsy 17, McElvey 17, George 17, Mordecai 18, Philbrook 16, Scott 16, T. E. Cottman 16, Schaab 17.

The first day had a target programme, of which in the nine sweepstake events, Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins was high with 137 out of 150. Mr. E. D. Fulford was second with 134. In the amateur class Mr. Lester German was high with 134. In the first 20-target race, Mr. J. R. Malone made the only clean score of the 20-target events, although he had a severely injured hand, due to an accident while adjusting the traps before the shooting commenced. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	20	10	20	15	20	15	20	50
Lupus	7	13	16	11	15	12	16	12	16	40
Hawkins	9	15	16	13	19	14	19	15	17	43
German	10	13	16	13	18	13	14	14	19	46
Storr	8	13	18	12	17	13	17	13	17	44
Chew	7	14	13	12	17	13	18	13	17	43
Fulford	9	14	16	14	19	14	18	15	15	43
Foard	9	13	14	13	16	12	18	11	16	42
Pennsy	6	10	15	12	10	10	14	13	13	39
McElvey	7	11	15	11	16	15	15	13	13	42
Malone	9	12	20	10	18	12	18	15	14	44
Cottman	6	11	13	7	12	6	10	15	9	34
George	10	12	18	11	14	13	18	12	13	39
Coulbourn	9	13	13	12	13	7	17	9	14	38
Kerngood	3	5								
Bowen			16	12	16	11	18	9	14	37
Mordecai			18	11	19	12	16	12	17	35
Diggs						12	11	9	10	
Philbrook						13	5	13	15	36
Smith							16	12	16	37
Scott								6	14	29
Edwards										37
T. E. Cottman										36
L. S. Mordecai										24
Schaab										41

No. 10, the merchandise event was won by Lester German, of Aberdeen, Md., with 46. The prize was silver plate, 10 of them. Storr and Malone got 44 each, Chew, Fulford and Hawkins 43, McElvey 42, Lupus 40. Pennsy and George shot off for the tenth prize, and George won.

Oct. 15, Second Day.

The Maryland Handicap, 20 live birds, \$10 entrance, was the event of main interest to-day. To the winner a silver cup. The supply of birds was exhausted when Fulford had shot his 19th, thus leaving one bird short of finishing the event. Malone lost his 20th, a red bird, near the hour of twilight. Storr and Malone were tied on 19 at that juncture. Storr was not shooting for money. Hawkins shot from the 32yd. mark. Fulford subsequently missed his 20th, which thereby left Malone the winner. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	15	30
Hawkins	15	14	13	15	13	13	25
Fulford	12	17	15	13	14	14	26
Storr	14	15	14	15	13	14	30
German	12	20	14	15	13	13	26
Lupus	12	14	13	15	14	13	25
Malone	11	16	13	15	12	11	23
Foard	14	16	12	17	13	14	25
Chew	11	19	13	19	9	12	26
Coulbourn	13	10	11	15	11	10	23
Seitz	7	9	6	6	8	10	15
Cottman	11	15	10	14	11	11	21
Samson		14	9	16	7	10	21
Bowen			8	13	13	10	24
Prospect				16	8	12	16
Philbrook						11	20
Medinger							27
Mordecai						11	12

Event 1, 5 live birds:	1	2	3	4	5
Prospect	21022-4				
Foard	22112-5				
German	21222-5				
Seitz	22211-5				
Coulbourn	12222-5				
Bowen	10200-2				
Cottman	12121-5				

Event 2, 7 live birds:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Foard	2211222-7						
German	2112122-7						
Seitz	0211112-6						
Cottman	1112111-7						
Coulbourn	1210122-6						
Diggs	1010222-5						

Event 3, 20 live birds, Maryland Handicap, \$10 entrance:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Foard	12222212121222222222-18						
German	10021212121212222121-18						
Seitz	122121202220222221011-16						
Hawkins	22212021222222222200-17						
Prospect	01010101000021020011-9						
Cottman	222102212122222101120-17						
Coulbourn	22212121212222202001-16						
Diggs	2211021221222020211-16						
Malone, Jr.	211022200w						
Malone	12211211212112210-19						
Hill	11221122221111101000-16						
Mordecai	111210111121111010-17						
Edwards	002020w						
Peters	0111122221111121222-19						
Fulford	221221221212212212110-19						

In the shoot-off for the cup the Maryland Handicap event, 5 birds, Oct. 19, Malone defeated Storr by a score of 5 to 4.

The high averages of the two days at targets were: Hawkins, first, with a total of 220 out of 250; Fulford, second, 219; German, third, 218; Storr, fourth, 213, and Foard, fifth, 210. To-day Lester German made high average. Foard was second. Storr, Chew and Fulford tied for third.

Mt. Sterling Gun Club.

MT. STERLING, Ill., Oct. 21.—Appended find scores made at our shoot held here yesterday:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	20	10	15	15	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Parks	8	12	15	10	13	14	17	9	15	9	14	14	10	10	10	10	10	10
Scott	8	14	15	9	15	14	20	10	15	14	8	14	14	8	10	9	5	9
Magill	9	15	11	6	11	7	19	5	15	12	9	13	11	8	8	6	5	5
Groves	10	13	13	7	12	13	17	10	12	9	9	11	12	9	9	8	7	7
Englebright	6	12	13	10	13	14	16	7	13	12	7	8	13	8	6	4	4	4
Davis	5																	
Vandeventer	7																	
W. Breidenbend	10	11	14	8	13	15	16	8	9									
Grammer	9	14	12	8	14	12	16	10	10									
Peacock	9																	
Bowman	5	8																
J. Breidenbend	10	12																
J. P. Nye	14	14	10	11	15	15	9	14	14	10	15	12	9	9				
J. E. Parks	15	12	6	12	15	15	9	11	12	7								
Taylor																		
Logsdon																		
Callahan																		
Avery																		
Estes																		
Seikes																		
Wright																		
Grover																		
Logan																		

J. BREIDENBEND, Sec'y.

Paducah (Ky.) Gun Club.

THE fourth annual tournament of the Paducah Gun Club was held at La Belle Park, on Oct. 20, 21 and 22. The lateness of the season caused a smaller attendance than at past affairs of the kind, but it was nevertheless a most successful event, both professional and amateur classes being well represented, and some good scores made.

The out-of-town shooters arrived Monday evening, and Tuesday evening, after the labors of the day were over, they were entertained at a down-South 'possum bake and fish fry, and they certainly did full justice to the feast.

On Wednesday evening a theatre party was made up and spent a pleasant evening.

High average was won by Fred Gilbert with 482 out of 500; J. M. Hughes, of Palmyra, Wis., second with 473.

High amateur average was won by C. O. Le Compte, of Eminence, Ky., with 461. Messrs. Gilbert and Le Compte were presented with handsome silver loving cups, as trophies, and Moses Starr, of Paducah, won the home trophy.

The directors of the club passed the following resolutions in recognition of the services rendered by Mr. H. C. Bronough:

"We, the directors of the Paducah Gun Club, hereby tender our thanks and expression of appreciation to Mr. H. C. Bronough for his services in so ably assisting the management in conducting the fourth annual tournament, held at Paducah, Ky., Oct. 20-23."

Superintendent Hills, of the N. C. & St. L. R. R., puts as much enthusiasm into his trapshooting as he does into his duty of advancing the interests of his road, and he is an excellent shot. His efforts and energy have had much to do with the success which has always attended the club.

The barbecued dinner which was served free each day was a welcome change from a hotel menu.

The following shot at 500 targets and made totals as follows: Gilbert 482, Hughes 473, Spencer 469, Le Compte 461, H. Storr 450, Marshall 448, B. Starr 448, Phellis 445, Brady 444, Mercer 444, Davis 442, Meadows 441, Rouse 439, Waters 436, Prouse 434, Armstrong 426, Hills 402.

Shooting at 250 targets, Moore broke 211, Moss 210.

The third day was devoted to live-bird shooting, and a large crowd of spectators was in attendance to witness the close of a very successful tournament.

The cup for best average by a club member was held last year by H. Bronough.

The Paducah boys offered to match their Starr team (Moses and Ben) against the world for a big purse, but had no takers. The scores follow:

Event No. 1, 5 birds, \$4.25 entrance, 40, 30, 20, 10 per cent.:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Phil, 31yds., 5; Armstrong, 27yds., 4; Page, 29yds., 3; Brady, 28yds., 4; Le Compte, 28yds., 5; B. Starr, 29yds., 5; M. Starr, 29yds., 5; Spencer, 31yds., 5; McKinnen, 27yds., 4; Marshall, 32yds., 4; Robinson, 27yds., 5; Eaker, 26yds., 5; Waters, 31yds., 5; Moxall, 28yds., 5; Mercer, 26yds., 2; Reuse, 27yds., 4; Davis, 27yds., 4; Steger, 27yds., 4; Gilbert, 33yds., 5; Hughes, 31yds., 5; Welles, 26yds., 3; Preuse, 27yds., 5.							

Event No. 2, 25 birds, \$26.25 entrance; \$500 guaranteed:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Phil, 31	222222222121222222222222-25						
Armstrong, 27	221120222222222222222222-23						
Page, 29	02202222222222222122222122-22						
Brady, 28	121211222101130212*11211-22						
Waters, 31	222222222222222222222222-23						
B. Starr, 29	*1202121220120111112221-21						
M. Starr, 29	12211221222201111121112-24						
Spencer, 31	212222222222222222222222-24						
McKinnen, 27	120222212210221222022*222-22						
Marshall, 32	2222222222220112122*22122-23						
Gilbert, 33	1221222222122212212121222-25						
Le Compte, 28	2222222221212222222212122-24						
Moxall, 28	212222222212*2222221212-23						
Davis, 27	22122210122212121212121-24						
Preuse, 27	012220112222202222021222-20						
Hughes, 31	2222222222222222222212212-22						
Robinson, 27	111112122222122021112122-24						
Reuse, 27	*2022*11222012122012111-20						
Eaker, 27	222222220000222222222202-19						
Johnson, 27	01210*212w						
Trump, 28	21212212211112111212221-25						
Hansbro, 28	222122222222222222222222-22						
Mrs. Davis, 26	*101110221210						

Event No. 3, 10 birds, \$5 entrance, birds extra; three moneys for every ten entries: M. Starr 9, Le Compte 9, McKinnen 10, Armstrong 7, Jones 5, Dr. Carver 9, Preuse 10, Waters 7, Robinson 9, B. Starr withdrew, Hughes 10, Marshall 9, Loyd 8, Mercer 8.

BONASA.

Olean Tournament.

OLEAN, N. Y., Oct. 24.—The fall tournament of the Olean Gun Club was held at the Jersey Farm Association grounds, Oct. 13 and 14. In every respect this shoot was

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE Christmas Number of the FOREST AND STREAM will be the regular issue of December 5. It will be enlarged and handsomely illustrated, and the cover will be printed in colors. The price will be 25 cents. Order from your newsdealer in advance.

The pictorial features of the Christmas FOREST AND STREAM will be of exceptional interest and value. The number will be among the handsomest publications of the season.

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

WE shall begin in our issue of November 21 Raymond S. Spears' story of the expedition "Down the Mississippi" which he has undertaken at the instance of FOREST AND STREAM and for the benefit of its readers. Those who followed Mr. Spears in his "Walk Down South" require no assurance that in the new serial they have a rich treat in store. The chapters will be among the many good things to appear in the forthcoming issues of this journal.

NEW YORK EXPORT AND LICENSE.

THE New York prohibition of export of game is sufficiently definite and explicit for the understanding of all concerned. It reads:

"Sec. 38. Birds or game, except fish, taken in this State shall not be transported without the State; nor shall the same be taken or possessed with intent to transport the same without the State."

The only question of interpretation of the law is with reference to game killed in certain counties bordering New Jersey, from which the gunner returning to his home in New York State passes through New Jersey. To take game into New Jersey is to transport "without the State," but when the actual destination of the owner accompanying the game is in New York State, the authorities take a common sense view of the matter, and do not construe such carrying as export.

The New Jersey authorities, however, interfere with the transportation. The law of New Jersey prohibits the export of game from that State. The wardens assume jurisdiction over game brought from New York into New Jersey on its way to New York, and when the sportsman with his birds reaches Jersey City and attempts to cross the ferry to New York the New Jersey wardens say the game is contraband because in course of exportation from New Jersey.

This interference by the New Jersey authorities may be obviated if the game in a package is given to the express company for delivery in New York city, and if the owner accompanies it on the same train. The New Jersey law exempts "common carriers [i. e., railroads, express companies, steamboats, stages, and other transportation lines] carrying from beyond the confines of this State in unbroken packages to some point beyond the confines of this State."

The New York law respecting non-resident shooting licenses is so clumsily worded that even the authorities are befogged as to the meaning of certain of its provisions. This is the text of the section:

Sec. 89. Non-residents.—On fresh water forming a part of the State boundaries, or through which the State boundary runs, no non-resident of the State shall take any kind of fish or game in that part thereof within this State unless residents of this State may lawfully take the same kind of fish or game in such part of said waters as are not within the State, during the open season therefor in the State or country in which such waters are situated.

If any license fee to take such fish or game in waters not in this State, be required of a resident of this State a non-resident may take the same kind of fish or game in such waters within this State, if a license so to do shall have been first obtained from the Commissioner. Nor shall any non-resident not the owner of real estate in this State and against whose real estate there are no delinquent taxes, take fish by spearing in this State except on a like license if there is any discrimination by requiring a license or otherwise in the State or country where such non-resident resides against residents of New York in taking fish in such State or country. Game shall not be taken by any such non-resident except pursuant to a license issued on payment of a fee not less in amount than the fee, if any, required of a resident of New York for taking game in the State or country where such non-resident resides, and if there be none, then on payment of such fee as the Commission shall prescribe.

The first part of the section is clear. It means that a resident of a State which has a non-resident license for shooting must pay an equivalent license for the privilege of shooting on the boundary fresh waters within this State. As to territory not comprised in the description "fresh water forming a part of the State boundaries," it appears to have been the intent of the Legislature to exact from the non-resident shooter a license fee equivalent to the fee charged non-residents in his own State. If this was the intention, the entire territory of New York, whether fresh water boundaries or inland, would be treated in the same way, and the simple provision would have been that a non-resident before shooting in New York must pay a license fee equal to the non-resident shooting license fee exacted in his own State. The entire section is retaliatory and is not based on sound principles of legislation. If New York deems it necessary to license non-resident shooters, the license should be made uniform for all alike; retaliation is unworthy and has no place in a code of game and fish laws. As a matter of fact the game authorities do not exact a license from non-residents for shooting except upon boundary fresh water.

TIPPING.

It is commonly supposed that the tip is a gratuity given by an appreciative or grateful donor to some one who has rendered an extra and acceptable personal service, but who has already been paid for that service in a regular way. There are several grades of the unearned gratuity. There is the honorarium so pleasingly recognized among professional men; there is the *douceur* which sometimes is so near the border between a gratuity and a bribe; there is the *lagniappe* of Louisiana, which, in a way, corresponds to the cosmopolitan gratuity called a tip.

As between tipper and tippee, extra personal attention, skill and care in attending to all matters of detail which refer to the safeguarding of one's belongings, or administering especially to one's comfort, are assumed to be the basic justification for the bestowal of the tip at all. However, in matters of justification, the tippee refrains from investigating too curiously.

In America, it is generally though erroneously accepted as an established fact, that in Europe, the system of tipping is nicely adjusted on a reasonably moderate, amicable, conventional basis, satisfactory alike to him who gives and to him who receives. In both Europe and America, however, particularly in the large cities, the tip, as a gratuity, has almost ceased to exist. By servants, whether hotel or restaurant waiters, baggage-men at the great depots, Pullman porters, and others, it is looked for and aggressively played for as a fee to be paid, with an entire disregard as to whether or not any extra personal service has been rendered for it. Indeed, it is not infrequently expected to be given for refraining to do injury instead of for extra effort to do good.

The aggressive devices for extracting the tip are many. Each guild has its specialty. The Pullman car porter is, at the last moment, spectacularly attentive with his whisk broom, brushing strenuously at imaginary dust, obsequious to an abject degree till he secures the coveted tip, whereupon he relapses into the most apathetic indifference.

The baggageman, if bribed, will refrain, perhaps, from smashing baggage for the bribe's sake, or if he delivers it in the house, he may refrain from smashing the banisters, scraping the paper off the wall, or wrecking the chandeliers, if perchance he will consent

to carry it further than the front door before being placated with a tip, really a bribe.

The average restaurant waiter, as a tip collector, is the expert of all. He may, as a waiter, have no skill whatever, but as a tippee he is equal to a multitude. He is versatile in his methods. Generally, he is oppressively attentive, giving exaggerated importance to his carefulness and politeness, and in conclusion is aggressively conspicuous at the time of departure. Or he may figuratively try the virtue of the sandbag by being dilatory, deaf and surly. Let a man become a patron of any average restaurant in New York, and, if he does not tip, he will be served so badly that, in self-respect, he will have to abandon the place as a resort for dining. The merit of the case is not considered by the candidate for the tip, as being any factor to be taken into account. The guest is expected to tip whether served poorly or well.

Having no determinate origin, the tip, by the tippee, is supposed to be forthcoming as an official perquisite due by virtue of mere tipping usage, be the service what it may.

The sportsman who ventures forth with dog and gun is peculiarly the prey of the rapacious tippee. The possible injury to dog or gun, or the care needed by either, is the tippee's valuable asset in extracting the tip.

In England, the abuse of the tipping system seems to have reached a higher developmental stage than it has in America. The County Gentleman, in a recent issue, recounts that a sportsman, resident of a city in England, was invited for a week's shooting on a moor in Scotland. He found that he could shoot but one day, at the close of which he gave the head keeper a sovereign. With him he left his gun, requesting that it be sent on to another moor where he was due to shoot a few days later, and thereby save him the trouble of lugging it about. On his arrival at the place designated he failed to find his gun. Writing to the head keeper he received the following reply: "Sir: It is quite true your gun has not arrived, for it is in my possession, where it will remain until I receive the balance of what you owe me. You may not be aware that it is the rule on — Moor to always give paper (£5), and as you gave me one pound, I will be glad if you will send me four pounds, when your gun shall be sent."

The tipper sent this letter to the servant's master, who replied as follows: "Dear —: I am sorry my keeper has written to you in the way he has, but please clearly understand that I cannot interfere with his arrangements in the middle of the season." The tipper thereupon forwarded the four pounds, received his gun, and the tippee is still in the same employ.

This was rather a peculiar situation, concerning host, guest and servant, which, in America, bad as the tipping custom has become, would not be tolerated for a moment at any time of the season.

The aforementioned journal remarks on tipping: "As to the rich man who gives lavishly, the real harm he does is that he makes it very hard indeed for others who cannot afford large amounts, but yet who give what the rich man gives. And what a large total it comes to! A visit to a country house is not only a question of cabs, railway tickets and porters; there are also the coachman who fetches you from the station to the Hall and back again; the butler, the footman who valets, the chambermaid, besides the keepers, loaders and cartridge carriers. It is not surprising therefore, that so many men have absolutely to refuse invitations on account of their inability to tip as others do."

Thus the tip in some of its phases seems to have evolved from the world of gratuity into the world of graft.

All of which seems to indicate that the sandbag of the tippee is even more active in Europe than it is in America, though the signs of the times are that eventually we shall surpass that country in the magnitude of the custom which demands that something shall be paid for nothing in return. Of course, there is much of genuine personal attention over and above routine duty, betimes bestowed, which the beneficiary may justly recognize and reward, but there is a deal of sham in the world of tipping which should be ignored and left profitless.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Voices from the Spring.

"THE sun is my father, my mother the earth.
As mist of the dark blue sea,
From the angel cloud,
Amid thundering loud,
I fall, a spring to be.
And here in my ever new, sylvan birth,
Dancing and glancing, perennial mirth,
The greenwood attesting my love and my worth,
My waters flow in glee.

"Gossamer fronds of midsummer ferns
Wave greenly upon my hills.
'Neath their plummy spires
My underground lyres,
In faintly tinkling rills,
Keep time as the firefly's night lamp burns,
Or sunshine golden to earth returns
To illumine my brook as it babbles and turns,
And music the forest thrills.

"With flower-lined banks and a basin of pearl,
Where shells lie pure and white
Under bluest of skies,
Whose counterpart lies
Within me in tenderest light.
My welling currents flash and curl,
As dimpling out in plash and purl
They fall in the brook with dash and swirl,
So laughing, prismatic, and bright.

"The bee and the hummingbird visiting here
Are mirrored as they drink.
And the trees that lean,
Dark, loving and green,
Far over my mossy brink,
And the moon and the stars of the midnight clear,
All twinkling and merry, reflected here,
A fairy-world seem, entrancingly near,
Where into my depths they sink.

"My life is wild and stainless and free,
And around me cluster and cling
A hundred sweet beauties,
All blessing the duties
That faith and courage bring.
For I love the world and the world loves me;
And my glad waters sing on their way to the sea.
Oh! how jolly a life it is to be
A frolicsome forest spring!"

L. F. BROWN.

From "Prince Harold," by L. F. Brown. Copyright, 1901, by L. C. Page & Co.

Camping in the Wilds of St. Francis

The Story of Four Men and a Dog Amid the Swamps of Arkansas.

It was Nov. 1; without the wind was blowing a gale and occasionally the window blind would slam and the rain and snow would pitpat against the window pane. I had been trying for an hour to get interested in a work on fishculture, but had dozed off several times in the attempt.

Suddenly the 'phone whirled violently, nearly causing me to fall over backwards. It rang again before I regained my equilibrium as well as composure. "Hello! Hello! Bob, is that you? This is Wheeler." "Yes," I answered; "What is it, Captain?" "Sa-a-a-y, Bob, don't you want to go on a camp hunt down in Nigger-wool swamp?" I turned and looked out of the window and shivered. "When?" I faltered. "Why, now—right away, Dummy," he shouted. "This is just the time; got a wire from Bill Henson that the ducks and geese are coming in so thick that the chickens are going to roost two hours earlier every evening on account of the clouds made by the flights." I felt the blood in my veins take on a fresh start as I thought of the rare sport. "Well, well, wake up, what d'ye say, will you go or not?" "Sure I'll go," I answered. "When will we start?" "To-morrow morning, 8:40 o'clock." "All right, Cap, I'll see you to-night. I'll be ready."

I hurriedly rang for Smith, my secretary. "Smith, I'm going away for a few days—will start to-morrow A. M. Get all my mail up right away." "How about your appointment with the Manufacturers' Association to-morrow, Mr. S—?" Smith offered. This certainly was a stumper. My first impulse was to 'phone Wheeler that it was all off. I, being chairman of the association, of all others was supposed to be on hand. Then there was the question of railway discrimination to come up. Why did I not think of all this before I answered Wheeler? Well, I just could not disappoint him, he would sure have my scalp. Enter Smith again; "Here's a message from Mr. Blackmer stating that he will not be able to attend the meeting to-morrow owing to important business engagement." "Smith," I replied, "You send a letter to each member of the committee that our meeting is postponed until two weeks from to-day." I vowed the next time I saw Blackmer I would pay everything.

It was now nearly 3 o'clock and not a thing done toward my equipment. I had to 'phone my gunsmith to get my outfit to me at once. There were rubber boots, blankets, hunting coats, fishing tackle and everything contingent to a camp-hunt in Arkansas to be looked after. I went home early and sprang it on my wife. "Horrors! You are certainly crazy to go hunting this kind of weather. I did think when I married you that you would gradually get over the desire for such terrible journeys." I finally overcame her objections, as I always do, and got busy packing up my outfit. I saw Wheeler, and he said he had everything arranged—the tents, rations and all things necessary to a camp-hunt. He had anticipated my desires to a great extent, and engaged one of the best old souls that ever "Old Ireland sprung," in the person of Jeremiah Tracy "Av ye plaze," to do our cooking and look after the commissary equipment. Jerry was a mighty good

shot, too. Quite a number of young bloods, who want to do things quite in line with their braggadocio swagger, engaged Jerry about twice a year to accompany them on their "shooting trips." Of course, Jerry's accomplishments serves to make the "bag" quite respectable, but our reason for engaging Jerry was for his sterling worth and because we could trust him implicitly; and Jerry's camp stew was something that to be without would relieve our camp-hunt of one-half its pleasure.

The next morning found us started on our way and comfortably settled in the smoker for a day's journey. We arrived at Paragould, Ark., without mishap, and after supper took the "jerk-water" over to Buffalo Island. There we engaged three large bateaux from the club house, and having loaded our camp outfit and plunder, provided ourselves with a competent guide—for to attempt to navigate the St. Francis River without a guide would be as bad as an attempt to do Mammoth Cave without one. Only the practiced eye of the native guide can discern the channel, and even they sometimes get fooled. After one is confronted with a dozen channels to choose from you might travel up one of them for several hours before being confronted with an impassable barrier of brush wood and moss. Then there is the tiresome journey back, and the chances are, being without a guide, you would again get into the wrong channel, and it might finally result, after a half-dozen attempts to extricate yourself, that you gave up (and out, too), resigning yourself to your fate, i. e., to wait patiently for help, which might not come until next day. Then, again, the river is full of a most beautiful, but treacherous green moss. The water is simply beautiful—clear as crystal and always delightfully cool. We drank this water and found it very palatable. Let me say right here that this water is as near chemically pure as any river water in the world. The moss grows up from the bottom and moves with every motion of the current, resulting in a most beautiful effect. It seemed to me as if thousands of green flags were embedded in the river, moving to and fro, as the current pushed through them, causing the folds to ripple out in long waves. It's a sight worth going a thousand miles to see. Owing to the prevalence of this moss, rowing is simply out of the question. "Poling" is resorted to as a mode of navigation.

The guide provides himself with a long paddle at least twelve feet long, and standing erect in the boat, poles when he can touch the bottom and paddles when he cannot. One remarkable thing about the paddling is that the native never paddles on both sides. I have seen them paddle by the hour, and always on one side only. I've tried by the hour to learn the trick, but gave it up in disgust. "Ye jos-hol' your pole (paddle) this-away and throw it that-away, an' you go right along, ye see? Lemme show you," says the native, and away he goes again, but I turn away in despair and pass it up. Life is entirely too short, and as Jerry puts it, "The devil's in it, annyhow."

Well, we finally got away, the guide and Wheeler taking the front boat, and Baltezor, myself and Jerry manning the other two. Such a picnic, such strenuous sport I never before engaged in. Only one accident marred the journey. It was our pup Mephisto. Through some accident he got into my coat, and his master, Baltezor, being in another boat, caused his pupship much uneasiness. Our boats were about a half-mile apart, when Mephisto suddenly jumped overboard and made for his master. 'Twas rather a heroic effort on the part of the pup, and had it not been for prompt action on my part, he would now be frolicking in the Doggie's happy hunting grounds. He was a much wetter, but wiser dog, after being pulled out, and was satisfied to be wrapped in a blanket for the balance of the journey.

After four hours of hard work poling, pushing, paddling, we landed at Cypress Point. Here we dismissed our guide, as we found his too frequent potations of Jerry's bottle had had a very exhilarating effect upon him, and we decided to fire him, which we did much against his approval. "How'm I goin' t' git back?" he growled. "Swim," was Wheeler's rejoinder. "The h— you say!" he shouted, and started to draw his gun, but before he could draw Wheeler gave him a swift uppercut on the chin, which put our friend "out." He came to in about five minutes after Jerry had emptied two bucketfuls of water on him. We had relieved him of his gun during the interim. He raised himself to a sitting posture, rubbed his head and then rose to his feet. Wheeler pointed to the woods and said, "you git." He growled something under his breath, but concluded he had had enough of our society and vamosed, nor did we see anything more of him; maybe he found himself later lining the stomach of a catamount or some other varmint of the swamps, but we gave ourselves no uneasiness on his account. We got our "hotel" up in short order, and inside of a half hour we were making Jerry's hot cakes and maple syrup fly. This, washed down with black coffee, made us all over again "ready for any fray." After supper we resolved to reconnoitre, it still lacking an hour from sundown. We found nothing worthy of our powder, however, and started on our return. When nearing our camp, Jerry suddenly held up his hand and dropping to his knees, began peering through the thick undergrowth, which surrounded our camp. "Whist!" he whispered. "Pigs!" He rose to his feet and rushed forward with a shout, and we in his wake. We found the tent full of pigs—wild razor-backs—they were into everything—Jerry was crazy. "Ye devils!" he yelled. They paid no attention to him. We came to the rescue, and after belaboring right and left with the stocks of our guns, succeeded finally in driving them off.

Ordinarily, these razor-backs are as wild as deer, but when starving, as these evidently were, they will sometimes attack a man. We turned in early, posting Mephisto as guard for the night. We slept as only tired men can sleep, and only awoke when Jerry was shaking us, saying: "Are yez all dead?"

Coffee, hot biscuits, bacon and gravy à la Tracy constituted our breakfast. We pulled stakes by 6 o'clock and pushed onward up stream, as certainly a more dis-

mal place than Cypress Point is not on the map, glad enough we were to get away from it. After three hours' work we discovered the donique, on which old Bill Henson had squatted. Doniques are the oases—or dry spots that are found occasionally in the Nigger-wool swamp.

No one seems to know whence this name "Donique" came. There is a word "donock" signifying a stone, found in the encyclopedia—donique may be a corruption of it.

We found old Bill as grizzly as ever and gladly he welcomed us to his dominion, for these squatters are veritable kings and recognize no law except of their own making.

This was Henson's donique. Old Bill and his wife and daughter Rose welcomed us heartily, telling us to "make ye' sels' at home." We accordingly unlimbered our outfit, and in course of an hour were "at home." Leaving Jerry in charge, we started off again to reconnoitre, and incidentally to bag anything in the shape of game, coming our way. We succeeded in pulling down several mallards, and it turning colder, rapidly we put back for Camp Wheeler. Jerry had supper waiting for us, and we did eat ourselves to a condition of wellnigh imbecility. "Bedad!" says Jerry, "Ye'll ate yersels home in a wake at this rate," for like the old saw we "licked the platter clean." Our beds were made up on the ground; we took the precaution, however, to first lay about 200 clapboards (which we "borrowed" from Bill), on top of which we spread two bales of hay, which we laid in stock through the thoughtfulness of Captain Wheeler. To lie on the ground without these precautions would be almost suicide. The soil on these doniques is of various depths, six, eight and ten feet, and to my mind is liable to slip its cables at any time, and I so expressed my fears. But old Bill said, "I've been living heyar twenty years and I hain't seen no slide yit," and he guffawed so vehemently that the subject of our conversation shook very perceptibly. Wells are dug in this soil by simply driving a gas pipe down until it strikes water. A pointed perforated tip is screwed on to the driving end of the pipe. Sinking a well, in consequence, is not a laborious operation on a donique.

After supper we sat around smoking our corn cobs and listening to the rain pattering on our tent. Suddenly we heard Old Bill's voice saying, "Say, boyees, kin I c-min out-n the wet?" "Sure, Bill! Come in and join the festive throng," said Captain Wheeler. "Thought I'd come over and set with ye and p'raps you might want to hear my pianner." With that he pulled from under his coat an old fiddle. This was his "pianner." "Hyar she is, boyees. She's been busted more times'n I have, but she'll sound good s'long's there's a piece left on it." Sure enough, it was a veteran, scarred and seared from many an experience in company with its master, for Old Bill has been a hard case in his time. The numerous scars on his body attested to this fact. He had lost one eye in an encounter. He pulled open his shirt one day and showed me a hole in his breast that I could have put my fist into. "A load of No. 8 went in that," he muttered. "Doctor had a hard time diggin' me out. I spec' I wa'n't born to be shot to death or cut up, may be they'll hang me some day."

After he had regaled us with "Kitty Clyde," "Dixie," "Ole Gray Hoss" and several more tunes which I cannot now remember, he stopped suddenly with, "Ain't you'll got something good?" Captain Wheeler tipped Jerry a wink, and the bottle came forth, and Old Bill "tasted" it, and felt better. As a matter of fact, we had to almost throw him out. The bottle was certainly an attraction for him.

Next morning we were astir by daylight, and each one of us took a boat and started out for a day's pleasure, leaving Jerry and the dog to keep camp. We each took a lunch and a can of minnows and guns and ammunition. I struck out toward the west and up stream, the others preferring down stream. I was admonished not to go too far, for fear of accidents. I got into a nice body of water and pulled along complacently for an hour or so without incident. The wild, weird waste of water and country was attractive to me. Occasionally a heron would rise up out of the water and wing silently away. The barking of squirrels was heard incessantly. Strange waterfowl uttered discordant cries and sometimes a "woof-woof" from some donique would indicate a family of "razor-backs." I fell into a reverie—here was I but fifteen or twenty miles from civilization, yet here was a waste of country that evidently was still in its primitive state. I was indeed alone with nature—I was hypnotized by nature itself.

I tried to throw off the spell and vowed I would not let another gang of ducks pass me. But, here they come again, flying, and straight toward me, like a black cloud; as they near me up they rise and pass on beyond with a qua-a-a-ck, qua-a-a-ck, and yet I don't shoot. Why? I cannot tell, it remains simply, I cannot. A pretty story I will have for the boys when I get back. Well, they may go hang, I shan't tell them.

Soon I struck a narrow and swift channel, just the place for bass. I anchored to a tree and prepared for business. I got out my spoon and cast out in the middle of a troll. I could see the spoon whirling like a one-horse motor. Suddenly a black shadow from out the depths moved out and remained stationary for a minute. My heart nearly froze. I was in a tremble lest I should bat my eye. For I knew he was watching me. Then, like a flash he was after the spoon, and before I recovered the shock the line was nearly spent. I pressed down the brake and immediately my rod nearly bent double, then straight up in the air he rose and down again with a great crash he came toward me; rapidly I spun up my reel, till suddenly he was again off. I let him have the line gingerly and gradually worked him up closer and closer, and as he attempted a final coup, I slipped a long-handled landing net under him, and the prize was mine. A beautiful 4-pound striped bass. Ah! such sport, my blood was now up; I caught six after the same tactics and lost one; I was more than repaid already for the hardships experienced. Then, again, I had something to show the boys

as evidence that I had not been dreaming.

After awhile, there being a cessation of hostilities, no more strikes materializing, I allowed my gaze to drift to the bottom of the stream, about twenty feet down. I observed a large black object moving slowly up stream. At first glance I thought it an alligator. While alligators rarely get that far north, yet they have been seen there. After gazing more closely I concluded it to be a large school of catfish moving up stream slowly and as compactly as possible. They were lined up in twenties. They were evidently moving with a great deal of caution. After watching them for some time I purposely dropped my paddle, and away they scattered. There must have been several hundred of them. With all the seining going on there seems to be a few catfish left, anyway. Speaking of seining, reminds me that there is hardly a cut-off anywhere in the St. Francis but has a seine stretched across its mouth. Fishermen from Buffalo Island and Bertig make periodical visits to these seines and bring the fish in by the skiff load. They are then packed into barrels and shipped to St. Louis, Chicago and even to New York. Notwithstanding, it is contrary to law, but little effort is apparently being made to suppress this traffic.

One of the several clubs established down there did engage a man and had him sworn in as a United States deputy marshal, to look after this illicit business. He confiscated a great many seines and destroyed many more. After he had been shot at from ambush several times he gave it up as a "warm" job. I heard several of the natives say that they didn't want to "git" (kill) him. Just wanted to "skeer" him. Well, they skeered him all right. I also heard threats that if a certain club didn't quit interfering with their business they might wake up some morning and find no club house. (Shortly after this experience a large club house at Bertig was burned and has never been rebuilt. The members became discouraged, sought for and found another location.)

I arrived at camp without incident, and found the rest of the sportsmen had preceded me. They had bagged a dozen of fat mallards and three sprigtails.

It was agreed that in the morning we would go after deer, Old Bill having seen tracks and signs of them. So we started east the next morning to the "Ridge." We found where the deer had stripped the bark from a tree, which was the beginning of the trail. After following the trail for some little time, Bill concluded that the deer had bivouacked on the other side of the Ridge. So it was agreed that Bill and Jerry should go to the south and over the Ridge and beat up the brush and drive the deer over westward. We three spread about sixty yards apart and waited. I took the north side and threw myself down in the tall grass, commanding a good view of the ridge. I waited for three-quarters of an hour and had grown rather restless. I had visions of Bill and Jerry off under a tree having a good laugh at our expense. I was soon after on the point of giving up in disgust, when I heard a rustle back of me. I turned quickly and there, scarcely thirty yards from me, were two deer, one a fine buck. They stared at me and I at them, and we all stared. I never saw such large luminous eyes before. I raised my hand finally and ejaculated "Shoo!" and they "shooed." It didn't occur to me to shoot. It was my first sight of a wild deer. I did not have "buck ague," but it was a close relative. They started like the wind toward my companions, and I held my breath. Presently I heard bang—bang, then two barrels more. My friends did, indeed, bag two of them, and I—didn't. I thought it best not to relate my experience, having too much consideration for my peace of mind and reputation, as you may suppose. But we had venison for supper all right, and it was good.

Next morning old Bill came rushing into camp, shouting, "Git yer guns, boys, that's bar over yonder," pointing excitedly toward the west. We hurried to our boats and followed Bill, he leading in a dug-out. In about ten minutes we reached another donique and landed, Bill still leading. "You stay right hyar, boys, and I'll recon- niter," says Bill, and we stayed. We waited and waited—ten minutes, fifteen minutes, a half hour. "The old rascal's giving us a 'con' game," Cap Wheeler growled. "Let's go back," he added.

I was not in favor of taking snap judgment, and demurred against returning without Bill. So we waited. Suddenly we were startled by the report of a gun and Bill's voice shouting what we could not make out. We started on a double quick in his direction. We had gone but a dozen paces when Bill burst into the clearing, hat off, hair flying, eyes bulging, and screaming, "The bar, the bar! He's arter me now," and he tore past us like a whirlwind, and the bear followed right on his heels in a lope. If it were not that Bill's life was in danger, it would certainly have had a ludicrous aspect. Bill made straight for his dug-out, and the bear, paying no attention to us, made for Bill, and just as the latter made a leap of it his bearship fetched him a hook in the rear that carried away the seat of his trousers. But Bill was off and pushed off into midstream. Then bruin turned and saw us for the first time. He sat down on his hunkers, laid back his ears, showed his fangs, and growled. We cocked our guns and advanced on him slowly. I confess I felt rather shaky. "Now, boys," said Cap Wheeler, "steady it is, and altogether, and right at his eyes. Ready, fire!" When the smoke cleared away our bear lay curled up and asleep—put to sleep by three valiant hunters. It was a specimen of the small black bear found occasionally in the swamps, and when hungry are very fierce, and will often attack a man. Bill by this time had come ashore, and was busy bathing that part of his anatomy which suffered from the bear's left hook, but had not yet recovered his voice or composure. Presently he commenced to swear. Finally he looked up and said, "Well, boys, I was skeered and don't you forgit it. I thought the tarnal critter hed me for keens."

Here's his story: "I hit the trail jes' beyond the edge of the woods and found whar he'd been diggin' up the acorns and roots and I followed along. Pretty soon I cam' to some droppings that was still a-smoking and I gin to feel warm. Presently I heard a sound in the bresh close to my left, and bless my soul, the bar popped into me with a bump. I don't know which was skeered the most, me or the bar. He backed away from me with a wa-ugh! I brought my gun up and blazed away. I

was so frustrated that I fired wild. But it made him mad, and he rushed at me and knocked my gun out of my hands, and—well, boys, then I hollered and run, and you all know the rest. But I want my gun, and I want to git home quick and git the old woman to rub some 'intment on my rear." We loaded the bear into the boat and carried him to camp, and under Bill's direction skinned him and hung up the carcass.

Inasmuch as we three fired simultaneously at the varmint we were obliged to draw lots for the skin, which fell to Cap. Wheeler. It now adorns his library floor in the capacity of a rug. Old Bill said the skin by right ought to belong to him, for, he argued, did he not bring the game to us to shoot?

Jerry, the cook, tried to fry some bear steaks for breakfast the next morning, but we could eat none of it. It was altogether too gamy. Old Bill came to the rescue, and suggested that we broil them over the embers of our fire, which we did, and found the meat very palatable. That night, after we had turned in, it began to grow colder and the geese commenced coming in out of the storm—and such a noise as they did make. It was simply impossible to carry on a conversation. It took them an hour to get settled and become quiet.

It was proposed that we turn out at 4 A. M. and try to bag a few of them. We accordingly set the alarm clock. At 4 o'clock we three set out in our dug-outs toward the line of woods in the west, at which point we "spotted" them the night before. It was dark before us as a stack of black cats, and cold as charity. We could not smoke nor converse, nor hardly breathe for fear of flushing the gang. After we had struggled against the flags and moss for an hour, Cap. Wheeler signalled a halt by a low whistle. Very soon the first streaks of dawn became visible and with them came a sound of "honk-honk-honk," which we knew to be the signal of the old gander to make ready. We forthwith made ready, and waited for the flight to commence. Our previous discomfiture was entirely forgotten in the excitement pending. Suddenly there was a great rush and up the cloud of geese rose with their accompanying discordant cries and our guns spoke. My repeater spoke four times and three geese answered with their lives. Cap. Wheeler got four and Mr. Baltezer pulled down four more. We heard someone else firing in close proximity, and it developed in the person of Jerry, who had started breakfast and then started after us. "Bedad!" says he, "Oi never did see the like of 'em." He had three to his credit. "No more'n I got a bade on wan of 'em and another wan would get in the way, and I couldn't help killing two with one shot." It was certainly rare sport. Then we paddled back to camp. A cup of black coffee, some hot cakes, finished off with a pipe all around, soon set things to rights.

That morning Rose, Old Bill's daughter, gave us a fine exhibition of skill with a gun. The trees on the donique were very high, some as much as one hundred and fifty feet. There was a clearing of about one hundred feet where their cabin was located, and Rose, only about seventeen years old, would stand in this clearing and watch the tree tops and woe betide the duck or goose that attempted to fly over this clearing. While I was watching her, she caught a 12-pound goose as it started across, and it came to the ground with such force that it burst open. Old Bill says, "Yes, that's an old trick of the gal's," and didn't seem to think it much of a trick either. Another accomplishment Rose had was playing the harmonicon—"mouth-harp," as she called it. She could reproduce all of her father's fiddle tunes, and she went the city girls one better and "chawed" tobacco instead of gum. She always wore rubber boots and carried a six-shooter in a holster, which she knew how to use. Old Bill had a most wholesome respect for Rose, too. When "Pa," as she called him, disappeared, as he occasionally did, Rose would go after him the next day and round him up. She walked into the saloon at Buffalo Island a few days before we came, where Old Bill was bluffing the crowd and daring any two of them to step out and give him a turn, and took her dad by the ear and walked him out, and pointing to her boat said, "Git in thar and come home." And he got in and went home as docile as any lamb.

Our two weeks' camp came to a close entirely too soon, and it was with sorrowful resignation that we three and the pup sat down on a log watching Jerry put the finishing touches to our plunder before starting for home. It was a glorious trip, and barring the little distemper which Cap. Wheeler suffered for a few days, our health was excellent. I gained nearly five pounds in weight, and the others had just as much to show for the trip, excepting the pup, who had become as skinny as a snake from incessant activity.

We arrived home without incident, and the next day were deep in the confines of stuffy offices, and this is the last of the adventures of four men and a dog amid the swamps of Arkansas.

ROBERT J. SIMPSON.

Po t-Office Thief

A DENVER dispatch to the New York Times says that the mystery of mail box robberies at Spanish Fork, Utah, which has been puzzling the post-office authorities for months, has been solved at last. The robber has been caught, tried, and convicted. For months the mail carriers on a certain rural delivery route in Utah have been troubled by mysterious thefts from a small mail box near the town of Spanish Fork. A day or two ago a circular letter was found in a plowed field. Another was immediately dropped in the box, and a carrier stationed himself near by to watch. In a few minutes a large black raven flew up to the box, struggled through the aperture for packages, and emerged in a few minutes with the letter in his beak. The course of its flight was followed, its nest detected, and there, in a crotch of a big tree, was found all the contents of the pilfered letters. There were drafts, money orders, samples of dress goods, and scraps of love letters.

All communications for Forest and Stream must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Riding a Mule.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A correspondent some months ago gave a comical account of an attempt of an old negro to ride a mule, he to get a turkey for his trouble. When reading it I thought of an attempt that I once made to ride a mule, the difference between me and the darkey being that while he did ride his mule, I did not. The mule had originally belonged to the Comanches, we having captured him in a raid that we made on them.

I told some time since of our visits to Catfish Creek to call on these Indians about once each year, our first visit having been made in 1867, at the time I hunted up the man who was lost on the plains, and on this my second visit to it, we got the mule.

A few months after our return from our first visit I left the cavalry, my time having expired, and went down the country to take service as a cowboy. I traveled as far as the little town of Boerne on a wagon, and here I met a negro who had a very good cow pony and a nearly new Texas saddle that he offered me for \$30; and as either the pony or the saddle was worth that, I supposed that the outfit had been stolen; but a storekeeper whom I knew vouched for the negro, so I got his pony and saddle; they were just what I wanted. Then going down near Fort Mason I began work as a cowboy, but only kept at it two months, it did not suit me. We had no fences then in the cattle country, and had to ride the range, and the range being about all the country out of doors as far west as we dared go and not meet Indians, I soon got tired of it. I could have stood the riding part of it, that suited me; but the grub did not. We would have a feast one day and a famine the next, just as we struck the chuck wagon or not; and the driver seemed to put in his time trying to see how often we did not strike it.

When I quit I meant to go back to the cavalry, and would not need my pony; in fact, I would not be let keep him. One of the cowboys took him off my hands, trading me an old Henry rifle and a nearly new Colt pistol for him. These Henry rifles are never seen now; the Winchester is their successor, and in my opinion is not much of an improvement on them. Mine took the old .50-70 Government Springfield cartridge, and I could get all of these I wanted from the infantry for nothing. The captain of the troop I now joined let me carry this gun in the field.

I went to a troop stationed at Fort Griffin; and that fall a large command of colored troops (the 9th Cavalry) paid their usual visit to Catfish Creek. This time the Comanches found them instead of them finding the Comanches. Part of the colored men were lying around camp on the creek one afternoon, while the rest were in the creek bathing, when the Comanches struck them. The surprise was so complete that their commander, Major Bacon, could not rally his outfit, and the Indians drove him clear away from the creek. Major Bacon was a captain in the 9th Cavalry then; in 1898, at the time of the Spanish War, he had got to be a brigadier-general. Two of the men who had been in the creek bathing, got out on the wrong side (it was the right side for them just then) and started on foot for Griffin, some 70 miles away. Their own camp was only 70 yards away, but there were too many Indians around it just then. They got into Griffin days ahead of their command, and reported that they were the only survivors; all the rest had been killed. Within the next twenty-fours at least half a dozen more only survivors reached us, each one of them reporting that he was the only one who had got away, until he was told that they were getting away in large numbers. Our commanding officer put them in one of our troops to be fed. I should have put them in the guard house.

When we got the first report of this terrible slaughter, nobody put on any signs of mourning; the colored troops were in bad odor with us then; they had not been long organized and we did not want them in the service; but after I had got to know them I began to like them. Under as good officers as we had these negroes would go every inch as far as we would any where. I was given charge of a company of the 25th Infantry, colored, one summer; their officer was taken down with the typhoid fever and sent in off a scout, and his company was given to me. We were short of officers ourselves, and no cavalry officer would want a negro company, anyhow. But through the whole of that summer I never had to give one of these negroes an order twice. I have had to repeat an order to white men, then explain it with the butt of a pistol more than once.

Major Bacon got into Griffin in due time, and after refitting here started back again, taking thirty-six of us white troopers under our first lieutenant. We camped one afternoon at Catfish Creek in the very camp the major had been driven out of a few weeks before; and we had not been in camp here three weeks when the Comanches came again. But they did not surprise us this time: our whites had a picket out, the major had not had any when they jumped him. The picket gave us the alarm, and we got our saddles on in a hurry, then climbed up on the plains, where the Indians were mounted, to charge them.

The major stopped that, though. "That gang out there," he told our lieutenant, "is the same blanked outfit that drove my men out of camp here; and now I propose to make my men whip them or know why. You hold this camp."

This did not suit the lieutenant at all. "I have a troop here, sir," he said, "that can whip those fellows in ten minutes, and do it alone if you will send us."

No, he wanted his negroes to whip them, and they did it, while we sat in our saddles looking on and not firing a shot. The negroes drove the Indians out of sight across the plains, then came in again.

Next morning, while we were down at the creek at breakfast, a few of the Indians came again, and our troop was sent out after them. As soon as we took up the gallop they left; then seeing we did not mean to follow them clear to sundown, for we had halted, they came back again, just keeping out of good range. All

they wanted was to get us away from the creek. Their camps were on it somewhere, and they wanted the squaws to be given time to pack up and go. The whole command came out here now; then leaving the Indians to follow or not, just as it suited them, we started up the creek to hunt their camp; but kept up on the edge of the plains while the Indians kept about 1,000 yards behind. They knew just how far our carbines could carry. The Spencer is good up to about 400 yards; beyond that it is of little account. There was one gun here, though, that the Indians knew nothing about just then; they found out all about it later on.

I had my rifle with me and was anxious now to drop out and wake those fellows up.

Along the edge of the plains about every 400 yards, a ravine crossed our trail. These ravines are called draws, and are made by the water in the wet season, when it runs off the plains down to the creek. There is no timber, and there are not often many bushes on the banks. We were coming to one of these draws when the lieutenant dropped back and said to me: "Suppose you drop out of the ranks at the next draw and try that gun on those fellows."

"Yes, sir, I would like to do it."

"Then keep a man with you to hold your horse, and when we have crossed, wait until they get close enough, then drop one or two of them; they won't give you a chance to drop many of them before they go back. Then follow us. Don't stop there too long. If you see them making preparations to charge, you leave in a hurry. We will be close enough to prevent their cutting you off."

When we had got to the draw I dismounted down in it out of sight of the Indians, and as soon as everything had crossed I climbed up, still keeping out of sight, and raising my sight to 400 yards, lay down.

I had eleven cartridges in the magazine, and put another in the chamber. I might get a chance to give them the whole twelve, I hoped I would, I did not need them, I had too many for my horse to carry. The Indians were nearly a quarter of a mile away, but were closing up now. They did not want the column to get too far ahead of them, or not far enough ahead of them, either.

When they had got to what I judged was about 400 yards of me, they stopped all in a bunch. I could not see the column from where I lay, but it had halted. This was what had caused the Indians to halt; they did not want to get too close up; they were too close now, but did not know it just yet.

One of them, riding to the front, turned his pony, and standing up in his saddle, made derisive gestures at the column.

I took what I thought was a good aim and fired, but shot too low. I hit the pony, and it went down, carrying the Indian down with it. He must have got his leg under his pony for he was trying to get from under when my rifle spoke again, and this time I hit him.

The other Indians were going back now as fast as their ponies could carry them, and jumping up I sent them the remaining ten without waiting to take any aim; then going down to my horse rode on to the column.

The officers had been watching me through their glasses, and told me that at least half of my shots had hit either a man or a pony; they thought most of them had hit ponies. The rifle would kill at 1,200 yards if it hit, and I had got the last of my shots fired before the Indians were much more than that far away, so I was not surprised at what they told me. Years after this the Indians themselves told me, not knowing at the time who had done the shooting, that three men had been hit. None of them died, they said, and they had forgotten then how many ponies I had hit, but it was a "heap many." I told the Indians, to account for my interest in the affair, that I had been with these buffalo soldiers when this happened.

We rode down to the creek soon after this, and while we were watering our horses one of our Tonkawa Indian scouts, who had ridden up the valley ahead of us, came in and told us that there was a camp up above; and we put out for it at a gallop.

The camp soon came in sight, but it was only a small one of half a dozen lodges, and across the creek from it a herd of about fifty ponies were grazing. Four Indians were running out to the herd. They had only now taken the alarm. Three or four of us whites and the Tonkawas went for the herd at a gallop, while the negroes fired one volley into the camp, and the shots not being returned, the trumpets sounded "Cease firing." There was no one but squaws and children in the camp; the men we were after and those I had been shooting at back there belonged here.

The Tonkawas shot down two of the men before they had got to the herd; the other two got on ponies bare-backed and left. We need not have let them go. I certainly could run down any pony with the horse I rode; but I did not try, nor even fire at them. The ponies were what we wanted.

About the only charge that could be brought against these Indians was that they preferred to remain wild and not go on a reservation. They raided the settlers, it is true, but only for horses and cattle. I never knew of these Indians burning a ranch. The Kiowas would, though. I would not give a Kiowa nor a Cheyenne quarter. We destroyed the camp next. The lodges were made of tanned buffalo hide. The only way they could be burned was to throw them down, then pile the wood and saddles on them and set all on fire. While we were destroying these lodges I examined them for pistols or magazine rifles; but only found a few muzzle-loaders, which we destroyed. I got several nice painted work bags belonging to the squaws; these were made of buckskin and covered with bead work, and had in them the usual squaw outfit of penknife and scissors and needles; I claimed them and afterward sent them to my women cousins in the East.

It was cold weather now and we were not allowed to carry a blanket on the horse when leaving the post. Some of our men were seizing the extra Indian blankets here. There were plenty of them, but I did not want any; I knew what would be in them; so did these men afterwards, when they had to sleep by them-

selves on our way home, and burn the clothes they wore after they had got home. But I threw my old rope lariat away now and replaced it with a new buckskin one.

After the camp was destroyed we took the squaws, children and ponies, and going down the creek a mile or two went into camp for the night. One of the old squaws had been shot in the arm when that volley was fired into the camp; she was the only one who had been hit; we brought her to the doctor, and when she saw him opening his case to dress her arm, she reached under her blanket, using her good arm, and brought out a butcher knife, and went for the doctor. We caught her before she had time to carve him; and holding her had him dress her arm. She had seen the doctor's tools and not knowing why we had brought her here, naturally supposed he was going to begin his scalping on her.

The next morning the captured stock was divided. Each officer got a pony if he wanted one; the rest were given to the Tonkawas. These Tonkawa scouts were supposed to be half civilized; they were not much more than half-civilized, though.

They were the remnant of a once large tribe that had been by this time nearly all killed off by the Comanches. They and the Comanches were deadly enemies. What were left of them had a reservation at Griffin. They all spoke English and had English names. I had formed a friendship with one of them and had given him part of my name, Anderson.

When the stock was given out our lieutenant took a mule, which he afterward found he had as much use for as he would have for a pair of wings. When we had formed a closer acquaintance with the animal, we found that he could not be ridden, would not lead, and could not be driven with anything shorter than a lodge pole, if the driver did not want his head kicked off. Most mules are safe to handle if you keep close to the head. This one could kick with both pair of feet with equal facility, and he kicked more like a cow than a mule.

After several of us had tried either to drive or lead him, and had failed, the lieutenant told us to let him go, and he went, but not to the place the lieutenant had sent him to. It is not to be found on the map of Texas. However, the mule did not look for it, but went to an old mare the Indians had, and followed her. She may have been his mother. Any time we wanted the mule after this we could always find him where the mare was.

One afternoon on our way home, a controversy took place as to whether or not anyone could ride the mule; and the subject was finally referred to me. I had generally to umpire some sort of a dispute about once a day; at most times it would be one of law or history; to-day it referred to our friend the mule.

One of the men here had given it as his opinion that even the mythical individual who is supposed to preside where the lieutenant had sent the mule, could not ride him.

"I do not know if he can or not," I told them, "I have not the honor of his personal acquaintance, and don't want it, but if you men will catch that mule for me I will see if I can ride him or not."

Oh, they would catch him if that was all I wanted.

"That is all, just catch him and hold him while I put my saddle on him. I will do the rest."

We hunted up the mule, got a rope on him, and by main force dragged him up to a tree, jamming his head close up to it. Then, while half a dozen men kept it there, I put on my saddle. Then forcing the mule back a few feet from the tree, for I did not want to mount him while he could lie up against it and break my leg, I prepared to mount. The "Tactics" give us complete instructions how to mount a horse; they say nothing about a mule. I used these instructions in mounting him; but ignored them altogether when I came to dismount, later on.

Getting into the saddle, I told the men to let him go. They took off the rope, but the mule stood stock still. This was not one of his days for going.

"Give him the spur," one of the men advised.

I gave him both of them, and was liberal about it. This seemed to waken him up. Gathering all his feet into a bunch he made two or three buck jumps, and I dismounted, executing what the Tactics call an "arc of circle" over the mule's head and sat down in front of him. I sat down so hard that for a moment I did not know whether I was here or over in New Mexico. But the mule was still here, and I expected his next move would be to lift me up with his hind feet, so I got up, and the mule left going back to where we had got him from, and as soon as he had got there he lay down to try to roll the saddle off; but did not succeed. I had put it on to stay on.

We had a corporal named Flanigan, an Irishman, and a natural born fool, so ignorant that he could hardly sign his name to the pay roll. He had swallowed all the big words he found in the dictionary and used them in his conversation, generally getting hold of the wrong word. The men hated him on account of his propensity for reporting them for punishment, or often giving the punishment first, then reporting it afterward. A "non-com" then had more authority in that respect than his officer now has; he could tie a man up, buck and gag him, or give him a log to carry, for any or no offense whatever. It cannot be done now though. He had never tried to punish me yet. He was continually making mistakes that laid him open to punishment himself, and I kept telling him of them; he seemed to be afraid of me. He was reduced to the ranks soon after this, and I was appointed in his place. That hurt him more than his reduction did; he had been expecting that, but I was only a "recruit" here.

The lieutenant was heard from now. "Corporal Flanigan," he called out, "Send me the man who owns the saddle on that mule there."

"The littenint wants ye," he told me, "an' it's meself as is of the opinion that he has a log for ye. It will afford me a great deal of pleasure to give ye a heavy one. Ye have earned it, me bucky; ye are so darn smart, me boy, that I want to correct ye meself." "Very good, corporal, but don't go to hunt that

log before you get the order. He may not give me one after all; he don't give me many, you know."

He had never given me any and did not give me one now. These logs were carried on the shoulder, under the eye of the guard, for punishment. When I was provost-sergeant at this post of Griffin, I had a pet boy, a trumpeter named Gray, who would be sent to me about every other day to be made carry a log. I had a log that I kept for him; it looked as if it weighed a ton; it really weighed ten pounds, being a mere shell plugged up at each end. Going up to the lieutenant, I saluted him and stood at attention.

"Is that your saddle on that mule?" he asked, pointing to the mule, which lay on his back, or as near on it as my saddle would allow him with his feet stuck up in the air.

"Yes, sir, it is mine."

"What is it doing on that mule?"

"I was trying to ride him, sir."

"Well, did you succeed?"

"No, sir, he threw me."

"Of course he did. Now don't you know, by this time that you or no one else can ride the blanked mule? Had I wanted you to ride him you would not have been half as anxious to do it as you seem to be. Catch him, now, and get your saddle off him before he breaks it for you. If you can't catch him yourself get those men to help you. They were willing enough to help you when you wanted him caught before." He had seen the whole affair.

We surrounded the mule again, got another rope on him, got him up to the tree again. I dared not go within ten feet of him unless we had him snubbed up to something. Then I got my saddle and bridle off and let him go. He was afterward given to the Tonkawas, but after he had half-killed several of them they shot and ate him.

CARIA BLANCO.

As to the Red Gods.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since Mr. R. W. Ashcroft returns to the justification of his condemnation of Kipling's poem, and to the support of the assertions of his "alter ego," L. F. Brown—of Sand Lake, Michigan, whose violent words he maintains were "legitimate literary criticism," I think it may be in the interest of all concerned to call attention to the fact that legitimate literary criticism is not secured by misrepresentation or evasion of points under discussion.

Mr. Brown asserted that "A bar is always a deposit of *alluvium earth-sediment*, which has gathered and formed a *mud bank* or *island*." (The italics are mine.) From this deliberate and sweeping statement of his own I was surely justified in my inference that, according to his own words, Mr. Brown had never seen or heard of such a thing as a sand bar, although the term is one of the commonest in the language, and the thing referred to as common and generally known as anything that could be named.

Mr. Ashcroft says "this is all fog," though it is impossible to detect any fog in regard to the whole matter save that which Mr. Ashcroft and Mr. Brown have tried to raise.

Perhaps the chorus of indignant responses which their letters called forth may suggest to these gentlemen that the world-wide reputation of the most acceptable story-teller and poet of the present time was not based upon "blindness to nature's beauty and grace," "mistruth," "inexactness," "misdescription," "rhyme-tinsel," "daubed chromo" picturing, "intentionally distorted and brulesque description," "just such false work" as the burlesque doggerel "Caramel," "fakir vociferation," "squawking of a brood goose on addled eggs," etc., etc., to quote no more of the ribald epithets of these "legitimate literary critics."

To ascribe to Mr. Hardy and myself a mesmerized condition which makes us "consider it sacrilegious to criticise" any of Kipling's productions on account of "a divinity hedging about him," is quite gratuitous. Our willingness to criticise anything else of Kipling's has been in no wise tested or called into question by anything in this discussion.

A poem generally accepted and enjoyed, not only as one of great beauty of poetic conception, but of singularly accurate epithet and description of nature, has been assailed with a rudeness and violence to which readers of FOREST AND STREAM are quite unaccustomed, and which has called forth protest from those who will not permit the "critics" to retire under any "fog" that they may try to raise. Mr. Brown's "circular letter" on the question of canoe-poles, so far as it is addressed to sportsmen in "India," "Norway," "Australia," "Finland" and points in the "upper Amazon Valley," may elicit facts of interest to Mr. Brown, and perhaps other, but none having any bearing whatever on the point at issue, viz., as stated in Mr. Brown's own words, whether Kipling was a "fakir when he wrote the nine words":

"To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend."

Everyone who has read the poem, "The Feet of the Young Men," knows what part of the world is described by each division of the poem, and what is meant by the "Four Way Lodge."

He also knows that the land of "the blackened timber" and the "raw right-angled log jam" and where the "shod canoe-poles" "click," and where we shall find the "silent, smoky Indian" and the "couch of new-pulled hemlock" is not in "India" or "Norway" or "Australia" or the "Upper Amazon Valley," and that Kipling's lines are not responsible for the customs of boatmen there, whatever those customs may be, and that the attempt to divert attention to them in the effort to support a hasty and mistaken statement is the thing that "is all fog." From the land to which Kipling's words apply, we have already heard a chorus of approving voices, and on their testimony the poet's use of words is abundantly vindicated.

He has seen the shod canoe-pole and heard its click—and knows that thousands of other men have—and with the best warrant in the world he coins his truthfully

descriptive phrase, and not in vain offers it for the recognition of his fellow lovers of the forest and the stream. The discovery of other men who have not seen these things, however much they may claim to have "been exposed," or the discovery of parts of the globe where the phenomena in question are not found, has no bearing upon the question.

And now one wonders what poet could safely put pen to paper if his readers generally were almost to exhaust the vocabulary of complaint and abuse whenever a word or line of his failed to tally exactly with their own inexperience.

A friend of mine, who is fond of paradox and puzzle used to suggest the conundrum of what would happen in ecclesiastical circles and affairs if the Pope should turn Unitarian! A puzzle of similar difficulty for my imagination is suggested by the thought of what these gentlemen, whom Kipling's innocent words have so offended and stirred to such fury, would do for adjectives if they should ever happen to take up a poet who sometimes makes real blunders or uses mixed or indefensible figures, yet has for ages been accounted great.

It would never do for them to read Shakespeare, for instance. Can it be believed that should they encounter such a phrase as "to take arms against a sea of troubles," they would survive the shock?

These things I am moved to say, not because I consider Kipling infallible or unamenable to candid criticism, however severe, but as in opposition to violent words and impeachment of motives whenever an author's choice of words may not seem the best, and as against hasty generalization from insufficient data.

But Messrs. Brown and Ashcroft are ready, solely on the basis of their own experience, or lack of it, to make the most sweeping assertions and denials, covering in their statements the experience of all other men. Though sand is the traditional substance of a river bar, Mr. Brown asserts that a bar is *always* of different material, and Mr. Ashcroft, with equal fatuity, and when it would seem that he must know that every real camper in the wilderness would laugh in his face as he says it, will have it that "the real sportsman likes the starlight on his face as he angles at night for big trout, or mingled with the light of the camp-fire as he smokes with a comrade beside it, or as he sits in the canoe while he and his guide return to camp, but *never* while sleeping on a bed of boughs"! I am sorry for any man who thinks he has had the deep experience of the wilderness if he has not lain many a night with the starlight in his face, and unsheltered by "canoe, tent, cabin, shack or lean-to." In fact, Mr. Ashcroft's assertion that the real sportsman always sleeps so sheltered—good though shelter is in time of need—but thousands of times not to be had, and in good weather not needed and often not desired, gives, perhaps, the clue to the peculiar experience and point of view of Mr. Ashcroft.

C. H. AMES.

Boston, Mass.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having just returned after an extended trip through New Brunswick hunting moose, it was but natural that I became interested in the Kipling controversy now going on in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

After reading the able articles by The Old Angler, Mr. Hardy and others, I find that there is nothing to add in defense of those twelve grand and true lines of verse as written by Kipling, only to say that I heartily agree with The Old Angler in saying that it is, without doubt, to my knowledge the grandest piece of verse ever written on the subject, and one that will appeal to all sportsmen who have had the pleasure of enjoying the life he so vividly describes.

Were Mr. Ashcroft or Mr. Brown to take the trip that I have just completed, through most of the country that was covered by E. Hough in the late fall of 1901, a trip in which I traveled 150 miles of country on the Little Tobique, Nepisiguit and Upsalquitch waters, 120 miles of which was by canoe, they would see many a sun-warmed shingle; also, by the way, they would have enjoyed a midday meal on some of them, and Mr. Ashcroft no doubt would have been annoyed more than once by the click of the shod canoe-pole; he also would have been enlightened as to the use of them, not only in going up stream, but in coming down as well, when the paddle is laid aside and the canoe-pole, steel-shod, comes into play to retard the speed of the canoe whenever the ledges, falls, or other rocky or dangerous parts of the stream are met with and must be gone through, where anything but a steel-shod pole is out of question.

Mr. Ashcroft writes that no genuine sportsman, being poled up stream, would submit to the annoyance of the click of the shod canoe-pole for fear it would frighten away game before he came in sight. To which I would say that your chances for game in that way is increased one hundred per cent. If you were to walk along the lumber road which follows most streams in that country, about two hundred yards ahead of the canoe, then any game so frightened would very likely cross your path, and perhaps give you a shot, as has happened many times in that country. At any rate, it would be acting more like a genuine sportsman to the man at the pole than to sit in a canoe and be poled up a rushing, roaring, tumbling stream at the rate of about two miles an hour.

Then when night overtakes you, after your long day's walk, and you lie with your feet toward the burning birch log, perchance you may want something better than a "couch of spruce."

OTTO KEIM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Octogenarian, in his eighty-third year, no longer able to obey the call of the "Red Gods," which he feels as keenly now as he did at twenty, loves to read and muse about the scenes and experiences of past days, and compare the modern ideas of sport with those that prevailed in his youth and early manhood. Nothing that he has read of late years has so surprised him as the musings of those two up-to-date sportsmen who have recently aired their knowledge in criticising that wonderful little idyll in which a lover of nature, a poet and a true sportsman, paints a series of word pictures which excite the admiration of every true woodsman.

But, alas! this is the day of electricity—the day of automobiles, when rude force and brazen assertion dominate modest knowledge, and where "villainous dynamite" shatters the word of truth. The youth browbeats his father; the matriculant at the curriculum usurps the functions of the preceptor, and the *jeunesse dorée* run down and smash whatever obstructs their impetuous and reckless career. Thought and behavior tally with the impulses of the age. The magnates of to-day look on the *hoi polloi* as rubbish. Money rules and the panacea for all they smash is—"How much to pay?" The rule of the road for automobiles is to settle on the spot for damage done to bodies and buggies—human and horses! In this state of things modest knowledge has no chance when it tries to correct the errors of certain would-be critics. There are men who, without experience of what they prattle about, claim to "know it all," and, taking the floor first, seek to palm off their patent ignorance as the sum of technical knowledge and skill. These men measure their own knowledge by the extent of their travels, just as they determine the number of stars in the firmament by the few they see at dusk or at dawn. Having the testimony of their uneducated eyes they *know*, and any attempt to correct the errors of their limited vision makes the man who exposes their ignorance a liar. If their "half baked" guides made their beds of spruce boughs, then spruce is to be the woodsman's standard. If some boatman pushed his unaccustomed craft about with a half-peeled sapling cut near at hand as a make-shift, that establishes the fashion for push-poles in all waters. If their voyaging has been, for the most part, down stream, they may ignore the existence of setting-poles altogether. If they have seen any considerable number of logs "hung up" in midstream where the water ran off suddenly and left them stranded, they call that a "log-jam," and suppose that, from these, the poet painted that wonderful word-picture—"the raw right-angled log-jam at the end"—which everyone who has ever seen it will recognize with a thrill!

These musings are the result of reading, in your issue of October 24, the second paper of R. W. Ashcroft, in which he invites Messrs. Hardy and Ames, and of course your other intelligent contributors—the Hermit, Von W., Dixmont, R. T. Morris, Newfoundland, and F. P. Biddle, all old woodsmen—to read an editorial in the New York Evening Post and there learn how little they know of woodcraft! This is amusing; but when he tells us of his "circular letter" to sportsmen who have used canoe-poles in India, Norway, Australia, Finland, Alaska, British Columbia, Ontario, New Brunswick, Cape Breton, Newfoundland, Labrador and several points in the Upper Amazon Valley, that is going to convict us all, as well as Kipling, of ignorance of the racing streams of Maine and New Brunswick, of which alone we wrote, the "force of folly can no further go!"

Mr. Hallock writes to me in his quaint, honest fashion: "The story of the forest is as simple as the lives of its denizens. It is so simple that it cannot be parodied without instant detection by all who have matriculated as students and enjoyed a few terms of its fascinating curriculum. Every observing sportsman who has passed his novitiate with Red Gods on racing streams running through forests, knows that the impact of the current strikes the bank at the bends at right angles, and the logs, following the current and stranding at the bends by the free ends swinging across the stream to the opposite shoal, make a 'right-angled jam' which is the correct and picturesque term which Kipling happily used in his charming idyll, while the addition of the single word *raw* paints the whole landscape upon which I can shut my eyes as I write and see before me with this sole raw spot on its face."

"As to setting-poles, the voyageur or skilled canoe-man is as fastidious about his own as an expert angler is about his rod, or a skilled billiardist about his cue. So far from being content with an indifferent or unwieldy implement, he is careful to have it well balanced and as stiff as it is light. Having procured some spruce saplings to his liking, he carefully fashions them to his taste with his crook-knife, spending much time over them. Having got them into shapes and proportions to suit his individual judgment, the canoe-man is not likely to use them up in a few hours by splitting the ends against rocky bottoms or over stony rapids; therefore he protects them with iron thimbles or shoes." How often have I seen Sachem Gabe or Peter Metallic drop back to recover the shoe from a broken setting-pole, and spend both time and trouble to retrieve it from the submerged cleft of rock into which it had been driven in surmounting "the three-mile rapids" or fighting their way up quick water, yclept "shove-and-be-d—d" on Southwest Miramichi!

In reply to a question asked last week of Mr. Charles Hallock, whose canoe experience is, perhaps, more extensive than that of any of the Old Guard now living, he wrote: "I have never seen either an ash or a maple canoe-pole. Spruce, white cedar and fir saplings are considered best in the order named. Nor did I ever see any but iron ferrules or shoes. Copper was, however, used by our prehistoric aborigines for this purpose, as well as for many other implements. This was probably before they understood working in iron. I have seen these copper implements in a private collection."

In my last letter I gave an extract from Mr. Hallock's "Fishing Tourist" as to the click of the canoe-pole. I now give one from George Dawson's "Pleasures of Angling," published in 1876. At page 52-3, describing his first visit to Grand Cascapedia, he says: "A novel, picturesque and exciting scene was presented as our six canoes moved off in Indian file up the rapids of the Cascapedia. The poles used are tipped with iron tubes, and make pretty music as they strike upon the pebbly bottom of the river in perfect time." If this is not oftener alluded to by sportsmen, it is simply because it is too common to deserve special mention.

"Would-be critics," Mr. Hallock adds, would do well to study acoustics a little before venturing to deny that the click of shod canoe-poles can not be heard in a racing stream. It can be as readily and distinctly heard as can the sharp crack of the rifle when artillery is thundering in front. A sportsman can never bag ducks when poling up the stony and gravelly bottom of a stream. Long before he rounds the bends where the ducks are feeding, the click of the poles has given them warning, and as the bend is turned he sees them scooting along the surface

of the water or over the trees to the nearest cover. Not one in a hundred of those sportsmen who write of their forest and stream experience knows the secrets of the woods, or could keep alive a week if lost and left to his own expedients. The majority of them could not even make a fire in a rainstorm! Many of them are deft with the kodak, and some produce very beautiful pictures, which are by far the best parts of their descriptive writings. Such sportsmen could press the button which starts the machinery of a world's exposition, though they don't know even the parts of the engine by name, and this is about the size of those critics who find fault with Kipling's superior knowledge of nature and of woodcraft and of word-painting. If they have never seen a shod canoe-pole, how, in the name of common sense, do they know whether it clicks or not?"

These are some of the musings incited by the last attempt of Mr. Ashcroft to bolster up the jejune criticisms of his friend. If they are persons of common sense they will "read, learn and inwardly digest" the letters from real woodsmen that appear in your issue of October 24, and abstain from any further display of their lamentable ignorance.

THE OLD ANGLER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The vast army of able and strenuous defenders of Kipling who have risen up amuse me. Like Mr. Brown, I think Mr. K. has more of rhyme and jingle than of sense, though "sun-warmed shingle" and "silent smoky Indians" seem sane enough. When any of my friends get delirious over Kipling, I accuse them of playing the grand stand, and that impression sticks to me in spite of any argument so far advanced. Now, these able defenders of Kipling can remove this impression and vindicate themselves by separately and independently answering the following questions, making the answers agree: What was meant by "the Red Gods have called?" What is "traces" in connection with "rods and reels?" What is "a raw log-jam?" What is a "right-angled log-jam?" What does "at the end" mean? Make your answers as easy to understand as Mr. Brown's poem that appeared in *FOREST AND STREAM* recently. You need not try to use the same elegant language, just make the sense stand out that way. Now, no getting together and agreeing. Make it clear to *FOREST AND STREAM* readers that there has been no mutual understanding and make your answers plainly agree and you will convince me that Mr. Brown ought to go away back and 'sit down.

DURHAM, Kan.

E. P. JAKUES.

Natural History.

Carcase-jour.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note your inquiry after that "old French word signifying glutton," of which your correspondent in last issue claims the word *Carcajou* to be a corruption, as applied to the wolverine. Of course there is no such word in the French vernacular from away back. *Carcajou* is a coined word, like maskinonge, whose derivation was born of occasion. It is a composite French and Indian word originating in Canada, and introduced across the line into Michigan and Wisconsin, and perhaps into Vermont and Maine, where alone of all the States it is known and used. To trace its inception the philologist must go to the *courriers du bois*, or wood runners, French and Indian, who hunted and trapped together for the fur companies, and thereby mingled their fancies and their dialects.

Wolverines or gluttons are such inveterate plunderers of set traps, and so difficult to catch in them, or out of them, that they are known in backwoods parlance as "Indian devils." Fur hunters had to get up early in the morning (*le jour*), as the saying is, in order to kill or capture one; and when a varmint was found dead, the successful trapper exclaimed in his elation, calling to his customary partner, or companion on the lines, "*carcase-jour!*" words which sound like "carcajou" at a little distance when spoken quickly, and equivalent to "dead meat soon," meaning that they did not have to wait long. All this I learned orally forty years ago in the wilds of New Brunswick on trappers' lines.

All Indian proper names, appellatives, sobriquets and nicknames are expressive of incidents, peculiarities, or characteristics, and are very often used in caricature. Usually, in phrases formed through association of races, the aborigine took the trait, and the dominant language the designation. Besides, the Indians were a silent race, and the French loquacious. This accounts for the grafting of so many French words into the northern Indian dialects. In the Chinook vocabulary fully one-third of the words are of French origin.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Oct. 24 a writer, communicating information about the wolverine under the above heading, says: "If Mayne Reid ever wrote of the carcajou and wolverine as two different beasts, he erred."

Captain Mayne Reid's knowledge of natural history subjects was deep and wide, acquired from extensive travels (in America among the Indians and trappers) and extended research and study. He rarely erred in his statements of facts. Here follow his comments regarding the wolverine, taken from his "Young Voyageurs," first published in 1853:

"The Canadian voyageurs call the wolverine 'carcajou,' while among the Orkney and Scotch servants of the Hudson's Bay Company he is oftener known as the 'quickhatch.' It is supposed that both these names are corruptions of the Cree word, okeo-coo-haw-gew (the name of the wolverine among the Indians of that tribe). Many words from the same language have been adopted by both voyageurs and traders."

What is "the old French word signifying glutton?" Let your correspondent rise and explain.

CHARLES H. COE.

LANGDON, D. C.

Eland for Australia?

THE largest and most bovine of the antelopes is the African eland (*Oreos canna*), formerly abundant on the high dry plains of Southern Africa, but now extinct in Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange Free States, the Transvaal, and almost exterminated in all the countries to the west of the land of the Matabele watered by the river Limpopo or its tributaries. At one locality in Natal, however, it still exists, and there is carefully preserved.

The reason for its extinction is found in the value of its hide, and the animal has been persistently pursued for it, and in its southern range has been exterminated just as was our buffalo.

The male eland stands not quite six feet high at the withers, and his horns are 2½ feet long. The general color is a bright yellow tan, the elands from some districts having white stripes on the sides, which remind one of the harnessed antelope of Africa.

The name eland obviously comes from the word elk, as suggested by Schweinfurth, who adds: "But, however little, as far as regards either the color of its coat or the shape of its horns, the *Oreos* may have in common with the elk, still I must confess that by its size it could not do otherwise than remind one of the stately game of my Livonian home; and the shaggy hair hanging in full crop from the neck, the bushy bristles on the forehead, and above all the thick black mane upon the withers, all combined to increase the resemblance. Far more striking, however, is the analogy of this animal with the zebu races of Africa, which exhibit many points that are common to the whole type of antelope. The short leg, the elevated long body, the long hanging dewlap, the hump-shaped withers, and the light bay color of the skin are characteristics of this race that justify a comparison of the eland with them, far more than with the elk."

The eland is still found sparingly throughout the Mozambique Province, and is numerous in Portuguese Northern Zambesia, and still more so in the Ruo and Lower Shire districts of British Central Africa. In these regions the striped form known as Livingston's eland is the one commonly met with, although this striping is not constant, for in the same districts some elands are striped and others not. The females and young animals may be of various shades of yellow dun and tawny, the bulls being much darker, almost a blue. During the dry season these antelope go in large herds, but during the rainy season are more frequently found in pairs or small herds of five or six.

In Central Africa elands frequent the open forests, but during the heat of the day usually lie up in the thick grass jungles. They are eager feeders, and after the rains become very fat, so that Mr. Vaughan Kirby declares that at this time the flesh is not surpassed by that of any wild game. The calves are born, according to latitude, between August and November, which, of course, is the spring season there. Mr. Vaughan Kirby shot a bull in Chirimani's country which measured 5 feet 10½ inches at the shoulder.

As to the hunting of this species by the natives, it is said: "Of all the antelope the eland, especially the male, is the most lusty and well fed, its heart having been known to be imbedded in a mass of fat weighing twenty-five pounds; the animal is consequently generally so short breathed that it can be readily overtaken or speared. The Masarwas are very fleet footed and skillful in handling their assagais so as to mortally wound the heart or lungs. Mounted Dutch and English hunters chase the elands in the same way as giraffes right up to their wagons, where they shoot them down, thus sparing themselves the trouble of having to transport the skins or carcasses from the hunting grounds. I have been told by hunters and natives, and I think it quite credible, that without any great difficulty elands may be tamed and trained to draw or carry light burdens."

With this we print the head of an eland, which we owe to the courtesy of the Ward's Natural Science Establishment at Rochester. A small bovine animal now to be seen at the New York Zoological Park, known as *Anoa depressicornis*, somewhat resembles the eland in general characteristics, although very much smaller. Within a few days the Zoological Society has received, as noted in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, a splendid bull eland, said to weigh about 2,000 pounds. It may now be seen there with many other African antelopes.

It is reported that an effort is to be made to introduce the eland in Australia, the Province of Queensland having been chosen. Queensland has vast areas of brush land, which is practically useless on account of the lack of water, and it has been thought that the elands might do well there, for it is a popular belief that they can get along without water. Mr. Vaughan Kirby says: "They are almost independent of water, for I have found them in absolutely dry tracts of great extent; nevertheless if water is at hand, they invariably drink at least once a day." Mr. Charles J. Copley advises us that the Earl of Derby, who is said to possess 4,000 elands, has given Queensland 1,000 of these animals, and has paid the expenses of their transportation thither.

Lower California Mammals.

IN 1902 Mr. Edmund Heller, collector for the Field Columbian Museum, made a trip into the San Pedro Martir and Hanson Laguna Mountains and along the neighboring coast region of Lower California for the purpose of gathering material for the museum. His trip began in February, 1902, and was made with pack animals. The country which he entered is unsettled, and it is necessary to carry supplies in considerable quantity, since nothing can be bought. A Mexican law provides that all persons bringing guns into Lower California must return every sixty days to the port of entry, and there have their permits to bear arms renewed. It may be imagined that such a law would be a tremendous handicap to any one who wished to explore the long peninsula of Lower California. Burros do not travel rapidly, and the distance which they can cover in thirty days is not great. However, on his first return to Ensenada, Mr. Heller learned that a special permit had been issued to him by the Secretary of State of Mexico, permitting him to carry arms without any time limit being mentioned, wherever he might choose to go in Mexico. He was therefore enabled to turn about and devote the remainder of the

specimens were taken. Many of our readers will remember the graphic account of sheep hunting in this same region entitled, "To the Gulf of Cortez," published years ago in FOREST AND STREAM by Mr. Geo. H. Gould. It was subsequently reprinted in the volume of the Boone and Crockett book entitled, "Hunting in Many Lands." That account was of very high interest, and it is gratifying again to read of the sheep inhabiting this special region.

Of these sheep, Dr. Elliott says: "I refer all these specimens to the form described by Dr. Merriam from the Grape Vine Mountains, boundary line of Nevada and California, with some doubt. It is very difficult, merely from a brief description, to determine with any certainty whether two closely allied individuals from widely separated localities are of the same species or not, and as there are already too many named forms of mountain sheep, I have no desire to introduce another doubtful one, and for the present, at all events, prefer to retain these specimens under the above name, until they can be compared with topotypes of the race named by Dr. Merriam, and a satisfactory decision be reached. The San Pedro Martir sheep is a small animal, with all the under parts,

except a small white patch on the inguinal region and front part of fore and hind legs, blackish brown. White rump patch very large and not divided in the middle." Mr. Heller's notes on this species are as follows:

"Common about the cliffs, coming down occasionally to the water holes in the valley. Most of the sheep observed were either solitary or in small bands of three to a dozen. Only one adult ram was seen, all the others, about thirty, being ewes or lambs. The largest bunch seen consisted of eleven, mostly ewes and a few young rams. The sheep, as a rule, inhabit the middle line of cliffs, where they are safe from attack above, and can watch the valley below for danger. Here about the middle line of cliffs they are observed, and the greater number of tracks and dust wallows where they spend much of their time were seen. A few were seen on the level stretches of the mesas, and a considerable number of tracks, but these were made by those traveling from one line of cliffs to another. They are constantly on guard, and very little of their time is given to browsing. Their usual method is to feed about some high cliffs or rocks, taking an occasional mouthful of brush and then suddenly throwing up the head and gazing and listening for a long time before again taking food. They are not alarmed by scent, like deer and antelope, the direction of the wind apparently making no difference in hunting them. A small bunch of six were observed for a considerable time feeding. Their method seemed to be much the same as individuals, except that when danger was suspected by any member he would give a few quick leaps and all the flock would scamper to some high rock and face about in various directions, no two looking the same way. These maneuvers were often performed, perhaps once every fifteen minutes. Their chief enemy is the mountain lion, which hunts them on the cliffs, apparently never about watering places. Lion tracks were not rare about the sheep runs. They are extremely wary about coming down for water, and take every precaution. Before leaving the cliffs to cross the valley to water, they usually select some high ridge and descend along this, gazing constantly at the spring, usually halting ten or more minutes on every prominent rocky point. When within a hundred yards or less of the water, a long, careful search is made, and a great deal of ear-work performed, the head being turned first to one side and then to the

other. When they do at last satisfy themselves, they make a bolt, and drink quickly, stopping occasionally to listen and look for danger. If, however, they should be surprised at the water, they do not flee at once, but gaze for some time at the intruder, and then go a short way and take another look, and so on until they break into a steady run for the cliffs. At least thirty sheep were observed at the water, and none came before 9:30 A. M. or later than 2:30 P. M., most coming down between 12 P. M. This habit has probably been established to avoid lions, which are seldom about during the hottest part of the day. A few ewes were seen with two lambs, but the greater number had only one. Most of the young appeared about two months old. Their usual gait was a short gallop, seldom a walk or trot."

Of rats, mice, gophers, jumping rats and rabbits, Mr. Heller collected many specimens. Wildcats were obtained belonging to the California Bay lynx type, and three species of coyotes, one of them new and named by Dr. Elliott *Canis clepticus*. The California form of the gray fox was taken, with some small skunks, shrews and bats. This collection has yielded several new forms, described by Dr. Elliott.

Besides the species taken, there have been found in the region the puma, or cougar, whose tracks were often seen, and which is said to prey on deer, sheep, and young stock; the raccoon, skunk, weasel, the sea otter—said to be now very rare off the coast near San Quentin, but to be occasionally taken—the sea lion, and a seal. The paper is illustrated by plates of scenery and a sketch map.



THE ELAND (*Oreos canna*).
Specimen from Moshonaland.

year to collecting. He made considerable explorations, and collected a very valuable series of mammals both from the mountain and the coast region, bringing out more material than has probably been collected before in this particular region by anyone. Mr. Heller's description of the country is quite full, and his report accompanies Dr. Elliott's paper, which is based on the collections here made, and forms No. 12 of Vol. III. of the Zoological Series of the Publications of the Field Columbian Museum. The paper bears date June, 1903.

Among the specimens secured is a young male mule deer of two or three years, which has a pure white tail with a black tip. Heretofore the specimens killed in this region have all been attributed to Caton's California mule deer, and this specimen remains unique for the region. It was killed in the low lands near San Quentin. Although killed on the 4th of August, the horns are dark and hard, as if the velvet had been shed for some time, and the coat is that of autumn.

A large number of specimens—fourteen in all, chiefly killed in the mountains—are referred to Caton's California mule deer. These are of all ages and sizes, and appear to average smaller than the common mule deer.

A single antelope, belonging to the form described by Dr. Merriam as *Antilocapra americana mexicana*, was taken near the Gulf of San Felipe, Gulf of California, and the animals are said to be not rare, though, on the other hand, they are not numerous. "The Indians report seeing as many as fifteen occasionally in a band."

Of the mountain sheep of Lower California, thirteen

Visits with Apes and Monkeys.

III.—Visits with New World Monkeys.

WITH the exception of the marmosets, which can be distinguished from all other monkeys, by their pigmy size, and long, sharp claws on all fingers and toes—except the great toe—the New World monkeys can be told by the following prominent differences:

The wide partition between the nostrils and the lack of naked callosities. In size none compares with the largest monkeys of the Old World. While they also lack cheek pouches, one cannot detect this without a close inspection. Should you see a monkey while attempting to elude pursuit, carrying some small article in his hand which he could easily put in cheek pouches, you would be safe in concluding that he came from tropical America; or should you see him hanging by his tail, or using it to grasp, you can rightly come to the same conclusion, for no Old World monkey has a prehensile tail, neither do all American primates. Another feature, if you could examine their mouths, you would find that American monkeys have thirty-six teeth, while the others have but thirty-two.

Nature has played some funny pranks with the monkeys. As has been seen, many of the Old World monkeys have cheek pouches, and all possess naked callosities, while those of the Western Hemisphere lack both. The spider and wooly monkeys, howlers and capuchins—American monkeys—are the only ones that have prehensile tails, and as if to partly balance this great advantage, which really is equal to a fifth hand, nature in several cases, and not in others, has taken away their thumbs, or given them but rudiments. With a group of African monkeys—the thumbless monkeys—she has been so mean as to deprive them of prehensile tails and thumbs also. What a mess!

The monkeys of the Western Hemisphere are of mild disposition; even when their capture is attempted, instead of resisting the keeper and fighting to the last, as many of the Old World monkeys generally do, they show great fear, and when captured scream with fright until convinced that no harm is to befall them. They make friends easily and can usually be trusted.

Of the few representatives in the London Zoological Gardens, the most intelligent were a pair of smooth-headed capuchins. They were known to their friends as the "Jimmy monkeys." Their looks and actions were so nearly alike, that a description of one monkey will suffice for both.

I did not make many visits to the building before this little fellow began to recognize me, though he had always been friendly. His cage was large and contained many other primates. Even though at play when I entered, he always came to say good morning, and with a very serious, yet amusing expression, he told in monkey language and actions how glad he was to see me. After such an outburst of pleasure, he played with my watch and chain, and when I left him he followed to the end of the cage and continued his chatter. He was extremely jealous of his companions, and would attack any that came near. As long as the monkey ran he would chase it, but when it turned, he lost his nerve and hurried to me for protection, then would face about and suddenly become very brave, looking back to see if I had deserted him.

He must have envied the Old World monkeys their cheek pouches, for when given two or three large English pennies, he was at a loss what to do with them. When he came to the front of the cage the human monkeys tried to take them from him, and if he climbed to the perches, the other monkeys clustered about. Sometimes he carried a penny in his mouth and the others in his hand; again he would hobble about on three legs with the coins clasped against his breast. He would hammer them on the iron cross-bars, and often tried to crack English walnuts in the same manner.

Nothing pleased Jim more than raw eggs, and the skill with which he handled them was really remarkable. On being given one he carried it to a perch, and clapping it with both hands, carefully cracked one end on the bar, picked the shell open, and, raising the egg above his head, he tilted it, and lapped the flowing contents, allowing little if any to waste. While endeavoring to escape pursuers, he sometimes crushed the egg, and in his eagerness to save the yolk, covered his hands and face, and was a sight indeed.

Rats had gnawed a hole in one corner of the cage and at night carried off nuts and bits of bread. One day I noticed a number of monkeys seated in a circle around the rat hole; presently a rat appeared, and the monkeys scampered away. Jim was the only one that held his ground. He stood a few feet from the hole, and when the rat returned, Jim waited until he had ventured several feet from the hole, then quick as lightning caught the rodent, and before it had time to bite him, he buried his teeth in its skull. He spent the afternoon chewing its head and hammering it about the cage, refusing to yield his prize until compelled to.

I took a four months' trip on the Continent, and on my return was told that one of the Jimmy monkeys had died. His mate had been transferred to an adjoining cage, which I passed, and while looking for him I was greeted from behind by his familiar voice, and for several minutes he sent forth a perfect warble of notes, sounding more like a bird than the harsh cries usually heard from monkeys.

All the monkeys took pleasure in teasing and frolicking with cage mates, but none was so persistently buffoonish as a pair of brown spider monkeys. Their slim bodies, extremely long limbs and slender, prehensile tails, made their actions all the more ridiculous, and they held a crowd of interested spectators constantly about them. Always active and looking for a chance to make the lives of their associates miserable, they never lingered long with any one visitor.

The ease with which they swung hand over hand about the cage gave the onlookers some idea of the gracefulness with which they handle themselves when moving among the trees in their native forests.

They took great delight in teasing a young weeping capuchin, probably because he was unable to defend

himself, and finally so intimidated him that when a spider moved in his direction he squalled at the top of his lungs. While he was peacefully seated in a corner watching the visitors, one of the spiders would hang by his tail, reach down and catch the capuchin by his tail, and after swinging him about in mid-air, toss him upon the straw, or, crossing the floor like a huge spider, took a position in front of the squalling capuchin and snatched at him, first with one hand, then the other, then suddenly catching him by the tail, hauled him into the center of the cage, and watch him scurry back to his favorite corner. Finally the attendant was obliged to remove him to another cage.

I have seen one of these spider monkeys swing back and forth on a rope, and at a favorable opportunity catch the tail of a capuchin that was holding to the side of the cage. When the spider swung back the momentum wrenched the capuchin's feet loose, and then he hung, suspended in the air, clinging by his hands while the spider held him by the tail. The monkey that succeeded in keeping his position on the perch while a spider was passing, was fortunate indeed.

The collection of American monkeys was small, and with the exception of the two species mentioned, uninteresting and not worthy of notice.

Before closing this chapter I should like to give the reader some idea of what the monkeys in some zoological parks have to contend with, taking, for example, the gardens under consideration.

In the morning school children entered free of charge; they came in droves, accompanied by their teachers, and were marched through the buildings double file. As soon as the monkeys saw them they passed the word from cage to cage, and as the children entered shouting and laughing, the house was thrown into an uproar. The monkeys sprang to the sides of their cages, and as the children moved along they were met by defiant looks and cries. After their departure it was some time before the monkeys quitted.

In the afternoon came the regular visitors, some of which had less sense and certainly less feeling than their predecessors.

One would be astonished if he knew the number of grown persons who delight in tormenting, and in some cases treating brutally, unfortunate caged animals. I once came near engaging in a fight while protecting one of my pets. A ruffian punched his cane through the netting, and catching my Jimmy monkey, squeezed him against a cross-bar. I heard Jim's cries of pain, and as the crowd was so dense I could not reach the fellow, I batted him over the head several times with my umbrella. He turned quickly and said, that if I would come outside, he would "punch in my blooming face," but as my face was something of an heirloom, that dated back several years before my remembrance, and as the fellow's physique and actions convinced me that if I accepted his offer it would be several months before my face would again assume its normal "bloom," I declined with thanks.

Holidays are always dreaded by keepers of zoological gardens, for they frequently result in the death of some animal, caused by being overfed. The night before and on the morning of such days the monkeys are fed a good supply of fruit, that their appetites may be small, and their stomachs in good condition to receive the variety of "junk" that is sure to be given them. The timely arrival of keepers sometimes averts injury to monkeys that have become tangled in pieces of cord given to them by visitors. For these reasons valuable and delicate animals are kept behind glass-fronted cages, or out of public sight entirely.

After a "Bank Holiday" in London, during which 36,000 persons visited the Zoological Gardens in Regents Park, the following articles were taken from three large cages in the monkey house: A bushel of assorted nuts and candies, three pairs of spectacles, two bottles, two spools of thread—which the monkeys had unwound—several tin boxes, nails, marbles, pencils, pennies, and a great many pieces of plain glass and looking glass.

Owego, N. Y.

J. ALDEN LORING.

Grouse Self-Killing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was interested in the article under the above headings, in last week's issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*.

I cannot furnish its parallel as to the number of grouse killed on one window, but can cite a case where a grouse has been killed by flying against a plate glass window. While visiting at Theresa a few years ago Mr. Richard Rodenlunt, a hardware merchant, told me a grouse had been killed the day before by flying against the window of his store. I asked him what time of the day it happened, as I had my reasons for knowing. The time given me corresponded with the time I had shot at a grouse that morning in a small piece of woods about a quarter of a mile from his store, and which fled precisely in that direction. I asked Mr. R. where I could see the grouse; he said that it had been eaten. Had I seen it I could have told whether it was the same grouse or not that I had shot at, as I had cut one of the tail feathers out and had it to show, but there is little doubt that it was.

I know of four occurrences near my home in Lockport, where grouse have flown against houses or through windows. The last instance the grouse flew through a window and into the hands of a lady over eighty years of age. The family kept it in a box a few days, then presented it to me. I kept it in a box with wire screen in front of it for six weeks. I then made a brush pile of apple tree limbs in the corner of a hen yard, where I had lost a number of chickens with croup. After clipping one wing of the grouse I turned it loose in the yard. The grouse had done well while confined in the box, and would eat from my hand. But within a week, after turning it loose in the yard, it died, just as the chickens had, with croup.

I have passed six weeks in this cottage this season; the past week with some friends from Lockport. Our larder has contained grouse, woodcock, or gray squir-

rels since the day after our arrival. At present there are one grouse, two woodcock, one squirrel, and a pickerel (lake pike), and we have the very richest milk (Jersey cows), which we procure of a boyhood companion of mine, who is farmer, hunter and trapper, and of whom I will have more to say later.

J. L. DAVISON.

WILDWOOD COTTAGE, Red Lake, Theresa, N. Y., Oct. 28.

P. S.—Apropos of birds flying against windows. About 5 o'clock this morning, while I lay awake waiting for the time (6 o'clock) to get up, a screech owl flew against the window in my room, trying to alight on the middle bar of the screen.

SAYRE, Pa., Oct. 25.—The domestic joys of a Main street, Athens, family were rudely disturbed last Tuesday when a ruffed grouse plunged through the glass of the kitchen window and fell to the floor stunned and quite helpless. Before the members of the household had recovered from their surprise the bewildered bird took wing and made an unceremonious exit.

While driving through Danby, N. Y., last Sunday, I observed a trio of bluebirds plaintively calling from the gnarled surface of a stump fence. The day was raw and moist with flashes of sunshine chasing each other across the brown meadows, and the bluebirds were apparently enjoying these sunny visitations to the utmost.

The season seems far advanced for these beautiful migrants to be lingering in the snow belt of the country.

While on this same ride a mighty army of crows was encountered. The sable marauders swept meadow after meadow until the whole landscape on both sides of the highway literally grew black with the harsh-toned host. With twenty years of life in the country as part of my varied experience, I had never seen so many crows traveling together. They would close down upon a number of fields, throwing out an encircling line of pickets, and thus guarded, feed contentedly for a brief interim, only to rise upon the wind with the precision of an infantry drill at the first indication of anything unusual occurring in the vicinity.

It was a remarkable and altogether interesting array of audacious foragers, and one not often witnessed. Although a notorious bird of theft, the crow has a social quality and an independence that puts him well within the good estimation of most farmers.

While as a boy I used to shoot crows on sight, I now think that the country, with all its delightful inducements, would be a dreary place, indeed, without the presence of these ebony freebooters.

M. CHILL

Buzzard and Baby.

MARIANA, Fla., Oct. 26.—On the afternoon of the 21st inst., two citizens of Lakeland, Fla., while driving just outside of the town limits, saw a most remarkable sight. A woman at work in a field had laid her baby on the ground and stepped a little ways off, when a large turkey buzzard attempted to carry the child off.

When the men saw it the buzzard apparently had entangled its claws in the child's clothing, but could not carry the child off, and was flopping across the field, dragging the child. The frantic mother called for help, and the two men went to the rescue. Just as they reached the bird it released itself from the child's clothing and flew away. The child was unhurt, and was restored to its mother, but it was a narrow escape for the little one.

W. A. M.

[The feet of the turkey buzzard are not adapted for grasping, and they are not known to carry food in the feet. The entanglement of the feet in the clothing must have been accidental.]

October Swallows.

THERESA, N. Y., Oct. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Early last Monday morning, Oct. 19, while watching for ducks on the overflowed flats on Indian River, I was surprised at the appearance of hundreds of tree-swallows (white-bellied) flying back and forth over the water; they came all about me, I could almost reach them with my gun. I was so interested in the swallows that I fear I missed some good shots at ducks; suffice to say that I did not get a duck, but I got wet while sitting behind a hastily constructed blind in the rain.

J. L. D.

[Our correspondent knows as well any one that the white-bellied swallow is the earliest of the swallows to arrive in spring and the last to leave in the autumn. On Oct. 21 we saw a few hawking about not very far from New York City.]

Game Cookery.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have had several sportsmen's publications for years and one thing in particular I notice is absent and that is "receipts and way of dressing and cooking game." That's something that many of us, or our wives, don't know much about. I should be pleased to hear from some who know how to do it to their taste.

J. W. B.

In "Hints and Points for Sportsmen" Seneca gives these two recipes for camp cookery:

372. Stewed Game.—Ducks, rabbits, in fact all kinds of game may be stewed. Cut them into small pieces after cleaning, and put into a pot containing enough cold water to a little more than cover them. A minced onion, small pieces of salt pork, vegetables, etc., may be added. Season with salt and pepper, cover the pot and let it simmer until the flesh can be easily pierced with a sharp sliver.

373. Roasting Small Game.—Squirrels, birds, etc., may be roasted on a stick before a fire of piping hot coals. Clean the game, impale it on a stick with a piece of fat pork, and set the stick in the ground before the coals. Turn frequently and baste with the drippings, which should be caught in a cup or large spoon. When a sharp sliver will easily go into the breast they are done. Pigeons, squirrels, hares or rabbits, ducks and grouse should be parboiled before roasting.

Game Bag and Gun.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Game Laws in Brief

is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the Brief.

A Day's Sport in Alaska in 1893.

A Grizzly Bear Hunt.

Buzz goes the old alarm clock. Three sleepy fellows roll over in their bunks, and Sam calls out in a gruff old voice, "Come now, boy, it's your turn at that sheet iron stove to-day. You just see if you can't beat that record batch of bannocks that I baked yesterday. Fry up a big batch out of the hind quarter of that goat hanging on the first tree out there, for I might not be home to-night."

"If you can't make it to that farthest bear trap to-day and back again you ain't worth the powder that you wasted on that old Billy goat yesterday," interrupted Jim.

I didn't say a word, just rubbed my eyes and rolled out; slid into my heavy wool clothes, shoved several small pitch knots into the little sheet iron stove, piled on a few sticks of dry wood and set it going. We never build big fires when bear hunting, as it has a tendency to drive them away. Bread baking, meat and potatoes frying, and rolled oats and coffee boiling all at once.

"Come on, you husky bucks, out of that! This thing is just about ready to happen. It's time to go grazing here now."

At my command Jim Greenslate, an old Montana scout, soldier, hunter, trapper and miner; and Sam Gowan, a good, old plainsman of the days when Big Nosed George and his gang held almost despotic sway on the head waters of the Yellowstone, rolled out of their springy beds of mountain feathers, "hem-lock boughs," and commenced to prepare their toilet for the swell occasion.

"How's the weather, Cal?" Jim puts in, as he pulls on his moccasins.

"Say, fellows, it's the finest day we've had this fall. If we don't get a bear apiece to-day, besides what we get in the traps and dead-falls, we are really not much good."

Sam peeks out between the flaps of the tent; day is just dawning. "Say, you'll see my pack straps around skins to-night, or you can have my old pelt for a floor mat. There's just enough fresh snow for good track-in', and that left hand of mine has been itchin' all night. You fellows know by this time that that hunch is worth somethin' to me, don't you?"

"How about your lucky dream, Cal? Did you dream of that little girl in California?"

"That's what I did, Jim. You watch my smoke, she is going to bring us good luck to-day." Jim and Sam smiled good-naturedly.

Our camp was by the side of a wild mountain stream that drained a large mountain lake nestled down among the high snow-burdened glacier-ground peaks and mountains that form the water shed of all the streams that run in the great fords and bays of south-eastern Alaska and the streams that run into the rivers of the interior.

We were too far inland to be molested by the coast Siwash Indians, and far enough from the interior, so that we felt safe from being disturbed by the Stick tribes. Game in this protected and favored spot of nature's domain had never heard the crack of the white man's rifle, and had smelled very little smoke of the Indians' old smooth bores.

Many of the largest, wariest and best educated old grizzly, brown and black bear, not to mention the wolves and wolverine, had sought the refuge of this secluded valley as their home; where they might roam undisturbed, as they were intended by nature, and in harmony with their keen instincts. The river supplied them for several months of the year with the finest salmon. The twenty different kinds of berries and fruit that abound, and with plenty of wild cabbage, roots and nutritious grasses kept them in the prime condition. The high ranges of mountains surrounding us were covered with bands of mountain goats and sheep.

Specialists are only content with the best the world affords, therefore these two scarred old veterans of the good old buffalo days had searched out this spot as the best field for big game to their knowledge in all the world. Fate favored me so that I was to share its favors with them.

Breakfast over; guns come off the racks; each fellow puts up his lunch, and carefully inspects his cartridges, six-shooter, hunting knife and belt; we buckle on our pack straps and are off. Sam goes up the north fork of the river in the direction of the glacier, Jim and I up the main river in the direction of the lake. The newly fallen snow cracks and shuffles along as we travel, and we leave a trail behind us that could be seen for a mile. "We'll have some fun crossing our foot log this morning. Hello! what's that? Wolverine, huh, he went along about 11 o'clock last night. Hope he steered clear of our bear traps. He's a big brute and could spring them if he tried."

"Say, we'll fix him some of these days with a No. 4 steel trap," I replied.

"We won't do a thing to him when he gets a little better coat of fur on."

"Whoa! w-h-o-a-p! What's that? Look yonder."

Jim stops and points over on the side of the mountain. A trail about three feet wide in the newly fallen snow and very fresh, wound around and down across the foot of a slide and down on the river bar ahead. We lively up our step and are soon on the spot. "Hello! two of 'em. There's as big a grizzly track as

I ever laid my winkers on. That smallest one is no scrub, is he?"

"Say, if we get them two fellers to-day we'll make Old Sam ashamed of himself."

At this we strike the trail. Not another word is spoken; eyes are scanning every bar, every open nook, every log and tree behind which they have passed. We can see the trail a long distance ahead; we fairly run in that low, bent, sneaking attitude that a hunter always strikes when he is close to game and expects a shot at any second. We come to a big pile of drift wood and logs and can see where they have climbed over; as we near them Jim strikes a match to get the direction of the wind. We have it in our favor. Carefully sneaking up we peek over. "Sh-h-h-h, look out now." Both hands grip the old rifles; our eyes glance over the barrels to see that the sights are clear; we both stand and look upon a mass of bear tracks, bloody and mud-colored snow. They have had their breakfast here, and the remainder of some half a dozen salmon were scattered all about. After looking close we see the trail going on up the river. "They are not half an hour ahead of us. We will get them in those dead falls up there as sure as you're alive. They are headed right for them." Again we strike the trail on a trot. The first great dead fall is in sight. "Say, she's down! We've got one of them sure! What! Well did you ever!"

The dead fall was torn to pieces; great logs scattered in every direction. Over two thousand pounds had fallen on that old grizzly's shoulders, but it had not crushed him. He had backed out, and in doing so had torn the trap to pieces. The bait was gone; with the exception of the loss of a whole lot of long, silky, silver tipped hair, the old fellow seemed none the worse for his experience, and had continued on his journey up the river with his smaller partner and right in the direction of the next bait, where we had set a great 42-pound No. 6 Newhouse steel trap, supposed to catch and hold any game animal on the American continent. We again hit the trail, and as we near the trap, a roar mingled with the crashing and cracking of bushes and trees greets us. "Helloa, old boy, we got one of you! Where's your old partner?"

The big brute had cleared off nearly a quarter of an acre of brush and small trees, and had dragged the big trap and log attached, weighing fully 400 pounds, over everything he had come to until it fouled under and against two trees. He sees us coming and charges full tilt, comes as far as the trap and chain will let him, then rises on his haunches and strikes the trap against the log with force sufficient to pulverize it. Two six-shooters speak at once: he lunges forward and falls in a great heap with a shattered brain.

"That's No. 1—now for the big one. That big one has smelled iron before, and he's going to give an account of himself."

"He's not far from here, right now."

We carefully inspect our shooting irons; and again hit his trail up the river. He goes around a steep bank on the right, then up through a big, open park and into a bunch of timber. "There's where he's lying, Cal. You go up that right-hand ridge and head him off. I'll follow him. Keep in sight so we can both do some shooting."

I climbed the first ridge and was sneaking along keeping Jim in sight. From my elevated position on the ridge I could see the bear's trail lead up to the top of a little mound and stop behind an overhanging ledge of rocks. Jim was within forty feet of it when I whistled.

Jim stops to wipe the snow from his gun barrel, and at the same time the great silvery-coated old monster hears him coming and rises from his bed and prepares himself for the attack. I dare not shoot, as they are almost in a direct line from me. The old grizzly's mane raises and turns the wrong way. His small, brown eyes flash and sparkle like two great, black diamonds. His lower jaw drops, his long, upper lip lowers and projects forward, forming almost a proboscis. Foam and strings of saliva run from his long, pearly pointed fangs. His round ears lower and lie down out of sight in his furry headgear. It has taken about six pulsations of his ponderous heart to make this transformation. He is ready.

Jim coolly raises his old .45-70 Winchester. I can see the polished ivory bead, I can see the glow of silver run along the barrel as the sun reflects its rays on it. I can hear the lock go click, click. I can see that right elbow out on a level with his shoulder, the hand on the lever ready for quick action and that forefinger dangerously pressing the trigger. It has taken about three seconds to do all this. Jim is ready. Then a roar from the grizzly mingles with the report of the rifle and fairly shakes the snow from the branches over head. The bear charges; two shots at almost the same second take effect. I cannot keep out of it any longer. They seem to be almost together now, and a rifle shot rings out; the snow flies in all directions, as the grizzly rises to make his last and fatal lunge. Jim gives it to him fairly in the sticking place. A great gush of crimson shoots forth as he falls within ten feet of where Jim stood. The great grizzly bleeds all the more freely from his over exertion; and as I appear on the scene several seconds later, all is quiet. Jim stands over the great bear seeking out where the shots took effect. A blue cloud of sulphurous smelling powder smoke ascends heavenward, and the last faint distant echo of our heavy guns answers as the death dirge of this old veteran that had lately crossed another great divide to a happier mountain valley home where enemies are unknown.

"What a beautiful trophy, Jim. You won't ever part with that, will you? Keep it, and when you go back to your good old home in Illinois present it to your old mother."

Ah, Cal, it has been a long time since I have heard from her, she might be dead now."

"Oh, well, you might have a sweetheart or your sister will keep it for you until we make our stake mining and you have a lovely home of your own."

"Yes, I have a sister, a dear sister, too." At this he stopped, I knew him too well to proceed further. I

had heard him relate a sad, sad love tale with his life's devotion attached that ended badly.

A saucy bluejay jumped from twig to twig over head and chirped as we sat down on the great grizzly and ate our lunch. "What will we call him, Jim?"

"Why, we'll call him the Czar, and you must take that beautiful robe to that little love of yours. She brought him to us and she must have it."

"Say, it was funny, wasn't it, Jim?" Let's go up and see where he was lying when we came on to him. Well, don't that beat the snakes! There's as fine a ledge of copper ore as I ever seen. It's pretty low grade, but I only wish I had it down in the States."

After robbing the old grizzly of his robe I wrote the following verse on a tree near by:

Come, wolverines, you gluttons of the wood,
Satisfy your cravings with something good.
And you, fleet pine martin of the tree,
A feast is here widespread to thee.
You howling packs of black and gray timber wolves now prepare
Your pearly fangs so that you'll get your share.
And Mr. Fox, although you're scarce and few,
Sneak in and steal your scant just due.
The owls of night, the ravens, crows, jays, and hawks of day
Are all invited; you must not stay away.
Eat and be merry, is our toast to you all;
We've had our fun; we caused the Czar's downfall.

But all bearkind are warned to stay away,
Around this grizzly's bones you must not stray.
Although you are hungry, dine not one on another;
It is bad taste, and this might be your brother.
You wise and solemn prickly porcupine,
Stand and look on, for here you do not shine.
And Mr. Red Squirrel, although you're very fleet,
Take my advice and beat a safe retreat.
The snowy ptarmigan of high, and ruffed grouse of the wood,
Sit on high limbs, look pleasant, and be good.
Venture not too near this bloody battleground
While all your dreaded enemies are around.

CAL & JIM,
Nov. 2, 1893.

Some day I am going back to get some more samples of the ledge. I would have gone before this, but the little girl proved untrue. I was robbed of the pleasure of making her happy with the Czar's robe, and am afraid the mine would be an unlucky one.

SNOWSHOE.

Maryland Association.

From the Baltimore Sun, Oct. 4.

NEVER before in the history of the Maryland State Game and Fish Protective Association has its annual meeting been so satisfactory as that which was held last night at the Eutaw House. Many of its members have passed the age when they shoot or fish much, but they still work to perpetuate the supply, which will give sport to future generations.

President J. Olney Norris presided and sixty or more members attended. Among the guests was Dr. T. S. Palmer, of the United States Biological Survey. He was asked to make an address, and based it largely upon the suggestions in the reports of the association's officers.

Regarding suggestions against the use of pump (magazine) shotguns, he said they were legislated against in California, but the Court of Appeals had decided the law unconstitutional. The case was not carried to the Supreme Court of the United States. Dr. Palmer said he believed it to be as good law to prohibit the use of pump guns as the Maryland law prohibiting the use of swivel guns in duck shooting. He rather favored the limiting of the amount of game each hunter should bag in a day or season, but told of the troubles in determining this when sportsmen were greedy. Limited bags cut out "hog killing" records.

He strongly advocated the passage of uniform game laws in this State and said that Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina had had the worst game laws of any States in the Union. Tennessee and Virginia have during the past year made uniform State laws, and he was anxious to see Maryland follow suit.

Touching wild duck shooting, he said the upper Chesapeake was one of the three greatest points in this country, Currichick Sound and Long Island being the other two. He strongly advocated the shortening of spring duck shooting. For woodcock, the handsomest and now one of the scarcest of game birds, he advocated a closed season in the State for not less than three years. For the wood ducks he advocated a like closed season. The stopping of the sale and shipment of these birds he believed would have the proper effect. Information was abundant to his department that ducks were being netted.

When asked to go further with advice, Dr. Palmer turned the request into a neat compliment to the association. He said: "This Maryland Association was the pioneer in enforcing the national laws relating to the destruction of birds for plumage. About three years ago this association caused an arrest and conviction of a dealer in gulls' wings. The constitutionality of the law was tested, and to-day the dealing in this commodity is in the hands of a trust, which is working in harmony with the Audubon societies, and the laws are not being violated to any great extent."

A vote of thanks was given Dr. Palmer.

Mr. C. C. Coffin, of Prince George's county, proposed to have every resident owner of a gun used for field or water shooting taxed \$1 and \$10 for every non-resident, the tax to go to the fund for the protection of game.

Secretary Oregon Milton Dennis announced that his report was more in the nature of suggestions than a report on what had taken place. He said there were fewer complaints in the year of violation of the laws, except as to purse-netters in and about Havre de Grace and the upper bay. His paper continued in part as follows:

"The association, through the game wardens and its officials, have had several cases affecting the game laws, and some convictions, notably the fining of a young

taxidermist, who was convicted of destroying the nests of song birds in Baltimore county for the collection of their eggs, as well as killing the birds that he might become more proficient in his amateurish fad.

"The matter which has claimed attention almost exclusively during the summer months is that of securing one of the boats of the State navy to enforce the law against purse-netters.

"The deputy game wardens had little difficulty in reaching the violators of the game laws, but it was impossible for them to reach the fishing boats. Reasonable men; therefore, can see that the only aid they could get would be that supplied by the State. A memorial signed by about 500 prominent business men and large land owners was presented to the Board of Public Works. The Governor practically put it up to the commandant of the oyster navy to grant the boat asked for. The secretary had failed to come up with the commandant, hence no boat.

"I quote from some of the correspondence I received as to the damage resulting from non-protection: 'How about that boat that was to come to Poole's Island to look after purse-netters? I have been down several times within the last two weeks and always found four or five of them there.' This is from a letter of July 2. 'Have you ever tried to inform yourselves as to the purse-net fishing on the flats above Poole's Island? It is the worst this year that it has been for years, and, I am told, not contented with scraping the spawning grounds of the rock and white perch, that there are a few of them that are dynamiting the wrecks that they cannot purse over. * * * A visit most any day will find from 4 to 10 of these scrapers at work on the upper flats. As they have canvas nailed over their names, it is impossible to tell who they are.'

"Now, as to the violation of the game laws. Outside of the killing of ducks on their feeding grounds in Harford county last winter, I have had very few complaints.

"At the last meeting of the executive committee of the association, held in September, 1903, two committees were appointed—one to recommend amendments and new laws to the coming session of the Legislature on game and the other for fish. The secretary would be very glad to receive suggestions and propositions.

"It is the purpose of the association to again present to the Legislature the bills known as the Purse-net Bill and the Salt Water Bill, and they have reason to believe that the opposition to these bills exhibited at the last session of the Legislature will be absent at the coming one.

"The State Game Warden Bill should also be amended, or, more properly, reconstructed. Reports have come to the secretary that some of the most frequent violators of the laws protecting game and fish were deputy game wardens themselves.

"Some means should be taken by this association to prevent the cruel slaughter of pigeons as targets by the shooting associations of this city. Marksmanship can as well be demonstrated by clay pigeons.

"Now, as to recommendations:

"1. Game laws of the State, as codified, are in a chaotic condition, and your secretary recommends the presenting of a bill to the Legislature providing for a competent board to codify and issue the laws under their supervision.

"2. An entire revision of the State Game Warden law to meet the demands and give more authority to and better equip the deputy game wardens for the purposes of their duties, and particularly to give them power to arrest without first securing a magistrate for the issuance of a warrant, thus allowing the violator to get out of the jurisdiction or the presence of the deputy game warden before such warrant can be issued.

"3. Some means should be taken, through an act of the Legislature, providing for the setting aside of at least one boat of the State Fishery force in the waters of the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, to prevent violation of the fish laws.

"4. A bill should be prepared and presented to the Legislature to prevent the use of pump or magazine guns in the State for the killing of birds and game.

"5. A general revision of the game laws of the various counties, looking to the prohibition of shooting partridges in such counties where these birds are becoming almost extinct.

"6. That the association employ a detective for at least one month prior to the opening of the season for gunning and one month after its close, for the purpose of catching up with the handling of game out of season.

"7. Making it unlawful to shoot live pigeons, etc.

"8. Some action should be taken, as I recommended in my last report, to see that the ducking police on the flats properly perform their duties and see that the non-resident gunners be caught up with. As I reported at the last annual meeting, they get into Maryland in this way: A non-resident, who usually belongs to the wealthier class, comes to Maryland with his steam launch or other contrivance, gets a resident to take out in the resident's name, a license, and then employs the resident to go gunning with him, making the dishonest resident his substitute in violating the law. This should be stopped, and a proper bill should be presented to the Legislature for this purpose.

"9. While it is true that the association is doing more effective work than ever before in its history, it could be more effective if it had more funds with which to pursue its work. As the treasury is made up only of dues, it became us to secure many new members.

"10. As the game laws of the State are not uniform, by reason of the different local laws of the counties, the secretary recommends that every effort be made at the coming session of the Legislature to secure uniform laws throughout the State."

Secretary Dennis' report was discussed a bit. While it was not stated plainly, it was easily observed that there was some objection to the proposal to secure legislation against the pump gun; also the shooting of pigeons from traps.

The pigeon question was argued by Mr. George Dobbin Penniman, who thought the association should

not put itself on record as opposed to trap shooting. It was a question belonging more particularly to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and as that society had found it impracticable to get a law passed by the last Legislature, he was of the opinion that the Game Association would have quite as much as it could attend to regarding matters which belonged strictly to it.

Dr. B. Holly Smith proposed that the secretary's report be referred to the law committee. Secretary Dennis explained that he had embodied the recommendations in his report at the solicitation of members and did not intend to make them laws, but simply submit them for what they were worth. The report was accepted and referred to the law committee.

W. R. Armstrong, secretary of the Maryland and District of Columbia Field Trials Association, stated the trials would be held at Chesapeake City, Calvert county, in November. This association has 2,000 acres of land there, which is guarded day and night and cannot be shot over before the field trials are concluded.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, J. Olney Norris; Vice-President, Marion H. Ould; Treasurer, Henry Brauns; Secretary, Oregon Milton Dennis; Attorney, Richard F. Kimball. Executive Committee, George D. Penniman, Marion H. Ould, William B. Hurst, A. E. Thompson, L. M. Levering, W. H. Fisher, R. F. Kimball, Dr. S. C. Pennington, Dr. Charles C. Harris, Robert J. Kane, Henry Brauns, J. Olney Norris, Robert H. Gilbert, William H. McDowell, Dr. H. G. Wilson, Conway W. Sams, R. Berry Bull, Oregon Milton Dennis, W. T. Howard, M. S. Baer, Dr. B. Holly Smith, Dr. A. P. Gore, C. S. Schermerhorn, DeCoursey, W. Thom and W. H. Armstrong.

All were re-elections except that Mr. Hurst was added.

Maine Big-Game Grounds.

BANGOR, Maine, Oct. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The "rush" of sportsmen into the Maine woods continues to be noticeable by its absence, although they may yet come along in goodly numbers, there being still a full month of the best hunting time left before the season on moose ends. While the hunters are at liberty by the laws to bring in a couple of deer until the middle of December, the latest hunting is usually largely done by the residents, and comparatively few non-residents remain in the State after all possible chance of getting a moose is past. Thus, so far as the out-of-the-State hunter is concerned, Maine game is receiving better protection than it has known for many years, and will unquestionably increase materially if let alone by the residents.

Wardens are actively on the watch for violators, that it may be made as expensive for them as possible, but the very construction of the law robs these emissaries of the law of their terrors. One recently expressed his opinion quite forcibly when he observed that he had found the leak in the new license law, as every man he met in the woods with a rifle and asked for his license, replied that he was "hunting birds," which, under the law, he is at perfect liberty to do, without a license attached, and in case he sees no deer to kill, he avoids the application of the famous Bertillon system of identification, so brightly illustrated by last week's issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*. If, on the other hand, he shoots a deer, he hangs it up, spots a trail to the road, slips out to the railroad station and buys a license, and later takes home his game. He thus avoids what so many men dislike cordially to do—the paying for a possibility.

The license law is, too, responsible for a far greater slaughter of does and small deer, in proportion to the number of hunters in the woods, than in former years. The purchaser of a license, in nine out of ten cases, wants at least part of what he has paid for, and failing to get the desired buck, knocks over at the eleventh hour anything in the deer line that will give him his limit. Unsportsmanlike, do you say? Yes, but—

To-night marks the close of the first thirty-one days of big-game hunting, and each day sees its quota of moose and deer passing over the railroads on its way to some happy hunter's home, or to the taxidermist's for mounting. Judging by the remarks heard, the new law grants freer exit for the non-resident, as he is practically unknown in connection with the handsome trophies that may, perhaps, travel on the same train with him, and he who dislikes to run the gauntlet of agents for taxidermists at the Bangor station has the fun of seeing the resident importuned for the privilege of making "more beautiful than in life" the trophy that has cost time, money, and work. On the other hand, a great many of the pieces of game go out ahead of the owners, and thus there is no "cutting off the head while you wait," and the taxidermists are undoubtedly seeing that what is the sportsman's gain is their distinct loss. With all their hustling—and they are all hustlers, too—a vast proportion of business that once meant hundreds of dollars left in Maine by the visitors, is sliding right by and into the hands of taxidermists who live in other States, and Maine is the poorer by so much less cash in circulation.

The number of pieces of game passing through the city has shrunk appreciably this week, but while the opponents of the license law may lay the decrease to the effect of that law, there is abundant opportunity to blame natural causes for the shrinkage. The extremely dry fall has made rivers look like small streams, and never did the upper waters of the Penobscot appear so low as they have during the month now passing away, while other rivers have, of course, been similarly affected. Sportsmen who have in previous years canoed from Atkins' and Arbo & Libbey's camps in the far moose country through to Ox Bow, have this season walked all of the way, both going and coming, and the recent fall of eight to twelve inches of snow on a soft bottom has not made the tramp any easier, either. In those sections where little or no snow fell, the leaves continue dry and brittle, and it is almost impossible to still-hunt the game, one's best method being to sit still and let the deer do the hunting.

Few parties who come into the State will be able to report better success than the party of seven who came out Monday from the Nesowadnehunk Stream country,

four of the seven having moose to their credit. In the party were Harry A. Van Gilder, D. P. McClellan, Frederick Muchmore and D. F. Sturgis, of Morristown, N. J.; Elmer Dickerson, of Mt. Tabor, N. J.; G. V. Muchmore, of Summit, and E. F. Duffy, of Newark. The successful moose hunters were Messrs. McClellan, Sturgis, G. V. Muchmore, and Duffy, and all had what deer they wanted.

Wm. Destdar, a member of a Brooklyn, N. Y., party which went into a camp on the Mooseleuk, a tributary of the Aroostook, had the best luck of his party, getting a moose with a small spread and six points. It was the first moose he ever saw alive and in the woods, and he just let him have it, with fatal results for the moose.

One of the most delighted resident sportsmen to return home lately has been Dr. C. P. Thomas, of Brewer, who went into the woods far above Moosehead Lake to vaccinate the woodsmen in a series of lumber camps, on account of a possible epidemic of smallpox, which raged in the Maine lumber regions last winter, and has appeared in some sections with the first frosts. After his official visit was ended, the Doctor set out for a day's hunt, and in an hour and a half from leaving camp had shot five out of a flock of partridges that were in the road, almost within sight of camp, and killed and dressed two handsome bucks, one a spotted white buck with very beautiful markings, and a very striking set of antlers.

Dwight Foster, of Beverly, Mass., made the first trip of his life after big game to Patten, taking home as the first buck he ever shot at in the woods a fine 200-pounder with ten-point antlers.

Probably the biggest buck to be brought out this season, and, with one exception, the largest reported killed so far in the woods in 1903, was shot by C. F. Perkins, of Brewer, in the ridges west of St. Croix Lake. It shipped 300 pounds, and probably weighed, when alive, a good forty pounds more.

Another of the successful parties was made up of three Rhode Island men, Dr. N. R. Hall and C. P. Driscoll, of Warren, and Dr. N. D. Harvey, of Providence, who decided to visit the territory around Third Lake of the East Branch Penobscot, where they have enjoyed great sport in the past. Their success proved their wisdom, for they added two moose and the legal number of deer to their records; Dr. Harvey's and Dr. Hall's trophies differing four inches in spread, while each had 16 points. The horns measured 42 and 46 inches. Mr. Driscoll was modest in his wants, and preferred hunting birds near camp to big-game shooting, so that he kept the table well supplied with partridges, and incidentally knocked over a very fine fox for variety.

Quite a party of Cleveland, O., hunters was here for a stay, being several members of the Forest City Hunting Club of that city, which has sent detachments of more or less members each fall for several years.

Harvey Farrington, of New York, had excellent success at Reed Pond, going in and returning via Ox Bow, and shooting a moose with 13 points to its antlers. He also secured two very nice bucks.

J. W. Darcey and wife, of Lynn, Mass., after a stay of a month at Nahmakanta Lake, reached by way of Norcross, a trip up the lower lakes and a seven-mile carry, have returned home with the happy consciousness of having killed the biggest game Maine affords—a moose. It was not a big head but a very shapely one, with antlers having 13 points. Whether the number was unlucky or not is according to the point of view—it was for the moose.

Another moose reported came from far to the north, where a party of Greenville, R. I., sportsmen camped on St. Froid Lake, or, as the residents commonly call it, "Joe Neddo Lake." In the party were M. W. Mowry, J. H. Bowen, J. S. Remington and O. A. Tobey, and Mr. Bowen was the lucky moose hunter.

Henry Adams and Henry Adams, Jr., of Springfield, Mass., are out after a delightful trip down the West Branch of the Penobscot. They had fine weather most of the time, and saw quantities of game, including six moose, 119 deer, a bear and three foxes. As the moose were none of them of legal age or sex, the party confined itself to deer, and Mr. Adams, the younger, shot two very fine bucks, one having 13 points to its horns.

G. H. and C. W. Freedley, of Philadelphia, are out from Spider Lake, with reports of a great outing of three weeks, and the first-named had as his share of the fun memories of the time when he faced a big bull, and shot him, too, with his .45-90 carbine. The antlers were among the best brought out this year, spreading 52 inches and bearing 23 points.

J. H. Baker, of New York, was delighted with his trip to Maine, and he ought to be, since he secured his moose the first day of his hunting in the Nesowadnehunk country. In ten days he saw four bulls, but none with larger antlers than the one he had shot on his first hunt.

C. P. Keeler, of Attleboro, Mass., was all smiles when he reported that he had all that was coming to him in the way of game, and proved it by his record of a moose, two deer and a bear, not to mention all the partridges he could dispose of at the camp table. He might, indeed, have shot many more birds but for the desire to make as little noise in the moose country as possible, and shoot only for immediate needs.

The ladies, too, have been somewhat in evidence during the week, for all the outgoing parties haven't been exactly "gander parties," although from the stories some tell their guides may have thought them geese at the critical moment. In one party was two ladies from Wareham, Mass., who supplied the camp with birds all through their stay, while the men of the party were after big game. They were Misses Alice Tobey and Maud Palmer, and proved themselves skillful with the shotgun, while Messrs. Geo. W. Weymouth and Horace P. Tobey did the deer hunting with excellent results. Mrs. Frank L. Shaw, of Portland, although wife of the owner of the extensive Morris Farm on Chesuncook Lake, rechristened Camp Greenwood, never killed a deer until the other day, when she stood on the piazza in the morning and shot a magnificent buck which stood 175 yards distant.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

All communications for *Forest and Stream* must be directed to *Forest and Stream Pub. Co.*, New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Sentiment in Washington.

MYERS FALLS, Wash., Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I reported to you a few days ago the action of the Superior Court of Spokane county, Washington, declaring the late amendment to our game law unconstitutional. I find since, some correspondence in local papers criticising the enactment of any laws restraining the killing of game at any time, or by any body. Indeed, I have talked with more than one man who earnestly contended for the same kind of slaughter, of the beautiful and palatable denizens of the field, forest and stream.

These expressions of opinion do not indicate a cultivated or refined condition of mind, among no insignificant class of citizens. And yet the individuals with whom I talked, had the appearance of being gentlemen. They were well dressed, were well behaved, were not coarse in social intercourse, and attended to business in a successful way. From such conditions one can scarcely fail to conclude that there is room for a great deal of missionary work among even the respectable classes. I believe if they knew what they meant, they only wished to say that if a man is hungry, and had no other way to gratify his wants, he should be allowed to kill game at any time or place to appease his appetite. The game laws of British Columbia permit the prospectors to kill game in cases of this kind. But no decent prospector has ever dynamited fish, nor ruthlessly destroyed a fish hatchery; but the first of these social crimes was perpetrated even as late as last spring, in one of the lakes of the State of Washington, and the second was committed to the Margaree River within a time not beyond the memory of man.

The primitive savages, lo, the poor Indian, before he came in contact with his white brother, was never guilty of such shameless destruction. It remained for the pale face and the so-called superior white man to descend to such deviltry as I have recalled.

A. HECTORSON.

Hard Lines for Italy.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Among all the poachers and hunters out of season, the Italians and Poles are the worst. They will shoot anything that runs or flies. They are about the only ones who will ever shoot a robin, but they will, if let do it.

Three of them came to grief at Windber, a small mining town in Pennsylvania, last week. They shot one robin and had it with them when they met the game warden. It only cost them \$95; the justice fined them for (1) hunting out of season, (2) hunting without a license (they were not naturalized and have to pay a license in this State), (3) killing song birds, and (4) shooting within the borough limits. They paid, they seem always to have the money to pay, too.

Three years ago this summer I caught two Italians setting a net in the harbor here. They took the alarm when they saw me watching them, and dropping the net, made off, going across to the Peninsula. Going back to the city I called up the chief of police by telephone and had him send an officer down to me; then we went out to where I had marked down their net and dragged it up with a boat hook; and next, going across, got their boat; then hunted up the men, who were hiding back in the timber. The justice gave them \$25 and costs each; and one of them, who did not look as if he had ten cents about him, going down into his pocket, brought out a roll of over \$100 and paid both of the fines, then wanted his boat and net. We let him have the boat again, though he need not have been given it, but the net had to be destroyed.

CABIA BLANCO.

North Carolina Licenses.

GREENSBORO, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The new game law in North Carolina passed by the last Legislature is now in force. The Audubon Society of North Carolina is responsible for the appointment of game wardens. Up to October 15 sixteen wardens have been appointed and twenty convictions have been secured in the State for the violation of the bird and game laws. The Society is working hard to break up the pot-hunters and the shipper, and earnestly solicits the interest and co-operation of all true sportsmen who come to North Carolina to hunt.

A license of \$10.25 is now required of all non-resident hunters who come to the State. The license may be secured by filling an application blank and mailing the same to any county clerk in the State, together with \$10.25; or it may be obtained through the secretary of the Audubon Society, Greensboro, N. C.

The money collected from licenses is used to enforce the game laws. This sum is supplemented with over \$1,400 subscribed by members of the Audubon Society to help enforce the game laws. The secretary will gladly furnish application blanks and correspond with anyone who may wish further information.

T. GILBERT PEARSON, Secretary.

In the Mississippi Delta.

SARDIS, Miss., Oct. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It seems that the hunting season has opened quite early here, judging from the fact that parties from a distance have begun coming to try a few days with gun and dog in the bottom. Last week a party of ministers from the northeastern part of the State, and a party from Memphis, came here and fitted out for a hunt in the great delta. We have not heard yet what success, if any, they met with. We believe it is the first instance we ever knew of where seven preachers met to go on a hunt for anything except sin and the devil. We hope they will find nothing of the sort down here, but will be successful in finding and bagging a fine lot of game of the kind they are after, be that what it may.

We have heard of several individuals going quail or partridge hunting, but think they are almost too early, as the young birds are not large enough; and besides, if a man cares for his dog, he will not go into the

fields yet, as the weeds and grass still hold their seeds, and the dogs get them in their eyes and ears and cause them great pain and suffering.

Mr. W. T. Dye, of this place, went out this morning and returned about 4 P. M. with a fine three-prong buck.

It is quite convenient now for a person to go down, right into the very heart of good deer hunting on the Sardis and Delta Railroad, spend the day hunting and return the same evening. This is a private railroad and only runs from Sardis down into the bottom, where the proprietor owns large tracts of fine timbered land. At a distance of from twenty to twenty-five miles, the sportsman gets to where he has no trouble finding game quite plentiful.

DENNIS.

The Vanishing Grouse.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Oct. 27.—For something over thirty years I have hunted a great deal each season through the covers in this section. Never were birds so scarce here as this year. There has been a most decided slump since last year. When the season of 1902 closed there were a good many birds. I could then start ten or fifteen where it is now hard to find one or two. Last winter was not so severe; and even had the birds failed to breed last spring, there should be a fair number now. The covers here are about as near empty as they can be. I have killed five grouse, and a neighbor about the same. Every bird I have examined was in fine condition, no signs of wood-ticks or any disease. It costs very little for ammunition this year. I have nearly worn out some twenty cartridges carrying them about in the pockets of my shooting coat. It looks to me as though there were not near birds enough about here for a breeding stock.

With the going of our ruffed grouse, so will our bird shooting. Migratory quail and imported pheasants have been tried and seem total failures.

We had better do one of two things, make it a close season for some years on all feathered game, or make it an open season at all times. The first would mean no shooting, the latter nothing to shoot.

C. M. STARK.

The Story of a 'Coon Hunt

DUNBARTON, N. H., Oct. 27.—The season here on 'coons opens on Sept. 15. The following is the story as I was told:

On the night of Sept. 14 two parties went after 'coons. Usually in the early part of the 'coon season when the leaves are on, it is hard to find a 'coon after it has been treed. Oftentimes it means waiting at the tree until daylight. Party number one started a 'coon in the early part of the night. The dog, after a time, lost the trail. Later the dog of party number two found the trail and treed the 'coon. The owners followed up and shot the 'coon. Just then party number one appeared and claimed the 'coon. It was then 11:45 P. M., just 15 minutes before the open season. The party having the 'coon refused to give it up. There was some loud talking, and the next day party number two complained to the game wardens of the other party as killing a 'coon out of season. The party complained of paid the fine, and some rather unfriendly feelings are the result.

C. M. STARK.

Wildfowling a la Mode.

GREENWICH, Conn., Nov. 1.—Frank Voss, of 180 Berkeley Place, Brooklyn, was arrested by Sheriff Ritch last night on the Sound Beach estate of J. Kennedy Tod, the New York Banker, for killing two Australian swans, which he found on Mr. Tod's private lake at the end of Old Greenwich Point. Mr. Tod's estate adjoins the Innes Arden Golf Club, and Voss asserts that when he and Roy Hall went there last evening and said they were going ducking, some one said he could find all sorts of ducks on Mr. Tod's pond. He had been drinking a little, he admitted. He waded out into the pond and shot at some floating objects in the twilight. They turned out to be the Australian swans. His aim was deadly. Mr. Tod's watchmen, who were on the lookout for some one who had previously killed some ducks, surrounded Voss and guns were pointed at him. He surrendered and the watchmen locked him up in the attic of Mr. Tod's mansion and telephoned for an officer. Sheriff Ritch took pity on the shivering man, and at Frank Palmer's stables had him wrapped in blankets.—New York Times, Nov. 1.

A Phenomenal Bag of Canvasback.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is so seldom of late that one can tell of a good day's shooting in old Monroe county that I have uncommon pleasure in relating the facts of a rare case that took place here on October 28. John Norton, of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, and Philip Seibold were duck shooting at Braddock's Bay, once a famous ground, but of late years altogether over shot. A flock of fifteen canvasbacks came to the decoys and eleven of them were promptly brought to bag. Although Braddock's Bay was once as good a ducking resort as any in the State, it never was famous for canvasbacks; and this day's shooting is regarded as the record for Monroe county on these particular birds. A trolley line runs to the bay and it is visited daily by scores of shooters, so that the presence of so many of the famous birds is an event of decided interest to wild-fowlers. The duck shooting on our bays has been somewhat better than usual this year.

E. R.

The Minnesota Deer Skins Case.

IN January, 1902, Executive Agent Sam F. Fullerton confiscated a parcel of deer and moose hides in possession of Dell Linden, a tanner in Itasca county, Minn. Linden sued to recover the value of the skins and won the case, the jury awarding \$325. Agent Fullerton appealed the case, and the Supreme Court has confirmed the decision, holding that "A person who, in good faith, has purchased deer and moose skins for the purpose of tanning the same, acquires a valid title thereto; and in an action to recover the hides, or their value, from the game warden who took possession thereof, the owner is not required to prove that the animals from which such skins were taken were lawfully killed."

Sea and River Fishing.

All communications intended for **FOREST AND STREAM** should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Game Laws in Brief.

is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the Brief.

Hearing and Allied Senses in Fishes.

BY G. H. PARKER, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ZOOLOGY, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

(Contributions from the Biological Laboratory of the U. S. Fish Commission, Woods Hole, Massachusetts.)

It is a well-known fact that many fishes are extremely sensitive to disturbances in the water such as are caused by splashing with an oar, stamping in a boat, or striking the side of an aquarium. When, for instance, the opaque wall of a fish tank containing young kingfish, sea robins, or killifish is struck a vigorous blow with the fist, the fishes usually respond by giving a short, quick leap, and, if such blows are frequently repeated, surface fishes are often driven to the bottom and kept there. Notwithstanding the sensitiveness indicated by such reactions, most of these fishes appear to be unaffected by loud talking or other like noises originating in the air. Fishermen are familiar with these peculiarities and often take them into account in the practice of their art.

Such facts as these are also usually accepted as evidence that fishes can hear (as an example, compare the statements made by W. C. Harris in Dean Sage's "Salmon and Trout"), but a simple experiment will show, I believe, that this assumption is not necessarily correct. If one end of a wooden rod is vigorously tapped while the other is beneath the level of the water a disturbance is produced that will call forth an obvious response from most fishes of moderate sensitiveness. Such a disturbance will likewise affect a human being, for if one holds the head beneath the water the vibrations from the rod can be easily heard, and if the hand be placed in the water near the rod they can be distinctly felt.

Since, as Müller long ago pointed out, we can feel as well as hear these vibrations, it follows that such evidence as that already given can not be accepted as conclusive proof that fishes hear, for it is conceivable that their responses may be entirely through their sense of touch, i. e., independent on their skins. Moreover, fishes possess a special system of tegmentary sense organs, the lateral-line organs, which are completely absent from us, and it may be that these are in some way the recipient organs for the disturbances already described. When, therefore, a fish responds to water vibrations of the kind mentioned, we are not justified in concluding that it hears, for it may respond through the skin or the lateral-line organs and not through the ears.

It may be reasonably asked at this point, What constitutes hearing? Everyone will agree, I believe, that the sensation we get through the skin from a vibrating rod in water should not be called hearing, and what is true for us should hold for the lower vertebrates. Hearing in these animals may therefore be defined as that sensory activity resulting from a stimulation of the ear by material vibrations. This is in essential accord with the definition given by Kreidl to the effect that hearing is that sensation which is mediated by the nerve that is homologous with the auditory nerve of man. When, therefore, a fish responds to sound vibrations the question at once arises whether the stimulus is received by the skin, the lateral-line organs, or the ear. And until this question can be answered, at least so far as the ear is concerned, the query whether fishes hear or not must remain open. In dealing with this general subject I shall take up, first of all, the question whether fishes respond to sound vibrations through the ears.

The Ears.

Introductory.—The internal ears of fishes were described as early as 1610 by Casserius, and were studied in some detail in the following century by Geoffroy, Scarpa, Comparetti, and Hunter. The attitude taken by many of these early workers on the question of the ability of fishes to hear or not is well illustrated by a quotation from Hunter, who, at the conclusion of his paper on the organs of hearing in fishes, made the following statement:

"As it is evident that fish possess the organ of hearing, it becomes unnecessary to make or relate any experiment made with live fish which only tends to prove this fact; but I will mention one experiment to show that sound affects them much and is one of their guards, as it is in other animals. In the year 1762, when I was in Portugal, I observed in a nobleman's garden, near Lisbon, a small fish-pond full of different kinds of fish. Its bottom was level with the ground and was made by forming a bank all round. There was a shrubbery close to it. Whilst I was lying on the bank, observing the fish swimming about, I desired a gentleman, who was with me, to take a loaded gun and go behind the shrubs and fire it. The reason for going behind the shrubs was that there might not be the least reflection of light. The instant the report was made the fish appeared to be all of one mind, for they vanished instantaneously into the mud at the bottom, raising, as it were, a cloud of mud. In about five minutes after they began to appear, till the whole came forth again."

This passage shows very clearly that in the opinion of Hunter the internal ears of fishes, like those of the higher vertebrates, are organs of hearing. Without further experimental evidence this view was accepted by Müller in his well-known chapters on the physiology of the senses, and by many other eminent authorities, such as Owen, Günther, and Romanes. To these investigators the presence of the internal ears seemed, as it did to Hunter, sufficient ground for concluding that these animals could hear.

Within recent years, however, this opinion has been called in question, or even denied. Some of the grounds for this change of view may be stated as follows: Bate-

son, in some investigations on the sense organs and perception of fishes, observed that the report from the blasting of rocks caused congers to draw back a few inches, flat fishes (like the sole, plaice, and turbot) to bury themselves, and pouting to scatter momentarily in all directions; other fishes seemed to take no notice of the report. When the side of a tank containing pollock or soles was struck with a heavy stick, the fishes behaved as they did toward the report of the blasting. Pollock did not respond, however, to the sound made by rubbing a wet finger on the glass window of an aquarium or to the noise made by striking a piece of glass under water with a stone, provided the means of producing the noise was not seen by the fishes. Bateson concluded that, while it may be regarded as clear that fishes perceive the sound of sudden shocks and concussions when these are severe, they do not seem to hear the sounds of bodies moving in the water but not seen by them.

Without knowledge of Bateson's observations, Kreidl carried out a series of experiments with the view of testing the powers of hearing in the goldfish. This species was chosen because of the ease with which it could be kept in the laboratory, and, further, because it is one of those fishes that have long been reputed to come at the sound of a bell. After an extended series of experiments, Kreidl concluded that normal goldfish never respond to sounds produced either in the air or in the water, though they do react to the shock of a sudden blow given to the cover of the aquarium. Individuals rendered abnormally sensitive by strychnine gave no response to the sound of a tuning-fork or a vibrating-rod, even when these were in contact with the water, though the fishes responded at once to such slight shocks as tapping the aquarium, etc., or even clapping the hands vigorously in the air.

To test whether these responses were dependent upon the auditory nerves, Kreidl removed these nerves and the attached ear-sacs from a number of individuals, and, after poisoning them with strychnine, subjected them to stimulation by sound. In all cases they were found to respond precisely as the poisoned animals with ears did. Kreidl, therefore, concluded that goldfishes do not hear by the so-called ear, but that they react to sound-waves by means of an especially developed cutaneous sense, or, to put it in other words, the goldfish *feels* sound but does not *hear* it.

After having reached this conclusion, Kreidl was led to take up a specific case of the response of fishes to the sound of a bell, and an opportunity for doing this was found at the Benedictine monastery in Krems, Austria. Here the trout of a particular basin were said to come for food on the ringing of a bell. Kreidl, however, found that they would assemble at sight of a person and without the ringing of the bell. If they were not then fed, they soon dispersed, and no amount of bell-ringing would induce them to return. If, however, a pebble or a small piece of bread was thrown into the water they immediately swam vigorously toward the spot where the disturbance had occurred. Moreover, if a person approached the basin without being seen and rang the bell vigorously no response was observed. From these facts Kreidl concluded that the assemblage of the fishes was brought about through sight and the cutaneous sense, and not through hearing, and that the conclusion reached with the goldfish might be extended to other kinds of fishes.

Kreidl's conclusions were supported by the observations of Lee, who studied the reactions of several species of fishes to such sounds as the human voice, the clapping of hands, and the striking of stones together in air and under water. In all of his experiments Lee obtained no evidence whatever of the existence of a sense of hearing, as the term is usually employed, although he found that the fishes were exceedingly sensitive to gross shocks, such as the jarring of their tank or concussions upon its walls. Lee, moreover, called attention to the fact that the papilla acustica basilaris, which is the special organ of hearing in the internal ears of the higher vertebrates, did not occur in the fishes. From the observations and experiments of Bateson and of Kreidl, and from his own work, Lee believed that the conclusion was justified beyond doubt that fishes do not possess the power of hearing, in the sense in which the term is ordinarily used, and that the sole function of the ear in fishes is equilibration.

The generalization to be drawn from the work just summarized, namely, that fishes do not hear, though they may respond to sound-waves by the skin, has seemed to me not wholly in accord with certain well known facts in the natural history of these animals. Among these facts may be mentioned the undoubted ability on the part of some fishes to make sounds. If a fish has this power it might naturally be supposed to hear the sounds it makes. Lee has called attention to the small number of sound-producing fishes as evidence against the view that fishes in general hear. But the fact that there are such fishes has always appealed to me in quite the reverse way, and should, in my opinion, serve to indicate the species most worthy of attention in any investigation of the sense of hearing. It must be admitted, however, that fishes may possibly produce sounds that they themselves cannot hear, but that other animals may hear and take warning from. Thus when small swellfish are thrown into a tank containing hungry scup, they are immediately set upon by the latter. In defense the swellfishes inflate themselves with sea water till their tegmentary spines stand out rigidly, and at the same time they make a peculiar sound by gritting the two front teeth of the lower jaw against the inner surface of those of the upper jaw. It is not known that this sound is heard by the swellfish, though it may be. All that one can say with certainty is that the sound seems to be directed against the foe, for it is made, so far as I know, only when the swellfish is molested. Granting, however, that the swellfish does not hear its own sound, one would still be rash to conclude that this was an argument against the hearing of fishes, for the vast majority of animals toward which the sound is directed are fishes themselves, and these presumably hear the sounds.

Another good instance of the production of sound by a fish is found in the squeague or weakfish. The grunting noise made by this fish is, however, produced only by the males, and this specialization is very difficult to understand unless one assumes an ability on the part of one or other sex to hear. Since the sounds made by both the swellfish and the squeague are in no sense shocks or concussions, but resemble more closely, in rate of vibra-

tion and in intensity, such sounds as might be obtained from the ordinary action of an instrument like a tuning-fork of low pitch, it seems to me that they afford evidence in favor of the sense of hearing rather than the reverse.

A second reason for questioning the generalization advocated by Kreidl, and by Lee, is the character of the observations upon which it is based. Both authors state that no positive evidence in favor of hearing could be obtained. But it must be borne in mind that in many animals known to possess a sense of hearing the auditory reflexes are perhaps the least conspicuous of any connected with the more important sense organs, and that consequently the most careful scrutiny of the movements of fishes must be made before one can with certainty declare that hearing is absent. A perusal of the papers already summarized led me to the conclusion that something more might be attained in this direction, and I therefore resolved to give particular attention to the reactions of a few fishes with the view of ascertaining whether or not they showed any evidence of hearing.

At the outset I thought it best to experiment on some common sound-producing species, and for this purpose I did some preliminary work on the swellfish, the squeague, and the sea robin. To all of these, practical objections were found, and I was at last obliged to abandon them for fishes that produce no sounds. Among these, three species were found to be especially sensitive to slight vibrations—the kingfish (*Menticirrhus saxatilis*), and the two common species of killifish (*Fundulus majalis* and *F. heteroclitus*). Because of the great abundance of *F. heteroclitus*, the ease with which it could be operated upon, and its great hardiness, I chose it for study, and the observations recorded on the following pages, unless otherwise stated, refer to this species.

The ears in *Fundulus heteroclitus*.—When a tank containing a number of *Fundulus heteroclitus* is struck with the open hand so that the fish cannot see the movement of striking, they respond to the vibrations by springing suddenly an inch or so through the water. The question to be considered is whether these vibrations stimulate the fishes through the skin, the lateral-line organs, the ears, or some combination of these. If it could be shown that the ears were not stimulated by the vibrations, it seems to me that we would have evidence pointing to the conclusion that the fishes did not hear. If, on the other hand, it could be demonstrated that the vibrations did stimulate the ears, the evidence would be conclusive that the animals possessed the sense of hearing. To test these points considerable experimentation was necessary.

Although the experiments already described remove every reasonable doubt from my mind as to the ability of these fishes to hear, the objection may still be raised that the conditions under which they were carried out were so artificial that they may be said to have almost no bearing on the ordinary habits of *Fundulus*, and it must be admitted that the relatively small volume of water in the aquarium and the character of its walls as reflecting surfaces for sound, may possibly have introduced factors to which the fishes, in their natural surroundings, were not accustomed. To ascertain how much weight should be given to this objection the following experiment was tried. The sounding apparatus, consisting of the sounding board and the bass viol string, was taken from the aquarium and set up in the open water of the outer pool at the Fish Commission wharf. The fish cage was hung at a distance of 50 centimeters (20 inches) from the sounding board and toward the center of the pool, which is about 100 feet wide. The sound, therefore, was as unrestricted as that which naturally reaches these fishes. On experimenting with normal fishes, fishes without ears, and those with insensitive skins, results were obtained essentially like those observed in the aquarium, and I therefore concluded that the restriction of the water in the aquarium played no essential part in the results obtained from that apparatus. There is, thus, good reason to believe that *Fundulus heteroclitus* not only hears, but that for it hearing is a normal process.

Conclusions Concerning the Lateral-line Organs and the Skin.

The observations on *Fundulus* recorded in the preceding pages give no support to the view of P. and F. Sarasin that the lateral-line organs are to be regarded as accessory ears, for individuals in which the eighth nerves had been cut and in which the lateral-line organs were intact did not respond to the sound-waves from a tuning-fork to which fishes with ears reacted with certainty. I have also seen no reason to suppose that the lateral-line organs are especially connected with the production of gas in the air-bladder, as suggested by Richard, or that they are particularly concerned with equilibration, as advocated by Lee. Since they are stimulated by slight disturbances in the water that do not affect the general cutaneous sense organs, I can not agree with Merkel in classing them as tactile organs. Their appropriate stimulus is a slight mass-movement of the water, which may or may not be vibratory, and which induces the fish to swim into deeper regions. This form of stimulus is of precisely the kind that was attributed to these organs by Schulze (1870), but I have not been able to confirm Schulze's further opinion that current and surface wave movements stimulate these parts. Such stimuli certainly do affect the general cutaneous sense organs, but whether or not they influence the lateral-line organs I am unable to say.

Summary.

1. Normal *Fundulus heteroclitus* reacts to the sound waves from a tuning-fork of 128 vibrations per second by movements of the pectoral fins and by an increase in the respiratory rate. It probably also responds to sound waves by caudal-fin movements and by general locomotor movements.
2. Individuals in which the eighth (auditory) nerves have been cut do not respond to sound waves from the tuning-fork.
3. The absence of responses to sound waves in individuals with several eighth nerves is not due to the shock of the operation or to other secondary causes, but to the loss of the ear as a sense organ.
4. *Fundulus heteroclitus* therefore possesses the sense of hearing.
5. The ears in this species are also organs of prime importance in equilibration.
6. Normal *Fundulus heteroclitus* swims downward from

the top of the water and remains near the bottom when the aquarium in which it is contained is given a slight noiseless motion.

7. Individuals in which the nerves to the lateral-line organs have been cut will swim upward or remain at the top while the aquarium is being gently and noiselessly moved.

8. The lateral-line organs in this species are probably stimulated by a slight mass movement of the water against them. They are not stimulated by sound waves such as stimulate the ears.

9. Individuals in which the nerves to the lateral-line organs have been cut swim downward and thus escape from regions of surface wave action. They also orient perfectly in swimming against a current. Since surface waves and current action stimulate fishes in which the nerves to the lateral-line organs and to the ears have been cut, these motions must stimulate the general cutaneous nerves (touch).

10. The vibrations from a bass-viol string when transmitted to water stimulate the ears and the lateral-line organs of *Fundulus*. They also stimulate mackerel and menhaden, but not the smooth dogfish, which responds only when in contact with solid portions of an aquarium subjected to vibrations.

Bass Sizes and Weights.

The following list of black bass reported in a competition given by the Toronto Star, affords some data for comparing sizes and weights. Mr. Hugh Neilson writes: "In 1901 the winning small-mouth, caught at Hastings, on the Trent River, weighed 6 pounds 4 ounces. It was pushed hard by another caught in Lake Rosseau, Muskoka, which I saw weighed two or three hours afterward, bringing the scales down at 6 pounds 3 ounces. If weighed promptly, it would have gone another ounce, without doubt. Last year I think the heaviest fish was under 6 pounds."

The Star's record follows: The \$15 prize rod offered by the Toronto Star to the person catching the largest small-mouthed black bass in Ontario on or before Sept. 15, will be presented to John James Irwin, a young farmer of Smith township, in Peterboro county, who, on July 29, in Clear Lake, while fishing with a hook and line and a cedar pole, caught the largest small-mouth black bass of the season.

The competition closed on Sept. 15, and the delay that has occurred in announcing the result has been due to the work of verifying the particulars about the winning fish. Mr. Irwin lives forty miles back of Peterboro, and when he made his catch he did not know about the prize rod offered by The Star, so the fish was made ready to be cooked, salted and put away, the head erected on a pole in the sun to dry. Next day he spoke of his catch to Mr. D. Moore, of the Crown Timber Lands Office, Peterboro, who told him that he should enter it for the prize rod, which he therefore did, making an affidavit to the facts before Mr. D. W. Dumble, K. C., who sent it in. The head of the fish was secured by us, and found to be that of a small-mouth black bass. As to its weight and measurements, we have secured four separate affidavits, one from Irwin himself, one from his mother, one from Mr. Philip Card, a witness, and another from Mr. Adam Hall, of Peterboro, who, accompanied by Mr. Benjamin Sherley, of Peterboro, went to the Card home in Cavendish township, and tested the scales on which the fish was weighed. Through the kindness of these gentlemen and of Mr. D. W. Dumble, K. C., of Peterboro, the scales were not only tested, but were sent to us to be tested at this office.

The weight of this fish was so large that very careful inquiries were made by us before determining that Mr. Irwin had fairly earned and was entitled to the rod. We are perfectly satisfied of that, and the prize will accordingly be sent to him, so that next year he will whip Clear Lake with something better than a cedar pole. But he is not likely to catch anything bigger than he got on July 29. The fish entered for the prize were as follows:

John James Irwin, Smith Township, Peterboro county, a black bass, caught on July 29, in Clear Lake, Cavendish Township, 23 inches long, 17 inches in circumference, weight 7 pounds.

J. D. Reesor, Campbellford, a small-mouth black bass, caught in Bellmont Lake, Labor Day, Sept. 7, weight 6 pounds 5 ounces.

C. Swartz, Buffalo, N. Y., on July 23 caught a small-mouth black bass, in Silver Lake, Port Carling, 21 inches long, 17 inches in circumference, weight 6 pounds 4 ounces.

E. G. Rooke, Port Hope, on July 31 caught a small-mouth black bass, in Rice Lake, 22½ inches long, 15¼ inches in circumference, weight 6 pounds ½ ounce.

Fred Herchmer, Bobcaygeon, caught a small-mouth black bass, in Pigeon Lake on Aug. 21, length 20 inches, circumference 14 inches, weight 6 pounds.

John Brown, Toronto, July 30, caught in Bellmont Lake a small-mouth black bass 19½ inches long, 16 inches girth, weight 5 pounds 9 ounces.

Mrs. E. V. Hays, Crafton, Pa., on Aug. 17 caught a small-mouth black bass at Jackson's Point 22½ inches long, 14½ inches girth, weight 5 pounds 8 ounces.

A. M. Phillips, Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 1 caught a small-mouth black bass in Stony Lake 21 inches long, 14½ inches girth, weight 5 pounds 8 ounces.

F. H. Smith, Toronto, Sept. 7 caught in Tobacco Lake, Manitoulin Island, a small-mouth black bass, 21½ inches long, 15½ inches girth, weight 5 pounds 7 ounces.

Wm. Leatherman, Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 12 caught a small-mouth black bass in Bass Lake, near Orillia, 22 inches long, 17 inches girth, weight 5 pounds 14 ounces.

Miss Wardrobe, Lindsay, on July 28 caught a small-mouth black bass at Rosedale, on Balsam Lake, length 20 inches, 17 inches girth, weight 5 pounds 8 ounces.

Alex. Purser, Bensfort, on July 3 caught a small-mouth black bass in Rice Lake 21 inches long, 18 inches girth, weight 5 pounds 7½ ounces.

Chas. E. Siddle, Stratford, on July 1 caught a small-mouth black bass 22 inches long, 16½ inches girth, weight 5 pounds 6 ounces.

Mrs. Isaac W. Cakefair, New York, on Sept. 17, at Charleston, Ont., caught a small-mouth black bass 20½ inches long, weight 5 pounds 3 ounces.

Lieut. A. W. Jamieson, Kingston, on Aug. 12 caught a small-mouth black bass in Bass Lake 19½ inches long, 14½ inches girth, weight 5 pounds 3 ounces.

W. H. Maibour, Buffalo, N. Y., on Aug. 13 caught a small-mouth black bass in Lake Simcoe, length 30 inches, girth 15 inches, weight 5 pounds.

Mrs. A. Wilcox, Toronto, on Aug. 18 caught a small-mouth black bass in Trout Lake, near North Bay, weight 5 pounds.

John R. Ramsay, Hackensack, N. Y., on July 22 caught a small-mouth black bass in Grippin Lake, length 20½ inches, girth 13½ inches, weight 4 pounds 14 ounces.

A. J. Wilcox, Byng Inlet, on July 12 caught a small-mouth black bass, length 19¾ inches, girth 14 inches, weight 4 pounds 13 ounces.

K. M. Martin, Hamilton, on Aug. 11 caught a small-mouth black bass in Blackstone Harbor, length 18½ inches, girth 12½ inches, weight 4 pounds 12 ounces.

W. S. Howell, New York, on July 24, caught a small-mouth black bass in Charleston Lake, length 21 inches, girth 14½ inches, weight 4 pounds 12 ounces.

R. J. Koffend, Orillia, on July 25, caught a small-mouth black bass in Lake Couchiching, length 21½ inches, girth 14¾ inches, weight 4 pounds 9 ounces.

E. N. Baer, Newcastle, Pa., on July 23 caught a small-mouth black bass in Clear Lake, length 21½ inches, girth 16 inches, weight 4 pounds 8 ounces.

Fred Barker, Toronto, on Aug. 18 caught a small-mouth black bass, length 20 inches, girth 15 inches, weight 4 pounds 4 ounces.

Rev. Dr. Lindsay, Rochester, on Aug. 28 caught a small-mouth black bass in Muskoka Lake, length 20½ inches, girth 14½ inches, weight 4 pounds 2 ounces.

Geo. Hughes, Toronto, on Aug. 14 caught a small-mouth black bass in the Rouge River, length 18½ inches, weight 3 pounds 9 ounces.

A Walk into the Wilds.

THIS is merely the story of a trout fishing excursion during which very few trout were caught, and those not remarkable for size. In fact, the fishing was so poor that for most of the time we desisted from fishing entirely, and were content merely to lie about the camp, or leisurely stroll about in the unbroken forest "far from the madding crowd," and observe such signs of animal life as may be found in such a wilderness. So much as preface to the narrative.

In May my brother and myself struck out, with packs on back, to travel through the woods ten or fifteen miles to Tea Creek, aiming to strike the headwaters of the East Fork. We had an interesting outing of three days, and caught many fish. In August, 1903, we set out over practically the same ground, and it is of this latter trip we write. Many men have made far greater journeys in the course of a strenuous life, experienced sensations of greater fatigue and hunger than we, and remained silent. They may, too, have been more profoundly impressed with the "pleasure of the pathless wood" than we, yet lacked the desire to transcribe their inmost thoughts on paper, so that all that run may read.

The tribe or sect of Nature Worshippers, however, is becoming more numerous every day, some by adoption and others to the manor born, and they yearn to express something of that which we "can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal." Of these Thoreau was the most brilliant exponent, evidenced by the esteem in which his books on nature study are in demand.

All people have by them a means of locomotion, no matter how poor they be, that, if properly used, will carry them at very slight cost into a fairyland of enchantment, the world of outdoors. In other words, legs are made to walk on. In no other way than by walking can one achieve that absolute freedom of movement, a kinship to the wild animals and savages, with their magnificent development and endurance.

We set out at 4 A. M. strong in purpose to reach our destination by noon, and begin the sport. This we accomplished by hard walking over very steep and rough ground, through all but impassable thickets, interspersed with fallen timber. We aimed to strike the "low place" on Spruce Knob (5,000 feet), where in a very small area the head springs of Tea Creek, Laurel Creek, and Crooked Fork of Elk River are found; and the unwary woods runner is apt to follow either of these streams by mistake. A "blaze" is to be looked for in this "low place," which leads in rather a circuitous manner on to the waters of Tea Creek. This high mountain is a resort for bear. We observed the fresh tracks of a bear in a muddy place, and also saw where one had lain in the weeds.

We located the "blazed trail," which in due course of time brought us to the fishing grounds.

But so far as fishing went, we were doomed to disappointment. Our most diligent efforts failed to secure more than a dozen small trout. We hastened to camp at the forks and falls, where a log shack was built twenty years ago by a man who acted as claim protector for a large tract of land owned by a syndicate. A wilder or more beautiful spot could not be imagined. The place is wholly remote from any route of travel, only reached by hard trailing over rough mountains, or following the bed of the still rougher stream.

We made our camp here for two nights, and while we suffered privations from the lack of bread and other things to eat, thoroughly enjoyed the "boundless continuity of shade."

Upon visiting a deer lick near by, we found the fresh and muddy tracks of a deer. We observed that after taking up our abode in the camp various species of birds that inhabit the deeper woods came and lingered about the camp, as though attracted by the proximity of human beings, or by curiosity.

Aside from getting wood, doing the necessary cooking, bathing in the large pool below the falls, our time was partly occupied in inscribing on a log of the shack, smoothed with the ax, the following sentiments:

"A book of verses underneath the bough,
A Jug of Wine, a loaf of bread, and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness,
Ah, Wilderness were Paradise enough!"

Also:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless wood;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrude
By the lone sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but Nature more.
From these our solitudes in which we stray,
From what we may be, or have been before;
To mingle with the Universe, and tell
What we can ne'er express, yet not all conceal."

May we never get too old, or bound by the conventionalities and love of ease, to appreciate the peculiar ecstasy of "running wild" in the woods for a season, even only a day or two at a time. Surely we ought to take time to examine and admire the natural world which the Creator pronounced "very good."

The reminiscent pleasure of the trip is much added to by the photographs we were able to secure with the little pocket kodak that accompanies us on all our excursions as a matter of course. These souvenirs help in a wonderful way to recall the scenes and experiences of

the past. The picture catches the "fleeting shadow," and freshens the image in the mind years after. The memories of a life rich in varied experiences and worthy deeds is the base of the formation of a noble character; just as the reverse of ignoble deeds weighs down the mind to lower degrees of degradation.

On the morning of the third day we set out for the settlements. By this time the grub was out, and breakfast was very light. In our hurry to get back to the base of supplies, we struck out by what we figured to be a nearer way, and on top the mountain found ourselves above the clouds and really lost. After trying for some time to get a direction, we struck down the first waterway,



NEAR VIEW OF PART OF FALLS.

though we realized it was taking us back toward the starting point, and after six hours' walking we struck Tea Creek again, about one mile below the Forks! The stream proved to be the Twin Licks Run, and we managed to get a number of trout from it. At the mouth of this run we were fifteen miles from home, which distance we walked by the "long," but familiar, way, arriving at 7 P. M. We estimated the day's travel over very rough country at thirty-five to forty miles.

Judged by the hard standards of actual achievement, not much is accomplished by such a trip. But the



CAMP AT THE FORKS—PRIMORDIAL MAN.

senses of seeing, hearing and smelling are trained to sensitiveness; the body made used to endurance, and "hard as nails," fit to enjoy living.

We have observed that after a few days spent in the woods and with their scent in our nostrils, we could distinguish smells, and almost follow a deer by scent, we have imagined. The bushmen of Australia are said to possess unusual olfactory powers, almost equal to that of the dog, and follow game by trailing with eye and nose. Nature equalizes her gifts by giving to one species keenness of vision, to another acuteness of hearing, smelling, etc.; and each is developed by the needs and environment of the individual—an "evolution of sense."

Most of us cannot, like Thoreau, walk four hours daily in the woods and fields for we have employments that exact our best efforts; but we can occasionally experience the feeling of the primordial man by a walk into the wilds.

NORMAN R. PRICE, M.D.

WEST VIRGINIA.

All communications for Forest and Stream must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Massachusetts Fish and Game.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The work of distributing the product of the hatcheries and aviaries by the Massachusetts Commissioners for the year is nearly completed. In addition to the 90,000 fingerling trout mentioned in a former letter, there have been distributed 1,000,000 trout fry, 2,500,000 pike perch fry, 400 Mongolian pheasants, and 200 Belgian hares, these figures of each variety being about double those of any previous year. With each consignment a deputy is sent to see that they fall into proper hands and are put out in a suitable manner so as best to serve the purpose for which the State maintains its rearing establishments. All this is an advance on the method of distribution in vogue a few years ago. The Commissioners express themselves as highly gratified with their success in pheasant rearing, and (in addition to those distributed) are holding 125 young birds over to be liberated in the spring. The birds are sent out in flocks of from six to ten in suitable boxes, and grain is scattered about before they are liberated so as to induce them to remain about the locality where they get their first taste of freedom. A friend just returned from Warcham informs me that he saw three of these birds in the woods a mile or two from the village. Probably those were birds that flew out of Mr. E. D. Jordan's preserve in Plymouth, as I believe that is several miles nearer the spot where the birds were seen than any of the places to which birds have been sent by the Commission. Among sportsmen whose views I have learned there seems to be less doubt of the ability of the birds to stand the cold of our winters than of their substantial value as game birds. Some say they are "runners," and will not flush well before a dog. However that may be, in case they become plentiful they will furnish an added attraction to the covers and by-ways. In the report of the Commission for 1902, Capt. Collins says: "There is no apparent reason why the Mongolian pheasant should not do almost as well here as in Oregon, where it is conceded the foremost game bird of the State." That those which have been liberated the past few years are breeding, and in many cases rearing large broods in a wild state, there is no doubt.

At New Bedford several Sunday gunners at Fall River have just been fined in the district court. The violations occurred at Horse Neck Beach in Westport. Six men were "pinched," among them Mr. J. P. Sullivan, a prominent mill official, and Mr. A. A. McCaulis, secretary of the Fall River Board of Trade.

On Sunday last, the reservoirs in Winchester in the neighborhood of the "Fells" were bedded with thousands of game birds. The birds seem to be aware that within the limits of the reservation they are protected, and there they congregate, assured of a "haven of rest." Within the last few years several reservations have been established by the Massachusetts Legislature, including the upper portions of Mount Wachusett, Mount Tom (provisionally), and Greylock. Several trustees of these lands have been on a visit to Berkshire the past week, among them President Elliott, of Cambridge, Mr. John Woodbury, secretary of the Metropolitan Park Commission, and Charles Rackeman, of Boston. While these reservations were not set apart for the express purpose of game preservation, they will unquestionably prove valuable as game refuges, and will contribute in no slight degree to the increase of game in the country surrounding them. As an illustration, it is recalled that the regions around the Blue Hills Reservation, consisting of several thousand acres, have had a great increase in the abundance of quail since the Hills became a part of the park system of Greater Boston. The sportsmen of the State, foreseeing these benefits to bird and animal life, have been warm advocates of bills that have come before our legislators from time to time for the establishment of reservations. For similar reasons the friends of true sport should do all in their power for the establishment of national refuges for game.

Among Massachusetts hunters recently returned from Maine with game are A. D. Thayer, of Franklin; F. H. Neal, S. A. Ordway, F. S. Snyder, and F. E. Woodruff, of Boston. Those who have secured a moose are J. B. Baxter, M. Crabtree, of Boston, and two Worcester sportsmen. T. H. Wheeler, Boston, brought out a bear.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Spaulding and several friends have been occupying the private camps of Mr. W. W. Spaulding, of Haverhill, at Lobster Lake for several days, and Mr. Spaulding has brought out two deer.

The shipments from Bangor for the week ending Friday, October 23, were 399 deer, 33 moose, and 4 bears. For the corresponding week of last year they were 550 deer, 29 moose, 2 bears. The shipments of deer for the season up to that time show a falling off of 276 from those of last year.

A record load of game was brought into Machias by Messrs. J. W. Day and H. E. Kilton. It consisted of an enormous bull moose, three buck deer, and a milk white doe, all shot in the vicinity of Chain of Lakes, a region noted for big game. Mr. Kelton had a thrilling experience in getting the moose, his first shot, fired from his canoe, only maddening the beast. His second was a miss, and then he was obliged to paddle for dear life. Finally he succeeded in sending a rifle ball into a vital spot of the animal, which put an end to the battle. The great preponderance of bucks brought in from the Kineo region, being about 3 to 7, indicates prime conditions for sport.

One result to be expected from the license law is that hunters are showing unusual persistence in their efforts to secure a moose as well as their two deer. They will naturally go to those sections where moose are reported to be abundant. Messrs. W. Fitch, of Winchester, and Charles Darling, of Boston, have gone into the woods from Patten, and Messrs. E. H. Gould and Dwight Foster, of Beverly, have gone to Shin Pond and Sebosis in the hope of securing moose. A comparison of reports from various sources indicates that the number of hunters in the Moosehead region is hardly half that of a year ago at this season, but nearly all have been quite successful in securing game. The first week of November is likely to witness a large accession to the number of visitors at the camps. Mrs. W. Fenlason, of Boston, is reported to be the first non-resident woman to secure a deer in that part of the State this year.

From New Hampshire comes a report of a sad shoot-

ing accident at Lower Bartlett, where Martin Walker, 12 years old, mistook Herbert Cook, a lad 17 years old, for a deer and killed him on the spot with a rifle ball through the head.

The first deer to be shot on Long Island in Lake Winnepegossee was brought in by two Lakeport gunners and weighed 250 pounds.

From Chester, Vermont, comes a report that a bear was shot the past week by Mr. M. Howard that measured 8 feet in length, on Mt. Tabor; and on the same day two deer were secured, one weighing 200 pounds, the other 270 pounds. From Vergennes, Vt., game warden J. B. Preston reports that while in Ripton, camped on the land of Joseph Battell, in company with several hunters, he was warned off. He believes the owner's claim will not be upheld by the courts and proposes to make of it a test case.

In the death of Hon. John E. Russell, of Leicester, Massachusetts has lost one of her foremost citizens. While not a member of the State Association, he was greatly interested in the preservation of our birds and animals, and lent his commanding influence to further the objects of the Association, as shown in a letter received from him by your correspondent at the time of the formation of the central committee for protection of fish and game.

CENTRAL.

Shenandoah Black Bass.

WINCHESTER, Va., Oct. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some fine small-mouth black bass are being taken from the Shenandoah River this month. The bass seem to be in a biting humor, and some fine catches are being made.

Councilman Lewis F. Cooper and Mr. H. W. Clowe were out recently at Wright's Mill, near this city, and Mr. Cooper landed one that weighed about 7 pounds, the largest that has been caught around here in years. Mr. and Mrs. Huntsberry were out several days ago and also caught a nice bunch. These parties used live bait altogether.

ALF. CLINE.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 17-19.—Boston, Mass. Terrier Club show.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 2.—Washington Court House, O.—Ohio Field Trial Association trials. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y, Circleville, O.
Nov. 9.—Fourteenth annual beagle trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y.
Nov. 9.—Howardsville, Va.—Missouri Field Trial Association trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Nov. 9.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Association trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 9.—Hutsonville, Ill.—Independent Field Trial Club trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 9.—Western Irish Setter Club trials. Dr. T. L. Fenn, Sec'y, Chicago, Ill.
Nov. 10.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven, Conn.
Nov. 16.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.
Nov. 23.—Robinson, Ill.—American Championship Field Trial Association trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Dec. 1.—Clay City, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club trials. C. F. Young, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Thomasville, Ga.—Continental Field Trial Club trials. John White, Sec'y, Hempstead, N. Y.
Nov. 16.—Holmdel, N. J.—Pointer Club of America's trials. C. F. Lewis, Sec'y, New York city.
Nov. 30.—Chase, City, Va.—Virginia Field Trial Association trials. Charles B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.

National Beagle Club of America.

CAMDEN, N. J.—The entries for the fourteenth annual field trials of the National Beagle Club of America, which start at Howardsville, Virginia, on November 9, 1903, closed on October 26, with the following result.

Open Class A—For dogs all ages over thirteen inches, and not over fifteen inches, 15 entries.

Open Class AA—For bitches, all ages, over thirteen inches and not over fifteen inches, 15 entries.

Open Class B—For dogs and bitches, all ages, thirteen inches and under, 19 entries.

Derby, Class C—For dogs and bitches, fifteen inches and under, whelped on or after January 1, 1902, 13 entries.

The entries for the pack stakes close at ten o'clock of the day preceding the running of the class.

CHAS. R. STEVENSON, Secretary.

Bob and Bill.

MILFORD, Mich., Oct. 27.—J. N. Weaver's dog Bob, as has been proven, is more sagacious than most of the canine family. One day last week one of our business men lost a \$10 bill on the street. He missed it at once, and immediately instituted a search.

About the time the bill was dropped, Bob was out for his morning constitutional, saw the money on the sidewalk, picked it up and carried it to his master's office. When the dog returned no one paid him any attention, but "knowing Bob" continued to stand and persistently wag his tail, until at last Mr. Weaver turned to see what he wanted and discovered the money in the dog's mouth.

It was not long, however, till the rightful owner appeared on the scene, claiming the money and feeling very grateful to Bob.—Detroit Tribune.

The Western Massachusetts Fox Club.

WESTFIELD, Mass.—Our sixteenth annual hunt will be held at Westfield, Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 11 and 12.

The hunters' horn will sound at 5 o'clock on Wednesday morning for breakfast. At 6 o'clock carriages will be ready at the Park Square Hotel to carry the hunters to the grounds.

The annual club dinner will be served to members and guests at 6:30 o'clock on the evening of the first day's hunt.

Kindly notify the secretary by November 6 if you can attend. This is imperative, in order that proper arrangements may be made for the banquet. We hope to be favored with your presence.

T. J. CLEARY, Secretary.

Yachting.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1903, the publishers of *FOREST AND STREAM* offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in *FOREST AND STREAM*. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, \$75.00.
Second prize, \$50.00.
Third prize, \$25.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1903.
2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.
3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.
4. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.
5. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.
6. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.
7. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, on or before Nov. 15, 1903.

ALTHOUGH the New York Y. C. has received no direct or official word about the cup that Emperor William, of Germany, is to offer for trans-Atlantic yacht racing, still it is accepted generally as being a fact, and that the club will soon be approached on the subject.

When Sir Thomas Lipton heard that the German Emperor contemplated offering a trophy for ocean racing, he withdrew the offer he made to the Atlantic Y. C. a short time ago. Telegraphic messages were exchanged between Emperor William and Sir Thomas Lipton, which were made public, and we publish them.

To Emperor William from Sir Thomas Lipton:

I hear from the Atlantic Yacht Club that Your Majesty contemplates offering a cup for a trans-Atlantic yacht race in 1904, but that some question has arisen on account of a similar offer by myself.

In the best interests of the sport of which Your Majesty has always been an enthusiastic exponent, I am only too willing to ask the consent of the Atlantic Yacht Club to withdraw my offer for 1904, and most respectfully and heartily tender Your Majesty such support as lies within my power to make a trans-Atlantic race for your cup in 1904 a thoroughly representative international event, which under your imperial auspices it could scarcely fail to be.

Two trans-Atlantic races the same year would hardly be satisfactory to the contestants, nor provide an efficient test of the highest yachting skill, endurance and workmanship.

I feel certain that these reasons, which prompt this offer of withdrawal, would appeal to the authorities of the Atlantic Yacht Club, and that they, jointly with the New York Yacht Club officials, would gladly carry out such arrangements as Your Majesty might suggest and agree with me in desiring to do everything possible to show keen appreciation of the generous interest Your Majesty has repeatedly evinced in the advancement of yachting in all countries.

Upon receiving your distinguished approval, I will cable to New York a definite withdrawal of my offer for 1904.

Emperor William answered as follows:

NEUES PALACE, Oct. 28, 1903.

Sir Thomas Lipton, London:

I am most grateful for your kind telegram. My offer was not made earlier, as I was unable to find out whether you intended to build for 1904. Consequently, I feared to disturb your plans in case you were preparing a new challenge for the America's Cup. I was informed by my Ambassador, who will offer my cup to the two clubs, that in the same time a similar offer had been made by you.

I at once resolved to leave it to the officers of the Atlantic Yacht Club and the New York Yacht Club to decide which offer would be acceptable to them, as I fully agree with you that two trans-Atlantic races in the same year would hardly provide satisfactory sport or results. Your resolve to withdraw your offer for my sake has deeply touched me and I hasten to thank you for your generous intention and accept your proposal.

I was prompted to offer a cup in hopes of encouraging ocean racing, with the view to stimulate designers and builders into producing a class capable of keeping the open sea easily and combining seaworthiness with safety

and comfort, without sacrificing everything to speed—i. e., to develop a sound type of cruiser. I believe this class of yacht would most appeal to those who love the sea and who do not wish to use their craft exclusively for racing purposes.

With your generous withdrawal you have magnanimously tendered your support to make a race for an Atlantic cup a success, thereby serving the great cause of yachting racing, the finest sport in the world, the development of which I have so much at heart.

Once more, my most sincere thanks.

WILLIAM, I. R.

We doubt very much if the New York Y. C. would care to accept any cup jointly with any other club, and it is to be hoped that Emperor William will present the cup to either the New York or the Atlantic Y. C. We can see absolutely no advantage why this cup should be offered to two clubs. There would surely be friction between the representatives of the two organizations, and no more starters would be attracted, as all the boats large enough to participate in such an event are enrolled in both clubs.

Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound.

THE fall meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound was held on Thursday, Oct. 29, at the Arena, representatives from practically all of the clubs being present, with Thomas H. Macdonald, of the Bridgeport Y. C., in the chair.

In consequence of the chaotic condition of yachting from the racing standpoint, because of the heterogeneous assortment of measurement rules now in force and the apparent impossibility of reconciling the various clubs to one general rule, as has been proven by the lack of results from the various meetings held during the past six months with this object in view, the Executive Committee presented for consideration by the Association four restricted classes, the adoption of which will result in the elimination of the measurement rule from what is now the 36ft. class down. The classes suggested are 15, 18, 27 and 32 waterline boats, conforming generally to the type popularly known as the raceabout class, which has been the most successful ever raced, and the adoption of these classes, detailed restrictions for which are given below, will not only provide a most satisfactory type of boat, but what is of far more importance, will give definite assurance to those contemplating building of a continuance of the class in which they may build, without as at present, the constantly recurring fear of an annual change of rule.

To permit of the printing and general circulation of the proposed restrictions and their thorough consideration before adoption, the meeting was adjourned until Monday, Nov. 16, when final action will be taken.

The following amendments to the racing rules were adopted:

Rule II. To strike out the last sentence of the sixth paragraph of Section 3, beginning "should the boom when in use," etc.

To strike out Section 9.

Rule III. To abolish the separate classifications of cabin and open sloops, and cabin and open catboats in the 25ft. classes.

To abolish the distinctive lettering of the catboat classes, and reletter such classes with their relative sloop classes.

Section 3. To strike out the words "December 1, 1898," and substitute therefor the words "January 1, 1899."

Section 5. To insert the words "or catboat" immediately after the word "yawl."

To strike out Section 6.

Rule XII. To amend by striking out the present rule and substituting the following: "Except when otherwise specified in the instructions, a race in any class in which no yacht has finished at 30 minutes after sunset, shall be declared off."

Rule XV. To strike out the last paragraph of Section 2.

To strike out Section 3 and substitute the following: "The Race Committee boat when at the finish line, shall display a red ball. The signal to denote the conclusion of the race shall be the lowering of the red ball."

Action on the proposed amendments to the rules was deferred until the March meeting.

To add to Rule XV a new section providing signals for postponing the start for half an hour, postponing the race for day, shortening the course, sailing the course in reverse direction, etc. (in part now covered by Rule XIX).

To strike out Rule XIX.

A nominating committee to select officers for next season was appointed, consisting of O. H. Chellborg, F. C. Sullivan, F. B. Jones, Ward Dickson and Chas. A. Goodwin.

Thirty-Two Foot Sloop Class.

(Conforming practically to present 36ft. sloop class.)

32ft. Sloop Class.—A boat of this class is intended to be a seaworthy boat, with fair accommodations, rigged simply with only mainsail, working headsails and spinaker.

Length Load Waterline.—The length of the load waterline, with full equipment aboard shall not exceed 32ft.

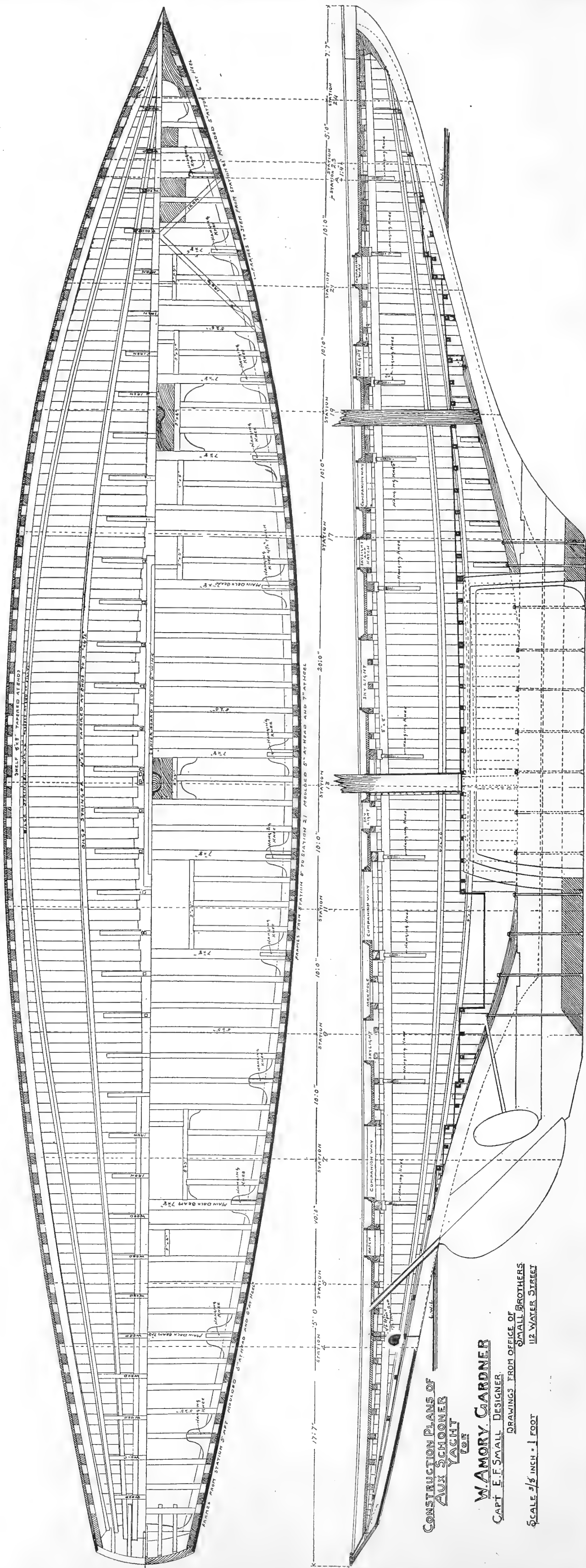
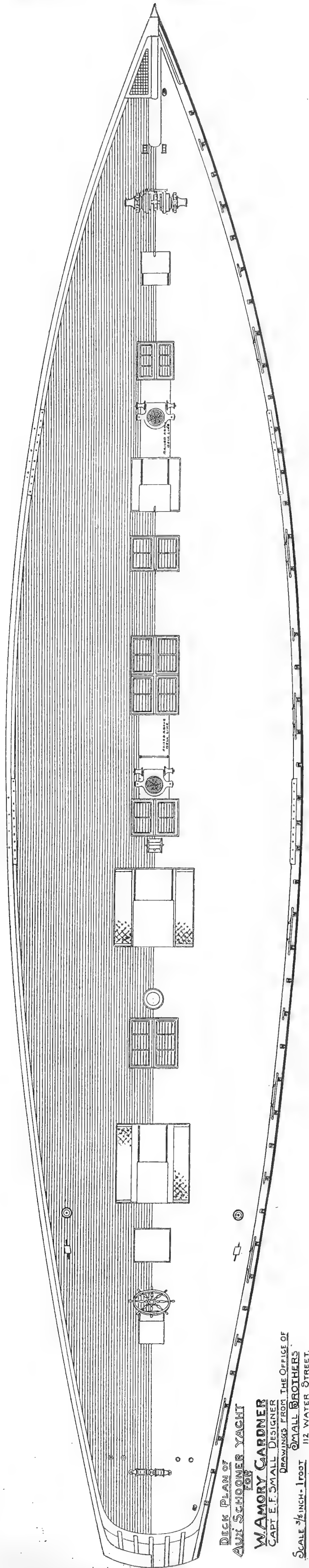
Beam Load Waterline.—The beam at the load waterline in keel boats, shall be at least 10ft, and in centerboard boats at least 11ft. 1in.

Freeboard.—The freeboard shall be not less than 30in. on the said respective required beams, a reduction of 1in. of the freeboard allowed for every increase of 4in. in the beam respectively.

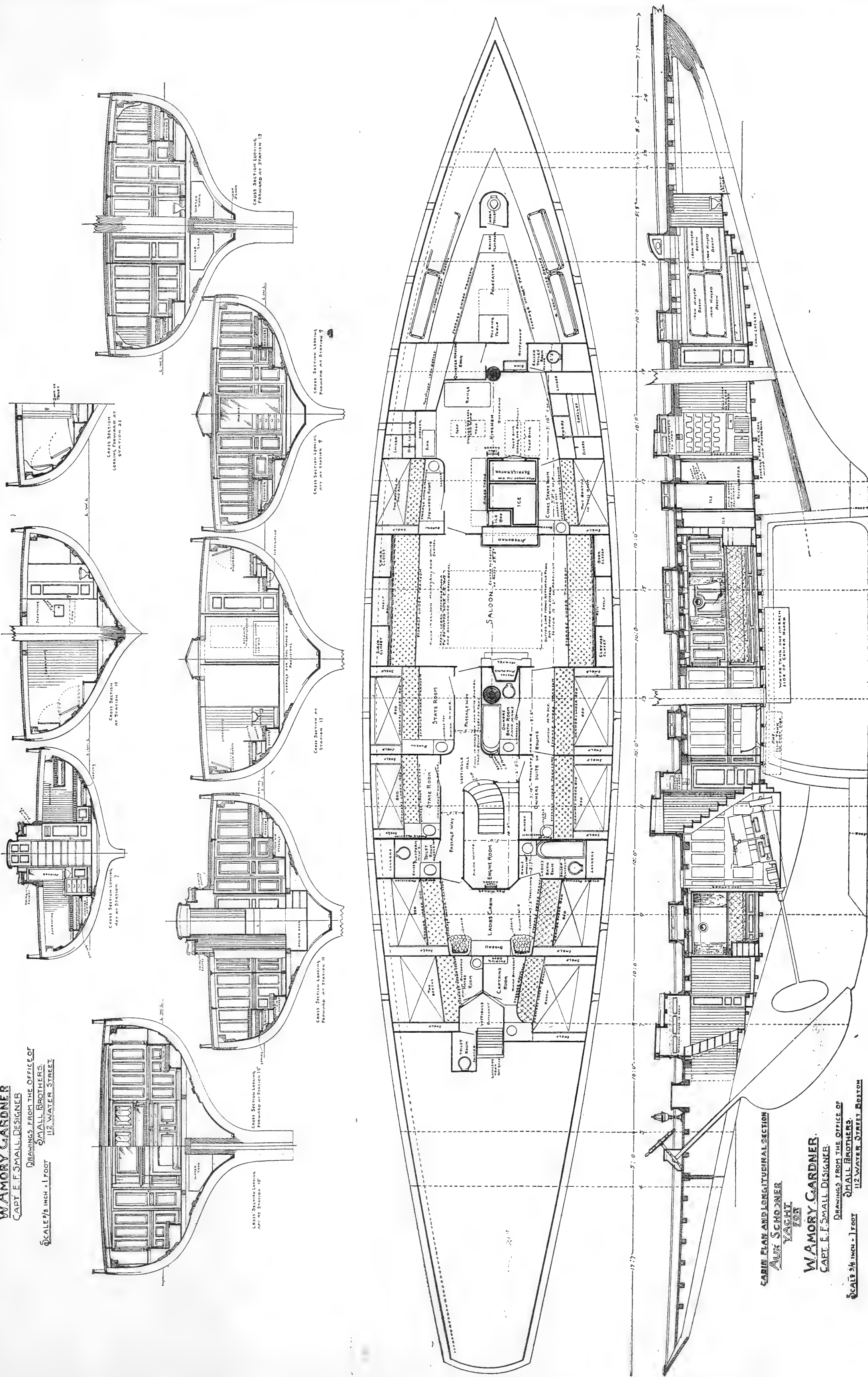
Displacement and Draft.—For centerboard boats the draft shall be not less than 4ft. 6in. for at least 8ft. length of keel.

All boats shall displace when rigged and equipped in accordance with these rules, not less than 23,000 pounds. The affidavit of the designer shall be accepted as evidence of the displacement of a boat.

If through protest the displacement of a boat shall be called in question, the race committee to which protest



CROSS SECTION DRAWINGS
AUX SCHOONER
YACHT
FOR
WAMORY GARDNER
CAPT. E. F. SMALL, DESIGNER
DRAWINGS FROM THE OFFICE OF
SMALL BROTHERS
112 WATER STREET
SCALE 3/4 INCH = 1 FOOT



CABIN PLAN AND LONGITUDINAL SECTION
AUX SCHOONER
YACHT
FOR
WAMORY GARDNER
CAPT. E. F. SMALL, DESIGNER
DRAWINGS FROM THE OFFICE OF
SMALL BROTHERS
112 WATER STREET BOSTON
SCALE 3/4 INCH = 1 FOOT

CONSTANCE—AUXILIARY SCHOONER—CABIN AND SECTIONAL PLANS—DESIGNED BY SMALL BROTHERS FOR W. AMORY GARDNER.



FIREFLY—CHAMPION 25-FOOT CLASS Y. R. A. OF L. I. S.
Photo by W. B. Jackson, Marblehead, Mass

is made, shall cause displacement of such boat to be ascertained by the measurer.

The cost shall be paid by the owner if the displacement is found to be less than 23,000; otherwise it shall be paid by the person making the protest.

Scantlings, Planking and Construction.—To be as required for 36ft. cabin class.

Ballast.—Ballast on keel shall not exceed 10,500 pounds.

Sails.—The sail area to be determined as called for in Rule II, Section 3, shall not be over 1,500 sq. ft., and not more than 1,150 sq. ft. of actual sail area shall be in the mainsail.

The spinnaker boom shall be carried on the mast when in use. The extreme distance in feet from mast to end of spinnaker boom, when in position, shall be not more than 1,000, divided by the distance in feet from deck to spinnaker halyard block.

The spinnaker sheet shall not be carried forward of the head stay, nor outside of the leeward shroud.

No battens over 30in. in length allowed to be used in sails.

The forestay shall remain fixed at both ends during a race.

Equipment.—As required for 36ft. cabin class.

Crew.—As required for 36ft. cabin class.

Twenty-Seven Foot Sloop C1 ss.

(Conforming practically to present 30ft. class.)

27ft. Sloop Class.—A boat of this class is intended to be a seaworthy boat, with fair accommodations, rigged simply with only mainsail, working headsails and spinnaker.

Length Load Waterline.—The length of the load waterline, with full equipment aboard, shall not exceed 27ft.

Beam Load Waterline.—The beam at the load waterline in keel boats shall be at least 8ft. 9in., and in centerboard boats at least 9ft. 8in.

Freeboard.—The freeboard shall be not less than 26in. on the said respective required beams, a reduction of 1in. of the freeboard allowed for every increase of 4in. in the beam respectively.

Displacement and Draft.—For centerboard boats the draft shall be not less than 3ft. 9in. for at least 7ft. length of keel.

All boats shall displace when rigged and equipped in accordance with these rules, not less than 13,500 pounds. The affidavit of the designer shall be accepted as evidence of the displacement of a boat.

If, through protest the displacement of a boat shall be called in question, the race committee to which protest is made, shall cause displacement of such boat to be ascertained by the measurer.

The cost shall be paid by the owner if the displacement is found to be less than 13,500 pounds; otherwise it shall be paid by the person making the protest.

Scantlings, Planking and Construction.—To be as required in the 30ft. cabin class.

Ballast.—Ballast on keel shall not exceed 6,500

pounds.

Sails.—The sail area to be determined as called for in Rule II, Article 3, and shall not be over 1,050 sq. ft., and not more than 850 sq. ft. of actual sail area shall be in the mainsail.

The spinnaker boom shall be carried on the mast when in use. The extreme distance in feet from mast to end of spinnaker boom when in position shall be not more than 800 divided by the distance in feet from deck to spinnaker halyard block.

The spinnaker sheet shall not be carried forward of the head stay, nor outside of the leeward shroud.

No battens over 20in. in length allowed to be used in sails.

The forestay shall remain fixed at both ends during a race.

Equipment.—As required for 30ft. cabin class.

Crew.—As required for 30ft. cabin class.

Eighteen Foot Knockabout Class.

Definition.—A boat of this class shall be a seaworthy boat, and not include boats having square sides, or square, snub-nosed bow or metal in fin keel; at least half of over all length, decked and fitted with air tanks of sufficient capacity to float the boat when full of water, or watertight cabin bulkhead, rigged simply with only mainsail, fore staysail, or jib and spinnaker.

Length.—The length on the l. w. l., with full equipment on board, shall not exceed 31ft., and neither forward or aft overhang shall exceed 7ft.

Beam.—The beam at the l. w. l. in keel boats shall be at least 6ft. 1in., and in centerboard boats at least 6ft. 6in. The extreme beam at a point halfway between the forward end of the l. w. l. and the extreme bow shall not exceed 40 per cent. of the greatest waterline beam. The girth of the hull at said point shall not exceed the number of inches represented by the sum of the beam, plus the depth of the hull, plus 3, measured at the same point. The freeboard at this point shall not be less than 22in.

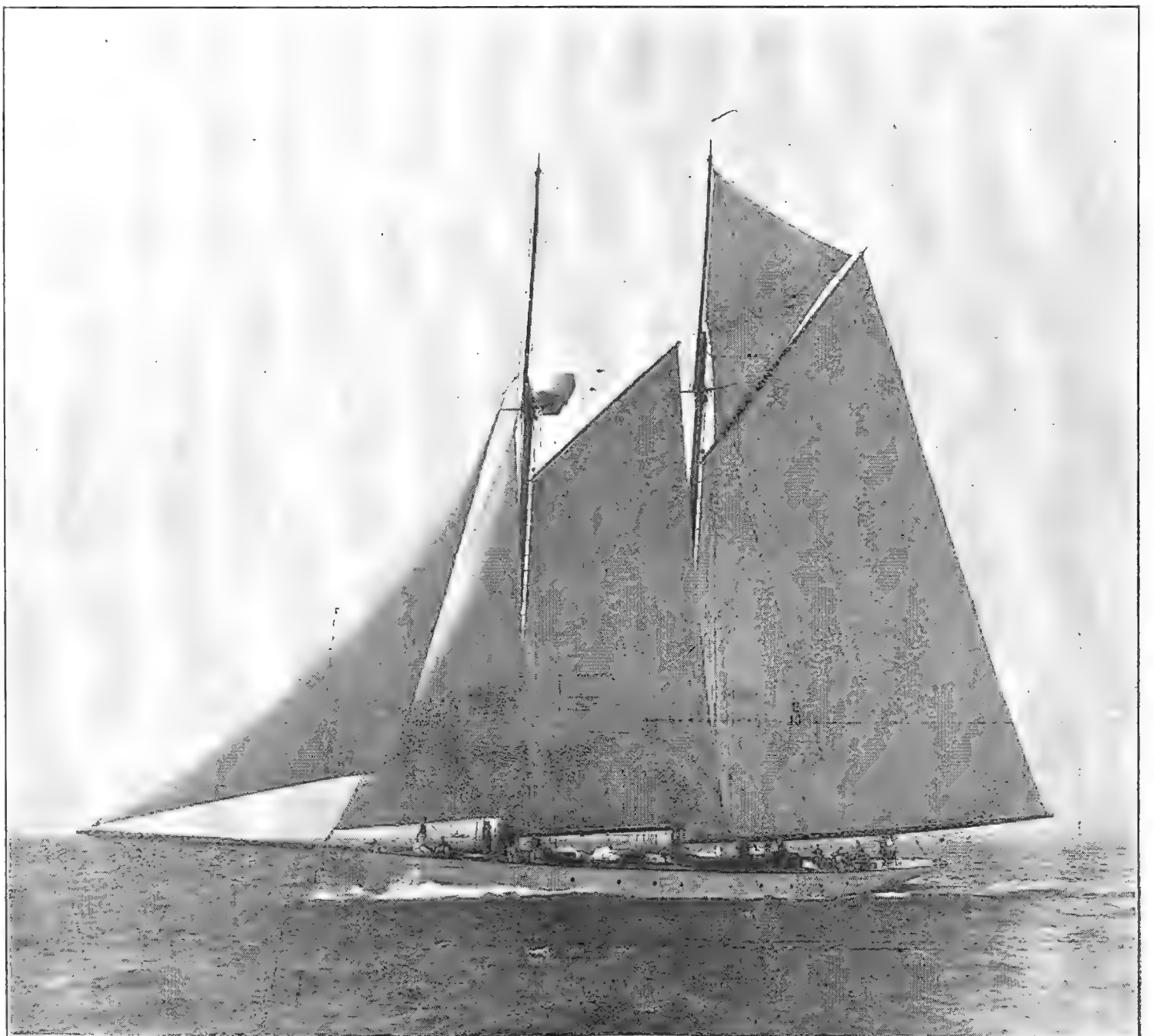
Freeboard.—The minimum freeboard shall be at least 17in. The depth of hull, girth and freeboard shall be measured from the top side of the covering board.

Displacement and Draft.—For centerboard boats the draft shall not be less than 2ft. 6in. for at least 4ft. length of keel.

All boats shall weigh, when rigged and equipped in accordance with these rules, not less than 4,000 pounds, exclusive of inside ballast. It shall be the duty of the measurer to see that nothing is on board when the boat is weighed except what these rules prescribe, and that the boat is in every way in her normal condition.

Scantling, Planking and Construction.—The keel, stem, frames, house and deck beams shall be of oak, or its equivalent in strength. The frames shall be not less than 7/8in.; deck beams not less than 1 1/4in. section. The spacing of frames, deck and house beams to be not more than 9in. center to center. The planking, including the deck and side of house, shall be not less than 3/4in. thick; the top of house shall be not less than 5/8in., both, when finished; except that an allowance of 1/8in. in thickness of deck can be made if it is canvas covered. Deck clamps shall run from stem to stern, with a minimum cross section of 3 sq. in. for at least one-half length; also bilge stringers of at least 3 sq. in. cross section shall run for at least one-half the extreme length of the boat midships. Clamps and stringers to be of yellow pine, or its equivalent in strength.

Sails.—The sail area shall be not over 450 sq. ft. and not over 360 sq. ft. of actual sail area shall be in the



INGOMAR.

The schooner that is to race next season in British and German waters. She was designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. for Commodore Plant, Larchmont Y. C. Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

It is definitely stated that Mr. George L. Watson has been commissioned to get up a design for a racing schooner 95ft. on the waterline. Although Mr. Watson's schooners have never been successful, he may profit by the failures he made in his earlier boats of this type, and the schooner Ingomar will have a more dangerous rival in her racing on the other side than Cicely, the smart Fife production. There are many rumors afloat as to the owner of the new Watson schooner, but the most persistent is that she is for the German Emperor.

American boats—that is, those which have raced in the larger classes—have never been very successful in British waters, and even though Ingomar is to be in charge of Captain Charles Barr, we do not look for her to do anything astonishing. She will have to give Cicely time, and racing in the handicap classes when one is not accustomed to it is not the easiest thing in the world. While Ingomar was raced a little last summer, still she had nothing very fast pitted against her, and she is in a measure an unknown quantity. But we hope Ingomar will do well on the other side, as it has been some time since an American has raced a big boat in foreign waters, and it would have been better to take a boat across that was designed under the English racing rule and to meet English conditions and requirements.

Mr. H. H. Hoggins, a member of the New York and Atlantic Y. C.'s, has purchased the steam yacht Llewellyn through the agency of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman from the Bannigan estate of Providence.

The Stuyvesant Y. C. of Port Morris closed its fourteenth season on Saturday, October 24. The event was celebrated by an entertainment and dance. The members have found the present club house too small for their requirements, and a new building will be constructed during the winter.

The South Bay Y. C. with headquarters at Patchogue, Suffolk county, L. I., has been incorporated. The organization proposes to encourage yacht building and naval architecture, and the cultivation of naval science; also to encourage the club's members in becoming proficient in the personal management, control, and handling of their yachts, and to promote sociability and recreation among the members. The directors for the first year are as follows: Joseph Bailey, Frank Gutridge, Edwin Bailey, Jr.; John A. Potter and Joseph R. Skinner, of Patchogue; A. Roe, Storms, John N. Silsbe, Lawrence C. Haffner and William E. Ebbets, of New York city, and George L. Robinson and George J. Eiseman, of Brooklyn.

Vice-Commodore Morton F. Plant has been appointed Commodore of the Larchmont Y. C. to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Commodore Fred T. Adams.

Coming up the Delaware yesterday was the queerest looking craft that ever passed Marcus Hook. It looked like an old canal boat in general shape, but was too narrow of beam for that. It was in tow, together with half a dozen barges, and when it made a landing at Queen street the writer had curiosity enough to go aboard and see what it was like. It was a canal boat, sure enough, but had been metamorphosed into the most comfortable house-boat that could be imagined. Its name was The Mule Yacht, and its owners are two Government clerks from Washington and their wives. They were a jolly party and have been doing the country via canal and river since July. The boat cost \$60 as it stood and \$75 more fitted it out with all the comforts of home. An old colored woman did the cooking and rough work, and the quartette, who had done Europe and this country, said they had had the time of their lives, and traveling on the "yacht" was the acme of enjoyment, besides saving money.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Word has been received from Bristol to the effect that the Herreshoffs have received an order for a 90ft. waterline steel racing schooner similar to Ingomar, the successful vessel that this firm turned out last year for Mr. Morton F. Plant.

On the evening of October 27 President W. A. H. Stafford and the Board of Governors of the New York Club entertained the Board of Trustees of the Atlantic Y. C. at dinner at the New York Club's house. The officers and members of the Atlantic Y. C. have been extended the privileges of the New York Club, Thirty-fifth street and Fifth avenue, during the coming winter. In return, the Atlantic Y. C. has extended the privileges of its club house at Sea Gate, Coney Island, to the members of the New York Club during the season of 1904. It is quite possible that these two clubs will be consolidated if the above arrangement proves a success.

The Williamsburgh Y. C. went out of commission on October 25. The members met at the club house in the afternoon and the prizes won during the season were distributed by Commodore Long as follows: Spring regatta—Sloops—Saracen, Archie Moran, silver loving cup; Pearl, Commodore Long, silver smoking set; Yankee Girl, E. R. Chapman, silver nut bowl; Florence, August Card, silver smoking set. Yawls: Pastime, James Schuessle, anchor light. Fall regatta—Open sloops: Cornelia, James Taylor, Metropolitan Y. C., silver cutlery set; Pinochle, R. Jacoby, Stuyvesant Y. C., silver loving cup; Pearl, Commodore Long, Williamsburgh Y. C., silver vase; Dagnus, Captain Symmons, Metropolitan Y. C., silver loving cup; Teddy, Jr., Edward Rac, Williamsburgh Y. C., silver loving cup; Eleanor, John McGregor, Stuyvesant Y. C., silver loving cup; Yankee Girl, E. R. Chapman, Williamsburgh Y. C., silver loving cup; Collen, J. Cochran, Strykers Bay Y. C., silver loving cup.

The auxiliary Aloha, owned by Messrs. A. C. and D. W. James, put in at Falmouth, England, on Wednesday,

October 28, having been in collision with the British steamer Zoroaster during the night previous when about 85 miles west of Ushant. The steamer stood by the yacht until daylight, and when it was found she was not seriously damaged, proceeded. Aloha's figurehead was badly injured, and all her head gear was carried away.

Aroostock, the steam yacht recently launched at Morris Heights for Mr. Charles A. Dean, of Boston, made on her trial trip a speed of 12½ knots, exceeding her contract speed by 2½ knots. The yacht will leave for Florida early in November.

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

IN order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First prize, \$50.00.

Second prize, \$25.00.

Third prize, \$15.00.

Fourth and fifth, \$10.00 each.

Sixth to eighth, \$5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept, and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. When practicable an outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in. While a chart will count in estimating the events of the log, it is not a necessary factor, and a log may be sent without it.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, on or before December 1, 1903.

The Executive Committee Meeting at Rochester.

THE meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association, of its Board of Governors, and of its newly elected Racing Board, were all held at the Rochester Canoe Club, on Irondequoit Bay, Saturday, October 24, 1903.

Out of thirty-one members, there were present, or by proxy, twenty-five; the Board of Governors was represented in its entirety, as was the Racing Board, the latter with two substitutes. This turn-out of the members from the five divisions augurs well indeed for the coming year. The meeting was called to order by Commodore C. Fred Wolters. There were present, beside the Commodore, Secretary-Treasurer John Sears Wright. From the Atlantic Division, F. C. Moore, representing Vice-Commodore L. C. Kretzmer, Rear-Commodore W. A. Furman, D. B. Goodsell, representing Purser M. Ohlmeyer, Jr., and H. C. Allen, H. L. Quick, representing H. L. Pollard, and J. K. Hand, representing N. S. Hyatt, of the Executive Committee. R. J. Wilkin, of the Board of Governors, and its president, was present, as was H. L. Quick, of the Racing Board. From the Central Division, H. W. Breitenstein, Vice-Commodore, Charles P. Forbush, Rear-Commodore, Frank C. Demmler, Purser, and Messrs. Jesse J. Armstrong and John S. Wright, of the Executive Committee. Also C. F. Wolters, of the Board of Governors, and H. M. Stewart of the Racing Board. During the day the Central Division's Executive Committee elected Charles P. Forbush as its representative on the Board of Governors, vice C. F. Wolters, elected Commodore, and Frank D. Wood, of Buffalo, Rear-Commodore, vice Forbush; it also elected Hiram C. Hoyt on the Executive Committee, vice Wright, elected Secretary-Treasurer.

From the Eastern Division—Rear-Commodore H. M. S. Aiken, Purser Edward B. Stearns, and B. F. Jacobs, Jr., W. W. Crosby and O. C. Cunningham, holding proxy of the Executive Committee; also Paul Butler, holding proxy, as well as member and Recorder of the Board of Governors, and member of the Racing Board.

From the Northern Division—A. G. Bowie, representing Vice-Commodore C. W. McLean, of Montreal, Rear-Commodore J. W. Sparrow, of Toronto; Geo. A. Wright, representing Purser J. V. Nutter, of Montreal, and Herb Begg, of Toronto, representing Harry Page, of the Executive Committee; also J. N. MacKendrick of the Board of Governors.

From the Western Division—W. C. Jupp, of Detroit, representing Vice-Commodore Burton D. Munhall, of Cleveland, and H. C. Morse, of Peoria, on the Board of Governors.

At a meeting of the Racing Board, which met to organize, there were present Messrs. Quick, Stewart, Butler, Begg, representing the Northern Division, and Morse, representing the Western Division. The Board organized

Firefly.

The championship in the 25ft. class of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound was won this season by the sloop Firefly. A picture of the boat appears in this issue. Out of 15 starts during the season of 1903 she got 9 first, 3 second, 2 third, and 1 fourth prize. Firefly was designed by Mr. W. Starling Burgess and built by David Fenton at Manchester, Mass., in 1902. Her sails were made by Messrs. Consens and Pratt. Firefly is 36.7ft. over all, 21ft. waterline, 9.3ft. breadth and 4.3ft. draft. She has an exceptional amount of room, and every convenience for cruising. Having a very moderate sail plain she shows up to best advantage in fresh and strong breezes. Firefly was sailed in every race this season by her owner, Mr. G. P. Granbery, a member of the New Rochelle Y. C.

Constance—Auxiliary Schooner.

Last week we published the lines, sail plan and a photograph of the auxiliary schooner Constance, together with a complete description of the boat. This week there appear the cabin, construction and deck plans.

with H. Lansing Quick as president and H. M. Stewart as recorder.

The Board of Governors also met, with R. J. Wilkin, President; Paul Butler, Recorder; Wolters (and Forbush later) from the Central Division, MacKendrick, from the Northern Division, and Morse from the Western Division.

Complete audited reports were read and accepted from the outgoing pursers of the five divisions—a matter for pride and congratulation on the part of the Executive Committee. Reports were also read from the Board of Governors, the outgoing Regatta Committee, and the Camp-site Committee.

Mrs. Fred. W. Donnelly, of Trenton, N. J.; Mrs. John E. Plummer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Mrs. and Miss Armstrong of Rome N. Y., were elected to associate membership. A committee of three, to be named by the commodore, was authorized to revise the existing associate membership.

It was unanimously decided to hold the next camp—the twenty-fifth in the history of the Association—at its home, Sugar Island, in the St. Lawrence River, from August 5 to August 19, 1904.

The "Squaw-Point Flag" was, by vote of the committee, made official, to be hereafter one of the several burgees of the A. C. A. and its officers.

The Committee on Revision of the Constitution and By-Laws reported through its chairman that it was not ready to submit the revision for adoption, and asked for more time in which to prepare the amendments, which it hoped to be able to submit for final approval by the Executive Committee not later than January 1, 1904. The extra time was, accordingly, granted.

A number of recommendations made by the Regatta Committee were referred to the Racing Board for consideration. No questions pertaining to sailing or paddling regulations were considered; all such questions being laid over for the Racing Board's action.

A vote of thanks was given retiring Secretary-Treasurer H. Lansing Quick for the very able and efficient manner in which he had discharged the duties of his office, subsequent to the death of Mr. Simpson.

Mr. Begg, on behalf of the Northern Division, made a report on that division's condition, its growth in membership, finances, etc., at the present time, which was of a most gratifying character, and of great interest to the committee. (A synopsis of this report will be published later.)

The Camp-site Committee in its report showed permanent improvements made at Sugar Island last summer which form an asset of the Association, including the dock, camp-store, mess floor and kitchen, ice-house, pump, piping, etc., and aggregating in all, allowing 10 per cent. for depreciation, over \$600. The chairman of that committee also reported very welcome subscriptions to the permanent improvement fund from members of the A. C. A., many of whom had not even attended the camp. When they do so they will feel more than repaid for any expenditures they have made.

FOREST AND STREAM was indorsed as one of the official organs of the Association for the coming year, and it behooves every member of every division to support the official organs by news or races, cruises and camps, and maps, photos, and general canoeing news.

It was recommended to the officers and Board of Governors to take whatever steps might be necessary to copyright the letters "A. C. A." as a title of the Association—now in use for over twenty years.

A number of other matters pertaining to the Association and its island were discussed, and sundry questions brought to a vote, and passed. It seemed to be the general opinion that never had the Association been in better condition, and the utmost enthusiasm was expressed by the members present, over the camp prospects for 1904.

At the close of the business session, during a recess, of which luncheon was served in the lower floor of the hospitable Rochester Canoe Club House, to the visiting delegates, launches and canoes were brought into requisition to carry the members of the R. C. C. and the guests of that club and the Irondequoit C. C., to the latter's new club house, across the bay, where dinner was served at 7 o'clock. The entire lower floor was given over for the banquet, and was beautifully decorated with flags, autumn leaves and flowers, with innumerable lanterns, enhancing the effect. Commodore Wolters presided, aided by his affable secretary-treasurer, Jack Wright. During the dinner Captain Willard Rich, of the R. C. C., presented the commodore with an official cap, with the A. C. A. insignia, on behalf of the club, while Mr. Freeland, of the I. C. C., did the same, on behalf of his club, to Mr. Wright. A number of guests from the Buffalo C. C. and other canoe clubs in the vicinity of Rochester—the Sa-wen-nis-hat, Genesee, etc., were also present. The ex-chairman of the Regatta Committee presented four special shields, of the pattern offered as prizes at Sugar Island last summer, to ex-Commodores Edwards, No. 3; Gardner, No. 5; J. N. MacKendrick, No. 663, and Thord, No. 2987, for their valiant record in the single-blade club-fours' race last August; he added that he thought it wise to bestow prizes whenever it tended to encourage the novices, and bring out the younger element of the Association.

Other speeches, songs and music by an orchestra helped to make the time fly, and at the close of a delightful evening a number of the guests were escorted back to the Rochester C. C.; the remainder, stopping over night at the Irondequoit House. Sunday was given up to cruising and sailing around the nooks and corners of Irondequoit Bay—and the bay was in a blaze of glory with its rich autumnal tints—and partaking of a bountiful dinner at the Rochester C. C., and late in the afternoon the visitors were escorted up, to town, where the sights of Rochester were shown them from tally-hos, under the guidance of Jack Wright, at whose house the guests took supper, before leaving for their homes late that evening.

At the meeting of the Racing Board, lots were drawn for terms of office, as follows:

H. M. Stewart, Central Division, to retire 1904; Paul Butler, Eastern Division, to retire 1905; H. L. Quick, Atlantic Division, to retire 1905; E. J. Minnett, Northern Division, to retire 1906; ———, Western Division, to retire 1906.

Sugar Island Photos.

Photographs of Sugar Island Camp, August, 1903, by the official photographer, A. W. Scott, may be obtained from him at No. 5 West Thirty-first street, New York; prices, 5 by 7 inches, solio, 25 cents; velox, 30 cents; 4 by 5 inches, solio or velox, 15 cents each, mounted or unmounted. Quotations on large orders on application.

- 5 x 7.
1. The official group.
 2. Group of officers and ex-officers.
 3. Ex-Com. Thorn and ex-Com. Gardner.
 4. Squaw Point.
 5. Divine service at headquarters.
 6. Divine service at headquarters.
 7. After service; crowds at headquarters.
 8. Evening view, west from headquarters; cloud effects very fine.
 9. Yonkers Club at mess.
 10. Secretary Quick's tent at Squaw Point.
 11. Squaw Point flag.
 12. View from headquarters.
 13. View from Top of Sugar Island.
 14. Grand Trunk Boat Club in war canoe.
 15. Grand Trunk Boat Club, group in tent.
 16. Grand Trunk Boat Club, group, in tent.

- 4 x 5.
17. Ladd sailing.
 18. Murphy and Goodsell sailing.
 19. Goodsell and Kretzmer sailing.
 20. Moore sailing.
 21. Group at headquarters, the Commodore's family and Crosby.
 22. Guarding the colors—Crosby, Wyer, etc.
 23. Hoyt and Hand surveying the paddling course.
 24. View of Sugar Island and adjacent islets.
 25. "A letter from Wilkin"—Hyatt, Quick and Hand.
 26. Unloading canoes from Valeria.
 27. Unloading canoes from Valeria.
 28. Unloading canoes from car at Clayton.
 29. Building the Knickerbocker dock.
 30. His Majesty's customs officer.
 31. Murphy and his canoe.
 32. Hoyt and Turtle sailing open canoe.
 33. Squaws paddling.
 34. "Pop" Moore's tent, New York Bay.
 35. Mr. and Mrs. Plummer sailing.
 36. Views of Mudlunta Island, the camp of 1901.
 37. Guests at Com. Britton's, Mudlunta.
 38. Group at New York C. C. camp.
 39. Charlie Archibald and visitors from Yacht Squadron.
 40. Knickerbocker C. C. landing.
 41. Mrs. Parson, N. Y. C. C.
 42. Mrs. Taylor's Papoose.

Also two A. C. A. groups Rochester C. C.; Irondequoit Club from Bay; two groups at Wewauntah Rest; group on Com. Walter's yacht; Rochester club house, and Rochester C. C. flag from club house.

In Memoriam.

To the Members of the American Canoe Association:
A sadder duty has seldom fallen to my lot than to chronicle the death of my dear friend, Mrs. Mary Virginia Hyatt, the wife of our Commodore of 1903, who passed from this life at Ossining, N. Y., on Monday, Oct. 12, 1903.

To all of you who met her at Sugar Island last summer, she was a friend; and won your affections by her charm of manner, her popularity and her devotion to her husband and children. To one who has known her as I have, since our childhood, the loss comes as hard as to anyone outside of her immediate family.

In the name of the men and women of the A. C. A., I have given our good friend, Nat, the sincere assurance of our grief and sympathy, and this sad hour, for himself, for her family, and—saddest of all—for her two little ones. She would always have been a welcome addition to the little coterie at Squaw Point, and I would have counted it my chiefest pleasure to have helped in her election to our roll of honor—the Association Membership List.

From her friend of many years, J. K. HAND.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 28.

American Canoe Association.

Western Division officers, American Canoe Association, 1903-4:

Vice-Com., Burton D. Munhall, care of Brook's Household Art Co., Cleveland, O.; Rear-Com., Chas. J. Stedman, National Lafayette Bank, Cincinnati, O.; Purser, George A. Hall, Bank of Commerce, Cleveland, O.; Executive Committee, Thomas P. Eckert, 31 West Court street, Cincinnati, O.; Dr. H. L. Frost, 10 Howard street, Cleveland, O.; Board of Governors, Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.; Racing Board (To be elected).

A. C. A. Membership.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg to inform you that the following were elected life members of the American Canoe Association:

No. 18, Dr. W. J. Nellis, Albany, N. Y. No. 19, Frederick B. Yard, Trenton, N. J. No. 20, Nathaniel S. Hyatt, Ossining, N. Y. No. 21, William R. Haviland, Yonkers, N. Y.

ROBERT J. WILKIN,
President Board of Governors.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

1904.
Jan. 12-15.—Hamilton, Ont., Gun Club tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

At the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club, Oct. 28, the prize in the

main event at 50 targets, distance handicap, was won by Mr. S. M. Van Allen, of Jamaica.

Mr. J. L. Winston, famous as a skillful trapshooter, has decided to domicile at West Baden, Ind., where he will establish permanent trapshooting grounds and a kennel of pointers and setters.

A distinguished group of sportsmen from Wilmington, Del., were visitors in New York last week. They were Messrs. A. Dupont, Herbert Taylor, J. Skelley, C. C. Gerow and Percy Smith.

In a match at 50 sparrows, 25yds. rise, 15yds. boundary, between Messrs. C. K. Knight, of Camden, N. J., and Fred Miller, at the Point Breeze race track, near Philadelphia, last week, each killed 29. In the shoot-off at 15 sparrows, the scores were: Knight 8, Miller 6.

In the final contest for the Crescent Athletic Club October cup, Oct. 31, at Bay Ridge, L. I., 25 targets per man, handicap allowance, Mr. W. W. Marshall and G. W. Hagedorn tied on 25. Mr. Marshall had the three best scores of the month's cup competition, and therefore was the winner and owner of it.

On Tuesday of this week Mr. T. W. Stake, of the firm of Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, and distinguished further in the trapshooting world as a skillful contestant in the amateur shoots of the Crescent Athletic Club, of which he is a long time member, sailed on the Kronprinz for Europe, where he will sojourn about five weeks.

In the five 20-sparrow events, 100 sparrows in all, at the shoot of the National Gun Club, West Baden, Ind., Oct. 26-31, Mr. Ed. Voris won. He and W. H. Heer tied on 90. In the shoot-off, 50 birds, Voris scored 45 to Heer's 43. The other leaders' scores were: Phellis 89, Elliott 87, Waters 83, Washburn and Marshall 82. Mr. J. M. Hughes won the cup race, 100 targets, by a score of 99 out of 100.

Mr. Edward Banks, secretary of the Wanderers, informs us that there will be six separate contests for the Smith gun, won and donated by Capt. Money, to the Wanderers as a prize. The contests will be held as follows, two on each of the following club grounds: Brooklyn, North River and South Side. The dates are Dec. 12, 19; Jan. 9, 16, 23, 30.

The regular weekly shoot of the Montclair Gun Club was held on their attractive grounds Saturday afternoon, Oct. 31. The attendance at these shoots and the high degree of interest manifested indicate a healthy future for this club; and a close observation distinctly shows that this shooters' school will graduate some fast ones. Messrs. Geo. F. Howard, Chas. L. Bush, Ed. Winslow, Geo. Batten, Chas. Boardman, H. F. Holloway, Mr. Cason, E. H. Holmes, Dr. H. W. Foster, P. H. Cockfair and I. Seymour Crane were present. Mr. T. E. Batten, of FOREST AND STREAM, was a guest of the club. Messrs. Howard, Bush, Winslow and Geo. Batten shot in fast form, the latter getting 5 pairs, assisted by the light of the moon. Mr. Holmes showed fast time, but was handicapped by using a brush gun.

BERNARD WATERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Oct. 28.—The prize shoot was at 50 targets, distance handicap, and the prize, a toilet set, was won by Mr. S. M. Van Allen, of Jamaica. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	10	10	15	25	50	25	25
Goetter	9	7	9	8	..	36
Bergen	9	8	9	11	..	35	13	..
Dreyer	10	6	4	11	..	34	16	..
Hopkins	11	10	8	11	13	35	23	18
Caunitz	7	7	18	36	18	10
Van Allen	11	19	41	19	16

No. 6 was the prize shoot.

Fulton Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Oct. 25.—The scores made at the shoot of the Fulton Gun Club to-day are appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	25	25
Schorty	13	10	14	12	13	20	..
Goetter	9	9	14	7	..	18	..
Davis	7	11	10	7	9	14	..
Schneider	10	12	10	12	13
Moore	2	4	15

ALBERT A. SCHOVERLING, Sec'y.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Oct. 31.—The final contest for the October cup resulted in a tie between Messrs. George W. Hagedorn and W. W. Marshall, each with a score of 23. Mr. Marshall, having the three best scores of the month, was the absolute winner.

Final shoot, October cup, 25 targets, handicap allowance of misses added: W. W. Marshall (5) 23, G. W. Hagedorn (4) 22, Capt. A. W. Money (2) 20, T. W. Stake (5) 16.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets, handicap: W. W. Marshall (5) 25, W. H. Deghnee (8) 25, Capt. A. W. Money (2) 23, T. W. Stake (5) 20, E. H. Lott (1) 20, H. B. Vanderveer (2) 19, D. V. B. Hegeman (4) 18, G. W. Hagedorn (4) 18.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Marshall 25, Deghnee 24.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: H. B. Vanderveer (3) 15, Capt. A. W. Money (1) 15, Dr. J. J. Keyes (2) 14, W. W. Marshall (2) 14, H. C. Chapman (5) 12, O. C. Grinnell, Jr. (3) 10, G. W. Hagedorn (2) 9, H. L. Meyers (5) 9.

First shoot-off: Vanderveer 15, Money 15.

Final shoot-off: Money 13, Vanderveer 15.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: Dr. J. J. Keyes (2) 15, Capt. A. W. Money (1) 15, W. W. Marshall (2) 14, G. W. Hagedorn (2) 13, E. H. Lott (0) 13, O. C. Grinnell, Jr. (3) 10, D. V. B. Hegeman (3) 9, H. L. Meyers (5) 7.

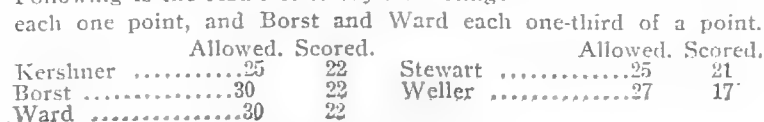
First shoot-off: Dr. J. J. Keyes 15, Capt. Money 15.

Final shoot-off: Dr. Keyes 14, Capt. Money 13.

Yeast—And you say he is kind to animals?
Crimsonbeak—Yes; why, whenever his wife commences to sing he always puts the dog out of the room.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mother—How often have I told you, Tommy, that you should never let the sun go down on your anger?

Tommy—I can't help it, mother; I ain't no Joshua.—Yonkers Herald.



Some Experiments with Shot.

FINALITY in shotgun experiments is not readily attainable by reason of the large number of complicating factors that affect the results obtained. In laying down a programme of experiments there is a great temptation to multiply unduly the number of shots to be fired. The effect of such a procedure is that a subsequent review of the records obtained either involves the quotation of an unwieldy mass of figures or else much of the information obtained is lost through the necessity to summarize the results, whereby many important details disappear. On the present occasion the number of rounds fired were limited to fifty, this being thought sufficient to allow of every attention being paid to details as well as to the general principles evolved.

As our usual reports on the behavior of cartridges are based on what we call our proof barrel results, we proceeded to fire a number of shots, following the everyday routine. In this way twenty-five rounds were expended, these being divided into five groups, each group consisting of five individual shots. The average behavior of each size of chilled shot was thus determined, the records obtained comprising at lin. and 6in., time from fall of hammer to departure of shot from muzzle, and mean velocity over a 20yds. range. The following were the results obtained:

PROOF BARREL RESULTS.

1½ ounces of No. 7 shot, 383 pellets.

	Pressure in tons per square inch.		Time up barrel. Seconds.	Velocity over 20yds. in feet per Second.
	At lin.	At 6in.		
1.....	3.09	1.74	.0042	1019
2.....	3.06	1.95	.0044	1017
3.....	3.03	1.74	.0051	1017
4.....	2.87	1.74	.0038	1012
5.....	3.43	1.83	.0040	1028
Av.....	3.10	1.80	.0043	1019

1½oz. No. 6 shot, 304 pellets.

1.....	2.84	1.83	.0034	1002
2.....	3.22	1.95	.0036	1041
3.....	3.20	1.89	.0036	1022
4.....	2.81	1.74	.0051	1017
5.....	3.20	1.74	.0046	1024
Av.....	3.05	1.85	.0041	1021

1½oz. No. 5 shot, 245 pellets.

1.....	2.67	1.74	.0051	1048
2.....	3.43	1.74	.0047	1031
3.....	2.92	1.83	.0046	1048
4.....	2.90	1.89	.0053	1058
5.....	2.98	1.74	.0042	1031
Av.....	2.98	1.79	.0048	1043

1½oz. No. 4 shot, 194 pellets.

1.....	2.87	1.74	.0042	1051
2.....	3.03	1.74	.0044	1051
3.....	3.46	1.74	.0042	1031
4.....	2.73	1.74	.0046	1053
5.....	2.81	1.74	.0044	1038
Av.....	2.98	1.74	.0044	1045

1½oz. No. 3 shot, 158 pellets.

1.....	2.98	1.74	.0039	1046
2.....	2.75	1.74	.0051	1069
3.....	2.87	1.74	.0044	1075
4.....	3.35	1.74	.0049	1070
5.....	2.92	1.74	.0036	1030
Av.....	2.97	1.74	.0044	1058

The most striking fact of the whole table of experiments is the remarkable conformity one with another of the individual records in each series, the mean deviation from the average worked out being most insignificant. At any rate, it is fairly obvious that the average values obtained from each of the five groups of shots may be accepted as typical of the conditions that prevailed. In order, however, to have an additional check upon our readings of velocity, we fired a further twenty-five cartridges from a shoulder gun. The results obtained therewith were as follows:

VELOCITIES IN FEET PER SECOND OBTAINED OVER 20 YARDS FROM CHOKE BARREL OF SHOULDER GUN.

	Size of Shot in Cartridges.			
	7	6	5	4
1.....	1052	1048	1026	1052
2.....	1028	1058	1046	1058
3.....	1054	1028	1050	1036
4.....	1050	1050	1051	1028
5.....	1050	1034	1043	1024
Av.....	1049	1044	1043	1046

Attention may again be called to the extreme regularity of the velocities registered, the averages once more representing, not the mean of extremes, but the characteristic action of each five cartridges tried. So as to facilitate a general examination of the results obtained from the whole series of fifty shots, we have summarized the various averages in the following table:

SUMMARY OF RESULTS WITH CARTRIDGES CONTAINING DIFFERENT SIZES OF SHOT.

Cartridges loaded with	Pressure in tons per square inch.		Velocity over 20yds. in feet per second.	
	At lin.	At 6in.	From Proof Barrel.	From Sh'der Gun.
No. 7 shot.....	3.10	1.80	1019	1019
No. 6 shot.....	3.05	1.85	1021	1049
No. 5 shot.....	2.98	1.79	1043	1043
No. 4 shot.....	2.98	1.74	1045	1046
No. 3 shot.....	2.97	1.74	1058	1056

It is commonly recognized that the larger sizes of shot must necessarily have a superior striking power to that of the smaller sizes, and one would suppose that this superiority would at least be manifest to some extent when measuring the 20yds. velocity for such extreme sizes as 7 and 4. Yet the fact remains that while with our proof barrel sizes 6 and 7 show somewhat lower velocities than sizes 3, 4 and 5, on the other hand, with the shoulder gun the entire series of velocities seem to conform to a monotonous dead level. Examining the results obtained with shot sizes 6 and 7, it will be noticed that the pressures were greater than those obtained with the larger sizes. This may be accounted for by the fact that with small sizes of shot there are a greater number of surfaces of contact with the cartridge case. These and other conditions go to increase the amount of friction set up in the expulsion of the charge from the cartridge. The resistance being greater, the gas pressure is also more considerable. The increased rate of burning during the initial movement of the shot as a rule leads to a more complete combustion of the powder charge. This is shown by the increased pressure at the 6in. plug, the assumption being that powder which is not resolved into gas by the time the shot has reached this distance will pass out of the barrel in the form of unburnt residue.

While a limited number of experiments, like those under consideration, cannot be accepted as entirely conclusive, they may be none the less valuable as illustrating general principles. The principle here evolved is that, while small shot has a tendency to part rapidly with its velocity in passing down the range, this tendency is to some extent compensated for by the fact that the greater confinement in the cartridge leads to the production of a greater gas pressure, and therefore a greater initial velocity. With our proof barrel, which gives a pattern but little superior to

that of an ordinary cylinder gun, the net result of these two opposing influences seems to be that a loss of velocity over 20yds. was registered with 6 and 7 shot, but with sizes 4 and 5 the results were about alike, whereas with No. 3 shot a slight increase was manifest. Our shoulder gun, on the other hand, contains an exceedingly well-bored choke barrel. The closeness of flight of the column of shot, whereby it travels for a greater distance, as a compact body, would thus tend to minimize the effects of the varied driving power of the different sizes of pellet. At any rate, we have to face the fact that with a range of sizes of shot varying from No. 4 to 7 inclusive, the differences of velocity experienced were absolutely immaterial. With No. 3 shot an insignificant 10ft. of extra velocity was admittedly recorded; but even so, the firing results from the shoulder gun were such as to suggest that, whatever may have been the striking velocities of the different sizes of shot used, the measurement of mean velocity over 20yds. does not sufficiently indicate their relative differences.

Attention may be called, in passing, to the incidental advantage which this range thus affords for dealing with the general behavior of cartridges, the size of shot used not appearing to affect the characteristic 20yds. velocity shown by the powder. Furthermore, it is clear that the system of loading recently advocated in these columns adapts itself very well to the obtaining of standard results from a large variety of shot sizes. While, however, the 20yds. test of velocity is shown by these experiments to be a very useful means of judging the general behavior of a cartridge, it is not in itself sufficient to accentuate the distinctions that must necessarily exist between the action of one size of shot and another. We must, of course, assume that, even though the records of mean velocity up the range with the shoulder gun were practically uniform, the actual muzzle and striking velocity in each group of shots must have been markedly different, the small sizes of shot displaying a tendency to leave the muzzle at a high velocity and strike the target at a low velocity, whereas with the larger sizes, the muzzle velocity might be somewhat less and the striking velocity somewhat more.

This line of reasoning confirms the advisability of measuring actual muzzle and actual striking velocities when distinguishing between the behavior of different sizes of shot. Admittedly the average velocity over a considerable distance, such as 40yds., would bring into greater prominence the superior ranging power of the larger sizes of pellet; but the result would not be so satisfactory as if the velocity at each end of the range adopted were accurately observed. Further experiments should display in a more marked manner than at present the characteristics of the different sizes of shot which sportsmen favor according to their fancy or the results of their observation.—The Field, London.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Franklin Gun Club.

Franklin Furnace, N. J., Oct. 24.—Three events were shot, two at 15 and one at 10 targets. The scores in the events were: John Williams 10, 13, 7; Fred Suthard 8, 7; Ander Wright 8, 7, 8; Will Papé 8, 8; Frank Kishbaugh, 7, 7.

Pattensburg Gun Club.

Pattensburg, N. J., Oct. 24.—A very interesting shoot was held on our grounds to-day by some of our god reliable boys who always stick to the club and take interest in the shoots, with a good attendance from neighboring clubs and near-by towns, who took equal shares in the sport. The welcome visitors were from the following places: North Branch, Jersey City, Easton, Little York, Frenchtown and Bloomsbury. The main event was No. 5, for a hammerless gun. There were twelve entries. The result was three ties, and a shoot-off at 25 targets resulted in H. Heaney's favor by 2 targets. There was excellent nerve and courage in the shoot-off, and we must say we give all contestants credit for the good scores made under the unfavorable circumstances. The ties were shot off from three traps, known angles and known traps. It was almost too dark to see a target when thrown. The trade was represented by Mr. H. Overbaugh and E. G. Ritter.

Events:	Targets:			
	1	2	3	4
M Ruple.....	10	10	10	10
R Heaney.....	10	8	10	10
H Gano.....	10	7	10	9
C W Bonnell.....	8	8	6	7
N E Dunning.....	7	7	7	5
O Stamets.....	4	6	7	6
A E Holbrook.....	8	5	7	..

C. W. BONNELL, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAP.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Oct. 31.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the seventh and last shoot of the last series, and closes the shooting on our grounds until next spring.

T. W. Eaton won Class A trophy on 23. No Class B men on the grounds. Class C was won by Chesterman on 18. In the cup shoot, which followed, Dr. Meek was high, on 23 out of 15 singles and 5 pairs.

The day was a fine one for trapshooting. Attendance only fair, only fourteen shooters showing up for the occasion:

Trophy shoot:	
Thomas.....	10110111111001111111011-20
Dr Meek.....	11111111111011101111011-22
F Wolff.....	1110011111111001111011-20
Ford.....	0111011011111011111011-19
Eaton.....	0111111111101111111111-23
Stone.....	10010110011110011110100-15
McDonald.....	1001011011101111111111-21
L Wolff.....	10011011101000100100111-14
C J Wolff.....	01010110001010111111101-17
Chesterman.....	11010110101001111111011-18

Cup shoot, 15 singles, 5 pairs:	
Thomas.....	111100111111100
Dr Meek.....	111111111111111
F Wolff.....	11110111101011
Ford.....	11000110111111
Eaton.....	01111111011001
Stone.....	11100011110011
McDonald.....	11110101010111
C J Wolff.....	10111000101011
Chesterman.....	00100011111111

Other events:	
Thomas.....	10 8 9 8 10 8
Dr Meek.....	10 8 8 9 9 6
F Wolff.....	9 10 7 7 9 9
Stone.....	6 7 7 7 7 8
McDonald.....	9 .. 9 9 8 9
L Wolff.....	6 .. 4
Chesterman.....	6 5 8

"Your Majesty," said the grand vizier over the telephone, "is it proper to say the Balkans is or the Balkans are?"
"I say," thundered the Sultan, "the Balkans be—"
The telephone clicked just then.

Fremont Gun Club.

FREMONT, Ind., Oct. 28.—The gun club tournament held here yesterday, the 27th, was well attended, and was a success. The day was bright, but a cold, northwest wind prevailed, making high scores difficult. The management had arranged so that all were cared for and made comfortable as possible.

Visitors and club members enjoyed the day. All were well pleased with this our first tournament.

The closing event of the day was the mercantile shoot. Prizes to the amount of about \$100 were shot for; 25 targets, 50 cents entrance, thirty-four participants. Handicap, \$4 added to each event; all were 10-target events; moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Smoke.....	9	8	10	10	9	10	9	8	8	9	9	9	10	8	8
Steel.....	10	9	9	8	8	9	7	10	7	8	9	10	9	7	8
Streeter.....	8	7	5	8	7	6	5	7	6	7	6	8	6	7	8
Morrell.....	9	9	8	8	6	6	6	9	6	10	8	9	7	7	6
Gleason.....	9	8	8	..	7	6	7	6	9	8	8	10	8	8	9
Shepardson.....	10	8	9	9	8	8	10	7	9	8	8	7	8	9	9
Haverstock.....	8	7	8	8	7	8	7	6	10	7	7	7	5	4	6
Miller.....	8	9	10	7	9	8	10	9	10	10	9	9	10	10	8
Tarney.....	9	7	9	10	8	9	10	5	10	8	8	9	8	10	7
Reed.....	5	8	6	9
Lint.....	7	7	8	8	9	6	9	6	7	5	4
Soles.....	10	6	10	7	9	7	9	7	9	7	8	8	8	8	7
Davis.....	7	5	6	4	2	5	7	3	5	6	6	6	5
Richard.....	6	8	4	9	8	6	6	7	6	6	8	7	7	8	10
McKeenhen.....	4	2
Cobb.....	1	2
Albright.....	3	3
Rautz.....	3	2
Lewis.....
Scott.....
Stewart.....

JESSE LINT, Sec'y.

Rohrer Island Gun Club.

DAYTON, O.—In the club shoot on Oct. 28, Ballman, Kettle, Hales, Achey and Scharf tied on 26. In the first shoot-off at 12 targets, Kettle and Scharf dropped out. The second shoot-off at 5 targets resulted in a tie on 5 straight between Achey and Ballman. In the last shoot-off Achey won the medal by breaking 5 straight, Ballman 3.

Club medal shoot:

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
J A Achey.....	32 25	J Hohm.....	31 24
C Ballman.....	32 27	J Scharf.....	35 25
H Hales.....	35 25	Wm Dennick.....	35 21
P Hanauer.....	27 19	J Theobald.....	35 30
W E Kette.....	35 26		

Rifle Range and Gallery.

National Rifle Range.

THE following was recently published in the Duluth, Minn., Tribune:

Friends of the movement to establish a national rifle range in this city, most of whom are militiamen, have received information that a special committee appointed by the War Department has been instructed to visit the several available points throughout the country and select the most desirable one for the range. It is understood that the committee will act this fall. The military men regard this committee matter as important, as it shows the Department's attitude, they say, toward the great need of a fixed locality where the best volunteer militia talent in shooting can be encouraged and developed. The Duluth soldiers take it to mean that the range will be established in the West, since the East has an ideal one at Sea Girt, N. J. Another reason for thus believing is that the Western entries in the sharpshooting at Sea Girt have always been light, compared with those from the East, which is explained by the inaccessibility of the location to Western riflemen. The plan to run up an artificial sand peninsula at angles with Minnesota point about three miles southward has been urged by Duluth militiamen as being the best that could be offered by this city. Major Resche has taken a keen interest in the matter, and has been endeavoring to get it into presentable form for use in case the War Department committee visits Duluth on its inspection tour. He advances as reasons for urging Duluth's claims and the point location that the city is within easy reach of all the middle West. That the direction of the wind would always be known and therefore much better records could be made. Its absolute safety also would commend it, he says, to the public.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Oct. 24.—To-day's shooting was as good as could be expected, considering the weather; it was clear, but cold. The attendance was small. Scores:

J G German.....	79 78 78-235	J Almeda.....	71 66 63-200
J Stidham.....	77 71 68-216	John Bacon.....	67 66 64-197
A Mount.....	76 70 67-213	*W Jordan.....	27

*Visitor. CABIA BLANCO.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The magnitude of a big theatrical enterprise like the seven theatres comprising F. F. Proctor's circuit, is well illustrated by some facts and figures connected with those prosperous and popular playhouses. In these seven theatres there are employed weekly nearly 150 stage hands, property men, scene painters, assistants, etc.; over 100 musicians; over 400 attendants "in front," such as officers, ushers, matrons, porters, cleaners, superintendents, ticket sellers, etc.; 30 local managers, assistant managers, press agents, typewriters, telephone clerks, etc., and about 300 actors, including the stock companies, vaudeville performers, etc. In all, nearly 1,000 wage earners draw weekly stipends from the Proctor treasury.

The offer to lease the hunting and fishing privileges on Mr. G. W. Vanderbilt's famous preserve, at Biltmore, N. C., is likely to prove of interest to many well-to-do sportsmen. These preserves offer trout fishing on about 3,000 miles of stream, and all the game native to North Carolina, besides the introduced wild boars. The region is elevated, and the preserve includes nearly 200 square miles of territory. In this great area are a number of houses, cabins and camps, and with the lease would go the use of the private depot at the so-called Pisgah Forest station, together with the services of the rangers, employed for the protection of the territory.

The new catalogue of the Ithaca Gun Company, of Ithaca, N. Y., is beautifully illustrated, and it abounds with pertinent information concerning their famous products. It contains a full list of prices, descriptions of the Ithaca guns in detail, and as a whole, testimonials from eminent sportsmen, and it is sent free to those who apply for it as per the address given above.

At Chattanooga, Sept. 16 to 19, Mr. W. H. Heer was high average. Mr. McDowell, an amateur, at Adair, Ia., Sept. 25, took high average, with 92 per cent. Col. J. T. Anthony, at Bristol, Tenn., Oct. 6, broke 159 out of 170, or 93½ per cent. At Prairie Grove, Ia., Mr. O. N. Ford, an amateur, broke 418 out of 445, 94 per cent. All used U. M. C. shells.

Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, of New York, were recently the recipients of a letter from F. Schorer, Galveston, Tex., in which he stated that two cans of green Walsrode powder, which passed through the great storm of 1900, were O.K., though the cans were rusted to pieces.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE Christmas Number of the FOREST AND STREAM will be the regular issue of December 5. It will be enlarged and handsomely illustrated, and the cover will be printed in colors. The price will be 25 cents. Order from your newsdealer in advance.

The pictorial features of the Christmas FOREST AND STREAM will be of exceptional interest and value. The number will be among the handsomest publications of the season.

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

WE shall begin in our issue of November 21 Raymond S. Spears' story of the expedition "Down the Mississippi" which he has undertaken at the instance of FOREST AND STREAM and for the benefit of its readers. Those who followed Mr. Spears in his "Walk Down South" require no assurance that in the new serial they have a rich treat in store. The chapters will be among the many good things to appear in the forthcoming issues of this journal.

BIRD COLLECTING PERMITS.

THE excellent bird protective law modeled by the A. O. U. Committee on Bird Protection has been adopted by a very large number of the States of the Union. The general excellence of this law is quite universally acknowledged. Enforced, it protects the birds, and its definition of orders, families, and so on, make quite clear what birds may, and what may not, be killed.

One of the provisions of the bill declares that any one who wishes to obtain a permit to collect non-game birds for scientific purposes, besides paying a fee for the permit, must furnish a bond to the amount of \$200.

The provision as to the bond was not hastily determined on, but was the result of careful thought. It was made a part of the bill by ornithologists, and of course not with any desire to work hardship to actual workers in that science. Its purpose was clearly to make the securing of a permit difficult and expensive for the multitude of young men and boys who fancy that they are ornithologists, but who in fact are merely collectors, who destroy birds and gather together their skins, much as other boys and men collect old postage stamps.

The destruction of birds by such collectors was very great, and it was proper that it should be stopped. The true ornithologist will kill what specimen he needs, and no more. He may be wholly trusted. He needs no permit. But a State official knowing nothing of birds or of ornithology cannot possibly distinguish the real ornithologist from the false, and cannot be expected to exercise discretion in the issue of permits. He must be bound by a statute.

For some time a feeling has existed among some ornithologists that the provision of the A. O. U. law which calls for a bond is a hardship to scientific men, and this sentiment is voiced in the September-October number of the Condor, in which the editor, Mr. Walter K. Fisher, urges that the bond provision be stricken from the law. It is urged that the various provisions which hedge about the issuing of the permit make it almost impossible in certain States to secure one. In New Jersey, for example, an overzealous game warden has declined to issue any permits, although the law provides for their issue. In Vermont only a very small number of permits may be issued in one year, while in Virginia there is no provision for granting a permit, and any one collecting there necessarily breaks the law.

Again, it is not pleasant to ask a friend or acquaintance to go on your bond, and the various guarantee and security companies charge from \$5 to \$10 for giving a bond. We learned recently of a case where it took six

weeks with an expenditure of \$8.50 to obtain a permit, and by the time it had been secured the man's opportunity for collecting was over.

Mr. Fisher's plea for the abolition of the bond provision of the A. O. U. law is a strong one, but there is much to be said on the other side.

It has been the experience of the A. O. U. Bird Protection Committee, when endeavoring to pass the model law, in any State where there has never been bird protection, that opposition has been made to the scientific collection clause. The ordinary citizen is unable to understand why he should be deprived of the privilege of shooting birds while it is granted to another person who also wishes to shoot birds—but for scientific purposes. It is the belief of that committee that unless the provision to grant a permit for scientific collecting is hedged about by special restrictions, there will be more cases like that of Virginia, where the permit provision will be omitted from the law.

There have in the past been many persons who collected birds for the purpose of selling the skins, or for purposes of barter and exchange. For these men severe restrictions are needed.

THE BLOOMING GROVE PARK CHARTER.

WHEN the topic of game preserves was under discussion in our columns recently, Mr. Charles Hallock contributed a note saying that the Blooming Grove Park Association had established pleasant relations with the dwellers of the vicinity of its preserve in Pike county, Pa., by giving them employment in various capacities on the preserve. It is well known that while this policy of peace and conciliation worked to the satisfaction of all concerned in the beginning, there subsequently developed much friction between the club and the people of the region; and the club sought to protect its privileges less by the promotion of good feeling and more by the application of the powers vested in it by the charter.

The charter was granted in 1871 to an association of sportsmen who set forth in their preamble that they desired to establish in Pike county, Pa., certain tracts of land as a park for preserving and propagating the different varieties of game animals, birds, and fish, both of Europe and America, and preventing their extinction, and to supply the same for propagation to different sections of our country. To accomplish this it was represented that for the full success of the enterprise the association should make and enforce its own game laws as to the time and manner of taking game and fish. One provision of the charter accordingly read: "It may make its own game laws through its board of directors, and may add to, repeal, or change the same from time to time." It was further empowered to select from among its game keepers special ones who should have the right and authority of deputy sheriff or constables, and it was made the duty of the sheriffs of Pike and Monroe counties to deputize these game keepers.

An elaborate system of penalties was provided for shooting or fishing or for simple trespass on the property of the association, the penalties for trespass running from \$10 to \$60 in the discretion of the magistrate, and from \$30 to \$60 for possession of fishing tackle or guns upon the property. For killing game and taking fish the penalties ran from \$40 to \$300, with imprisonment as an alternative in default of payment. And there were other provisions, looking to the severe punishment of trespassers by increasing the sums forfeited for the possession of game and fish. Added rigor was secured by a section which read:

The laws of the State relating to fish or wild animals shall not be applicable to any of the territory owned or hired by said corporation or over which it shall acquire the right to kill or take game or fish; except that any person not licensed or authorized by said corporation to take game or fish within the aforesaid boundaries, who shall take, shoot or hunt game, or catch fish within its boundaries, contrary to the game laws of this State, shall be liable to the penalties provided by said laws in addition to the penalties herein provided.

The opinion has more than once been expressed by lawyers that if the Blooming Grove Park charter should ever be taken into court it would be held to be unconstitutional. This has now been done.

In 1900 Charles Hazen, of Pike county, was arrested by one of the park constables and charged with having killed a deer on the Blooming Grove Park territory. He was summarily convicted by a magistrate under the provisions of the charter and was fined. In default of pay-

ment he was committed to jail, the right of trial by jury being denied him. Hazen appealed to the Court of Quarter Sessions, which held that his conviction was void, because the charter was unconstitutional. The opinion was written by Judge George S. Purdy. The association carried the case to the Superior Court, and Judge Purdy's decision was reversed. Then Hazen went to the Supreme Court, which, Justice Dean writing the decision, upholds Judge Purdy, and declares the conviction of Hazen illegal, and the association's charter null and void because unconstitutional.

THE REAL DOG DAYS.

THE real dog days of the year are the days of the open season, when the beautiful game birds and animals, so strong, so swift of flight, and so resourceful in strategy, may be taken into possession legally if the sportsman have the requisite skill to take them in a sportsmanlike manner at all.

This is the season when the hound, the setter or the pointer, is annually in the ascendant. Those dogs are now the stars of the hunting world.

In the minds of all true sportsmen, setters and pointers and hounds now hold exalted associations with the game birds and animals. From the shadowy nooks in man's memory they spring forth to the foremost places.

In this sportsmen's annual season every dog may have his day, and if he be a good dog, faithful, skillful and enduring, he may have a day or several days additional. Dog days, as a whole, are good days.

These are the days in which the hunting dog is pampered with the best of foods, the gentlest of caresses, the most affectionate of glances, the coziest of sleeping quarters. He holds now a constant exalted place in his master's conversations at home and abroad. So enthralling is the subject that it is almost as great a pleasure to listen as it is to talk. And note the capabilities to expand! The merits of the dog which at first required but one hour to recount, are elegantly elaborated by repetition till a half day or even a whole day is none too much time in which to present the favorite's past performances, wonderful intelligence, present abilities and princely ancestry. Hours are all too short when such useful information is so disinterestedly presented to the hearers. The dog, then, by virtue of his master's affection and attention, is brought out of the unmerited obscurity of months, a pleasure to his master and a blessing to his master's friends. The dog justly holds a leading place then in his master's affairs, and the master in turn takes a leading place in his friends' affairs, with the dog as a theme. This is the season when the dog enjoys truly great days.

Nor is the sudden spasm of appreciation confined wholly in application to the dog. The owners, too, who have spare dogs or spare guns, present or prospective, find themselves better remembered by sportsmen friends in the open season than in the close season, and thus benignantly participate in the revival. Such owners will frequently find themselves pleasantly removed from the obscure nooks of memory to the most forward and esteemed places of friendly attention, as is proper when one is the subject of purposes concerning guns and dogs loanable, or shooting invitations obtainable. Thus the opening of the shooting season restores many neglected dormant friendships which otherwise might be lost forever.

It is not entirely an untenable hypothesis that, on the one hand, as between the man who is unconsciously attentive with an ulterior friendly purpose to borrow a dog or gun, and, on the other, the man who is eagerly intent on decoying a friend into some verbal ambush in which he is forced to listen to a three-hour eulogy about the pointer or setter, Dash or Carlo, there is an equality of merit, all unappreciated by the unfortunate few who have not the enthusiasm of the true sportsman. In the sum total there is a certain equity established between the sportsmen of enthusiastic sentiment and the sportsmen of enthusiastic materialism.

And yet, when freed from the ego, which makes a dog better than all other dogs on earth because he is owned by the owner, a three-hour story may be of real interest to every one. But a story and a eulogy may be distinctly different in the matter of friendly or public interest.

And yet the real dog days for the dog are the days when the friends of his master are entertained with tales of him which never cease.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Lodges of the Blackfeet.

MAN seems to be the only animal that is subject to the decrees of fashion. His clothing, his food, his furniture, and his dwelling change in appearance—if not from year to year, at least from decade to decade, or from century to century. Nor is this—as at first might be thought—a mere refinement of civilization. It is not only the fashionable man or woman, dwelling in cities, anxious to be up with the times and sensitive to criticism by fellow beings, that changes; primitive man also, though his fashions change more slowly, nevertheless alters the way in which he wears his hair, the appearance of his clothing, the shelters which protect him from the weather.

Among primitive man in America a form of dwelling long used is swiftly passing out of existence. The Indian lodge or teepee—the highest development of tent known to our aborigines—is disappearing, and for a very good reason. The lodge cannot be set up without a considerable number of lodge poles, and in these days lodge poles are hard to get. The lodge of ancient times, made from buffalo skins, and when the people were free to travel where they pleased over the prairie, was most useful, but now the buffalo skin is no longer to be had, canvas can only be bought for money, and in place of using the great amount of canvas needed for a lodge and sixteen or eighteen poles, the Indian is coming to live in a wall tent, which takes less canvas and far less weight of wood. Even among the least advanced tribes, therefore, the lodge is disappearing, and the wall tent is taking its place.

The old time skin lodges of the various prairie tribes have often been described, but the detail of the manufacture and much of the meaning of their ornamentation has never been printed, so far as I know. With the purpose of setting down some of these matters not generally known, I some time ago contributed to the American Anthropologist an article on the lodges of the Blackfeet. It is to the courtesy of Mr. F. W. Hodge, the Editor of that Journal, that I owe the permission to print here the same matter with some additions and with the illustrations used in the Anthropologist.

The old-time lodges of the Blackfeet were made always of an even number of skins—eight, twelve, fourteen, sixteen, twenty, and sometimes even thirty, thirty-two, thirty-four, or thirty-eight skins. The very large lodges were unusual. They commonly contained two or more fires, as described in my "Blackfoot Lodge Tales" (p. 187). Such a lodge was a load too heavy for one horse to carry; it was therefore in two pieces, pinned in the front in the usual way by skewers running from the top of the door up to the smoke-hole, and, in later times, buttoned up the back with the old Hudson Bay brass buttons. Probably at an earlier date the lodge was pinned together at the back as at the front.

Lodges were made in the spring or early summer, and for this purpose the hides of the buffalo cow only were used. A lodge in constant use did not commonly last more than a year. Holes were worn in it in packing: an ill-trimmed lodge-pole might wear other holes. The frequent wetting and drying of the sinew caused the seams to open, and while the woman resewed them and put patches over each hole that appeared in the covering, it was likely, when the heavy spring rains came on, to leak badly and so to be uncomfortable. When this point was reached, the woman began to think of making a new lodge, and notified her husband that skins were required for a new lodge-covering.

From the hides brought in by her husband, the woman carefully selected and laid aside those best adapted for a lodge-covering, and tanned them with special reference to the use to which they were to be put. She took pains also to save all the best sinews from the backs of the buffalo, taking off the straps in ribbons as long as possible—sometimes three or four feet in length.

When she had tanned the required number of skins, collected all the sinews needed, and prepared the necessary awls, the woman talked over the matter with her husband, and, having shown him that all was ready for the making of the lodge, he advised her to proceed. Meantime it was generally known through the camp that such and such a woman was preparing to make a new lodge. She now prepared a considerable supply of food, chief among which were kettles of boiled sarvis berries, and requested some old man to invite certain women to eat with her. The invitation was conveyed to the women early in the morning, and they were expected to come at once.

After the guests had come to the lodge and had eaten, the woman spoke to them, saying: "Friends, I am going to make a lodge. My skins and sinews and awls are ready, and now I wish for help to make the lodge." When they accepted the invitation, the women understood what it meant, and by accepting it they agreed to assist the lodge-maker. No direct reply to her speech, therefore, was needed or expected. After she had told them her wishes, she opened her bundles of sinews and distributed them among the women, each of whom carried a package away with her. It was the business of each to split the sinews she had taken to make thread for sewing the lodge-skins. The thread was made by splitting the sinew with the fingernail, wetting half the length of the strand in the mouth, twisting the end with the fingers so as to point it, and then, holding that end in the mouth, rolling the wet sinew between the palms of the hands for about half the length of the strand—sometimes two feet. The untwisted part was merely knotted at the end.

The next morning another group of women were invited to eat, as before. These were the sewers, and with them was called one known to be a good fashioner of lodges, who should be the cutter and designer. She carried the pattern of the lodge in her mind, and was guided only by her judgment. Like the thread-makers, these women came to the lodge in the early morning. After they had eaten, and the hostess had told them what she wished, the women began to rise and to leave the lodge. All around the border of the lodge, close up against the lining (and so immediately behind the people, who were sitting on the beds), were bundles of tanned skins—two or three tied up in a roll together. As the women went

out, one by one, each picked up one of these bundles and carried it out with her. At a short distance from the lodge they stopped, untied their rolls of skins and spread them on the ground together, edge to edge, so as to cover an irregular square, and then sat down about them in a circle. Then the old crier called out for the thread-makers to bring the thread, and soon the women to whom the sinews had been given were seen coming, each bringing her bundle of thread which she placed on the hides just within the circle of the women, so that a bundle lay before each one.

Now, the old woman to whom the designing was entrusted arranged the skins on the ground to the best advantage, cut off a piece here, another there, indicated where a gap should be filled up by a patch, and then set the sewers to work. Each had been provided with her awl and thread, and they worked fast. The designer superintended the making, seeing that the half-circle was true and of the right length, that the various tapers were properly drawn and were the same on each side, and that the ears and the front-pieces were properly put on. All the other women sewed under her direction, and obeyed whatever orders she gave. From time to time food was carried out to the sewers, who stopped to eat as they felt inclined. The sewing was usually finished in a day.

The string or strap at the top and back of the lodge, by which the lodge-covering was tied to the back pole, required special treatment. It is by means of this back pole that the covering is raised so as to go about the framework. It was important that this piece of leather



I.—THUNDER-BIRD LODGE.

should be sewed to the lodge-covering by a woman particularly chosen, for, if it were sewed by a woman of jealous or quarrelsome disposition, the lodge would always be smoky, whether or not there was wind. So a good-natured woman, one of cheerful disposition, was always chosen for the task of sewing on this piece.

When the women had finished sewing the lodge, they at once set it up and pinned down the sides close to the ground, put on a door, and closed the smoke-hole as nearly as possible. A fire was then started in it, and sagebrush thrown on the fire to make a thick smoke. This was done in order that the lodge-skins might be thoroughly smoked, so that they would never get hard when wet.

In putting up the lodge, the Blackfeet tie four poles together, and the remaining poles rest on the crotches of these four. The butts of the four tied poles are not set on the ground in a square with equal sides, but in a rectangle whose sides are longer than the front and back. The front of this rectangle faces east, while the back is to the west and the two long sides are on the north and the south. The remaining poles lean against the crotches of these four in a rough circle, much smaller than the circumference of the lodge is finally to be, and the lodge-covering is tied to the back pole, which is the last one put up. When the lodge-covering is put on, it is drawn about the frame until the borders meet in front of the lodge, and then a woman, mounting on a travois as a ladder, pins these borders together, using from fifteen to twenty-five slender skewers about the size and shape of the wooden skewers used by butchers. Other women now go inside and move the butts of the poles outward, so that the lodge shall be properly stretched. But the lodge may have to be used for some little time before it is thoroughly stretched and so tight that there is no danger of its leaking anywhere.

Often a new lodge-covering is put over poles that have been in use for years, but if new poles are to be made, these are chopped by the man and his wife on the edge of the mountains and brought into camp. A good-sized lodge requires twenty poles; a very large one, thirty. Obviously, the greater the number of the poles, the better a well-made lodge will be stretched, the tighter it will be, and the longer it will last. Some tribes use a greater number of poles than others, and those who use the most, commonly have the best lodges. When the new poles have been brought to camp, rough and with the bark and the stubs of the branches still on them, women are invited to eat stewed berries, and, after they have eaten, the hostess asks her guests to help her peel and trim the poles, and this work is commonly finished in one day.

If, for any reason, a lodge is persistently smoky, the Piegiens are likely to shoot a blunt-headed arrow up into the smoke-hole trying to hit the poles where they come together. This is supposed to remedy the trouble.

In old times the Piegiens, when camp was made, used often to spread a buffalo-robe over the diverging lodge-poles above the smoke-hole; it was tied to one, two, or three of the poles. This brought them good luck, so that

if enemies attacked the camp nobody would be hurt. It also made them light and active in their bodies, able to get about quickly, and to escape danger. It was an old custom, for which no reason can now be given.

The Piegiens know the lodges of the Crows at a distance, because of the shortness of the lodge-poles. This gives the lodge a "cut-off" appearance, quite different from the lodges of the Blackfeet, of which the poles extend from four to six feet above the top of the lodge.

Besides this, the wings of the Crow lodges have pockets into which the poles fit, whereas the Blackfeet wings have eyelets in the tips through which the poles pass, and often, if the poles which support the wings are slender, little twigs are lashed across them near the ends to prevent them from passing too far through the eyelet.

No lodge—at least no properly made lodge—is actually conical in shape. All are more nearly vertical at the back than at the front. The backs of the lodges of many mountain tribes seem very straight—almost at right angles to the ground—while the slope at the front is long and gentle. The difference has relation to the stability of the lodge. The lodge is always pitched back to windward, and the inclined poles in front resist the force of the wind, so that the lodge cannot be blown over.

At the last Medicine lodge of the Piegan Blackfeet, I learned the history of a few of the painted lodges. It is to be understood that the painting on each lodge is the special property of the lodge owner, and can be used only by him unless he sells his right to it to another individual, in which case the buyer has the sole right to the design and to any "medicine" or mysterious power which may accompany it. In a majority of cases the designs or the medicine which belongs to them, or both, have come to the original painter of the lodge through a dream, and where this is the case, it is commonly indicated by the butterfly (*a-pun-ni*) cross at the back of the lodge, immediately below the smoke-hole. I have already called attention to this sign and to its meaning.

Among the lodges seen that summer was one known as the Thunder-bird lodge, in the erection of which a special ceremony must be observed. The reason for setting it up on this occasion was that a certain young man believed that he detected in the sky the signs of a storm, and, filling the pipe, took it to Iron Pipe, the owner of the Thunder-bird lodge. The young man told Iron Pipe that he wished to have fine weather during the Medicine lodge, and offered him the pipe. Iron Pipe accepted it, smoked, and began to pray. The putting up of the Thunder-bird lodge, and the ceremonies which attend it, always cause a storm to cease if one has begun, and insure fair weather. Before it is put up a sweat-house must be built—the lodge-covering of the Thunder-bird lodge being used to cover the sweat-house—into which the lodge-owner goes, takes a sweat, and prays. After this he paints his forehead and the backs of his hands yellow, and a small blue spot on each temple. His women who erect the lodge can do the work only if painted with yellow paint on the forehead.

While the women were bringing the lodge-covering from the sweat-house, where it had just been used, Iron Pipe himself was engaged in painting the back pole bright blue, and in tying a bunch of bells on the end of it. The lodge-covering doubled once was now placed on the ground just behind where the lodge was to stand; a lodge-pole was laid on it, and the distance measured from the base of the lodge-covering to the top of the smoke-hole. Another pole was measured along the other border of the lodge. After it had received its painting, the blue-painted back pole was not placed on the ground, but was rested on a tripod, the butt pointing toward the south and the raised point toward the north. The four poles, tied together at the points measured on two of them were set up as already described. But in this case, the tying not being altogether satisfactory, one of the younger women proposed that they should be taken down and a guy-rope attached to them.

"No," said another older woman, "now it is up, it cannot come down."

When the lodge had been erected, it was seen that it was blue in color—it being of canvas—darkest above and pale near the ground. It was supposed to have been all one shade of blue, which represents the sky. At the back of the lodge, low down toward the ground, was painted a yellow disk nearly two feet in diameter. The northern half of this disk was dotted with small blue spots which represent hail; the southern side was plain yellow, meaning rain. The idea is, that before the rain reaches the ground it has turned—on the northern half of the circle—into hail. Above the middle of the yellow disk was the Thunder-bird sketched in blue, with outspread wings and with a zigzag line—a lightning flash—running upward from its head (Fig. 1). A drum painted in a similar manner went with the lodge, and was hung on a tripod immediately behind it. No man on foot or on horseback, and no wagon may pass between the back of the lodge and the tripod on which the drum hangs. No noise must be made near the lodge, and the lodge owner would not consent to have his lodge photographed.

On this occasion, when the lodge had been erected, the threatening storm passed away and the weather became clear again.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Death of Theodore M. Schlick.

THEODORE M. SCHLICK, whose illness has been a matter of concern to his many friends for several months, died at his home on Leonard street last Saturday morning at ten o'clock, aged 38 years. Theodore Schlick was by trade a printer, and a most excellent one, too, but by nature he was a naturalist of the most pronounced type. The woods, the fields, the glens, the streams, were as an open book to him, and to stroll forth among them was his greatest delight. Every bird note was as familiar to him as the voice of a friend, and no little wayside plant was too humble or obscure for him to name. To ramble with him was a revelation; like Thoreau, he knew instinctively where to look for the hidden in nature, and to hear him discuss the beauty of a wild flower or the note of a rare bird was something to remember. There are rare trees in this vicinity known only to him, that he visited periodically to note their growth, and hidden dells that sheltered rare plants that he would turn to as to old friends. The seasons were all delightful to him. In the

Natural History.

An Intelligent Cat.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you a cutting from the Manchester Mirror which may interest some of your readers who are studying animal intelligence, if you can find space for it. Some time since a correspondent, whose name I forget, gave us a "cat story," and promised more, for which I have been watching your columns, as I am now somewhat interested in "catology." I had the usual childish fondness for kittens when young myself, and this was somewhat revived forty years ago by that of my own children, one of whom had, I remember, a black kitten which he, for some forgotten reason, called his "Sunday cat."

My own tastes, as usual, were soon directed to horses and dogs, but an accident, while raising troops in 1861, disabled me forever for my favorite exercise in the saddle, and the wandering life of an engineer has prevented me from taking proper care of a dog, so that as I have quietly settled down in my armchair my attention has been accidentally drawn to cats.

It happened thus, two summers ago, when one of my little granddaughters was visiting me, a forlorn, half-starved yellow kitten wandered into the yard and appealed to her for comfort. She fed him, for which he seemed thankful, and he immediately attached himself to her, and took up his abode with us permanently.

He had evidently been some child's pet, although we never could find out where he came from, and soon made himself an important member of the family. He proved a good mouser, and paid close attention to the pantry and closets, and is a very clean and affectionate household pet. He is now a large cat, of a regular "lion tawny," with a white breast and white hind feet, and showing faint tiger markings of a darker buff, particularly in his tail and legs. The most remarkable thing about him is his fondness for a farinaceous or vegetable diet. He comes to my side at breakfast to beg for doughnut, which he eats most daintily from my fingers, and then goes over to Mrs. W. and finishes her saucer of oatmeal porridge for her, after she is satisfied. He likes Boston brown bread and baked beans, string beans from the garden, and is extravagantly fond of sweet corn, which he takes from my fingers, a kernel at a time; and after we have cut off the corn in the usual way, he will polish off all the cobs, steadying them with his paws while he licks them clean! He will not sleep in the house if he can help it, but prefers the barn, in which my landlord keeps two or three horses, and to which, I suppose, mice are attracted by the grain, as we sometimes see him playing with a mouse in the yard. One of the bitter nights last winter my daughter fixed a bed for him with a piece of old carpet in a basket, which he slept in one night, but the second night he got up, went upstairs to her bedroom, waked her up, and got her to come down and let him out, when he trotted off to the barn very happily.

He early showed a great friendship for me, and will lie on my knees by the hour, curling himself up into a ball, with both fore paws round my wrist, and his head buried in the palm of my hand, sometimes waking and challenging me to a frolic, by making believe to bite my fingers, and kicking my arm with his hind paws, while he holds the hand fast with his fore ones, and looking up at me in the most comical way. Altogether, he is quite a study, and his tastes for a vegetable diet are certainly not ordinary "cat instinct," though, as I have previously said, I do not believe in any line of demarcation from reason.

VON W.

From the Manchester Mirror.

"Mister McKinley" is a tiger-striped maltese cat who holds a place of honor in the household of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. P. Mace, of George street, West Manchester, and every one who has seen him agrees that he is one of the most remarkable cats in New Hampshire. He descended from an ordinary breed of house cats, but he has grown to phenomenal proportions, and to-day he tips the scales at twenty-six pounds. That is about four times the weight of an ordinary cat. People who have caught a glimpse of him in passing the house have often called to ask for a closer inspection, and many people who have heard of the remarkable feline have gone to the Mace home to see him. And every one has said they never saw or imagined his like before.

Mister is seven years old. Mr. Mace made a pet of him from the first, and he is well trained in a variety of tricks. He is as intelligent as he is large, and the family tell of numerous experiences that prove his cleverness. He seems to understand a great deal of what is said in his hearing, and Mrs. Mace tells of one trick that illustrated his faculty of understanding in an interesting way. The cat used to show a great fondness for lying on a certain bed in a chamber of the house, and gave Mrs. Mace considerable annoyance by spoiling the white spread. She allowed him to lie on the quilt beneath, but punished him several times for lying on the spread, and either from her words or actions Mister apparently discovered just what she objected to.

"It was a few days after I whipped him for lying on the spread," says Mrs. Mace, "when I chanced to go upstairs and found him lying on one corner of the bed. The spread was turned back from that particular corner and he was lying on the quilt. It was turned back so smoothly that I was sure some member of the family must have done it, but on questioning them I could find no one who had been in the chamber. Next day I found Mister lying in the same place with the spread turned back as before, and that time I was certain that the spread had been tucked down at every corner when he entered the room. We watched him then and discovered that it was Mister himself who turned back the spread. Just how he did it I can't say, as he would not do the trick while we were in sight. One day I fastened down the corners so that he could not move them and he succeeded in crawling in under the spread and was lying there hidden in the bed when I went in."

Mister will sit up on his haunches when directed, and

will hold out his paw to shake hands. When he wants to enter a room he will rise to his hind feet and rattle the door knob until admitted. Although he is so large that he looks clumsy, he is remarkably active and spry, and he is anything but lazy. Like most cats, he likes a daily nap, but he runs about a great deal more than ordinary cats of his age, and will come running when called as quickly as a kitten. He is a good hunter, too, and keeps the premises free of mice.

The big cat is very particular about his food. He lives entirely upon cooked meat and milk, and he will not touch raw meat. When he catches a rat or mouse, he will play with it for a time and leave it uneaten. He is fond of music, and it is a favorite trick of his to walk up and down the keys of the piano while he purrs loudly with pleasure at the sounds produced.

Timing the Flight of Birds.

In times past much speculation has been devoted to the speed at which birds fly, and very many estimates have been made on the subject, which, however, because they were only guesses, have really little value. However, the speed of homing pigeons has been fairly well ascertained in this country and in Europe, and the conclusions reached in Britain are that on a journey of twelve hours a bird may fly thirty-three miles per hour; on one of four hours, thirty-six miles per hour; of one hour, forty miles, of ten minutes forty-eight miles, and of one minute fifty-two miles an hour. The speed of a pintail duck, as quoted in American Duck Shooting from observations made on a moving train, the speed of which was known, has been shown to be at one time fifty-six miles an hour, and later much more rapid. Detailed observations on this subject are lacking in this country.

On the other hand, at a recent meeting of the Bradford, England, Scientific Association, Mr. Alfred Walker gave the results of his personal observations and timing on the flight of certain birds. He stated that wild whooper swans had been timed and found to flap their wings $3\frac{1}{2}$ strokes a second; starlings going to their roosting places were found to fly at the rate of forty to forty-five miles per hour. Swallows, on the other hand, which we imagine to fly with very great rapidity, really cover only from fifteen to twenty-five miles per hour. A wild duck for a short flight flew at the rate of thirty-six miles per hour.

There are few more difficult things to do than to accurately time a bird's flight, and we may fancy that it will be some time before definite and general results will be had on this subject.

Season Signs.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The observations of Frank Heywood in the current number of FOREST AND STREAM concerning a long, cold winter, are worthy of more than passing notice. It has always been my habit to note the "signs" as each season comes and goes, especially if much in the woods. Besides those which have been mentioned, there is another which very forcibly indicates the coming of a hard winter. From what few forest trees can be seen surrounding town here, the leaves are evidently hanging on the timber unusually late this year, which indicates a hard winter.

A good barometer for an approaching winter in some of the Western States is the badger. If he does much digging late in the fall, it is safe to predict a hard winter. In fact, the actions of many of nature's wild creatures are full of information, if one will only observe them, and it will be noted that it is always the man who is most isolated from his fellow men and all the sources of information attendant upon civilized surroundings, who observes most closely and gains the most knowledge directly from nature. Thus the Indians and the old time hunters, trappers and explorers, men of the woods, are much more wise in knowledge gained from personal observation than those who, living among men, depend upon others to observe for them.

EMERSON CARNEY.

As to Texas Reptiles.

In the Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown, Secretary of the Philadelphia Zoological Society, has recently published an interesting paper on "Texas Reptiles and their Faunal Relations."

The paper is divided into two parts, the first treating of the "Reptiles of Pecos," and the second of the "Faunal Relations of Texas Reptiles."

Pecos lies on the west bank of the Pecos River in a high dry plain much broken to the westward by irregular mountain ranges. The annual rainfall is only about fifteen inches, and the mean annual temperature about sixty degrees Fahrenheit. During the past four years Mr. Brown's collectors have sent to him from this region no less than forty-eight species and subspecies of living reptiles, almost all of them collected in the neighborhood of the town. As many of these are little known, Mr. Brown gives here an enumeration of these species, in which, as might be expected, the snakes are most numerous, and the turtles least so.

This material from Pecos has induced Mr. Brown to study the reptiles of the entire State of Texas, and this has led him to three conclusions, the first being that the boundary between the Austroriparian and Sonoran reptilian faunas lies approximately between the ninety-sixth and ninety-eighth meridians of longitude in Texas; second, that the restricted Texan district of Cope is not Austroriparian, but Sonoran; third, that transcontinental zones of distribution cannot be maintained for reptiles in the Medicolumbian region.

The Adirondack Elk.

MALONE, N. Y., Nov. 9.—Three elk from the herd recently liberated in the Adirondacks as a gift to the State by William C. Whitney were struck and killed by a light engine near Floodwood on the Mohawk and Malone Railroad. There were seven standing together on the track. One of those killed weighed over 600 pounds. The animals are very tame. Hunters near Floodwood last week were driven from the highway by this herd which persisted in keeping on the plank road through the woods, one bull in the bunch being very ugly.

coldest winter weather, with the snow knee deep, he would sally forth and tramp over his beloved runways, always bringing back a delightful account of what he saw. But in the springtime he was happiest. The first arbutus or hepatica was a pure delight to him, and the humming of the bees among the bursting buds was sweetest music. Mr. Schlick's literary attainments were of a high order. He had a faculty of putting down what he saw in a most charming style, and had he had leisure there is no question but that he would have made his mark in the field of nature literature. He was a great reader, but a most discriminating one; fiction he only indulged in lightly, but the works of John Burroughs, Thoreau, Rowland E. Robinson, Geo. Ellwanger and other writers on out of doors subjects were his constant companions. All through his illness he was able to read, and Ellwanger's "Pleasures of the Table" was about the last book he finished. FOREST AND STREAM was a weekly delight to him, and his pen has often graced the pages of that journal. During his illness he wrote a little series of "Wood Jottings" that appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of October 3, and not a day passed that he did not take notes of what he saw from his window or in his garden. —H. W. LeLong in Dansville, N. Y., Breeze, Nov. 3.

Tipping.

Editor Forest and Stream:

What fellows you editorial sharps are for hunting out bits of pepper likely to make a lot of us sneeze in chorus, though not necessarily in harmony! And now comes the "tip." Well I'll bugle a little—gently. (All things are comparative—even adverbs.)

To begin with, as Dickens said about old Marley and Scrooge, among all the insidious baits of the devil calculated to undermine the self-respecting manhood of a man, I know of none quite equal to the "tip." It is a trait of human nature, in the abstract, always to like to get something for nothing—to find unowned gold; to get some money and not have to work for it. Success therein is like opium-eating, breeding a craving for more and more, the element of uncertainty as to amount supplying the gambler's sauce. Yet, if there is one thing more certain than another, it is that you can hardly do a man more injury than to lead him to believe that he does not need to work for what he gets, and that he can shirk the duty he is paid to do with impunity. He may not be punished by man's laws, but there are others which he cannot dodge. Sooner or later he has to pay the score.

In mere dollars and cents, it is an injury to the man *en masse* to convince his employer that he can shirk his own duty and not pay living wages, but instead compel his employe to make it up by outside dividends. So long as the employer can get plenty of help on such terms there are plenty of employers who will continue so to do. And yet those same men are short-sighted in the matter to a marvelous degree. Why? Because they, too, have been bitten by the same venom, the same blinding desire to get something for nothing. But *are* they short-sighted? Well, let us see.

I have a friend in New York city who comes over now and then to the spectacled city on a visit. Invariably he hunts up Marston's restaurant for his meals, and, as one who has had long experience, he says that its like does not exist in all Manhattan large and several. But why? I will make no statements regarding the Manhattanese. I will confine myself to Marston. There you find these items: Low prices, good cooking, quiet serving, dainty dishing, spotless linen, swift and thoughtful attention. And from the steady growth of the establishment for lo! this many a year, and the countless throngs that go there, the owner must be a millionaire by this time. Yet, as far back as I can remember, the long bills of fare have borne prominently printed the legend to the effect, "We give our help sufficient wages. Do not tip the waiters, but please report promptly any case of inattention." And I have never heard of any such case being reported yet.

What would we think of a gun dealer who expected us to hand over to his clerk a dime or a quarter every time he put up for us a bag of loaded shells? Yet, where's the difference? Your English gamekeeper may have been an extreme case, but the principle of barefaced robbery is the same, and if that victimized Briton had done his own duty he would have landed that gamekeeper behind stone walls "for the rest of the season," and taught his own landed "friend" a much needed lesson. The chances are that his "friend" would at least have respected him thereafter, which, as it is, he probably does not do. No one, least of all a Briton, ever respects weakness and yielding to imposition. It is cowardly. Furthermore, it is utterly wrong as between man and man.

If I were to go into the woods to-day I should take with me a package of as good cigars and smoking tobacco as I could afford. Also a pipe or two, and, say, a flask of sherry. I do not smoke myself, and my use of sherry is somewhat limited, personally. I should endeavor to pick out for my guide a man—not a grafter—but an honest, self-respecting, congenial comrade. I should make my deal with him at the outset, and should expect to pay him a fair market price for his services, and for the knowledge which he has gained by time and experience. And that deal would cover the cash outlay to the last cent. But when the work of the day is over, comradeship begins. After an all-day paddle up stream through fog and rain, when the camp has been made snug and it is time to watch the glow of the fire and let every tired muscle relax in the warmth and blow, I should be thinking of many an unobtrusive bit of kindness done by that man beyond the fire. Things done from sheer comradeship between man and man, not nominated by the bond, and a something pleasant to remember him by hereafter. I might not be able to return that service to him in kind. Yet I might do something at that moment. And if he found my brand of tobacco more enjoyable than his own, nothing would just then give me greater pleasure than the thought that I had had sufficient forethought to bring a bit along, although no smoker, and that I could just then do an appreciated friendly turn.

But a "tip!" Sooner than that I would give him opium at once. Morally I believe it could hardly be worse.

And here, friend editor, perhaps you may find one more FOREST AND STREAM plank for your carpenter shop.

J. P. T.

The Linnaean Society of New York.

A REGULAR meeting of the Society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evening, November 27, at 8 o'clock. The lecture will be by Geo. K. Cherrie. "Impressions of Bird Life in French Guiana." Illustrated by specimens.

WALTER W. GRANGER, Secretary.

Game Bag and Gun.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Game Laws in Brief

is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the Brief.

American Game Birds.

IV.—The Snipe.

ACCORDING to the writings of ornithologists, the breeding grounds of the snipe begin on their southern boundary at about 42° of latitude, a parallel through the northern part of Nebraska, Iowa, etc. The grounds extend therefrom north to the Arctic Circle. The snipe migrate leisurely southward as the winter season approaches, tarrying on the available feeding grounds, ultimately going as far south as the West Indies and northern South America.

It is a bird of the wet lands, and, as mentioned concerning the woodcock, the available area affording its food supply is small as compared with the earth's surface. Relatively the places which are soft enough to be bored with its sensitive bill, which contain food to its liking and enough to supply its needs, are exceedingly limited in number and area.

Soft and wet land may also be gravelly, or sandy, or clayey, etc., therefore, unfit to sustain the animal and vegetable life on which the snipe subsists; or from its refractory nature it may be impervious to the delicate weapon with which nature has provided the snipe for the capturing of its food. It, therefore, is apparent that of all the wet lands, there are only certain parts which contain snipe food.

Of the places which afford snipe food, some are permanently good throughout the whole season, as, for instance, the sloughs and marshes and parts of river valleys of the prairie country wherein it makes its summer habitat. Other places are but temporarily available, as lands made soft and wet by heavy rains. Such places may serve it well for many weeks, as in Louisiana and Texas in the fall and winter months, during the rainy season, which in those States is largely the equivalent of winter. Again, the snipe may seek its food in places which are quite wet, as in some of the large wet marshes, and again in some other sections it may make its haunts on upland so firm that the hunter may walk thereon pleasantly and dry shod.

While the woodcock, its long-billed confrère, is a bird of the covert, the snipe is a bird of the open. On these birds nature lays a more severe restriction concerning a late stay in the North than she does on any other game bird, for a snipe or woodcock attempting to gain a subsistence in a frozen country is in a pathetic situation indeed.

Its food is said to be larvæ, tender roots of plants and worms, which it secures by boring, and also such insects and other similar edible food as it can secure on top of the ground.

To the local sportsman the snipe's habits in the shooting season—which is mostly the migratory season—seem erratic and unknowable, if its unstable characteristics may be called habits at all. It is in one place to-day, another place to-morrow. To-day there may be an abundance, to-morrow a dearth. Or it may go contrary to its erratic reputation and remain a number of days about the same grounds. Still, the shooter is largely in ignorance of what the snipe will do next. The weather and food conditions may be the same so far as observation can determine them, and yet the birds come and go in their own whimsical way regardless of conditions.

Apparently some mysterious impulse seems to impel the birds of a certain locality either to come or go, though not in the manner of birds which flock.

Snipe fly mostly in ones or twos or threes, sometimes more, but always in small numbers. Being independent in flight, it is difficult to understand how the common impulse to seek other grounds is at the same time felt and acted on by all the snipe of a certain neighborhood, or at least most of them. There are many exceptions as a matter of course, as for instance in a section where there are snipe in abundance on a certain day, a part only may leave at the same time. Indeed, a few snipe may be found on certain grounds

throughout the whole season. Yet, however much the exception may affect the rule, the greater part of the birds are erratic and lawless most of the time.

No doubt that which seems whimsical and mysterious in the life of the snipe is really in harmony with the needs of its nature. It being largely nocturnal in habit, is difficult to study. It is specially difficult for the resident of one locality to observe its general habits with any degree of precision. Seeing it in but one small corner of its habitat, the local sportsman can at best gain but a fragmentary knowledge of its needs and its habits.

Being swift of wing and enduring of flight, the snipe undoubtedly feeds over vast areas of grounds many miles apart, twenty or thirty miles of flight being of no more effort to it when in search of food than twenty or thirty rods are to the prairie chicken. When snipe invade feeding grounds in vast numbers, as is frequently the case, the grounds are soon thoroughly bored, and all the food within reach is consumed, thus it may be a necessity for them to seek food elsewhere till the exhausted grounds have time to replenish.

Many writers lay great stress on the difficulties of snipe shooting. They treat it as a bird of phenomenal swiftness and erratic flight, and the shooting of it as requiring something extraordinary in the matter of skill. As a matter of fact, snipe shooting at certain times is the easiest of shooting. On warm days, when the birds are fat and lazy, flying slowly and tamely, with pendulous bills, as is often the case in the fall in the South, no bird awing is more easily killed. They are then disinclined to fly. They indolently lie to the dog's points till the shooter walks them up.

The books teach that the snipe rises with a zigzag flight against the wind, darting to right and left with such rapid flashes of speed that the best of skillful sportsmen are puzzled, and consequently make many a miss.

The snipe, it is true, goes against the wind when there is a wind, and zigzags a few times to rise upward before taking a straight course. Many writers on snipe shooting lay it down as correct that the shooter, to take advantage of this peculiarity in rising, should walk down wind, or advance to the dog's point down wind, so that when the snipe is flushed it will fly toward him. All such teachings savor of the novice, or of a skill which needs nursing. All the difficulties are greatly exaggerated, zigzag, swift flight and all. The zigzag of the snipe awing is in the beginning of its flight, and nothing is easier than to wait a moment till it straightens out on a straight flight. Then the killing is a matter of shooting on the wing, similar to other wing shooting.

As to walking down wind to secure a better shot, the sportsman need not concern himself about it in the least, excepting perhaps on such days as are cold, and days when the birds are very wild and rise at the extreme range of the gun. As with pigeon shooting, the really good shot does not let his birds get hard if they rise within range. Whether they zigzag or not, he snaps them as soon as they are on the wing; or being well on the wing, he permits them to get into steady flight and then delivers his fire. There is on the part of the experienced shot no particular attempt to reach the bird from a weak quarter. He takes the shooting as it comes.

On windy days, or when the weather is cold, the snipe may be very wild and rise at extreme ranges. Shooting then is quite as much a test of the gun as it is a test of the shooter's skill. Few writers, however, pay any heed to the distinction, and consider it all, be the rise far or near, as a matter of skill alone. At best, walking down wind on snipe is an uncertain advantage, for they can fly down or across wind with a swiftness and ease which dispose very quickly of any trifling advantage of a few yards taken up wind for a start.

The habits of snipe, as oftenest described, are their habits when they are lean and wild, or wild from a change from warm to cold, or from calm to windy weather. But to teach that such is their regular manner of flight, would be on a par with teaching that quail live in the tree tops because they sometimes take refuge therein.

Even when lean and wild, on a calm day the snipe does not strain the skill of a good shot. But on a windy day it is a different proposition. The wild, lean snipe can dart very swiftly across or down wind, and if to this be added rises at long range, the shooting is then really difficult, though then, as mentioned before, it is also a test of the gun.

When wildest, the snipe is exceedingly restless and moves fitfully from place to place. It then takes alarm quickly, flying high out of range, with its bill extended straight ahead. It can pitch to the ground from its highest flight, darting downward with stiffened wings and lighting with the greatest ease.

In the course of migration the birds stop in favorite places where food is abundant, and oftentimes there remain till the weather becomes unpleasant. As a

rule, they arrive in the South in a lean condition. When lean they are also wilder, regardless of weather conditions.

Shooting them, if limited to times when they are wild, is shooting in its most difficult phases. But as mentioned before, such difficulties of snipe shooting are not the average of snipe shooting.

Snipe shooting as to possible quantity varies widely one locality with another. One locality may contain but a few snipe to reward the shooter's efforts, while in other nearby localities they may fairly swarm, as in parts of Louisiana and Texas in the fall and spring months, when the birds are migrating. In those States they generally remain several weeks to enjoy the food abundance. Some scattered ones in the South may be found all through the winter. The heavy rains of fall and spring, frequently a downpour of days in the far South, soften the fat alluvial prairie lands, thereby fitting hundreds of square miles for the snipe's habitat. In particularly favorable sections of the prairie, cotton, corn and sugar fields, they may at times be found in thousands. A dog in such shooting is an incumbrance except to act as a retriever. There is no woodcraft necessary in such shooting. The sportsman walks along till the birds are walked up. So rapidly will he sometimes flush them that, at every few steps, it is fire and load, and fire and load again. At such times the gun becomes too hot to hold, and the shooter must perforce stop till it is cool enough to handle.

Enormous bags of snipe have been made, particularly in Louisiana and Texas, where the greater part of the flight of North America congregates for a few weeks in the period of snipe migration. One of the greatest, and I believe that it is referred to now as the greatest bag, was made many years ago by Mr. Pringle, a wealthy sugar planter of Louisiana, who had great fame as a sportsman of rare skill. He bagged 400 and some odd snipe in one day. This is a large bag indeed. It is but one of thousands of large bags, but so common as to excite no special comment in that section.

I have told of these matters to shooters in the North whose success was measured by a dozen snipe, more or less, as the result of a day's shooting. Such large bags being outside of their personal experience, they have been pleased to consider it an idle tale. They seemed to think that their narrow experience in shooting a few birds over a few acres of ground each year, was the measure the world over.

In regard to the big bag made by Mr. Pringle, it may be added by way of explanation that he had negroes to assist him, some to carry the spare guns, others to carry the ammunition, and to retrieve the dead birds.

I have been told by men who have hunted with him that he is a most indefatigable walker, and possesses extraordinary quickness and accuracy in the use of the shotgun, snapping the birds almost on the instant that they take wing.

In that land of game abundance at that day, it was not considered unsportsmanlike to kill all that the sportsman pleased to kill, for, however great the bags, there was no apparent diminution in the numbers of the birds. If the sportsman killed many, their neighbors derived the benefit of it. The killing, too, was at irregular intervals, differing from the steady drain made on the bird supply day after day by those who shoot for market.

This circumstance of the record bag was a happening of many years ago, when the sentiment concerning game preservation was different everywhere North and South from what it is to-day.

As to snipe shooting and the way of it, the proper manner to shoot them is to go forth and shoot them—in other words, the set manner of doing this thing and that thing as taught by some writers is all very well if one can do no better.

There is no rule whereby snipe shooting can be made soft and easy, and there is no sportsman with proper ambition who will care to have his skill less than the best test that the bird can offer. If the sportsman's skill is unequal to the test, practice will improve it. In any event there is at least the pleasure of trying to cope with the conditions. The proper skill is that which takes the shooting as it comes, instead of picking out the easy shots, or easy combinations to secure them.

The best snipe gun is moderately choked or an improved cylinder bore. As in all open shooting, good work may be done with a full choke, since the shooter can pick his distance to shoot his birds. However, it is not every man who can wait on his bird, or who can estimate distances at a glance, therefore it is better to have a scatter gun which will be available for instant use when the bird rises. A 12-bore is most commonly used, and as for the size of shot, No. 8s or 9s or 10s are good, the latter being quite large enough when the birds are fat and lazy.

As a bird to shoot over dogs, the snipe is inferior.

Sometimes it is in such abundance that a dog is unnecessary. At other times it is so wild that it will not lie to the dog at all; if fat and tame, it may lie too well. Again, it will frequent marshes so wet, cold and rank with marsh grasses that it is impossible for a dog to work satisfactorily, however good his intention and ability may be.

Very few dogs have a natural fondness for work on snipe. It is acquired in most instances. Some dogs, good on upland game birds, thoroughly detest the snipe, and refuse to recognize it. On the other hand, some dogs like snipe as a bird to work on, though such are exceptional.

Considered strictly as a bird of the open, the snipe affords excellent open shooting. Yet there is never the weird uncertainty about it that some writers have discovered. No doubt an easy explanation of the difficult shooting is found in the manner in which the shooter handles his gun rather than in the manner of the snipe's flight.

When snipe are in great abundance, and can be bagged with little effort by walking them up, the sportsman soon tires of the sport. It is too easy then to be considered sport. On the other hand, when they are scarce, wild, and will not lie to a dog, it is too difficult and uncertain. The dog is eliminated then as a factor, and the shooting is largely a matter of taking chances. When the happy medium is found, the birds being neither too wild nor too tame, it is excellent sport indeed, though in Louisiana I noted that, where there were an abundance of both snipe and quail, the sportsmen quickly tired of snipe shooting and gave quail the preference.

B. WATERS.

A Profitable Buck.

A good story is told by a Utica physician, who is quite a hunter, concerning the novel scheme which an Adirondack guide devised for making money. It seems that the guide knew of a deer which came down to a certain lake to drink at about the same hour every evening. The animal had heard gun shots repeatedly, having been educated along this line to some extent by the woodsmen, who had taken great pains to see that it was not injured at all nor unduly frightened. Ordinarily the report of a rifle, unless it was quite close at hand, would not interest the deer at all and never was the animal sufficiently alarmed to prevent its showing up at about the same place on the lake shore almost as regularly as the sun went down. As soon as the guide had trained the deer up to the point where he wanted it and knew that he could depend upon seeing it every evening, he proceeded to say to his sportsmen friends and acquaintances that he would guarantee any man a good open shot at a deer almost any day in consideration of \$10. Most hunters have confidence in their ability to shoot well if they only have a good mark, and as a deer is easily worth \$10, the guide found many sportsmen who were glad to take up with his proposition.

The method adopted by the guide was to place the hunter, armed with a rifle, in the bow of his boat, while he would sit in the stern of the craft and propel it by means of a paddle. When they had sighted the deer and approached to within a reasonable shooting distance the guide would stop the boat and give the man in the bow a chance to do his part of the act. Invariably the hunter would raise his rifle to his shoulder, take deliberate aim at the deer and fire. At the crack of the rifle the animal would throw up its head, and almost simultaneously its heels and tail, and disappear from view in the shrubbery. Of course there would now and then be a hunter who would be quick enough to get in a second, or possibly a third shot, at the retreating form of the deer, but the game was never harmed, and the sportsmen had to settle.

Several hunters who considered themselves pretty sure shots when the conditions were right, accepted the guide's proposition and tried a shot at the deer, but were unsuccessful, and at length it came to a matter of wonderment in that region that no one, be he ever so expert with the rifle, could hit a deer when this guide took him out under the \$10 arrangement. Finally a reasonable solution of the problem came into the mind of a Utican who had heard many stories concerning the matter, and he determined to put his theory to a test. Accordingly, he made a bargain with the woodsman to the effect that in consideration of the usual \$10 the latter was to give him a fair shot at a deer on a certain day. The Utican did not put in an appearance at the lake where they were to meet and hunt until late in the afternoon on the day agreed upon, and when he did arrive he was in a great hurry to get into the boat and begin operations. He played his cards so well that they had been out on the lake for some time and had sighted the deer before the guide discovered that the hunter carried a shot gun instead of a rifle. The woodsman was inclined to protest against the use of buckshot, but the Utican insisted that a rifle was not specified in the terms of their agreement, and the guide at length reluctantly continued to propel the boat toward the game. When within a few rods of the quarry the Utican suddenly threw his gun to his shoulder, as he would in wing shooting, and fired, first one barrel and then the other, and as a result, he, of all the hunters who had taken up with the guide's offer, was the only one who succeeded in getting a deer to show for his \$10.

His explanation of the matter was that the woodsman, when he had run his boat up to within range of the deer, would check its progress, and the instant the hunter pulled the trigger of his rifle he would swerve the craft with a sweep of the paddle sufficiently to throw the sight off from the mark. So dextrous and

so cautious was the woodsman in executing this maneuver that none of the other hunters had detected the well-timed movement of the boat which occasioned the deviation of the rifle balls and the consequent loss of the deer and their money. The Utican, by using a shotgun and firing so quickly, did not afford the guide an opportunity to perform his customary feat with the paddle, and hence his success in bagging the game. It is believed, however, that the woodsman had previously reaped a rich harvest of \$10 notes from this particular deer, and by the time another season rolls around he may have another of the cervine animals equally well trained.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

A Day's Hunt in South Africa.

In my last letter was an account of shooting a cow elephant; and before I proceed to relate another day's sport, I must try and construct good cover to defend myself against any attack our good friend and correspondent Didymus may direct at big-game hunting on my part. For the front wall of the cover I may say the tusks were valuable (about \$125 the pair); for the side walls I may place the facts that the meat was a blessing to the natives and myself. I'll back well-cooked elephant foot against the best quail that ever laid on toast. For the back wall, the statement that a cow elephant with calf, in a country without large stones to dodge behind, is most dangerous. But for the shield from shots over the walls, I will have to place the real cover of all sportsmen, that it is our nature and we like it. We may build different walls from which to defend our sporting instincts, but our main cover will always be the same.

Now for the day's hunt. My thirty bearers were out of meat to eat, and to trade against meat or other provisions for the past week I had had little time for hunting and poor luck at these times. It was February, and a drizzling warm rain, and the grass over 6 feet high in the opens; but in the bush it was shorter and less thick, so at gray dawn I started with one "boy," again to try my luck. The majority of the game in the vicinity was water buck, and water buck like the bush in rainy weather, and choose low hills near the river by preference. My native had only his loin cloth and my extra rifle (Martini-Henry), and I was in my usual hunting and tramping togs. We were both soaking wet in two minutes. A northeast wind was rising, and we made for a low range to the northwest, thus having what on the rifle range is known as a 3 o'clock wind. On reaching the range, we beat to the west, and toward the river (Revue), above a bend, I had nearly passed over the range, when a water buck got up to my left and off at a great pace, being startled by getting our wind. Just as he was putting a rise between us, I got the sights on him and fired, and the welcome thud came back. On going to the spot where it had been, evidences of his being hit in the stomach were all about, blood, half digested grass, etc. As he had been going directly from us, it meant the bullet had gone between the hindlegs, and so might travel on to the lungs; but as it was a split bullet, this was hardly probable. The buck was badly wounded, and would doubtless make for the cover of the long reeds by the river bank, in which to die. I never take a cool and deliberate shot at a large buck with his back toward me, or, in fact, any shot, unless I can get a chance at the neck, shoulder or just behind it; not unless a buck is wounded do I shoot at it running. But this time I had pulled the trigger before reckoning up consequences. Now it is or should be part of every hunter's training never to let a badly wounded buck get clean away, if care and patience will secure it. The buck, as expected, made straight for the river, and on nearing the banks I located it as being on a small island of long reeds. My boy was directed to go down slowly and rout him out, while I stood in a commanding position on the bank to give him a finale. But my calculations were at fault. The buck was not on the island, but in the long reeds just at the water's edge of the mainland, and the island was not a small one, but a large one, of which only a fringe of reeds nearest the bank was visible. The buck got up nearly under the boy's feet, and giving a couple of snorts, crossed to the island and disappeared. At first I thought it had taken to the current to swim over, and I wondered, for the river was a perfect cataract, and broad and deep, very difficult to cross. However, I went to have a look at the "spoor" (almost any markings or traces are termed "spoor"; for instance, the footprints, the bent grass, blood droppings, resting place, etc., are all "spoor"). It was evident that the poor buck could hardly last the day. The spoor took us through the reeds and on to a large island with grass all eaten short by hippo; down this island to where it ended, and then into the river and down it. This continued for nearly half a mile, half-submerged reeds here and there showing a drop of blood. Then the buck had left the river and gone right up the bank and nearly past our camp, the blood flowing a little more freely by every extra strain. When the buck had got fairly on the high ground it first went up the wind, which had shifted to the east, and then tacked back and down. Then it commenced a series of tacks, zig-zagging down the wind, and stopping a few moments at each point. We followed this zigzag course for four or five turns, and found it useless; so I returned with the boy to where the trees were thick, and there we rested and ate maora fruit (a wild fruit not unlike the custard apple, and of excellent flavor). It was then 10 A. M., and we had sighted the buck at 5:20 or so.

After a full hour's wait we took up the spoor again. After a few more zigzags, the buck, finding he was not being followed, went directly down the wind to a small stream; then it went up the stream, and doubling back down in the stream again, then out on the bank (right) and back and up the stream bed to a small tributary coming in on the left bank; up this stream a little way and then out on its left bank, and keeping near the water going up the wind. Had it not been for the few drops of blood here and there we would surely have missed the spoor, for it had crossed and recrossed and even followed other spoor of water buck fresh that morning, and as it was raining all the foot marks soon were filled with water. Tracking was very slow work; still with us both and hard work, coupled with a fair experience, we were sure to find him lying down again. At last we came to where

the spoor went into the small stream; but it did not go out the other side, nor did it go back, and there were no marks leading up the stream bed. Just below was a fall of fully 12 feet, and the bottom of large, water-rounded rocks, a place apparently impossible for any buck to go down and not smash its legs. So we had another look on each side, and up the stream. Nothing there. Evidently it must have gone down this drop. Just at the edge there were slight marks that might be hoof marks. Luckily the wind had again shifted to the northeast, and so was not blowing down the stream, which was flowing nearly due west. Arrangements were again made; I to take up a position on the high ground to the east northeast and then the boy was to go down and frighten the buck out. Poor chap; he said he wished he had an asagai (spear) instead of the rifle. Just as I was getting into position, I heard more snorts and the crashing of bush as the buck came out. I had to run for my position, and getting on a low ant heap, saw him going along, but with only his horns and ears visible over the long grass. Soon, however, he stopped to look back and listen for the native who had disturbed him; and I, taking steady aim for where I supposed his neck was, let drive, and down the buck dropped, with a broken neck. I looked at my watch, and it was just 1:30 P. M.—a good eight hours after he had been mortally wounded.

The bullet had entered the belly low down and ripped up the stomach. The few drops of blood came from the first wound, the stomach having become swollen and the bleeding choked.

After putting some bushes over the carcass to keep away the vultures, we returned to camp, arriving there at a little after 2:30 P. M. I had a good bath, twenty minutes' sleep, and was ready for a good "breakfast." Most of the white people in the low country and all the natives have breakfast at about 11 A. M. and dinner at night, thus having two meals a day only. From after breakfast until 2 P. M. all offices, etc., are thus closed at the East Coast ports in the tropics of East Africa. On the veldt it is a good arrangement, for it gives time for a long early trek (tramp or journey), and time to prepare a meal and a rest in the heat of the day. The afternoon trek may start from 3 to 4, according to the heat, and go on to a good camping place about sundown. In this way from six to eight hours' traveling may be done easily, and from eight to ten if necessary.

The water buck is a fine antelope of the weight of a very large red deer or a small caribou. It is more like a large red deer than most of the African antelope. The horns are single (there are no branched horns on African buck), and peculiar in that they curve forward and not backward. Rings run round the horn from the base to near the tip. A good pair are about 27 inches long on the curve. Only the males are provided with horns. The hair on the throat is very long; there is a slight mane. The color is a uniform brownish gray, and with a peculiar white line making nearly a circle from the back just above the tail and one-half of it round each flank; the line is about one inch broad, and the first thing that strikes the eye if the animal is in a position to show it. A water buck standing among trees, and head on, is very difficult to catch sight of. These antelope run in troops of from five to fifty or more. The does are greatly more numerous than the rams—fully four to one. They do not pair, excepting a few weeks in September, and then only for a few days with each doe. The meat of full grown rams is very strong, and rarely eaten by Europeans when fresh. Young rams and does are passable if one is really hungry. Natives, however, like the meat. When the meat is made into beltong it loses all its rank flavor, and is as good as any. My friends have eaten it, and supposing it to be sable antelope beltong, praised it highly. Had they been told in the first place that it was water buck, it probably would not have been eaten. The hide is good, but the hair is stiff, and does not hold well. The water buck is so called because never found far from streams, rivers or large water.

SHUKALILA-A-GWANZA.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Quail in France.

QUAIL are deservedly among the most valued of the annual visitors of France. Natives of the southern shores of the Mediterranean, they leave their hot, sandy deserts to breed in a temperate climate, and reach this country in large flocks about the middle of April or the beginning of May. All through the spring the woods resound with their quaint little cry, in which the French peasant hears the words, *Paye tes dettes* ("Pay your debts"), and the English "Wet my feet." Laying from nine to fifteen eggs, they rear their families as far north as Britain, and then in the middle of August prepare to return once more, reaching France the second time at the opening of the shooting season. They travel now in immense flocks, the sky being darkened by clouds composed of tens of thousands of these little birds.

And these two regular yearly movements of the quail have given rise to an important industry in Europe. Every year, in the Grecian Archipelago, in Egypt and Morocco, fabulous numbers of the unfortunate little creatures are either knocked down with a stick and killed, or are taken alive and sent to the European markets, where their flesh is considered a great delicacy. The dead birds are plucked, cleaned and salted, and then packed in cases for export. The living birds are closely packed in curious flat cages made to exclude the light in order to prevent the birds from fighting, and are then shipped in cargoes of from 30,000 upward to the capitals of the Continent. The smell from these cages is incredible, and it is not surprising that the mortality among the birds on the journey is enormously high.

It is in the land of the Pharaohs that these massacres assume the largest proportions. As the season of the first migration of the quail approaches—that is, in the end of March—the Egyptian Government puts up at auction and sells to the highest bidders different positions on the route to be traversed by the birds. Here, before the return of the quail, little hutches are erected of about one foot in height, which are covered with the leaves of the date palms and contain each two entrances. On reaching the hot, burning sands of the Soudan the quail, now plump little balls of fat after their summer in the North, alight, weary with their long flight, and seek the

shade of the little green houses standing ready for their reception. In a single day a dealer will thus take as many as twenty thousand birds, and, as the traffic is carried on all along the shores of the Mediterranean for the whole period of migration, millions of quail are yearly captured alive.

In spite, however, of their astonishing fecundity, this wholesale slaughter of the birds began to produce an appreciable effect, and in France, as, indeed, in other countries of Central Europe, it was noticed that the flocks were rapidly decreasing in numbers. Unfortunately, too, the demand—in London, more particularly—for the delicacy is as great in the spring as in the autumn, although the bird is then thin and out of condition. In order to meet this demand the Minister of the Interior in 1878 authorized the import and sale of quail throughout the breeding season. This decision called forth an earnest protest from the farmers, who valued the birds highly on account of the quantity of weed seeds and noxious insects consumed by them, and from sportsmen, who foresaw a still greater diminution, if not indeed the utter extermination of the game. Their efforts were, however, fruitless, and the immediate result was merely a new development of the trade. To prepare the spring birds for the table a number of merchants in the neighborhood of Paris undertook to fatten them artificially, and, though the flesh after the process lacked the delicate flavor of the autumn birds, they at once began to figure largely in the menus of the fashionable hotels and restaurants of the capitals.

Meantime the numbers of the quail in the yearly migration became noticeably and steadily less, and societies for the protection of game insisted ever more loudly on the necessity of suppressing the spring trade, which, by preventing breeding, was doing incalculable harm. In 1892, accordingly, a fresh decree prohibited the sale and carriage through France of the Egyptian quail during the close season. It was found, however, that in spite of this step the birds became every year more scarce, and in 1899 the Minister of Agriculture, on whom had devolved the regulation of the game laws, prohibited the transport, carriage and sale of any kind of quail on French soil. As this, however, had naturally no effect on the steady demand for the bird in London, the decision of the minister had only the effect of diverting a very lucrative branch of railway traffic, and the London markets were henceforth supplied by way of Brindisi and Germany.

Bird lovers now opened negotiations with Germany with a view of closing her doors to quail, whether living or dead, in the breeding season. Realizing the importance of the step—for the quail had practically ceased to visit Central Europe by this time—an arrangement was concluded between the two countries, and both France and Germany refused to allow the bird dealers to transport these birds through their territory in the close season. This left only the way of Gibraltar open to London dealers, and the protracted journey added no less than 60 per cent. to the cost of carriage. In consequence of this increased expense the English trade has sensibly diminished.

These measures have been attended with so much success that the last two seasons have seen the return of the quail to France, and this year farmer, sportsman and epicure are alike rejoiced to find the birds so dear to them once more abounding in wood and moorland. The shooting season in Northern France opened this year on September 6, and the quail are unusually plentiful and strong in flight, and quail shot in France are now being sold at the Central Market, in Paris for 20 francs, or \$4, for ten birds—exactly the same price fetched for the ordinary French partridge.

Dr. Combes, Minister of the Interior and President of the Ministerial Council, is so encouraged by the result that he has induced M. Delcassé, Minister of Foreign Affairs, to enter into negotiations with the Governments of Great Britain, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland for more strenuous international protection of the woodcock, already becoming exceedingly rare. It is even proposed totally to prohibit the shooting of woodcock for a period of three consecutive years.—Paris Correspondent New York Tribune.

Caribou.

ON Oct. 12 my friend, Dr. E. M. Schofield, and myself left Jamestown, N. Y., for a hunt in Newfoundland. We passed Vanceboro, the line between Maine and New Brunswick, on Wednesday morning, and from there on the country was new to us. We had expected as we went north to find it colder, and the season more advanced, but it was not; in fact, there had not been as much frost there as in New York State. A large portion of the country is well settled, and is a fine farming country, with good buildings, good roads, and all the evidences of prosperity. We crossed from New Brunswick into Nova Scotia, and stayed at Truro overnight. Truro is a good town with a bright, healthy look. Thursday we crossed to the Island of Cape Breton and reached North Sidney at night, where we took the steamer Bruce for Port-aux-Basques, Newfoundland, and arrived there soon after daylight Friday morning. Here we secured our licenses of Mark Pike, Esq., and took the Newfoundland Railroad. This is a narrow gauge road, but is equipped with sleeping and dining cars. We took our breakfast on the dining car, and a good breakfast it was. We were all day reaching Howley, our destination, where we were met by our guides, John Stroud and R. B. Stroud, his son, Charles Stroud, our cook, and Lige Sweetapple and James Arnold, packers. Saturday morning we started for camp, ten miles south of Howley, on Hinds Plains. On our way out we passed the camp of Mr. J. P. Howley, the Geological Surveyor of Newfoundland, whom we found to be a most pleasant and hospitable gentleman. From Mr. Howley's camp our way was mostly up hill and in places very steep, and we wondered how the packers could carry those heavy loads—but they did it without trouble.

Soon after leaving Howley we began to see caribou tracks, and just before reaching camp we saw two caribou. We reached camp at 2 P. M., where we found tents and everything in first class order for our com-

fort. Our camp was at an altitude of about 750 feet. At Howley there is a Government reservation extending five miles on each side of the railroad and for ten miles along the track. No one is allowed to kill caribou on this reservation.

On Oct. 21 our hunt commenced, and the first day my friend, the doctor, got a nice head of twenty-two points, and I one of twenty points, but much smaller than the doctor's. There were plenty passing south every day, but we wanted larger ones, and saw none to suit us until the 27th, when I got two fine ones out of the same herd—shooting them in a blinding snow-storm. The best one had thirty-six points. The following day the doctor got two magnificent heads in nearly the same place—killing both out of the same herd at 200 yards. These were large, massive heads with long beams and great spread, and were almost exactly alike. This finished our hunt, except that we had each secured two ptarmigans.

We broke camp and returned to Howley, reaching there on a Thursday at 2 P. M. We found caribou crossing the railroad in great numbers. From the time we reached there until dark, at least 200 caribou passed. The next day there were at least 300 more passed—all within sight from the depot. One herd of fifty or sixty swam the lake there, and it was a fine sight.

We returned by the same route, and certainly had one of the most delightful trips it was ever our privilege to enjoy. I wish to say that we were everywhere treated with the greatest courtesy. The railroad officials, the steamboat people, the customs officers and Mr. Pike, the Game Commissioner, all did their best to make it pleasant for us. As we were preparing to leave Howley, Mr. P. J. Howley made me a present of a caribou head ready for mounting, which I appreciated very much.

Of our guides I can hardly speak with praise enough. R. B. Stroud guided the doctor, so I did not come so much in contact with him, but he is a gentleman, and perfectly reliable and responsible in every way. My guide, John Stroud, sixty years old, is known from one end of the island to the other. He has never done anything in his life but hunt. He killed the meat for the men that built the Newfoundland Railroad, hunting both sides of the road clear across the island for 550 miles. He is one of the keenest sportsmen I ever knew; up early, always ready, never tired, quick of foot and quick of eye, with his hearty laugh and ready story, he certainly was "a boon companion well met."

Here's to my guide! His name's John Stroud,
A man among men of whom I feel proud;
His step it is quick; his eye it is bright;
No game gets away when once it's in sight.

Anyone contemplating a hunt in Newfoundland would certainly do well to correspond with John Stroud, of Alexander Bay, Newfoundland, or with his son, R. B. Stroud, of the same place. O. C. FRISBEE.

Scent.

It is not easy to find a subject pertaining to hunting which has not been discussed in FOREST AND STREAM, but I do not remember to have seen in print the interesting, if inelegant subject which Mr. Rodney West, an old Essex county hunter, treats of in the current issue of the Elizabethtown Post, and given below.

It is, of course, a well-known fact that there is a marked difference in the scent of individuals of the human family. I have heard of a deaf mute who could separate the soiled linen of a number of persons by the exercise of his highly developed sense of smell. Dogs follow their masters by their keen appreciation of their different odors. It does not, therefore, seem unreasonable to believe that some men are handicapped at the start as Mr. West asserts in their attempt to approach game, and the fact may serve to explain the perpetual bad luck of some hunters—though I have no doubt the hunters would prefer to believe it bad luck rather than bad smell.

While photographing deer for FOREST AND STREAM in Maine eight years ago, I was much impressed by the manifestation of terror observed in deer which had scented but not seen Jock Darling and myself. It suggested the human terror inspired by fear of ghosts and the supernatural. The deer that sees a hunter realizes its danger, but it is never as badly rattled as the deer that scents him. J. B. BURNHAM.

People wonder sometimes why it is difficult for one man to get within shot of large game, while another with less skill, less knowledge of the habits of the animals he hunts, and less care generally, seems to stumble right on to them, and become a successful hunter, without really knowing very much about the how. A specific odor escapes every person whether he knows it or not, and most any barber can tell you he never found two heads of hair (barring perfume) to smell alike. It is part of the individuality of the person, and, like him, differs from every other. His dog, his horse, and other animal pets and stock know it, and wild animals notice it also, in a curious way. They divide mankind itself into two classes, i. e., those whose perspiration is naturally of a sour odor when fresh, and those in whom it is sometimes of a heavy, sweetish smell. Sour-sweated people are generally not easily affected by the poison of ivy, but wild animals generally will more than avoid them when they can. There is something about that odor that they are "deathly afraid of," and the man thus constituted must be as cautious as an Indian, and must become a long-distance marksman if he would be a successful hunter, though the other sort have but little trouble in creeping on to game. I have known two men, one of each sort, to run on to a deer, the "sweet" man was in sight, while the sour was not. The deer gave one look at the man she saw, flitted her head and regarded him no further, while she was looking keenly, with every mark of fear, for the man she did not see but winded. She soon caught a glimpse of him through the leaves and brush, and then left in double quick time. This last was a man who felt his natural disability in this respect keenly, and had become a long distance marksman from

necessity, for he had a great fondness for the hunt, and with meat not shot with a "silver bullet," though he could handle poisonous plants without inconvenience.

Cleanliness as well as caution is a very good thing for a hunter to practice. A dirty man is easier "winded" by game than one who is clean, because his scent will be stronger. And the man who goes out hunting all perfumed, as if for the ball room, advertises himself to the game most effectively, and they consequently do all they can to keep out of his way, especially if he is sitting "on watch" or going down the wind. Scentlessness, cleanliness, coolness and caution are four good cartridges for every hunter to carry with him, unless, indeed, he gets enough of the scent of his game on him so that it will (like the rabbit killer in Australia, who gets to smell like his business), neutralize or cover his own personal odor. I have proved and seen others prove the truth of these things in many instances. I once knew a hunter to rub some perfumed vaseline on his gun to protect it from dampness. He went out hunting with it, and soon found that the deer could smell him long before they could see him or he see them, and he could hear them jump up and run off before he could get at all near. He went home disgusted, washed his gun clean of the objectionable odor, waited a day and tried it again. This time he was successful, but the experience of a few days before taught him a lesson he will not soon forget.

The Mt. Tom Reservation.

BOSTON, Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Thomas Burney and another deputy had an exciting time this week in arresting two Italians for shooting robins. One of them drew a pistol and threatened to shoot the officer, who, however, overpowered and disarmed them, and Judge Berry, of Lynn, imposed a fine of \$50 upon each of them. "Tom" has been on the force ever since it was organized by Captain Collins, and the matter of looking into the muzzle of a loaded revolver doesn't jar his nerves in the least. Besides being a good officer, he is an all-round sportsman. He was one of the leaders in forming the Lynn Fish and Game Protective Association and has been its president.

Our South Shore gunners have been getting good bags of coot, ducks, yellow-legs, etc., of late, due largely to the storm. The season, they tell me, has been eccentric; with now and then a few good days followed by very poor ones.

There has been some Sunday gunning, which, it is reported, the local officers are determined to stop so far as Duxbury and Marshfield are concerned.

In my last letter I spoke of the Mt. Tom reservation as "provisional." The question of its establishment was settled in the affirmative by the voters of Hampshire and Hampden counties last Tuesday. The act of the Legislature last winter had a referendum giving the voters of the two counties the privilege of deciding the question. There was considerable opposition to the measure in Northampton on account of its effect in taking away some taxable property, but at the election the city gave a majority of 94 in favor. The total vote of the counties was 18,857 yes and 5,237 in the negative.

The care of the grounds rests with the commissioners of the two counties. For several winters past the question of the reservation had been agitated, and the friends of the measure have at last been rewarded with success. The legislators of Massachusetts are inclined to take broad and liberal views regarding these reservations, and where the local sentiment is strongly in favor, as it was shown to be, for the establishment of "Greylock" and "Wachusett," and now "Mt. Tom," they are not unwilling to appropriate the necessary funds.

A thousand pities that the brilliant leaders in New Hampshire politics did not take the initiative years ago in saving the forests of the White Mountains from destruction. Is it possible they were ignorant of the part those forests play in feeding the streams on which her great factories are built?

More likely their consciences were quieted by the power of the wealthy timber owners and the cry of extravagance always raised when an appropriation for such a purpose is asked for. But one State in New England is exempt from the benefits of the rivers that have their sources among those mountains. The people of the whole country are wont to make pilgrimages in order to feast their eyes upon the beautiful scenery, and not a few to take the trout from the pellucid waters, the grouse and deer from the covers. When stripped of the forests, when fire has laid its black hand on the soil, and grim desolation stares one in the face, who will care to gaze on the scene? The work of destruction is to-day going on apace! Hundreds of axmen are now doing their fiendish work on the Presidential range and elsewhere. Is it not a blot on the fair escutcheon of the Granite State? Generations may come and go, but the woods on those rocky slopes once destroyed will never appear again, or if they do it will be long after this generation, and probably the next have been "gathered to the fathers." A Federal park has been suggested as a means of salvation. Possibly some of your readers are familiar with the history of some of our national reservations and can tell how many years elapsed between the inception and the realization of them, or just how many years will pass before the Great Appalachian Park, which has been advocated already for some years, will become an established fact. I am compelled to believe that before the general Government shall have established a White Mountain park every tree that will pay for cutting and marketing will be converted into cash. Speedy action alone can save these forests.

Our friends in Vermont have succeeded in securing a good many deer the last ten days of October, and I hope to be able to give the number approximately in a few days. Several men have been arrested for shooting does, and all law-abiding citizens hope they will suffer proper punishment. Commissioner Thomas is following up several of these cases in court.

One 300-pound buck was shot in Montgomery, a fine 2-year-old in the vicinity of Essex, one in Belvidere, and several on the line of the narrow-gauge road running out of Brattleboro.

It is believed that a large number of does have been killed, some say a hundred or more, and the sportsmen in some localities think more restrictions are needed.

CENTRAL.

PRINCE'S BAY, N. Y., Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The nail has been hit squarely on the head and sent home; it will hold for generations to come, and Mt. Tom will stand a monument to Christopher Clark for all time. The people of Massachusetts should thank those who were generous enough to say "yes" on election day. We will not hear any more about \$100,000 a year for those roads on Mt. Tom. I think it will be conceded by all that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most" in a case like this. Now let the people acquire enough more of the mountain to take in the old trout brook and put the beautiful lake in the same condition that it was about thirty years ago. But what has been done is a grand achievement. I do not wish to be harsh, but cannot help thinking it was a foolish opposition to oppose the benefits of future generations. ***

In Assiniboia.

From the Saginaw, Mich., News.

You ask me to write something in regard to our recent hunting trip in the northwest. Of course there is a good deal that could be written about a trip of this kind, but I have not time to more than give you an outline of what we saw and my impression of the country.

First, let me say, this was the twenty-first annual trip of the Saginaw crowd to the northwest. The first trip was taken in 1883 in our car City of Saginaw. This car was bought from a defunct circus, an old advertising car. Messrs. Wells, Stone, Jerome, Stevens, Rust and others purchased it, and rebuilt it for a hunting car, and it was used mainly, in those days, for deer shooting trips on the various branches or logging roads in northern Michigan. The old car finally outlived its usefulness, and the new car, W. B. Merston, was built in 1894, owned by ten sportsmen, mainly residents of Saginaw, though some were from out of town. The ownership has now narrowed down to nine, by reason of the death of one of the original owners, R. D. Schultz, of Zanesville, O.

The car and party left here on the morning of October 3, via the Straits of Mackinaw and the Soo line, stopping first at Portal, on the boundary line between North Dakota and Assiniboia territory. We had had reports of tremendous shooting in that district, but, like a good deal of railroad information, for the sake of getting sportsmen into their territory, Portal proved to be a disappointment. It is in the midst of the prairie wheat growing country. The country around and for many miles north and west of Portal, we were told by one of our party who had recently returned from Europe, resembled Siberia greatly.

Our first shooting ground was a lake fourteen miles from the railroad station, and we did find quite a number of ducks, but were literally devoured by mosquitoes. There was no other game in the vicinity, and as it was still early for wild goose shooting, the birds not having come down from the sub-Arctic regions, we concluded to put in the remainder of the week at Pleasant Lake, N. D. We found that the ducks that had been most plentiful earlier, had all gone south; in fact, common report in North Dakota was that there was a tremendous crop of ducks early, but the cold spell and snow storm the latter part of September had evidently driven them away. There were any quantity of prairie chicken around Pleasant Lake; sometimes we would see droves of 300 or 400 together, but they had packed for the winter, and were as wild as hawks, so we could only get an occasional one.

Sharp-tailed grouse and prairie chicken are protected in North Dakota, excepting from Sept. 1 to Oct. 15.

The last of the first week of our trip we pulled out for Moose Jaw, Assiniboia territory. This seemed like a long ways to go for shooting, but it is famed as the best wild goose country known. Being strangers, it took us a good while to get our bearings, and the weather being mild as midsummer and far warmer and pleasanter than it has been recently in Saginaw, did not make it ideal weather for goose shooting, and we found that we were still a little early, that birds had not begun their southern flight; yet we had fair sport, one day getting twenty geese and another sixteen.

We found it very hard work to get teams to transport us to and fro from the shooting ground, owing to their being engaged to parties looking at land. It is wonderful the number of people who are coming in there to take up farms, and the greater share of them, we found, were people from the United States; in fact, we could scarcely go anywhere without running across people from Saginaw or vicinity.

The Canadian northwest is a great grain raising country. I understand that in Assiniboia the average per acre of wheat, computed on a basis of the tilled soil for the season of 1902, was 27½ bushels. Wheat, of course, is the main product, but flax is usually the first crop sown on the sod, and is a fairly profitable one. Vegetables can also be raised. I never saw finer potatoes, which were selling at 75 cents per bushel, not only there but all through North Dakota. They also raise cabbage, beets, turnips, etc., but it is too far north for raising corn.

One of the drawbacks to Assiniboia is the lack of good water. There is any quantity of water, but mainly alkaline, so drinking water is generally at a premium. One is scarcely ever out of sight of a farm-house, but the houses are far apart, for the farmers believe in having lots of land, rarely anything less than a section, and sometimes two or three times this amount. We were told it was no uncommon thing to get crops of wheat running from 40 to 55 bushels to an acre.

We hunted about four days in the territory around Moose Jaw, and just as we were ready to leave, the southern flight of geese began, and could we have stayed the following week, we certainly would have had rare sport. In this locality prairie chicken or pinnated grouse was rarely seen, but the sharp-tailed grouse takes its place. It is a magnificent bird, and had not packed as badly as the prairie chicken had further south, and we had very good sport with this game, making no large bags, but it was no uncommon thing for a party of two

or three to get twenty of these birds in a day, and that all without dogs. The quantity of game we got was not much considering the time and the number in the party, and none of it was wasted, for each day we gave away all that we could not use ourselves, and the settlers or railroad men were always glad to get it. The last few days of our shooting we tried to save some to bring home for it is not contrary to the law of Assiniboia to bring out of the territory ducks or geese, but sharp-tailed grouse are prohibited.

The license fee in Assiniboia is \$15 for non-residents, and it is closely looked after, and I understand their game laws are well enforced. In North Dakota the non-resident license fee is \$25, and there is a non-export law, but I am sorry to say that about the only rigid enforcement of the game laws I noticed was the prompt collection of the license fee, which is divided mainly among the game wardens. About half of it goes to the district warden, for North Dakota is divided into two districts, with a chief warden in each, then the local game warden has a good big proportion of the balance, and a small fee goes to the county auditor. While the North Dakota law prohibits the killing in any one day by any one person of more than twenty-five of the game birds protected by law, very little attention is paid to this clause, the local game wardens themselves considering it a dead law, and boasting of some of the big bags. I believe, however, they look rigidly after the enforcement of the law as it relates to the exportation of game by market hunters, for I heard of instances of the seizure of grouse that had been taken to a creamery and packed in firkins and a layer of butter put over the birds and shipped out of the State as butter. I believe that a license law is beneficial, and tends to protect game, but I believe it would be more consistent and fair if non-resident sportsmen, after paying the license, were permitted to bring home a reasonable quantity of the game they kill. I believe such a law would be good here in Michigan. Minnesota game laws are better enforced; the State game warden is not afraid to work himself, and instead of enforcing the law through some office by typewriter he gets out and hustles himself. State Game Warden Fullerton, of Minnesota, only three weeks ago, made an important seizure. Five wagonloads of ducks shipped from Herron Lake were intended to cross the Iowa line, but they caught the outfit within ten miles of the line. It seems that a professional market man had been there and engaged hunters to shoot for him, and he was arranging to get them to market in some of the big cities when the game warden dropped on to the whole scheme.

To sum it all up, we found that prairie chicken and sharp-tailed grouse were far more plentiful in North Dakota this year than probably ever before; that the early crop of ducks was tremendous, but did not stay in the State long; that the wild geese are probably as plentiful now as they have been within the last twenty years, but owing to the wheat growing territory being so much greater than formerly, the birds are more scattered, and large flights not so centralized as when wheat was only grown along the Red River Valley. Now they are growing wheat north of Assiniboia territory in Saskatchewan, the whole northern country is to be crossed by new lines of railroads. We were told that more wheat is annually now received at Winnipeg than either at Duluth or Chicago, and one has but to take such a trip as we have just finished to be convinced that there is a mighty big country north of us that is capable of supplying wheat for the world.

At M——, North Dakota, it became noised through some source that our car contained a noted party, headed by Senator Hanna, and we had just gotten nicely packed in our beds when the local band struck up "Little Eva" alongside of us. One man held a kerosene lamp while the bass drum got in its work. We, of course, passed around cigars and the orator of the party appeared in pajamas on the rear platform and did the best he could to tell how much we appreciated the compliment. The paper the next day contained the names of the party, and from the list of Generals, Senators and Governors, we had considerable enjoyment trying to locate who was who. You can rest assured that the newspaper account was decidedly flattering to North Dakota and the people of M—— as well.

W. B. MERSTON.

The Maine Season.

BANGOR, MAINE, Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The past week has not been an ideal one from the standpoint of the hunter, as almost no rain has fallen until the latter part of the week, and the dry leaves made still-hunting almost impossible, while the low state of the streams and rivers has made canoeing, except in the larger streams, very difficult, even impossible at times. As a consequence the shipments of game through Bangor have been, with the exception of Monday, very light. So the woods-bound course of travel has been light except for two days, when the very early morning trains brought fair sized lists of passengers. Some of the camps are already closing for the season, and others who have but four or five guests for the balance of the season, wish that they, too, might shut up and save further expense. Still others report that they are doing an excellent business—in fact, the best for years. But it seems beyond question that the sportsman travel from "outside" has dropped off materially from what it was in 1902. One camp proprietor told your correspondent one day this week that of the twenty-nine persons who had made dates with him for the fall hunting, every one had cancelled his engagement.

Friday afternoon it began to snow here in Bangor, and by night it was coming down thick and fast, extending clear to the St. John River, and covering all the territory in the Maine woods with the soft white blanket that the still-hunter looks eagerly forward to. Like a blizzard, almost, the snowfall has continued through to-day, and is still falling at this writing, which means that the first clear day will see some great tracking done, to be followed by a big exodus from the woods of successful hunters.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

All communications for Forest and Stream must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Long Island Shooting.

BAYPORT, L. I., Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The past week has been most successful for duck shooters, and will no doubt improve with the cold snap which has just set in. The weather has been like summer, the sun shining down on the gunner in the box was so hot, as one gentleman remarked, it was hard work to keep awake, and I believe from what the guides tell me some of them were really guilty of taking a nap. The ducks, by the way they acted, looked as if they would like to do likewise, and seemed to resent being disturbed, for when the sloop went around to put them on the wing they flew but a very short distance before alighting again, which made it difficult to get them over the battery. The bay in this neighborhood is full of ducks, enormous flocks half a mile in length being a common sight, and they are liable to stay, as the feeding grounds are in good shape.

Among the lucky duck hunters this week were W. A. Williamson, of Newark, with Capt. Green, 75 broadbills; H. W. Knight, of Newark, 45 broadbills, 2 redheads, 1 black duck, 4 coots. Mr. Freeman, of New York, with Capt. Still, 22 broadbills. Mr. Such, Perth Amboy, with Capt. Will Brown, 49. Dr. Robinson and his son, of Sayville, with Capt. Rhodes, two days, 76. Mr. S. G. Painter, of New York, with Capt. Brown, 19 broadbills, 1 redhead. Mr. J. Suydam, New York, 37 broadbills, 1 canvasback. Mr. Purdy, of New York, with his own ducking outfit, 75 in three days. Capt. Still, shooting for the market, got 103 ducks in two days.

The usual army of deer hunters have been out, and from what I have heard must have killed over a hundred deer within a radius of five or six miles from here, and not a single accident reported.

Quail shooting has not been up to the usual standard, though there are lots of birds here; but it was so dry the dog could not hold the scent. Four or five brace with a few rabbits and gray squirrels make the average bag. The most remarkable shot was made by Mr. Fred Ware, of New York, who got four birds with one barrel. A party of five went from here on Monday over to the beach rabbit shooting, and succeeded in getting thirty-two rabbit in one day.

HENRY STOKES.

Long Island Deer.

THE Long Island deer season comprises the four days, Nov. 4, 6, 11 and 13. It was estimated that a thousand and more hunters were out on the first day. Many took up their positions on the grounds the night before and waited for the coming of dawn to turn loose the dogs. Among the kills recorded by the Suffolk County News were the following:

The Bohemia Game Protection and Gun Club were on the ground early and their membership was augmented by scores of city hunters until their party is said to have numbered more than 125 men. They killed 21 deer, 6 does and 15 bucks, of which the finest was an eight-year-old buck with broad spreading antlers, killed by Joseph Hrabak.

The Wheeler Road Gun Club killed but one, a doe shot by Joseph Martin.

The Bohemia Sportsmen's Club got four, Dr. Robinson killing a doe and his son William killing a handsome buck; Frank Buchacek, of Islip, a doe, and Tom Farrell, of Babylon, a nice buck.

Another party from Babylon is credited with two bucks, one of which was afterward stolen.

William T. Rhodes killed a fine, large doe, and William F. LeCluse also got a doe. Lew Howe shot a buck, and Mr. Patterson, also of West Sayville, killed a large and handsome buck; Andrew Josten a doe.

The O'Berry brothers and their party from St. James got three.

The Northport Gun Club killed two, the lucky men being Postmaster George Call and Melville Nichols.

A party from Smithtown Branch killed two, and Riverhead sportsmen are also credited with two.

Captain Will Jeffrey shot two deer, a buck and a doe, on the Taylor estate; Joseph Lennon's party killed one doe, as did Milton Hawkins. A party of Orange county sportsmen shot a small doe. Martin Seezy killed one doe.

Nearly 100 deer were killed in all on the first day, and fewer on the second day.

Partridges Scarce in New England.

RYE, New York, Nov. 1.—I was a little disappointed this season in not finding at least the usual number of birds in the coveys. I have done considerable shooting in the New England States and I can never remember such a scarcity of partridges. One of the causes that has contributed to this was the unusual wet spring, consisting of twenty-one days of rain, which killed the young broods before they had half matured. I consider myself an amateur sportsman and never try to kill everything that moves, and I venture to say if I can kill half the number the law permits for one day's shoot, I am ready to turn for home full of glee and just as full of enthusiasm for the next day's hunt. The first four days of the open season my father, two friends and myself, all of us being considered fair shots in the field, went out expecting to have a hunt we had never experienced before after the favorable winter for birds, but instead of this we bagged one partridge and did not see more than half a dozen. We cannot blame this to the unfavorable locality and covers, because the section we generally hunt in is considered one of the best, and extends for miles around our farm.

The successful partridge shooter must be quick of eye, motion, and under no circumstances wait and be particular in having clear, open shots. If this may be the case, however, he will undoubtedly kill few birds. Cover shooting of all kinds, to be successful, requires the greatest quickness of mind and action. There is an advantage in all this in having modern facilities for the brush, and not be burdened with extra heavy clothes, and a firearm that will tire you before your day's hunt is half done.

My favorite gun for this work is one that weighs not more than 6½ pounds, cylinder bore, barrels and stock to be of best material that will assure safety.

I have killed a fair number of woodcock, and they seem to be well reported.

W. H. G.

Alaska Game Heads.

SEATTLE, Wash., Nov. 7.—A party of Scotch and English gentlemen, who spent the entire summer in the Cook's Inlet country hunting moose, mountain sheep, and the other big game of that country, has returned to Seattle. In the party are Lord Elphinstone, of Scotland; P. B. Venderbergh, of England; Andrew K. Stone, representing the American Museum of Natural History; and C. E. Radclyffe, of the British Museum. They brought back with them some very fine specimens of the big game of Alaska.

New York Game in New Jersey.

Two sportsmen of Little Falls, N. J., were heavily fined one day last week for having game in possession before the New Jersey season was open. Their plea was that they had brought the game home from Sullivan county, New York. This was only to say that in addition to breaking the law of New Jersey by having game in possession in close season, they had broken that of New York also by exporting game. The New York statute explicitly forbids the taking of game beyond its borders.

Nova Scotia Moose.

SOUTH BROOKFIELD, Nova Scotia, Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since writing you before there has been a large number of moose shot in this district. Bears are beginning to put in their appearance again. Hope to have a good report on them. Clifton Hardy and Fred McLeod killed a moose last week that weighed, when dressed, 900 pounds. His antlers from tip to tip spread over five feet. This is the largest moose yet killed this season. G. S.

The Wild Ducks.

Large quantities of ducks are reported to have come in the Sound near Oyster Bay, Great South Bay, Barnegat, and Chesapeake Bays. While some very fair bags have been taken, the birds are not stooping well during the pleasant weather. It is expected that fine shooting can be had after the next storm.

Sea and River Fishing.

The Game Laws in Brief.

is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the Brief.

Fish and Fishing.

The Fishes of New York State.

THERE is likely to be a big scramble for copies of the paper by Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, Chief of the Department of Fish and Game at the World's Fair, St. Louis, on the "Fishes of New York," reprinted from the Seventh Report of the State Forest, Fish and Game Commission. It includes, of course, the information contained in the same author's paper on the "Fishes of Long Island," published in the Sixth Report of the State Commissioners, or at least so much of it as refers to the food and game fishes of the island, which is about all that the majority of the readers of this column care much about. Not only is this paper of value because of the difficulty nowadays of obtaining copies of previous works on the subject by DeKay and Mitchell, but it is the most complete and up-to-date work on the matters of which it treats, and is printed and illustrated as none of its predecessors have been. Much successful investigation has been carried on since the days of DeKay and Mitchell, and the result of it all, so far as the food and game fishes of New York are concerned, has been taken advantage of by Dr. Bean in his preparation of the present report. With the exception of the late Mr. A. N. Cheney, Dr. Bean is the first prominent authority on fish and fishing to enlighten the general public as to recent efforts to introduce the different varieties of the Pacific Coast salmonidae into the waters of New York. There have been occasional official reports from the different State hatcheries by Mr. Annin and others, but these have not obtained very general circulation. So far, if we except the case of the rainbow trout, which was first planted in eastern waters more than two decades ago, there is no satisfactory proof of the success of the experiments in the east with the salmon of the Pacific Slope, such, for instance, as has followed the introduction from Europe of the brown or German trout, *Salmo fario*, and of the *Salmo trutta leuvenensis*, or Loch Leven trout. The Quinnet or King salmon, which is the largest of its kind, was introduced into some of the New York lakes a few years ago, and while the practicability of rearing this species in fresh waters without access to the sea has been satisfactorily demonstrated in France by Dr. Jousset de Bellesme, director of the aquarium of the Trocadero, in Paris, the results of the experiments with the same fish in New York waters are as yet unknown, though the outlook seems to be more favorable since the change of method by which larger fish are employed for transplanting purposes. Both the steelhead and the red-throat or Lake Tahoe trout now exist in New York waters, but it is too early as yet to say how they will succeed there. Anglers and net fishermen taking any unusual looking trout or salmon in the lakes or coastal streams or bays of the Empire State, may be able to render an interesting service to piscatorial science by reporting the fact, with a specimen of their catch, to the office of FOREST AND STREAM, the director of the New York Aquarium, or the superintendent of one of the State fish hatcheries, as may be most convenient.

The Smelt of Lake St. John.

There are landlocked smelts in some of the Canadian lakes as well as in the United States. Those in Lake Memphremagog, on the borders of Vermont and Quebec, are probably identical with the *Osmerus mordax* of the Atlantic Coast and Gulf and River St. Lawrence. Those

in Lake St. John present a beggarly, half-starved appearance as compared with the St. Lawrence fish. They more nearly approximate to the smelt found by Cope in Wilton Pond, Kennebec county, Maine, and described by him as *Osmerus spectrum*, in 1870. They are a favorite article of diet with the ouananiche, which, it has been suggested, might attain a larger size if a superior variety of smelts was planted in the lake for their benefit. The matter has been brought, more than once, to the attention of those mainly interested in the matter, but no action has yet been decided upon.

The Destructiveness of Pike.

There is much more than the importation of a better variety of smelts into Lake St. John that might be done for the safeguarding and improvement of the fishing in northern Quebec. It will be remembered that Dame Juliana Berners impressed upon her readers the duty, not only of busying themselves to nourish the game as much as possible, but also to destroy all such things as be devourers of it. And experience in every part of the world goes to prove that in the matter of both fish and game, it is as necessary to prevent the increase of their destroyers as it is to encourage their own natural increase, sometimes by artificial means. Loch Leven, in Scotland, of the fishing of which beautiful body of water Sir Walter Scott discusses so entertainingly in "The Abbott," and Doctor John Duncan Quackenbos has painted us so exquisitely a word picture, supplies an interesting case in point. In addition to the sporting, pink-fleshed trout for which its fame is world-wide, the lake contains both pike and perch, the last-named variety being very plentiful and affording excellent sport. From one cause or another the pike have been gradually gaining the upper hand in Loch Leven during the last two or three years. During the decade 1882-91 an average of 15,000 trout was killed with the rod on Loch Leven in each year, and the average individual weight of the fish was a little over 14 ounces. In the following decade the average number for each season was 18,000, while the weight had fallen to 12 2-3 ounces. In 1902, 8,000 trout were caught that averaged over one pound in weight, while during the last season the numbers dwindled down to 2,000, the average weight having risen to a shade under 1 pound 6 ounces. It seems that during the period 1882-91, the campaign against the pike was carried on assiduously, and even more zealously in the next ten years, when the numbers increased while the weight declined. The figures for 1902 and 1903 show that the smaller trout are falling an easy prey to the pike, and that only the heavier and stronger fish have a chance to escape their remorseless enemies. The spread and vigorous growth of weeds have been mentioned as contributing causes to the recent increase in the number of pike in Loch Leven, and undoubtedly weeds do interfere with netting as with other methods of destruction. The same condition of affairs exists in the Peribonca and some of the other northern rivers of Quebec. A vast number of these water wolves have been destroyed in various ways, both in the Peribonca and in Lake Tschotagama, but no systematic work of the kind has been carried on for some time past, and it goes almost without saying that water weeds interfere materially with it whenever it is attempted, because it is just in the stretches of rivers and portion of lakes where weeds abound that *Lucius lucius* selects his lair. On several English lakes, however, this difficulty is got over by the successful use of patent weed cutters, worked by machinery. Several of the young fish from the Roberval hatchery have been planted in some of the tributaries of the Peribonca, and there is no doubt that a large proportion of this output merely serves to keep the pike in good condition and assist them to put on weight, it being principally in the Grand Discharge that the output of the hatchery has succeeded in most largely increasing the supply of ouananiche.

Fishers of Men and of Fish.

A friend who was talking with me the other day about Walton's intimacy with so many bishops and other distinguished churchmen, and of the love of angling displayed by the clergy generally, related the story of two friends who recently fished for salmon together on the Bonaventure River. One was an Episcopalian minister, the other a Roman Catholic priest. After several unsuccessful attempts to raise a salmon in one of the pools, the Episcopalian handed his rod to the priest. At almost the first cast the latter rose and hooked a handsome fish. "You see," he said, turning to his Episcopalian friend, "to be a successful fisherman, it is before all things necessary to make sure of being in the direct line from St. Peter." Prominent churchmen in England are quite as much addicted to the pleasures of angling as those of America are, and only to-day I read that the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Bath and Wells have been among the recent anglers in the Tay, and that both prelates succeeded in landing some salmon and grilse from that river, while the guests of Lord Blythwood at Ballathie House near Stanley, Perthshire.

The Lobster and the Eagle.

As an excuse for dragging a lobster story into this column under the heading "Fish and Fishing," I can at least claim that much of the contention between the French and the English over the French shore difficulty in Newfoundland hinges upon the point as to whether or not a lobster is a fish, since the French fishermen claim the right to build lobster factories on the treaty coast in virtue of the clause of the treaty authorizing them to erect buildings for drying their fish.

The fisherman in this case was one of the white-headed eagles popularly known in Newfoundland as a grip. The story is told by Colonel Haggard, with whom I visited Newfoundland a few years ago in search of salmon. "John Stroud, one of our guides, and I," says the Colonel, "were sitting on the rocks by the seashore watching the grip soaring around in circles, when suddenly we saw him dash down into a pool of water close by us on the beach, and reappear holding an enormous lobster in his talons. He was an old lobster, with a huge claw white with barnacles; but the eagle had him clutched firmly around the back, and at first we could see the huge claw hanging helplessly down, the barnacles shining white in the sunlight. Only for a second, though. The ripples on the recently disturbed pool had not yet died away, the

large drops of water had not ceased to fall upon its surface from the soaring eagle's feathers and the captive lobster alike, when the latter suddenly awoke to the seriousness of the situation, and to think with that apparently helpless creature was to act, for he was a lobster of action. Up came the great white barnacled claw, and seized the eagle round the neck. The grip had got the grip now with a vengeance. There was a furious fluttering and beating of his wings, a melancholy squawk issued from his choking throat, and then, tumbling and rolling head over heels in the air in a confused mass, down came eagle and lobster again splash back into the pool. We rushed forward, thinking that we could perhaps in some way secure both combatants, as the splashing of the conflict continued in the shallow water. But we had hardly time to pick up a rock apiece to heave at the eagle, before the lobster, feeling himself at home again, let go his hold. Now, with his neck all torn and devoid of feathers, away flew the bedraggled eagle to a neighboring cliff, while, still brandishing his enormous claw in defiance, the lobster remained smiling at the bottom of the pool. But the grip will doubtless tell you, if you meet him, that the lobster fishing in Newfoundland is very poor at present, and that he is going to give it up, as the game is hardly worth the candle."

Riparian Ownership in Canada.

A case possessing very great interest for salmon fishermen who pursue their sport in the Dominion of Canada is now engaging the attention of the Superior Court of the city of Quebec. The action has been taken by the Attorney-General of the Province at the instance of the Fish and Game Department of the Government, against Alexander Fraser and others, and seeks to have it declared that the salmon fishing of the Moisie with rod and line, which is valued at several thousand dollars, is vested in the Government, notwithstanding that the land on either side of the fishing pools was conceded many years ago. In the endeavor to enforce its claims to the proprietorship of the fishing rights, the Government some time ago leased these rights to a Canadian for \$2,500 a year. The right of the lessee and his friends to enter on the river for the purpose of fishing it is denied by the riparian owners, and the present lawsuit is to test the interpretation of a judgment of the Privy Council in fishery matters so far as riparian rights are concerned, and to avoid conflict on the river. Incidentally, the navigability of the river is called in question, and the judgment in the case may affect the rights of the many American salmon fishermen who have paid out large sums of money for riparian rights in Canada. It is said that as much as \$30,000 was paid for the fishing rights in the Moisie by the Boston party who, conditionally upon the title being good, purchased the riparian rights of Mr. Fraser, and many others are said to have paid quite as much and even more for the riparian rights to the fishing in certain portions of the Restigouche and other Canadian rivers. If the Government wins this case it will doubtless assert its rights in other rivers similarly circumstanced, but there is no doubt that whichever way the judgment in the Superior Court goes it will be finally appealed to the highest court in the empire.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Cincinnati Fishing Clubs.

CINCINNATI, O.—Situated as Cincinnati is, within easy reach of many excellent fishing waters, it is safe to say that probably no city in the country has as many fishing clubs and anglers. There are between sixty and seventy of these associations, each with a membership of at least ten, and in addition to their members, there are thousands of unattached anglers, these last including some of the most prominent professional and business men as well as those in humbler positions. Among them may be mentioned the following: Mayor Fleischman, who visits the East each year and wets his line in the waters of the Catskills, or, in his yacht, enjoys the more exciting sport found in deep sea fishing on the broad bosom of the Atlantic. Prof. J. Uri Lloyd, the well-known author of "Stringtown on the Pike," "Warwick of the Knobs," and other works, was one of the party of which ex-President Cleveland was a member, and which visited Middle Bass Island, Lake Erie, early this season. Mr. Lloyd's camp is situated on this island, and during the season he employs a small steamer to take him to his favorite fishing grounds on the Canadian shore. The chief of the fire department, Mr. Abe Fuerst, is only one of many of the fire fighters who are lovers of sport with rod and reel.

Mr. Alex. Starbuck, president of the Cuvier Club, spent the past season at Sea Gull, Ont., where he enjoyed good sport, although not so good as in previous years. The illegal net fishing, which is carried on, has reduced the number of fish greatly, and unless it can be stopped, this locality will, in a few more seasons, lose its reputation as a famous resort for lovers of black bass fishing.

Joseph Chambers, a retired capitalist, has had a wide experience as an angler, and has fished in probably all the noted waters from east to west. He has caught the tuna at Catalina Island, Cal., and last year wet his line in the waters of Bacchewausing Bay, Lake Superior, and at Sea Gull. The past season he was at the latter place with Mr. Starbuck, and while there caught, in the St. Mary's River, a typical specimen of the small-mouthed black bass weighing 5 pounds 5 ounces and measuring 20½ inches in length and 17½ inches in circumference. The specimen was also perfect in symmetry, something unusual in big fish. Mr. Starbuck had a snapshot of the fish taken, and on his arrival home took the film and had reproduced a fac simile of it of natural size. This photograph he had framed and presented to Mr. Chambers. The picture hangs in his rooms at the Grand Hotel, where it is admired by his friends and serves as a perpetual reminder of a most pleasant outing. This catch of Mr. Chambers' is a record one, as for a number of years no Cincinnati angler has captured one of this species of that weight. Last year Mr. Fuerst caught one at Pelee Island which weighed 5 pounds, this being the nearest approach to Mr. Chambers' prize.

Hon. T. A. Logan, well known and universally liked

by all lovers of sport with rod or gun, spent the past season in the Sault Ste. Marie region instead of on the famous Nipigon River, where he once used to wield the rod. This list might be extended indefinitely and would include the names of many who visit distant waters each season, and of many others who, lacking the time, find their sport, and it is good sport, too, nearer home in the waters of the Little and Big Miami rivers, and in the numerous lakes, ponds and rivers in the vicinity of the city.

Following is a list of a few of the more important clubs of the city: The Queen City Fishing Club was organized about twenty-three years ago, and is one of the oldest clubs in the city. The only one of the original members still retaining his membership is Mr. Frank Krippner. The club has a membership of thirty-seven, the officers being Mr. Joseph A. Busse, president; Mr. Arthur Bodey, secretary. The club establishes a camp each year, and has chosen a charming spot on the Big Miami River, at Cleves, about 17 miles from the city. Here, under the shade of immense trees, and with the sparkling waters of the river close at hand, they pitch their tents, the nearness of the city permitting the members to make frequent visits to camp and enjoy the pleasure of landing the gamy bass, which are quite plentiful.

The Bellevue Hunting and Fishing Club owns Belle Isle, a wooded island of about six acres, in the Big Miami River, near New Baltimore, O., where it has a handsome club house costing several thousand dollars, one of the best in this section of the country. The officers are: Geo. Osterfelt, president; Chas. Doer, secretary; Herman Osterfelt, treasurer; Louis Hahn, superintendent. Their camp home is one of the most beautiful spots on the river, which is noted for its scenery, and the fishing is excellent.

The Prospect Fishing Club has a membership which includes many well-known citizens, among them being Judge W. H. Lueders, Jacob Bernard, W. E. Bush, Dr. W. F. Mente and Robert Delke. The officers are: A. B. Schmidt, president; M. Kemen, vice-president; George Brockman, secretary; Jacob Woeliner, treasurer. Trustees: R. H. Schmidt, W. E. Bush, George Stitzle, F. H. Evers and Jacob Bernard. Eight-Mile, on the Ohio River, is the spot chosen for the club's camp.

The Norwood Nut Club is a fishing club organized in Norwood, O., a town adjoining Cincinnati. It has a membership of twenty-five, and is officered as follows: Charles Worthlin, president; Ed. Stackham, secretary and treasurer. The club has a camp on the Little Miami River.

The Red Nose Fishing Club takes its yearly outing at Noah's Lakes, Sewardsville, O.

The Bench Club has a very comfortable club house at Mohawk Bridge, on the Little Miami River, near Loveland, and the members enjoy good sport during the season.

The Twelfth Ward Fishing Club camps on the banks of the Ohio River, above Coney Island.

At Rylauds, Ky., a club of Cincinnati sportsmen have a club house on Crystal Lake, where there is the best of bass fishing. This is, however, a private preserve, and only members of the club and invited guests may enjoy the sport.

A list of the angling clubs would not be complete without mention of the Kingfishers, that aggregation of expert fishermen made famous by the facile pen of Mr. J. H. Hickman, better known to thousands of readers of the sportsman's press as Old Hickory. The club this year made its camp at Glen Arbor, Mich., where they enjoyed such fine sport last year.

Nor should the Cuvier Club be omitted from this list, for, although it is not a fishing club, it has done much in the protection of fish, and many of its members are enthusiastic anglers, notably Mr. Starbuck, the president, who tells the following hard luck story of his experience at Sea Gull this year: "Just as we reached an open glade, where the morning mists were raising jeweled arnis as the splendor of the day increased and painted the forest leaves in a glimmer of gold, we were tempted to try the inviting spot and again the anchor sought the bottom. Baiting anew with fresh and lively shiners, I tossed them lightly to the rippling waters, and on making a gentle movement of the bait a few inches above the bottom, I was suddenly surprised with a wicked snap of my minnow and a rapid rush of my line from the silvery spool. I struck, of course, at such earnest manifestations, and was sure I had the greedy biter impaled securely. Whizz, whizz, whizz, went the reel as the line ran rapidly out, while I was struggling with my utmost endeavors to check the swift speeding and frantic fish. There was no let up on his run, and after he had taken off about a hundred feet of my line, despite the pressure I had put on with my thumb, I was compelled to give him 'the butt' as a dernier ressort, as only a yard or two of line remained on my reel. Even at this he faltered but a trifle, for at the eventful crisis he made a violent and wicked struggle with a vicious shake of his head above water, and,

"Then all at once the slackened line
Stratched outward through the waters deep;
* * * One spring, and, like dissolving spray,
The line and leader parted."

My companion endeavored to console me by giving eclat to the situation by stating that it was a 75-pound muscalonge, and that nothing but a heavy trolling line of bell cord would have held him. I demurred to this statement by responding that it was not over 30 pounds in weight, and that if I had only 50 feet more of line I would have saved him. He would not budge a fraction on his figures, neither would I, and so it went to the jury, and a verdict was obtained on the general average principle, which brought the weight of the escaped fish to 52½ pounds. Damages being repaired to the demoralized line, I commenced the angle with a meekness and humility that would have been creditable to a saint. I had placed no value on the fish I had previously caught, but when a 52½-pound muscalonge is within your reach and to then lose him in a twinkling, almost, is some cause for lamentation and repining.

Following are a few of the localities near the city

where good fishing may be had: Little Miami and Whitewater rivers, about 20 miles from the city, on the Lawrenceburg Traction, from Sedamsville.

Indian Creek runs into the Big Miami River about a mile from Venice, O., 25 miles from Cincinnati; fine bass fishing.

Kings Mills, O., about a mile above the mills, Little Miami River.

Thom's Pond, three miles above Hamilton, O., bass. About 15 miles up the Licking River, Ky., along the Licking and Lexington pikes, good bass fishing.

The Ohio River furnishes good catfish, perch and salmon fishing.

There are many private ponds in near-by Kentucky towns where very good sport may be had on payment of a small fee, which includes use of tackle and bait.

BONASA.

The Red Gods.

TRENTON, Georgia, Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been looking over some back numbers of *FOREST AND STREAM* and have been amused at the racket kicked up by some of your correspondents in their discussion of certain lines in a poem by Mr. Kipling. I am reminded of the two knights who fought over the white and black shield, only to learn later that it had more than one color; and also of the newly-fledged lieutenant referred to by Cabia Blanco as one who learned that everything is not taught at West Point. Many college graduates have found that this rule held good of their alma mater.

Among the things I have observed in the course of my life, is that it is often unwise to throw mud at the other fellow until it is fully established that he is wrong. If you think him in error, you can say so in a gentlemanly way, and state why you think so. Then, perhaps, he may thank you for your information.

One reason why I have always liked *FOREST AND STREAM* is that its editors have allowed a very considerable latitude to correspondents, and if one or more of them happened to be wrong somebody was pretty certain to rise and set them right, and this has furnished much good reading to the paper.

North, south, east and west, I have hunted and fished in my time, and I was on the Rangeleys before the most of your readers were born. Still, I was never on the rivers of New England when there happened to be a log-drive, and perhaps this is one reason why I never heard the click of an iron-shod canoe-pole. Knowing, as I do, something of rivers and acoustics, I doubt not that their click would be audible at a considerable distance. Mr. Hardy surely knows.

In Michigan such poles exist. I have seen them on Rapid River, and the guides of the Jordan use still, as I think, a long and narrow paddle with an iron point. A wooden point would of course be less liable to slip, but a good deal depends on the way the pole is used. I once cut a pole, which I whittled to a point, to help me in fording a dangerous "rip" on the Oconto River, in northern Wisconsin. The ice was running, and had I fallen, which I should surely have done but for the pole, "farewell Duncraggan's orphaned heir."

I never saw a "cooner" in Maine, nor a "bat" in the south, but they might have been there for all that. I have seen many log-jams of all descriptions. Some of them were "raw."

I have sunned and slept on bars of sand and bars of shingle. I have rarely camped under my canoe, and I like to see the starlight when I close my eyes. It's friendly, like the many voices of the night.

Let me see—what else was there? Oh, the "silent, smoky Indian." Well, I have seen lots of them, of all, or nearly all, descriptions, and although they often appear silent, the most of them can talk and joke upon occasion. Not often, though, when they act as guides. The Pueblo Indians of New Mexico are not smoky, neither are the Hualapais of the Arizona desert, but the last are certainly the most disagreeable savages I ever saw. I think that, ordinarily, the further north you go the more smoky are the Indians. And although this is not always the case, when they are smoky they are quite as useful at guiding or paddling as though they had never inhaled the pyroligneous odors.

One other thing I recall—not a very little matter, either, to one who would have the best "bough berth" the woods afford. Nothing is better than hemlock tips. Fir will do (they often call it "far" in Maine and New Hampshire), but don't take spruce if you can help it. It's too prickly.

I believe that is all for this time, but will say that you don't often catch Kipling tripping.

KELPIE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In his criticism of the line,

To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend

Mr. Brown asserts that in order to be good poetry the language must needs have application to canoe-poles wherever used. Now, any sane reader of the entire poem knows at once that the lines have a limited application, and knows at least that they apply to a particular side of the "Four-way Lodge," to a particular part of the world. If the reader has visited Maine or one of the Canadian provinces he appreciates the application in its fullness. He knows this from the language of the first line of the poem, "Now the Four-way Lodge is open," and from the first lines of the second, third, and fourth verses, which are respectively as follows:

"Do you know the shallow Baltic, where the seas are steep and short,"

"Do you know the pile-built village, where the sago-dealers trade,"

"Do you know the world's white roof-tree—do you know that windy rift."

As to the last line of the verse,

For the Red Gods call us out and we must go.

The sentence forms the last line in verses 2, 3 and 4. and in each case, as in the first verse, is preceded by a word picture, strongly painted and true, portraying the nature surroundings and the pleasures found by the angler, the lover of the sea, the naturalist and the hunter. A word picture appealing to the desire that is always present, a desire which draws just such pictures in the imagination, and which is in turn whetted thereby. A de-

sire which is an ever-burning fire, flickering low at times through circumstances or change of seasons, but needing but scant fuel or a turning of the coals to burst into flame. Brother angler, when the trout season approaches and the fever grows apace and you fondle your fly-book and your tackle, and you see in fond imagery the stream hastening over sun-glanced shallows and whirling in eddies at each turn, is it not the Red Gods of desire that call thee out?

Brother yachtsman, when the yachting season comes and the boat needs overhauling and there is much tinkering to be done, when you smell the salt air at the home port, is it not the same Red Gods that call thee out?

Brother naturalist, when you think of far off climes, and you depart with your nets and your boxes and with thoughts of new specimens awaiting you, did not the Red God call thee out?

Brother hunter, when earth is in the sere and yellow leaf and you also gather together your guns and your duffle and dream of "camps of proved desire and known delight" and of the head of heads that awaits the crack of your rifle in the stillness of a Canadian forest, did the Red God call unto you?

Where, in the realm of poetry, can we find better expression of that aroused desire than in that line, "The Red Gods call us out, and we must go." What is the foundation of that desire? An intense love, a passion, that gnaws at our very souls, that draws mental pictures which beckon and summon and call us out; an intensity of yearning to which we must yield, come what may; and the God that calls us out and is so supreme over us, he is not described by the adjective blue or black or amber, but by the adjective red—red unto the color of the heart's blood, the color which since man began to live has been forever and immortally associated with passion and love.

KENNETH FOWLER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, E. P. Jaques, wants five questions answered "by the able defenders of Kipling." He wants the answers to agree. The questions have been answered by several correspondents, and the answers have agreed, except in minor points, but as Mr. Jaques does not seem to know it, I will edit the answers for his benefit.

Question No. 1—"What is meant by the 'Red Gods have called?'" His quotation is wrong. I give the line in question:

"For the Red Gods call us out, and we must go."

I suppose if Kipling had used the phrase, "The red salmon and trout call us out," Mr. Jaques would have been content. Evidently he cannot appreciate poetic license. When I read the phrase I thought it well applied. The gods are worshipped, and thousands of persons worship the trout and salmon. Why not in poetry call them the "Red Gods?"

His next question—"What is 'traces' in connection with 'rods and reels?'" I don't know what Mr. Jaques is driving at. Certainly anyone ought to know that Kipling was referring to fishing gear that was to be used on the trip. He could have added flies, spoons, and leaders, as well.

"What is a 'raw log-jam?'" This question comes right home to me. I have helped to break more raw log-jams than Mr. Jaques is months old. Raw, as applied to a log-jam, means rough, but it is used by log drivers when the word rough is not expressive enough. When driving logs, if I was told that a jam was a "raw one" I should expect to see logs crossed and criss-crossed, and ended up in all manner of angles. The expression "a raw stretch of water" is as common as a "raw day." The word is used by log drivers and lumbermen, and when applied to a log-jam it fills the bill.

"What is a 'right-angled log jam?'"

A right-angled log-jam would be one at a right angle with the stream; that is, one that formed directly across the stream from bank to bank. Most log-jams form in this manner. Sometimes a jam forms in an acute angle; that is, one end of the jam is further down stream than the other. Such jams are terrors to the log driver, for the water back of the jam instead of forcing the logs down stream press them to the bank. As soon as a few logs are picked and lifted out and go down stream, the jam starts just enough to fill the vacant space, and sometimes the whole jam has to be worked out log at a time. These jams usually form where there is a bend in the stream.

His last question, "What does 'at the end' mean?" is plain enough to me. Kipling, without doubt, meant the end of the jam, and not, as Mr. Jaques imagines, the end of the stream.

Usually log drivers speak of the lower end of a jam as "the foot," and the upper end as the head, but the phrase, "the end of the jam" is not uncommon, and doubtless Kipling so understood it.

HERMIT.

A Pennsylvania Hatchery.

THE Pennsylvania State Department of Fisheries has purchased the Hoy property adjoining the new State hatchery at Bellefonte, thus securing a dwelling house and barn for the convenience of the superintendent, besides rounding out a fine property. The new hatchery building at Bellefonte is well under way, and the ponds will all be completed before winter sets in. The water from the Shugard spring is piped through a ten-inch main, and with water on the place there is a flow of at least 4,000 gallons a minute. Bellefonte will have the largest trout hatchery in the world. The United States Fish Commission has sent the new hatchery 1,000 yearling trout; the Blooming Grove Association has offered to donate 10,000 yearlings and two-year-olds and about 200,000 eggs. The people near Ulysses offer 3,000 fish, and all these with the eggs from the old hatchery at Allentown, will give the new hatchery at Bellefonte a good start next spring with something like 2,000,000 fry. The Department expects to double this number for distribution next year.

The fish wardens have been doing good work recently. Three of them arrested fifteen illegal fishermen in one week, and they expect to make as many more arrests. One warden is after a man who caught undersized trout near the close of the season. The evidence is plain, and when the man is captured it will cost him \$400 and costs.

Salmon Fishing in British Columbia

From the London Fishing Gazette.

HEARING that large salmon were to be caught off the mouth of the Campbell River, in Vancouver Island, my wife and I started off to try our luck on Aug. 20 last. In order to reach this place we had to take the steamer, which sails daily from Vancouver to Nanaimo, and then change into another from there to Comox, where we were to be met by a man who would accompany us as guide, cook, etc. We were favored with very fine weather, and arrived safely at Comox, a small settlement on the east side of the island, which was enlivened at the time by having H. M. S. Grafton and an attendant torpedo boat lying at anchor there. The ships of the Pacific fleet, whose headquarters are at Esquimalt, go to Comox for the purpose of musketry and big gun practice, and as will be seen, it was a lucky occurrence for us their being there. We were met by our guide, a son of an Englishman, who had come out from "the old country" some years ago, and who was living on a "ranch" about fifteen miles from Comox. On our way up on the steamer a man and his wife had come on board, who turned out to be an elder brother of our guide's, so we all joined forces and agreed to camp together. From Comox to our fishing ground was some twenty miles or so up the coast, and as the trail only went some eighteen miles, we were considering how we were to get all our camp equipment, etc., to the required place, when the difficulty was solved in a most satisfactory and pleasing manner. The commander of the torpedo boat heard we were wanting to go to Campbell River, and as he was under orders to go there himself next morning, most kindly offered to take us up, an offer which we were only too glad to accept. On reaching our camping ground next day, we landed in small boats, and soon had our tents up and everything in order. The weather was fine, and we heard the fish were running well. The method of catching these large fish is as follows: You go out in a boat at certain times of the tide, and the bait is a huge artificial spoon (about four or five inches long). You let out some thirty or forty yards of line with heavy leads on it (about one-half pound in weight), and this you trail after the boat. Although these enormous salmon can be seen rolling on the top of the water like porpoises (and I may here say that unless they are doing so it is little use fishing), unless your line is well weighted and kept down in the water, instead of catching the "tyee," as they are called locally, you will catch the smaller kind called "cohoes," which run any weight from 6 or 7 to 20 pounds. Your boat must be kept going at a fair, but not too fast, pace, and when one of these "tyees" take the spoon you can tell directly. They generally make a first grand rush. Perhaps 80 to 100 yards of line go out like lightning, and woe betide you if there is any hitch, for if there unhappily is a general smash-up ensues. After this they stop, and you can get line in, and then they generally bore down, which makes a terrible strain on the rod. The first "big 'un" I got into I shall not readily forget. I had him on exactly forty-seven minutes, and he took me two miles down the coast before we could gaff him. Eventually, we got him into the boat, and on getting home he weighed 56 pounds. His dimensions were: Length, 4 feet 2 inches; girth (at shoulders), 2 feet 6½ inches, and his tail was exactly 11 inches across. This turned out the biggest fish I caught. I got another 44 pounds, and then turned my rod over to my wife. She caught three, which weighed just 120 pounds (43, 40 and 37 pounds), not bad work for a lady! We lost about a dozen "tyees" I should say, and caught some dozen smaller "cohoes"—in the week about 450 pounds to 500 pounds of salmon. One angler there, a Dr. D—, who had been out every day for a month, caught 94, which weighed 3,760 pounds—just an average of 40 pounds to a fish. He caught one 59 pounds, but I believe mine was the second largest caught this last season. There were some twelve other parties fishing while we were there, and on a good evening I have heard reels screeching in all directions. These fish are most excellent eating, and luckily, there is no waste, however many you may catch, as the Siwash (Indians) are only too glad to have them, as they "smoke" them and use them for food in the winter. This fishing, being in salt water, is free to anyone who likes to get a boat and go out. Of course, this "trailing" is not the sport fly-fishing or "spinning" would be, but to get a 40-pound or 50-pound salmon on even a spoon-bait is not to be despised, as because you have hooked him, it by no means follows you have caught him. Full of life and vigor, they are not yours till in the boat, and the number of spoons left in fish at the mouth of Campbell River would be sufficient to start a business. The curious thing is directly they leave the salt water, it is absolutely useless to fish for them. I was by a pool not 300 yards from the actual mouth of the river, full of these big fish rolling about, but you might have just as well tried to catch salmon in the round pond at Kensington Gardens as get these fish to look at your spoon. There is a little expense attached to this fishing. You must have first rate tackle and plenty of it, and you must hire a boat, which you can do on the spot for \$2 (8s.) a day. You want a man to row you about, and this is the most expensive portion, as wages are so high in this country. I paid mine, who besides rowing me about, cooked for me, looked after the camp, etc., \$3.50 per diem—in other words, 14s. a day and his keep. This, of course, sounds high, but it must be remembered that here the ordinary laborer can get \$2 (8s.) a day and his food. Another thing is that unlike salmon fishing in Scotland, where, perhaps, you are paying £60 or £90 a month for the right of fishing alone, and then may catch next to nothing, here you are absolutely certain of catching fish that average 40 pounds. I was told of a fish of 72 pounds having been killed with rod and line, but I cannot vouch for the truth of this. All the same, I do not see why this should not have been done, as it is impossible to say to what weight salmon can or cannot grow in salt water.

Anyway, we had a delightful trip, and enjoyed ourselves extremely. After we had had a week of this fishing I went out into the woods after elk, where, again, I was successful, but, as Rudyard Kipling says, that is another story.

I would like to add that all the fish above referred to were caught on a rod made by those well-known and first class makers, Messrs. Hardy Bros., Alnwick. It was a Greenheart spinning rod, which they call the "Murdoch," 11½ feet long, and a better rod I never handled. My lines, reels, etc., were all from the same firm, and gave me every satisfaction, a highly important item when playing a 50-pound salmon.

W. H. CUNLIFFE.

Vancouver, British Columbia, October, 1903.

[It is not often that a lady beats Mrs. Cunliffe's three fish, weighing 120 pounds; the 43-pound fish was on 37 minutes, and Mrs. Cunliffe had no help whatever, and brought the fish to the gaff herself. Colonel Cunliffe ought to have sent her portrait with the fish. His 56-pounder is a grand fish.—Editor Fishing Gazette.]

Can Fish Count?

MANY of your readers, I think, must at times grow weary of detailed lists of fish slain, and occasionally—very occasionally—lost, however artfully the catch may be seasoned, and, I fear, sometimes cooked, by skilled correspondents. Even the success obtained by a new pattern on a treble o hook, accurately placed under difficulties that would be fatal to an angler less masterly than the narrator, fails to awaken keen interest on the twentieth, or may be on the thirtieth, repetition, however cleverly the scene and accessories may be varied. *Toujours perdrix*, etc. For a wholesome, if homely, change of diet I propose, therefore, to send you one of many disjointed thoughts that have risen when the fish would not rise. It is of small value in itself, but touches on a subject dealt with, so far as I am aware, by none of our writers on fish and fishing.

We have had many learned disquisitions on the senses of sight, hearing, and taste in fish; nay, some authorities have even attributed to them a faint power of smell. Facts have been recorded leading us to believe they are by no means devoid of memory; but who can tell us whether they can count? That some birds can count—or, rather, distinguish between one and two or more objects—is well known; but they are soon at the end of their arithmetic. If two men go into a shooting hut, or hide, together, wood pigeons that have been scared will quickly return when one man has come out again and gone away. Not so a carrion crow. He will not venture till both men have retired. But even he cannot count beyond the figure 2. If three men go into hiding together and two withdraw, after a short interval, the crow will fearlessly come back to finish his repast, regardless of the planted gunner. My authority for this statement is the word of a true sportsman and observant naturalist. The behavior of the pigeons has come within my own experience. But what of our fish?

More years ago than I should care to mention were I not a "mere male," I rented some water on the Test at Romsey. A road bounded the water on the right bank. Some ten or twelve yards from the road, just opposite to a lamp post, a trout had taken up his position. This road was on my nearest way to the railway station, and every Monday morning after my week-end fishing, I used to pause at the lamp post and watch my friend. He took little notice of me, but if I stared too long at him he would slowly sink a few inches deeper under water. I knew his position to an inch, and, creeping on hands and knees on the gritty road, I tried more than once to seduce him with the most tempting flies—dry, wet, and waterlogged. In vain! After many failures I thirsted for the blood of that fish! One day I was walking with a friend, who was fishing with me. We paused, as usual, at the lamp post and gazed longingly, but not lovingly, at the trout. By chance a good fish rose some forty yards higher up stream, and my friend hurried off to cast for it. As he left I drew back quietly into the middle of the road, and, without even taking the trouble to kneel down, cast carelessly over my other friend. He took it with as little hesitation as a city magnate would have shown in swallowing an oyster before the late typhoid scare.

Many years afterward I was fishing on the Leach, in Gloucestershire. A path ran by the river side. At one point the path passed over a culvert close to the stream. This was the only way across a wide ditch at right angles to the river. In crossing this culvert I constantly put down a good fish. Trees and bushes made it impossible—for me, at any rate—to cover this fish until I had crossed the culvert. One day I crossed it in company with a farmer, who was going to a meadow further on. The fish, as usual, made for the nearest weed, as the water was too shallow to admit of his sinking, until we had passed. Remembering my experience at Romsey, I bid the farmer "Good day," and walked inland some fifteen yards from the water. After waiting ten minutes or so I crept on my knees within drifting distance of the fish, and was rewarded by a tight line. Two facts are not sufficient grounds on which to build a theory, but were they mere accidents, or can fish count?—Basil Field in *London Field*.

Cincinnati Anglers.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 7.—Mr. T. J. Mulvihill and Mr. J. H. Duncan fished this season in Stoney Lake, near Burleigh Falls, Can. Evidence of the sport they had and their skill as anglers may be seen in a store window on Government Square, where two large specimens of muscalonge are on exhibition. The fish were caught on Sept. 17 and 18, are three feet long and weigh about 23 pounds. Mr. Duncan's fish, taken on the 18th, was a trifle the larger of the two.

D. H. E.

A Flatboat's Long Voyage.

MOORED for a few days' rest before resuming her course in the Mississippi currents to her destination at New Orleans, the "shanty," or trading boat, *Sargassa*, which, with her captain and a crew of three able-bodied rivermen, has come from the faraway Yellowstone, 500 miles beyond the source of the Missouri, her owner bargaining with Indians and white, collecting buffalo horns, old iron, junk of every description, for sale to St. Louis, Kansas City, Memphis and New Orleans dealers.

Borne as the eddying currents might dictate, propelled at times by hand, vainly endeavoring to avoid the shifting sandbars, the drifting snags, and the wire ferries which span the upper rivers, the *Sargassa* has been nearly six months doing her 2,000 miles from Billings, Mont., to St. Louis. Altogether, more than 3,000 miles will be covered.

Captain Henry C. Sharpless, the owner of the *Sargassa*, has many strange things to tell of that long, but to him, never tiresome journey. For days the little boat plunged down the swiftly flowing Yellowstone, upon which no steamboat plies, and where for a week at a time no human being was to be seen.

Drifting on to sandbars in the "Big Muddy," where at times the captain was compelled to discharge tons of freight in order to release the boat, then to lay by for days to regain his cargo, the *Sargassa's* crew had plenty to occupy them all the time.

"Of course, we had to lay up every night. It was hard enough to get along in daytime," said Captain Sharpless yesterday. "We never grew weary, however. We would go out and chase rabbits, and some times lay off for a day or two along the Yellowstone to hunt bigger game. There was plenty of elk and game of all sorts, rainbow trout and ripening nuts, so we never suffered for good food.

"The Yellowstone is a magnificent country for scenery, and the current swept us along at a five-mile-an-hour gait past the white-capped Crazy Mountains and Big Horns. We enjoyed even the loneliness of the region. When we would come to some little trading place or postoffice settlement, the people would come out as though we were an entire circus outfit. They were glad to trade and glad to talk.

"When we struck the 'Big Muddy' at Fort Buford, N. D., things began to get more ragged. We thought we had passed all the wire ferries on the Yellowstone, and from the temporary tents we had used till then we moved into a newly constructed 'shanty,' built at the stern of the boat, which was cabin and galley in one. We were fooled about the wire ferries, however, and one day, without ten minutes' notice, we saw one of the things stretching out ahead of us with a strong current bearing us down upon it. There was some scrambling among the crew. We finally got one of our big oars under the wire and got it on deck. Then the current gave us a twist, and the wire and the crew got in a tangle, and the first thing I knew I was lying in a heap in the scrap pile. We got past it at last, but there was some 'river talk' on board that boat that would not look well in print.

"Up at a spot they call De Gray, on the upper Mississippi, we got on the worst bar of the trip, and it was not until we had thrown about seventy-five tons of stuff overboard that we got afloat. We managed to get some skiffs and fish about sixty tons of it back. That took about a week."

Captain Sharpless makes flat boating pay. He disposed of about 100 tons of material at Kansas City for \$14 a ton, and will have no trouble in getting equally good prices for what he has left.

As soon as he unloads here he will start out for Memphis and will have picked up another boatload of junk to sell there. He will then have a third cargo to pick up for sale in New Orleans.

Captain Sharpless is from a Philadelphia Quaker family, and has been on the Western rivers nearly all his life.—St. Louis Republic.

The Tuna Club Tournament.

AVALON, Cal., Nov. 1.—We have angling tournaments in many countries, but possibly the one started and carried on every year by the Tuna Club of Santa Catalina Island, California, is the most interesting, inasmuch as it was suggested to educate that unpopular person, the "game hog." From 80,000 to 100,000 people visit this island every year, and among such a swarm of anglers many will, of course, be ignorant of the methods of honorable fishing and try for all they can catch, resulting in over catching. The club established a series of rules, one of which was that rods alone should be used, and lines not over 21 strand; this, as was the object, prevented the public from using hand lines by which they could haul in big fish rapidly, and forced them to use the light tackle by which it took from fifteen to thirty minutes to land a twenty-pound fish. In a word, it kept the "game hog" at work on one fish, when with the hand line he could catch four or six. Of course this is not a complete undoing for the non-sportsman-like angler, but it reduces the catch. The club gives the tournaments to encourage the use of the lightest tackle for big game fishes, and as a result among the one hundred or more boatmen of Avalon every one has a fine equipment of rods and fine lines, and as no records or prizes can be obtained with anything else, the hand line is not known at Santa Catalina, and the game hog, if he will be one, is obliged to work and work hard for the prey which constitutes his big string. The tournaments last from May until November, and the prizes for the tournament of 1903 are as follows:

For first tuna of the season, H. E. Smith, of New York, received a fine agate-tipped rod. The score for largest tuna of the season, for which Montgomery Bros., jewelers, of Los Angeles, offered a special silver cup, was tied, H. E. Smith, of New York city, and B. F. Alden, of Chicago, each taking one weighing 94 pounds. They will each have their names inscribed in the cup.

For smallest tuna, H. L. Packard, of Bakersfield, Cal., was awarded a rod.

Black sea bass, Edward Llewellyn, of Los Angeles, takes both first and second prizes. His largest fish weighed 425 pounds, which establishes a new record. The second largest weighed 379; for each Mr. Llewellyn received a rod.

Smallest black sea bass, which weighed but 34 pounds, fell to T. McD. Potter, of Los Angeles, for which he received a rod.

Largest white sea bass, 52 pounds, William Porter Adams, of Chicago, was awarded a tackle box.

Second largest white sea bass, 51½ pounds, Ernest Fallon received a gaff.

Largest yellowtail, 46 pounds, F. P. Newport, of Los Angeles, was awarded a rod.

W. A. Holt, M.D., of Globe, Ariz., had the second largest, 44 pounds, and received a gaff.

For largest albicore, 38 pounds, John Van Liena, of Los Angeles, received a rod.

For largest rock bass, 9½ pounds, Rev. H. D. Ward, of Huron, S. D., received a line dryer.

For largest whitefish, L. G. Murphy, of Converse, Ind., received a gaff.

Harry Doss received a fine agate-tipped silver-mounted rod for best-equipped launch over four horse-power.

Harry Nichols received a similar rod for best equipped launch under four horse-power.

Harry Elms, the boatman taking the first tuna of the season, was awarded a rod.

The present holders of cups and records are: Largest tuna—C. F. Holder, Pasadena, 1899, 183 pounds; Col. C. P. Morehouse, Pasadena, 1900, 251 pounds; F. S. Schenck, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1901, 158 pounds; F. V. Rider, Avalon, 1901, 158 pounds; John E. Stearns, Los Angeles, 1902, 197 pounds. Black sea bass—F. V. Rider, Avalon, 1898, 327 pounds; T. S. Manning, Avalon, 1899, 370 pounds; F. S. Schenck, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1900, 384 pounds; A. C. Thompson, Pomona, 1901, 384 pounds; H. T. Kendall, Pasadena, 1902, 419 pounds. Largest yellowtail—F. V. Rider, Avalon, 1898, 41 pounds; F. S. Gerrish, Jacksonville, Fla., 1899, 37 pounds; R. F. Stocking, Los Angeles, 1900, 48 pounds; T. S. Manning, 1901, 33 pounds; Dr. Trowbridge, Fresno, 1902, 47½ pounds.

Strange Thing to Steal.

SOMEWHERE in St. Louis is concealed a man who has stolen 15,000 minnows; and he must have the minnows with him, since they can be found nowhere. Next to stealing a hippopotamus or a tombstone, one would think 15,000 minnows would be the hardest thing to steal. But nothing is safe. Still we may be cheered over this evidence of originality. One does get so tired of reading about the stolen diamond sunbursts and necklaces and solitaire rings which our fellow citizens seems to own chiefly for the pleasurable excitement of having them stolen. What a dull life this would be to some if they were not the happy owners of a chamois bag full of gems. Not one flutter beyond the ordinary in a whole decade of one's existence, except the occasional visit of a porch climber, the burglar, or the frequent theft by the trusted house servant. And only a languid thrill to the public in the ever recurrent list where the two rhinestone earrings, the mother-of-pearl stickpin, the turquoise bracelet of pale blue glass, the rolled plate cuff buttons are listed in the papers. When it is 15,000 minnows stolen it is quite different. This puts some life into the daily criminal annals. It shows a novelty of conception and an attention to detail in perpetration. Every theft done in St. Louis is marked by peculiar features, in which it resembles some other theft by which the detectives may trace it to its author. But the stealing of 15,000 minnows stands alone. It has no precedent. It becomes a freak in criminal history. It is corroboration of the theory that theft is due to sudden recurring aberrations, in which the victim takes the first thing he can carry off. It may be a barrel of tar or a doorplate, a bucket of molasses, a parrot, or 15,000 minnows. Insanity is about the only thing that can account for it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Book Review.

THE LITTLE FORESTERS: Stories of Bird and Animal Life as the Actors Themselves See It. By Clarence Hawkes, author of "Master Frisky." Price, 60 cents. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, publishers.

This is a very clever nature book, whose subjects are delightfully and very naturally treated, as if the writer were one of them. There are fourteen character illustrations by Copeland which add materially to the interest of the situations, not always pleasant, in which the furred and feathered denizens of the woods find themselves during the vicissitudes of a lively summer season; and when they all meet eventually in the fall to review the past and prepare to separate for southern climes, the breaking up of old associations is really affecting. Even the owls and the hawks seem reluctant to have the others go, and the reader cannot doubt their sincerity. One has to be imbued with a true love for nature and its aspects and belongings to be able to write in this vein.

The tendency in these days to invest the more familiar orders of the brute creation with mentality does much to increase one's personal interest in them. Nature books are valuable coefficients to the propaganda of "Audubon Societies" and other organizations for the prevention of cruelty to animals and their wanton destruction. "It is hard for us human beings" (as the author says), "who live under the protection of the State and its laws, to realize this constant fear in which the little people of the forest live."

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

FOREST AND STREAM.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 16.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.
Nov. 23.—Robinson, Ill.—American Championship Field Trial Association trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Dec. 1.—Clay City, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club trials. C. F. Young, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Thomasville, Ga.—Continental Field Trial Club trials. John White, Sec'y, Hempstead, N. Y.
Nov. 16.—Holmdel, N. J.—Pointer Club of America's trials. C. F. Lewis, Sec'y, New York city.
Nov. 30.—Chase, City, Va.—Virginia Field Trial Association trials. Charles B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.

Points and Flushes.

Entries to the Virginia Kennel Club's third annual bench show close on November 20. The entry fee is \$1.50. The premium list can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. Chas. B. Cooke, Masonic Temple, Richmond, Va.

The total number of entries of the Brooklyn dog show, this week, is 805.

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

IN order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First prize, \$50.00.

Second prize, \$25.00.

Third prize, \$15.00.

Fourth and fifth, \$10.00 each.

Sixth to eighth, \$5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept, and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. When practicable an outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in. While a chart will count in estimating the events of the log, it is not a necessary factor, and a log may be sent without it.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, on or before December 1, 1903.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

THE A. C. A. has recently come into possession of a most interesting relic of the earlier canoeing days in this country, i. e., the famous paper canoe, the Maria Theresa, in which the late N. H. Bishop made his memorable voyage from Quebec to the Gulf of Mexico. The canoe is still in first-class condition, considering its age. It was turned over to President Wilkin, of the Board of Governors, by Mr. Bishop's executors, together with the original "Sneak Box," and will be held in trust by him, pending such time as the A. C. A. is able to provide suitable quarters for it, and other trophies and souvenirs of the fraternity which it owns.

Mr. L. E. James, of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, No. 1 in the American Canoe Association, was a recent visitor at the New York C. C. This goes to prove that the interest in canoeing, once manifested, never dies out in those who appreciate nature's truest and best recreation.

The Wee-Missouri C. C. has been founded by a number of canoeists in St. Louis and vicinity, with quarters on the Meramec River. This will be of interest to A. C. A. men visiting the Exposition in that city next summer.

Joseph Jefferson has stocked the lake on his Louisiana farm with bass and other game fish.

"Not long ago," says the comedian, "I came upon a stranger fishing in my lake. I did not learn until afterward that the trespasser had been there all the afternoon without a bite. Stepping to his side, I politely invited his attention to the fact that he was fishing in a private preserve, in violation of the law.

"The stranger smiled sadly. 'You are mistaken, sir,' he replied. 'I'm not catching your fish; I'm feeding them.'"—New York Tribune.

A colony of live beavers will be exhibited in the Canadian section at the World's Fair,

Yachting.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1903, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, \$75.00.

Second prize, \$50.00.

Third prize, \$25.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1903.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

5. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

6. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

7. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, on or before Nov. 15, 1903.

American Power Boat Association.

At a recent meeting of the American Power Boat Association held at the Hotel Navarre, New York city, it was decided to offer for competition next year a cup for power boats valued at \$500. The following gentlemen were chosen to act as a committee to decide what rules should govern the races for the cup and what size boats should compete for it. Henry J. Gielow, Atlantic Y. C.; J. H. Wainwright, American Y. C.; E. W. Graef, Brooklyn Y. C., and A. B. Cole and E. M. MacLellan, Manhasset Bay Y. C.

The association races will begin next season on Decoration Day. The Executive Committee will provide an association pennant.

The secretary stated that the Marine Motor Association of Great Britain had adopted the association table of time allowances.

During the past season the association held races at the Columbia, Indian Harbor, Atlantic, American and Knickerbocker Y. C.'s and that some fifteen other races were held under the association rules.

In the rule for rating gasoline explosive engines the constant for two-cycle engines was changed from 900 to 750. The clause was amended to read as follows:

Gasoline Explosive Engines.—To be calculated by multiplying (A) the area of one piston in square inches by the number (N) of cylinders, multiplied by the stroke (S) in feet, multiplied by the maximum number of revolutions (R) per minute, and divided by a constant (C) of 1,000 for a four-cycle and 750 for two-cycle engines.

New rules were added to the present rule relating to time allowance and endurance contests. They are as follows:

Points in endurance contests shall be scored as follows: Fifty points shall be allowed for speed, and 50 points shall be allowed for performance.

For Speed.—The corrected time shall be calculated in accordance with the rules and tables of allowance. Each yacht making the fastest corrected time in its class shall receive 50 points. Each other yacht, in the same class shall receive the number of points (X) equal to the fastest corrected time in her class, expressed in minutes and decimal fractions (T'), multiplied by 50, and the product divided by such other yacht's own corrected time expressed in the same manner (T)—the formula being:

$$X = \frac{T\ 50}{T'}$$

For Performance.—Fifty points shall be given for perfect performance of motor, which must run from start to finish of the race without adjustment or manipulation of motor, dynamo, batteries, reversing gear, or any part connected with the motive power of the boat, except for purposes of lubrication by means of the usual devices provided for that purpose.

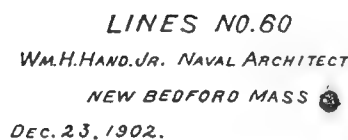
From 50 points the following deductions shall be made: Five points for each stop of motor or propeller for any cause, and in addition thereto.

Five points for each minute or fraction thereof duration of stop or stops.

Two points for each adjustment or manipulation of motor, dynamo, batteries, reversing gear or other mechanism connected with the motive power of the boat, except for lubrication.

Fifty points for any stop of 5 minutes duration, or 50 points for three stops.

Courses or endurance contests shall be so arranged that at least



CONSTRUCTION PLAN No 60
WM. H. HAND JR. NAVAL ARCHITECT.
NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
DEC-29-1902

Length—			
Over all	24ft.	10 in.
L.W.L.	15ft.	
Overhang—			
Forward	4ft.	6 in.
Aft	5ft.	4 in.
Draft—			
Extreme	3ft.	9 in.
To rabbet	1ft.	1½ in.
Breadth—			
Extreme	6ft.	7 in.
L.W.L.	6ft.	
Freeboard—			
Forward	2ft.	1¾ in.
Least	1ft.	3 in.
Aft	1ft.	7½ in.

Sail area—	
Jib	56 sq. ft.
Mainsail	260 sq. ft.
Total	
Ballast	1,200 lbs.
Displacement	2,600 lbs.

In the class racing, Dart, owned by Mr. F. H. Stone, was an easy winner. Chubby II., owned by Mr. Lawrence Grinnell, was second, and Lora, owned by Mr. J. F. Knowles, Jr., was third.

The boats are perfectly balanced, carry their sail remarkably well, and go to windward nicely in both smooth and rough water. They have been quite successful in the racing and have furnished the keenest possible sport.

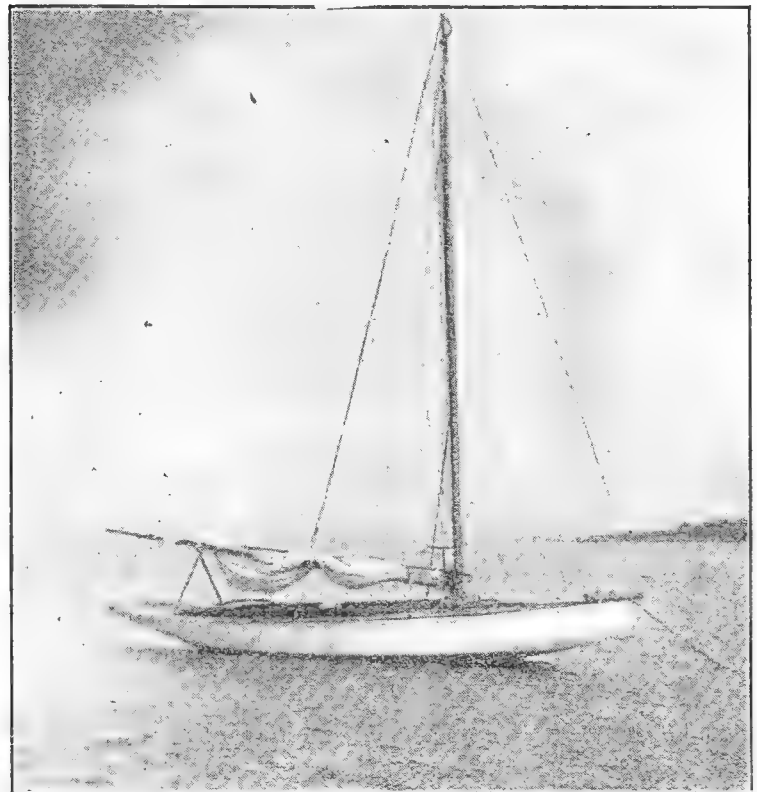
At the New Bedford Y. C. of July 25, the Herreshoff 15-footer of the Beverly Y. C. one-design class, sailed over an open water course against these three boats, and was defeated easily.

Later in the season Mr. Grinnell raced his boat at Marion in the Sippican Y. C. regatta against four of the Herreshoff 15-footers and two other boats of the same size. Two of the Herreshoff boats that were racing in home waters finished first, but Mr. Grinnell's boat easily beat the other entries.

These are the only two events in which the boats of this design competed, but in a number of scrub races they have beaten handily boats of considerably larger size.

A Transatlantic Clipper Service.

A LOVER of the sea has been prompted to write to the daily press, suggesting, in all seriousness, that it would be a profitable and popular move on the part of our leading steamship companies if they were to add to their fleet one or two passenger sailing ships, with a view to affording those passengers who take the transatlantic



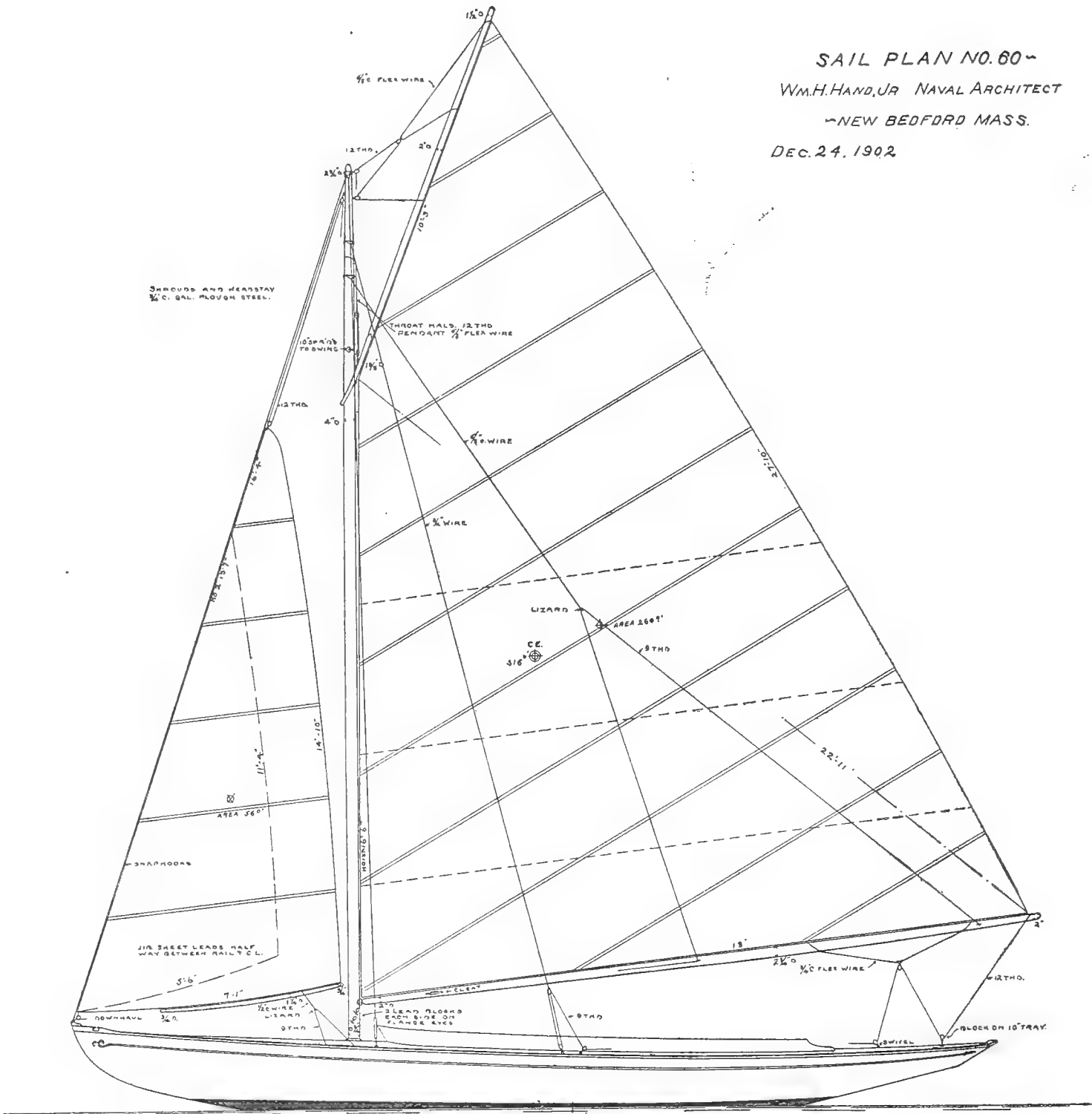
15-FOOT. ONE-DESIGN KNOCKABOUT AT ANCHOR.

trip purely for health and pleasure, an opportunity to spend more days upon the ocean than they can enjoy in a trip between America and Europe on a fast, modern steamship. At first blush, the suggestion that we should return to the leisurely speed of the clipper sailing ship, seems almost preposterous; and yet on second thought,



15-FOOT ONE-DESIGN KNOCKABOUT UNDER WAY.

when we bear in mind the wonderful growth of the yachting spirit, as shown by the vast fleet of sailing yachts and steam yachts that covers our waters in the summer season, the idea is by no means visionary; and, indeed, if put into effect to a limited extent, it would probably



15-FOOT WATERLINE ONE-DESIGN KNOCKABOUT—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED BY WM. H. HAND, JR.

prove to be a very successful venture. To a large and ever-growing percentage of European travelers, the sea voyage is one of the greatest inducements to make the trip. With all our vaunted advance in speed and comfort, there is a question whether we have not sacrificed many of those very features of a sea voyage which tend to give rest to mind and body. The great demand for space for engines, boilers, and coal bunkers has made it necessary to cut down the stateroom accommodation to absurdly narrow limits—so narrow that not the most elaborate furnishings and finish can disguise the fact that the average stateroom is not much more than a stuffy little box in which one is veritably “cribbed, cabined, and confined.” The compensation for many travelers is to be found in the short duration of the passage, and for those to whom time is an object, either for business engagements or to escape the inevitable miseries of seasickness, the cramped quarters are regarded as part of the price which must be paid for high speed. If a clipper sailing ship, however, were designed especially for transatlantic summer travel, it would be possible, in the absence of any provision for steam power or cargo, to give up practically the whole ship to passenger accommodation, and individual state-rooms could easily be made double the size of those usually found on the modern liner. There would be a complete absence of vibration, and of smoke and cinders, and a general steadiness of motion which only those who sail the seas under canvas can properly appreciate. If the ship were built with modern speed lines, it should be able, under favorable circumstances, to make the eastward passage in from twelve to fifteen days. The westward passage would, of course, take longer; but as the travelers on such a ship would be taking the trip largely for the sake of the sea voyage, a three or four weeks’ journey would be looked upon rather with favor than with regret. Such a vessel would be fitted with every luxury that is to be found on the modern liner, and the absence of engine-room skylights and smokestack openings, would render it possible to provide magnificent promenades extending the full length of the vessel and almost entirely free from obstruction. The experiment is surely worth a trial on the part of one of the more wealthy companies; for it would be somewhat in line with that most successful venture of the German companies, in building steam yachts of slow speed exclusively for yachting cruises of many weeks’ or months’ duration. —Scientific American.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

At the annual meeting of the South Shrewsbury Y. C., the following were elected officers: Com., Benjamin P. Morris; Vice-Com., Charles P. Irwin, of Red Bank; Treas., J. W. Edwards; Captain of Fleet, Wm. R. Joline; Regatta Committee—James Throckmorton, Warren Snyder, George Lippincott, J. J. Manolt; Meas., William P. Taber.

The Indian canoe Tilakmuni, which left Victoria, B. C.,

to tour the world with a lone mariner, J. C. Vose, and which made the trip to Australia, has been reported in letters from Vose dated at Tanu, New Hebrides, on September 9. He is en route to Thursday Island and to Africa, whence he will cruise to London.

The annual meeting of the Jamaica Bay Y. C. was held on Saturday evening, October 31. There were two tickets in the field. The opposition was not against the re-election of Commodore Joseph F. Sabin, or E. V. Pardessus, Chairman of the Regatta Committee, but affected minor offices. The regular ticket won out by a majority of four. The officers elected follow: Com., Joseph F. Sabin; Vice-Com., P. M. Oldner; Rear Com., James T. Johnston; Fleet Captain, P. M. Schaffer; Treas., A. C. Christopher; Chairman of the Regatta Committee, E. V. Pardessus; Chairman of the House Committee, W. H. Christopher; Chairman of the Membership Committee, C. V. Dykeman; Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, Dr. Charles Pfug; Directors—B. F. Daly, J. E. Lent, and W. J. Moran; Record. Sec’y, L. W. O’Connor; Finan. Sec’y, E. B. Palmer. The reports of the officers and chairmen of committees showed the club to be in excellent condition. There is some talk of establishing a class of one-design boats of 22ft. waterline length.

Alterations and additions are to be made to the home of the Indian Harbor Y. C. The contract has been let, and the work will be commenced at once. The present building at Rocky Point will be raised and a large billiard room, kitchen, ladies’ reception room and porches and terraces on the east and west sides will be added. The improvements will cost about \$12,000.

At Joseph Montell’s yard at Greenwich, Conn., there are building five one-design boats for Mr. Henry M. Flagler. The boats were designed by Mr. Morgan Barney, and will be used at St. Augustine, Florida. These craft are 18ft. on the waterline, and as soon as they are completed they will be shipped south.

Capt. Joseph N. Nelson, whom yachtsmen remember as the pilot of the Genesta when she raced the Puritan in 1885 for the America’s Cup, died at his home at Staple-

We have no office outside of New York. Address all communications to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Gravesend Bay Y. R. A.

During the past season the Y. R. A. of G. B. gave eight races, in which there was a total of thirty-five starters in all classes, including the outside boats entering the special series, of which there were five. Regular series prizes for the year went to Bonito, Squaw, Ogeemah, Spots, Martha M. and Esperance.

Second prizes, two-thirds the value of the firsts, were given to the winners of the second greatest number of points in classes where there had been three entries in at least five, or the majority of the eight events. The winners of second prizes were Karma, Rascal and Kelpie. Prizes for winners of the greatest number of points in the series of three special races went to Adeline, Ogeemah, Spots, Martha M. and Esperance.

In each class competition was interesting. Bonito and Kangaroo sailed but the first five races in special class M, cruising trim. The former finished first in each race. Squaw won out in the fight for the series prize in sloop class N.

In class P, Ogeemah entered and finished every event, with no sailovers, a record held by no other boat during the season. Esperance would have had an equally good record but for an accident by which she lost her iron centerboard and was forced to withdraw.

This was in the race of August 29. Her opponent, Kelpie, with which she was running neck and neck for first series honors, gracefully withdrew and towed the disabled boat back to her moorings. Acts of courtesy like this are splendid to look back upon after a season of good competition. Karma started in all but one event of the year and finished second in the series.

Spots was excellently sailed and started in every race. Her principal opponent, Trouble, was in Gravesend Bay waters only a part of the season. Flying Fish was sold out of the bay early in the campaign.

No boat in class R entered enough races to win a series prize. Sandpiper would have done so had not she, with a great many other craft, been put out of commission by the disastrous gale of Thursday, September 17. This storm did great damage to the pleasure yacht fleet

on Gravesend Bay and materially affected the entry in the last association race, which took place on the Saturday following. Apukwa II. was the other chief contender in class R.

The struggle among the catboats was again of a most interesting nature. Each entered seven races. Rivalry was hot and competition good. Martha M. won. This boat has taken first honors in her class ever since the association was formed. Rascal was second.

Esperance, Kelpie and Jig-a-Jig were the chief contenders in the Marine and Field one-design class. The sail area of the three was raised to the limit of the original spars and speed was increased thereby. Esperance was handled in an expert manner and performed well from the beginning of the season until the end.

Another craft worthy of especial comment is the class R boat Sandpiper, a Herreshoff creation, admired by every one who saw her.

The newcomers in the races of the year were Bobtail, Bagheera, Vivian II., Folly, Smoke, Cicada, Sandpiper, Apukwa II., and Trio.—Brooklyn Eagle.

RECORDS OF THE YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION OF GRAVESEND BAY—SERIES OF 1903.

	June			July	August		September	Totals				Special		Series		
	6	20	27	25	1	29	5	19	Starts.	Sail Ours.	Did not Finish.	Points.	August 29	September 1	September 19	Points.
SLOOPS—CLASS M.																
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.....	—	—	—	s	—	—	s	—	2	2	0	2	—	1	—	3
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	0	0	0	0	—	D	—	0
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	0	0	0	0	—	D	—	0
CLASS M—SPECIAL.																
Bonito, Haviland Bros.....	1	1	1	s	1	—	—	—	5	1	0	9	—	—	—	0
Kangaroo, C. H. Humphreys.....	D	2	2	—	2	—	—	—	4	0	1	3	—	—	—	0
SLOOPS—CLASS N.																
Adeline, J. B. O'Donohue.....	—	—	—	—	1	—	1	—	3	1	0	7	—	1	s	4
Squaw, H. J. Heath.....	D	—	1	D	2	—	2	s	5	0	2	6	—	2	—	2
Indian, H. F. Menton.....	D	—	2	1	3	—	D	—	5	0	2	4	—	D	—	0
SLOOPS—CLASS P.																
Ogeemah, Brophy & Mackay.....	1	1	1	2	1	3	1	1	8	0	0	19	4	1	1	9
Karma, J. C. Erskine.....	—	D	2	3	3	1	3	2	7	0	1	10	2	3	2	8
Polly, J. A. Sutter, Jr.....	—	—	—	—	—	2	2	3	3	0	0	5	3	2	3	7
Vagabond, T. A. Vernon.....	—	—	3	1	—	—	—	—	2	0	0	4	—	—	—	0
Streak, Speidel Bros.....	2	—	—	—	2	—	—	—	2	0	0	3	—	—	—	0
Cockatoo, W. A. Barstow.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	0	0	0	0	—	—	D	5
Smoke, L. H. Dyer.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	0	0	0	0	D	—	—	0
SLOOPS—CLASS Q.																
Spots, D. D. Allerton.....	2	1	1	1	s	2	1	2	8	1	0	13	2	1	2	5
Trouble, W. H. Childs.....	1	2	—	—	—	—	2	1	4	0	0	8	—	2	1	4
Cicada, A. D. O'Neil.....	—	—	—	—	—	1	D	—	2	0	1	2	1	D	—	2
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins.....	—	—	2	D	—	—	—	—	2	0	1	1	—	—	—	0
Flying Fish, I. M. Dean.....	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	0	0	1	—	—	—	0
SLOOPS—CLASS R.																
Sandpiper, W. W. Redfern.....	—	—	—	2	1	s	1	—	4	1	0	8	s	1	—	4
Apukwa II., E. S. Tefft.....	—	—	—	1	2	—	D	—	3	0	1	5	—	D	—	0
Trio, C. H. Clayton.....	—	—	—	3	3	—	—	—	2	0	0	2	—	—	—	0
Pickaninny, E. H. Low.....	—	—	s	—	—	—	—	—	1	1	0	1	—	—	—	0
Scalawag, E. S. Ludlow.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	0	0	0	0	—	D	—	0
CATBOATS—CLASS V.																
Martha M., Richard Moore.....	1	2	1	1	2	—	1	1	7	0	0	19	—	1	1	5
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock.....	2	3	d	2	1	s	2	—	7	1	0	*12	s	2	—	3
Boozie, C. D. Durkee.....	d	1	2	3	3	—	3	2	7	0	0	*10	—	3	2	2
Lelia B., J. B. Barnes.....	—	—	—	—	4	—	—	—	1	0	0	1	—	—	—	0
MARINE AND FIELD CLASS																
Esperance, T. A. Hamilton.....	4	2	2	1	2	D	1	1	8	0	1	23	D	1	1	4
Kelpie, W. K. Brown.....	1	1	3	4	2	D	2	—	7	0	1	19	D	2	—	1
Jig-a-Jig, Ferguson & Hutcheson.....	2	4	1	2	3	—	—	—	5	0	0	17	—	—	—	0
Stinger, A. P. Clapp.....	3	D	6	3	—	—	2	—	5	0	1	8	—	—	2	1
Quinque, W. J. Spence.....	d	3	5	—	—	—	—	—	3	0	0	5	—	—	—	0
Vixen, J. J. Mahoney.....	5	—	4	—	—	—	—	—	2	0	0	5	—	—	—	0

s, Sail over. d, Disqualified. —, Did not start. D, Did not finish. * Disqualified once.

Races held under auspices of following clubs: June 6 and July 25, Marine and Field Club; June 20 and Aug. 1, Brooklyn Y. C.; June 27 and Sept. 4, New York C. C.; Aug. 29 and Sept. 19, Bensonhurst Y. C.

In system of points used a boat gets 1 point for starting and finishing a race and 1 for every craft she defeats. Sailovers count 1 point. The special series was open to boats of all yacht clubs.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Nov. 8.—Racing rules are absorbing the attention of the yachtsmen to such an extent, at present, that the work of putting up new boats for the popular classes is progressing very slowly in the shops. Many of the designers have received orders for yachts in the restricted classes, and there are many who have provisional orders for designs practically closed; but with the advent of new classes and new rules, those who otherwise might have placed orders for new boats long ago are a bit desirous of finding out as much as possible of what the other fellow is doing before taking the final steps. Mr. E. A. Boardman has orders for two 15-footers in the new class, and it is believed that Messrs. Burgess and Packard have orders for one or more in the same class, but the orders for new boats are coming slowly. Rear Commodore Walter Burgess, of the Boston Y. C., is to have a boat for the new 21ft. class, but no others have been heard from officially as yet.

It is not known that any orders for new boats for the 30-rating class have been actually placed yet. It has been deemed advisable to go over all of the restrictions made for this class with a view of making them more strong before asking yachtsmen to go into it. It is quite likely that in a short time the rules will be completed so that yachtsmen may build with assurance of protection. In this class, as with the new 21-footers and 15-footers, both designers and prospective owners are studying the conditions carefully, with a view to speed possibilities in different types, before turning out anything definite. New classes and new rules are always greeted by Massachusetts yachtsmen with more or less suspicion, and, while they might vote to adopt them, it usually takes some time before they commence to show any enthusiasm in a practical manner.

A movement is on foot at present to establish a one-design class of 18ft. knockabouts, which is expected to be raced in the vicinity of Marblehead. While this is intended to be essentially a one-design class, it is proposed to have the boats conform to the restrictions of the 18ft. Knockabout Association, and the boats may race in open events for the class given under the rules of that Association. Some of those interested in the present 18-footers look askance at the proposal of a one-design class under their rules, taking the view that such a move would tend to split up the greater class. There is nothing in the rules governing the 18ft. class which would prevent the building of any number of boats of one design under its rules, but if such boats are to be raced chiefly in one spot, it would seem that the theory of a possible splitting up of the class would be tenable. One-design classes have never been prosperous in Massachusetts waters, and it is not likely that they ever will be, for a one-design class must necessarily be raced in one place to hold its interest, and enthusiasm in yachting runs too high in Massachusetts to make this possible for any length of time. The passing of the raceabout class is a very good example of this.

There has always been much contention in Massachusetts Bay between the keel boat men and the centerboard men. Each has claimed, and especially in recent years, that the other has been getting the best of the bargain under the rules. In the new classes that have been recently adopted by the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, this question has again been brought up. It is the claim of one yachtsman, who has figured out plans for the new 15ft. class, that the rules tend to produce a scow, and that such a boat will have the advantage of a centerboard boat. It may be true that a scow would be preferable, but it might be that those preferring the straighter lined boat would be only a part of the whole. The same contention was made in the 25ft. class. Three immense centerboard scows were built, but Mr. Fred Lawley showed that the scow form in a keel boat had its advantages also when he produced Sally VII., unquestionably the fastest boat in the class. When the 22ft. class was brought out last spring the same claim was made, but although a keel boat won the championship, the question of advantage of type has not been definitely settled yet. So, in the new classes, the question can only be decided by much actual racing, and perhaps not even then.

Mr. E. A. Boardman has turned out the lines of a very nice looking keel 18-footer for Hon. Charles Francis Adams 2d, which is intended to be the boat for the proposed new one-design class. He has also orders for two 15-footers, and a 21ft. and a 26ft. cruiser to go south during the winter. The 18-footer of his design for Mr. John W. Olmstead, of the Boston Y. C., has been laid down at the shop of Shiverick, of Kingston.

Messrs. Small Bros. have an order for a 57ft. gasoline launch for Mr. C. H. Kelley, of the Winthrop Y. C. This boat is remarkably well laid out, giving the maximum of room. She is cut up in such a manner as to make her very desirable for cruising, and she is expected to turn up a fair amount of speed.

At the Marblehead yacht yard, Stearns & McKay, the following yachts are hauled out: Auxiliary yacht Katherine II., F. W. Rollins; America, C. W. Sherburne; 46-footer Barbara, Robert Treat Paine 2d; sloop Vandal, B. B. Crowninshield; auxiliary yawl Umbrina, built here last winter for J. P. Elton, Waterbury, Conn.; Ranger, Henry P. King; Shona, C. H. Tweed; Heron, W. I. Badger; Golden Rod, George E. Bruce; Intrepid, Henry A. Church; Scud, C. P. Curtis; Wyvern, R. K. & A. W. Longfellow; Nautilus, J. D. Crosby; Tanager, C. W. Foss. Among the smaller yachts in the sheds are J. Murray Forbes' 35-footer Hostess, which has been sold to R. G. Shaw; Judge William Caleb Loring's Venire, C. H. Tweed's Rob Roy and Runaway Girl, G. A. Gibson's Nordlys, C. L. Eaton's Kiowa, W. P. Fowle's Sintram, Dr. Franklin Dexter's Grig, W. H. Stuart's Nameless, Frank Gair Macomber's Chewink III., Dr. W. T. Porter's Nyssa, C. H. Gibson's Dorothy, E. S. Webster's Hurry, Frank Brewster's Suzanne, F. E. Peabody's Chickadee, F. P. McQuesten's Gem, L. C. Wade's Apache II. and many others.

JOHN B. KILLEN,

Challenge for Lysistrata Cup.

MR. GEORGE A. CORMACK, secretary of the New York Y. C., has received notice from Mr. H. H. Rogers, owner of the steam yacht Kanawha, that he has received a challenge from Mr. F. M. Smith, owner of the steam yacht Hanoli, for a race for the Lysistrata cup. The cup was competed for last summer for the first time in American waters. There were only two starters in the contest, which was won by Kanawha. If Kanawha should win the second race for the cup it will become the property of the winner. The race will take place one week before or after the New York Y. C.'s regatta next June, which is one of the conditions governing the cup. The course, which must be at least fifty nautical miles in length, can be selected by the present holder of the trophy.

The race for the cup last summer between Kanawha and Noma took place off Newport, and the boats covered a sixty knot triangular course. Kanawha covered the distance in 3h. 3m. 9s., and Noma in 3h. 8m. 5s., the former winning by 4m. 56s. The average speed of Kanawha was 19.67 knots an hour, and Noma 19.09 knots an hour.

Hanoli was designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow and built last winter by the John N. Robins Company, South Brooklyn. She is 211.3ft. over all, 166ft. waterline, 21.6ft. breadth, and 9ft. draft. She is a single-screw vessel and has triple expansion engines, with four cylinders, of 17in., 26½in., and two of 30in. in diameter by 21in. stroke, and is fitted with four Almy boilers. She is of 203 tons net.

Kanawha, which is the larger boat of the two, was designed and built by the Gas Engine and Power Company and Charles L. Seabury Company, in 1899. She is 227ft. over all, 192ft. waterline, 24.4ft. breadth, and 11.6ft. draft. She has twin screws and her engines are of the triple expansion type, with six cylinders, two of 14½in., two of 24in., and two of 42in. diameter by 24in. stroke. She is equipped with four water tube Seabury boilers. She is 323 tons net.

Launch Vingt et Une Establishes Speed Record.

THE 30ft. launch Vingt et Une established some new speed records on her trials on the Hudson River off Yonkers on Nov. 5. After covering a measured mile against a strong wind and tide in 3m. flat, she ran a mile with the wind and tide in 2m. and 26s., or nearly at the rate of 25 miles an hour. This speed is believed to be the fastest ever made by a boat of her size, and she will no doubt exceed it, as this was her trial trip. Vingt et Une was designed by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, and was built by Thomas Fearon at Yonkers. She is 30ft. long and just under 4ft. breadth and is built of mahogany. The boat is fitted with a Smith & Mabley four-cylinder 21 horse-power motor. The total weight of the boat and the engine is 770 pounds. The tanks have a capacity of 25 gallons of gasoline, which is sufficient fuel to drive the boat 300 miles. One man can easily run the boat, and she can accommodate five passengers.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Individual Rifle Championship Match.

THE Individual Rifle Championship Match, which has been one of the annual Election Day fixtures with our New York riflemen since 1893, was held this year on Tuesday, Nov. 3, in Armbruster's Greenville Schuetzen Park, Jersey City, N. J. This annual contest has become very popular with our local riflemen. It is now one of the fixtures among many rifle clubs throughout the country. The first inception of this annual match was brought about with the idea of closing the out-door shooting season with a grand meeting of all the best marksmen in and about New York, and in the results demonstrate who was the champion for the year. The conditions of the match are of such a character that the middle class shooter would be induced to enter the contest. The management of this event has, up to 1901, been in the hands of prominent local riflemen. This year the famous Zettler Rifle Club, of this city, was induced to take it up and make it one of its annual club fixtures. So, under the leadership of Gus Zimmermann, the president of the Zettler club, the contest was one of the most successful in its history.

Conditions: 100 shots per man, 25-ring target (3/4 in. rings). Open to all comers. Entrance \$5. Distance 200yds.

A trophy, emblematic of the championship of the 100-shot matches, donated by Wm. Hayes, of Newark, N. J., is to be held by the winner for one year, the names of the winners to be appropriately inscribed on the trophy each year, from the time of the inauguration of the 100-shot champion matches.

A fine trophy, donated by Wm. Armbruster, for the best 10-shot score. Only one trophy or one prize can be won by one competitor.

The match will be shot under the management of the following committee: Gus Zimmermann, Chairman; Wm. Hayes, M. Dorrlar, L. P. Hansen, E. Van Zandt, O. C. Boyce, A. Begerow, C. G. Zettler, B. Zettler, Aug. Kronsberg, R. Gute; Geo. W. Plaisted, Secretary.

The records of the winners in previous years follow:

1893, 100-shot score: F. C. Ross, 2194; 10-shot score: L. Flach 230, and Chas. Hutch 230.

(Shoot-off won by L. Flach.)

1894, 100-shot score, F. C. Ross 2142; 10-shot score, F. C. Ross 231.

1895, 100-shot score, F. C. Ross 2222, 10-shot score, G. W. Plaisted 233.

1896, 100-shot score, F. C. Ross 2225; 10-shot score, M. Dorrlar 230.

1897, 100-shot score, M. Dorrlar 2183; 10-shot score, H. M. Spencer 229.

1898, 100-shot score, F. C. Ross 2213; 10-shot score, H. M. Spencer 231.

1899, 100-shot score, M. Dorrlar 2246; 10-shot score, Geo. Schlicht 231.

1900, 100-shot score, M. Dorrlar 2257; 10-shot score, F. C. Ross 225.

1901, 100-shot score, F. C. Ross 2238; 10-shot score, Dr. W. G. Hudson 230.

In the match this year the conditions in every way were favorable. The weather was clear and warm, with little or no wind. The entry was large, twenty-nine riflemen being recorded on the entry list. Four States were represented by their most expert riflemen—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts.

The highest record score, 2257, that had ever been made with the schuetzen rifle on the German ring target in any country was made in this match by Michael Dorrlar on the Greenville range in 1900. But in the contest on the same range, Nov. 3, Dr. Walter G. Hudson made a score, 2301, that most every rifleman has considered impossible, and would never be made. His entire 100 shots averaged inside of a 4 1/2 in. circle at 200yds., shooting off-hand or hip rest. This score is 76 points higher than that of his nearest competitor, J. E. Kelley, who had a total of 2225 points. Dr. Hudson won the Hayes trophy. J. E. Kelley won the Armbruster trophy, a diamond locket, presented by Wm. Armbruster.

The scores of the match follow, Dr. Hudson's score being given in full:

Dr. W G Hudson, N Y City.	22 23 23 25 24 21 22 20 25 23—228
	20 23 24 22 22 25 24 23 24 25—232
	24 21 24 22 25 25 23 24 25 24—236
	25 23 23 24 23 25 24 23 20—233
	23 23 23 23 22 20 22 24 23 23—225
	21 24 24 20 22 21 24 24 23 23—226
	21 23 25 24 23 22 23 25 25 25—236
	24 23 25 25 23 20 20 22 23 23—227
	20 21 21 24 20 25 25 24 23 23—226
	25 22 24 25 22 22 21 24 23 24—232—2301

J E Kelley, Boston Mass.:

218 220 213 226 221 225 221 235 223 223—2225

F C Ross, Chicopee Falls, Mass.:

218 214 213 224 219 217 227 232 220 217—2201

Charles Bischoff, Hoboken:

223 217 198 220 216 217 220 220 227 224—2182

H M Pope, Springfield, Mass.:

218 216 218 217 220 216 223 222 213 210—2173

Wm. A. Tewes, Jersey City:

228 216 220 222 213 220 215 223 228 183—2168

George Schlicht, Guttenberg:

230 208 221 215 221 199 224 218 210 214—2160

Rudolph Gute, Middle Village, L. I.:

220 213 203 205 214 209 217 220 218 219—2138

John Kaufmann, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

211 215 228 212 206 197 200 211 213 216—2109

Harding Allen, Barre, Mass.:

213 205 215 230 208 199 222 216 185 201—2094

C Worn, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

214 195 199 199 199 203 204 215 206 212—2051

August Kronsberg, N. Y. City:

196 195 204 220 209 202 209 203 205 206—2049

L P Hansen, Jersey City:

219 215 216 191 219 203 218 218 219*123—2041

L Ittel, Pittsburg, Pa.:

214 230 225 202 217 223 224 219 221 *59—2034

H S Roberts, Boston, Mass.:

184 211 200 207 212 204 215 202 198 200—2033

Louis Maurer, N. Y. City:

196 210 198 201 202 206 188 187 207 204—1999

A Begerow, Newark:

193 191 213 200 199 207 201 179 194 188—1965

Geo. Bain, West New Brighton, S. I.:

198 217 207 204 185 201 187 193 159 184—1935

Arthur Hubulik, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

176 158 217 165 204 201 196 152 198 192—1859

H. Fenwirth, New York:

163 194 217 184 172 167 183 181 196 181—1883

Owen Smith, Hoboken:

212 198 189 189 211 160 203 220 181 *—1763

O C Boyce, Jersey City:

216 223 214 210 216 208 207 210 43 *—1754

T H Keller, N. Y. City:

180 171 182 187 175 175 184 157 152 178—1741

Paul Andrassy, Brooklyn:

163 173 200 189 200 196 202 185 182 *42—1737

J Ruckh, Brooklyn:

179 208 160 194 212 171 190 147 171 *—1632

Geo. Ludwig, N. Y. City:

142 183 167 176 188 179 153 194 167 *70—1619

*Did not finish.

Best 10-shot scores:

Dr W G Hudson	21 23 25 24 23 22 23 25 25 25—236
J E Kelley	20 24 24 25 24 23 24 23 23 25—235
F C Ross	20 21 24 22 25 25 23 24 24 24—232
Geo Schlicht	23 25 21 24 23 21 25 23 24 21—230
H Allen	21 24 24 25 23 21 24 22 24 22—230
L P Ittel	25 23 22 23 25 25 21 21 23 22—230
J Kaufmann	23 24 22 24 23 19 23 23 24—228
Wm A Tewes	21 20 23 21 25 23 22 24 25 24—228
Chas Bischoff	23 19 24 21 25 21 22 24 23 25—227
H M Pope	20 24 24 21 25 24 23 19 20 23—223

Rifle Shooting at Flying Objects.

SHOOTING at flying or moving objects with a rifle is increasing in popularity, and several noteworthy performances in this line have occurred recently.

Prominent among those who have achieved success in this direction is Le Roy Leach, whose performance at Wood Lake, Neb., on Aug. 2, was claimed at that time to be the world's record in that line of shooting. Mr. Leach shot at 1 1/4 in. wooden blocks, thrown into the air by two assistants. He used a .22cal. repeating rifle and a single bullet. The targets, 1,000 in number, were thrown by W. L. Chrysler and E. Tryon. One rifle was



MR. LEROY LEACH.

used throughout the shooting, which was fitted with plain open sights. The score made was as follows:

Shot at.	Broke.	Missed.
50	48	First 2
50	47	First, and last 2
450	448	Last 2
450	447	First 3
1000	990	10

This performance was duly witnessed, and its correctness sworn to before a notary public. Excellent though it was, it did not satisfy Mr. Leach, who essayed to hit 1,000 targets straight. On Oct. 14 he attempted and accomplished this remarkable feat. It was also done at Wood Lake. Mr. Leach shot at the same 1 1/4 in. targets at a distance of 20ft. He used a repeating rifle.

This shooting was witnessed by I. J. Leach, Oliver Hall, A. S. McNamee and C. E. Dennis, who made affidavit as to its correctness, which was sworn to before A. C. Johnson, a notary public at Wood Lake, Neb.

Mr. Leach is country surveyor of Cherry county, Nebraska. Shooting with him is a mere pastime, and his performance on Aug. 2 was his first attempt to make a world's record.

Kaufmann vs. Young.

Two of the Williamsburg sharpshooters who have been at odds for some time over their respective shooting ability, with the aid of their friends as promoters in the matter, arranged a 100-shot match for \$50 a side. The match was shot off on the Glendale Park range, at Glendale, L. I., last week. Kaufmann won by 128 points. Conditions, rifle, 200yds. The scores are appended:

John Kaufman	22 15 15 24 18 15 19 11 14 19—172
	21 21 18 25 18 21 22 21 24 20—211
	24 25 23 20 23 19 22 18 24—221
	21 20 21 19 16 19 24 19 16 24—199
	23 22 24 20 21 20 21 24 14 25—212
	19 23 20 22 21 20 22 20 20 21—208
	20 22 21 20 18 20 20 20 23 19—203
	20 23 18 21 21 21 20 20 23 20—207
	17 21 18 18 18 20 24 20 17 24—197
	17 23 17 24 21 20 18 19 19 25—203
John J Young	20 21 18 19 21 13 25 16 22 20—195
	20 8 15 18 21 22 13 15 17 23—172
	24 24 20 20 20 16 24 23 23 19—213
	17 24 22 19 23 22 25 12 18 16—198
	19 20 15 23 19 22 24 19 18 23—202
	23 14 17 15 23 21 22 22 18 23—198
	21 10 16 20 20 14 22 10 13 20—166
	20 22 20 19 19 24 17 0 11 19—171
	20 18 18 18 22 20 0 21 23 20—180
	22 17 25 19 25 17 21 20 19 25—210—1905

Cincinnati Police Revolver Contest.

FOLLOWING are the winners in the police revolver competition, Cincinnati, O., which was concluded on Nov. 2: First, Sergt. Chas. Palmer, 57; second and third Patrolman Jacob Sterley and Allen Moore, 53 each; fourth, Sergt. Wm. White, 51; fifth and sixth, Patrolmen Wm. Moore and John Muhle, 48 each. The conditions were six shots each at a 10in. target, 3in. bullseye, 60ft. distance, possible 60 points. The prizes were silver medals, given by Col. Millikin, Chief of the Department, and were made to represent the target, each man's score to be engraved thereon.

Rifle Matters.

THE long delayed question of the future management of the Union Hill Park, was finally decided last week, when the executive board of officers of the Plattdeutsch Verein voted to lease the park to Capt. John Moje, of Fifty-ninth street and Lexington avenue.

The New York Corps will open its winter gallery shoot for prizes on the Zettler Bros. ranges on Friday night, Nov. 13.

Hudson vs. Dorrlar.

DR. W. G. HUDSON, of New York city, and Michael Dorrlar met on Armbruster's Greenville range, Jersey City, on Oct. 30, and had a 50-shot match for a small stake.

The weather conditions were good, and both of the men made good scores. Dr. Hudson finished 12 points in the lead. Scores:

Hudson	24 24 24 25 24 21 18 24 21 23—228
	21 25 21 21 23 23 21 21 20 23—219
	25 23 19 22 25 22 19 21 24 22—222
	24 22 23 23 24 24 22 25 25—233
	20 23 24 23 21 20 23 20 22—218—1120
Dorrlar	22 22 22 22 23 23 22 22 18 22—218
	21 24 24 23 22 22 24 22 22—226
	23 23 23 19 22 22 23 22 24 24—225
	19 24 21 19 21 18 22 22 24 25—215
	22 22 22 15 23 25 23 25 23—224—1108

Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Club.

NEW YORK.—The Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Club held its weekly shoot in the Greenville Schuetzen Park on Saturday, Nov. 7. Several good scores were made on the revolver range.

B. F. Wilder made one score of 97.

Revolver scores, 50yds.:

B F Wilder	91 97 85 95 89 94 84 89 91 80
W J Coons	85 89 86 86 87
A L A Himmelwright	89 91 89 88

Rifle scores, 200yds.:

H Fenwirth	23 21 23 20 23 19 18 18 20 18—203
L P Hansen	21 19 21 23 18 22 23 23 24—217

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—On Oct. 25 the following scores were made, shooting at 200yds., offhand, 25-ring target:

	Honor.
Payne	64
Nestler	63
Lux	60
Bruns	54
H Uckotter, Sr.	66
Gindele	192
Freitag	192
Drube	196
H Uckotter, Jr.	143

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Oct. 31.—In spite of the pleasant weather last Saturday only four of the club turned out for the weekly shoot. Capt. Bacon, who hardly ever misses being present, was out of the city to-day. Scores:

Parker	79 77 74—230
Almeda	68 66 64—198
Germann	84 77 76—237
Mount	82 74 73—229

CABIA BLANCO.

Miller Rifle Club.

HOBOKEN, N. J.—At the weekly gallery shoot of the Miller Rifle and Pistol Club, at headquarters, 123 Washington street, Hoboken, last week, the appended scores were made, .22cal. rifles, offhand, distance 75ft.: C. Bischoff 245, F. Unbehunen 243, C. Smith 241, R. W. Evans 240, R. A. Goldsmith 239, A. Schwartz 238, C. Miller 234, P. Schultz 231, E. Doyle 228, W. Grote 217, C. Bayha 215, D. Dingman 232, A. Bahn 229, R. A. Blake 220, C. Kensey 216.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Nov. 18.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club shoot; main event, 100-target handicap for silver chocolate set.

Nov. 21.—Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club shoot, 100-target allowance handicap; \$5 to high guns. J. S. Wright, Mgr.

Nov. 26.—Chicago, Ill., Gun Club Thanksgiving Day shoot. A. A. Waters, Sec'y.

Dec. 9-10.—West Baden, Ind.—Baden-Lick Club amateur live-bird shoot. J. L. Winston, Mgr.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

We are informed that the Young Repeating Arms Co., of Columbus, O., have discontinued.

Mr. J. L. Winston announces that Dec. 9 and 10 have been fixed upon for an amateur live-bird shoot of the Baden Lick Club.

Mr. H. Sauer, of the firm of J. P. Sauer & Son, Suhl, Germany, arrived in New York on Tuesday of this week. He will remain in the United States for some weeks.

Mr. Frank Lawrence, representative of the W. R. A. Co. in Pennsylvania, was in New York on Wednesday of last week en route to visit the factory at New Haven.

Mr. Tom Marshall arrived in New York on Tuesday of this week, after a day's shooting on the Chesapeake Bay. He bagged seventeen canvasbacks. He was the guest of Mr. Dupont, president of the Dupont Powder Co.

Mr. John S. Wright, manager, announces that the Brooklyn Gun Club will hold a shoot on Nov. 21, commencing at 1 o'clock. The main event will be an allowance handicap at 100 targets, for a gold watch, 50 cents optional entrance, targets extra; \$5 to high gun.

Eminent visitors in New York last week were Messrs. Irby Bennett, of Memphis; Tom Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill., and W. L. Colville, recently of Batavia, N. Y. Mr. Marshall left southward on Saturday last for the section of the Atlantic Coast where the canvasbacks abound.

In the contest for the Traver cup at the shoot of the Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club, Nov. 5, Mr. H. E. Winans won with a straight score of 25. This is a handicap event. The Poughkeepsie gladiators contemplate an invasion of Ossining on Nov. 18, with a renewed purpose to lift the cup.

Mr. C. G. Blandford informs us that the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club will hold a shoot on Nov. 18, commencing at 1 o'clock. The main event will be a 100-target handicap, misses as breaks, for a chocolate set, value \$25. This will also constitute five 20-target optional sweeps for amateurs. A \$10 gold piece will go to the one who scores the greatest number of breaks out of the 100 targets, \$1 optional entrance extra.

The series of matches between ten-man teams of the Annapolis Gun Club and the Annapolis Gun Club, of Washington, D. C., resulted in a tie. Three contests were decided. Annapolis won the first by a score of 393 to 386. The second contest resulted in a tie on 365. Annapolis won the third contest by a score of 414 to 406. Each man shot at 50 targets. The final match is postponed till next spring.

Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Winnipeg, Man., under date of Nov. 1 writes us as follows: "We are having great shooting in Manitoba this year. Ducks and geese were never so plentiful, and our weather at present is like summer. I am beginning to think that the universe is turning round, or that 'nature' is getting generous and thinks we should have a fair share of the good weather that she distributes."

Mr. J. G. Ewing, of the Lafin & Rand Powder Co., writes us as follows: "Owing to the death of J. A. Graham, universally known as Uncle Jack, who has been the Lafin & Rand representative at Phillipsburg, Pa., for many years, Mr. Howard Sergeant has been recalled from Chicago, and will take up his residence at Phillipsburg. Mr. Sergeant is very favorably known in Mr. Graham's territory, and his many friends will welcome him back."

Mr. Geo. A. Airey, of Morgan Park, Ill., a suburb of Chicago, was murdered on the evening of Oct. 31, while shadowing a party of disorderly negroes. One of the latter, after arrest, confessed to the murder. A deep cut in the neck was the cause of death. Mr. Airey was a game warden and head of the Morgan Park Police. He was a few years since one of the most active and skillful trapshooters of Chicago.

The communication of Bonasa, published in our trap columns, presents in sharp contrast the ideas of sport prevailing many years and the ideas of sport which prevail in the present. The pernicious side hunt was then popular, but in the beginning of things, one should not expect too much. The side hunt, with many other free-and-easy customs, is now obsolete. The article is specially valuable as showing the ideas and doings of old-time sportsmen.

At Millbrook, N. Y., in a contest for the gold medal emblematic of the county championship, between Mr. A. Traver, challenger, and Mr. F. B. Stevenson, defender, and Messrs. G. G. Stevenson, Tallman, Perkins and Adriance as co-contestants, Nov. 6, resulted in a victory for Mr. W. A. Adriance on a score of 94. Mr. Traver scored 92, Mr. Tallman 91, Mr. G. G. Stevenson 86, Mr. F. B. Stevenson 85, Mr. Perkins 84.

BERNARD WATERS.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Nov. 7.—The wind played havoc with the scores of the Ossining Gun Club to-day. The targets were "roasted." A new boy scorched on the magautrap, while Old Boreas cut loose from the north. I am ashamed to show the scores without doctoring them a little; but here goes.

Please announce in your "Fixtures" column that a 100-bird handicap, misses as breaks, will be held here on the 18th inst, 1 P. M. sharp, entrance price of birds, at 2 cents, for a \$25 silver chocolate set. Five 20-bird optional sweeps for amateurs will be included; also a \$10 gold piece for the greatest number of breaks out of the 100 targets; \$1 entrance extra; this is also optional.

Have already enough pledges to assure a good turnout. Open to all.

Hubbell got another win for the rifle and telescope to-day, winning on a shoot-off with Ball and Clark.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5	Events:	1 2 3 4 5
Targets:	10 25 25 15 10	Targets:	10 25 25 15 10
E. Ball, 20.....	6 16 11 8 ..	C. Blandford, 21...	6 11 .. 10 9
W. Clark, 18.....	7 16 16 13 3	G. Hubbell, 16.....	.. 16 21
A. Harris, 14.....	3 11 .. 11 ..	A. Bedell, 20.....	.. 11

No. 5 was from Zlyd. mark.

C. G. B.

Millbrook Gun Club.

MILLBROOK, N. Y., Nov. 6.—The grounds of the Millbrook Gun Club to-day were the scene of as pretty a fought race for a gold medal and a county championship as one could wish to see. The race was instigated by Mr. A. Traver, challenging Mr. F. B. Stevenson to a match several weeks ago, at which time Mr. Stevenson had won the medal and title; and while this was a match between these two gentlemen, it was at the same time an open event for any man in the county wishing to compete. Six men competed to-day, and while Traver defeated Stevenson, Mr. W. A. Adriance, of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club, was too much for "the whole shooting match," and carried off the honors. As will be seen by the scores "Old Reliable" Tallman was on deck and gave them "a run for their money." The race was at 100 targets, in four events of 25 each.

Events:	1 2 3 4	Events:	1 2 3 4
Targets:	25 25 25 25	Targets:	25 25 25 25
Traver	22 23 25 22—92	G. G. Stevenson...	23 19 23 21—86
Perkins	19 24 20 21—84	Tallman	22 22 23 24—91
Adriance	24 23 24 23—94	F. B. Stevenson...	21 21 22 21—85

W.

Imperial Gun Club.

CALAMUS, Ia., Nov. 6.—Owing to a light attendance, what was to have been a two-days' tournament of the Imperial Gun Club closed to-day. Owing to a hill for a background, the targets were hard to locate, and the scores ran low. Lord, Whitney, Budd and Adams were present. Budd and Lord shot through to-day's programme for targets only. Budd was high, with 201; Shaddow, of Calamus, second, with 189.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14	Broke.
Budd	9 15 12 13 17 14 14 14 18 13 13 12 16 21	201
Lord	8 14 14 11 15 15 15 11 13 11 12 10 15 22	186
Linell	7 12 10 10 15 12 11 11 18
Shaddow	9 10 14 13 16 14 12 12 15 9 14 12 18 21	189
Hazen	5 13 11 13 16 13 13 12 17 13 11 10 18 22	187
Hayes	9 10 7 11 11
Peggy 13 10 15 12 12 14 18 12 12 11 19 22	..
Peterson 11 17
Paul	6 7 10 11 9
Pudd 11

HAWKEYE.

Chicago Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Oct. 31.—The closing shoot of the Chicago Gun Club took place to-day.

The conditions were 100 targets, \$2 entrance, optional sweep. The scores: Parker 75, Dr. Morton 78, Moore 23, Weart 57, Bowles 71, Willard 91, W. Stannard 93, C. P. Richards 74, Myrick 85, O'Brien 86.

Mrs. Howard shot at 75 and broke 50. Dr. Burcky shot at 25 and broke 13.

The winners of the annual prizes were: First, Lem Willard, L. C. Smith Gun; second, W. D. Stannard, Remington gun; third, "Oliver O'Brien," prize valued at \$20; fourth, C. P. Zacher, Bristol steel rod.

The club will hold a special holiday shoot Nov. 26, Thanksgiving Day.

Franklin (Ohio) Gun Club Tournament.

THE fall tournament of the Franklin Gun Club was held on Nov. 4 and 5. The club's grounds are very conveniently situated, being easily accessible by steam or street railway. The club has a very comfortable house, and its grounds are well arranged.

The attendance on the first day was exceedingly good, considering the weather, which was distinctly disagreeable, a strong, cold wind blowing and a drizzling rain falling. Twenty-four shooters faced the traps, fourteen of whom shot the entire programme of 160 targets, and doing some very good work. R. Trimble was high man, with a score of 152, breaking straight in five out of the ten events, and losing but 2 in the last 125 targets shot at. Ahlers was second, with 147, and Phil third, with 143.

Trimble gave an exhibition of shooting with his automatic rifle. The second day was cold, raw and disagreeable, with a strong wind blowing, and the attendance was very much reduced, only thirteen staying to take part in the sport. Of these, eight shot in all events, at the same number of targets as on the first day.

Phil was high gun, with a score of 151, and made a run of 84 straight breaks, a good record under the poor weather conditions. Kirby was second with 146, and straight scores in three of the events. Lindermuth, third, with 144; Trimble fourth, with 141.

In event No. 7 an error was made by the scorer which reduced Trimble's score by 1, and put him second in the general average instead of a tie with Phil. One of his targets was mistakenly called lost by the referee. He saw his error at once and called "dead," but the scorer had credited Ralph with a big 0, and on hearing "dead" called, gave the next shooter credit, and continued, one shooter ahead on his squad card, until several shots had been fired, before his mix-up was discovered. The error was not corrected on the score sheet, but was known to Phil and several of the shooters present.

Mrs. F. R. Evans, wife of Dr. Evans, is an enthusiastic sports-woman, and has lately taken up trapshooting. She did not shoot in any of the programme events, but at practice broke 10 straight standing at 14yds. She also broke 14 out of 16.

Gambell unfortunately broke his gun, and was obliged to shoot a strange one, which had a bad effect on his score.

The officers of the club are R. C. Wolfe, President; Oscar Shafer, Secretary; F. S. Dial, Treasurer.

Shafer did the office work, and kept everything running smoothly in that department. Dial looked after the comfort of the visitors, and made every one welcome, and attended to all the small details, beside which he shot the programme through.

The club proposed to furnish lunch for the shooters, and did so, but not as they had planned, as their cook disappointed them. President Wolfe came to the rescue, and did the cooking, finding time to shoot in a few events each day. The boys say he's all right, as a cook or a shooter.

Entrance was at the rate of 10 cents per target. Money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10. The scores follow:

Nov. 4, First Day.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	Shot	
Targets:	10 15 20 15 15 15 20 15 15 20	at.	Broke.
* R Trimble.....	9 12 18 15 15 15 19 15 15 20	160	152
Ahlers	9 15 18 15 13 13 19 13 15 17	160	147
*Phil	9 13 18 15 14 14 17 13 13 17	160	143
Lindermuth	10 14 18 13 14 12 18 11 15 17	160	142
Miller	8 14 20 12 13 15 16 12 14 18	160	142
Gambell	9 13 18 14 13 14 16 14 13 17	160	141
Stickles	8 14 18 13 12 13 19 12 14 17	160	140
See	8 12 19 14 14 13 18 12 13 15	160	138
Randall	9 14 17 13 14 15 15 13 14 13	160	137
J. E. Steinman.....	8 14 19 14 11 14 16 13 10 18	160	137
Kirby	5 14 19 15 13 15 18 13 11 14	160	137
J. G. Steinman.....	7 14 15 12 12 14 19 11 12 17	160	133
Dwire	7 12 12 9 13 14 14 9 12 15	160	117
Dial	8 13 11 11 9 7 9 6 12 11	160	97
Smyth	8 11 15 10 12 11 13	110	80
Ayres	9 13 15 10 10 9 10	90	66
Lindsley 8 12 11 12 20	85	63
Watkins	9 11 16 11	60	47
Clifford 12 12 18	50	42
Raiser 14 12 16	50	42
Espey	9 8 14 10	60	41
Ackey	6 11 16	45	33
Wolfe 10 18	35	28
Evans 5 10	35	15

*For targets only.

Nov. 5, Second Day.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	Shot	
Targets:	10 15 20 15 15 15 20 15 15 20	at.	Broke.
Phil	9 15 20 15 15 14 16 13 15 19	160	161
Kirby	10 14 18 15 15 12 16 15 14 17	160	146
Lindermuth	8 13 18 12 14 14 17 13 15 20	160	144
Trimble	10 13 19 15 13 13 15 12 13 18	160	141
Ahlers	9 13 17 13 14 13 15 12 14 18	160	138
Gambell	8 14 18 13 14 11 17 13 12 17	160	138
Miller	5 12 17 14 13 14 18 13 19	160	138
Smyth	9 13 20 12 11 12 15 14 13 12	160	136
Randall	10 13 17 14	60	54
Dial 8 7 11 15	70	41
Shorty	9 12 16 13	60	50
Wolfe	8 14 15	45	37
Van Horn 15 10	30	25

General averages, 320 targets: Phil 294, Trimble 293, Lindermuth 286, Kirby 283, Miller 280, Gambell 279.

BONASA.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

THERE was a large attendance at the grounds on Nov. 7, twenty-four shooting in the cash prize event. Two sets of traps were used, and a number shot for practice while the main event was under way. Several visitors were also present as spectators. The day was clear and bright at first, but the sky clouded over the latter part of the afternoon, making the shooting somewhat difficult, and the coolness of the air made the club room a very acceptable place when not at the score.

For the first time in many weeks Phil was at the grounds. He stayed only long enough to shoot in the prize event, and finish high gun with 47 out of 50. He is going to visit Chan Powers, of Decatur, Ill., and the two will take a trip to the Kankakee marshes after ducks.

Barker was second high with 42. He is a very consistent shooter and will surely be in the first flight when the series closes. His son, a boy of twelve years, was with him to-day and shot at a few targets. The showing he made indicates that he will hit his father's gait before he is much older.

John Falk's son, about fifteen years old, and as fond of outdoor sports as his father, was thrown from a horse and his leg broken just above the ankle.

Bob is going after quail soon, and has a nice 20-gauge to use for that purpose. To-day he was practicing at targets, using Lutie Gambell's 20-gauge.

Considerable practice shooting was indulged in. A squad of six tried a few from the 23yd. mark. The targets look pretty small at that distance, and they do travel fast. As a wind-up a few doubles were shot. Shooting at 6 pairs Medico broke 6, Norris 5. At 5 pairs, Herrick 4. At 3 pairs, Frederick 4, Hobart 1.

The scores of the cash prize shoot, 50 targets, follow: Herman, 17yds., 33, Faran, 16yds., 38; Bob, 16yds., 23; Harig, 16yds., 31;

Jay Bee, 17yds., 34; Medico, 18yds., 39; Williams, 18yds., 41; Barker, 19yds., 42; Maynard, 18yds., 35; Gambell, 19yds., 35; Block, 20yds., 30; R. Trimble, 21yds., 40; Sunderbruch, 19yds., 40; Captain, 17yds., 28; Merkel, 16yds., 27; Hake, 16yds., 20; Smith, 17yds., 32; Phil, 16yds., 47; Hobart, 16yds., 32; H. M. Norris 16yds., 36; Dolly, 16yds., 18.

Hamilton (Ohio) Gun Club.

THE fall handicap tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club was held on Nov. 5 and 6, and was fairly well attended. The club has fine grounds a short distance from town. The traction cars pass within a couple of minutes' walk of the entrance. The traps are placed on the edge of a large, perfectly level field, and the score is laid out with cinder paths and marks from 15 to 25yds. There is a perfect sky background, which is unbroken except that extreme left-quartering targets show against a large tree, and are rather hard to see. There is a comfortable house, and the big stove was a favorite piece of furniture on these days. Messrs. Cass and Schumaker, of the committee, attended to the duties of their position, and looked after the welfare of the club's guests in a way which left nothing to be desired. The secretary of the club, Mr. J. C. Haman, filled the positions of puller, scorer and cashier, and five minutes after the close of the last event was ready to pay each winner. Everything worked smoothly during the two days, and the affair was a decided success.

The chicken dinner, furnished by the club, was thoroughly enjoyed by all, the pumpkin and custard pies, "like mother used to make," being especially commended by Hood Waters and Phil, neither of whom care for pie, as they remarked after the disappearance of their third or fourth piece.

The programme called for 175 targets on each day, entrance at the rate of 10 cents per target, and money divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. in the 15; 40, 30, 20 and 10 in the 20, and 35, 25, 20, 15 and 10 in the 25-target events. The high average money consisted of ¾ cent for every target shot at, and was divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

The trade was well represented by Messrs. R. Trimble, Hood Waters, C. W. Phellis, T. De W. Priddy, Frank See, and M. Lindsley.

The first day was dark and cold, and but thirteen shooters were present. The shooting began late in the forenoon, and it was found impossible to finish the ten programme events, the last two being postponed until the second day.

Event No. 8 was at 25 targets, open to ladies, residents of Ohio, only. The club guaranteed the entrance of one of its members, and Mrs. Ayres was on hand to compete. There being no other entry, she shot with her husband, defeating him by a score of 23 to 22.

Conrad was high gun for the day with 155; Hood Waters second, 153; Parker, third, with 148.

The second day was clear and cool, with a strong wind blowing across the traps. The attendance was a little better than on the previous day. At 4 o'clock the last shot was fired, and the visitors were starting for home.

Hood Waters was suffering at French Lick from an attack of rheumatism in his right hand, and had not fully recovered; in consequence he flinched once in a while, and scored misses instead of hits.

The squad of experts—Trimble, Waters, Phil and See—broke 97 out of 100 in event No. 8; not a bad squad score.

High gun for the day went to Phil, with 169 out of 175; Waters, second, with 162; Trimble, third, with 158. High amateur was Conrad, with 147. Waters won high average for the two days, with 315; Conrad, second, 302; Parker, third, 284.

The scores follow, all of the first day's events being given together:

Nov. 5, First Day.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 9 10 11	Shot	
Targets:	10 15 20 15 20 15 20 15 20 25	at.	Broke.
Waters	9 12 17 13 17 13 19 13 13 22	175	163
Conrad	9 11 18 13 18 11 16 15 20 24	175	155
Parker	8 9 17 12 19 12 18 11 17 25	175	148
Stickles	8 13 15 13 16 10 20 8 12 21	175	136
J. E. Stienman.....	8 13 16 10 18 11 18 10 12 17	175	133
Link	8 10 13 8 18 15 17 13 ..	130	102
Shumaker 12 9 16 13 16 3 ..	105	69
Randall 10 17 14 15 8 ..	85	64
Will 13 7 12 7 11 8 ..	105	58
Ayres 13 14 .. 14 11 ..	65	52
Phil 20 24	45	44
Bercaw 12 10 11 10 ..	70	43
Jones 11 9 4 ..	50	24
Duke 6 5 ..	35	11
R Trimble 18 ..	20	18

Nov. 6, Second Day.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	Shot	
Targets:	10 15 20 15 20 15 20 15 20 20	at.	Broke.
Phil	10 15 20 14 20 13 19 24 14 20	175	169
Trimble	9 15 16 12 17 14 18 25 13 19	175	158
Waters	9 14 18 15 17 15 18 23 14 19	175	162
See	9 13 18 11 16 14 18 25 15 18	175	157
Conrad	9 13 17 12 17 15 17 19 12 16	175	147
Stickles	9 10 14 12 18 11 19 20 12 16	175	141
Link	9 11 20 11 14 11 14 18 11 18	175	137
Parker	8 12 18 14 17 12 14 16 9 16	175	136
Stienman	8 11 14 10 15 11 17 18 9 18	175	131
Ayres	7 11 15 13 16 .. 14 .. 17	120	93
Schumaker 15 13 20 10 15	95	73
Bercaw 8 14 16 11 17	95	66
Lindsley 7 11 14 11 15	95	58
Randall	5 11 14	45	30
Mrs Ayres 8 .. 8 11	50	27

Two-day general averages, 350 targets: Waters 315, Conrad 302, Parker 284, Stickles 277, Stienman 264.

BONASA.

National Gun Club.

FRENCH LICK, Ind., Oct. 31.—At a meeting of the Advisory Board of the National Gun Club, held at French Lick, Ind., it was decided to extend the charter membership period of the club for another year, it will close Dec. 31, 1904. All of the present officers of the club are requested to continue in their positions.

At the close of our first tournament, I desire, personally, and as President of the National Gun Club, to extend to Mrs. F. M. Holloway, Secretary and Treasurer, the most hearty and sincere thanks for the wonderful effort she has made in behalf of the Club. Her zeal and industry have been untiring, and any success that may come to us is largely due to the work she has done.

J. M. LILLY, Pres. N. G. C.

New York Athletic Club.

Nov. 3.—The main event of the shoot of the New York Athletic Club, held to-day on the club grounds, Travers Island, was a handicap at 100 targets, for the Vilmar cup. The scores were as follows: F. C. Perkins (20) 85, G. E. Greiff (2) 83, W. J. Elias (40) 97, Kitner (40) 77, F

Annapolis—Analostan Team Contests.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 7.—The Annapolis, Md., Gun Club and the Analostan Gun Club, of Washington, D. C., have concluded their match shoots for this year. The agreement between the clubs was for three matches, best two out of three, ten men to each team, and 50 targets per man in each contest, the losing team to present the winner with a handsome silver loving cup. The first and third contests were held on the grounds of the Annapolis club, and if there are better grounds in this country the writer has not seen them. They are located across a branch of the Severn River, a short distance from Annapolis, on high, sandy ground, which is part of a shady, well appointed picnic ground. The Sergeant system of traps is used, and each shooter occupies a separate stand, made of brick, six or eight inches high and about four feet square. This is an excellent idea, as it prevents crowding when a "change" is called. The scorer's stand is high and fashioned much like a judge's stand on a race-course, and is provided with a blackboard in sight of all. The trap-puller also has a raised stand, and it is impossible to crowd him. The cashier's stand is enclosed, and near it is the pump, which is also covered, and under the same roof wash basins and towels are provided. Great big, comfortable benches are scattered all about under the trees, and near the shooter's stand is a large dancing pavilion, in which the shooters can take refuge in case of stormy weather.

The Annapolis boys are past masters in the art of entertaining, and our club is under many obligations to them for the many courtesies shown. On our last visit over there the boys treated us to steamed oysters, fresh oysters, fat sandwiches, drinkables ad lib., including "Sparetta," a wonderful tonic for the nerves, a sure cure for the blues, and the best ever for a shad-bellied dyspeptic. It is compounded by one of the shooters, the good-looking and affable Dr. Smith, of the Annapolis club, and what it would do for a man if the directions were followed is impossible to prognosticate.

The targets in all of the matches were thrown very swift, none of them less than 55yds. and most of them appeared to go 65yds. The angles were unknown, and so well did the trappers do their work that it was impossible for the shooter to guess the flight.

Our club won the first match by 7 birds. The second contest resulted in a tie, each club scoring 365 birds. It will be noted that the scores in this match were very low. The poor work may be attributed to the manner in which the birds were thrown—they were very low and extremely swift; and also to the weather, which was exceedingly warm. The sweat simply poured, and it was impossible to shoot in form. The boys who used glasses were badly handicapped.

The clubs flipped a coin to settle where the tie should be shot off, and Annapolis won. Our club journeyed over there, and in the last match were beaten 8 birds. Each club has therefore won one match, and the deciding shoot will not be held until next spring. When the tie had been shot off it was discovered that after shooting at 3,000 targets there was only one target difference between the teams. This is considered as remarkable.

The members of both teams are strictly amateurs, and attend few tournaments; but we think the records made by the members are quite creditable, and especially so in the last match, the twenty men averaging over 80 per cent.

The matches have been so pleasant and agreeable that it is likely that they will be continued next year and be a feature of the shooting in this vicinity.

Following are the scores of the three matches:

First Match.	
Annapolis Club.	
Basil	1111001111110111110101—20
Levy	1011111111011111111111—22—42
Smith	1111111101110011110111—23—43
Boucher	0011011101101011011111—18
Knackstedt	0111111111111100001101—19—37
Severn	0111101110010101110111—17
A Wilson	1110011011111111110010—18—35
Tydings	0111111011111101111101—21
Schwallenberg	0111111011111101111101—21—42
Shannon	0100111101111111110101—19
Analostan Club.	
Geo Wise	0111111110011101111111—21
Hunter	11111111110011001101100—18—39
Nally	1111111101111111111111—22—45
Hogan	0100110100111111011111—17
C S Wilson	1101111010111111011110—20—37
Burridge	1011011111110111011101—19
McKelden	1110111111110111011101—21—40
Kennedy	1111111111110111011101—23
Coleman	1101000101111111011101—19—42
Craig	1111111101111111111111—24
Second Match.	
Annapolis Club.	
Levy	11111101110101010111001—18
Smith	11111101110101010111011—19—37
Schwallenberg	1100100110110101010111—15—31
Heintz	1000001011110110010010—12
Tydings	0110111101111101111111—22—34
Boucher	110101110010110001101—16
Knackstedt	1101011101111101011101—19—35
Watts	1101011101011101111101—20
Basil	1111011101111101111101—21—41
Wagner	0011111101111101111101—21
Taylor	1111111101111101111101—21—40
Geo Wise	0110011101111101111101—18—34
McKelden	1111000001101011101010—16
Wilson	10010010100111011101001—14—30
Analostan Club.	
Wagner	1111111111111111111111—25
Taylor	1101111111110001010111—19—44
Geo Wise	0011111011010111011111—19
McKelden	1101110110110111111111—21—40
Wilson	0110011101111101111101—18—34
McKelden	1111000001101011101010—16
Wilson	10010010100111011101001—14—30
Wilson	10110010011111011101110—16
Wilson	10110110110111011101110—17—33

Hunter	101100111101110011001000—14
Burridge	0010111101110110111111—19—33
Mattingly	1111011111010110111111—20
Craig	0001101111011111011111—19—39
Coleman	1011011011101111011111—20
Coleman	1011011001110101010101—16—36
Coleman	010101111101110111001—18
Coleman	1101001101101101010101—17—35
Coleman	1011111111101111110111—22
Coleman	0101110111111011011101—19—41—365

Third Match.	
Annapolis Club.	
Knackstedt	0110111111111101111111—22
Tydings	11111111111111011100—22—44
Boucher	1011111111011101111111—22—44
Levy	11110011111111011001010—18
Watts	1111111110110111011111—23—41
Smith	01111111111111011111—23
Coffin	111111111101101111110—22—45
Severn	1100110111011101061111—18
Basil	1100101111110111011111—18—36
Schwallenberg	1110111111101111110111—23—45
Analostan Club.	
Hunter	11111011101101011111010—19
Garrison	11111101100111110100110—18—37
Stubener	1011010011101101111010—17
Coleman	100110111101111111010—19—36
Crary	1111101111011111011111—22
C S Wilson	1111101111101011111111—22—44
Patrola	1111011111111111011111—22
Nally	1001011011101101101111—18
Burridge	1110101111110111111111—22—40
M Taylor	1110101111110111111111—17
M Taylor	1110101111110111111111—21—38
M Taylor	111111111111011101101—22
M Taylor	0111111101111101101010—20—42
M Taylor	0111010111011111011111—20
M Taylor	1111011011110111011010—19—39
M Taylor	1111011101011111110111—21
M Taylor	1110111011101101010111—20—41
M Taylor	1111101111110111111111—23
M Taylor	1111010101111111111111—22—45—406
W. H. HUNTER, Sec'y.	

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.	
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Oct. 29.—The Traver cup—a beautiful trophy, donated by Mr. A. Traver, the popular captain of this club—was shot for, the first time, to-day, under a new and improved system of handicapping. The race resulted in a tie between Smith and Claymark. The tie, owing to darkness, was not shot off, it being decided to hold the shoot-off over until next week.	
The system of handicapping that is now being used is going to make this cup a "lively race," and it will be a long time before any one man will win it six times, which he must do to establish ownership. That the handicapping is well done a glance at the scores in event No. 6 will prove.	
The committee having charge of arrangements for our New Year's Day shoot will soon be able to give full particulars of what we expect will be the greatest shoot ever held along the Hudson. Wicker shot along.	
Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7
Targets:	10 10 10 10 15 25 10
Traver, 1	9 8 11 10 .. 24 6
Wicker	4 5 10 19 8
Hans	8 9 .. 8
Borst, 4	7 .. 6 11
Marshall, 5	9 8 11 7 .. 23
Du Bois, 3	.. 6 12 9 12 19
Adriance, 2	.. 9 13 10 14 23
Smith, 6 8 13 25 9
Claymark, 6 11 25 7
Winans, 7 24 ..
*Marshall 18 ..

Nov. 5.—Notwithstanding that there were two cups to be shot for to-day, the attendance was very slim, but six men at the score.	
The club cup, in event No. 4, was shot for under the old handicap system, and was won by H. W. Marshall. Event No. 5, for the Traver cup, was won by H. E. Winans, under the new handicap system. The shooting to-day was not up to the standard generally set by those present, high wind and bad light being responsible for the low scores.	
Quite a number of the boys will attend the shoot at Ossining on the 18th inst., at which time our team will again try to lift the cup that Ossining won from us, and barring our usual run of hard luck, we expect to give the Ossining men "the race of their life."	
Events:	1 2 3 4
Targets:	10 10 10 25
Claymark, 2	8 8 .. 15
Smith	6 8 7 15
Traver 21
Scott	4 .. 2 ..
Event No. 5, Traver cup:	
Hans	3 16
Smith	5 24
Marshall	7 23
*Re-entry.	
SNANIWEH.	

Boone Gun Club.	
BOONE, Ia., Nov. 4.—Eighteen shooters took part in the Boone Gun Club's one-day tournament. The weather was warm and pleasant, but the scores ran low, owing to badly thrown targets. The club added no money, but gave \$5 for high amateur average, and \$3 for low average. Hoon, of Jewell, won high average, and Crony, of Boone, won low average. The club has fine grounds in the North Side Driving Park, and has just completed a nice little club house. F. C. Whitney had charge of the office. Budd was the only expert present, and shot through the programme for targets only, tying Hoon for high average.	
Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
F A Johnson	12 9 13 13 12 14 15 14 20 12 13 18
Peterson	13 10 16 11 14 15 14 14 13 11 15
Durbin	8 10 12 14 13 17 ..
Mondt	2 2
Budd	12 13 16 12 13 18 15 15 17 13 13 18
Nicholson	14 10 16 12 12 11 12 ..
Huglin	12 11 19 11 12 18 13 14 17 13 12 15
Clark	8 12 19 13 14 16 8 .. 13 ..
Crary	8 7 12 9 13 14 6 8 16 12 8 14
Richardson 12
Dr Proctor	10 10 15 10 11 17 14 13 16 14 11 17
Adams	12 13 15 11 11 18 13 14 17 11 15 17
Hoon	11 14 17 14 13 16 12 13 19 12 15 17
J A Johnson	14 8 17 13 11 15 13 14 19 12 15 17
Tabbatt	9 12 17 12 9 .. 5 ..
Buck	11 12 17 8 13 13 10 12 17 13 12 15
Jensen 10 14
Randall 12 12 13 ..
HAWKEYE.	

IN NEW JERSEY.

Franklin Gun Club.
Franklin Furnace, N. J., Oct. 31.—At the club shoot to-day, shooting at 30 targets, F. Southerd broke 23, John Williams 22, A. Wright 21, Frank Kishpaugh 20. Henry Pope broke 7 out of 11; Will Pope, 4 out of 12; Goldsmith, 3 out of 15; A. Wright, 1 out of 10.

Pattenburg Gun Club.
Pattenburg, N. J., Oct. 31.—The scores of the regular monthly medal shoot are appended. Our new man, who has never shot before, made a score which speaks for itself. We think he will be a medal carrier in time. Stamets won the gold medal. Holbrook the silver.

H Gano	11010110111111111111011—21
A E Holbrook	1101111111111111111111—24
H Milburn	100010101111111101111—17
N Stamets	1111111101011011011011—20
C W Bonnell	1111111111000111111111—20
A Helman	1100110111101010111111—17
R Stamets	1111111111011111111111—24
R Gano	0000000000000000000000—2
M Demmig	0000101010110000101101—11
Ed Barker	0001001101010011011011—14

Shoot-off:
A E Holbrook.....10—1 R Stamets.....11—2
C. W. BONNELL, Sec'y.

Bound Brook Gun Club.	
Bound Brook, N. J., Nov. 2.—Appended please find scores of the Bound Brook Gun Club. These scores were made at their last regular shoot, held Oct. 31:	
Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Targets:	10 15 10 10 10 10 10 5
Dr J H V Bache	5 8 7 8 8 8 6 4
Dr J B Pardoe	7 10 6 8 9 8 8 ..
S Brampton	.. 7 .. 5 2 .. 4
A K Smith	3 .. 7 3 6 ..
F K Stelle	3 .. 5 .. 3 6 6 ..
M Rosenthal	3 9 4 3
L C Force 2
STANLEY BRAMPTON, Sec'y.	

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.	
Brooklyn, L. I., Nov. 3.—The scores made at the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club are appended. Glover was easily high man in the total of the afternoon's shooting:	
Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
Targets:	10 15 15 15 10 15 10 10 15 15 20
Welles	7 9 .. 10 6
Bergen	8 9 10 13 6 13 6 8 10 .. 6
Wright	.. 14 11 12 6 11 9 9 .. 10 12 14
Capt Borland	7 11 8 8 9 12 6 8 5 10 .. 13
Dreyer	8 10 13 11 5 14 8
Glover	.. 14 14 14 10 15 10 9 10 .. 13
Marshall	9 6
Winters	8 6 5 4 7
Grinnell	5 5 8 5
Osterhout	5 6

No. 5 was at 5 pairs.	
Brooklyn, L. I.—Five of John Wright's ballistic students gathered on his range, at Kaiser's Farm, on the One-Mile Road, last Saturday, with results as follows:	
Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7
Targets:	10 15 10 15 25 15 10
Welles	7 10 8 11 .. 13 9
Wright	7 9 8 12 20 11 8
Klepects, Sr.	8 10 7 14 19 13 9
Klepects, Jr.	5 13 5 11 13 10 6
Greene	.. 10 8 12 .. 9 7

Crescent Athletic Club.	
Bay Ridge, L. I.—The first contest for the November cup, at the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club, occurred Nov. 7. Henry C. Werleman and H. S. Vandever tied on 24. In the shoot for the Sykes two-man team cup Messrs. Marshall and Southworth broke 33. Mr. E. H. Lott scored the first win on the Palmer trophy. The scores:	
November cup, 25 targets, handicap: H. C. Werleman 24, H. B. Vandever 24, Dr. Keyes 21, L. C. Hopkins 20, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 20, J. H. Jack 20, H. L. Meyer 20, W. W. Marshall 19, Capt. Money 18, George W. Meeker 16, A. G. Southworth 15, W. H. Talcott 13, C. H. Chapman 12.	
Trophy, 15 targets, handicap: Hopkins 15, Marshall 14, Raynor 14, Meyer 13, Grinnell 11, Werleman 11, Money 11, Southworth 11, Meeker 10, Vanderver 10, Jack 7.	
Sykes trophy, team match, 25 targets, handicap: Team No. 1—Marshall 18, Southworth 15; total 33. Team No. 2—Meeker 16, Grinnell 16; total 32. Team No. 3—Vanderver 23, E. H. Lott 23; total 46. Team No. 4—Money 19, Hopkins 22; total 41.	
Palmer trophy, 25 targets, handicap: E. H. Lott 22, Southworth 21, Grinnell 18, Vanderver 17, Money 17, Meeker 15, Raynor 15, Meyer 15, Hopkins 14, Jack 14, Chapman 14, Marshall 13, Talcott 6.	

Decatur Tournament.	
DECATUR, Ill., Nov. 3.—The shoot held here to-day under the management of Rupert and Standish was a great success. There was such a goodly number of shooters that the targets gave out and the shoot was stopped with the 150th round. It seems strange that a town of the size of Decatur should be shy on targets.	
Ed. Miller made high score, and it was a good one, 144. Rupert came second with 142. John Boa was Mr. Bronough. J. L. Head and Leslie Standish were the trade representatives. The scores:	
Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Targets:	10 15 15 20 10 15 15 20 15 15
Barns	5 9 .. 9 .. 13 14
Boa	8 14 13 19 10 15 14 19 13 14
Head	9 14 14 19 10 13 14 17 14 14
Rupert	10 14 13 18 10 15 13 20 15 14
Snell	9 15 13 17 9 15 15 18 14 15
Stoner	9 11 15 15 8 11 13 14 15 12
P Keister	7 12 13 19 10 14 13 20 ..
McCurdy	8 13 10 19 10 15 13 17 15 15
A Keister	10 15 14 17 10 12 14 18 14 13
Ed Miller	10 14 15 19 10 15 14 19 13 15
E M Miller	10 12 13 16 7 13 13 ..
Gray	9 11 11 15 7 14 14 ..
A Kellar	7 11 15 18 9 14 12 19 15 ..
J Van Gundy	6 12 15 16 9 15 15 19 14 14
E Van Gundy	9 12 10 11 9 14 14 19 11 9
Funk	.. 12 14 16 9 12 14 18 14 ..
W E Kellar 16 9 14 12 15 12 ..
F Keister 17 7 14 14 17 12 ..
Gleason	.. 7 13 4 .. 9 ..
Martin	.. 10 11 16 6 8 11 ..
Williams	7 12 9 18 7 12 ..
Rogers	8 12 10 18
Steevey	10 12 11 16 8

National Gun Club.

THE first tournament of the National Gun Club was held at French Lick Springs, Ind., Oct. 27 to 31. It was the intention of the managers to make this a grand national affair, and to that end a very elaborate programme was printed and distributed, which was so liberal in added money and prizes as to be sufficient to draw a large attendance. For some reason, however, it failed, as twenty shooters were the most that shot on any day through the programme. Thirteen shot on the last day, and eight of these were traveling men.

The location is good. While Indianapolis might be better, still the Springs has hotel accommodations second to none, is situated on the Monon R. R., eighty miles from Louisville, about half way between St. Louis and Cincinnati, 279 miles from Chicago, and 120 miles south from Indianapolis. This, with excursion rates good for three months, should have drawn the shooters, especially as the president of the hotel had donated \$500 for prizes.

The last four tournaments, viz.: West Baden, Paducah, St. Louis and this one, have all been very poorly attended, none of them having over thirty, and one of them fifteen. There were good inducements at all of them. Then what is the trouble? It would seem that it was too late in the season. Shooters engaged in business are getting ready for their annual hunt.

There has been an unusual number of tournaments this year. Indiana has tried to outdo Iowa in the amount of trapshooting, and the shooters have put in all the time they can afford to for this year.

The weather was simply the most perfect kind. The sun shone brightly; scarcely any wind; frosty mornings, warm days; everybody was glad to be out of doors, and a good audience witnessed the sport; but it was disappointed with the scores made. True, Elliott, Phellis, Hughes and Trimble lost but 15 for the day, but some of their shooting was away below the average they are capable of making.

The shooters were handicapped slightly, as the best were at 19 and others at 18yds. Then when it came to the championship race, which was carried through the three days, all standing at 16yds., the shooting improved. Hughes made the first 80 straight and lost one in the last string, closing with 99. Trimble lost one out of his first 80, and then had trouble with one in the last string and closed with 98. His score was tied by Le Compte also. The reader will look at the scores in the last event the first day, and the last two on the second and third days, and there he will find the various scores made for the championship cup.

John M. Lilly, the well-known trapshooting enthusiast of Indianapolis, is at the head of this club, as he conceived the idea of uniting in one large society the lovers of trapshooting throughout this country. There is a fraternal feeling connected with this sport not found in any other, hence it seemed a necessity to form a national club.

Mr. Lilly returned from his trip abroad so as to reach this place in time to prepare for the shoot. He was assisted by the hotel management, and large grounds were furnished, though they were not of the best for target shooting. The surface was quite broken, and targets were thrown from the point of a hill. There seemed to be a current that caused them to dip rather frequently. But the worst thing was the background, which was a solid hillside, covered with trees, the varied hues of their leaves being so deceptive as to cause all to miss sharp quartering targets.

John Lilly was general manager and rustler, and a good one he is. He had the assistance in the office of Mr. Allen, the secretary of the Indianapolis club, and also a good one he is. Then he had two good scorers and referees, one of them being Arthur Gambel, of Cincinnati. The arrangements of tents, blackboards and good supply of loaded shells, were all that could be desired.

The target shooting ran three days, with ten 20-target events, or 600 in all. John Boa got a lead the first day, but he fell off some the second day and the others improved, so that Elliott, Hughes and Phellis came forward.

The best shots were moved up from the 20 to 19yd. line on the second day, which was an error in part of the committee, and they remained there for the third day. Hughes, by his good score of 99 from the 16yd. mark, won the high average with 546 out of 600, while Elliott and Boa were only one behind. Trimble was next with 541; then Le Compte 540, Phellis 531, Heer 517, Voris 513, Clark 511, Rike 509, Marshall 504, Waters 504, Henderson 489.

All the boys have excuses. Some drank too much water; others not enough. One had a gun good for 16, not good enough for 19. One did not have long shells; others never shot so poorly, etc.

Rolla Heikes was missed. He is at home very sick. The boys were in communication with him daily by telephone, and were pleased to learn of improvement in his condition.

Mr. Tom Taggart was aware that the boys would like some pigeon shooting, so on the second day a 15-bird sweep was arranged. Then on the third day, John Hill arrived with his sparrows, and the afternoon was taken up with three sparrow events. Some fine scores were made, Tom Marshall going 40 straight, and others losing but one. The conditions for sparrow shooting were hard—a dark day, bad ground, dead grass and weeds just the color of a sparrow, and the far-away background, so bad as to hide the little "beggars."

The complete scores for the three days' target shooting follow here, and the live-bird and sparrow matches:

Oct. 27, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	Per
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	at.	Broke. Cent.
Heer, 20.....	18	17	14	17	16	16	16	16	12	18	200	161 80½
Waters, 19.....	18	17	19	16	18	13	15	17	14	17	200	164 82
Elliott, 20.....	16	18	18	19	16	18	17	17	16	19	200	174 87
Hughes, 20.....	17	20	17	14	17	19	17	19	17	20	200	177 88½
Boa, 19.....	20	18	20	18	18	17	14	19	19	19	200	182 91
Head, 19.....	17	17	17	15	16	17	16	17	15	17	200	165 82½
Hensler, 19.....	19	17	17	16	14	19	17	12	17	20	200	158 79
Marshall, 19.....	18	15	19	13	16	14	15	18	14	16	200	157 78½
Phellis, 19.....	16	18	16	17	18	18	15	17	19	19	200	172 86
Trimble, 19.....	19	15	19	19	15	18	17	18	16	20	200	176 88
Rike, 18.....	18	15	14	15	16	17	16	13	17	19	200	159 79½
Voris, 18.....	15	14	18	16	19	16	17	14	19	14	200	162 81
Clark, 18.....	16	18	14	15	17	17	14	18	16	16	200	161 80½
Tripp, 18.....	13	11	15	13	11	8	120
Henderson, 18.....	18	18	18	17	13	14	15	15	14	16	200	158 79
Nash, 18.....	13	11	18	16	16	18	14	18	17	17	200	158 79
Cooper, 16.....	20	17	14	16	16	19	17	15	17	17	200	166 83
Ahlers, 17.....	18	18	18	17	18	20	15	19	18	19	200	180 90
McKay, 17.....	13	18	16	16	15	15	14	16	13	16	200	147 73½
Le Compte, 19.....	18	16	19	18	19	18	17	15	19	19	200	176 88
Hasbeen, 17.....	15	13	13	17	17	18	14	16	11	17	200	151 75½
Pluto, 17.....	80
Jingo, 16.....	40
Norton, 16.....	60
Jones, 16.....
Partington, 17.....	20	14	60

Oct. 28, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	at.	Broke.
Elliott, 19.....	18	20	18	16	17	20	18	20	18	20	200	185
Waters, 18.....	15	18	17	17	17	17	18	17	17	18	200	172
Heer, 19.....	18	18	15	16	18	20	18	18	17	20	200	181
Hughes, 19.....	18	18	18	19	16	19	18	18	20	20	200	184
Boa, 19.....	16	19	17	16	17	20	17	18	18	20	200	178
Trimble, 18.....	17	18	14	14	19	17	17	18	20	19	200	179
Le Compte, 18.....	17	18	15	18	20	17	19	17	20	19	200	181
Marshall, 18.....	16	16	16	17	19	17	19	19	18	20	200	177
Phellis, 18.....	16	18	19	16	19	18	20	20	19	20	200	185
Hensler, 18.....	18	17	18	17	18	17	18	19	18	18	200	180
Rike, 17.....	19	18	16	19	19	16	14	18	19	19	200	175
Clark, 17.....	17	18	18	16	12	17	20	20	19	18	200	179
Ablers, 17.....	19	16	20	15	19	18	19	18	17	18	200	180
Voris, 17.....	17	13	16	16	19	19	18	14	17	18	200	169
Cooper, 16.....	17	15	16	17	17	16	18	16	16	16	180	158
Stipp, 17.....	100
Sherwood, 17.....	17	19	18	16	14	19	14	16	17	18	200	170
Henderson, 16.....	16	18	14	19	14	18	18	12	18	17	200	167
Nash, 16.....	18	14	17	15	18	15	15	140
McKay, 16.....	20

Oct. 29, Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	at.	Broke.
Elliott, 19.....	16	18	18	19	19	20	18	19	19	20	200	186
Waters, 18.....	15	17	16	18	17	18	15	19	19	16	200	170
Heer, 19.....	16	18	17	18	17	19	17	17	19	20	200	178
Hughes, 19.....	20	17	18	17	18	20	18	18	20	19	200	185
Boa, 19.....	19	18	18	20	19	18	18	18	18	18	200	185
Trimble, 18.....	19	19	18	20	19	20	18	15	20	19	200	187
Le Compte, 18.....	18	18	20	18	18	17	15	20	20	20	200	184
Marshall, 18.....	18	17	16	13	16	15	19	18	19	19	200	170
Phellis, 18.....	19	20	16	19	18	20	18	16	17	19	200	182
Voris, 17.....	18	18	18	17	19	18	19	19	19	19	200	184
Rike, 17.....	17	18	19	18	16	17	16	20	18	17	200	176
Henderson, 16.....	15	17	18	19	18	14	14	15	18	19	200	167
Stillwell, 16.....	12	18	15	15	17	18	15	16	160	126
Nash, 16.....	17	17	17	17	16	13	15	140	112
Clark, 17.....	18	16	17	18	19	15	19	18	15	18	200	173

Averages for three days, 600 targets: Hughes 546, Elliott 545, Boa 545, Trimble 541, Le Compte 540, Phellis 531, Heer 517, Voris 513, Clark 511, Rike 509, Marshall 504, Waters 504, Henderson 489.

Fifteen live birds, \$10 entrance, three moneys: Clark 14, Voris 15, Heer 15, Snops 13, Waters 12, Lilly 11, Boa 15, Le Compte 13, Rike 14, Ahlers 12, Henderson 14.

Twenty sparrows, \$6 entrance, four moneys: Clark 16, Voris 18, Stillwell 16, Henderson 14, Rike 17, Boa 19, Snyder 19, Heer 20, Le Compte 17, Nash 18, Marshall 20, Phellis 20, Hughes 20, Elliott 19.

Event No. 2, 20 sparrows, \$6 entrance: Clark withdrew, Voris 18, Stillwell 18, Henderson 20, Rike 16, Boa 17, Marshall 20, Hughes 18, Heer 19, Phil 19, Snyder 20, Elliott 18.

Event No. 3, 20 sparrows, \$6 entrance: Elliott withdrew, Marshall 20, Phellis 20, Voris 20, Boa 16, Stillwell 17, Heer 19.

Oct. 30, Fourth Day.

Championship race, 100 sparrows, shot in five 20-bird races, with \$6 entrance, and money divided Rose system. The high score to win a \$50 cup.

The sun shone brightly, and the sparrows were lively, erratic and just as deceptive as they possibly could be. In the first event Heer went straight. Voris got 19, Phellis and Waters got 18. Voris made two more 19s, Phellis one, and Washburn one during the shoot.

Heer and Voris went into the last event a tie, and both killed 17, and finished with 90, making a tie that they shot off on 50 birds. This brought the onlookers all to a fever heat. During the first string of 25 each killed 24, but starting on the last string Heer drew three exasperating screamers in the first five, and lost them in a row, and then some more, so that he only finished with 43, while Voris made 45 and won.

Voris was warmly congratulated, as he is one of the oldest and best known shooters, not only of Indiana, but of the Central States.

Heer has a "hard luck" story, as he had a balk during the day. When the trap was sprung two birds went up, and he did not shoot. One of the birds went out of bounds; the other did not. The decision by the referee was "Lost," and he would not allow another shot. There are no printed rules governing sparrow shooting, and as the shooter has the live-bird rules in view, and if he shoots, the referee could not know which one he shot at, so that the proper way would have been to allow another shot, as in the event that Heer had killed he would have won the cup without a tie. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Shot	Broke.
Sparrows:	20	20	20	20	20	at.	Broke.
Ed Voris.....	19	19	16	19	17	100	90
C W Phellis.....	18	18	16	18	19	100	89
C O Le Compte.....	16	18	15	11	80	60
J S Boa.....	17	14	40	31
W H Heer.....	20	18	17	18	17	100	90
H M Clark.....	17	18	18	14	15	100	82
Mac Stillwell.....	16	16	40	32
W W Washburn.....	17	12	19	17	17	100	82
H Waters.....	18	18	16	16	15	100	83
J W Henderson.....	17	17	80	68
T A Marshall.....	14	17	18	17	16	100	82
J A R Elliott.....	16	18	17	18	18	100	87
J M Hughes.....	16	17	40	33
J M Lilly.....	20	17

Shoot-off for cup, as Voris and Heer tied on 90: Voris 45, Heer 43.

New London Gun Club.

NEW LONDON, Ia., Oct. 29.—The New London Gun Club's eighth annual tournament closed to-day. The attendance was good, and the weather warm and pleasant.

The programme was a long one. The regular events had 200 targets, and a special 50-target handicap, open to all; entrance \$5 each day. All the regular events were divided 40, 20, 20 and 10, and handicaps 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.

Paid experts were not allowed to contest for purses in regular events.

A handsome gold watch was given the winners of the handicap events. Fourteen averages, ranging from \$5 to \$25, were given the amateurs. The professionals had \$25, \$20, \$15, \$10 and \$5 given them for averages, beside \$12, \$8, and \$5 for long runs. Two gold watches were given to the 90 and 80 per cent. amateurs. A gold badge was given the amateur making longest run. The two low men shooting through programme had their hotel bill and railroad fare paid. The amateur making longest straight run received \$5, and \$5 for making the largest number of straight scores during the tournament.

The handicap of Tuesday was won by Fred Ellett, of Keithsburg. The second day's handicap was won by John Burmister, of Spirit Lake.

M. and R. Thompson won the handicap on Thursday, after

shooting out Klein. They decided to hold the watch and to decide the tie at some future time.

High amateur average was won by Klein.

Burnside won the 90 per cent. trophy in shoot-off.

E. G. Wallace, of Marshalltown, won the 80 per cent. watch after shooting out a number of good men in the tie.

Fred Gilbert won the long run in expert class, breaking 100 straight. He also won high average.

On Wednesday evening Dr. and Mrs. Cook had the shooters out to their home. This is one of the best events in the programme. Two special prizes were won by Wettleaf, of Nichols, and Chas. Spencer, of St. Louis. After an exciting contest, Wettleaf won first from Gilbert. Spencer took second without a tie.

Mr. S. A. Tucker was attending the tournament, but did not shoot.

Dr. Cook, secretary of the New London Gun Club, informs me their programme for 1934 will be a good one. They will add more money and give some fine special prizes. The tournament will be held some time



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Cincinnati Clubs.

CINCINNATI has probably more clubs and associations of sportsmen than any other city in the country. There are between sixty and seventy fishing clubs and a number of gun and rifle clubs of more or less importance, some having a permanent organization, owning or leasing grounds where convenient club houses are erected, and holding regular shoots, and others being composed of a few lovers of sport, who meet with more or less regularity, but have no fixed club house. The membership lists of these clubs, from the earliest days to the present time, contain the names of men prominent in the business and professional life of the city, and many of them well known and successful in the political arena.

All were deeply imbued with a love for field sports, and it was this common feeling which led to the formation of clubs, where all could meet on equal footing and enjoy, at stated times, a few hours of friendly intercourse.

The first club of which any record has been preserved—and without doubt the first in the city—was the Cincinnati Shooting Club No. 1, organized in 1831.

A number of sportsmen met on the evening of June 28, 1831, John J. Wright being elected chairman, and Geo. W. Neff secretary, the object of the meeting being to effect the permanent organization of the club. The following officers were elected: Robert Buchanan, President; R. Somerby, Vice-President; Kirkbride Yardley, Treasurer; Caleb Jones, Secretary. Standing Committee, John J. Wright, Wm. Corbin and John Winters.

The by-laws provided that the name of the club should be as given above. Quarterly meetings to be held on the fourth Monday in June, September, December and March. Officers to be elected at the June meeting.

The membership was limited to twenty-five at the same time, and only by unanimous consent could this number be exceeded. The annual dues were fixed at \$5. It was provided that distinguished sportsmen could be elected as honorary members. Once a year a day was to be appointed by the officers for a trial of the skill of the members, and premiums (to be paid out of the club's funds) awarded to the winners. At these trials no member was allowed to shoot by proxy, and the premiums could not be won by the same member twice in succession. The distance was 20 yards.

There being at this time no restriction on the killing of game, either as to season or quantity, the club provided an open season by a by-law, which was of course binding only on members of the club. Open season: Woodcock, the open season shall commence on July 1, and end Feb. 1. Quail, pheasants and rabbits, open season to commence on Sept. 1 and end March 1. Any member shooting out of season to be fined 50 cents for each offense.

It was evidently not considered necessary to furnish any protection to the various other varieties of game birds which were found in this section at that time.

The early members of the club were K. Yardley, Geo. W. Neff, Wm. Neff, Wm. Corbin, D. Trotter, R. Somerby, John J. Wright, W. P. Noble, Geo. Graham, Jr., Benj. B. Fessenden, Thos. Sharpless, R. Buchanan, Thos. Dawson, C. Jones, Jos. J. James, J. D. Garrard, N. F. Pendleton, Jacob Anmack, Thos. Winter, E. T. Yardley, Geo. Smith, Wm. Tift and John Winters. At various meetings during the existence of the club, the following were elected to membership, to fill vacancies caused by death, resignation or removal from the city: J. C. Armstrong, Thos. D. Carneal, Jas. Gibson, M. L. Harbeson, Jacob Strader, T. Mattock, H. Jordan, Silas Bryant, H. Hamilton, Wm. J. Van Horne, E. J. Miller, Dr. Jedediah Cobb, Joseph Longworth, Geo. Williams, Ira Athearn, J. Wheelwright, G. H. Shoenberger, W. H. H. Taylor, Francis Read.

A special meeting of the club was held at Massard's Coffee House in the fall, and the following resolutions adopted and added to the constitution as Articles XX. and XXI.

Resolved, That the first Thursday in November shall be fixed upon to hold the anniversary dinner of the club, which shall be a game dinner, from game killed by the members the day preceding, divided into two parties or sides, by the president and vice-president. Each member may invite a guest by paying his expenses.

Messrs. Wm. Corbin, J. J. Wright and J. D. Garrard were appointed a committee to report a suitable scale of game. It was also resolved that the members should appear at each June meeting, dressed in sportsmen's costume and with their shooting apparatus for inspection. At this meeting John Winter resigned from membership, and J. D. Garrard was elected to fill the vacancy on the standing committee.

The first hunt of the club to provide game for the dinner was held on Wednesday, Nov. 2, and the members met on the evening of that day to exhibit the game shot and count the points. President Buchanan's side counted 161 points, two of his men,

Smith and Jones, not taking part. Vice-President Yardley's side had a total of 72 points. The first dinner was held on Nov. 3, at Wm. Corbin's Sportsman's Hall, located on the Turnpike, three miles east of the city. Twenty members and a like number of invited guests sat at table, and many toasts were drank among them. The following seem worthy of being recorded:

"The Object of our Association; Improvement in the Noble and Manly Exercise of Field Sports."

"The Honest Sportsman; May his 'Charge' of Care be Light and the 'Recoil' of disappointment never felt."

"Our Country; May We 'Mark' Well Her Honor and always 'Stand Ready' to Defend It."

"Fire Arms—Every American should know their Use; But for them Our Days of Freedom would be Numbered."

"Our Brother Sportsmen throughout the World—While their 'aim' is correct, may they Never 'misfire.'"

"The Feathered Tribe—"On the Wing' or on the Table, the Sportsman's favorite."

"The Fair"—The 'Surest Shots' where the Heart is the 'Game.'

K. and E. T. Yardley having removed to Philadelphia, Francis Read was elected treasurer in place of the former at a meeting held in December at the Louisiana Coffee House, and Matthew L. Harbeson was elected a member in place of the latter.

At this meeting the club subscribed for the Cabinet of Natural History and American Rural Sports, established in 1830, published in Philadelphia, and for Skinner's Sporting Magazine, published in Baltimore, where it was established in 1829, and was the first publication on field sports issued in the United States.

Mr. Corbin reported the amount of game killed by him since the formation of the club to Dec. 20, as follows: Woodcock 75, quail 163, rabbits 21, rail 3, ducks and mallards 9, ducks and teal 55, bullhead plover 8, yellow-leg plover 13.

The record of game killed by individual sportsmen, and in the side hunts are, I think, interesting to present-day sportsmen, as showing the variety and abundance of game in the early days in this section.

At the quarterly meeting, on March 26, 1832, Messrs. Corbin, Anmack and Gibson were appointed a committee to report a scale of game. The members were divided into sides for a shoot on April 3, to provide game for the supper to be given on April 4. The supper was given, and was a success, the records saying, "That after a time spent in eating, telling hunting stories and singing, the company adjourned at an early hour (for sportsmen)."

The game brought in by the two sides for this occasion was as follows:

Buchanan's side—R. Buchanan: 2 Spanish curlew, 1 blue-wing teal, 3 marling; points 36. J. Anmack: 1 green-wing teal, 1 banty, 12 snipe; points 30. J. Gibson: 1 mallard, 2 wood duck, 2 green-wing teal, 3 snipes; points 25. B. B. Fessenden: 1 mallard, 2 wood duck, 1 green-wing teal, 4 snipe; points 24. Total points, 115.

Corbin's side—W. Corbin: 2 wood duck, 7 teal and banty, 1 yellow-leg plover, 1 marling, 16 snipe; points 64. J. J. Wright: 7 teal and banty, 6 snipe; points 33. F. Read: 1 spoonbill duck, 1 blue-wing teal; points 8. W. Noble: 5 ducks, 1 batter box, 3 teal, 9 snipe; points 55. T. Dawson: 3 teal, 14 snipe; points 37. J. D. Garrard: 1 mallard, 6 snipe; points 17. G. Smith: 4 marling; points 4. Total 218.

The annual meeting was held on June 25, 1832, and the officers for the ensuing year were elected. The annual dues were also fixed at \$2; the initiation fee to remain at \$5. Members unable to give a satisfactory reason for not turning out on the appointed shooting days of the club, the meeting decided should be fined \$1.

The officers elected were: R. Buchanan, President; R. Somerby, Vice-President; F. Read, Treasurer; W. P. Noble, Secretary; Standing Committee: Wm. Corbin, J. J. Wright, J. D. Garrard.

The game scale as reported by the committee was as follows: Quail or partridge, each 1; woodcock, 5; bullhead or golden head plover, 2; pheasant and grouse, each 15; deer, 50; rabbits, 2; canvasback, black ducks and mallards, each 5; English snipe, 2; yellow-leg plover, 2; Spanish curlew 10; wild turkey, 20; wild goose or brant, each 30; rail, 1; wood duck and baldhead, each 4; teal, bunkers and all other ducks fit for the table, each 3.

The first recorded trapshooting match of the club was held on Jan. 30, 1833, at Corbin's Sportsman's Hall. The day was mild, with a light drizzling rain, "though pleasant enough for shooting," writes the club secretary.

Wild pigeons were used in this match, and in matches for many years afterward by clubs in different parts of the country, and there is no question but what this practice was an important factor in the practical extinction of this beautiful bird, which was so abundant in certain sections, even as recently as the '70s. The ties were shot off at quail—what a united protest would be heard in these days against the sportsman who would countenance such an unsportsmanlike (as we deem it) proceeding by his presence.

A meeting of the club was held at 11 A. M., and the following

regulations were adopted to govern the intended match at pigeons and quail for premiums. The distance for shooting at pigeons was fixed at 20 paces, and at partridges (quail) at 12 paces from the traps, birds to fall within the fence (about 100yds. in area) or no hit. If one copper misses, the other barrel to be used, but not at the same bird. Five pigeons to each member. First prize, \$20; second, \$10; third, \$5. Following are the scores made:

Five pigeons: Graham 2, Harbeson 1, Noble 4, Fessenden 2, James 2, Anmack 5, Corbin 2, Wright 2, Strader 2, Gibson 5, G. W. Neff 5.

The ties were shot off at quail: Neff 4, Gibson 1, Anmack 4. Neff and Anmack shot off the second tie at 5 pigeons: Neff 4, Anmack 3. First prize was awarded to Neff, second to Anmack and third to Gibson. This was the first trapshooting match in the United States of which any record exists, as far as the writer has been able to learn.

The meeting on March 25, appointed April 2 as the day for the spring hunt, the game to be exhibited and counted at Holmes' Coffee House, on the 3d, and a game supper to be given there on the 4th. The hunt day was cloudy, with rain after 2 P. M. The weather for three weeks previous to the hunt had been dry and unfavorable for snipe and ducks, and under these conditions the hunt was considered a very successful one. The game killed was as follows: Mallards, 3; spoonbills, 1; teal, 18; snipe, 110; wood duck, 6; marling, 18; ducks, 2; banty, 1; sprigtails, 1.

A meeting was held at the Commercial Exchange on Sept. 23, when officers were elected, though it is not stated why the election was not held in June, as provided in the constitution, but lack of attendance at the meetings was probably the reason. The officers elected were: R. Buchanan, President; J. D. Garrard, Vice-President; F. Read, Treasurer; W. P. Noble, Secretary. Standing committee: Wm. Corbin, J. Anmack and J. J. Wright. New members elected were Henry Jordan and Chas. Bryant. Mr. Harbeson resigned as an active member, and was placed on the honorary member list. The following report of game killed by the members was handed to the secretary and recorded: Buchanan: pheasants, 3; ducks, 4; partridges, 5; rabbits, 2. Corbin: partridges, 408; rabbits, 41; snipe, 139; woodcock, 13; red-heads, 4; mallards, 49; widgeon, 4; teal, 38; banties, 21; canvasbacks, 4; black duck, 2; wood duck, 6; sprigtails, 13; butter box, 7; plover, 5; rail, 9; curlew, 1. Anmack: Snipe, 24; teal, 1; banties, 3; woodcock, 3; partridges, 39; plover, 3; rail, 2; yellow-leg, 7. Strader: Pheasants, 4; partridges, 24. Garrard: Partridges, 33.

The fall hunt was held on Nov. 5, and the count took place on the 6th, at Holmes', and in number and variety of birds was successful.

On April 1, 1834, the usual spring shoot was held. At the meeting on May 28, it was stated that Mr. Corbin had purchased a quantity of wild pigeons, and the standing committee appointed May 30 as the day for the shoot. It was decided not to offer any premiums. No record of the shoot was kept.

R. Buchanan tendered his resignation as president at the meeting of Sept. 5, and Vice-President Garrard, with J. J. Wright and J. J. James, were appointed a committee to express to him the desire of the club that he reconsider his action. On Sept. 25, Mr. Buchanan having been placed on the honorary list, his resignation was considered accepted. Geo. Neff also resigned, and Mr. Read vacated the office of treasurer. The meeting was adjourned to Oct. 4. At this meeting B. B. Fessenden was elected President pro tem. Caleb Jones was placed on the honorary list, as was W. P. Noble, at his request. The following officers were elected: J. D. Graham, President; J. Strader, Vice-President; J. Sumach, Treasurer; T. Mattock, Secretary; Standing Committee: Corbin, Wright and Jordan.

At a special meeting on Oct. 12, held at Holmes' Coffee House, H. Hamilton was elected a member. It was decided to hold the annual meeting at Sportsman's Hall, all arrangements to be made by the Standing Committee. At the meeting on Oct. 22, which was held at Holmes', the club was divided into sides for the hunt for the anniversary dinner. Messrs. Jordan and Corbin were captains, as they counted the most game in the spring hunt. At this meeting Mr. Armstrong was placed on the honorary list at his request.

The hunt was held in November, the game being counted at Holmes' on the 5th, the result being as follows (points in parentheses):

Jordan's side—H. Jordan, 1 woodcock (5), 4 snipe (8), 3 rabbits (6), 49 quail (49), total, 68. J. D. Garrard, 2 turkeys (40), 3 woodcock (15), 8 mallards (40), 1 rabbit (2), 17 quail (17), total 114. J. J. James, 8 teal (24), 1 snipe (2), 23 quail (23), 1 rabbit (2); total 51. Winter, 1 mallard (5), 3 teal (9), 4 quail (4), 2 snipe (4), 1 turkey (20); total 42. Bryant, 2 rabbits (4), 1 quail (1); total 5. Strader, 2 teal (6), 18 quail (18); total 24. Fessenden, 5 teal (15), 2 rabbits (14), 8 quail (8); total 27; total points for side, 331.

W. Corbin's side—W. Corbin, 2 woodcock (10), 59 quail (59), 6 rabbits (12), 1 mallard (5), 1 snipe (2), 1 marling (1); total 89. J. Anmack, 8 woodcock (40), 1 teal (3), 13 quail (13), 2 rabbits (4); total 60. Gibson, 1 turkey (20), 3 mallards (15), 2 teal (6), 4 rabbits (18), 1 woodcock (5), 10 quail (10); total 64. Schaick, 1 turkey (20), 1 rabbit (2), 2 snipe (4), 12 quail (12); total 38. J. J. Wright, 2 quail (2); total 2; total points for side, 253.

At the regular quarterly meeting held on March 23, 1835, at Holmes', Messrs. Wm. J. Van Horn, E. Miller, Dr. J. Cobb and Joseph Longworth were elected to membership. April 1 was selected as the day for the spring hunt, the game to be exhibited and counted at Holmes' on the 2d, and the dinner to be given at Corbin's Sportsman's Hall on the 3d. All game counted to be at the disposal of the club. The honorary members were invited to take part in this hunt, their game to be counted one-half to each side of active members. Wm. Corbin and J. D. Garrard were captains. This was the best hunt held by the club, the game brought in being 17 mallards, 8 sprigtails, 5 widgeons, 9 wood ducks, 163 snipe, 16 teal, 8 marlings, 5 baldheads, 4 banties, 1 goosander.

Fifty-five members and guests assembled around the tables at Sportsman's Hall at 4 P. M., and partook of the game, to which had been added some fine bass and salmon.

The annual meeting was called on June 22, and adjourned to June 29, at which date the following officers were elected: J. D. Garrard, President; Jacob Strader, Vice-President; Joseph Longworth, Secretary; Jacob Anmack, Treasurer. At this meeting the by-law (No. 17) regulating the open season on woodcock was repealed, and it was left with the Standing Committee to prescribe from year to year, and communicate to the club the proper season for commencing the woodcock shooting. The annual fall meeting of the club was held on Sept. 23, and arrangements made for the fall hunt. It was decided to have the club turn out on Oct. 19, hunt on the 20th, exhibit and count game on the 21st at Holmes', and dine on the 22d.

On Oct. 17 a meeting was held, and it was decided to postpone the fall hunt indefinitely in consequence of the unfavorable state of the weather, the committee to notify the club to turn out on such day as they deemed proper. At this meeting Wm. Tift was elected to membership, and resolutions passed at a previous meeting expelling T. Winter, were rescinded.

On Oct. 24 a pigeon shoot was held, the members divided and shot with the following results: Garrard 3, James 4, Schaick 3, Hamilton 2, Van Horne 2, Fessenden 2, Anmack 3, Gibson 4, Wright 3, Dawson 2, Gordon 3, Strader 1, Tift 4, Corbin 2.

At this meeting it was decided that the club should turn out on the first Wednesday in November, hunt on Thursday, count game on Friday, and dine at Holmes' on Saturday. Mr. L. Harbeson was elected an active member at this meeting. The hunt on Nov. 7 was attended by Messrs. Corbin, Garrard, Gibson, Dawson, Bryant, Anmack, Jordan, Schaick, Van Horne and Strader. No record seems to have been kept of the result, nor of the dinner arranged to be held at Holmes'. At the April 23, 1836, meeting, J. J. Wright was appointed to fill the office of treasurer in place of J. Anmack (who was to leave the city) until the annual election in June. R. Buchanan was placed on the active member list. The club having lost by death its president, J. D. Garrard, and secretary, W. P. Noble, Messrs. Fessenden, James and Buchanan were appointed a committee to draw up resolutions of regret. A special meeting was held on Sept. 10 for the election of officers, the result being: Jacob Strader, President; John J. Wright, Vice-President; Wm. Tift, Treasurer; R. Buchanan, Secretary. Standing Committee: M. L. Harbeson, W. J. Van Horne, P. Schaick. An adjourned meeting was held on Sept. 17, at which Geo. Williams and Ira Athearn were elected to membership to fill vacancies.

The regular quarterly meeting was held on Sept. 26, and it was resolved that the books of the club be shot for under such arrangements as the standing committee should provide. Messrs. James Corbin and Schaick were appointed a committee to draw up a new scale of game. The report of the committee on finance and by-laws was read, showing \$33.64, several volumes of sporting publications, and four engravings presented by Major Gano, in the hands of the treasurer. The committee recommended rebating all fines and yearly dues against members up to Sept. 26. The following changes in the by-laws were advised. Each member to pay \$2.50 for the regular anniversary dinner, whether present or not. The fine for not turning out at the annual hunt to be increased to \$2.50. Members not paying fines and dues within three months after same are due, shall be considered as having forfeited right of membership. The seventh proposed amendment stated: "Believing that the members of this club have too strict a sense of honor as sportsmen to shoot game out of season, the fines provided for such breaches by the constitution are hereby abolished and repealed." The committee, Thos. Dawson, J. J. James, R. Buchanan and Wm. Tift, also made several minor changes, which were approved, and their report adopted. Mr. Wm. Corbin reported having shot since June, 197 woodcock, 18 wood duck, 19 blue-wing teal, 7 quail, 3 yellow-leg plover, and 1 rail. The club was divided for the fall hunt, Anmack and Corbin, having the highest counts at the last hunt, being captains. Tuesday, Nov. 8, was designated as the day for the hunt, the game to be counted at Holmes' on the 9th, and the anniversary dinner to be held at Sportsman's Hall on the 10th.

The committee on game scale reported as follows: Woodcock, reduced to 4, pheasant to 10, mallard to 4, rabbit raised to 10, rail 1, turkey reduced to 10, goose 15, curlew 5, clapper rail 4, deer struck out. The new scale of points read as follows: Quail or partridge, 1; common rail, 1; bullhead plover, 2; yellow-leg plover, 2; clapper rail, 4; woodcock, 4; pheasant, 4; turkey, 10; rabbit, 4; English snipe, 2; Spanish curlew, 5; canvasback, 5; redhead, 5; black duck, 5; mallard, 4; wood duck, 4; baldhead, 4; teal, banties and others, 3.

The hunt on Nov. 9 was considered successfully, particularly in regard to ducks and snipe. The following game was brought to Holmes' and counted: Quail, 147; Snipe, 6; rabbits, 36; woodcock, 3; plover, 1; pheasants, 1; mallard, 2; teal, 1; partridge, 2.

The dinner on the 10th, at Sportsman's Hall was served in Corbin's best style, but was not numerously attended, owing to the wet, unpleasant weather, which also caused an early adjournment of the party.

On March 15, 1837, a meeting was held, and it was determined to hold the spring hunt on the 21st, the game to be counted at Holmes' on the 22d, and dinner to be served at the same place on the 23d.

The following note was written by the secretary, R. Buchanan: "On the day for turning out, and previously, it was determined by the counsellors to give notice to the members that owing to the unfavorable weather and great scarcity of game, it would be useless to turn out for a hunt with any prospect of success. Accordingly all the members remained at home, except Wm. Anmack, who was not notified. He reported Wednesday evening with 11 snipe, being the only report made."

A meeting was called for Tuesday, April 11, and the spring hunt was set for Wednesday, the game to be taken to Holmes' on Thursday and the dinner to be given at Sportsman's Hall on Friday at 4 P. M.

On April 14, Mr. Corbin reported to the secretary the amount of game killed by him since Sept. 26, 1836, viz.: 243 quail, 9 bullhead plover, 12 teal, 7 baldhead ducks, 4 mallards, 16 rabbits, 1 Spanish curlew, 23 woodcock, 145 snipe, 1 black duck, 12 banties, 1 wood duck, 5 marlings.

The secretary writes that the spring hunt was held as appointed, but owing to his sickness and consequent absence, no account of the game was taken. The hunt was not a successful one, the amount of game being below the average. The dinner was given as appointed. The following game killed between April 14 and Sept. 18, is recorded, and shows a falling off in quantity. Corbin, 276 woodcock, 6 wood duck, 8 quail; J. Strader, 30 woodcock, 6 wood duck, 5 snipe, 45 quail.

The secretary writes: "Never since the formation of the club have woodcock been so abundant as this summer, and never have the members of the club been so successful in shooting them. The numerous excursions and pleasant dinner parties for the last three months bear ample testimony to the sport they have enjoyed from these noble birds. The summer has been cool and pleasant."

On Oct. 9, at a meeting held at Holmes', the club was called upon to pass resolutions of regret on the death of one of its old members, Henry Jordan. The first Tuesday and Wednesday in November were selected as the days for the fall hunt, and Thursday for the anniversary dinner at Sportsman's Hall. Messrs. Corbin and Schaick being highest in count at the last anniversary hunt, were appointed captains, and chose sides.

Messrs. J. Wheelwright and G. H. Shoenberger were elected to membership on Oct. 28. The weather on the hunt days was clear, dry and pleasant, but game was not plenty, at least for most of the members, the whole number of points counted being 309, which was rather less than the average. The dinner was never served in better style, nor more numerously attended, but in spite of the general enjoyment, the company separated at an early hour.

On April 16, 1838, at the meeting held at Holmes', Mr. H. H. Taylor was elected a member. The spring hunt was set for Thursday and Friday, April 19 and 20. The game to be counted at Holmes', and the dinner to be held at Sportsman's Hall, on the 21st at 4 P. M. At this meeting a new plan was tried, which was not a success. It was decided that the club should not be divided into sides as heretofore, but that each member should volunteer his best exertions for the occasion. For many years no further entries were made, but in 1863 Mr. R. Buchanan, the last secretary, closes the record book with the following:

"Note.—The volunteer system as provided in the resolution of the last meeting recorded did not work well. Emulation was destroyed. But few members turned out at the spring hunt, none reported, and the dinner was abandoned."

No regular meetings took place during the summer, but a few of the members turned out for a hunt on Nov. 6 and 7, 1838, brought in their game on the 8th, and dined at Corbin's Sportsman's Hall at 4 P. M. on that day. The game reported was as follows: W. Corbin, 54 woodcock (216), 4 quail (4), wood duck (4); total points 224. Wm. L. Harbeson, 27 woodcock (108), 1 rabbit (4), 1 bullhead plover (2); total 114. J. Wheelwright, 3 quail (3), 1 rabbit (4); total 73. W. J. Van Horne, 3 quail (3), 2 rabbits (8), 1 bullhead plover (2); total 13. Wm. Tift, 2 woodcock (8), 1 quail (1); total 9. Jacob Strader, 8 woodcock, points, 9; total points, 399.

This account of game is extracted from a loose memoranda found in the book. No account was left of the dinner, which was the last held by the club. The spirit of the association was broken, the meetings quickly abandoned, and the club, after an active and pleasant existence of seven years, dissolved informally.

This entry is made after a lapse of twenty-five years, and out of the forty-two members, but sixteen are now living.

(Dec. 9, 1863.)

Their names and ages are written below: Jacob Anmack, 74; Geo. Graham, 66; Wm. Corbin, 69; J. S. Armstrong, 65; E. J. Miller, 57; G. K. Shoenberger, 57; R. Buchanan, 67; C. Schaick, 58; Wm. Tift, 73; W. L. Harbeson, 58; Caleb Jones, 64; Ira Athearn, 64; W. H. H. Taylor, 57; J. Wheelwright, 53; Jos. Longworth, 51; Thos. Winter, 70.

(Signed)

"R. Buchanan, Sec'y."

For a number of years after the dissolution of this club there is no evidence of the existence of any organized body of sportsmen.

Trap Around Reading.

ORWIGSBURG, Pa., Oct. 24.—The live-bird shooting match held here to-day was a grand success, and attracted a large crowd of sportsmen from surrounding towns. The birds used were old ones, and, assisted by high winds, made shooting hard. The shooters were divided into two classes, the entrance fee for the first class being \$5, while \$2.50 paid an entrance in the second class. In the first class Haverty, of St. Clair, won first money, while Moran, of Schuylkill Haven, with 9 to his credit, won first money in the second class. Schuylkill county rules, 21yds. rise, one barrel only, and gun below elbow until bird is on the wing, governed the contest. Summary:

First Class—Long 6, Goetter 7, Haverty 9, Rehrig 6, Green 6, McQuail 4.

Second Class—Heine 3, Ruppert 3, Burd 8, Gore 3, Clausman 2, Murry 7, Moran 9.

Mahanoy City, Pa., Oct. 3.—Jess Webb, of town, and Joseph Schmicker, of Shenandoah, have been matched to shoot at 15 birds on Thanksgiving Day, for \$50 a side.

Lebanon, Pa., Oct. 20.—William Jones, of Lincoln, defeated Wm. Coyle, of Inwood, in a match at live birds, for \$50 a side, here to-day. Each shot at 15 birds, Jones killing 14 and Coyle 10.

Robeson, Pa., Oct. 22.—A live-bird shooting match took place at the Mansion House shooting grounds, this place, to-day.

First event, 5 birds: McClennan 1, Zeller 5, Hoffert 3, Wertz 4, Kenap 1, Osborn 2, Weidler 4, Sherman 4.

Second event, 5 birds: McClennan 0, Osborn 3, Hoffert 5, Konap 2, Wertz 5, Clark 5, Kurtz 3, Spatz 5, Zeller 4, Sherman 3, Link 1.

Third event, miss-and-out: Spatz 3, Hoffert 3, Clark 2, Kurtz 2.

Fourth event, miss-and-out: Weidler 3, McClennan 3, Hoffert 3.

West Chester, Pa., Oct. 29.—The West Chester Gun Club held the last shoot of the series this afternoon, and it was won by Howard. Bennett won five shoots during the season, and carried off the large silver challenge cup. The fight for the second prize, a carving set, was closely contested, and Howard, winning to-day's shoot, made him tie with Ferguson, each having three wins. On the shoot-off at 10 targets each man broke 8 targets, and then it was decided miss-and-out, Ferguson winning.

DUSTEX.

Trap at Jacksonville.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., Nov. 3.—In a return match here to-day between ten-man teams representing Mason and Morgan counties, the latter won by a single target. Early in the year Mason county won the original race, which was for a stake of \$100 a side, each team shooting at 50 birds.

A sweepstake programme was also shot, being stopped by darkness at 140 rounds. Charlie Spencer and Frank Riehl, shooting for targets only, won first and second average. E. J. Scott was high amateur.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Broke.
Masters	9	14	10	12	8	12	8
Graves	9	8	9	12	7	13	12	9	12	10	11	112
McGill	8	13	7	14	6	10	11	9	12	5	12	107
Riehl	10	13	9	15	10	15	13	9	13	9	13	129
Spencer	9	15	9	13	9	15	15	10	13	9	14	131
J. Scott	8	12	10	14	9	13	11	7	10	10	11	115
A. Mulford	8	15	8	15	9	13
L. Mulford	8	13	9	10	8	11
Bocknitz	8	12	7	14	9
Engelbrecht	7	8	7	11	7	9	11
E. Scott	8	13	10	12	9	13	13	10	14	9	12	123
Pilger	8	11	8	11	8
Goebel	8	13	8	10	9
Ramsey	8	12	10	14	9
Burns	9	11	6	15	9
W. Mulford	8	13	8	13	5	9
Aden	7	14	7	13	9
Breidenbend	8	13	7	8	6	11	13	6	9	8	8	97
Gilbert	7	11	7	9	7
Sykes	8	13	8	12	9
Schulte	7	14	8	12	8
Jewsberry	9	12	7	12	8
Hubbard	8	12	6	11	9
T. Mulford	8	12	7	11	7
McIntgomery	7	12	4	10	6
Burkhardt	8	13	6	14	10
Riehl	7	11	8
Anderson	9	6	9
Patterson	8	8	9
Mangold, Jr.	7	10	9	13	8
Woll	8	9	7
Mangold, Sr.	...	6	13
Richardson
Todd
Craig	7	13	8	11	8	13	14	9	12	10	14	119
Morris	10	11	6	13	9	15	15	10	11	9	12	120
Killour	5	11	9	13
Nye	...	0	13
Ranson	...	10	8	11	8	14	13	6
Wilson
Deyle
Crisman
A. Morris

Team race:

Mason County Team—Burkhardt 43, Aden 30, L. Mulford 41, W. Mulford 40, Schulte 41, Mangold 42, Bockwitz 43, T. Mulford 36, Ramsey 43, A. Mulford 45; total 413.

Morgan County Team—Ed Scott 46, Goebel 44, Groves 44, Masters 44, Killam 39, Scott 36, Craig 44, Jewsberry 39, Engelbrecht 35, McGill 43; total 414.

KILLMORE.

Fremont Gun Club.

FREMONT, Ind., Oct. 27.—The Fremont Gun Club held its first annual tournament on Oct. 27. The day was all that could have been desired, as weather was perfect and the attendance for our first effort was very good indeed. The management was left entirely to the club's officers, with the exception of John S. Cole, Jr., of Detroit, Mich., who represents the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., and who handled the cashier's office with entire satisfaction to all concerned, and managed to find time to look after his companies' interests with good effect at the same time. He was the only trade representative present, and left a good impression. The club feels greatly encouraged at the success of this its first effort, and are planning another and larger affair to be held earlier in the season of 1904.

The best shooting was done by Mr. Geo. Miller, of Hamilton, Ind., and the Old Reliable Smoke Loshabaug, of La Forte, Ind., these gentlemen carrying away first and second high average respectively. The scores follow:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Miller	150	136	Streeter	150	104
Smoke	150	135	Lint	120	81
Tarney	150	129	Davis	130	66
Steele	150	128	Reed	80	54
Shepardson	150	127	Albright	70	17
Sowle	150	120	McKeon	20	12
Morrell	150	114	Cobb	50	19
Gleason	140	110	Rantz	20	9
Hooverstock	150	110	Lewis	20	10
Rich	150	106	Scott	10	5

LINT, Sec'y.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

At Paducah, Ky., Oct. 20 to 23, the first four high amateur averages were won with "Infallible." At Newark, N. J., Mr. H. H. Stevens broke 163 out of 180 targets, using 25 grains of "Infallible."

At the Individual Rifle Championship Match, Nov. 3, Dr. W. G. Hudson used the Stevens-Pope .33cal.; Mr. Kelly used a Stevens-Pope, and Mr. Fred C. Ross, third, used a regular Stevens, .32-40. A detailed account, this week, is presented in our rifle department.

At the Atlanta, Ga., tournament, Harry Hall made high average, 163 out of 175. At Millbrook, N. Y., Oct. 16, in a 100-target race for a gold medal and the Dutchess county championship, F. B. Stephenson won. On Oct. 12 and 13, at Mahanoy City, Pa., Neaf Apgar won high expert average and Fen Cooper high amateur average. At Raleigh, N. C., on Oct. 31, Walter Hoff, of the Hazard Powder Co., won high average and made a run of 99 straight. On Oct. 22, at Rising Sun, Md., Lin Worthington won high amateur average. Ail used Peters factory loaded shells. Leroy Leach, Wood Lake, Neb., in his two recent great performances, hitting 990 out of 1,000 and 1,000 straight, used Peters .22 short cartridges, loaded with King's semi-smokeless.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

"The Rifle Gallery," by James E. Bell, Major and Inspector-General of Rifle Practice, District of Columbia, is the title of a work replete with information on the practical matters pertaining to the rifle, the rifle gallery, and the rifle range. Although in it is modestly set forth that it is "for the use of the National Guard, school and clubs," it is besides useful to every rifleman who desires to add to his store of knowledge. The plans of a rifle gallery, the manner of conducting it, the equipment, and the implements for conducting practice, rifle mechanism, gallery shells, sights and sighting, sighting drills, positions (standing, kneeling, sitting and prone), are minutely described and illustrated. The care of the rifle, lubricants, etc., are fully treated. The work contains 100 pages. It can be obtained for ten cents on application to Lafin & Rand Powder Co., Bureau of Advertising, P. O. Drawer 1001, Wilmington, Del.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE Christmas Number of the FOREST AND STREAM will be the regular issue of December 5. It will be enlarged to fifty-two pages and will be profusely and handsomely illustrated. Among the features will be the following:

THE STATE DINING ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE. Two full-page views showing the game heads with which, under direction of President Roosevelt, the room has been decorated.

AUDUBON'S PORTRAITS OF BIRDS. Three full-page reproductions direct by photography from the originals of Audubon's plates of the wild turkey, male and female, and the Labrador duck.

MULE DEER IN THE YELLOWSTONE PARK. Five pictures from photographs from life.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUMPKIN. A full-page drawing by W. P. Davison.

THE HOME OF THE ALBATROSS. An account with pictures from life photographs of the great albatross colonies on the island of Laysan.

And other contents to be announced in our next issue.

The Christmas FOREST AND STREAM will be of exceptional interest and value. The number will be among the handsomest publications of the season. The price will be 25 cents. Order from your newsdealer in advance.

FLOATING DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

We print to-day the first, preliminary, chapter of the story by Raymond S. Spears of the expedition which he has undertaken for the purpose of giving the readers of FOREST AND STREAM many columns of good reading. Mr. Spears has already and abundantly demonstrated his peculiar equipment for such a trip, and the Mississippi series will not fail to be a welcome part in following numbers.

WHAT OF THE WOODCOCK?

TO-DAY we talk or write of the lordly grouse, of Bob White, game bird of America, or of English pheasants, springing from the ground almost under the feet and shaking their long tails at the gunner, who in his astonishment and half alarm, is likely to fire both barrels in the air as the bird sails slowly away. Two generations ago it was not so. Then the men who wrote and talked about shooting spoke of another bird which then was their favorite, the most highly esteemed game bird of the land. In those days as, in the estimation of the gunner, the canvasback was the chief of all the ducks, so to the heart of the upland shooter there was no bird so near as the woodcock. He is little and round and ruddy of coat, and if you see him on the ground he seems to carry his long bill awkwardly and with difficulty, but as he twists away through the branches of the swamp with eccentric but deliberate flight, he still stirs the heart of the sportsmen of the older generation as does no other bird, except the ruffed grouse.

The woodcock is so easily killed and flies so slowly against the guns and the dogs of modern times that he does not have half a chance for his life. Moreover, he is subject to dangers that never threaten gallinaceous birds or ducks, and his nature is so simple and confiding that he is really unfitted to take care of himself.

When you start him in the swamp, or by the little spring hole where he has been seeking for worms, he flies away, not because he is frightened, but because he wishes to be by himself; and when you invade his solitude he simply gets up and moves away because he does not wish to be bothered by disagreeable strangers. He acts, in fact, much as you might act if, when sitting in a car, a drunken man should come in and drop down into the seat beside you. You would probably move to another seat.

A year or two ago attention was called to the interesting paper on the disappearance of the woodcock by Dr. A. K. Fisher, of the Biological Survey. Dr. Fisher is not

only a scientific man of eminence, but a keen sportsman as well, and having given special attention to the woodcock he could tell better than most of us how rapidly this species is disappearing. What with summer shooting in some States at the north, winter shooting all over the south, and the occasional recurrence of cold storms extending far enough south to freeze the woodcock's winter feeding grounds and so to cause him to starve, this charming little bird has been growing more and more scarce until now it is seldom seen.

It would be interesting to learn from FOREST AND STREAM readers what their experience has been with the woodcock during this autumn. Have many of them been seen? Have many been killed? We know that cover which a dozen or twenty years ago was favorite fall woodcock ground, has been worked over this season without starting a single bird; and there is no doubt that the woodcock are few by comparison with years ago. Still, there may be more this season than we imagine, and if any group of men can give us facts about this, these men will be found among the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

Early November is the time when most shooters of New England and the middle States have been accustomed to look for the woodcock, picking up in their wanderings of the day a few of these birds, to add to the bag of quail and ruffed grouse which reward the hard but pleasant labor of a day's shooting over rough hills or through tangled swamps. Among the white birch sprouts that grow on the steep hillside, and in the little openings among them, where are to be found low cedars, sumacs, bayberry bushes and blackberry vines, the woodcock like to lie at mid-day and rising from there with twisting flight, to plunge down at evening to the wet spring holes where the grass remains green late in the fall, and the rich black soil furnishes a home for the worms on which they feed.

If you are happy enough to live in the country, and to do your shooting near your home, you know all the spots for miles about where at the different seasons you will find the woodcock. You are not obliged to waste time beating over a great lot of unknown country in the hope of running across a bird here or there, and you can tell whether this autumn there have been woodcock about you.

It would be interesting to know as to this, and we should like to have those who can do so, tell us what they know about the woodcock in the autumn of 1903. But since this little bird is now so scarce, if you set out to make investigation as to the numbers, why not leave the gun at home and take only the old dog, who will show you now, as he has shown so many times before, whether or no there are woodcock in the covers.

PISECO.

REAR-ADMIRAL LESTER A. BEARDSLEE died at Augusta, Ga., November 11, aged sixty-seven years. Admiral Beardslee's death removes one of the Old Guard of the FOREST AND STREAM's contributors. The first number of the paper, printed August 14, 1873, contained a sketch of "Wild Fishing Among the Kroos," off the coast of West Africa, bearing the signature Com. L. A. Beardslee, U. S. N.; and for a quarter century following the nom-de-plume of Piseco was a familiar one in these pages. The career of a naval officer gave opportunities of observing interesting phases of life in all quarters of the globe; and wherever Piseco sailed he found material for papers which were among the most entertaining features of this journal.

Born in Little Falls, N. Y., in 1836, Admiral Beardslee was in 1898 placed on the retired list for age, and after spending some time abroad, made a home for himself at Beaufort, S. C.

The Beardslee trout which happens to be mentioned in our columns to-day, is the blue-back trout of Lake Crescent, which takes its name from Admiral Beardslee. While in command of the Pacific Squadron, 1894-1897, Admiral Beardslee explored the fishing of Crescent Lake, Clallam county, Wash., and there discovered a variety of the *Salmo gairdneri*, which was first described by him in the angling columns of FOREST AND STREAM. The fish was named *Beardsleei* by Messrs. Jordan and Evermann "for Admiral L. A. Beardslee, U. S. N., in recognition of his active and intelligent interest in American game fishes."

AND now comes the case of Willard Ames, of Malone, N. Y., who the other day, with the help of a female companion, drowned a buck in Indian Lake by holding its head under water until it was dead. The incident is one of the manifestations of human brutishness which at first blush might seem to call for comment; but it is difficult to perceive what comment could be more forcible than the bare statement of the facts. Right minded persons abhor such a deed; alienists would probably diagnose it as the act of a pervert; and all of us would pray to be delivered from ever falling into the company of the assembled guests of the house party who congratulated the deer drowners on their success. The Adirondack law should follow that in many other States and forbid the killing of deer in the water. The statute now prohibits crusting, which means killing deer when there is a snow crust through which the deer break and thus become an easy prey. There is no essential difference between clubbing to death a deer in the snow and drowning a deer by holding its head under water in a lake; and the law might well take cognizance of the deer drowners.

THE little girl's composition described pins as things which saved people's lives by their not swallowing them. In like manner glass bottles may be described as things which save the forests by not setting them afire. The beer bottle and the whisky bottle have been inveighed against before now as non-essentials in one's camp outfit; and now the new charge is made against the bottle thrown away by campers, that it is of an incendiary nature, and fires the prairies and woods. A case is reported from France of the burning of a haystack which was ignited by the focusing of the sun's rays by an empty beer bottle left behind by a party of picnickers. In Queensland and other grass countries great care is used to avoid the leaving of glass where it might kindle a fire. The San Francisco Bulletin suggests that some of the forest and grain field fires which break out spontaneously are started in a similar way. If there is reasonableness in the theory, we shall have to add to the injunction to put out the camp-fire another to bury the bottles.

WITHOUT any ulterior purpose of converting, or perverting, the FOREST AND STREAM into a journal of literary criticism, we have given free rein to the participants in the Kipling debate, and both sides have had full opportunity to say their say. This is to give notice that after to-day we shall have room in only one more number, that of November 28, for further discussion of the subject. With that issue the debate will be closed, not to be reopened until Patti shall make another farewell tour. The Kipling controversy has been attended with much interest. Those who have taken part in it have represented a wide geographical range, from Kansas to Newfoundland. The substance of the debate has been copied into our English contemporaries and the merits of the question have been taken up by correspondents of those journals. It may reasonably be assumed that many a reader has been prompted to turn to Kipling's Red Gods in the original volume who otherwise would not have made their acquaintance.

IN his report on the Yellowstone National Park, Major John Pitcher, the acting superintendent in charge, strongly recommends that adequate provision may be made for feeding the game in the Park in the winter. He points out that the settlement of the country adjacent to the Park is constantly restricting the food range, and the danger of loss by starvation is increasing in corresponding degree. The antelope and sheep now winter so near to Fort Yellowstone that it would not be difficult, Major Pitcher thinks, to provide for feeding them.

THAT is an unusual and neglected field of exploration and adventure which Mr. Kephart writes of this week; and amateur cave explorers will not fail to appreciate the value of the hints drawn from our contributor's experience for their guidance.

CORRESPONDENTS are requested to observe that the only address to which communications intended for this journal should be sent is No. 346 Broadway, New York. We have no other office.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Floating Down the Mississippi.

I.—For a River Outfit.

THE worst part of going anywhere always seems to me to be the getting ready for the trip. It is a pleasure to know that every preparation well done has its reward before the end many fold, but the worry lest something important be forgotten, something useless be added to the burdens, makes a hardship of what might otherwise be a most enjoyable portion of a journey, little or long. Probably the fact that my hunting has been reached after weary miles under a pack basket has rendered the getting ready a painful process of boiling down and leaving behind.

Experience eases some of the trials. One learns how little and what is needed after a time, and yet, in spite of the protest of his shoulders, the pack-carrier will add a few ounces that might better have been left behind, and fail to take something that would have proved most useful, or pleasing, unless he each time exercises every care and most careful calculation.

The anxiety is redoubled when a region new to the would-be tourist camper is in mind. In spite of most elaborate precautions and thought, there will be mistakes—so many, in fact, that one is sometimes tempted to not get ready, but just go on the day appointed. That is the easiest way to get ready I know of, but—perhaps, alas!—I've never had the nerve to try it even for a week in familiar woods.

I began last spring to get things together for a trip in a rowboat down the Mississippi River, the start to be made at St. Louis. I had been down the Tennessee in a mountain-made boat and so had some of the duffle necessary, and some idea of what a long river journey would require. On the Tennessee I had a wooden box six feet six inches long, twenty inches wide and four inches deep on the bottom of the boat to sleep on in case of necessity. It kept me above the water that was always in the boat when I slept in it. I slept on the box several times, rolled up in a blanket, never once thinking to fill a couple of sacks with leaves for a bed. This time I thought of my place to sleep first of all. Instead of depending on houses along the bank for a resting place, the boat was to be my house and home. A heavy canvas hammock with a cover sewed on it, making a large bag, is the bed decided on. In some fashion I am to rig it, cot-fashion, from the oar locks, aft to the stern seat by rope or stick, or both. Over this, as in my other boat, I aim to arrange hoops of green cane over which to draw an old nine-foot-long canvas for a boat tent. The open ends of the boat covering will be stopped by the one-time sides of an old lean-to which I carried on a walking trip toward the south; and mosquito netting will be over the openings to keep out insects and snakes, especially snakes.

It seems as if all the old hunting and fishing trips had each left something behind which would serve some purpose or other somewhere along the big river. For instance, some fish-hooks which I used in Huntington Bay, Long Island, are a proper size—No. 1—for the blue cat of the river. I have yet to catch a blue cat, but Mr. Horace Kephart told me this morning here at St. Louis that I'd find them in certain sloughs down the river. I have yet to see a slough to know it for certain, but I'm in hopes of recognizing either the dry-land kind or the behind-the-island sort at the first look at one, also the blue cats.

A very important part of the outfit gathered from my duffle at Northwood, N. Y., was for cooking. It consists of a small frying pan, a graniteware plate, two graniteware pails—one covered—a cup, a knife, fork and spoon—only I've got to get the fork, and mustn't forget. The plate will serve to cover the frying-pan in cooking. The Kid guys me somewhat because I am taking nickel-plated knife and spoons. He says it's a sign of tenderness. At any rate, coffee or soup or potato eaten from old iron leaves a rank taste in my mouth, and I'll not stand it if I can help it. After all, it is the little discomforts that hurt the pleasure of a trip. The big ones are enjoyed, even while they last, by anyone with the love of adventure or with a sense of the fitness of things.

I have always carried a mending kit with me, and the needles, thread, and patches invariably prove of service at frequent intervals. Once an ax wound was sewed up with some of the white thread, and scores of tears, wears, and rips have been closed up by more or less skillful use of needle and thread from the little red case, with its one pocket and half dozen flannel leaves, well wrapped by a cover and tied with a ribbon.

Because of the horror with which I regard all snakes, harmless or otherwise, I have a pair of substantial leather leggings. One blade of my pocket knife will always be keenly sharp for cutting open a snake bite, and in my duffle, handy, will be a vaseline bottle full of matches tightly corked. If other matches get wet, these will not,

and the bottle, if I hold a lighted match inside of it, and then put the mouth of the bottle over the wound, the cooling of the air within will cause a suction that draws the wound—useful in case of a wound by a rusty nail, or insect sting, as well as by a snake bite.

I have an acetylene gas lamp, of the sort used on automobiles. Its light is very brilliant, and when I am tied to a stump down in some bayou I can read one or other of the few books I have with me, or write for a little while before turning in. But this lamp is a matter of experiment. It seems to be a most excellent lamp for night travel if that should ever be necessary—which I hope it won't.

I have woolen and cotton underwear, thickest woolen socks, for in a boat cold feet are apt to come in bad weather; short and long trousers, a pair of blue overalls, a thick sweater, a couple blue half-wool overshirts, two pair of shoes and a pair of moccasins. A mackintosh is a novelty to me when in the wilds, but I have no doubt but what the one I carry will prove its value often enough during the winter.

A 10-gauge shotgun and a heavy revolver are the firearms I decided to bring at the last moment. I carried a .38 caliber rifle part way with me, but when I came to think of the trip, which is not a hunting or fishing one, I decided that the shotgun and revolver were all that are necessary. It will serve for anything I care to kill—even for a bear. For ducks and the like, I could have nothing better. A rifle is well enough for birds when there is a bit of meat in camp, but even a poor hunter can get small game with a shotgun—squirrels included. A copy of the game laws is essential in this connection, for the tourist must never forget that there are laws relating to non-residents in many of the States. But even here the non-resident is not entirely shut off from eating fresh wild meat. Some birds are not protected—blackbirds, for instance, and I have found them good eating on many occasions. A brother of mine, cramped for provisions, once ate a young blue heron and pronounced it good eating. Herons, in most States, are not considered game or songsters. The tourist, it seems to me, should not be without expedients, or hidebound. It is well in getting ready to have in mind some things with which to meet such common emergencies as lack of grub, snake bites, mosquitoes, and the like.

To cook with, I early decided to get an oil stove. An open fire in a sand box under a tent on a boat on a warm, sultry, rainy day, is an abomination, and yet a long-legged kettle, a Dutch oven to cook corn bread biscuit, roast a rabbit or duck, or do other "heavy" cooking over an open fire, seems necessary. It will not do for the tourist who expects to live for months on his own cooking not to have a plentiful supply of utensils for cooking the variety of articles to be had by purchase, acquirement or capture. With two or three varieties of vegetables, a slab of meat, some water and salt, one can make soups, and substantial meals. Beans, Irish and sweet potatoes, onions, condensed milk, a slab of bacon (it's better than salt pork), flour, chocolate, loaf sugar, rice, salt, summer savory, pepper, butter, tea, a can of tomatoes, and perhaps some other things are to be purchased. These, if loose, will be carried in old cloth sugar and salt sacks, of which I have about forty. They serve admirably to pack clothes in, also.

An ax for firewood when I want a camp-fire is needful. Sometimes one is tempted to carry a hatchet. I have carried a short handled hatchet that weighed a pound and a half, and found it very serviceable, indeed; but one is limited to trees not exceeding three inches in diameter if a hatchet is all he carries; also he is liable to scalp his knee with one. I left the hatchet at home, and will get a three and a half pound ax—big enough for work in a lumber camp. In a boat one can enlarge a great deal on the pack-carrier's outfit.

It is always interesting to know about the region one is traveling through—real travel is for the purpose of seeing things. Thoreau traveled all his life through the fields near Concord, Mass., and continually made discoveries in his neighbor's fields and pastures. The same may be said of Thibet is not more to be praised than the discovery of something new in his own back yard. In some respects the stay-at-home explorer is more to be commended. Some hundreds of men have seen and written about the Mississippi. The library explorer need never take a back seat when it comes to so old a stream as the Father of the Waters. In fact, nothing but the figures which have resulted from fifty years of unremitting observation and calculation by men who have done nothing but consider the size and forces—especially the forces—of the Mississippi can in any measure give one a comprehensive idea of just what the Mississippi River means. A mere series of glances at the river is not enough. And yet these figures, to be comprehended, must be read by one who can understand the distances of the stars, and who is filled with wonder at the thought of radium. All that has been said and written about the most wonderful of American streams falls short of the reality. A feeling of disappointment was the first sensation I had when I saw the river for the first time last week. I had just crossed it on the cars, thinking it was backwater from a flood. It looked narrower than I expected; it didn't seem to be rushing onward; it looked sluggish, insignificant, muddy, black. After a time I saw that the little building on the far side was in reality three stories high, the bobbing mass of black drift a ways from the bank, compared to a flour barrel—that seemed the size of a tomato can—proved to be a tree trunk sixty odd feet long pounding away southward. The men of science with their foot rules, their six-ounce glass graduates, their broom handles loaded with lead, and stop watches, their sheets of paper and lead pencils, their gauges, sounding poles, and levels—they have told stories as full of wonders as any that man ever conceived—and one finds them in little pamphlets labeled "Tabulated Results," "Levee Systems," "Reports of the Mississippi River Commission," and other things of that sort.

Poets rise up and put spurs to Pegasus telling of Horatio at the Bridge—but the man who flung the bridge over the river has his story told in mere figures that mean, nevertheless, somewhat more than a clash of arms. It was the scientist who first brought men near enough together to fight, and furnished the means for continuing the combats. No mere passer by, such as I am, could in

any fair measure understand the Mississippi until he examined with care "Tabulated Results" and other things of that sort. One or two of these in an outfit give a traveler something upon which to build his notions of region, its size, and resources. And after these there come the history of the men in the new valley, searches for gold, and the making of a home—land, pestilence and peace, exploration, commerce and growth. Mankind has much to answer for in the development of the Mississippi Valley, and some rewards to gain. A not nice saying up in the Adirondacks is, "There's a man who's got guts." A woodsman who "has guts" is a good fighter and somewhat more. In looking at the history of the Mississippi Valley one is bound to come to the conclusion that its history was made by men who had guts. A history or two is a most useful part of an outfit. I have one in mine, and will make use of it in fine places fit to see for the sake of the men who made it memorable. A series of maps, got out by the Mississippi River Commission showing every landing, house, wood lot, and what not along the river, is a part of an outfit which will be most useful without a doubt in connection with history, but especially so when looking for a place to get grub.

In buying an outfit, or the things that it is necessary to buy, I have always tried to get things of common household use and service, rather than the special things invented for the hunter and fisherman. There is no doubt but what a special camp kit, packed in a very small space, is most useful in the confined space of a very small boat, or canoe, but by adding slightly to the space, those who must consider the fact that the common house ware can be put into it, the heavier material even lending itself to considerable economy of space if care is taken to get that fit in each other, basins the same and matching plates. It always seemed to me that the best camp kit that man who can take common everyday things to camp, and so distribute them in the making of his meals and grub as to get the whole goodness out of each article, from the tent and its poles to the pepper and summer savory. I had this impression one time by Mr. A. H. Clark, of New York, probably can do more camping to the twenty-four hours than any one who has been along the Hudson River. He said: "A man who goes on a vacation does so recreating, not to tear and wear himself to pieces. It was a novel view of the situation to me, but I, by practice that a few little extras in camp, extra salt, extra sugar, an extra vegetable or two, a bottle of catsup, go far toward reducing the hardship against which the body rebels—as every one knows who has passed through the "roughing it" stage of love nature. As a camping trip down the Mississippi for months long is in prospect before me, I have had to consider my outfit with all care.

Mark Twain and other humorists make a laugh matter of such things as fever and ague, dandy fever, "Louisiana shakers" and the muddy water of the river. "They expect us to drink this slush!" an indignant stranger is made to say. To watch the mass of water that fills a common drinking glass from a St. Louis faucet, for instance, as it disintegrates, gathers visible specks that slowly settles to the bottom of the glass, a dull, opaque, thickening, is to suggest all manner of internal troubles. I could taste the clay when I first drank it, but scientists say it is not so dangerous as most well water, and some of the oldest citizens of the United States have drunk this water all their lives, holding the glass toward the light to observe the color of the river therefrom, and rejoice in the convoluted and rounded clouds that appear as the liquid eddies whirls fresh from the thrust of the faucet. It may well to remark that St. Louis has the largest brewery in the world, and that "everybody drinks beer" there. Dealers in distilled water do a thriving business, and alum comes in large packages. The size of the alum is so great that germs are isolated, and, therefore, Science proves this, nevertheless malaria is so prevalent along the river, that like the Jersey mosquito joke. I have laid in a supply of bromo quinine and a pint of whiskey, listerine and vaseline, to meet the common exigencies of bad water and bad air. I said that "by taking care of oneself there is no danger," but clothes nicely adapted to the temperature and humidity, punctuality as regards bathing, consistently appropriate food served in the best style—as a recent magazine article said in regard to typhoid fever there are precautions which one can take, but it is possible to take them all. Fortunately, one need be far from good doctors these days along the river.

As regards the boat, I had in mind to get a flat bottom, flare-sided craft about 18 feet long, 4 feet wide, and 18 inches deep, as near the dory model as possible. But Medart, here at St. Louis, said this would not do so well as a boat often used on the river for a long or by sportsmen. The one I have is just short of 20 feet long, 15 inches deep and about 42 inches wide. It is called a clinker model, and is built of three-eighths cypress boards and oak ribs, keel and other frame. As it is a lap-streak boat, a hole punched in it will be a most serious accident, requiring considerable genuity to repair. But as it is not easy to upset, large enough to stir around in a bit, and looks like its coat of lead-blue color, it promises to be good enough for my purpose—and one needs a good boat when on a journey of which the days in the slough and bayou country will probably be the most numerous. The quality that commends it most is ease of running.

Of course, getting ready for a trip never does end the last day ashore or afloat when "on a vacation" one sees one doing some kind of preparation or another. I carried the things I was to wear from New York State, but waited till I got to St. Louis to buy my utensils and groceries as I would need to buy. The trip began the day I left Northwood, I was still getting ready when I saw St. Louis. From my view of St. Louis seemed decidedly worth looking at—but until I had been there a day or two. On the way to the town I dreaded the stay in the city. I wanted to be "going."

RAYMOND S. SPEAR

Cave Exploration.

THROUGHOUT my hunting ranges in the Ozarks, caves are so numerous that I often vary the routine of camp life by exploring underground. The surface rock of this region is mostly a porous and easily soluble limestone, through which the rain water, acidulated by fallen leaves and other forest debris, sweeps downward and eats out subterranean channels. These channels are enlarged by erosion, and thus caverns are formed. A similar formation is common in western Virginia, Kentucky and the southern parts of Indiana and Illinois. This belt, continued beyond the Mississippi to the Indian Territory, contains the largest and most beautiful caves known in our country. Few of the larger ones have been fully explored, and there are, no doubt, hundreds that no man has ever entered.

It is rare sport to be a pathfinder in the weird realms of the underworld. Sluggish indeed is the pulse that does not leap at the thought of going where mortal has never been, and seeing what no other eye has seen. The spice of adventure, the thrill of exploration, the slightly heroic feeling that comes from risks coolly taken and difficulties overcome, the lure to go farther, farther, and the uncertainty of ever getting back again—these lend to the sport of cave hunting a peculiar fascination. Moreover, it takes no long and expensive journey to reach your land of mystery, and you can go at any season of the year.

In exploring a cave that has not previously been entered, the party should be small. Three men are enough, and four should be the limit. A larger party confuses everyone by its reverberating babble, it moves too slowly, and there is the greater chance that someone will stray or flunk. Let it be understood that this first trip is for the purpose of exploring and nothing else. Choose a leader, and obey him like a soldier. The cave will probably be a labyrinth, both vertically and laterally; so you cannot afford to straggle away from each other. If one of the party gets into trouble, you should be on hand to help him.

Wear old clothes, of course; for you will probably be wet and muddy from head to foot ere you emerge. The clay of caverns usually leaves an indelible stain on cloth. Overalls and an old canvas hunting coat are good—the latter on account of its roomy pockets in which you can stow the necessities of your trip, and so have no stick-outs or hang-downs among your appurtenances. Remember that you must climb and crawl. It is bothersome, if not dangerous, to carry anything that will flop around and get under you when you are wriggling along a shelving rock with an abyss below, or to be jammed and wedged fast when trying to crawl through a narrow tunnel.

It is imperative that every man in the party should carry a lantern. One of the lights may well be a common kerosene lantern. Its bearer should have a good length of strong twine with which to lower the light down pits or precipices. The other men will do better with acetylene lanterns. A common bicycle light does very well, if you remove the clamp and rig a wire bail through holes drilled in the top; but it should be of such kind as will stand on its bottom. Carry spare carbide; also a canteen of water, for some caves are dry, or you may be unable to reach the drainage level. Urine will do for the acetylene lantern in an emergency. Each man should also carry a few short paraffin candles. If not otherwise needed, they are useful to mark difficult or doubtful places on the return route. It stands to reason that plenty of matches should be carried. It is not enough to carry them in a waterproof box—the matches themselves should be waterproofed. This may be accomplished by dipping them in melted paraffin; but these are not thoroughly reliable, for the wax may rub off. A better way is to dip the matches, one at a time, into a thin varnish prepared by dissolving shellac in alcohol, and then laying the sticks separately on paper to dry. If the varnish is too thick, the matches will not burn well. Experiment until you get the right consistency. Such matches will ignite and even after they have been soaked in water a day or more.

Stow where you can get at it a piece of sandpaper well wrapped in sheet rubber. I was taught this kink by an experience that I shall not soon forget. With but one companion, I was exploring a new-found cave that was exceedingly tortuous and had passages leading in every direction. I stopped to examine something while my comrade, not noticing my halt, went on down and vanished. After a few minutes I started to follow my leader. Soon I had to get down on my belly and worm my way through a hole in the rock that was not much bigger than the width of my shoulders, and was crooked to boot. I was lighted by a common kerosene lantern. When I was about half-way through the hole my lantern upset and went out. Its mechanism for opening and closing was new to me, and, in fumbling with it, I dropped my waterproof match box. Fortunately, I laid hand on this precious article immediately, but it was wet on the outside. Then I discovered that there was nothing about me that was dry enough to strike a match on. My clothing was soaked with drip-water, and the rocks about me were wet. I yelled like a good fellow for my partner, but he was far out of hearing. It would have been foolhardy to move, for there was an abyss behind, and I knew not what in front. Since the cave was a labyrinth, there was some probability that Sid might not find his way back by the route he had taken. No one on earth but ourselves knew where we were. Despite the cold air of the cavern, I believe that I began to sweat. The darkness seemed tangible and ponderable. Incalculable tons of rock seemed to close in upon me like a shrinking garment. I forgot that I could get a light with my teeth by jerking a match-head between them. I kept on yelling, and in a few minutes, which seemed æons, I heard the welcome halloo of my comrade in a passage underneath. Slowly he retraced his steps, and released me from an unpleasant predicament.

In the pockets of your coat, or in a pouch strapped so that it cannot dangle nor get under you when crawling, carry a ration in the most compact form (the army emergency ration in tin is all right), a pocket

alcohol stove of the smallest size, a 4-ounce flask of alcohol and one of brandy, and, if you smoke, your pipe and a tin box of tobacco. A compass you will take, of course; but it will prove of slight service if the cave is labyrinthine.

The rear man of the party should carry a ball or tube of light twine for a guide line. This he will let out as he goes along. It is an infallible guide back to the entrance. Each of the other men should carry a spare ball of twine. The man next to the leader should have a 50-foot length of half-inch rope, wrapped about him like a sash. Carry nothing in your hands but a lantern. The camera and flash-lights may well be left behind for a subsequent trip. Some magnesium ribbon should be taken, to light up large chambers. It is also useful in flash-light photography to get depth of background. In this case, the man who lights the ribbon should be well concealed from the camera, or you will get curious effects of forked lightning in your picture.

Other useful things that may be added to your outfit, if the party be large enough to carry them, are a cold chisel, geologist's hammer, bags for specimens, a dip-net for blind fish, a thermometer, and a pocket aneroid. To measure accurately the height of large chambers, carry some toy balloons with thread attached. But, on the first trip, at least, go light, with everything stowed as compactly and get-at-able as possible. Remember that you must use both hands in crawling over difficult passages, and in climbing or descending. Do not omit a ball of oiled tow or cotton. This is to be weighted with a stone, lighted, and cast into any sink-hole or chasm where you may fear fire-damp. This gas is only found in deep holes that have no draft, and is, I believe, never met in caves proper. The air of a true cavern is purer than that outside, and you can work harder in it without fatigue. One does not catch cold in a cave, whatever may be the temperature, unless he has been imprudent in entering before cooling off, or emerging too abruptly. In this respect, it is wiser to explore caves in winter than in summer. The temperature of a cavern is constant the year round, but that of different caves varies from each other. The extremes, I think, are about 45 to 60 degrees.

Most novices are afraid of meeting snakes or "varmints" in caves. It is a rather foolish dread, though natural. Serpents or beasts in caves of any considerable size are almost as rare as spooks. If, by extraordinary chance, you should meet one, it will probably be near the entrance. The only snake that I ever saw in a cave had tumbled in by accident when frightened. The only signs of wild beasts that I have discovered in such places were those of a woodchuck, and some bear beds made long, long ago. The newspapers once published a story of our killing a five-foot rattler in a cavern, and printed a photograph of the reptile for verification. The snake was genuine enough, but he was killed outside the cave. If you should encounter a wild beast underground, just flash your lantern in his face and scare him to death.

The only interesting mammal that I ever found in a cave was a white bat. In a small cavern chamber, Sid and I had paused, lost in admiration of the beautiful white incrustation that covered the rock above and all about us. Never, save after a fall of snow, when ice crystals glittering in bright sunlight heighten the effect, have I seen such dazzling purity of whiteness. As we gazed, Sid suddenly pointed to something clinging within reach above my head. It was a bat, virgin white as the roof from which it hung. White rats in caves I had heard of, but not of albino bats. Sid was of the opinion that the sudden appearance of such horrid, antediluvian monsters as ourselves, and our voices breaking the age-long silence, had frightened the poor thing until its hair turned white. We captured it, and confined it in an empty lunch box. An hour or so later, when we emerged, our first thought was of our prize, and how it would appear by daylight. Sure enough, it was white as snow. Some time later we exchanged it, and, to our astonishment, it had turned yellow. I took it home. The next day it was on every-night bat, of conventional color.

Some of the white incrustation of the cave, that I had brought with me in a bag, had turned to the color of iron rust, after exposure to the sunlight. I presume that the bat had been well dusted with it.

The difficulties encountered in cave exploration are analogous to those of mountaineering, save that you may need a boat, and you must depend utterly upon artificial light. It will not do to rope the members of the party together, for the way is often so tortuous that such a rope would be a nuisance, if not a positive source of danger. It is sometimes necessary to go hand-over-hand on a rope, and such exercise should be practiced before starting, unless one is already adept. In such maneuvers, and in crawling through narrow holes or crevices, go slowly and cautiously, one at a time.

It is hair-raising to have a man wedged in the rock so that he cannot move. I had one such experience, and it is enough. Some two years ago I discovered a "blowing-hole" in a wild part of Ste. Genevieve county, Missouri. When first found it was merely a 6 or 8-inch hole in the middle of a cattle trail. In summer a cold blast blew from it, scattering the leaves for yards around. The rains enlarged this opening until a man could lower himself into it. Five feet below the surface it connected with a crack in the rock that looked as though it had been rent asunder by an earthquake. This crevice descended at a sharp angle, but was too narrow to admit a man. Sid and I enlarged it with a cold chisel until, with a rope, a thin man could slide down edgewise. It went down at an angle for 20 feet, then vertically for 25 feet, and then connected with a cavern of comparatively recent formation. Later a party of seven men attempted to explore this cave. We were below from seven to nine hours, but did not reach the drainage level. It was when trying to get out that the "stick" came. Three men succeeded in climbing to the surface, but No. 4, when almost at the top of the vertical shaft, got one leg fast in a crack and could not dislodge it. The men outside could not free him, nor could we below, for we could not get at him. No. 4 was nervy, and did not whimper, but his position was unenviable, to say the least. His strength waned, but

he dared not let go the rope for fear of breaking his leg. Those of us below could not get out until he did. All the chisels in the county could not have liberated him in a week. Finally, by careful and gentle wriggling, the poor fellow freed his leg and reached the surface. And he wants to go down into that cave again.

Well, no sport is sport unless it involves some risk. It is something to know that your nerve has been tested, and that it has borne the strain.

HORACE KEPHART.

The Lodges of the Blackfeet.

(Continued from page 374.)

THE importance of the buffalo to all prairie tribes is, of course, well understood. It furnished them with food, clothing, and shelter. From its hide they made lines and cinches, and with it they covered their saddles; the sinew gave them thread for sewing; they carried water in its paunch and also boiled meat in it; its ribs and its dorsal spines gave them their knives, and arrowpoints and hoes were made from the shoulder-blades; cups and spoons and ladles were fashioned from the horns; the hide of the neck formed their shields and gave them glue for their arrows and their bows; the head of the humerus was used to rub hides to make them soft; they braided and twisted ropes from the hair; the brain was used for tanning, and the fat from the bones was eaten; if the people were troubled with certain simple skin diseases, they rubbed their bodies with the gall mixed with the contents of the paunch, and this cured them. It is not strange, therefore, that among the prairie tribes the buffalo was regarded as a most important protecting spirit, and was the chief among all the animals of the plain.

A sacred object of great importance—because connected with the food supply—was the buffalo stone or iniskim of the Blackfeet. This buffalo stone possessed in itself some power, which gave its possessor the ability to draw the buffalo to him. Buffalo stones were found on the prairie, and the person who succeeded in obtaining one was regarded as very fortunate. Sometimes a man while riding over the prairie heard a peculiar faint chirp, such as a little bird might utter. He knew the sound to be made by a buffalo stone, and stopped and searched for it, and if he failed to find it, marked the place and returned next day to look for it. If it was found he was glad.

These buffalo stones are usually small ammonites or sections of baculites or sometimes merely oddly shaped nodules of flint. It is said that if an iniskim was wrapped and left undisturbed for a long time it would have young ones. That is, two small stones similar in shape to the original one would be found in the package with it.

All this is of the olden times, and since there are no longer buffalo, the buffalo stone is no longer useful. Yet within a few years an old woman gave me an iniskim that had been in her husband's family for many generations, and told me that if I would rub this stone with the kidney fat of a barren buffalo cow, and pray hard, I should never be hungry.

There was a time, far, far back, when the people did not know about the buffalo stone, but at that time, in a season of great want and suffering, the first one was found. It was winter and the buffalo had disappeared. Heavy snows had fallen; so deep that the people could not move after the buffalo; so the hunters killed deer and elk and other game along the river bottom, but these did not last long, and presently they began to starve.

One day a young married man killed a rabbit, and since he and his wives and children were all hungry he ran home fast and told one of the women to hurry to get water to cook it. She went down to the stream and bent down to fill her bucket, and as she did so she heard the sweetest singing she had ever heard. It was near her, but she could see no one, and for a long time she forgot her water and looked and listened. Presently she took a few steps in the direction from which the singing seemed to come, and then it appeared that it came from a cottonwood tree close to her, and when she was near to the tree the singing sounded almost in her ears. She looked closely at the tree and saw wedged in the bark by a branch an oddly shaped stone, and with the stone some wool from a buffalo which had rubbed there. And now she saw that the song came from the stone. She was frightened, and did not dare even to run away. After a little while the singing stopped, and the stone said to the woman, "Take me to your lodge, and when it is dark call in the people and teach them the song that you have just heard. Pray, too, that you may not starve, and that the buffalo may return. Do this, and when day comes your hearts shall be glad."

The woman took the stone from the tree and carried it back to her lodge and gave it to her husband, telling him about the song and what the stone had said. After it became dark the young man called the chiefs and old men to the lodge, and his wife taught them the song, and they prayed as the stone had directed them. Before long they heard a noise, a rumbling sound, at first a long way off and gradually coming nearer. It was the tramp of a great herd of buffalo coming. Since that time the people have taken care of the buffalo stone and prayed to it.

Two of the most important lodges in the Blackfoot camp are known as the *In-is-kim* lodges. Both are painted with figures of the buffalo, and they came to the tribe long, long ago, "in about the second generation after the first people." Formerly all the Blackfoot tribes lived far to the north of their present home, yet these lodges are said to have been discovered near the place where the Siksikan now dwell. These lodges came to the tribe in the following manner:

One day, long, long ago, two old men, friends, had gone out from the camp to find some cherry-shoots, with which to make arrows. This was on Bow River, below the Blackfoot crossing. After they had gathered the branches, they sat down on a high cut bluff on the river bank and peeled the bark from the shoots. The river was very high. One of these men was named Weasel Heart, the other, Fisher.

As they sat there, Weasel Heart chanced to look down into the water and saw the top of a lodge and its poles standing there above the surface. He could not believe that what he saw was actual, yet it was broad daylight,

and, however hard he looked, the top of the lodge and its poles were there.

Weasel Heart said to his companion: "Friend, do you see any object in the water or on the other side?"

Fisher looked across the river and said, "I see only some buffalo."

"No," said Weasel Heart, "I do not mean on the prairie; look down into that deep hole in the river and you will see a lodge there."

Fisher looked as directed, and saw the lodge—it was the black buffalo lodge. "Oh, yes," he said; "I see it, and I see another lodge standing in front of it." Then Weasel Heart saw that lodge, too—it was the yellow buffalo lodge.

They wondered at this and could not understand it; but they were both men of strong hearts, and presently Weasel Heart said: "Friend, I am going down to enter that lodge. Do you sit here and tell me when I get to the place." Then Weasel Heart went up the river and took a drift-log to support himself, and pushed it out into the water and swam down toward the cut bluff. When he had reached the place where the lodge was, Fisher told him, and he let go the log and dived down and disappeared from view.

For a long time Fisher sat there waiting for his friend; but at last, after he had been there for half the day, he looked down the stream and saw a man on the shore—it

they cannot do so; let us try to make a crossing so that it will be easier for them." So Weasel Heart, alone, crossed the river and sat on the bank on one side and Fisher sat opposite him on the other. Then Fisher said to the people: "Pack up your things now and get ready to cross; I will make a place where you can cross easily."

Weasel Heart and Fisher filled their pipes and smoked, and then each started to cross the river. As each stepped into the water, the river began to go down, the crossing grew more and more shallow. The people, with all their dogs, followed close behind Fisher, as he had told them to do. Fisher and Weasel Heart met in the middle of the river, and when they did so they stepped to one side up the stream and let the people pass them. Ever since that day this has been a shallow crossing. These lodges came from the Under-water people—*Sú ye tuppi*.

Certain of the *In-is-kim* are kept in these lodges in little bags. They can be kept only in these lodges, and by these lodge-owners.

The yellow-painted buffalo lodge has, surrounding the border, at the ground, a black band, fifteen to eighteen inches in width, on which are painted a double row of white disks, four to six inches in diameter. These disks, called stars in my article in the *Anthropologist*, are not the stars of the sky, but what the Blackfeet call dusty stars, the term used for the puff balls which grow on the prairie and which when ripe seem to inclose fine powder



BLACK-PAINTED BUFFALO-STONE LODGE.

was Weasel Heart, who walked up the bank until he had reached his friend. Fisher said to him: "I was afraid that something bad had happened to you. I have been waiting a long time. You went into that lodge that you saw (the black buffalo lodge); now I am going to do the same thing, but I shall go into the other one."

Fisher went up the stream and then swam down, as Weasel Heart had done, and when he reached the place, he disappeared as Weasel Heart had disappeared, and the log he had been resting on floated down the stream. Weasel Heart waited for his friend as long as Fisher had waited for him, and when Fisher came out of the water, it was at the place where Weasel Heart had come out. He joined his friend and they went home to the camp.

When the two had come to a hill near the camp, they met a young man, and by him sent word that the people should make a sweat-house for them. After the sweat-house had been made, word was sent to them, and they entered the camp and went into the sweat-house and took a sweat, and all the time while they were sweating sand was falling from their bodies.

After this the people moved camp and went out and killed buffalo, and these two men took hides and built two lodges, and painted them just as the lodges were painted that they had seen in the river.

Now, the people wished to cross the river below the Blackfoot crossing, but as the stream was deep it was always a hard matter for them to get across. The dogs and the travois were often swept away, and the people lost many of their things. At this time the tribe wanted to cross, and Fisher and Weasel Heart said to each other: "The people wish to cross the river, but it is high and

or dust. The band close to the ground therefore represents the prairie or the earth. The ground color of the lodge is yellow, while the buffalo are brown. The bull is painted across the front of the lodge, the cow across the back. The pinning of the lodge passes down behind the bull's shoulders. In the bull, the hoofs, the two eyes (both on one side of the head), the knees, tongue, genitals, kidneys, tail, and horns are green. The life-line is red and green in alternate blocks, and the heart is green. A spot between the horns, and the insides of the ears, are red. The cow has the tail, kidneys, hoofs, ankles, horns, tongue, ears, two eyes (on one side), and the nostrils red. The life-line is red and green. In each animal the tongue protrudes; each is licking the rump of the other. Below the smoke-hole at the top is the butterfly cross.

The black buffalo lodge has the black band at the ground with a regularly-spaced double row of disks representing stars. The buffalo bull and cow are black on white ground. The bull is at the front of the lodge, its pinning passing down just back of the shoulders. The tongue, two eyes, horns, hoofs, front pasterns, heart, and genitals are green, the nostrils, inside of ears, a spot between the horns, the wrists, hind pasterns, hooflets, kidneys, tail spot, and hocks are red. The cow is similar, except that the tail spot is green. At the back of the lodge there is a green butterfly cross; the wings are black, painted with stars, and the points of the wings carry buffalo tails and hoofs.

The two lodges last mentioned are situated on the northwest side of the camp-circle, and are not far apart.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

More Musings from Sand Lake

Why Eight Lines of Kipling's "Red Gods" were Brand "Spurious!"

Où la chèvre est attachée, il faut qu'elle broûte.

EIGHT or ten of your regular contributors have had good time rising to my "red gods" fly, and have extended themselves in protest at my strictures on Kipling's double quatrain, chosen from the whole "poem" by a friend as the least vulnerable. These apologists have not been prudent in husbanding their resources. Men who wished answer them have been asked by me to be silent. Weight of numbers and impetuosity of apology were used to diminish, if possible, the force of the criticism. Mr. Ascroft has drawn their fire admirably. Even Doctor Morris, whom I can never sufficiently thank for having sent me to the Serpentine, Bay of Islands, Harry's Brook and Bay St. George in Newfoundland, joins the apologist. Private letters from friends have advised me to admit that I "had been argued to a stand-still"—as if this were a mere contest, instead of a search for the truth. Other lamented the "unfortunate choice" for the attack, of the "truest" lines in "The Feet of the Young Men."

The Old Angler, whom I extinguished in the interminable sea-trout discussion, being deprived of a favorite theme to tilt with Mr. Hallock about in print, no gets Mr. Hallock to join him against me. Mr. Verning is all right under his crust. May his years, and those of Mr. Hallock, sit lightly.

I am satisfied that the great body of FOREST AND STREAM readers are not represented by the apologist who, I take it, represent a provincial defense of what is said to be a "poem" inspired by Maine woods.

In the torrent and onrush of apology, I find one generous foe—Hermit—who extends the *noblesse oblige* due to a fellow sportsman, no matter how ignorant and misguided he may be. Thanks, sir, for your courteous words—sincere, heartfelt—contrasting gratefully. Now I ask you to come out back of your Maine tent, face the west, and take the following wireless message from me:

My fellow fisherman, I am only an "ignorant," "senseless" Sand Lake angler, who has been angrily told by eight or ten of the writers for FOREST AND STREAM to be silent until I go and get some experience, and not dare to call Kipling's "word-picture" a "spatteration." If ever meet you, my first words shall be, "Have a cigar and what's your favorite moist joy?" You hail me with a friendly "Come east."

Brother, I've been east, and likewise have had guide, mostly Indians, pole me up over a thousand miles of swift water, and down nearly twice as many miles. Have been in Maine three times. Been to Moosehead, and from there by buckboard to the headwaters of the St. John River, and down that stream into Square Lake. Waded, paddled, poled and portaged from the line of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad to the Soudnahonk and back, and had to pay forty dollars for the five day round trip with one guide. I saw at least twenty other canoes, going up and down streams in Maine; yet my New England friends think I must have been blind, for I never saw a "shod" (not sleeved) canoe-pole in Maine, nor anywhere except one pair at John Connell's camp on the Tabusintac in New Brunswick.

Brother, I am here at beautiful Sand Lake in Michigan, two miles from Pentecost Station on the Lake Shore Railway. I hire my boat all day for a quarter, and am living like a fighting-cock at a little "hotel" for a dollar a day. That saves me \$2.50 a day as compared with Maine. I need no guide, row myself. That saves \$2.50 more, a clear gain of \$5 daily by not coming east. Any when I and the small-mouth black bass are both of the right mind, I "ketch 'em to beat the band." No self important, oracular "guides" to charge me \$3 daily for intimating to me that they know it all, and taking me to places they want to go to and I don't, and who insist on using semi-handspikes that are tools of the lumber camps, and then calling them canoe-poles, and dubbing me an ignoramus if I say they are not. They are proud of that "click" of the log-driver's tool, which they have "worked in" on me as the genuine pole, and claim it can be heard a mile, and even exultantly cite a confessedly unknown writer in a Boston paper to prove it. Now, I ask you as a man and brother, do you think they don't want me to catch fish or shoot big game, and so use their shod poles in my canoe to frighten away all my fish "long before the canoe comes in sight," and mean to scare my deer and moose that way, by keeping them in a state of alarmed alertness and wonder about what naval fight is approaching? See? Besides, if I want to shoot a deer, they charge me a big license fee for the privilege of coming to their camps and spending a lot of money—charge for the privilege of even firing one shot that may miss. Worse, and unpardonable, they insist on branding me as a criminal as branded in Paris. They Bertillonize me taking my height, color of hair and mustache, beard and eyes. Insultingly they ask if I can write my name and record my answer. Then they actually sit down and do a lot of hard thinking, trying to spell out *why*, as I write this, their camps are so deserted of non-resident hunters whose lovely cash they meant to get.

Brother, you invite me to come east. I've been east. Pardon a hospitable suggestion. Suppose you come west instead, and really see some Indians, camp-beds and canoe-poles. Come on, to the lakes and streams of the Kootenai Country, to Slocan, Arrow, Okanagan, Harrison, and Sugar and Mabel lakes. Come to Lake Chelan, Crescent and Sutherland, in Washington, and see Mt. Olympus glassed in the two latter. Come to Two Medicine and St. Mary's lakes, to Crow's Nest Lake and the Elk River. You shall take blueback Beardslee trout that weigh 15 pounds each. You shall find plenty of Indians that are not smoky and that cannot be "smelled further than you can smell Limburger cheese." Come on, to the Frankfort lakes of Michigan and see unshod canoe poles on the swift Platte River; come to the Fifield lakes of Wisconsin, the Alexandria lakes of Minnesota to Lake of the Woods and Lake Winnipeg. I have fished in all the waters named, and have camped on over half of them. Better yet, come to the Campbell River and Cowichan Lake on Vancouver Island. If you want



A—BLACKENED TIMBER.

blackened timber you shall see it by hundreds of square miles. Or, best of all, sleep beside me in a tent by Emerald Lake north of Field, and we will take a day's journey and see the Yo Ho Cañon, and Takakkaw Fall taking its sheer, snow-white plunge a third of a mile, and look at glaciers around which the bighorn sheep browse, and everything sticks up on edge about a mile and a half. You will not see even one pair of shod canoe-poles in all your trip. Or if you want to try and crawl into the barrel of your gun, nothing is easier than to take you to another world of camping and angling waters, the great Shuswap Region, with Anesty, Seymour, Main Arm and Adams lakes and their streams, where mountains are nearly two miles high, and lakes often 1,200 feet deep. There you can get introduced into society—of the silver-tips, cinnamons and grizzlies, who will charge you on sight, and favor you with a "swipe" you will remember if you survive. During eleven long summers of delight I saw all this, if I am a Sand Laker now. See them yourself; I will get you a round-trip pass over the Canadian Pacific Railway, and you will come back asking, "Where is Maine, anyhow?" Or come and dine with me when I return to New York, and we will sneer at Sherry's menu, and agree it is not "in it" with the roasted fool-ben and fried trout in the woods where we don't wear white handcuffs and breast-plate shirt-fronts under white ties, nor make ourselves black grasshoppers in clawhammer coats. And when you are old, join us in a tent on the little Slagle River in Michigan, probably the best home of wild, natural beauty in all the world. And then I'll cry *peccavi* if you also do not insist that a man who was well known not to be a canoeist, camper, angler or sportsman, was a fakir when he presumed to misadvise you that the feet of all the young men are "turning" to his patch of "blackened timber" that he happened to see when some Maine sportsmen entertained him, and where he seems to have been visited by a counterfeit "heavenly muse" that embalmed him with a "divine afflatus" so he might steal your tent over your head, and make you sleep in starlight or rain and fight mosquitoes and gnats, make from it robes that, Dowie-like, he gets on wrong-side out and hind-side foremost, and then write a fake "poem" of "universal application."

Then you will join me in pointing "the slow, unmoving finger of scorn," and crying "Mountebank!" when such a man coolly asks you, "Do you know" some unlocated, swift stream where all the log-jams are "right-angled," and "bars" are of "shingle?"

I review this, for it is vital. Some years ago a man went to Brattleboro in Vermont, married there, made a visit or two to Maine, and was entertained by Maine sportsmen, as I am told. He had secured some notoriety as a writer of swashbuckler rhymes about soldier life in barracks, his work in that way being recently characterized by the London Athenaeum as "amazing intellectual vulgarity," "fitted for the music halls, or for exponents of cheap materialism, and philistine admirers." It was well understood that he was not a fisherman or woodsman, canoeist or camper. He was a literary hack, everything being grist that came to his mill. And he planned a "grand" "poem" which the Maine folks should accept as coming from a new Elijah, a High-priest of Nature at whose feet all sportsmen should sit in admiration. The possibilities of the wild and beautiful should be exhausted; nothing should be lacking in the spellbinding picture of the angler and his camp of beauty and grace.

Mind, this "poem" was to be the record mark, superb, the very apotheosis and quintessence of the beauties and hypnotism of the joys of angling. And that is what his apologists call it in these columns—that no picture known to them is so lovely, sweet, grand, vivid, and true!

He, an ignoramus of the camp, was to write for the delectation, instruction and joy of even the especial sportsmen and woodsmen who had made Nature's real beauty and grace a humble study for a life-time—for men who welcomed and searched for any one who could write with the heart and eye of the beholder with knowledge about their loved domain. No Cagliostro of sport

could safely sweep the harp-strings for them. They themselves loved best to admire and worship with mute lips, and only talk of it all with their hearts, for they knew Nature should be studied rather than described by puny words. Over them always was the sense of impotence to tell of what they saw and felt. And when a passer-by, seeking his own glorification and cash profit, assumes to enter their temples and fill their forest cathedrals and dim aisles with false notes, they are not merely indignant, but furious. For all this is to them a sacred thing, almost their religion, as it is a reverent form of worship. They are jealous of this realm, and no vandal hand can be permitted to smirch it unchallenged.

If this were not a sportsmen's paper, all that I have so far said would be omitted. The eight lines attacked are now quoted by me, I hope for the last time, for I am always pained to look at and feel their falsehood. But

first I repeat that Kipling was a fakir when he wrote them—that I claim him to have been a megaphone "word-artist" flinging a potful of language paint on a canvas, and demanding that real lovers and beholders of Nature's loveliness should admire his "splotteration." I am glad that Mr. R. W. Ashcroft, himself the editor for some years of a sporting magazine, and who has just returned from a long canoe-trip with two Indian guides in the back wilderness of Ontario, has had the courage to face, single-handed, the storm of protest and apology. I indorse his every word, and thank him. As it is now claimed that the poem describes only conditions in Maine, his world-inquiry about canoe-poles, already fairly complete, need not be pursued further; and I have asked him, with thanks, to discontinue it.

Here are the lines under discussion:

"Do you know the blackened timber? Do you know that racing stream,
With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle, where a man may bask and dream,
To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?"

It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces,
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know;
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the starlight on our faces,
For the Red Gods call us out, and we must go."

In point of fact, this is applied to angling sportsmen and the camps of the entire world. Kipling puts it into his book, "Five Nations." As Newfoundlander states, he was "not short-sighted enough to localize what was meant for a universal picture." And mind, in the very title to the poem, Kipling says by implication that the feet of all the young men in the world are "turning" to his "right-angled" log-jams and "blackened timber," when nothing can be more manifest than that not one young man in a hundred has the spare time, and cash, and the inclination, to go into a camp.

Now, take the false lines, one by one, and follow them:

"Do you know the blackened timber? Do you know that racing stream,

In the three very first words, he uses one of his favorite tricks—mention of something he knows the reader cannot be supposed to know because it is not located, and which it was his duty in fairness to locate; yet which he assumes credit to himself for knowing about while the reader does not. This is cheap "mystery." No poetic license can justify the placing of the reader in a condition of pre-arranged ignorance, and then impliedly placing one's self on a pedestal of superiority because the reader has not been informed of what the writer himself does not disclose, but pretends to specify, knowing all the time that he does not.

But a horrible, vitally offensive choice is made in the next three words. Note how the line-up of Kipling's apologists, basing their defense on the unimportant point of shod or unshod canoe-poles, is swept away by the offensive display of quick environment for the angler in the words "the blackened timber." These are vital, and



B—LEAVING A CAMP—A LAST LOOK AT THE SLAGLE RIVER.
"Good-by, Sweetheart! Good-by!"

"And from the stream I turned away,
But heard it many an after day."—CLARE.

brand all eight of the lines as false work. For "blackened timber" is chosen as the ideal camping site—the *ne plus ultra* of angling delights in a camp!

Here is a picture (A) of typical blackened timber.

Now, instead of the deliberate mischoice of the quack sportsman, see in the next picture (B) what a real beholder of Nature regards as beautiful for a camping site. I shall not offend readers by asking which site they prefer.

But in this line is further false work. The "racing stream" is not the ideal stream of the angler, being too noisy and full of tumult. There, no water-music reigns and thrills, but only a perpetual roar. It is too full of rocks, too difficult to ascend. The real paradise of Nature for the angler is a big brook like Temnyson's (I defy any critic to show faults in those lines) with rifts and eddies and still pauses, and liquid water-breaks as described by Camoens:

"Sonorous now it rolls adown the glade,
Now, plaintive, tinkles in the secret shade.
Now from the darkling grove, beneath the beams
Of ruddy morn, like melted silver streams,
Edging the painted margins of the bowers,
And breathing liquid freshness on the flowers."

Let the apologists here who say that no poetry can stand the test of "hyper criticism," try their hand on *those* lines. It is the sort of stream which is ideal for the camper and angler, the stream that lingers around roots and

"Purls and murmurs as it moves,
In circles round the tree it loves."

I give herewith a picture of a perfect angling stream. The next line contains three vital errors:

With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end,

I thank Mr. Jaques for demanding that the apologists answer in unison the questions: What are "traces" in

their formation, so long as Kipling tells them they are. I cannot discuss such a manifest error seriously.

It is rare, indeed, that even two logs lie together in a jam, and form a fairly accurate right angle as to those two logs alone. Only the sportsman of the subliminal, he who appeals to things below the threshold of his consciousness, can make a whole log-jam right-angled to itself; for Kipling states it is so *in esse*, not specifying anything else to which it might be right-angled, as it would not be anyhow. He merely evokes from the potentiality of matter, another phantom and hocus pocus.

The apologists realize now that Kipling's line does not state that his log-jam is right-angled to the shores of the stream; but in the more recent unfoldings of this discussion they have discovered it will be most plausible to say he meant that. This merely changes their dilemma. As shown above, such a condition of a jam cannot be described by the one compound word "right-angled," but only a jam that is right-angled to itself, like the log house of Dixmont's counterfeit *reductio ad absurdum* that Mr. Hoyle exposed so happily. Yet it is predicted with confidence that, having found this best "construction" to put on Kipling's word of misdescription, the apologists will now claim that the jams shown in Mr. Hardy's pictures were never asserted to be right-angled. Then to show them in a discussion over the word was absurd. Even if Kipling's jam formed a straight line of logs squarely across the stream from bank to bank, the one word "right-angled" could not properly be used to show the jam was right-angled to the lines of the banks. Besides, it is insisted with utmost emphasis that even if the word could be so used, it would be almost a miracle to find such a jam, and that an undoctored picture and jam cannot be shown that would justify that "construction" of the word. Mr. Hardy, Hermit, Doctor Morris and others declare that all or nearly all jams

states that the logs in jams lie at all angles, so a whole jam must be right-angled! Mr. Venning defies any one to call "hung up" logs a jam; and then proceeds to thank Mr. Hardy "very hearty" for producing the pictures of just such logs and labeling each, "A Maine Log-Jam"; while Mr. Biddle also thanks him for having "cleared up all these questions." Mr. Ames now asserts that the lines were written about Maine only; while Newfoundland declares that Kipling did not make the mistake of localizing them and they are a universal picture. Mr. Ames says a jam may be found in a cove; others say with Hermit that it must span a racing stream. Several say in substance that the sportsman is pleased with the clicks of the shod poles, while Mr. Keim is equally sure that the chances of getting game are increased a hundred per cent. if the hunter gets away from those clicks. These inconsistencies could be much extended. It is a Babel of cross-tongues. So many men, so many minds; their statements are honeycombed with contradictions! Gentlemen, *ajustes vos flûtes!*

And the bar of sun-warmed shingle, where a man may bask and dream,

Here I agree that if, as Mr. Venning noisily contends, the racing stream "moves boulders of ten or fifteen tons hundreds of yards," then it is possible for that stream to throw up "shingle" into a bar. But to sit on this uncomfortable, angular shingle or stone, look at blackened timber, and bask and dream, would be extremely bad taste in the sitter, and his dream would be a pipe-dream.

To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?

I have often had canoes pushed up quick water by guides that had no real canoe-poles, but only used iron-shod semi-handspikes, often with a hook on one side, whose primary purpose (that for which they were really made) was solely for use as a *log driver's* tool, not a pole whose sole use was intended to be for pushing canoes up quick water, and never to be used for driving logs. Only such poles are genuine canoe-poles. I have been on the St. Johns River in Maine, and both Cascapédias, the Restigouche and Tabusintac in New Brunswick, the whole length of the Peribonca River in Quebec, and up the Albany and English rivers on the north side of Ontario, and I never saw a shod canoe-pole on one of them that was a *sportsman's canoe-pole*, and not primarily intended for use around lumber camps in the hands of log-drivers, instead of real guides. It is all very well to write of "synchronous strokes," "rhythm of shod poles," "pretty music," etc.; but the men who joyed in that noise heard log-drivers' tools instead of the actual poles of the sportsman. Besides, I cannot for a moment admit that the "click" of even the shod pole can be heard around the bend of a noisy stream. I hold many letters denying it.

Mr. Hallock, collaborating with his former opponent in the sea-trout matter, says, as quoted by the Old Angler: "I have never seen either an ash or maple canoe-pole."

Very well. I quote from two letters before me, written by the best posted actual woodsman in Maine, Mr. D. E. Cummings, the owner of the famous camps on Square Lake: "Canoe-poles used by guides are from twelve to fourteen feet long, made usually of *ash or maple—white ash preferred*—and diameter about one inch at each end, and one and a half inches in the middle."

He says further: "Canoe-poles used by river drivers for *driving logs* are made much on the same principle as canoe-poles, only they are a *third larger poles for driving logs*."

Now let the Nestor of the Old Guard and the Old Angler quarrel it out with the best posted man on this subject in all Maine. His two letters are sent to you herewith, and be it remembered that this shod or unshod pole question has no more relative importance in excusing Kipling's false work than the end of a pole has to "blackened timber."

I met Mr. Hallock on the north shore of Lake Superior in the late sixties; and last month he honored me with a long, greatly prized call, during which I was much impressed with his ripe culture and *noblesse oblige*. Yet this founder of FOREST AND STREAM and prince of American anglers has been induced by Mr. Venning to be quoted in the discussion as charging me with general ignorance (for that is what his quoted words mean) because I have never seen but one *shod* pair of *real* canoe-poles. It is therefore submitted to him that, as he says, he has never seen an ash or maple canoe-pole, while Mr. Cummings (a much better special authority) says such poles are usually made of maple or ash, it might with equal force be asserted that Mr. Hallock's knowledge is limited. Will he claim that because this discussion has demonstrated what I have never denied and freely admit, namely, that *some* canoe-poles that are *real* canoe-poles are actually "shod," it follows that all the other detailed and proved charges of vital misdescription in Kipling's eight lines have been refuted? Is he willing to go on record as saying that the sections of spinning-tackle known in some regions as "traces," are used by anglers on racing streams in connection with rods and reels, as per Kipling's assertion in one of his lines? Let him remember that Kipling says: "It is *there*" (to the racing stream) "that we are going." Any mere tyro of angling knows that traces are not used on racing streams. Will he demonstrate that log-jams are right-angled, and "at the end" of racing streams? Mind, the red gods "*call*" or summon out, not *drive, send, or impel* out, *so they are alleged to be something apart from one's self*, and must dwell where they call from. Will Mr. Hallock make an affidavit that crimson beings whom he has actually seen, heard, and can describe in detail, live in fire-destroyed timber, and that such timber is the ideal camping-spot rather than a happy, magnificent forest; and that all "young men are turning" to such timber, "where the moon shall be confounded, and the sun is ashamed?" Will he deny the accuracy of the words of Jeremiah: "*For the habitations of the wilderness are lamentation, because they are burned up?*" And does he not see that he cannot afford in his advanced years to mar his great reputation by sanctioning advice to "young men" which is really as follows when paraphrased:

Come, all ye longing campers, to the grime and ashy soot,
To horrid, nightmare vistas without end,
Where trees that once were happy have been stripped of leaf and fruit,



AN IDEALLY BEAUTIFUL TROUT STREAM THAT DOES NOT "RACE."

Remoteness, Nature's dearest nymph, and Beauty wild,
Clasp hands in love where, in my sleepless bed,
I sing and play in laughter, like a happy child,
Fond Earth beneath, sweet light and air o'erhead.

connection with rods and reels? What is a "raw log-jam?" What is a "right-angled log-jam?" What does "at the end" mean? Let them avoid answering in concert, and make their replies plain and so they will agree.

No log-jam was ever raw in its physical character, not even when its logs have all lost their bark. But it is claimed that it is "raw" as a blemish on the landscape. To assert this is to disprove it. More, no log-jam was ever right "at the end" of a racing stream. Here again it is sought to shield Kipling by stating that where a log-jam (sometimes) chokes and fills the entire width of a stream, it *seems* to be at the end of the stream—that is, the river ends where it does *not* end. This is ingenious, but not ingenuous, like tying knots in a rope and saying the rope ends at each knot. It is "getting away from the bull and falling into the ditch."

Before me are pictures of British Columbia log-jams, but I do not need them, preferring to work with Mr. Hardy's own tools. I ask that his two pictures of such jams be reproduced here. He claims that the pictures show the jams to be right-angled. He sends them to FOREST AND STREAM for that purpose. One is a picture of logs *parallel* to the bank or shore; the other is a fantastic pile of logs not spanning a fourth of the stream (not at the end of it), and sticking in all directions! Both, so different in form, are given to show that both are right-angled!

Doctor Morris instructs us that *his* jams are all right-angled. Let him take the two pictures to a college professor of geometry and ask him: "What is a right angle?"

"When one side or line of an angle is perpendicular to the other line or side, it forms a right angle," the professor will reply.

It would indeed be a daring Doctor Morris who would then say:

"Well, sir, the log-jams shown in these two pictures are right-angled, although so different from each other. You are an ignoramus, sir, and must be blind!"

It would be worth much to see the face of that professor as he grasped the delicious humor of such a claimant taking himself seriously. Yet this is "sweet" description by the "genius" of the New Englanders. With them all log-jams are right-angled, no matter how varied

form that way. Then let them send a photograph of even one such jam to FOREST AND STREAM. Mind, it must show a jam whose upper line lies straight and squarely across the stream, and forms a right angle sharply with each shore-line. No differently formed jam is right-angled with the banks.

And here, as well as anywhere, note how Kipling's misdescription and lack of description involve these apologists in hopeless contradictions—strand them on a bar with their statements sticking in all directions, like logs in a jam. Mr. Jaques must smile as he realizes how easily he could make a little table showing these contradictions, and how crushing its facts would be.

Mr. Hardy's pictures (I have asked you to reprint them), totally different, are supposed to show how right-angled log-jams form, and they show nothing of the kind. Their "rearing up" is supposed to have some connection with their being right-angled when they span a stream. Now Hermit declares that a right-angled jam is only one that crosses the whole stream. In other words, the stream itself, and both banks, must not only be *actual parts of a right-angled log-jam*, but the upper line of the jam must be free of logs that "rear up," and be exactly in line across the stream; and the banks themselves, and the edges of the water, must all stand in straight lines—something no man ever saw. Take a far more favorable illustration for the apologists. Suppose a pole were laid exactly across a newly cut ditch with water in it. A man would be daft to call that pole a right-angled pole. It could not be until it had made both banks and the water between them a *part of itself*.

But the Old Angler is more absurd. He seems to think it will tend to prove log-jams can be right-angled if he quotes from some former essay by himself which states that some special logs in a jam can form scalene and isosceles triangles!

Mr. Fowler asserts that the red gods are one's own blood, and then naively inquires if they may not be the trout and salmon, thus ignoring all the other fishes, and the wild animals and birds. Several others assert that these scarlet phantoms live in blackened timber. This groping is caused by the "exact," "matchless" description so admired by Mr. Biddle. Mr. Cristadoro

Where foliage-stir and wind-sigh never blend!
For all "young men are turning" to this graveyard of the graces,
To a Kipling Eden with its gloom and pall—
To blackened timber "sweet and pure" to smear their hands and
faces,
While red gods, non-existent, bark and bawl?

And is it not manifest to him that this Kipling "picture" was inserted into "The Five Nations" as being "of universal application," as the Newfoundland apologist justly states, and that all the good sportsmen who have risen in anger begin to realize their danger unless they claim, as they have now decided to do, that only Maine was meant in the lines?

It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces,

Note the statement that it is *there* that "we are going." Now, a "trace" is a section of spinning tackle that is never used on a racing stream. Even the stubborn, pugnacious Scot of eighty-three years is forced to admit this.



MR. HARDY'S "RIGHT-ANGLED" LOG-JAM. NOTE THE LOGS IN PARALLEL LINES ALONG THE BANK.

Yet Mr. Ames declares that the whole eight lines are "right as a trivet!" Why not have all the "young men" take to the blackened timber and racing stream a full outfit of heavy "jigger" triple hooks, weighted for taking the codfish of *salt* water? This is again Kipling's "wonderful accuracy!"

To a silent, smoky Indian that we know—

I have probably seen more Indians, singly and in camps and reservations and villages, than all these gentlemen. They were always dark skinned, often dirty, and sometimes smelled of bad whisky or worse tobacco. But "smoky," no! And suppose they were. Assume, as Venning declares, that one of them can be smelled "further than a man can smell Limburger cheese." It would merely prove further Kipling's lack of a true sportsman's taste. None of the gentlemen who have apologized for the lines would want such a guide; yet they say that Kipling's choice of such a guide in his Elysium of a camp is delightful. Charming, indeed! A "bar" of shingle (rough stone) to sit on, "blackened timber" for a view, and a



MR. HARDY'S ENTIRELY DIFFERENT "RIGHT-ANGLED" LOG-JAM.

Limburger cheese Indian to make a couch, pitch a tent, and to cook; and all the while the sportsman must pray for a strong wind between which and his ideal guide he must keep or be nauseated. This is woodcraft with a vengeance!

To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the starlight on our faces,

My experience has been that a bed of hemlock for a camp gets hard after a night or two is spent on it, for it heats under the sleeper, and sours, having a most disagreeable odor, acrid and unpleasant, always afterward. Also that the camper always tries to avoid dews, rain (mind, that this is a *camp*), blackflies and mosquitoes. That alone is the ideal condition. The man who is established in a real camp actually sleeps inside a closed tent, or as much as possible under a canoe. If gentlemen wish to get starlight on their faces and be bitten by the Maine insects and get wet with dew and rain, they are doing something outside of regular camping customs, and certainly not "ideal."

For the Red Gods call us out, and we must go."

I cite Mr. Ashcroft's admirable words:

"Red Gods," are pompous poetic license gone mad. No "gods" of red, white, black, Prussian blue or chrome yellow, or of pepper-and-salt or brindle, "call out" the woodman. But wild Nature does beckon to him. Her blue lakes, emerald forests, music of streams, plashing of waves on beaches, wondrous saffrons and grays and tenderness and delicacy of purples at dawn, voices of foliage and

winds, evening twilights, and above all, the mystery of her life, are not deities of any hue, much less "Red Gods." They are manifest messages from the only God, telling us of blessings, beauty and grace of the earth made for man's enjoyment.

If the word had instead been "wood-gods," that would have been permissible by poetic license, just as nymphs, fauns, satyrs, and dryads might properly be mentioned, for then they are understood to be mere mythological immortals—intangible, figurative. But when a *color* is given to "gods," it carries with it the absurdity that they have actually been seen, and are tangible actualities. So it is in order for Doctor Morris to advise us which of the very many shades of red (see Standard Dictionary, under "Spectroscope," page 1722, *et seq.*) is the proper shade in which to regard these scarlet deities, and the true style for them. Perhaps Dunlap would like a hint from them on the style of a hat. Are they tall or squat, bow-legged or knock-kneed? Do they wear boots, slippers, waders or sabots? Do they range through the blackened timber in troops, singly, or in pairs or quartettes? Do they get the seats of their crimson trousers black when they sit or sleep on the coal-black timber? Are they red clear through, or only on the skin outside of themselves? But why ask questions when the answer is so easy? The Doctor should write his "old guide Caribou Charley" to shoot a couple of "gods," and express them, packed in ice, to FOREST AND STREAM, 346 Broadway, New York, charges collect.

Or perhaps the withering flames that have left a black desolation and ruin of the timber, have scorched its spook gods red, like boiling water does a lobster. Or is that melancholy landscape of fire-swept woods really a new Forest of Arden, where the horrible appears beautiful as Bottom did unto Titania, and all because the juice of the Kipling love-in-idleness has been rubbed on the eyes of his votaries?

I hope that Doctor Morris, so famous as a keen student and scientist, will favor us with a special paper on "Red Gods," to remove our belief that the term is cheap grotesquerie. Let him remember that "a musk-grain of Belief will flavor a whole world of Quackery," so men fill themselves with the East Wind. Let him ask himself whether Kipling knew how capable men were of self-delusion, of their "trembling delight in the 'occult,' enigmatic duskiess and dust-clouds;" and if that is not why Kipling dabbled into psychic research, clairvoyancy, and looked into crystal balls and pondered on the incantations of the "medicine-men." Let him read the statement in Genesis that "out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight," and then ask himself if it is not an insult to the taste of every God-fearing woodsman to weave a picture of a forest of *burned* trees haunted by "red gods;" and if it would be any greater tax on the reader's credulity if it were claimed that, through these spook gods, the sportsmen may hold trance (whisky) communications with the moose in his lair and the salmon in his hiding-place; whether such work is "world-thrilling genius," instead of being identical with the phosphorus-pictures of the quack spirit-medium, and the lies of the gypsy, who, for a fee, tells credulous girls to "beware of a light-haired man;" whether it has not taken stock of the myriads of human beings, often even cultured and renowned, who can be "incipient energumens of the lunatic asylums;" and whether these "gods" with gibberings that "call," are not mere jack-o'-lanterns of bathos, flittering over the fens of Superstition.

Not one man of fifty sportsmen and scholars asked by me, could tell what Kipling meant by red gods. His apologists have been very shy, as Mr. Jaques points out, about giving any details about them. Several puzzled men have asked me what Kipling meant by them. I claim that he meant nothing but a wish to profit by deception, and therefore named only mystic, fake nonentities. This false mystery dodge, as I have already stated, is a favorite trick with him. By means of its use he can pose as a Sir Oracle, proclaiming from out the vagueness of the mist he purposely raises, that he knows what his readers do not know, and which does not exist, but which he is anxious to gull people into wondering about as probably existing in a way purposely left unexplained. Mind, I do not apply anything to him in this article that I have not demonstrated from his own words he has branded on himself.

No doubt he would wish that he had been saved from his friends in this discussion. They praise "The Feet of the Young Men" as Kipling guards and healers on the Dowie plan. That "poem" is one of the "gems" of his new book, "The Five Nations," which so conservative and competent an authority as the New York Evening Post scores *editorially* as "mannerisms," "cheapened," "something very like scolding," "disconcerting clatter," "professional flavor," "conscious of his audience," "dogmatism," "decadence," "Sir Oracle," "doggerel," "professional unction of the exhorter," "empty forms of words which lack even resonance," "attempting to play the part of a thinking man without taking the time for thought," and "You may no longer print so much as two couplets without appending a formal 'Copyright by Rudyard Kipling.'"

This is my final mention of this matter. If I have offended my real fellow sportsmen, I deeply regret starting the discussion, for I had rather have the good will of my brother anglers and hunters and campers, than to unmask false work by my writer.

It seems that the "true" Nature Poetry must be a hodge-podge of Realisms gone mad and muddled Mystery that is false. The world is all wrong about Nature Rhymes! Shelley has been vastly admired for his "sweet views imaged by the water's love of that fair forest green," and for his dim, leafy vistas "where the Twin Sisters of Silence and Twilight keep their noon-day watch, and all the cheated hours sing vespers."

But he was wrong, of course. Solomon's marvelous descriptions of freshly berobed Earth; David's green pastures and still waters; Homer's goodly trees and pleasant fields; Virgil's wonderfully beautiful Elysium; Firdausi's world gay with many-colored flowers; the bulbul singing in the palms of Hafiz; Tasso's exquisite word-picture of the beauties of the Island of Armida, and Cameens' harp-strains about the perfect Isle of Love; Shakespeare and his violets blue and daisies pied, and green fields of which dying Falstaff babbled; Clare with his thick and spreading hawthorn bush; Wordsworth and his violet

by a mossy stone; Burns and his milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale; Byron's land of the cedar and vine; Scott's rows of stately elms and Moore's exquisite Nature and Love tales of "Lalla Rookh"—all these are not true Nature Rhyming, but, as the Old Angler says of a description by Ruskin, are mere "gush!" For a soul-stirring rhymester, put Kipling on a rough boulder up in Maine to look at a blasted forest of desolation, through which roars a racing stream which "ends" every time there is a log-jam, which, in turn, must be impossibly raw and right-angled. Add intolerable mal-cords exhaled by an Indian guide, and the rhyme-picture is the "sweet" work of a "genius" that describes earth's greatest, wildest loveliness!

The situation is most instructive, and painful to me. Here are a dozen earnest, surprised, hurt fellow-sportsmen, all sincerely protesting (some angrily) at what they fully believe was an outrageous attack. They love the woods, and deem the eight lines to be wonderful poetry. Yet here is a little editorial from the New York Sun, for years Kipling's best newspaper friend, in its evening issue of the 13th instant, about the very book that contains "The Feet of the Young Men."

"Mr. Kipling may be many things: he is not a poet," says the Saturday Review, of London. If he has read the notices of his last book of doggerel he may well adapt his own line to his own case and say

"I have had a jolly good lesson, and it serves me jolly well right."

I repeat, it is a great regret to feel I have wounded brother anglers, campers and canoeists; and I have lingered in longing over Kelpie's suggestion that we do but look at opposite sides of the same shield. But no, it is absolutely clear to me that the lines are false work, and so I have no choice but to denounce them. I can only wish each of these gentlemen a long, happy vacation, "loose an' free" in camps where remote forests guard lakes and streams. They will answer here as FOREST AND STREAM may choose to continue the discussion. But, anyhow, from friend and foe I claim the sportsman's privilege. All who have differed with me here, and all other FOREST AND STREAM readers who love the woods, are cordially invited to call on me when visiting New York, and permit me to furnish a chop, mug of ale and cigar over a lunch-table.

L. F. BROWN.

The Red Gods.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been following with some interest as well as amusement, the controversy carried on in your columns for some weeks in regard to Kipling's "The Feet of the Young Men." It is unlikely that the poet's fame will be lessened to any appreciable degree by the adverse criticisms of Mr. Brown and Mr. Ashcroft. To those who have any accurate knowledge of nature and her ways, and of the actions and methods of men—civilized and uncivilized—any justification or explanation of the poem referred to is wholly unnecessary. But as a matter of fact, the writer, having in mind, perhaps, that there would be those to read it who had not, like himself felt

"The old spring fret come o'er you,"

gave some inkling of the atmosphere and locality of the poem and its main incidents.

It is somewhat unfortunate, as I think, that the poem, as it appears in "The Five Nations," does not give the key or introduction, as it was given when it first appeared in Scribner's of December, 1897.

The late W. Hallet-Phillips had then only recently died, and Kipling wrote in memory of his friend, who was himself somewhat of a traveler. The introduction, if we call it such, was as follows:

"Mingan River, May 26.—Antoine shammed sick when C— came up this week. He, of course, is waiting for L—, and intends to take him further along the north shore, where they are running by millions."

Medicine Hat, June 18.—Bill White says he is not going to guide any more fools who can't shoot, and wants to know if H— comes out this summer. He has some new ground marked.

"Camp Bunji, via Astor, July 1.—Birkett has snuffed the best tracker in the M— gullies and goes on. He is trying for the Pamirs, I hear."

"Southampton, May 6.—As my young gentleman has just put her in commission for cruises in northern parts, and am going with him, am unable to accept any engagements in home waters this summer. Respectfully, etc."

"Macassar, Feb. 19.—You will not get any men from that village if De V— has been before you. The head-man is his blood-brother, and is taught to know rival collectors. Even the boys will not collect, and it is impossible to get skins."

If the adverse critics of the poem will take the trouble to understand the writer, and to familiarize themselves with the locality named, and others with which Kipling is as familiar as he is with his own doorstep, they will perhaps appreciate his universality, as exemplified in this product of his genius. If not, all I can say to them is:

"Who shall meet them at those altars—who shall light them to the shrine?

Velvet-footed who shall guide them to their goal?

Unto each the voice and Vision; unto each his spoor and sign—
Lonely mountains in the Northland, misty sweat bath 'neath the line,

And for each a man who knows his naked soul!"

Let our critical friends go study with them, and may they soon feel the truth.

JOSEPH B. THOMPSON.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14, 1903.

All communications for Forest and Stream must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Natural History.

The Starling.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is not so very long since I read in an issue of your publication some remarks about the conduct and habits of the descendants of the recently imported English starlings, which seemed to me not at all in accordance with what I knew of such birds in their own country. Of course starlings are messy birds around their nests and when they build, as they so often do, under a roof between the slates or tiles and the sheathing, the point of entrance and exit under the eaves is most unsightly after the young have been hatched. The cheers with which the young ones greet every arrival of the old birds cannot be said to be anything in the nature of a sedative, and as the old birds go to work getting breakfast very early in the day, each trip of the parents becomes a source of great annoyance to anyone who may be unfortunate enough to be located in a bedroom under that part of the roof selected by a pair of starlings for housekeeping purposes. I speak feelingly.

Outside of the above I cannot recollect starlings being objected to. They worked hard and cleared lawns and pastures of myriads of grubs of a large size, being more particularly busy when they had young to look after. Visitors to Central Park can easily recognize the few specimens to be seen on the lawns there during the early summer, as they walk and run about in a manner entirely different from the hop-hop of robins.

In our fruit gardens thrushes and blackbirds were real pests while fruit was in season, but I never remember to have taken a single starling out of the nets spread over strawberry patches, currant bushes or hung from walls on which cherry trees were trained after the English fashion. Robins and blackbirds aplenty have I handled that were caught in such nets, but never a starling. When, therefore, I read a complaint of the fruit destroying habits of starlings in this country, I pooh-poohed the matter, but luckily kept my pen quiet, for in the London Field, published in London, England, on Oct. 17 last, I came across an article which I read with the greatest interest, not to say astonishment, and which I hand you herewith for your perusal and for reproduction if you think fit. The last paragraph seems to me to be very instructive, suggesting as it does possible change of habits of birds in adopted countries. But may it not be possible that the serious damage done by starlings in Australia, cherries, apples, pears, grapes, apricots, etc., all coming alike to them, may be largely due to the extremely dry climate which parches the soil and prevents the birds from getting its accustomed diet of larvæ, insects and kindred food?

EDWARD BANKS.

IMPORTED BIRD PESTS IN AUSTRALIA.

From the London Field.

Some few months ago a South African correspondent of the Field asked for information regarding a proposed importation of the common starling (*Sturnus vulgaris*) to South Africa, particularly requiring to know whether there was any danger of its becoming a pest. In reply, Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier strongly emphasized the necessity for caution, exemplifying analogous cases of imported birds and beasts that had become great pests in their adopted homes. In this Mr. Tegetmeier advised very wisely, and if there is any country that has suffered, and is still suffering, to the extreme from the ill-judged acclimatization of foreign birds and animals it is Australia. The chief animal pests of Australia are mostly imported, and they include the rabbit, hare, fox, sparrow, and minah, and to these will shortly be added the very bird that your South African correspondent wished to import—the starling.

The sparrow, of course, is the bird pest par excellence at present. The present writer remembers well the first sparrows that were seen in his native town, in Central Victoria, and the enthusiasm that the impudent, common looking, little brown visitors excited in the British-born residents. It would have been a risky proceeding to have killed a sparrow in those days. That was not much more than twenty years ago, and yet to-day sparrows are to be found in myriads over practically the whole of the continent. Every hedge is alive with them, and they swarm in thousands over the farm and grass lands of the country districts, while the gutters of the towns are full of them. They are such a pest to fruit and grain that many shire councils sell poisoned grain at cost price to encourage their destruction, and many agricultural societies give bonuses for eggs and heads, and offer prizes to boys for the largest collections of eggs and heads during a season. Like the rabbits, every man's (and boy's) hand is against them; but—still like the rabbit—they continue to increase. The climate is so equable that they breed more freely than they do in Britain, and they have no trouble in securing food the whole year round. So that the day when the first pairs of sparrows were let loose in Victoria is a black letter day in our calendar.

In spite of this lesson, however, the indiscriminate importation of foreign birds continues. Such birds as the thrush, goldfinch and blackbird were thought to need no apology, and so far but few complaints have been heard of them. The finch has spread over a large portion of Victoria, as has also the thrush, but the blackbird is not so common. The showy appearance and rather pleasing note of the starling were probably thought sufficient to justify his importation, together with the fact that his British diet was mostly insectivorous. But, during the past two years, stories of his depredations in orchards and vineyards have been increasing so alarmingly, that at last definite action is to be taken. During the vintage of 1902, in March and April, a well-known South Australian vigneron wrote to the press in the following strong terms:

"During the present vintage the birds have been exceedingly troublesome at M'Laren Vale. Immense flocks of starlings, estimated at over 3,000, have been

hovering about the district during the grain season. It has been a difficult task to keep them off the vineyards. I have had to employ seven men for at least a month to shoot and frighten them. . . . Starlings have been considerably worse this year, and appear to be largely augmented in numbers. I can't see how we can reduce them, as they have three broods in the year, and there are, perhaps, four or five in a brood. . . . One cannot get at their nests, as they build in high trees and inaccessible places. As far as I know, no one has succeeded in poisoning the starling, like sparrows. Starlings are bound to be a serious trouble to vignerons in the future."

This year so many complaints were made in Victoria that the Government entomologist, Mr. C. French, has instituted a special inquiry into the matter, and has issued circulars requesting information. Up to the present the replies, according to the horticultural editor of the Melbourne Leader, constitute a heavy indictment of the starling. Mr. E. Hopton, one of the oldest and best known horticulturists in Victoria, whose property is situated near Geelong, after stating that his English experience was to the effect that the starling rarely ate fruit, reports that:

"Here, however, the bird has developed into a pest of the worst order. . . . Two years ago I dissected several starlings, and the stomachs were filled with grape seeds and some cherry stones. . . . The starlings fly in flocks into the cherry and apricot trees when the fruit is ripe, and destroy as much, if not more, than they eat. After the cherry and apricot season is over, they direct their attention to the apples and pears."

Mr. J. Brunning, another well-known grower of fruit, had a remarkable experience:

"A flock of starlings, about 600 in number, visited my orchard, and within half an hour destroyed the fruit on trees covering about eight acres, a fine crop of Jonathan apples suffering severely."

The Bendigo Vine and Fruit Growers' Association—one of the largest in the State—has decided to support the abolition of the close season for starlings, and the Fruit Growers' Annual Conference, held in Melbourne in August, carried a resolution to the same effect.

It will be seen, therefore, that the starling pest has become a serious matter. Curiously enough, as the preceding paragraph implies, the starling at present is protected by statute, the protection being actually for the whole of the year. The penalties, too, are heavy. For killing a starling a £2 fine may be imposed, and for poisoning one £10, while 10s. per egg is the fine for nest robbing. In each of the first two cases the value of the birds, £1 each, is added to the fine. Even when this now ridiculous protection is removed, as is certain to be done shortly, the orchard owner will have a difficult task before him to keep down the pest.

This experience is, therefore, another serious warning against the indiscriminate acclimatization of birds, and one of the chief facts that it teaches is that birds which may be harmless, or even useful, in their native countries, often turn out the very reverse in the country of their adoption. Another lesson taught is that the climatic and other conditions of their adopted country may induce them to breed more freely than was formerly their habit, and to in other ways increase their numbers unchecked. These two facts alone indicate the pitfalls and difficulties that beset the path of that well-intentioned but always dangerous person, the acclimatizer.

F. R.

The Texas Prairie Dog.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The prairie dog in western Texas is doomed. That is, he is if an act of the Legislature will have any effect in his case, but I am afraid that it won't.

Except the sheepman and his sheep there is probably no living thing in Texas, not even the gray wolf, that gets more left-handed compliments from the cattlemen than the little prairie dog. A colony of them can, in a short time, destroy as much grass as would support 100 head of cattle. Destroying it is the proper term, for they not only eat off the grass, but dig down to the roots and eat them also. The sheepman and his sheep can be got rid of; he and they can be run off, but not the prairie dog. He stays and multiplies. The rabbit has been given the credit of raising large families; the prairie dog can give the rabbit not only the cards and spades, but the rest of the pack, and then beat him when it comes to increasing the population.

When he has killed off all the grass in his neighborhood, and has made it more of a desert than it was before, he does not remain to starve, not by any means; he just moves on further west and begins in a new spot.

Cattle won't eat grass that sheep have been grazing over; this is why cattlemen and sheepmen cannot live in the same county. But the prairie dog does not leave them any to eat where he has been grazing.

Some of the ranchmen have tried to feed the dog on poisoned wheat; it does not work. A few dogs in each of the colonies are wise enough to let the wheat alone and confine their diet to grass; and they, after the rest have been killed off, soon restock the colony again.

The bisulphide of carbon works better; it can be poured down into the burrow, then the mouth of the burrow stopped up and that finishes the dogs in there; but while one man is doing this, his neighbor, who also has a large colony of dogs on his ranch, lets them alone, and they soon send out a colony to replace the one that has been smothered to death.

The last Legislature directed that in each county in the State where the dog is found an election shall be held to determine if he shall continue to be found there or not; and if a majority of the voters say he shall not, then he will have to go; and anyone who has him and who does not kill him will be fined. But the penalty is not large enough, and in consequence of that some men will do as they are doing now, let the dogs alone and run the risk of having to pay a fine. The risk of being fined is not great. Before he is fined a man will have to be sued by his neighbor, and he won't often be brought to book; his neighbor will not want to start a feud that might hurt him worse than these dogs would.

The law may work, but I doubt it; and from what I know of these dogs (and if I don't know them now it is not the dogs' fault; I have seen enough of them and kept them as pets), and if I might be allowed to express an opinion, it would be that the grandsons of these men about the year 1953 will still be killing prairie dogs, and will have left enough of them after they have got through with them to employ their grandsons in their turn along about the close of the century.

I would be sorry to hear that the comical little rascal had gone to join the buffalo. He is one of the most prominent objects to be met with in some parts of southwest Texas, he and his town often being the only things except sage brush to be seen for miles in any direction. He will sit up on his hind legs at the mouth of his hole and bark at the passing stranger until you pull a trigger on him; then just the fraction of a second before your ball reaches him he is down in his hole out of sight.

You may think you have hit him, but if you watch that hole a few minutes you will see his head stuck out of it; he is trying to find out whether you are still there or not. It was only the atmosphere you hit, not the dog.

I have seen a good many of them shot at, and have wasted more shots on them myself than I would have done if I had the ammunition to pay for, but I never saw many of them shot.

CABIA BLANCO.

Mammals from Old and New Mexico.

Two papers by Dr. J. A. Allen, extracted from the Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History, describe certain mammals collected by J. H. Batty in New and Old Mexico, the Mexican provinces investigated being Durango and Sinaloa.

The country passed over had been almost unworked by collectors, and is quite distant from any point where thorough collection had previously been done. The altitude ranges from 6,800 to 8,500 feet, and the mammalian fauna, while scanty is unexpectedly rich in new form, while in respect to coloration and some other features, its species present distinctive peculiarities. As a whole, the fauna of this region more closely resembles that of the southern border of Arizona than it does that of the upper Rio Grande region of Texas and New Mexico.

The collection contains about 600 specimens representing 34 species, measurements taken by the collector in the flesh are in most cases given.

Among the animals described are a number of new species and sub-species, of which the most interesting to the sportsman are two deer, one of them called after the collector, *Odocoileus battyi*, is of the Virginia deer type and is similar in size and coloration to *O. couesi*, but is markedly different in skull. This animal, according to the collector, is not a timber deer, but frequents the high, almost treeless, mountain tops, like a mountain sheep. It is said to be not very common, and to be hard to approach on account of the open character of the country.

The other deer, *O. sinaloa*, is also of the white tail deer type. It is represented only by two young males.

The new lynx, of the bay lynx type, comes from near Escuinapa, in Sinaloa, and has received its subspecific name from that town.

A new coyote (*Canis impavidus*) from northwestern Durango, adds another to the multitude of small wolves of the West. It appears that in Mexico coyotes are much the same as elsewhere, for Mr. Batty says in his notes that in the valley of the Rio Sestín, "coyotes greatly annoy the ranchmen in the winter months. They are very bold, often entering corrals in the day, killing calves, sheep and goats. I have known them to take small pigs from the steps of the squatters' huts." Some of them also entered his camp one night and tried to steal deer skins, which were lying about.

A Story of a Spotted Adder.

THIS important news item was published in the Boston Post, Sept. 24, 1903, as a special dispatch from Hobart, N. Y.:

BABY'S FIGHT WITH SNAKE.

TWO-YEAR-OLD CHILD PROBABLY FATALLY BITTEN.

HOBART, N. Y., Sept. 23.—Two-year-old Helen Vandusen, the daughter of William Vandusen, was probably fatally bitten in an encounter with a spotted adder while playing on her father's farm near here. She fought the snake and was bitten four times, the reptile finally being killed by her mother, who was attracted by the cries of the child.

A well-known Boston sportsman who read it was moved to investigate the basis of the yarn; and to that end addressed a letter to the postmaster of Hobart, with questions, which, with the answers, are given below. The letter of inquiry explained: "There is a dispute between another person and myself as to whether a spotted adder is poisonous or not. There is no book on snakes which acknowledges that this variety is poisonous. Would it be too much trouble, or asking too much of you, to answer any of the following questions in stamped envelope inclosed?"

The questions and answers were:

Is any such family known in your place? Yes.

Have you ever heard of such accident? Yes.

If there was is there any truth to the story? Two small children out playing; no one saw the snake; more likely a dog.

Did the child get bitten? Yes.

If so, was she poisoned by the bite? No.

Was it a spotted adder? No.

Is the whole story a fake? Just about, only child was bitten.

If true, did the child die? No.

American Ornithologists' Union.

THE twenty-first annual congress of the American Ornithologist Union, met in Philadelphia last Monday, President C. Hart Merriam in the chair.

Game Bag and Gun.

All communications intended for **FOREST AND STREAM** should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Game Laws in Brief

is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the Brief.

A Peculiar Moose Head.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In answer to your letter requesting me to give you some information concerning the capture of my interesting moose, I inclose a photograph showing the unusual growth of antlers; a double palm on one side, double brow antlers on the other.

The only incident of note in the capture was that my rifle missed fire twice. We were hunting at the headwaters of the Joco River in Ontario. I had seen ten moose on this trip without firing a shot, for none of the heads were of exceptional size. The cow and calf accompanying the old fellow started when we were about 25 yards away; my Indian Francois had been tracking them for some half hour; a moment later we saw the old bull walking away showing only a little patch of his side here and there as he passed between the hard wood trees. When the hammer of my rifle clicked he stopped and turned, apparently quite willing to dispute possession with my rival. At the second click he turned again and walked briskly in the direction the cow had taken. There are no oaths in the Indian tongue, but we have a few spare words in our language for such occasions, and with these Francois seemed perfectly familiar; not in loud boastful

look alike. One stuffs the skin full to the limit of its stretching capacity, giving your moose an altogether Hebraic expression; another folds the skin under, tucks it away, shrivels it up till your moose looks ashamed of having a nose at all. The truth is, the nose is ever changing in shape.

The nasal bones are shorter than in the horse or ox, and the septum nasi much longer and deeper, and it is the depth of this cartilage varying greatly in different specimens that gives some moose the pronounced Roman nose. The muscles that lift this heavy muffle are particularly well developed (especially the levator labii superioris alæque nasi), and the play of these muscles are ever changing the shape. The upper lip, unlike the wapiti and deer, in which animals it is devoid of hair between the nostrils, is well clothed in the moose except for a little T-shaped depression in the median line; thus making the bulky, ungainly looking muffle the daintiest of instruments with which to pick up a sprig of ground hemlock or pull down a twig of viburnum.

I have on several occasions been fortunate enough to creep very close to moose when feeding—within fifteen yards, perhaps—and had opportunity to watch the play of their nostrils, when, upon showing ourselves, they tried to wind us. One time we came so close that when we stood up an old cow immediately flattened her ears and charged. Francois threw his hat in her face; this dismayed her for a moment, and then she turned to follow the others into the balsam thicket. It is amazing how silently these animals can move through the forest. There has been much written about their low shuffling gait, but, on the contrary, they trot with high knee and hock action, as any animal of necessity must that travels on a walk or trot over so much fallen timber.

There is one point in connection with the shedding of antlers that may be worth mentioning. The circular artery which nourishes the antler through the vascular covering popularly known as the velvet, is constricted by the hardening burr at the base of the antler when the



A PECULIAR MOOSE HEAD.

profanity of the city, but in suppressed, almost unintelligible tones he cursed me, the moose, the ammunition, even the rifle that he had come to believe infallible.

You may know that I was a little flurried; more so, perhaps, than in any hunting experience, for I could see that the moose was of great size, and I realized that if the next cartridge failed he would be out of sight; but the third cartridge did not fail.

While paddling across Island Lake to camp, I asked, "What were you trying to tell me when my rifle missed fire?" The answer was: "Seems want get very big moose, seems dunno how."

While no harm can come to any gregarious species through the killing of a few old males, yet the killing, the taking of life, is the only unpleasant part of a hunting trip. Childhood is destructive. The boy who experiences no sensation save of delight, providing the teacher does not catch him while pulling the wings from a fly, or in successful rifle practice upon the neighbor's cat, growing into the wider fields of sport and thought, following the game into its home, acquiring a knowledge of its life, becoming acquainted with it, begets an interest and a love for it above the killing, and frequently the most successful hunters become the strongest advocates of game protection.

It is not the sportsman who destroys the game, it is the sportsman who protects it; but so long as man is a flesh-eating animal, so long as the law of the survival of the fittest obtains, so long as one life must be sacrificed that another may be prolonged, so long will mawkish sentimentality be out of place in game preservation.

And yet are there not thousands of hunters who each year pack upon their backs meat that someone has killed in Chicago, labor for days to carry it in to some remote camp, and eat of this product of life that someone has taken for gain rather than kill their friends of the wilderness—friends they have learned to love?

I have written all this because there seems to be a widespread impression that the man who goes for a little while each year to be rich without gold, content without gratified ambition, for a little while to be free—an impression that he goes to slay.

One of the first questions visitors ask in examining my moose heads is, "Why do they have such a nose?" No two moose look alike. No two taxidermists make them

latter has attained its growth. The velvet now dies and drops or is rubbed off against saplings. A little circulation is still maintained directly into the base of the antler. In verification of this I once found a dead moose that had become cast by his thigh being caught beneath a projecting point of rock. Whether he had been shot before being in this predicament or cast by accident I am unable to state, as he was lying in such a position that we could not turn him over to examine the under side for a bullet wound. In his struggles he had broken off both antlers at the shedding point, but before the shedding season—it being about the middle of October. The moose had so recently died that the blood was still oozing from the skull surface where the antler had been attached. But very little blood passes in this way, however, and so far as nourishment goes the antler is practically dead tissue.

There has been a great blood supply given to the rapidly growing antler; this is suddenly cut off and deviated into the general circulation. Isn't it quite possible that the physiological congestion so produced has some bearing upon the sense of vigor that comes over males of all the deer family at this season, and accounts for that restless, running, fighting mood which constitutes the rutting time, and which precedes the rutting period?

HAMILTON VREELAND.

The Connecticut Game Supply.

NEW YORK, NOV. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: As my summer residence is in New Haven county, Conn., each fall during November I hunt there after partridges and quail, and it is a painfully but plainly evident fact that game of all kinds is not gradually but rapidly disappearing. This fall partridges and quail were scarce indeed.

Unless the Legislature of Connecticut speedily passes a law making not less than two closed seasons on game birds, and further allowing shooting only during the month of November, there will soon be no game birds at all. The imperative need of this is staring us in the face. There should be no halting in deciding that closed seasons must at once be ordered.

Every effort possible should be exerted to save and protect the game in Connecticut.

COURTLAND BARCOCK.

The Adirondack Deer Season.

UTICA, N. Y., Oct. 16.—Guides, woodsmen and veteran hunters generally seem to be of the opinion that there are more deer in the Adirondacks now than there were twenty years ago or even a decade since. The fact that the deer are apparently gaining ground slowly but surely under the partial protection that is afforded them is extremely gratifying, for it seems to indicate clearly that with an augmented corps of game officials and a better enforcement of the existing laws, they would in a few years become so plentiful that almost anyone who desired to do so could easily obtain a shot.

It is not thought that the aggregate number killed this fall will greatly exceed the total of a year ago. More satisfactory results could not reasonably be expected than were obtained in 1902, for the number of deer killed then exceeded that of the average for recent years. The conditions were such during a good part of this season as to render it difficult to move about in the woods a great deal without making noise enough to alarm anything but a fool deer. In the Adirondacks deer answering to this description are notably scarce, for their education has not been neglected, and they invariably act as if they knew by instinct, intuition or knowledge born of past experience, when the hunting season begins and whether a man is carrying a gun or a fishing rod. It has repeatedly been observed that deer which were apparently quite tame and lacking in fear of man during the summer months, would forsake their old haunts with the advent of September and flee for their lives at the cracking of a twig under the human foot. They may not have been shot at or pursued, but they seem to realize that they are in danger, and act accordingly. It may be argued that this is purely imagination on the part of the hunters, but there are many who believe that the deer know a thing or two which the public generally does not give them credit for knowing. In various portions of the Adirondacks this peculiarity of the deer was particularly noticeable this year.

During the summer the animals were seen in unusual numbers, often times in localities which they had not frequented before for many years, and they were reported to be very bold. But after Sept. 1 their habits underwent a decided change, for they manifested no inclination whatever to show themselves. It is time that a few of the less wary ones were shot during the opening days of the season by hunters who were watching for them on the ponds, lakes and streams in the wilderness, but these were exceptional instances, and subsequently this mode of hunting proved almost futile. Still-hunting was attended with but little better results so long as the foliage remained intact on the small trees and bushes, for it was impossible to see any considerable distance in the depths of the woods. By the last week in October, however, the leaves had mostly fallen, and the conditions for hunting were vastly improved, particularly so as there were two or three light falls of snow. Hunters then began to do more deadly work than they had been doing previously, and it is safe to say that the bulk of the deer killed this fall were shot within the past three weeks. It is a subject of such common remark among hunters who have visited the Adirondacks this year that they have seen a good many deer which for various reasons they did not shoot at, it tends to strengthen the belief that deer are more numerous there than they were at one time.

Owing to the unfortunate precedent which has been established in past years, the public has come to look for a formidable list of shooting accidents in the Adirondack region, during the deer hunting season. This fall, as usual, there have been a number of such casualties, although not as many as in some years. Deer hunters are evidencing a greater degree of caution than they did at one time, and it is gratifying to note that the dangerous practice of firing at every moving bush on the theory that there is probably game behind it, is rapidly dying out. Many hunters now wear red hats, red coats, red or white sweaters, and red shirts, while roaming about the woods in quest of deer, and it is believed to be a very commendable idea and a wise precaution. Bright colors do not alarm the deer, and the hunter who is attired in red has exactly as good a chance of obtaining sight of game as he would if he wore brown, gray or black, while the risk of his being mistaken for a deer or bear by some other hunter and perforated with a rifle ball is materially lessened. In the majority of cases the hunter who frightens a deer so that it escapes before he can obtain a shot at it, does so by some noise which he makes and not by the color of his clothing. Men who are experienced in woodcraft insist that it makes little or no difference, so far as alarming the deer goes, what colors a person may see fit to wear, for it is his movements, which in nine cases out of ten cause the game to become suspicious and seek safety in flight. Even though the hunter is moving noiselessly, if the deer sees him and observes that the strange object which has attracted its attention is in motion and probably approaching, that is sufficient, as a rule, to frighten the animal. In view of these facts, it is safe to assert that the red-coated hunter, if he happens to be standing or sitting still at the moment a deer discovers him, will be far less likely to alarm the animal than a man attired in any color would while moving about. Guides and hunters alike have come to recognize the necessity of exercising great caution in order to guard against shooting casualties, and it is now a common thing for members of a hunting party to warn each other before starting a day's trip not to shoot at any object unless they know positively that it is not a human being. It is sincerely hoped that people who frequent the wilderness on hunting excursions will continue to use due caution in this respect, as this is apparently the only way in which shooting accidents can be prevented. Reports from Sullivan county indicate that the deer hunting season in that part of the State, which began Nov. 1 and closed yesterday, has been an exceedingly lively one. There were upwards of 500 hunters on hand for the opening of the sport, and it is probable there

were at least a thousand men in quest of deer in that county during the fortnight that shooting was permitted. Many more deer were killed there than were taken last season. One of the finest specimens shot was a twelve-pronged buck, weighing 220 pounds, which was killed by Bruce LeRoy. The last fortnight was the second open season on Sullivan county for seven years, that of 1902 being the first. Deer are said to be very plentiful in the Catskill State Forest Preserve.

Many very large bucks were among the prizes secured in the Adirondacks. George Benton, of Utica, while hunting near Minnehaha in the Moose River region, early in October, shot a ten-pronged buck weighing 230 pounds. The latter part of October Seth W. Pride, of Holland Patent, brought down a 250-pound buck at Horn Lake. Schuyler S. Bardlong, of Chicago, while on a hunting trip near Star Lake, brought in a buck weighing 250 pounds and with antlers having seven prongs. Captain William Connor, of New York, while stopping at the De Forrest Angling Association club house, not far from Boonville, went out shooting and killed a 250-pound buck having handsome antlers. One of the largest deer ever killed in the northern part of the State, was shot by Ed. Flood, an old hunter, and exhibited in Antwerp last month. It was a 15-prong buck and weighed 247 pounds hog dressed, the estimated weight when first killed, being 300 pounds. It was shot near Alpine, twelve miles from Antwerp. Last Saturday the carcass of a buck weighing 250 pounds, bearing the card of J. F. Dorrance, Camden, was shipped through Utica by rail. A mammoth buck, weighing 300 pounds, consigned to a New York man, was also shipped through here on the same day. It is estimated that about 1,000 carcasses of deer have been handled by the American Express Company at Utica during the season which just closed. This city, being the southern terminus of the Black River division of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad, which skirts the western portion of the Adirondacks, as well as practically the terminus of the Mohawk and Malone Railroad, which traverses the heart of the great wilderness, is the natural outlet for a vast territory, and the shipments of venison to and from this point are annually very large. It is generally conceded that there were more hunters in the Adirondacks this fall than ever before, but whether or not the statistics will eventually show that the number of deer killed was larger than in any preceding year remains to be seen. In addition to the cervine animals, which have been shot by Adirondack sportsmen during the past few weeks, several large black bears have been killed at different points in the wilderness and along the outskirts.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

In Massachusetts.

BOSTON, Nov. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This week has been crowded with events of interest to sportsmen. Mr. Wm. Dehon King, of Newport, R. I., just returned from a moose hunt in New Brunswick, called to show several fine photos which he took of the large bull which he secured, and gave a graphic account of the event, which led up to his success in obtaining a choice head. Mr. King left on Wednesday for a foxhunting trip in southern New Hampshire. From Mr. A. D. Thayer I obtained an interesting rehearsal of the successful trip of the Franklin sportsmen and others to New Brunswick. Mr. Thayer's brother Herbert, member of the Legislature; Dr. Martin, Messrs. Rockwood, Hosea, Stott, Woodard and Chapman, all of Franklin, Lawyer Baker, of Brookline, and Mr. Brown, of Wrentham, were of the party. They went in from Vanceboro to the camps of the Rockhaven Hunting and Fishing Club, which has a membership of sixty, chiefly from Massachusetts. Mr. Hosea got a bear. Mr. Thayer and others succeeded in getting deer. Mr. Thayer says it is a fine region for game, that thirty-five deer, besides moose and bear, have been killed by visitors to the camps this year.

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 11, your correspondent was royally entertained by the Greenfield Sportsman's Club, at the annual game supper. Venison, 'coon, pigeons and rabbit pie were features of the menu, and the work of the chef was first class. The president, Mr. Charles C. Russell, introduced Major A. N. Pierce as toastmaster. The Major put the members in good humor by several anecdotes, and showed much readiness as an experienced master of ceremonies, not forgetting to emphasize the important objects for which the club was organized. There were about 140 members at the tables, nearly all of whom are practical sportsmen. Among the speakers were Mr. Gerett, member of the Legislature last winter; his successor, Mr. Atherton, and Representative Ward, who has been re-elected for the coming year. Messrs. Gerett and Ward spoke in terms of high praise of the work of the State Commission and expressed their great appreciation of the courteous bearing of Captain Collins in their intercourse with him last winter, and of the ability he has shown in conducting his department. If the Captain could have heard all the good things said of him and the many regrets expressed for his enforced absence, I think it would have added some years to his life.

President Russell and his brother officers have reason to congratulate themselves on the flourishing condition of the club. Among the speakers were Vice-President Dr. L. A. Newton, Dr. Severance and several other members of the club.

It afforded your correspondent much pleasure to renew the acquaintance made last year with Secretary J. D. Fontaine and Directors D. W. Collins and Wm. Leipple.

President Russell and others had plans for going out for birds the next day, but they all told me they had found the partridges scarce this season. Deer are frequently seen in all parts of Franklin county.

Thursday evening the State Association had its first meeting of the season at the Copley Square Hotel with a very good attendance. President Reed occupied the chair, and a committee of seven was appointed to nominate officers for the coming year, of which Dr. E. W. Branigan, the librarian, is chairman. Mr. Ivers

W. Adams gave a very instructive and interesting talk on salmon fishing, in which he has had great experience in New Brunswick waters. Two of the most experienced moose hunters of Massachusetts, Dr. M. A. Morris and Dr. Heber Bishop, described their recent experiences in New Brunswick to the great delight of all present.

These descriptions were so vivid and brought out so many valuable points in reference to methods employed that I will try to furnish your readers an abstract of them in a future letter. Several of those present who are accustomed to hunt moose have said to me that they would not have missed that meeting for a good deal.

Last Monday an officer, while attempting to arrest two Italians with guns, in Middlesex Falls, was shot in the face by one of the miscreants. The one who fired at the officer escaped, but his companion was captured. The officer's face will be disfigured, but fortunately no shot entered his eyes. I wrote you previously in regard to Tom Burney's experience. It is devoutly to be wished some of these scoundrels could be punished to the full extent of the law as an example.

Mr. I. O. Converse, president of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club, was one of ten new members elected on Thursday to membership of the State Association. He spoke of his experiences in the brush in (northern) Worcester county. Woodcock, he says, have been more plenty than usual, partridge not quite up to the average.

Mr. Kinney says in towns near his city there are hardly any partridge, and he regards the situation as very serious. Taking a look through Faneuil Hall market to-day, I was surprised to see the dearth of all birds of the season, except ducks, and these not over-abundant. Several recent accidents to hunters in Maine are reported, one in which Mr. E. C. Lewis, of Cambridge, mistook G. H. Spinney, of Staceyville, for a deer.

Colonel Wm. A. Gaston, recently candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, is now on his way from Maine, where he secured two bucks.

I am indebted to Col. E. B. Parker for returns from Windham county, Vermont, showing that 45 deer were shot there this year, about twice as many as last year. The bear shot by Mr. Howard on Mt. Tabor, is reported to have been quite a source of profit—\$10 as bounty, \$30 for the hide, \$40 for oil obtained from the fat.

Dr. Heber Bishop left to-day for Chain of Ponds, Maine. Several members of the Runaway Club, with guests, are going to Clearwater (Allen's Mills), Maine, next week.

CENTRAL.

Maine Records.

BANGOR, Maine, Nov. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The week just past has proved to be a record breaker, just as your correspondent came near predicting it would when writing a week ago. Among the noticeable records broken by the week's shipments are the records for a day's shipments, which in number of deer and number of total pieces of game passing over these railroad lines which center in this city was greater on Friday than in any day since a record began to be kept, and again in the number of non-residents, proportionately, taking game out of the State for this season. On the day in question, the 13th, the total shipments of deer amounted to 202; of moose, 14, making a total of 216 pieces handled by the express agents who run into this city from eastern and northern points.

Another record broken, which we may well wish had remained as it was, is the record for no loss of life, or, indeed, serious injury among the hunters. For many years the list of accidental deaths in the woods from mistaking someone for a deer has been large, far too large for the timid to take any chances with, and so many have been kept from the woods who would, otherwise, have ventured on a hunting trip. With the passing of October it was noticeable that no one had thus far been shot for game, and it was earnestly hoped the slate would remain clean. Hardly had the wish been expressed before word came of an awful accident on Mud Brook, about seven miles above Stacyville, by which George H. Spinney, of the latter place, had been seriously wounded. Spinney was guiding E. C. Lewis, of Cambridge, Mass., who has been making trips into the Maine woods for many seasons and ought to know better than to take any chances in deer shooting, especially when he doesn't know the exact location of his guide. Yet, after he and the guide had separated, and he saw a bush move, he blazed away with his .40-72 high velocity rifle, and the bullet struck Spinney in the leg, almost up to the groin, shattering the bone and making a very serious wound. For two hours or more the wounded man was obliged to lie in the snow and suffer while Mr. Lewis, who did what he could before leaving, was gone to the camp for aid. A physician was summoned from Sherman, and everything possible done at the camp to relieve Spinney's suffering, and as soon as possible he was brought to Bangor, where he is in the Eastern Maine General Hospital, while the surgeons are wondering how they will be able to save his leg. Mr. Lewis is in town with him and seeing that he has every possible comfort and attention, and the wardens have investigated and reported the case to the Commissioners, who may decide to prosecute the sportsman under the law specially provided in such case, and under which no judgment has yet been pronounced by a Maine court.

In the great number of heads secured by sportsmen of the past week or so, there are a few deer heads deserving of special mention, which have come to the writer's personal notice, although there are very likely some quite as good taken through to out of the State points, that have not been examined by your correspondent. To get such specimens as these is worth almost as much as to get a moose head, and, in fact, there have been secured deer heads in Maine that brought three times what a fair, every-day moose head, well mounted, would bring. Perhaps the most striking of these was one secured by John Cameron, of this city, and, by the way, the finest sets of deer antlers seen in Bangor this fall were from deer shot by residents of the State. This Cameron head was a re-

markable specimen, spreading 28¾ inches and having 19 points, a head that would have to be seen to be fully appreciated. Perhaps second in beauty, but far more irregular in the direction of the points, yet singularly regular in having the same variations on each horn, was that secured by E. C. Parker, of Bar Harbor, and who hunted on Machias River waters at a camp on Crooked River. The horns had 21 points, and would spread about 20 inches. The buck that bore this kingly crown was a monster, weighing 240 pounds, dressed for shipment. Perhaps the widest spreading antlers of these big deer sets were those on the deer shot above Sherman by E. N. Outhouse, of that town, and who is having them mounted to present to a sportsman friend. Those horns spread 29½ inches, and bore but 12 points, those points, however, being very long and graceful, and evenly arranged. The fourth striking head is one secured by O. A. Cowan, of Kingman, and is almost like a bush, so narrow is the spread of the horns and so close together the points, which are of exceptional size, almost, indeed, deserving of the term massive. There are 18 well defined points, and a peck basket could readily be placed over the horns, covering them completely.

The members of the Forest City Hunting Club who have been in Maine this season to try once more their success in hunting Maine game, have gone home to Cleveland, O., without a moose, but they have had a splendid time in the Ox Bow region, where they went this time. In the party were President Mark Hutchison, Secretary H. E. Doty, H. C. Hutchison, Dr. M. A. Able, S. A. Hand, and U. J. Smith, and they carried home twelve deer, having been in camp three weeks.

Landlord H. E. Capen, of Augusta, has gone home from his camp on Deer Island, Moosehead Lake, with a fine moose, which he secured in the woods above the lake.

Wm. H. Trotter, of Philadelphia, who is a thorough sportsman, but is most ably seconded by his wife, who is ready to rough it if need be to secure her trophies, has returned with her from the Eagle Lake trip, and brought out two moose heads and three bucks.

One of the very nice heads killed in Maine this fall has lately been brought out from Van Buren by I. N. Chase, of Malden, Mass., and measured 54 inches spread.

E. T. Price, of Philadelphia, who made the Allagash trip with A. W. Wister, Jr., of the same city, was among the very fortunate sportsmen who secured a fine moose head, and has gone home delighted with his month's outing in the Maine woods.

Others whose trips might be mentioned at more length, but for lack of space, are: L. A. Chatman, of Boston, who brought out a moose from Portage; H. D. Sears, of Lynn, Mass., whose moose came from up the line of the B. & A. R. R.; Abram W. Sargent, of New York, who was in the territory beyond Patten, and brought out a moose; Dr. W. Francis Decker, of Philadelphia, who went into the Big Machias waters above Ashland; George Killam, of Dresden, this State, who took his moose out from Patten, and many others.

One of the noticeable features of the season's sport is the number of white deer, three having been sent to one taxidermist establishment in this city to be set up whole.

The commissioners report that they have sold 1,300 non-resident licenses this season, and those in the woods will now look for a great increase in the warden service, as the announcement concludes that the money derived will be enough to keep twenty more wardens in the woods throughout the year.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

Me en Ellick en Ben.

"ELICK, pa jes now tole me dat a lot er rich Yan-kees was comin' to Mis' Corry's dis eb'nin ter hunt er hole week, an' dat Mis' Corry wan' 'im ter bring ole Ben ter-morrer en go huntin' wid 'em, but he say 'e gotter ten ter 'is corn housin' en can' go, en 'e wan' me ter take de dorg! You wan' go?"

"Yas, but yer reck'n dey gwine let us go huntin' wid em?"

"Dono, but er reck'n dey'll let us go 'long en hole de hosses en tote rabbits. Ennyhow, you came en go wid me in de mornin', en when dey fines ole Ben won' stay wid 'em dout I'm 'long ter keep 'im, er reck'n dey'll let us go wid 'em. You come up early'n de mornin', ennyhow."

The above conversation was held one crisp November afternoon at the back door of an old Colonial mansion in Culpepper county, Virginia, between the writer, then a boy about twelve years of age, and one of his colored playmates, the son of "Unc' Buck," the old family house servant, who, thank God, is yet alive, although nearing the century mark.

As with all Southern country boys, my playmates were the negro youths on the farm, and in conversing with them, invariably the negro dialect was used, and generally on all other occasions also, unless on "company manners," when very little of anything was said, unless addressed, and then replies were delivered with painful bashfulness.

Hunting, however, although I did not carry a gun, except surreptitiously, that being expressly forbidden, was then, as now, my favorite recreation, and there was no greater pleasure in life than riding double behind my father on his numerous shooting jaunts about the neighborhood, unless it was hunting and running "rabbits" with the negro boys, old Ben and numerous and sundry "niggers," curs, between whose owners and myself the question of who possessed the fastest rabbit dog was ever a bone of friendly contention. But old Ben was hard to beat. He was a large, almost solid liver pointer, without any pedigree whatever, but when out with my father, no better quail dog could be found in the State. I knew it then and I know it now, in the light of much after experience, but just let him go hunting with me and the "boys." My! it was good-by to Miss Molly, if she couldn't find a groundhog's hole, and he paid no more attention to quail than if he had never seen one. Ellick, whose full name was Alexander, was also, in one respect, a very remarkable boy; he possessed a wonderful ability for throwing rocks, and many a hare have I seen him knock over as he attempted to pass him with every muscle working overtime to keep ahead of Ben, who, with short, anxious, almost whining yelps that made your every fiber tingle,

was reaching for her at every leap. Those were great and glorious days, and many a ringing and merry laugh I've had when a hare, just as we thought her caught, would suddenly double in her tracks, and over the dog would go in a somersault in his frantic effort to seize her as she darted under his snapping jaws. But up and after her he would go at once, and of Miss Molly's troubles he would soon relieve her, unless she quickly found a sanctuary in some hole or a rock fence. The latter, of course, entailed a partial destruction of the fence.

As agreed, early the next morning, Ellick saddled up old Sam, still wearing the honorable chevrons he earned in the Civil War, a "U. S." branded on each shoulder, and mounting double on the old war horse, we started for the adjoining farm.

"Mis' Frank, whut dem Yankees wan' old Ben fur, ain' dey got no dorgs er dey own?"

"Er dono whut dey wan' 'im fur, 'cause pa says dey got de fines' dorgs yer eber see, dey got sum dat coss more'n er hundred dollars, en dey puts blankets on em jes' like Unc' Tom do on 'Supprise' en de udder bluded hosses. Dey mus' be good dorgs, dough, 'cause ole Ben didn' coss nuff'n, en dar ain' no dorgs roun' here dat kin beat 'im much."

"Dat de truf, sho's yer born, 'cep'n hits my ole dorg Jim."

"Yon dem dorgs now. Look at dat white setter dorg, he look like he jes' ben wash, now."

"Ya, en er reck'n dat's dey brag pinter dorg up dar on de poach what hole he haid so high, like he gwine fine pattergies in de trees."

"Goo' mor'n, Mis' Corry."

"Good morning, Frank, where's your father?"

"He could'n com' ter day, sur, cause 'e's git'n 'is corn in, so 'e saunt me'n Ellick ter bring ole Ben, en 'e tole me 'e reck'n me 'n Ellick hed better go hunt'n wid yer, 'cause Ben would'n stay wid yer ef me 'n him didn' stay."

"Say, sonny, is your dog a good one?" (this from one of the visitors.)

"Yassur, he rite good kinder dorg."

"Will he find quail and hold them?"

"Yassur, he kin fine 'em, en 'e stan' 'em orrite, too."

"Will he chase hares?"

"Yassur, sumtime he do, when 'e go rabbit hunt'n wid me 'n Ellick, en 'e kin kech 'em, too."

"Well, we do not want a hare chasing dog along, he will ruin the day's sport."

"He ain' gwine run 'em ef 'e no yer hunt'n birds."

"Very well, I guess you can come along and show us where the quail are, as Mr. Corry cannot go, but we are going to show you to-day what good dogs are, sonny."

"Yassur, ole Ben ain' gwine bother yer none, er reck'n."

So off we went, each visitor mounted, Ellick and I on Sam and the city dogs galloping over the field in a wild, joyous, aimless fashion, heads up and tails going a lively clip, which I learned was great style, a term until then unknown to me. They were certainly merry goers, and the way they ate up the ground was destined to put them out of the game at an early hour. But no birds, of course not—we were crossing a closely grazed blue grass sod, which old Ben well knew, and seeing the direction we took, he leisurely trotted a short distance ahead, leading the cavalcade to Smith's "old field," in those days a paradise for quail and hares. As we approached the "line" fence, over it the city dogs leaped and wildly they bounded through ragweed and underbrush, putting up one covey before we got down the "draw-bars" and paying absolutely no attention to the constant blasts of the whistles, which were to me an innovation, as the "Hie on!" "Steady!" and sassafras switch were the only training accessories with which I was familiar. The old brown dog crawled under the fence and then got down to business. He knew every inch of that field, far better than I, and very shortly it was:

"Hey! dar dey is, ole Ben got 'em," and sure enough, there he was, frozen stiff, on a ditch bank. Then such calling of dogs to "back" you never heard. Up came the white setter and rushed pell mell into the bevy, receiving as a reward therefor a look of surprise and contempt from Ben and a sound whipping from his owner. Such shooting you never saw—eight shots and only one bird to show for them, and out of all the din came Ellick's surprised ejaculation:

"Law! Mis' Frank, ain' no smoke come out'n dem guns."

And that was true; I had then my introduction to smokeless powder. Then followed flush after flush as the city dogs rushed wildly about, putting up bird after bird, each rise bringing forth a volume of execrations, the only redeeming feature on that covey being two undisturbed points by Ben, and his stock at once went to par.

"Dem dorgs ain' no 'count, nohow. Dey better take 'em home en let ole Ben hunt fur 'em. He ain' gwine run in de birds dat 'fool way."

"Dat so, Ellick, but dey ain' gwine keep dat up long. Dey gwine break deyself down 'fo' twelve er'clock. Er reck'n dey think ole Ben wuff rite smart by now."

As predicted, so it happened, and long before twelve o'clock all the high-bred hunters had been sent to the house, and from then on there was excellent sport over the country dog, who put up during the afternoon several of the grandstand plays, for which he was so famous in that neighborhood.

Only one event interrupted the sport, and that was the most exciting of the day for Ellick and myself. In going from one hunting ground to another, we were crossing a large open "new ground" field, with little cover, in the very middle of which the dog jumped a hare. The prospect of such a sight race was too much for our decorum, so down from the horse we slid and "hied on" and "whooped up" old Ben, and the fun we three had was something great. Straight up the nearest hill, the dog close behind, went the rabbit, and just as we thought her finished, she doubled, sending the pointer completely over on his back. Down the sheep path, in which I was following, she came, ears flat and eyes sparkling with fright, and instinctively

I stooped and held my old black, slouch hat right in the path. Thinking it a hole, Miss Molly dived right into it, and over went rabbit, hat and boy in a cloud of dust, as I made a frantic effort to get my hands on her, but through them she slipped, down the path and up the next hill she went like a streak of lightning, old Ben now again close at her heels. But the pace was too hot for her, and again she doubled, and, passing the line of horsemen, even they forgot their dignity and lustily cheered the race. But the old lady's end was near, for her course took her within twenty yards of Ellick, and a flying stone striking her head, ended her mad career.

The excitement over, I awakened to the scandalous breach of ethics and commenced to stammer some crude apology for both the dog and myself, but one of the men cut me short with, "That's all right, Bud, I would not have missed that chase for all the quails in the State."

That was a great day's sport, but it had a sad ending for me. The hunt terminating on Fleetwood farm, the most direct way home for Ellick and myself was through Brandy Station, and as we had been given all the hares shot that day, the temptation to trade some of them for ginger cakes and stick candy was too great for our youthful ideas of sportsmanship.

Meeting my companion the following morning in the cow pen, the following conversation occurred:

"What yer ben cry'n 'bout?"

"Pa lick me las' nite."

"What he lick yer fur?"

"Caus'er sole dem rabbits down Brandy yestiddy."

"He didn' lick yer much, did 'e?"

"Yas, he lick me wus'n 'e did dat time I cut off de tails er all dem 'Yorkshur' shotes en 'e took mer nife erway."

"Er don' see how cum 'e lick yer, he must' er ben jes' mad so."

The cause of that whipping is still a mystery to Ellick. FRANKLIN STEARNS.

A Deer Hunt in Java.

WHILE Ferrari, my landlord, and myself were detained at SAGRANTEU, awaiting the reports from scouts sent to locate a female rhinoceros and young one, we received an invitation from an old Hadji to visit him and enjoy a deer hunt, which he would arrange for our especial benefit. Accordingly, we journeyed over to the Hadji's abode, and found everything prepared for our amusement and comfort. As the house was quite a small one, I wondered where our sleeping quarters were located, and was surprised to find how easily the problem was solved. The roof of the domicile projected some eight or ten feet beyond the front wall, so as to form a porch along the entire front of the building. A couple of bamboo mats were hung at each end of the portico, two more, about six feet in width, were pendant along the front, and a curtain from them back to the front wall completed two unique dormitories, with our beds laid on the floor. It was late in the day when we arrived, and we found that the Hadji was engaged, reciting his usual afternoon prayers; but he soon made his appearance from the diminutive building, which was used solely for that purpose, and stood but a short distance in front of his house, under the shade of a magnificent Palmyra palm tree. He immediately started several of his attendants to give notice to his neighbors to be on hand at an early hour the next day, to assist in detecting traces of our timid game.

We had just finished our evening meal, and were seated in front of the house enjoying our cheroots when one of the Hadji's retainers put in an appearance, and after salaaming, announced that a wild boar had just been driven out of the rice patch, and as it would be very apt to repeat its pillage, he suggested the propriety of constructing a trap for its capture. The Hadji gave orders for its immediate construction, and before bed time it was finished, and carried down and deposited close to the hole, which the depredator had made through the fence, enclosing the patch. It was constructed of bamboo, and was simply an elongated affair, with a trap door at one end, and trigger at the other, so that the animal would strike it in turning to retreat by the same passage, by which he had obtained entrance. While breakfasting the next morning a messenger put in an appearance and reported that the robber had been detected foraging in the patch, and the hole, by which he had entered, was closed, without putting him on his guard. Hastily finishing our meal and lighting cheroots, we hurried off down to the patch, when the trap was placed in position, and the gap reopened. The attendants then clambered over the fence at the farther portion of the inclosure, and soon had the robber hurrying for the opening, through which he plunged, without divining the trap that had been arranged for his capture. So soon as he discovered how he had been duped, he made furious attempts to scape, and it required several men to hold the trap down, while others passed three bamboo poles underneath and lashed them fast, so that the crate could be carried to the house. During the entire day he never ceased his attempts to escape, and the next morning, much to my sorrow, was found with his neck broken. The Hadji seemed as much grieved as myself at the unfortunate termination of the affair, and promised to use every effort in his power, to secure for me another specimen before my departure from the neighborhood. He succeeded and sent me a pair of young ones. This I considered the acme of politeness, as Mahometans look on all of the porcine family with a loathing equal to that of the Israelites.

It was late in the afternoon when the scouts returned and reported that they had discovered the whereabouts of a pair of deer, and on the following day would place Ferrari and myself in well-screened positions, from which one or both of us would be likely to get a shot. Our breakfast was finished at an early hour the next morning, and under the guidance of the scouts we were taken about half a mile distant and placed in carefully constructed ambushes about 300

yards apart, located on the border of a jungle, fronting on a beautiful meadow, which was used as a pasture for the Hadji's buffaloes. The scouts then separated into two parties, going in opposite directions, with the intention of penetrating the jungle about half a mile on each side of us, forming a semicircle around the game, and then driving it out into the meadow. For some time I had been watching a Javan parakeet, whose peculiar note had attracted my attention, when I saw it show evident signs of uneasiness, which culminated into a rapid flight beyond my vision.

Remaining perfectly quiescent, in expectation of seeing a deer, I was startled by the appearance of a wild dog, sneaking along under the thickly grown undergrowth. Just then, several grunts caused me to look aloft, when I was surprised to see a troop of silvery Gibbons approaching along the branches of the surrounding trees, and evidently bent on annoying their canine enemy. They congregated just above the dog and indulged in all sorts of insulting antics, frequently descending so low that he made several attempts to spring up and catch them, which were always evaded by their surprising agility. I became so intensely interested in their movements that I became oblivious as to the cause of my being so thoroughly secreted, when it suddenly struck me that to succeed in my original purpose it would be necessary to rid the vicinity of the intruders. Suddenly rising up in full view of both parties, I was highly amused at their frantic efforts to depart from my immediate neighborhood. The dog gave an angry growl and dived into the closely packed undergrowth, while his tormentors gave an exhibition of flying trapeze performances that would have amazed their human imitators. It required a strong effort on my part to prevent myself from bursting out into a hearty laugh at their frantic efforts to get out of my sight, but the consciousness of preserving complete silence, in order to succeed in my attempt to secure my game, caused me to again sink out of sight with the least possible noise.

I had been quiet for a comparatively short time when I detected the sound of something stealthily passing through the jungle, on my extreme right. Softly lying down and peering through the stems of the undergrowth, I caught sight of a deer's feet slowly moving along toward the edge of the jungle. Waiting a few moments, I suddenly rose up with my Winchester at my shoulder ready for a snap shot, when a buck's head was thrust through the foliage, about fifty steps distant. With the crack of the rifle it vanished, and by the floundering which followed I judged that my bullet had flitted truly, and cautiously pressed forward to ascertain if my surmise was correct. To my great satisfaction I found the body of a male Rusa deer, with a bullet hole just between the eyes. I had but a short time for self-congratulation before I was joined by several of the scouts, who had been attracted by the discharge of the rifle. They were just in the act of lifting up the carcass when the report of Ferrari's rifle was heard, and I secretly hoped that he had been as successful as myself. When we reached the edge of the jungle the body was laid on the grass that I might have a good look at my game, and on examination I was struck with the resemblance, in several points, to our elk or wapiti deer. Ferrari soon joined us, and I was sorry to learn that his shot at the female was unsuccessful. The body of the buck was again lifted on to the shoulders of the scouts, and we made our way to the Hadji's house, where one portion was reserved for our host, another for the Raden Sastra Soedibdja, and the balance handed over to the retainers, who had so cleverly arranged the hunt.

We then seated ourselves to enjoy a meal of curry and rice, and were just finishing when a messenger arrived and handed the Hadji a communication from the Raden, announcing the location of the female rhinoceros and young one, by the Raden's scouts. The message consisted of a joint of bamboo, on which was scratched, by the point of a knife, the interesting news, which taught me a new addition to the multi-form uses of this wonderful wood. Bidding the Hadji farewell, we returned to SAGRANTEU, where we found that the Raden had made all the necessary preparations for our immediate departure for the neighborhood of the mother and her youngster.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

Willard Ames Drowns a Buck.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I know how loyal and just you are in the line of and protection of game, and I think I was never more disgusted in my life than on reading the inclosed article, which I clipped from the New York Sun of Saturday last. A more brutal and inhuman action I never read of, and I only wish there was a law that could reach and punish such men as the perpetrator of this deed.

UTICA, Nov. 6.—Miss Kate Buttrick and her escort, Willard Ames, both residents of Malone, and members of a house party at Indian Lake, in the Adirondacks, were standing on the shore of the lake early Wednesday morning, when they saw a large buck in the water, twenty yards off. They lost no time in getting into a boat, and although they had no gun they went after the deer with the purpose of getting it, and they succeeded.

"Keeping the boat between the deer and the shore, they so tired it that it made little resistance when Mr. Ames seized it by the horns and kept its head under water until it was drowned. The buck was then towed to the dock in triumph, where the assembled guests, who were watching the struggle, warmly congratulated the occupants of the boat on their success. The buck weighed nearly 200 pounds."

I trust you will take this matter up and exploit it in your paper, so that all true sportsmen may see it, and in that way the perpetrator of this inhumanity may be reached, if not legally, morally. L. W. JOHNSON.

All communications for Forest and Stream must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

New York Non-Resident License.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of the amendments to our game laws which I think the League should urge is that all non-residents shall pay a license fee. The present license provision is not enforced. Recently I was informed through the Commissioner's office that not a single fee has been collected or license issued this season. Thirty-two States now require a resident of New York to pay a license of from \$10 to \$25, but two States, Delaware and Washington, being less. It will scarcely be claimed that any non-residents have not both hunted and fished in this State this summer and fall, and the States of which they are residents require a license fee from a resident of New York. It seems clear that our State should have a regular license fee for a non-resident, free from all provisions and conditions. Our game is not so plentiful that we can furnish sport for all non-residents of this continent as we have been doing.

Mongolian, Ring-Neck and English Pheasants.

The law protecting these birds expires with 1904, and such being the case, ought not the same to be amended at the coming session of Legislature? If there is to be an open season for them I would suggest that it be not more than five or ten days to begin with, for a few years, and say from November 1 to 5th or 10th, and then let the barter or sale, etc., be prohibited.

Section 27 should be amended so as to include quail killed in this State, and I think the word bartered should be inserted before the word sold, as to all these birds.

A Gun License.

It is frequently suggested that there should be a gun license. I am somewhat of the same opinion; if so, I think it should be graded. For instance, \$1 per annum for permit to carry pistol, revolver, single or double-barrel shotguns and rifles, and \$3 for pump or magazine shotguns and \$5 for automatic magazine shotguns. As it is now, guns are so cheap that boys and irresponsible men—and especially foreigners who cannot even speak our language—carry a gun and shoot any and all birds they can find, and especially on Sundays in many vicinities.

J. R. F.

Idaho and Washington.

KELLER, Wash., Nov. 12.—The 25th of July I left camp for the St. Joe country in Idaho, where I spent over two months and had a good time hunting and fishing, gathering huckleberries, and a nice time generally. I got back to camp in October. The boys tell me that birds have been more plentiful this season than at any time since the opening of the reservation. I think this can be accounted for by the fact that little spring shooting was done. People have begun to find out that if they shoot in the spring they will not have any birds to shoot in the fall. Deer are not very plentiful, although there are some around. The birds Forked Deer calls apple birds are what we call black woodpeckers. They make their appearance the first of May, rear their young, and leave about the last of September. They are very destructive to cherries, and do damage to all kinds of fruit by pecking into any they can reach. Some kinds of apples they work on more than others. I have seen some of Mr. Campbell's apple trees covered with them. They nested in some old pine trees in my garden for a few years, and I did not molest them till I found that they were so bad on fruit. Last year I set out some trees, among them two cherries; this year there were nineteen cherries on one tree and I wanted to see what kind they were. I had to put a sack over the tree to protect them. In this way I saved them, and I have been killing all the birds I could from around the garden.

The other day I was over on the west side of the San-Poil, and the miners told me that a few days before they had seen a nice flock of Bob Whites. I think the quail will do well along the San-Poil, as there are lots of thorns as well as rose bushes covered with hawks, which supply food for all the quail and grouse families. The sharptail grouse are about as plentiful as when the reservation was opened. Geese are putting in along the Columbia, on their southern flight.

October was as fine as was ever experienced here. The robins are still here, and the bluebirds have not all left, and the larks are still with us.

LEW WILMOT.

An Amateur Baggage Master.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The editor in the current number, November 7, has something to say about the practice of tipping public servants. His remarks are to the point as far as the tipping of most of them goes, but there is one railroad official who, when he does get a tip, generally earns it, and that is the baggage master. I had a friend who was baggage master on a through train on a road running out of Pittsburgh; and one fall a number of years ago, during the hunting season, having nothing else to do, I put in most of my time riding backward and forward in his car, and collecting the tips that he did not want to earn. These were the only tips that I had ever been given anywhere. I had no business there, but the baggage master wanted me and the railroad officials did not seem to care, so I kept riding backward and forward with him.

The dogs and guns had to be taken care of, and he did not want to do it. On this road no gun, unless it was taken down and carried in a case, could be taken into a passenger coach; but it and the dog were carried free in the baggage car.

I would often have from eight to ten dogs on a trip; these and the guns I put in one end of the car, then staid in that end of it most of the time myself to keep the dogs from getting lonesome. The baggage master said that when he had the dogs they were continually getting up fights, and he had no time to referee dog fights. I never had any to referee. When I saw one about to begin, I would get among the dogs and explain to them that the rules on this road forbade dog fights, and as most of the dogs were of the kind that do what they are told to do, and are not of a fighting strain anyhow, I never had much trouble in keeping the peace. At the end of the

route, after we had got all the baggage dumped out on the platform, I would next bring out the dogs and guns, then each man who had a dog would generally hand me a dollar. I have had them give me two dollars more than once, when they found their dogs and guns in good order, though of course I never would ask anything or try to look as if I expected to be paid. The only part of this money that the baggage master would ever take would be what I paid for our meals at each end of the route when we would get them at a good hotel.

CABIA BLANCO.

Re-Sizing Shotgun Shells.

OSSINING, N. Y., Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having been so fortunate as to discover (?) an easy method of resizing shotgun shells that have been once fired with smokeless powder, I hasten to share my good luck with your readers.

The trouble with the work done by re-sizing dies is that by their use the shells become slightly corrugated on the inside and in this climate many will expand within an hour so that they can with difficulty be forced into the breech of the gun. At the best, the operation of a re-sizing die is tedious and laborious.

The swelling of shells is principally due to the absorption of moisture from the atmosphere, and not to the act of firing.

New factory loaded shells, if stored for some time in an ordinary club house without fire, will sometimes swell so that they will not enter the chamber of the gun.

A short time (say 48 hours) before the shells are required for use, place them in a sieve or perforated vessel and let them stand over a stove or hot air register for 24 hours; then load in the usual manner, store in a dry place, and, if possible, use within twenty-four hours. Of course, if they can be stored in a particularly dry atmosphere they may be kept much longer, but in this climate three days will usually be sufficient time to cause some to swell.

Shells treated in this manner enter the chamber freely, but after firing do not extract as readily as those fired for the first time.

E. F. BALL.

Opposed to Preserves.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Not in a decade, a decade and a half or two decades, has anything appeared in relation to sporting matters that has filled me with such blissful feelings as that decision of the Superior Court against the Blooming Grove Park Association of my native State.

Every lover of our democratic institutions ought to rejoice that the concern has been squashed by the heavy hand of justice in such a way that, we hope, it can never reappear. (Here let me say that my authority for using *squashed* is a New Jersey legislator who used *squashed* in one of his harangues, and on finding himself ridiculed in next morning's paper published a correction, stating that he did not use such a word—that the word he used was *squashed*.)

For this digression some inconsiderate readers may think an apology is demanded, but that would be as unreasonable as to demand an apology of the parties who are fighting over Kipling. It is said,

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

"Of which I am one of 'em." I confess that I have been amused by their funny fight, and I hope they may find my little digression equally entertaining.

Kipling is not game, and therefore not legitimate stuff for a sporting publication, but I excuse them.

DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Nov. 14.

Pheasant Shooting at Shelburne Farms.

"THE first day's pheasant shooting at Shelburne Farms, Burlington, Vt., resulted in the bagging of over 500 birds. Of course, it was on Doctor Webb's private preserve, and it is no business of ours, but just the same, it seems like a senseless destruction of life."—St. Johnsbury Republican.

Is it a senseless destruction of life to raise turkeys and chickens for home consumption or for market? Doctor Webb raises pheasants to kill for home consumption, and for his friends, just as hundreds of other Vermont farmers raise turkeys and chickens. Instead of slaughtering them in the manner customary here, he invites a half dozen or more ladies and gentlemen friends to spend a week at the farms, and the party goes out to shoot pheasant much as if they would if shooting partridge. And it is no boy's sport, shooting pheasant, as they are swift of wing and fleet of foot; but none are ever shot on the ground. While many of the birds are consumed at the farms, hundreds are sent away to friends in all parts of the country, none being sold. Last fall the party of hunters at Doctor Webb's pheasant shoot included Lady Minot, wife of the Governor-General of Canada, and her daughter.—Barre Telegram.

The Night-Hawk.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wonder how many of your readers know that New York City—Manhattan Borough—is the home of many kinds of predacious birds? One night in Central Park, near Fifty-ninth street, I saw a good sized owl sitting on a leafless sycamore at the southern edge of the South Meadow near the large mass of rocks. As he slowly winged his solitary flight along, I wondered if he had a mate and family awaiting him in some hollow tree or old gray tower.

Then about July 1 every year at the close of some sultry day you hear high up in the air the first wild sound of the season, the *Pea-ek, pea-ek* of the wild and strange night-hawk, the same cry that greets your ear in the depths of the Adirondacks, in the Maine wilds, and forests of Ontario. It is such a savage, fierce note that you instinctively reach for your favorite old Ballard's, your meat gun, which uses no gold pencils, but a short, stubby reliable .44-40 black powder load, and glance through its brightly grooved barrel. How well

you recall watching a runway in some favorite hunting spot where you have listened to the bird of twilight's note, and awaited the roar that comes after one of his long dives into the lower air, and just as he turns upward in flight. In vain you await the *Go-walk* of the bird in our city. That note he never makes here, and why not? Will someone, another city watcher of this bird, bear me out in this?

It has been supposed by some that the roar was caused by the air rushing into the vacuum made by the swift down shoot of the bird. Others believe that the wing feathers are hollow and that the bird has power to allow air to enter them on its downward flight. The sound always occurs just as the upward rise is made, and must be connected therewith.

From the fact that night-hawks are often seen near large buildings like Carnegie Hall, it might be supposed that they nest there on the flat roofs.

Among the ruins of old Crown Point Fort, on Lake Champlain, opposite Port Henry, these birds often pair and rear their broods. The eggs are laid among the loose stones, and no effort is made to construct a nest.

PETER FLINT.

NEW YORK.

The Biltmore Preserves.

THE lease of the Biltmore estate preserves by E. B. Moore, manager of Kenilworth Inn, is one of the biggest projects considered in this section for a long while. It may be stated that the sum contemplated in the transaction reaches a good way into six figures. Guessers are guessing around \$250,000.

Mr. Moore has returned from a visit of two weeks in the north, where he has been looking into the question of ways and means. Many wealthy sportsmen, members of hunting clubs, etc., have listened with interest to Mr. Moore's outline of his plans, and many assurances of support have been received.

The culmination of the project means the lease by Mr. Moore from Dr. Schenck, as agent for George W. Vanderbilt, of the entire Pisgah preserve, which contains from 120,000 to 150,000 acres. Mr. Vanderbilt has recently added very materially to his holdings in that vicinity. As has been stated in the Gazette-News, there are within the tract more than 100 miles of trout streams, and these streams are well stocked, this alone making the preserve a sportsman's paradise. There is one large hunting lodge, and there are a number of smaller ones. For two years road building has been in progress, and most parts of the tract are now easily accessible. In addition to the fishing, game of all kinds abounds.

Senator Gazzam, of Philadelphia, as well as Mr. Moore, is enthusiastic about the plan. It would be in the nature of a private enterprise of Mr. Moore's, and would bring flocks of wealthy sportsmen to Kenilworth Inn. Asheville would be benefited, directly and indirectly, in many ways; in fact, there is now no additional attraction in this vicinity which could be offered to tourists that would compare with this.

Biltmore estate proper, that is to say, the tract of 10,000 acres in which Biltmore House is situated, is not considered in the deal at all; and persons going to and from the Pisgah grounds will probably not pass through the estate.

In any event the preserve will be kept up by Mr. Vanderbilt and patrolled by game wardens employed by him.

Mr. Moore and Dr. Schenck were in conference at Kenilworth Inn to-day. Mr. Moore stated this afternoon that there was no doubt whatever that the plan would go through.—Asheville Gazette-News.

Big Game in Alaska.

A Tacoma dispatch to the New York Times says: The largest moose ever killed in Alaska was shot last Sunday by Lord Elphinstone and a party in Kenai Peninsula, western Alaska. It was a bull moose weighing 1,576 pounds and measuring seven feet to the top of his shoulders. The skull and horns weighed 75 pounds.

Lord Elphinstone was accompanied by three friends, who left with him for New York yesterday en route for London. The party had great satisfaction in killing the largest moose on record in Alaska, because it meant a victory over Baron Paul Neidick, who headed a party of German sportsmen. Baron Neidick was so anxious to secure his choice of guides ahead of the Englishmen that he paid the steamship Nome City \$1,000 to be landed first at Seldovia, where he could secure the services of the guide, Gilpatrick. He won the race to the North, but Lord Elphinstone's party claims the greater success.

Other moose and many mountain sheep were slain.

New Jersey Game Export.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While I was on my way home last Thursday from a gun club in New Jersey, two friends of mine who had been at the club and who were returning with me, and who had fallen behind me and the rest of the party as we passed through the Central's ferry-house in New Jersey, were stopped by two men, one of whom wore a badge indicating that he was a game warden, and were subjected to annoying questions because they carried their guns with them. Being well bred young gentlemen they answered the questions civilly, and managed to catch the boat on which I was seated wondering what had become of them. The game wardens asked them if they were licensed to shoot in New Jersey, and other questions entirely without warrant because no evidences of game were present. The possession of a gun in a case should not subject a man to a hold up and impudent questioning even by a New Jersey game warden. The explanation that the gentlemen had been shooting in a gun club finally won for them their freedom. They had never visited a gun club before, were guests of mine, and the treatment they thus received very naturally caused me much annoyance.

I desire to suggest that if these game wardens would devote their time to looking after "the song bird shooter of foreign extraction * * * who not only destroys the

but is a bold and defiant trespasser, a destroyer of property and a menace to stock and human life." "who under the trees at daybreak and 'pot-hunts' without who kills simply for their meat the bluebird, the and even the beautiful oriole." instead of exploiting themselves by insultingly stopping gentlemen in a ferry-house and insolently cross-questioning them at the least justification and in the sight of gaping eyes, they would serve much better the interests of the land and of sportsmen.

WALTER H. MEAD.

FOREST AND STREAM, Oct. 3, 1903.

Sea and River Fishing.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Game Laws in Brief.

The standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. The advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle fish.

Fish and Fishing.

The Ravages of the Atlantic Dogfish.

The attention of the Dominion Parliament was called the other day to the fact that the fisheries of Nova Scotia are threatened with destruction by the Atlantic dogfish. Mr. Kaulbach, one of the representatives of that Province, asked that a bounty of \$100 per ton be offered for the killing of the dogfish. The members from the provinces down by the sea coast advocated the adoption of a similar measure. This destructive fish is largely on the increase at present, and according to the fishermen, the number of salmon, alewives, cod and pollock which it destroys exceeds the total catch of these fish for domestic and commercial use. It is reported that they have been killing during the present year for the first time on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and that if they begin fishing that region they will utterly destroy the valuable cod fisheries. Unless a sufficient bounty is speedily offered and proves to be effectual in prosecuting a destructive crusade against the dogfish, it is believed the time is near at hand when the Government will have to fit out an expedition to endeavor to exterminate it.

The publicity attending these complaints has attracted a good deal of attention, and I have been repeatedly asked within the last few weeks as to the identity of the fish complained of. Considering the widely different varieties of fish to which the name "dogfish" has been applied, this is not to be wondered at. This particular fish is not to be confounded with the dogfishes, which have a more southerly range, according to Jordan and Evermann, though it is a member of the same family, to which subclass all the sharks belong. Gunther ranges it with the family Spinaciidae, and gives it the specific name *Acanthias vulgaris*. Jordan and Evermann, following the nomenclature of Linnæus, call it *Plus acanthias*. Storer described it as *Acanthias americanus*. It is commonly known upon various parts of the Atlantic coast of North America as the dogfish, the bonedog, bonedog and skittle dog. Each of its dorsal fins has a spine; that of the first dorsal is about two-fifths the height of the fin, the second dorsal spine being about three-fifths the height of the first. The adult fish is from two to three long, and at a weight of 15 pounds and even more. The body is slender and the snout pointed. Though a comparatively small shark, it is extremely voracious, being very toothed, and having a wide range off the coasts of the Middle and Northern States. It is only in very recent years that it has been known to be so rapidly increasing, and to be so largely extending its range in Canadian waters. It has happened at times in incredible numbers off portions of the British coast, no less than 20,000 having been taken in one season on the English coast. Gunther reports that they do much injury to the fishermen by cutting their lines and carrying off their hooks. It was generally supposed until recently that they fed principally upon herrings, but it is now ascertained that few fish of commercial value are proof against their ravages. They are slate above and pale below, the back marked with whitish spots, somewhat resembling those seen on the sides of the common pike, *Esox lucius*. These spots are most pronounced upon the young fish, but they entirely disappear from the adults, in this respect differing from its near congener, the California dogfish. Dogfish oil is extracted from the livers of several varieties.

A New Brunswick paper recently reported that one of these fish attempted to seize by the leg a boy who was bathing. Notwithstanding the voracious character of these fish, it is scarcely credible that one of them could have attacked even a very small specimen of the Atlantic species, though the monster pike of Lake St. John, not very much larger, after all, than the Atlantic dogfish, has to withstand quite a number of similar attacks.

Destructiveness of Seals.

On an occasion, some weeks ago, writing from a salmon fishing camp on the banks of the Moisie, to speak of the havoc made in the upper part of the river among salmon, by seals. It is not to be supposed that the invasion of the river by seals is any new thing. On the other day that the destructiveness of these animals in the same river was complained of by Professor Hind, who ascended the stream for many miles above the present fishing grounds, in the middle of the last century.

Salmon are not, by any means, the only fish to suffer by the depredations of seals. Repeated accounts are appearing of the enormous destruction wrought by them in Norwegian seas, and of the terror occasioned

among the inhabitants of the northern portion of the country by the huge herds which have come down from the Arctic regions. Off some parts of the coast the sea is said to be literally covered by them. These seals denude the sea of fish wherever they travel, and in some towns and hamlets of Finnmarken, the fishermen have not been able to catch a fish for weeks, the poor being thus caused the greatest distress and misery. The coast in these latitudes has occasionally been infested before with these ravagers among fish, but it has never been previously known that they have migrated so far south as the Lofoten Islands in any great number.

Various suggestions for ridding the sea of these pests are offered, viz., that a premium be given for shooting them, catching them in nets, or killing them by any other means, while others advocate the pouring of petroleum on the sea where they travel, and, lastly, a strong petition is made to the Norwegian Government to send men-of-war to lay explosives out in the sea and frighten the herds away. It is said that the most effectual remedy would be to give all nations permission to shoot the seals at that time of the year when they congregate in vast numbers on the coast of Russia. At present the Russians prohibit seal hunting, except to their own population.

Nothing has yet been done by the Government of Canada for the destruction of the seal life which threatens so seriously the salmon of some of the best rivers, but it is satisfactory to know that some of the owners of the fisheries have themselves offered rewards for the killing off of the animals.

Where Silver Salmon Come From.

The Canadian Indians, who fish the Red River, between Winnipeg and a point some miles above St. Andrews, Manitoba, have had a busy season of it this year, thanks to the growing demand in Minneapolis, St. Paul, and other western cities for "silver salmon." Not many of the consumers of this fish so far away from the scene of its capture, know anything of its antecedents. In Manitoba it is known, and rightly so, as catfish. As the renaming of it by the title of silver salmon adds nothing to either its flavor or the firmness of its flesh, so the fact that the much sought-for "silver salmon" is in reality nothing but a catfish, detracts in no degree from the qualities claimed for it by its admirers as an article of food. Well may we say with Shakespeare:

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet."

Half a hundred camps of Indians are engaged along the Red River during the season fishing for this catfish. The fisherman and his whole family are in the business, for the catfish is the one staple product of the Red River, and the one point about the catching of it which appeals most strongly to the Indian nature, is the ease with which it is accomplished. If it be an art at all it is essentially a contemplative one. It calls for the exercise of neither energy nor skill. Stakes are driven in the bed of the river near to each bank, and between the two is stretched a stout line which rests upon the bottom of the river bed. At intervals of eight or ten feet long the line, smaller ones with stout hooks are attached. When the hooks have all been baited the line has only to be overhauled once a day to secure the fish. The halfbreed or Indian, in his boat or canoe, starts at one end and slowly pulls himself across the river. As the line passes through his hands it is easy for him to see whether or not his bait remains intact, and if a fish is hooked, it is a simple matter to lift it over the gunwale. It is not unusual to take specimens of this fish weighing 50 to 60 pounds when dressed, though the average is smaller. It is by no means extraordinary for one man to make a catch of 700 to 800 pounds of catfish in the twenty-four hours. The fishermen get from 4 to 5 cents a pound for the ugly-looking fish, and the city dealers will buy all they can catch. The dealers ship them nearly all to the United States, for very few are eaten in Winnipeg, notwithstanding that this particular catfish, coming as it does from the cold water of the north, has an excellent flavor, despite its hideous exterior, and the flesh is said to be very nutritious. It can be bought, too, for about half the price in Winnipeg—that is charged for it in the United States, but then, as one of the Winnipeg exporters says, "The American dealer gives the fish another name, and this adds a hundred per cent. to its value." That particular Winnipeg man dissents from Shakespeare's estimate of the value of a name.

More about Prizes for Biggest Fish.

Not long ago there was a notice in this column of a prize competition inaugurated by a Montreal newspaper, which offered rewards for the biggest trout, the biggest doré, and the biggest bass, captured during the season, in the Province of Quebec. The bass which took the prize weighed only 4½ pounds, and was caught by Dr. S. Lachapelle, ex-M. P., at Isle Bizard, near Ste. Anne. The biggest doré, or pike-perch, was a much more worthy representative of his class, having weighed 9 pounds 15 ounces, and measured 2 feet 8 inches in length, and 1 foot 4 inches in the circumference. It was caught by Mr. W. F. McKenzie in the North River at St. Canut. In the competition for the biggest trout, a curious thing happened, illustrative of the prevailing ignorance in many quarters concerning the distinction between the different varieties of the so-called American trouts. The judges of the competition admitted, indiscriminately, to it, specimens of the so-called brook trout of American waters, *Salvelinus fontinalis*, and also of the great gray lake trout or *namaycush*, and awarded the prize to a specimen of the latter variety weighing 22½ pounds. It was taken on a hand line by Mr. Damase Gagnon, of Denholm, in what is known as Little Black Lake, of Denholm. In the published announcement of the award, the extraordinary statement is made that this is probably the biggest trout which has ever been taken on a line in this Province. Of course this statement is absurd on its very face. Not only is it a very well-known fact

that very much bigger trout of the same variety have been taken in this Province, but it is also true that 22½ pounds is by no means an extraordinary weight for one of these big gray trout. Lake St. Joseph, on the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, and many other waters of the Province of Quebec have yielded larger *namaycush* than the one which received the prize in the recent competition. Of course this fact does not affect the award, but it does show the absurdity of the statement that the prize fish in the trout competition was the largest of its kind taken upon a hand line in the Province of Quebec. The absurdity of the competition lay in the fact that brook trout were accepted in it and weighed against their enormous rival the *namaycush*. Had they been ruled out, as not being strictly within the scientific classification of trout at all, but held to be simply char, it might be easy to comprehend the award. But to pit a beautiful brook trout (*fontinalis*), weighing 9½ pounds, as the judges actually did, against a 22½ pound *namaycush*, in a contest for a prize for the biggest trout, is exactly as if the prize offered for the biggest deer was to be awarded to a very ordinary moose, because it chanced to be heavier than a superb specimen of the magnificent little animal which is popularly known as the common deer. The 9½ pound specimen of the brook trout sent in by Mr. Laliberté, and which was captured some months ago in the big lake, Jacques Cartier, was really a very magnificent and very exceptional specimen of the variety, while the prize winner won with a very ordinary specimen of an entirely different fish. The very best of good faith was doubtless exercised by the judges, but they apparently realized no difference at all in the variety of the different trout sent in or reported in the competition. Most absurd mistakes of a similar nature are constantly being made by confusing the different varieties of the trouts in Canada and the United States. Thus in many portions of the very interior of the country, the *namaycush* already referred to, is known to the common people as "truite saumonée," and, in fact, the prize fish of 22½ pounds was so described, although this name is that which has for a long time past been identified with certain sea-run specimens of the ordinary American brook trout by those who are most accustomed to them.

A Codfish as a Letter Carrier.

A Liverpool young lady named Wilson has in her possession a letter which was cut out of a captured codfish and forwarded to her. Her sweetheart was first mate on board a large sailing vessel, which, on its homeward voyage, encountered terrible weather, and was in imminent danger of going down. Fearing that he would never see land again, the chief mate hastily scribbled a few farewell lines on a scrap of paper, which he addressed to her. The message was then inclosed in a bottle and thrown overboard, but the ship managed to weather the storm and reached port safe and sound. After drifting for some time the bottle must have tempted the appetite of a cod, for it was found in the stomach of one caught off the New England coast, and the contents were at once forwarded to the intended recipient, together with a letter explaining how the letter was found.

Smelt Fishing.

There is an unusual run of smelt at present in the St. Lawrence, and the small boys who can steal a few hours from school or books to fish with rod and line from the wharves on either side of the harbor of Quebec are enjoying the fun of making big scores so far as numbers are concerned, even if none of the contents of their basket are very large. What the smelt lack in size they make up in beauty, however. Some of the young fishermen string as many as a dozen hooks on their smelt lines, and it is by no means unusual to see them haul out three and four fish at a time when the conditions are favorable. The fish seem to take worms, beef, and pork equally well.

There has been very little observation of the habits of the smelt in the St. Lawrence. It is presumed that they spawn here in the spring, as they do elsewhere, but it is rather remarkable that they run up the river both at the commencement and at the end of the winter, and that many of them are found to contain spawn in the autumn as well as in the spring.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS

Susquehanna Bass.

SAYRE, Pa., Nov. 14.—Some of the best fishing of the season has been enjoyed this month on the Susquehanna above Owego. Black bass ranging in weight from 4 pounds to 5½ pounds have been taken almost daily, and the average catch has been large, and the bass of good weight. As a matter of fact, the lovely bit of water reaching out for several miles above the sequestered Southern Tier village has come to be known as one of the finest bass grounds in the Susquehanna, barring, of course, Wyalusing, and the big bass are usually taken during late October and November. Should the weather continue during the month as calm and sunshiny as at present, the bass fishing may be expected to remain at its best. A good many large pike—8 and 9-pound fellows—are also being taken from the waters above mentioned.

M. CHILL.

Mr. Brackett's Salmon Record.

LET it be recorded that Walter M. Brackett, the fish painter, who is eighty years of age at the present time, caught 72 salmon in his six weeks' outing on the river St. Marguerite last summer. He has seldom missed a season on this Canadian stream for a third of a century. To handle and land so many big fish shows a remarkably vigorous old age. Walter's brother, E. A. Brackett, of Winchester, Mass., is 85.

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On the Stream.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I read FOREST AND STREAM from the outside of the first page to the last line on the back cover, almost, the articles on Kipling's "Red Gods" did not escape me, and I am "moved to remark."

I have read many of Kipling's writings diligently and carefully, as some of my friends thought them to be of much worth; but disappointment has been mine in almost every case; as, to me, there was nothing grand, inspiring or even pleasing, where I had been led to expect much.

I am moderately of Mr. Brown's opinion in regard to the lines he criticises. To me there is nothing pleasing in a landscape where burnt timber is the most prominent feature, while "raw right-angled" doesn't fitly describe any log-jam I ever met. (I hauled around and over several this summer.)

A "bar of sun-warmed shingle" isn't so bad as calling a big-mouthed bass a trout, as is done in the south. I would rather repose on a grassy bank in the shade of even a burned tree, in the majority of cases, at the time of the year that I go trout fishing. It's a softer seat and more conducive to dreams.

"Shod canoe poles" I pass, as I never heard one, and my experience was all confined to ten hours of one day.

There were four of us, my brother, J. A., his companion, the professor; "Old Ike," his last name is Watson, and no mean fisherman, either, and myself, cruising in two sailing canoes bound for Lake Superior; but when we got to the mouth of the St. Mary's River, "The wind it hauled ahead, so we kept her full and by and laid her to the wind just as close as she would lie" (I heard two sailors sing that over twenty years ago), bringing up at the mouth of the Massassauga River about sixty miles east of Detour.

Here we heard from some lumbermen who had just come down with the drive, of a lake "up country" that was full of large trout. One man had caught a grain sack full on a Sunday.

A council of war was immediately called in the store near by of the H. B. F. Co., whose agent became ours till the professor had bought a birch bark canoe (price \$6) and hired an Indian; Old Ike had hired an Indian and canoe, while J. A. and I declared that where one Indian could paddle his craft two white men could follow, the agent letting us have his own canoe.

We paddled and portaged and then paddled some more, till one morning the "silent smoky Indians" (they laughed, shouted and sang, and were very jolly after getting acquainted) appeared with four cedar poles.

"Hello, Dave," called Watson to his Indian, "what are those for?"

"Lots of rapids to-day, got to pole."

"How far do we get to-day?"

"Mebbe ten mile."

This was new work to J. A. and me; but we allowed that where one S. S. I. could pole, two white men could. However, we were careful to be the last to embark.

"Racing stream" is good. No other word so perfectly describes what we negotiated that day; but it needed occasionally the adjective "roaring," where a slip of the pole meant a smashed canoe if not worse; and the poles could not have been heard to click had they been big as top-masts and shod with cannon balls.

Of course our poles were not shod, and were thrown overboard the minute we got through with them. I believe, though, that a shod pole could be heard some little distance under some conditions, as I know that a pile pole striking stones gives out a sharp sound, which, however, I am certain would be absolutely drowned by a racing stream combined with a log-jam if they were in the near vicinity.

Kipling's "log-jam at the end" may have been any distance from the "bar."

Hemlock, fir, spruce, and even cedar may be, and are, all right if you have someone to pull them for you. We used to cut them when we were young and romantic; later we just spread our blankets and slept, never more soundly.

When I am reading FOREST AND STREAM I am often tempted to seize my pen and walk on the writer of some article. For instance, birch bark canoes as built by the Indians, as described in the issue of October 10 under the title of "Canadian Indians Built First Canoes."

I'll just quote a little: "Eighteen feet long and more than four feet wide," "weighs about fifty pounds!" "The white man has never improved much on the fashion of canoe building set by the red man." "A canoe built at Sunnyside is stronger than a bark canoe at the expense of being twice as heavy."

As well say that my split bamboo rod, automatic reel, silk line, gut leader, and flies at \$1 to \$1.50 a dozen were not an improvement on the Indian's cedar pole and bone hook.

I feel that I am becoming irritated and may be tempted to say that it is bad enough to read such things in the Brooklyn Eagle, but worse to see them copied in FOREST AND STREAM, especially in the canoeing department, and can only account for it by supposing that the canoeing editor is where I wish I could be—in a canoe off hunting.

"Well, well," as the old Quakeress said to her husband, "all the world is queer but thee and me, dear; and sometimes even thee is a little queer."

V. E. M.

TRAVERSE CITY, Mich.

A Big Muscalunge.

THERESA, N. Y., Nov. 11.—Dr. J. E. Kelsey, of this place, has just reported to me that a muscalunge weighing 52 pounds was caught in Muscalunge Lake yesterday by a Mr. Brown, who resides at the head of that lake, which is about three-quarters of a mile from the foot of Red Lake, where I have spent two months of my vacation this season. J. L. DAVISON.

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The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 23.—Robinson, Ill.—American Championship Field Trial Association trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 30.—Chase, City, Va.—Virginia Field Trial Association trials. Charles B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.
Dec. 1.—Clay City, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club trials. C. F. Young, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Thomasville, Ga.—Continental Field Trial Club trials. John White, Sec'y, Hempstead, N. Y.

The Maryland Field Trials.

CHESAPEAKE BEACH, Md., Nov. 9.—This picturesque place, which was destined to outrival Monte Carlo, was the scene of the first annual and successful field trials of the Maryland and District of Columbia Association. It is beautifully situated on the western shore overlooking the Chesapeake Bay, with its glistening sandy forlorn race track, countless outbuildings of stables, casinos, and boardwalks that recall the palmy days of Coney Island (but without the crowd). An ideal hotel and club house with modern conveniences, all bespeaking an outlay of thousands of dollars, the grim shadows of which mean money lost in an investment that died an unnatural death. Arrangements had been made for a special train connection with Washington and Baltimore at Hyattsville, and it was a happy and jolly crowd that met with the best dogs that this section could produce.

The hunting ground covered 3,500 acres, through a section of rough hills and swamps that proved poor ground for field trials. Owing to lack of cultivation the fields were overgrown with dense sedge grass and weeds, which impressed the members that birds can only be found in numbers where food can be had.

Monday, the first day, was an ideal one as to weather. The Derby for dogs whelped in 1902 was the only event decided, owing to the late arrival of the train. Promptly at noon the judge, Mr. Royal Robinson, of Washington, announced that the start would be made.

Only four dogs were entered, and it took until dark to adjudge the winner. The entries were Rappahannock, owned by R. E. Seeger; Count, owned by George Dobbin Penniman, and Lady Lou, owned by Grayson H. Gent, of Baltimore, and Bird West, owned by Mr. J. L. McCormick, Trappe, Md.

First—Count, a setter by Scamp, out of Polly. Count is owned by Mr. George Dobbin Penniman.

Second—Bird West, a setter bitch, by Pennington's Dash, out of Bird Wise, by Document, owned by Dr. J. L. McCormick, of Trappe, Md.

Third—Lady Lou, a pretty little setter gip, owned by Grayson H. Gent.

Fourth—Rappahannock, a pointer, by Billdad, out of Sappho, owned by R. E. Seeger.

The first brace was put down at 1:10 Monday, within half a mile of club house.

Count, a setter by Scamp, and Rappahannock, a pointer by Billdad. The pointer being in bad form was outclassed; yet both dogs showed well, the setter more in ranging. After an hour and forty minutes neither dog had pointed. Birds were flushed in the swamp but the judge could not see the dogs.

The crowd following the handlers was ordered to go slower, and nearly all being new men at field trials it was not reasonable to expect that the trials would be run without some breaks.

The second brace was started immediately after the judge ordered the first dogs to be taken up. They were more successful, running into a covey of ten birds ten minutes after the start. The dogs were Lady Lou and Bird West. Bird West scented the covey, and, while circling them, Lady Lou came up and found them. Bird West went to a point, and Lady Lou immediately back stood, the pair making a beautiful picture. They were held that way for about a minute, when their handlers shot over the birds.

The judge could not decide the winner, because both were perfect, and the search was continued. Bird West pointed two more single birds, while Lady Lou was unsuccessful, thus giving Bird West the victory. The final trial, between Bird West and Count, only lasted about a half hour, Count getting the prize through his individuality. The day's sport ended with the deciding for the third and fourth prizes between Rappahannock and Lady Lou, the latter getting the third prize. Rappahannock was sick and in poor form, this being the excuse for him not doing better. The north and northwestern section of the beach were the directions selected for today's trials, and it was learned afterward that the birds were more plentiful to the south. Judge Robinson said after the trials, considering the briers and brush encountered, all of the dogs did fairly well. About twenty-five people, mostly from Baltimore, followed the dogs, and when the visitors returned to the hotel they were glad to take a rest. Those who came down in the Baltimore party were: T. C. Dodge and W. L. Kidwell, of Washington; G. H. Gent, William R. Armstrong, Dr. H. P. Hill, John T. Higgins, T. W. Lloyd, F. C. Arthur, Henry W. Walker, George Dobbin Penniman, McDonald R. Kemp, and George P. Mordecai, of Baltimore; J. L. McCormick, of Trappe, Md.; Roland T. Seeger, Joseph A. Abbott, of Baltimore.

Tuesday was a beautiful morning, but the scenting conditions were poor, the day being warm, the earth dry and dusty. Such conditions were rather discouraging, yet an enthusiastic crowd followed the trials, which were begun promptly at 8:30 o'clock. Rox, an English setter, the property of Mr. G. L. Nicholson, of Washington, and Mr. Philip T. Hall's pointer Roy were the dogs selected to go on the first brace. From the call of the judge until they were ordered in, the dogs worked in a most diligent manner. Both showed much independence and ranged very widely. At the end of forty-five minutes, during which time neither dog managed to get a point, the judge called the pair in.

The pair drawn for the second brace were Dr. J. L. McCormick's Mack Ewing and W. R. Armstrong's Dan of Woodcliff. After working twenty-five minutes Mack

Ewing came upon a scent and he pointed beautifully. He flushed at the order of the judge, and it was seen that he had sent up a woodcock. Dr. McCormick brought down the bird in fine style. The work of Dr. McCormick's animal was excellent throughout. During the next twenty-five minutes neither dog came upon anything and they were called in.

The pair of the third brace was Dr. McCormick's handsome setter Jim Thompson and T. C. Dodge's Count Rex of Heathcote. The dogs worked well, but there was "nothin' doin'" in the way of birds, and during the three-quarter-hour hunt neither animal scared up a single bird.

The party had by this time traversed a distance of five miles to the northeast of the city. Lunch was taken, and at 12:30 the trials were again resumed. The pair selected were again resumed. The pair selected for this turn was T. Conrad Dodge's Flash of Heathcote and Dr. H. P. Hill's pointer Dan C. The dogs had been out only short time when two coveys were flushed.

The next pair to go out and try conclusions was Mr. Martin McCormick's English setter Tramp and Mr. Sylvester D. Judd's Mallwyd Prince. They did excellent work, and were followed by the pair that ran the last brace. They were Mr. Sylvester D. Judd's Florence Price and Dr. B. Holly Smith's pointer Nero.

A meeting of the board of governors took place last night, after which the annual meeting of the association was held. The following officers were elected: George D. Penniman, of Baltimore, President; T. Conrad Dodge of Washington, Vice-President; William R. Armstrong of Baltimore, Secretary-Treasurer. The above, with the following, constitute the Board of Governors: Philip T. Hall, of Washington; J. Alden Houston, George P. Mordecai, Franklin Upshur, B. F. Westcott, Grayson H. Gent, of Baltimore; Royal Robinson and H. L. Nicholson, of Washington, and Dr. J. L. McCormick, of Trappe, Maryland.

The grounds are probably as good as can be found in Maryland, and with the sowing of grain food would undoubtedly make an ideal field trial grounds. The worst feature is the swamp and thicket where the single bird work is done. Mr. Royal Robinson, the judge, was very liberal and painstaking, and gave his entire attention gratis. President George Dobbin Penniman, who bears a striking resemblance to President Roosevelt, was a conspicuous figure during the trials. The success of the meet in a great measure is due to efficient work of Mr. T. Conrad Dodge and Judge Robinson, of Washington, D. C., who arranged for the grounds and accommodations of the members and visitors.

JNO. T. HIGGINS.

A Case of Adoption.

SEYMOUR, Texas.—The quail are very plentiful in our part of the country this fall, and there being plenty of cover they lie well. While out last Tuesday with my pointer Bob, I had rather a novel experience. Bob is usually very steady, and seldom makes a false point. We had found several coveys of birds, so when the dog began to road along the creek we were on I got ready for another bunch. As he approached the creek bank he pointed, drew, and pointed again, finally coming to a full stop and straightening out. I had moved up almost to him when the worst scared coyote I ever saw got out of the creek bottom and left the country as if he had a lighted bomb attached to his tail. Bob appeared to be nearly as dumbfounded as I was. He was somewhat crestfallen, and quite doubtful of that creek while we were on it.

A few days ago one of my foxhound bitches whelped shortly afterward she lay on three of her puppies, which were removed. But the bitch seemed exceptionally nervous about their loss, counting the remainder over and over, and finally getting for them around the kennel. She did this a number of times, but finally seemed satisfied they were gone for good.

The next afternoon a Scotch deerhound bitch whelped and at the first sound from the pups the foxhound, Queen, became half crazy, and made several efforts to get to them through the kennel partition. I stayed with the deerhound till supper, when I was obliged to leave for about fifteen minutes. I left the one puppy which had come rolled up in a blanket for fear of its being crushed during my absence. On coming back the pup had gone—where I could not imagine till I found that Queen had somehow got to it, and, taking it from within the blanket, conveyed it to her own apartments, where it was curled up with her pups apparently perfectly satisfied.

[Bob's point was an odd one, but we think not unexampled. We have heard of quail dogs pointing deer that lay close, and it is a common experience to see dogs point a cat, a skunk, a turtle, a snake, or a hen. In many of these cases the dog unquestionably meets with a scent which he does not recognize, and stops, endeavoring to locate the object emitting the odor and to discover what it is. This, we presume, was the case with Bob. I traveling over the ground which he hunts, the dog must meet with many odors, some so familiar as to be at once recognized, others totally strange to him. We know a little about the sense of smell in the "lower animals," and about the sensations conveyed to the brain through the olfactory nerves, that almost all theorizing on this subject must be based on conjecture.]

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

All communications for Forest and Stream must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Yachting.

THE second cruising competition given by this paper on Nov. 15. Our first attempt in this direction was a great success, and we were therefore prompted to give another, but the reception accorded the second exceeded our most sanguine expectations. There were over three times the number of stories submitted in the second than in the first, and the standard of the prizes was much higher. In nearly every instance the conditions governing the completion were adhered to, and the stories dealt with cruises made on nearly all the navigable waters in the United States' possessions; one of the stories treated of a trip around a remote island of Honolulu.

When we organized these cruising and designing competitions we hoped they would prove of practical and lasting value, and that the publication of the prizes and designs would be of universal interest.

Mr. Theodore Zeraga has again agreed to act as judge, and make the awards. Mr. Zeraga judged the prizes in last year's competition with great care and excellent judgment.

We are confident we have accomplished all we planned, and from now on we propose making these competitions a feature of this department.

We will soon make public the conditions for another designing competition. The prizes will be larger than those given, and the design will be for a centerboard sloop or yawl of about 40ft. waterline. This is a considerably larger craft than has been attempted in any of our competitions, but it is a very popular size, and a boat of that length enables one to secure sufficient accommodation so that two or three men can make their home on board for a period of several months and have many of the comforts and conveniences that would be impossible on a smaller craft.

The old 40ft. class was in many ways one of the best in this country ever saw. Much good racing was had between these boats, and many of them are still being used as cruisers. The nearest approach to this class in the modern boat are the 43-footers on Long Island Sound. They have been accepted as being most successful for racing and cruising. Take for instance Mira, Fort, Challenge, Mimosa II. and Aspirant, all these boats have been raced hard and have afforded their owners fine sport. Nevertheless, every one of them has ample room below for quarters that are roomy and comfortable. Another splendid craft of about this size is Irondequoit, the winner of the Canada's cup last summer. She is very fast and able, and has a vast amount of room below. Such a vessel with a snug cabin would make an admirable cruiser, and could be handled with two or not more than three paid hands. A boat of that size and type has a wide cruising range, and her field of usefulness is great. This is the kind of boat we had in mind, and there are many men of moderate means who are looking for just such a boat. We believe that this competition will meet with the success and approval that it deserves.

The possibility of a universal measurement rule appears so remote that many of the enthusiasts have finally abandoned the plan, believing it to be hopeless. The rules that have been tried thus far, both on this side of the water as well as abroad, have met with very different success, and to-day the situation is worse than it has ever been before. Four rules of measurement are now in force among the clubs, and the association on Long Island Sound, and yachtsmen, after finding what the situation was, neither built new boats nor raced their old ones.

Restricted and one-design classes seemed to be the only solution of the problem, and new restricted classes are being formulated by the Massachusetts Y. R. A. and the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound. We are strongly opposed to one-design classes in particular in restricted classes in general, but still such racing is better than none at all, and we console ourselves with this thought.

In this issue of FOREST AND STREAM there appears an able article on the measurement question by Charles Lane Poor, owner of the 43-footer Mira. We wish to call special attention to Mr. Poor's article, as it advances several new theories, all of which seem good. His comments on time allowance appear very sound and practical. We trust that this paper may rekindle interest in this question that is of such vital importance and be the means of bringing about some beneficial results. When the racing dies down the life of yachting is killed, and the present situation is a sad one, and it is undermining the very foundation of the sport.

Notes on the Measurement of Racing Yachts.

BY CHARLES LANE POOR, PH.D.

DURING the last quarter of a century great advances have been made in the designing and building of yachts. "Rule-of-thumb" methods have been discarded, and the modern racing yacht is the result of deep study and elaborate calculations as to weight and strength of material. Yet with all this advance in designing and building, no commensurate advance has been made in the principles of classifying and rating such yachts for racing purposes. The rules of measurement under which yachts are to-day are constructed upon "rule-of-thumb" methods. According to racing yachtsmen and designers the rules thus constructed are all unsatisfactory, and are produced, and are producing, bad types of yachts. No consistent attempt has been made by any club to apply the scientific principles involved in the problem.

Having in mind the importance of the subject, both from a scientific and a sporting point of view, the writer, in the following notes, has attempted to bring clearly before all yachtsmen the fact that the present rules of measurement are founded upon certain assumptions as to the speed of yachts; to show that such assumptions are not clearly warranted by the data at their command; and to indicate the principles on which the

measurement and classification of yachts should be based.

Time Allowance and Classification.

The table of time allowance is the most important element in the problem. Except in one-design classes, all systems of classification and handicapping rest on the time allowance table. In many of the larger events each year boats of widely different sizes race together, and the prize is won or lost by the aid of time allowance. The table of allowances which is in common use in all clubs was first adopted in 1883. At that time length was recognized as the prime factor in producing speed, and the tables were based on the rule generally accepted by naval architects, that "within economic limits, opportunities for speed vary in different vessels as the square roots of their respective lengths." This simply means that under normal conditions a boat 100 feet long should sail at the rate of ten miles per hour, ten being the square root of one hundred, and that a boat 36 feet long should, under the same conditions, sail at the rate of six miles per hour, six being the square root of thirty-six. The larger boat should thus sail one mile in one-tenth of an hour, or six minutes; the smaller boat in one-sixth of an hour, or ten minutes, and hence the larger boat allows the smaller the difference between these times, or four minutes per mile. Computing thus the times for boats of all different sizes, a complete table of allowances is formed, which is thus nothing more than a table of inverse square roots. As in practice it was found that this allowance was too large for ordinary summer racing, eight-tenths only of the allowance is actually given, and the table, as found in the New York Y. C. book, gives eight-tenths of the full allowance. That is, the thirty-six foot boat receives only 3.2 minutes per mile instead of the full 4 minutes. These figures can be verified by comparison with the tables in the New York Y. C. book, from which we find the allowance in this case would be 192 seconds, which is the same as 3.2 minutes.

It was at once seen, however, that length is not the only factor in producing speed. Motive power is certainly a factor, and in a sailing yacht motive power is furnished by the sails, and the amount of such motive power varies with the sail area. In order to take account of this speed producing factor, in computing the time allowance from the above rule, the fiction of a "racing length" was introduced—the length in the rule being replaced by the "racing length." Such "racing length" was, and is, determined from measurements of hull, spars, and rigging, and does not bear any direct relation to the simple length of hull. Sail area was thus introduced and appears in all rating formulae; and in the latest rule—the New York Y. C. rule adopted this year—a third factor—displacement—is brought in. The two principal rating formulae are the old New York and the new New York as given below:

$$R.L. = \frac{1 + \sqrt{S.A.}}{2} \quad (1).$$

$$R.L. = 1.5 \frac{1 + \sqrt{S.A.}}{\sqrt{D}} \quad (2).$$

The Larchmont rule and the rule adopted by the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound are but modifications of (1), the principal factors being the same and introduced in the same way.

We have already seen that all methods, so far adopted, for computing time allowance assume that speed is proportional to the square root of racing length. Now, an examination of the above old and new New York rules shows that for either rule, so far as sail area affects racing length at all, that effect is proportional to square root of sail area. If, then, as we have seen, the time allowance table always makes speed proportional to square root of racing length, then, so far as sail area can affect speed, according to either New York rule, that effect must be proportional to the square root of the square root of sail area, which is the fourth root of sail area. In other words, if the time allowance tables and either of the New York rules are correct, then the speed of a yacht must vary according to the fourth root of sail area. We shall see further on that such is not the case in actual sailing.

In view of the above considerations, we see the adoption of the measurement rule (1) involves the assumptions that speed is proportional to

- the square root of length of hull,
- the fourth root of sail area,

and that the new New York rule (2) involves these two assumptions, and the additional one that speed is proportional to

- the inverse sixth root of displacement.

On what basis do these assumptions rest; why use the sixth root of displacement, instead of the fourth root, or the tenth root? The printed report of the committee throws no light on this subject. The only imaginable reason for the introduction of these factors in this way seems to lie in the supposed necessity for reducing every factor in the rating formula to the dimension of "length." There may be other and good reasons, but if so they are not made apparent in the reports of various committees. In fact, the report of the committee in 1883 regarding the original rule seems to indicate plainly that this was the sole reason for thus introducing sail area. The square root of an area is a length, and in 1883 such square root was somewhere near the length of the yacht itself, and as a length could be readily added to a length, the square root of sail area was adopted in the rating formula. The cube root of displacement is a length, so cube root of displacement is used in the formula. There is no valid reason why the rating formula should contain nothing but length factors, and a brief review will show upon what weak foundations the various measurement rules and table of allowances rest.

- Assumption as to length.

The assumption, in all rules, that speed is proportional to the square root of length of hull seems to be fairly well justified. The fact that the longer hull can be driven faster by the same power has been demonstrated time and again, but the exact relation between length and speed is not so easy to deduce. Naval architects hold, as result of experience, that for moderate speeds, and within certain limits, opportunities for speed in boats of similar

design vary as the square roots of their respective lengths. This relationship holds fairly well for speeds up to twelve miles per hour, a speed far in excess of the average speed of even the largest yacht during races.

Thus tests and the experience of naval architects seem to show that this assumption is not radically wrong, and that it represents the truth fairly well; sufficiently close, at least, for the purposes of yacht measurement. Simple waterline length is, however, no longer a proper measure of length in the modern yacht with its excessively long and full overhangs. The waterline length does not represent the actual length of the boat, when heeled over, and a modification of waterline should be used in the formula. Such modifications have been introduced, as in the Larchmont rule and the New York rules.

- Assumption as to displacement.

The relationship between speed and displacement is extremely complicated, and there appear to be no data at hand by which this assumption can be tested. As a result of one season's racing, it seems to be established that the present rule gives too much advantage to displacement; in other words, the present rule uses displacement wrongly. Tests and experiments alone can show how this factor should be introduced into the rule, and what the real relationship between speed and displacement is.

- Assumption as to sail area.

The assumption in all measurement rules that speed is proportional to the fourth root of sail area does not seem to be founded on any substantial basis. In fact, all investigations and tests seem to show that this assumption is radically wrong; speed seems to be more nearly proportional to the square root of sail area. To test this point we have elaborate experiments upon the power necessary to drive boats at different speeds. Probably the best and most satisfactory tests are those of Froude, whose investigations are of the highest order of merit. The result of such tests is that for moderate speeds (up to twelve knots) the power necessary to drive a hull through water is very nearly proportional to the square of the speed. That is, if engines of a certain size can drive a hull four miles per hour, it will take engines of four times the power to drive the same hull eight miles per hour. In a steamer the power is developed by the engines, in a sailing vessel by the sails, and the power developed by the sails is proportional to the area of the sails themselves. As few yachts ever sail a race, or portion of a race, faster than twelve miles per hour, these tests show that in actual practice power, which is proportional to sail area, varies as the square of the speed. In other words, they show that speed varies as the square root of sail area, and not as the fourth root, as assumed by all rules now in force. Therefore, as long as the present tables of time allowance are used, the RL should contain the factor SA, and not the factor VSA, as at present.

We thus see that, under all rules in force since 1883, sail area, or power, has not been taxed sufficiently: boats with greater sail area have not given their due amount of allowance. This fact developed early, and the rule adopted in 1883 was modified by changing the coefficient of VSA. While this increased the tax on sail, it did not increase it enough, nor did it increase it in the right proportions. Naturally designers have developed that factor which is not duly taxed, and hence we have had boats with constantly increasing sail area. The sail area carried by a cup defender has doubled during this period.

I have made the following attempt to test the correctness of the assumption contained in all rules that speed is proportional to the fourth root of sail area, by comparing the races of two yachts during the years 1902 and 1903. These yachts sailed many races over the same course during each year, and I here specify them as M and E respectively. During both of these years yacht E was in the same condition and sailed by the same crew. In the spring of 1903 yacht M had her sail greatly reduced, but was otherwise in the same condition as in 1902, and was sailed by the same crew, amateurs and professionals, during the two seasons. Therefore the only difference in the condition of races was the decreased sail area of M, and the results of these races should throw some light, therefore, on the value of sail area as a factor to speed. Unfortunately for an exact comparison, the strength of the breeze was much weaker in 1903, it taking the yachts on an average much longer time to cover this same course than it did in 1902. The following tables give the results of three races held in 1902 and four races in 1903, all seven races having taken place over the same course, and as near as possible under the same conditions. In each season one or more races are omitted from the series, as they were mere drifting matches, having taken over five hours to cover the course.

RACES—1902.			
Time of Race.		E wins by	
Hours.	Minutes.	Minutes.	Seconds.
3	11	12	46
2	48	2	40
3	25	4	20
<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Av. 3	8	6	35
Average Speed—			
M		7.18 miles per hour	
E		7.44 miles per hour	
<hr/>		<hr/>	
		.26 miles per hour difference	

RACES—1903.			
Hours. Minutes.		Minutes. Seconds.	
4	1	39	1
3	43	17	11
4	5	12	2
4	14	18	19
—	—	—	—
Av. 4	1	21	38
Average Speed—			
M		5.62 miles per hour	
E		6.17 miles per hour	
		<u> </u>	
		.55 miles per hour difference	

In the first series E averaged .26 miles per hour faster than M; in the second series, .55 miles per hour faster. The difference between these two figures, or .29 miles per hour may, I believe, be called the decrease in speed in M due to the decrease in sail area. This, of course, assumes that E could be used as a standard of speed, and sailed as fast, and no faster, in 1903 as she did in 1902. The average speed of M during the whole series was 6.4 miles per hour. The waterline length of M was 36 feet, over all length, or length on deck, 54 feet, and the actual waterline length when heeled over by a breeze would not be far from 42 feet, which would give a theoretical speed ($S=\sqrt{L}$) of 6.48 miles per hour.

We have the following approximate data for M during the two seasons:

	$\sqrt{S.A.}$	$\sqrt{S.A.}$
1902	50	7.08
1903	48	6.94

From this we see that if speed is proportional to the square root of sail area, the speed of M should have decreased 4 per cent. in 1903 from that of 1902, but if speed is proportional to the fourth root of sail area, it should have decreased in 1903 by 1.98 per cent. Collecting these results in the form of a table we have the following:

Average speed.....	6.50 miles per hour
Decrease per Larchmont Rule, $\sqrt[4]{S.A.}$09 miles per hour
Decrease if proportional to $\sqrt{S.A.}$26 miles per hour
Observed decrease29 miles per hour

This shows that the observed decrease of .29 miles per hour was larger even than the decrease on the assumption that speed is proportional to the square root of the sail area, which calls for .26 miles per hour decrease, but these two figures are in extremely close accord for such a rough calculation. It shows certainly that speed is much more nearly proportional to the square root of sail area than to the fourth root of the sail area, which is the factor now used in all rules both here and abroad.

While, of course, this one case is by no means conclusive evidence, yet taken in conjunction with the experiments of Froude, it tends to show that in all rules of measurement sail area should be so introduced as to make speed proportional to the square root and not to the fourth root.

Conclusion.

If the results, indicated in the above notes, should, upon further investigation, prove to be correct, then the present rules are all based upon a wrong assumption, and no amount of doctoring will correct them. These rules assume that, in order to halve the speed of a hull, the sail area must be decreased to one-sixteenth of the original amount, while the tests referred to and the results of experiments in actual racing would indicate that the speed would be halved if the sail area be decreased to one-fourth the original amount. Which of these is more nearly correct, one-sixteenth or one-fourth? In 1902 the average speed of M, a 43-footer, carrying 2,500 square feet of sail, was 7.18 miles per hour. Does it seem possible that this yacht could have sailed the same course, under the same conditions of wind, at the rate of 3.59 miles per hour if she had carried only 156 square feet of sail—less than that contained in a storm topsail? Yet this is what the measurement rules would force us to believe.

A few careful experiments would decide the question, and such experiments could be conducted in a tank, or preferably in actual racing. A very conclusive test of the relationship between speed and sail area could be made with three or four of the Newport thirties. These boats have raced together for years, and their relative speeds are well known. Increase the rig of one, decrease that of another, leave the third and fourth unchanged, and then race the four boats over different courses, in light winds and in heavy winds. Ten or a dozen such races would furnish reliable data, such as would appeal to yachtsmen as no tests in tanks would or could.

Why should not the assumptions in the measurement rules be made the subject of scientific investigation? The problem is worth the attention of the best mathematician or physicist, and the results of such an investigation would enable practical yachtsmen to formulate a rule of measurement that would, at least, be founded on correct principles.

Two Houseboat Designs.

Messrs. Sadler, Perkins & Field have just completed the design for a twin screw, shallow draft houseboat, designs for which are published herewith, now building at the yard of the Nilson Yacht Building Co., for Mr. A. R. Whitney, of Morristown, N. J. The vessel is 96ft. over all, 91ft. waterline, 20ft. beam, with a guaranteed draft of 2ft. 6in. She is propelled by twin screw gasoline engines of 60 horse-power each.

Just after the forecabin deck is a large double state room for the owner, extending the entire width of the boat, with a private bath opening into it from the port side, following which are four state rooms with two berths each to accommodate the owner's family and guests. There is also an extra toilet provided on the starboard side just aft of state room No. 5. Each state-room is provided with a large wardrobe, and in three of the four wash basins are also installed. Aft of the owner's sleeping quarters come the engine room, mess room, galley and pantry, and a broad passage connects the forward quarters with the main saloon, which comes directly aft of the engine room, extending the width of the vessel. As the vessel is intended for Southern cruising, ample provision for cold storage, and a large supply of ice has been made, the main ice box extending from the hold to the upper deck, being 5 by 5ft., and double entrance being provided to both pantry and galley. Aft of the main saloon come the crew's quarters, provision being made for captain, two engineers, steward and cook, while two deckhands are berthed in swinging pipe berths in the mess room.

Just forward of the engine room is the main companion leading to a large deckhouse on the upper deck, to be fitted as a library and general lounging room. A low casing for ventilating purposes is built over the engine and mess rooms, aft of which the upper deck has been kept clear as possible and affords an excel-

lent promenade for the owner and his guests. Three boats are carried on davits stepped on the outside of the rail, namely, an 18ft. launch, 16ft. gig and a 14ft. skiff. Just aft of the deckhouse is a shelter seat, while forward an observation seat for use in pleasant weather is provided.

A special feature of this vessel is the watertight door cut in the starboard side of the boat to lead directly into the main vestibule opposite the main companion, to be used by the owner in pleasant weather, making an easy entrance through the side of the vessel from the small boats, while in rough or stormy weather the companion ladder leading directly to the upper deck will be used, while the watertight door is battened down.

All state rooms, main saloon and deckhouse are connected with pantry by call bells and telephone, and electric light plant in engine room supplies vessel with interior and exterior lights.

As mentioned above, the vessel is to be used in Southern waters, particular attention having been paid to the ventilation on this account.

The accompanying plans show the general arrangement and outboard of a three-deck outside cruising houseboat, also designed by Messrs. Sadler, Perkins & Field, for a well-known yachtsman in Connecticut. The dimensions are l. o. a., 108ft. 6in.; l. w. l., 102ft.; beam, 23ft. 3in.; draft, 6ft., with a speed of 10 knots per hour.

The particular feature of this boat is the fact that the owner has the entire main and upper decks to himself, the crew being berthed on the lower deck. The advantages of the privacy thus afforded to the owner and his guests will be readily appreciated, and form one of the boat's most attractive features. As customary in all their houseboats, the designers have carried the deck house all the way forward to the bow, giving the additional space thus obtained to the owner, and saving what is usually the forward deck space in houseboats of the old design. The owner's quarters come forward on the berth deck, consisting, as will be seen, of an owner's bath and large double state room extending the entire width of the vessel, followed by two children's rooms, maid's room, and another bath room. The vestibule, opening from which comes the main opening to the deckhouse, has been utilized as a library, while the passage connecting the owner's quarters forward and aft has been developed into a very attractive reception room. The main saloon goes aft of the engine and boiler space, while two guest's rooms and bath come at the extreme after end of the house.

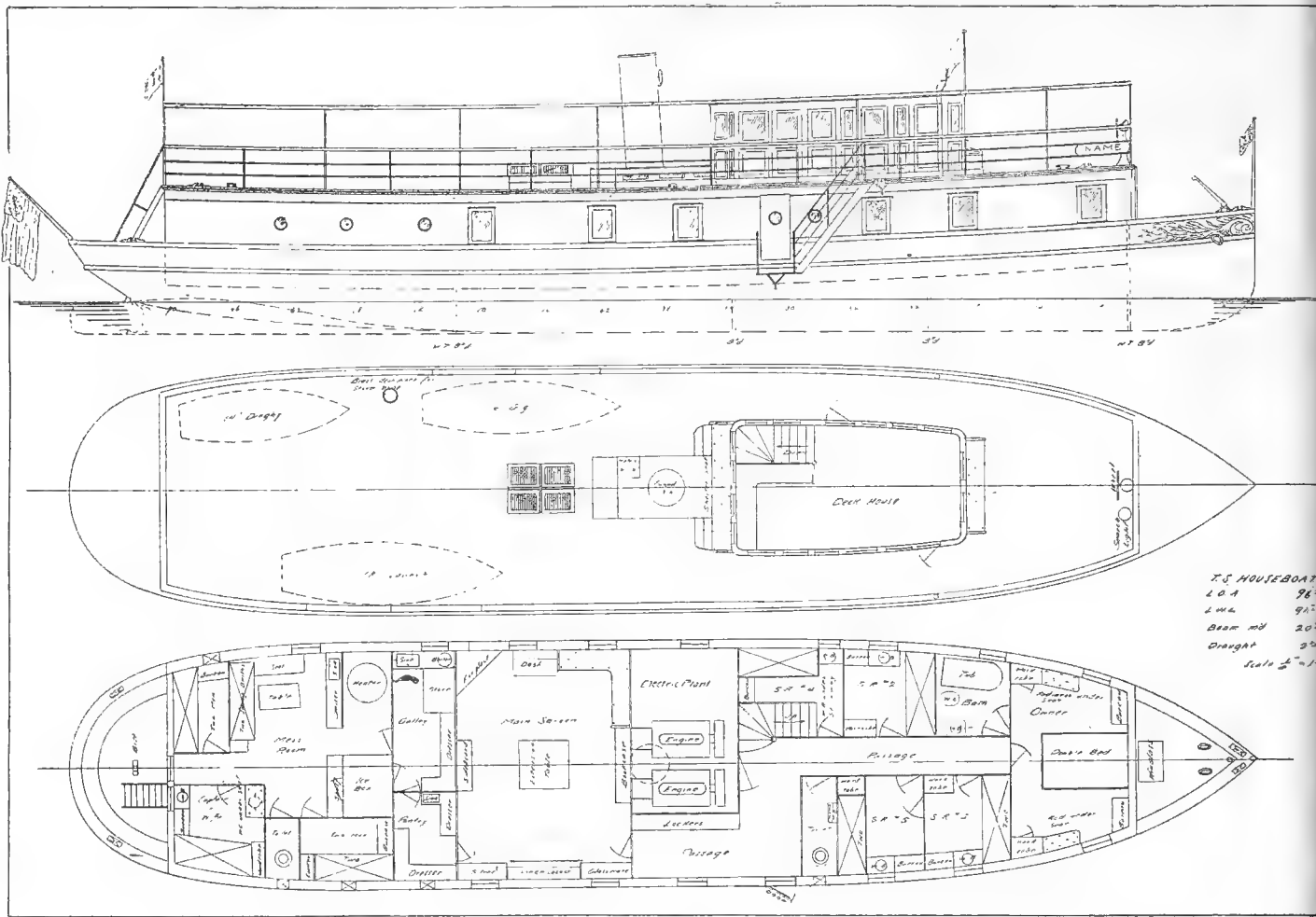
The pantry, galley and mess room are worked into port of the engine and boiler casing, and crew's companion leads from the mess room to the berth deck, where provision is made for a captain, chief engineer, steward, cook and four seamen, while, besides, is a large crew's bath room, laundry, drying room, trunk room and store rooms. The engine and boiler space is also entered from this deck, keeping, as above stated, the berth deck absolutely for the owner's use. On the upper deck the deck house is fitted up with gun rack, chart table, lockers, etc., and is to be used as a sitting and observation room by the owner.

Three boats will be carried, launch, cutter and dinghy, while the vessel will be lighted throughout by electricity, and the various owner's quarters connected with pantry and steward's room by the usual call bells and telephone system.

The machinery consists of an inverted triple expansion condensing engine, taking steam from an Almy water tube boiler, while ample coal bunker space provides for a large cruising radius.

At the October meeting of the Corinthian Y. C., of California, a committee was appointed to form a syndicate to build a boat to defend the Sir Thomas Lipton Racing Cup. The syndicate will be formed of local people and stock will be open to subscription. The boat will cost \$5,000.

Secretary Lancaster was instructed to write Lipton asking permission to use the 30ft. cabin cruisers instead of the 30ft. racing machine specified by him, also that the course may be changed to the regular club course on account of more favorable winds.



HOUSE-BOAT—DESIGNED BY SADLER, PERKINS & FIELD FOR A. R. WHITNEY.

The Auxiliary Schooner Atlantic.

THE three-masted auxiliary schooner Atlantic was launched from the yard of the Townsen Downey Shipbuilding Co., in July, has returned after having a trial trip, to have her interior fitted in place.

Atlantic was designed by Messrs. Gardner & for Mr. Wilson Marshall. She is 185ft. over all, waterline, 29ft. 6in. breadth and 15ft. draft. The terboard houses under the propeller shaft.

The owner's and guests' accommodations are en aft, and consist of three single staterooms, two staterooms, chart room, owner's private bedroom and main saloon, which is the full width of 15ft. long. There are three tiled bath room, one wash room in connection with the state room. The finish throughout below deck is very elaborate. There is located directly aft of mizzen mast a deck house fitted up as a smoking room. Forward the owner's quarters is the galley and pantry, and are accommodations for thirty men.

Between the main and foremasts the machinery located, which consists of a triple expansion engine with cylinders 9-inch, 14-inch and 22½-inch by 1 stroke. The steam is supplied by two Almy boilers. The machinery plant is complete with all pumps, ice machine, dynamo and engine, storage tanks, etc.; in fact, forming a complete machine stallation capable of driving the yacht at a 10½ speed under steam. This speed was actually obtained in various steam trials conducted on cruise.

Aside from the electric lighting, there is an incandescence plant installed, capable of lighting the vessel's engine is out of commission.

In order to test her rigging, spars, sails and machinery before finishing the interior, the yacht taken for a cruise on Long Island Sound from 24 to Nov. 1. Newport was as far east as the extended.

A remarkably fast run was made between New don and Newport under sail on Tuesday, Oct. 2; wind was N. W. by N., and had a strength of 3 knots. Weighed anchor New London, 7:45. Dropped anchor at Brenton's Cove, Newport, A. M. Covered distance of 43 knots, including consumed for anchoring, in 3h. and 5m.

The various times and distances as taken en are as follows:

	Distance.	Knots.
New London to Race Rock.....	5	1
Race Rock to Point Judith.....	27	1
Point Judith to Fort Adams.....	10	1
Total.....	42	1

The sailing time from Race Rock to Watch H 31m., the distance being 9½ knots, which is equivalent to a speed of 18 knots per hour. Rate of speed Race Rock to Point Judith, distance of 37 knots, 15.1 knots per hour. Tidal conditions on the race were at start, and against it when nearing port. Log actually showed at the time 16-knot.

The run was made with the fore, main and sails, working staysail and jib, spreading in all 50. ft. of canvas.

As soon as the yacht is fully completed, which will be by the first of the year, the owner intends to sail for Bermuda and thence to the West Indies and America.

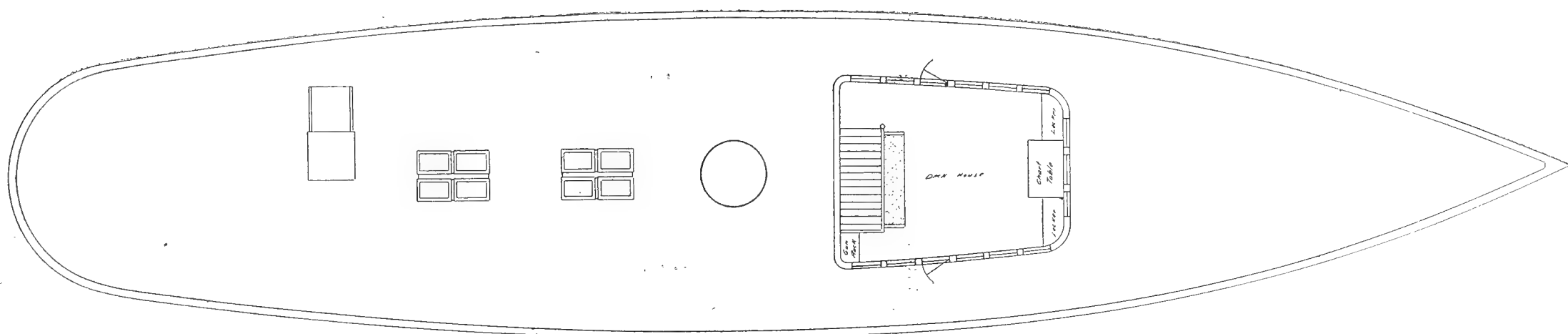
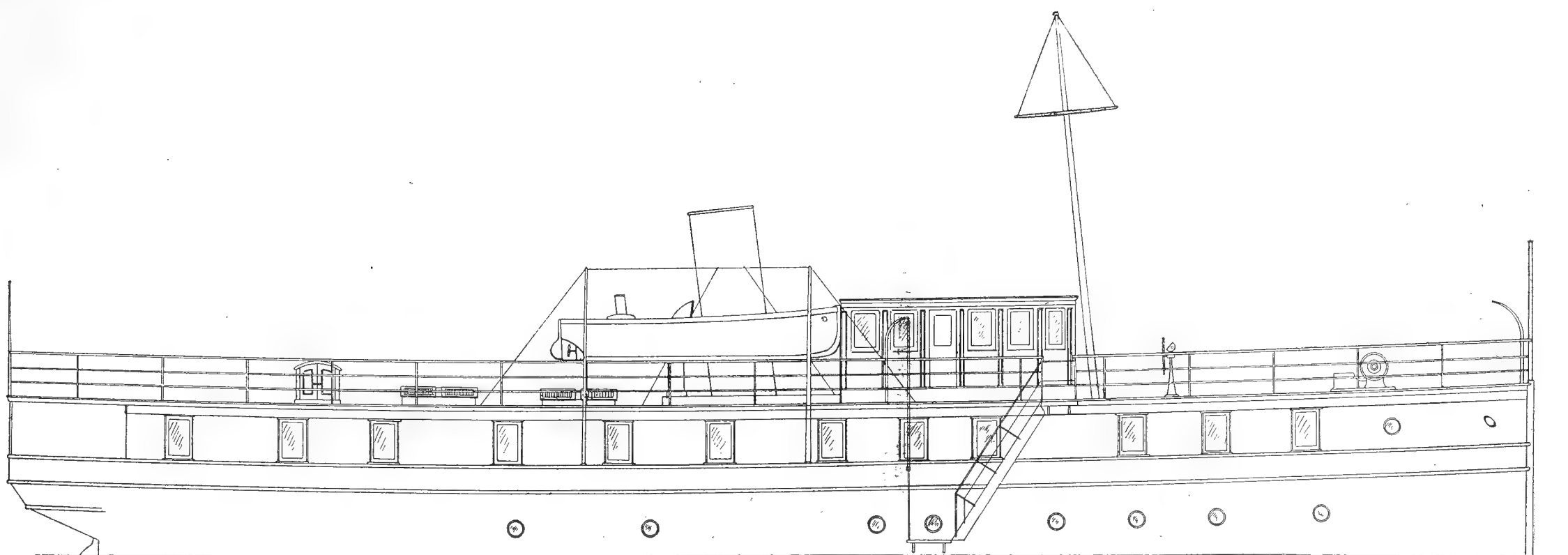
YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii

The fifth regular meeting of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. was held on Tuesday evening, Nov. 19, at Delmonico's, New York City. After consideration two amendments were made in the constitution. They are as follows:

Any member shall be entitled to become a life member upon payment of \$500.

The annual dues shall be \$50 for all members in class "A," and for all members in class "B" \$25.



HOUSE-BOAT—DESIGNED BY SADLER, PERKINS & FIELD FOR A CONNECTICUT YACHTSMAN.

Mr. Hueston Wyeth, of St. Joseph, Mo., has purchased the auxiliary schooner Edris. The new owner is now making a Southern cruise on the boat.

The South Coast Y. C., of San Pedro, Cal., is in a very prosperous condition. The club already has a membership of 100. Seventy-five hundred dollars' worth of bonds have been issued by the club. These will be taken up by the club members and the money thus raised will be used in building a new club house. The site is one that overlooks the outer harbor and the ocean. Plans for the new building have already been submitted. Comfort and convenience will be first considered in arranging the house. The building will be large and commodious, with a large veranda running nearly all the way around it. The lower floor will be given over to an assembly room, a glass inclosed reading room, billiard room, grill room and shower baths. On the second floor will be sleeping apartments and baths. It is the intention to make the house one where members can live and do business in Los Angeles.

In front of the club house the bluff will be terraced and at the bottom will be the locker house. The pier will extend 300ft. into the outer harbor waters.

Mr. Hollis Burgess has sold the 37ft. waterline sloop Valhalla II., owned by Mr. J. Arthur Beebe, of Boston, to Mr. N. A. Willis, of Boston, and the 18ft. knockabout Crow, owned by Messrs. Foster Hooper and Charles E. Lauriat, of Boston, to Mr. Frank W. Atwood, of Winthrop, Mass.

There is building at the yard of the Ailsa Shipbuilding Co., Troon, Ayrshire, Scotland, a large steam yacht for Mr. F. W. Vanderbilt. She was designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, and is to be 239ft. waterline, 32ft. 6in. breadth and of 1,200 tons register. She will have twin screws, which will be driven by two sets of quadruple expansion engines of about 2,700 horse-power. She will be launched some time in December and may be named Conqueror.

C. Allison Godshalk, of Philadelphia, says the Record is having built a boat which will be in some ways one of the most remarkable small vessels in the world. It is to be what is known as a power launch (propelled by gasoline) that will eclipse the speed of the fastest ocean liner and equal that of the majority of torpedo boats. To achieve this single desired re-

sult of celerity nearly every consideration that enters into the construction of pleasure crafts has been sacrificed, and even the builders have frequently protested at the radical, not to say revolutionary, features which she will embody. But Mr. Godshalk is a thorough student of his hobby, and after giving the plans his closest personal attention, has no doubt of the ultimate triumph of his ideas.

The launch will be of mahogany—a quarter of an inch thick, 40ft. long and only 4½ft. wide. With a 70 horsepower engine, and with it she is expected to develop the really phenomenal speed of 25 knots an hour.

Should the boat, which will probably be called Zip, realize her owner's expectations, she will be shipped to England next summer and entered in the Thames races for the celebrated Harmsworth Cup.

At the annual meeting of the Old Mill Y. C., held on Nov. 8, at the club house on Jamaica Bay, the following officers and committee were elected: Com., John May; Vice-Com., C. J. Mehrrens; Rear-Com., Charles Cooper; Cor. Sec., Edward Ferry; Fin. Sec., Adam Breitrack; Rec. Sec., Joseph Buehler; Treas., Harry W. Walker; Measurer, William Meyers. Board of Trustees: George McLean, Dave Van Wicklen, Otto

Kirsch, Edward Boyle and William Wheeler. Regatta Committee: Com. Henry Lange, Henry Falkenstein and Joseph Buehler. Delegates to the Jamaica Bay Y. R. A.: Com. Henry Lange and Com. John May. House Committee: William Mills, Chairman; Harry Gunhaus and John Stahle. Entertainment Committee: Andrew H. Mills, Hugo Beyer and Charles Werner.



A meeting of the Manhasset Bay Winter Club was held a short time ago.

Arrangements have been completed, by which the reception room and café in the club house at Port Washington will be heated on Saturdays and Sundays, and meals and refreshments served to members on these days.

The object of the winter club is to bring and keep the members together during the months when sailing cannot be had, and by the good fellowship so engendered promote the interests of the Manhasset Bay Y. C.



An open meeting of the Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay will be held on Thursday evening, Nov. 19, at 8 o'clock, at the "Assembly," No. 308 Fulton street, Brooklyn, opposite Johnson street.

Prizes won during the season of 1903 will be presented to winners.



Mr. Wm. H. Hand, Jr., of New Bedford, Mass., has recently completed plans for a 26ft. motor launch for Mr. A. H. Chase, of Providence, R. I.; a 27ft. yawl for Mr. Otto C. Schoenwerk, Jr., of Chicago; a 30ft. cruising yawl for Mr. E. P. Hussey, of Buffalo, N. Y., and a 15ft. W. L. one-design class for members of the Buffalo Y. C.

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

IN order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of *FOREST AND STREAM* offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First prize, \$50.00.

Second prize, \$25.00.

Third prize, \$15.00.

Fourth and fifth, \$10.00 each.

Sixth to eighth, \$5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept, and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. When practicable an outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in. While a chart will count in estimating the events of the log, it is not a necessary factor, and a log may be sent without it.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, on or before December 1, 1903.

Adrift Sixty Days in Canoes.

MR. JAMES W. DAVIDSON, our Consul in Formosa, has just told of a very remarkable journey made by sixteen natives of the Pelew Islands, who were picked up nearly dead on the island of Formosa. They were savages who had never heard of Formosa, but the winds and waves carried them to that far off shore.

Some Formosans saw the poor wretches one morning on a beach of their northeast coast; also three canoes the like of which they had never seen before. The canoes were fitted with outriggers which helped to steady the little vessels among the waves. In other respects, also, they differed from canoes common in that part of the Malay Archipelago. Some Chinese who came to the spot thought the party had probably come from the southeast coast of Formosa, and that the men belonged to one of the savage and hostile tribes. Others were of the opinion that they had come from the Bashee Islands to the south of Formosa.

The men were scattered along the beach in a very weak and famished condition. Only two or three of them could speak, but no one understood their language. They were taken to the custom house, where they were well cared for and slowly increased in strength. Only one of them died, and he succumbed from sheer exhaustion about a week after his arrival. All of them were fed on diluted food at first, as their stomachs could not retain solids.

Every one was greatly surprised when it was possible at last to learn the story of their adventures. The men had been fishing a few miles from one of the Pelew Islands, where they lived. A heavy gale came up and

carried them away from their fishing grounds. They had in their canoes a considerable quantity of fish, and during their long journey, while the sport of the waves and winds, they lived on fish, though, when their original supply was exhausted, they were unable to catch a sufficient number to meet their needs.

They drifted this way and that for sixty days, and had not the slightest idea where they were when they finally came within sight of the mountains of Formosa. The next day they were cast up on the beach; and it speaks well for the strength of their craft as well as their own powers of endurance that they should have held out so long.

When they had recovered sufficient strength to undertake the journey home, they were sent to Hong Kong, whence they obtained passage to the Caroline Islands, and soon after were taken home by a vessel plying in the island trade. Their friends welcomed them as though they had risen from the dead.

This is one of the involuntary voyages of which so many records have now been collected that anthropologists believe they adequately explain the means by which the widely severed bits of land in the wastes of the Pacific received their inhabitants. In some way or another the persons found on these bits of land must have been brought there; but the problem how they were transported could not be satisfactorily explained as the result of the expertness of oceanic peoples in navigation.

About ten years ago a patient German student named Otto Sittig collected a great many instances of the involuntary voyages of these oceanic peoples from one island to another. He found that many of them, while out at sea in their small craft, had been carried over a thousand miles to other islands. The authentic evidence he collected covered a period of about 150 years, up to the time he made his investigations.

He deduced from these facts the conclusion that the aboriginal inhabitants of hundreds of islands in the Pacific were derived originally from the inhabitants of myriad islands to the west of Polynesia, who were scattered among other lands by winds or currents that caught them while out at sea in their boats and carried them sometimes hundreds of miles from their native islands.—New York Sun.

The Forests of Hawaii.

THE forest conditions of the islands are unlike any that prevail in this country. Mr. William L. Hall, of the Bureau of Forestry, who has just returned from a two months' examination of the islands, reports peculiar and interesting problems which forestry must solve there. The islands contain scarcely any forests capable of yielding timber of value for lumber. Nearly all the lumber used for building purposes comes from the Pacific Coast. But there are several hundred thousand acres of forest land of the greatest value for protective purposes. Indeed, so great is the importance of these forests that on their preservation depends the existence of the sugar industry, and that is equivalent to saying the continued prosperity of the islands. The sugar exports of the last fiscal year amounted to \$25,000,000, and sugar is practically the only export. The raising of sugar requires an enormous amount of water, nearly all of which must be supplied by irrigation, the water being carried in flumes and ditches from the wet, mountainous parts of the islands to the dry plains on which the sugar cane is grown. The rainfall of the islands is nearly all confined to the northeast and east mountain slopes, where it is tremendously heavy, some years more than 200 inches. On the other side of the divide, and in the plains beyond, where the sugar cane grows, there may be no more than fifteen inches of rain a year.

The forests are largely confined to the rainy side of the mountains, and are necessary as a protective cover to keep the ground from washing from the slopes and the rain from rushing back too rapidly into the sea. The presence of the forest cover, since it makes the stream flow regular, preventing both floods and periods of low stream flow, is indispensable to the success of irrigating projects. The value of this forest, strangely enough, consists not so much in the trees it contains—for they are frequently low, crooked, and sparsely scattered—as in the impenetrable mass of undergrowth beneath them. This undergrowth, composed of vines, ferns, and mosses, is of so dense a character that it shades the ground absolutely and holds water like a sponge. It is, however, exceedingly delicate and easily destroyed. Let cattle into such a forest and they will speedily eat or trample down the undergrowth till the bare ground is exposed. The soil then rapidly dries out and becomes hard, and the trees soon die. Grasses, insects, and wind usually hasten the destruction. Cattle and goats have ravaged the Hawaiian forests without hindrance for many years and have worked further each year into the heart of the dense tropical growth.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

THE New York Corps opened its winter gallery prize shooting for 1903-04 in the Zettler Bros.' galleries on Friday night, Nov. 13. As usual with this corps there was a large attendance of the members, seventy of whom took part in the shooting. The programme calls for ring and bullseye targets. The prizes are distributed at the end of the season for most points on the ring target, and for the best center shot on the bullseye target. A special prize is given by the corps for the best bullseye on each shooting night.

At the shoot on Tuesday night the best center shot was made by H. D. Meyer, who took the prize, a set of crockery (100 pieces). The scores are appended:

Ten-shot scores, two scores to count: Geo. Ludwig 240, 238; R. Gute 238, 236; O. Schwannemann 226, 238; H. Haase 223, 231; J. Facklamm 225, 229; F. Facompre 230, 223; J. Siebs 221, 231; J. H. Meyer, 2d, 221, 230; J. C. Bonn 234, 219; Geo. Offermann 221, 228; H. Michaelsen 226, 219; J. G. Tholke 220, 226; Hy. Lohden 228, 216; G. Thomas 224, 219; H. Nordbruch 220, 222; Wm. Schultz 220, 222; Hy. Rottger 215, 225; A. W. Lemcke 218, 219; H. C. Hainhorst 215, 218; N. C. Beversten 205, 226; L. C.

Hagenach 218, 213; H. D. Meyer 218, 213; C. Schultz 213, 217; H. Berckmann 207, 229; P. Heidelberger 210, 218; S. F. Stolzenberger 210, 217; Ch. Konig 211, 216; R. Ohms 222, 203; Wm. Dahl 211, 214; M. Von Dwingelo 200, 220; A. Giebelhaus 204, 215; John Paradise 202, 216; H. Decker 201, 216; H. Quenten 214, 202; Hy. Winter 206, 208; Hy. Gobber 205, 206; J. Jantzen 217, 194; M. Theu 193, 217; J. May 187, 219; F. Durks 213, 194; Ch. Mann 213, 189; C. Bruckama 205, 199; F. Feldhausen 194, 207; J. C. Kruse 203, 197; J. Lankenau 201, 189; H. Heinecke 203, 197; C. H. Wahman 183, 208; D. H. Brinkmann 190, 208; Geo. Junge 208, 183; D. Dede 186, 205; N. Jantzen 177, 212; Aug. Evers 183, 193; Hy. Koster 200, 186; C. Degenhardt 171, 200; D. Von der Lieth 165, 206; H. Horenberger 192, 181; L. Goldstein 196, 178; J. C. Brinkman 191, 170; D. Von Glahn 191, 165; A. Beckman 188, 186; Aug. Beckmann 191, 175; J. H. Doscher 176, 171; D. Von Heim 193, 144; Aug. Lederhaus 151, 177; N. W. Haaren 146, 172; G. Hagenah 145, 151; D. Ficken 178, 119; John Gobber 129, 137; H. Haaren 119, 132; B. Kumm 90, 152.

Bullseye target, best center shot by measurement, one prize: H. D. Meyer 22½ degrees, Geo. Ludwig 24½, Wm. Dahl 56, J. C. Bonn 57½, H. Horenberger 58.

Greenville Shooting Park.

A FEW of the regular patrons of this park were on hand on Saturday of last week to engage in the regular Saturday practice. The group was made up of members of the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Club, and the Zettler Rifle Club. Wm. Hayes and Aug. Begerow, of Newark, were present, trying out the shooting qualities from machine rest of a new Stevens-Pope barrel which had just been received from the J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co. As is usual with the output of this factory, the barrel was O.K. Major Ed Taylor was on the range with a new load of Lafin & Rand nitro powder, loaded in the .30-30 shell. The Major went home satisfied with his day's experiment. Dr. Walter G. Hudson, the champion from the Election Day shoot, of Nov. 3, was also present, and devoted the afternoon to practice. In a score of 50 shots the Doctor made a total of 1149 points. This score is only one point short of an average of 23 to each shot. L. P. Hansen and H. Fenwirth, of the Zettler Club, devoted their time to practice, and good shooting.

The revolver range was occupied by Messrs. Dietz, Silliman and Wilder, of the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Club. Scores:

Dr W G Hudson.....	23 22 24 23 23 23 24 23 20—228
	24 24 24 24 23 25 24 23 23—237
	25 21 23 22 22 21 25 22 22—226
	24 25 20 25 23 21 21 23 24—231
	22 23 24 24 21 21 24 21 23—227—1149

Ten-shot pools, No. 1:	
L P Hansen.....	21 25 20 23 22 19 23 15 21 23—212
H Fenwirth	6 22 18 18 22 22 23 25 19 14—189

Second pool:	
H Fenwirth	24 20 23 17 25 22 14 19 22 20—206
L P Hansen	21 24 17 17 18 21 15 21 23 15—192

Third pool:	
L P Hansen	24 23 18 24 18 22 17 24 19 10—199
H Fenwirth	18 23 21 17 16 19 22 17 21 16—190

Revolver, 50yds., Standard American target:

J A Dietz, Jr.....	9 9 9 8 10 10 9 9 9 8—92
	10 10 8 8 8 8 9 9 9 9—88
	9 7 9 8 6 9 9 8 9 7—81
	10 8 10 9 9 10 9 10 8 8—91
	9 7 10 10 10 7 6 9 9 10—87
J E Silliman	8 9 7 8 10 8 9 7 7 8—81
	7 7 9 8 7 9 9 7 10 8—81
	10 7 9 8 9 10 9 10 6 10—86
	9 9 7 6 10 8 7 9 10 5—80
	5 8 10 7 10 8 8 10 8 10—85
B F Wilder.....	10 10 10 9 7 7 6 6 6 9—83
	10 10 9 10 7 7 8 10 10 8—89
	10 8 8 9 7 8 9 8 8 10—86
	7 9 7 8 10 9 8 10 10 9—87
	8 10 10 9 9 10 9 10 7 10—92
	10 7 8 10 10 9 9 8 10 10—91
	9 8 9 10 10 10 9 7 10 10—92

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE members of the Zettler Rifle Club, at the close of the adjourned monthly meeting, on Nov. 10, held its weekly gallery prize shoot in the winter contest. The club members have not yet got settled down to the coming competition; in fact, many of them have not as yet started to shoot in the match, and the struggle for high scores will not be in full progress until after the holidays. The scores are appended, 10-shot scores, .22cal. rifles, distance 75ft:

Aug Kronsberg	244 244 242 242 247—1219
	243 243 242 243 239—1210
Geo Schlicht	243 242 242 242 242—1208
	244 246 242 240 240—1212
Chas G Zettler, Sr.....	236 239 243 243 243—1204
	242 236 245 236 238—1197
Gus Begerow	239 236 228 226 233—1162
	234 247 234 235 236—1186
R Gute	245 240 242 240 245—1212
Chas G Zettler, Jr.....	244 239 240 141 138—1202
Louis Maurer	233 238 239 243 240—1193
Geo Ludwig	239 236 245 237 233—1190
W A Hicks.....	240 240 235 235 240—1190
B Zettler	239 235 236 236 237—1182
H D Muller.....	237 234 234 236 235—1176
H Zettler	235 229 236 235 232—1167
Thos H Keller.....	230 232 216 231 225—1134
Geo J Bernius.....	228 213 234 231 219—1125

Scores of Oct. 27:

Geo Schlicht	245 241 243 244 246—1219
	242 244 243 239 243—1211—2430
L P Hansen.....	237 246 236 242 242—1203
	242 238 243 244 245—1212—2415
H Fenwirth	229 232 230 235 238—1163
	238 234 233 235 231—1171—2334
Aug. Begerow	225 209 227 237 229—1127
	238 238 236 240 236—1188—2315
Thos H Keller.....	220 231 228 227 221—1127
	231 223 230 221 220—1128—2255
E Van Zandt	241 244 241 242 245—1213
Chas Zettler, Jr.....	244 242 236 237 241—1200
Aug. Kronsberg	241 241 235 243 239—1199
Geo Ludwig	238 235 243 239 239—1194
Wm A Hicks.....	242 239 237 237 239—1194
H C Zettler.....	235 239 242 232 241—1189
Chas G Zettler, Sr.....	221 234 231 229 235—1160
Geo. D Wiegman.....	229 232 232 230 237—1160
H D Muller.....	230 226 235 236 232—1159
B Zettler	231 223 225 230 239—1143
G J Bernius.....	223 229 223 222 226—1123

Harlem Independent Corps.

THIS corps, which has held its summer practice shooting during the past season at Sulzer's Harlem River Park, will distribute the prizes to the lucky members at its next meeting. The shooting was on the bullseye target for the best center shot. The following list of members are eligible for prizes:

Best bullseye by measurement: Peter G. Thometz 60, M. Wollenhagen 78, G. Thomas 85, C. Wolff 92½, Ch. Zugner 100½, E. Huber 116, E. Huelke 124, D. Muhler 134, C. Weber 134½, M. Thiebruth 140, A. Muller 141, E. Hilker 141½, E. Karl 143, B. Kumm 144, A. M. Baike 150, L. Knelin 159, H. Gaerke 165, Ch. Weise 174, Ph. Zugner 178, A. Wenzel 181½, L. Rohkohl 217, J. N. Manels 223, F. Honr 228, M. Piebrowski 232, M. Coplan 247, M. Baumann 270, S. Harvers 283.

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Cincinnati Rifle Association.

On Nov. 8 the following scores were made, shooting at 200yds., offhand, 25-ring target. Nestler shot in good form, leading with 222:

	222	217	217	214	214	Honor.
Nestler	222	217	217	214	214	64
Payne	219	215	212	211	208	66
Gindele	218	213	206	200	199	68
Bruns	209	205	200	198	193	67
Lux	208	204	203	202	202	44
Hofer	208	189	188	174	173	57
Trounstein	206	198	195	164	159	59
H Uckotter	197	189	182	172	166	44
Freitag	193	192	190	189	184	50
G Uckotter, Jr.	143	138	120	116	71	33

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Nov. 7.—Six members turned out for the weekly shoot to-day. The weather was rather cold, with a northwest wind blowing. Scores:

J G Germann.....	86	81	74—241	J Bacon.....	72	66	62—200
W A Parker.....	79	73	72—224	J Almeda.....	62	61	58—181
A Mount.....	72	71	70—213	E D Allen.....	54	50	43—147

CABIA BLANCO.

Rifle Notes.

The riflemen in and about New York want to see the Sportsman's Association revise the rifle shooting contests in its exposition in February. The rifle competitions that were held at the Sportsman's Exposition some years ago were all of them successful, in as much that after all the expenses were paid there was a surplus for the Association's treasury.

The New York Central Corps opened its winter gallery season prize shooting in the Zettler gallery on Wednesday night of this week.

The New York City Corps will hold its first shoot in its series of winter gallery contests on the Zettler ranges on Nov. 26.

Gus Zimmermann is reported to be a candidate for captain of the New York Independent Corps, at the annual meeting in January next.

The Zettler Rifle Club has an auxiliary corps, formed from the wives, daughters and friends of the members. It is known as the Lady Zettler Club. The president is Mrs. Harry Fenwirth, the wife of a prominent member of the Zettler Club. The headquarters of the Ladies' Club is at the Zettler Bros.' gallery, No. 159 West Twenty-third street. The Ladies' Club will begin a series of bi-monthly gallery shooting on Nov. 21. The coming season will be the second in which the ladies have entered into rifle contests in the gallery.

At the Election Day shoot at Armbruster's Park, in Jersey City, on Nov. 3, some of the riflemen took liberties with Dr. Hudson's cartridges to find out what sort of a load the Doctor was using, that enabled him to make the extraordinary score that he made at the time. The Doctor uses in his shooting a Bal-Pope .33cal. rifle, .32-40 shell, King's FG Semi-smokeless powder, primed with 5grs. Dupont's No. 1 Smokeless and Peters 2½ primers. The shells that were taken from the Doctor's cartridge case were loaded with plain semi-smokeless. The Doctor explains the matter this way: In loading his shells for the 100-shot match he ran out of nitro, and in order to have surplus cartridges for preliminary practice, he loaded the balance of his shells with plain FG semi, and these were the shells that the inquisitive riflemen got hold of.

Geo. D. Wiegman, one of Newark's prominent riflemen, also an old member of the Zettler Rifle Club, died at his home in Newark, on Sunday, Nov. 15.

Match for Championship, Fort Wayne, Ind.

A MATCH for the live-bird State championship of Indiana was shot on Nov. 10 at Fort Wayne, between H. M. Clark, of Wabash, and Max Witzgreuter, who won the title from Clark a while ago. The conditions were 50 live birds and \$50 a side, and Clark won by one bird. The scores: Clark 46, Witz 45.

Witz immediately challenged Clark for another match, same conditions, and was defeated the second time by a score of 48 to 45, Clark making 94 out of the 100, a new record for these grounds.

On the same day J. Smiley, of Matthews, Ind., and Wm. Ferrell, of Muncie, shot a match at 50 birds, \$50 a side, resulting in a victory for Ferrell by a score of 42 to 30.

A match at 100 live birds, \$200 a corner, is being arranged between Clark, Ed Voris, of Crawfordsville, and Witzgreuter, to be shot at Indianapolis. The winner to take the entire purse.

BONABA.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 21.—Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club shoot, 100-target allowance handicap; \$5 to high guns. J. S. Wright, Mgr.
Nov. 26.—Chicago, Ill., Gun Club Thanksgiving Day shoot. A. A. Waters, Sec'y.
Dec. 9-10.—West Baden, Ind.—Baden-Lick Club amateur live-bird shoot. J. L. Winston, Mgr.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

At the shoot of the Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Gun Club shoot on Saturday of this week, the main contest will be for the Dr. Knowlton cup, the conditions of which are 50 pairs, all standing at scratch; no handicaps. Also, on Thursday of this week there will be a club contest, open to members only, for a special prize.

The Brooklyn Gun Club, John S. Wright, manager, will give a shoot Nov. 21, at 1:30 P. M. sharp; 100-target handicap, target allowance, for gold watch; entries 50 cents, targets extra; optional in this event; \$5; no handicap; high guns. Kaiser's Farm, Old Mill Road, Kings County "L" to Crescent street station. Hacks to grounds.

A Theory of Choke Boring.

From the London Field.

AMONG the large number of problems still awaiting solution in connection with the behavior of shotguns are many which have been carried a certain distance by experimentalists in the past, and which might be carried further by the help of modern appliances and the more exact knowledge of underlying theories which now exist. Considering, for instance, how long choke guns have been in use, it is surprising that a satisfactory explanation of the action of the choke in condensing the patterns has yet to be found. The most plausible to our mind is one which we believe has not before been stated in print. It is that by the action of the choke a wave pressure is created in the column of gas behind the shot, which modifies the disturbing influences of the blast of gas issuing from the muzzle after the shot has gone out.

In other words, the action of the choke is very similar to that of an obstruction in the barrel. The extra resistance encountered causes a check in the forward movement of the shot, whereby the velocity is reduced by a certain number of feet. The piling up of the gases behind the over-powder wad that results from the delayed movement of the shot would necessarily cause a high local pressure immediately to the rear of the wad. This high local pressure would create a tendency for the gases causing it to rebound from the wad, so driving backward against the advancing gases that fill the remainder of the barrel. Supposing that the shot charge thus leaves the muzzle at the critical moment when the forward movement of the gases is momentarily delayed, it would stand a chance of getting well on its way up the range before the jet of gas fully re-establishes its forward movement. Deductions from experiments already published go to prove that the gases leave the muzzle at a velocity of something approaching 3000ft. per second, which would conceivably enable them to impinge against the shot, and so cause a slight scattering effect, which would be particularly marked in cases where the wadding is caught by the full strength of the outrushing gases. If, therefore, the spreading of the charge of shot may be attributed to the emerging gases blowing the charge from the straight line of fire, it is quite easy to see that the presence of a partial obstruction near the muzzle would modify the scattering effect by creating a wave of back pressure to resist the forward-traveling column of gas.

This theory seems to fit in with most of the experiences of practical gun-makers in regulating choke guns. First of all, one knows that the greater the reduction of the bore at the choke the greater is the concentration of pellets. More than this, it frequently happens that a choke which has the correct shape and adjustment may fail to produce the needful concentration of pattern, and that the effect of the choke may be entirely altered by boring out the barrel so as to bring the constriction nearer to the muzzle. Following out the theory above presented, one might assume that the alteration of the position of the choke modifies the time of the delay of the rush of gases, whereby the shot would get sufficiently away from the muzzle before the forward movement of the gases was fully re-established.

In other cases where it is found that a choke fails to produce the desired effect, it frequently happens that by increasing the abruptness of the cone of the choke the required concentration of the pellets is obtained. In true cylinder guns another very interesting illustration of the theory can be adduced. In carrying out experiments with true cylinder barrels, we have frequently been surprised at the remarkable variations of pattern from shot to shot experienced. Four successive shots may give an average distribution of 140 pellets on the 30in. circle; then may follow a succession of three or four shots with an average of 100 pellets; and it is almost invariably found that in every ten shots there are one or two rounds where the pattern displays the peculiarity which is commonly known as "blown all over the plate." Very low patterns, counting as little as sixty pellets in the circle, are thus obtained, and one must assume their presence to be due to the violent impact of the felt wad against the cluster of shot soon after it has left the muzzle. In proof of the fact that the tendency of choke boring is to delay the movement of the shot, an illustration may be quoted which has been proved by numerous experiments we have recently conducted. It is that careful measurements of the muzzle velocity with choke and cylinder guns show that the average records with choke boring display inferior velocity on the part of the choke gun to those encountered with the cylinder. The difference referred to may amount on the average to 30ft. per second, which might well be reckoned sufficient to influence the behavior of the gases at the rear of the shot.

Supposing that this theory of the influence of choking in gun barrels is the correct one, we have in it a very satisfactory explanation for the marked partiality of sportsmen for what are known as improved cylinder guns. In this class of gun there is an extremely small amount of choke, which seems to have a marked influence upon the shooting results obtained. In fact, with an improved cylinder one generally obtains patterns averaging very closely to 140 pellets, whereas with the true cylinder the patterns obtained represent a mixture of records representing two extremes, say 140 on the one side and 100 on the other. Here, for instance, is an actual series of patterns which fairly well illustrates our argument: 129, 137, 131, 130, 80, 97, 63, 121, 129, 65, average 109. Another gun of similar boring was shot for comparison, and the following series of records was obtained: 145, 100, 146, 104, 99, 134, 135, 97, 65, 132, 125, 103—average 115.

The distinction between true and improved cylinders seems to be that the improved cylinder gun gives with considerable regularity the patterns which a true cylinder would give, but for the apparent presence of a disturbing factor that seems to spoil about half the readings. In fact, we regard the natural distribution of the true cylinder gun as about equal to that of the improved cylinder, if only we could get rid of the disturbing influence which one may well assume is due to the impact of the waddings against the charge. Professor Boys's experiments in the photography of shot charges at the moment of emerging from the muzzle shows the cluster of shot lying in a fairly compact body, with the wad at some point between it and the muzzle. Assuming the velocity of the powder gases to be about two and a half times that of the shot charge for the first 12in. of travel beyond the muzzle, one can easily see that the blast of gas would be quite capable of making the wad overtake the shot and disturb its flight. On those occasions when the wad is driven at a tangent from the line of flight of the shot, the charge would only be disturbed by the blow from the gases. If, on the other hand, the wad happens to strike the cluster of shot, the regular arrangement of the pellets would be likely to be badly disturbed. It may be assumed, for the sake of argument, that the virtue of the improved cylinder, and in fact, of all other forms of choke, consists in the fact that the muzzle blast is so modified and delayed as to allow the shot to get sufficiently clear of the muzzle before being overtaken by the onrushing gases to get rid of some of their most injurious effects on the flight of the pellets.

Numerous experiments could be made to test the theory here evolved. One might, for instance, insert a small metal ring at the muzzle of a barrel so placed as to cause a check at the moment of final exit of the shot. By comparing the results obtained with and without such a ring in the muzzle of a true cylinder, important and novel information might be obtained. Similarly, one might drill a number of holes around the muzzle of a true cylinder gun, the idea of which would be to allow the escape of the gases before the shot had actually reached the muzzle, and thus largely modify the outrush of gases that would ordinarily exist. However ingeniously such experiments might be devised, the resulting inferences would only prove the correctness of the theory by deduction, though of course the body of circumstantial evidence so established might be well-nigh overwhelming. Most authorities are agreed that the amount of scattering observed with a charge of shot is greater than would exist from the natural deviation of a conglomeration of pellets projected toward

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Epitaph in the Churchyard at Hythe.

His net old fisher George long drew,
Shoals upon shoals he caught,
Till Death came hauling for his due,
And made poor George his draught.
Death fishes on through various shapes;
In vain it is to fret;
Nor fish or fisherman escapes
Death's all-enclosing net.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE CROWD.

THE passion for power and the distinguishing superiority incidental to it, seems to be a trait common to all mankind, whether savage or civilized. Whatever the laws of any section may be, the final arbitrament rests on physical force. While there is a government for all the people, it can in the main consider the generalities of the social compact. Each class of people, whether differentiated by business, leisure or amusement, has its own special class laws and customs, all established and maintained by the parties interested. Experience has proven the wisdom of these wise regulations, the product, the conventional product consequent to generations of experience.

But with more or less formal or informal organization, there accrues thereby greater power to the organized than is possible to the lone individual. With the many benefits of organization, there are always associated abuses. In every organization of any importance outside of its own circle, there is always a small, refractory, insubordinate and lawless element, ambitious to distinguish itself, to arrogate to itself the power of authority, and to violate the law of the land whenever it contravenes their humor or interest if it can be done with impunity.

A man or boy, in this connection, will not attempt, or even think of attempting, in his individual capacity, what he will attempt in his associated capacity as a member of an organization.

Individually, the atmosphere of the law is about him everywhere; as the member of an organization, the responsibilities are all merged in the organized body as a whole, and no individual feels that it is personal. This gives the malevolent, the mischievous, and the lawless an opportunity for free activity under the protecting prestige and power of the body as a whole.

Thus, as a side product of organization, is the pernicious custom of college hazing by college classes, which has a basis only in mischievous propensities, with physical power of enforcement possible of exercise only under the peculiar conditions of isolation common at colleges, and which, as an idea, can have its origin only in immature or ill-ordered minds.

As a matter of sound reason or common justice, the abuse, hazing, could not soundly be maintained for a moment in serious debate. It is merely the manifestation of arrogated power with an egotistical purpose to exalt the class engaged in it at the expense of the humiliation, forceful subjugation and, betimes, bodily injury, of those who by mere propinquity are available, and who by circumstances are defenseless.

Labor unions, with beneficent purposes in the main, tolerate abuses of their organized power by forcible interference with others, the principle between union hazing and college hazing being indistinguishable on any question of right.

Shooters, who go afield lawlessly—and there is a distinction sometimes between shooters and sportsmen—commit depredations when temporarily banded together, which they would not dare to commit as individuals, and this they dare do on account of the divided responsibility and the feeling of combined physical power.

But the law of the land overshadows all, and there-

is no doubt that in good time all who violate the laws of the people, whether from the lesser offenses of college hazing to the greater ones of mistaking a man for a deer, and thereupon killing him forthwith, will all find their legal status in good time.

CURRITUCK SOUND.

REPORTS from Currituck Sound indicate that the opening season showed a great abundance of wild fowl there. At the Narrows Island Club, the first ten days of the shooting showed over 600 birds to four guns.

The new game law providing for the appointment of wardens and deputies by the North Carolina Audubon Society appears to be working well. The game warden for the county is reported to be doing his duty, and as having already secured two convictions of persons violating the law by leaving the wharf before sunrise. There seems to be no night shooting, and guns are never heard after sunset, as they have been for a few years back.

It is thought, however, that the taxes from non-resident gunners will not provide enough revenue to pay the wardens through the season, yet the efficient work which they are doing seems to render it important that they should be kept on. The men who kill the most birds and who thus derive the greatest benefit from the abundance of birds, are those who shoot from bush blinds and batteries for the market, and the very reasonable suggestion has been made that these gunners, who have the cream of the shooting, should pay a tax as the non-residents do. If the law were so amended as to provide that all gunners shooting afloat should pay such a tax, there would be a considerable increase in the revenue, and the gunner would scarcely suffer, since a single day of good shooting would pay his tax for the whole season. Of course such a measure would not be popular with gunners along the Sound, but it would help to pay the expenses of the wardens and would undoubtedly increase the supply of wild fowl and make better shooting.

THE SCARCITY OF GROUSE.

FROM many quarters of the country, from Canada, from different parts of New England, from Ohio, and from Michigan, comes the news, dismal to all sportsmen, of an unusual scarcity of ruffed grouse. With this news come also explanations of this scarcity, but most of them unsatisfactory, because apparently not the result of study and investigation, but off-hand guesses of no value whatever.

We are reminded that while the spring and first weeks of summer of 1903 were remarkably warm and dry, offering conditions very favorable for the hatching of the eggs of the grouse, these weeks were followed by a long period of abundant and heavy rain, which, coming at the precise time of their greatest weakness, may very possibly have destroyed a large number of the chicks hatched. This is a mere hypothesis, supported, so far as we are able to learn, by no facts whatever. Nothing is easier than to devise a theoretical explanation of some natural phenomenon and then to cast about for facts to support this explanation. In this case we are as yet absolutely without facts.

On the other hand, the reports of the scarcity of grouse from a very extensive territory probably have some foundation in fact, and we should greatly like something more specific in considering this subject.

Last week we asked our readers if they would not report to us as to the numbers in which they had found woodcock this autumn, and we should be greatly pleased if they would report to us also as to the abundance or scarcity of the ruffed grouse.

We recall a period of grouse scarcity, twenty-five or more years ago, and that to explain it an elaborate theory was devised, supported—as then supposed—by observations extending over a considerable territory. As we recall it now, these observations were based wholly on error. The cause of the scarcity of grouse was not what it was supposed to be.

Even in the case of a bird so familiar to so many men as the ruffed grouse, it is an exceedingly difficult matter to become acquainted with all the conditions under which it lives, and with all the influences which—favorably or unfavorably—act upon its life and growth.

In many of the localities from which reports of their scarcity have come, we may feel positive that neither the gun of the sportsman, the cunning depredations of the fox, nor in fact the attacks of any birds or beasts of prey have had any appreciable influence in diminishing the numbers of this splendid game bird.

Among the readers of FOREST AND STREAM there must be many who have studied the grouse more deeply than the average sportsman, and who should therefore be able to contribute facts or suggestions as to its life history which might be of use in solving the mystery of its present scarcity, as well as many other points of interest. But the first question on which our sportsmen desire to be informed is whether in this autumn of 1903 the ruffed grouse are less abundant than usual.

It has been stated in the London newspapers that carrier pigeons have crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and this is said to have taken place in the year 1886, when, according to the account, three out of nine American carrier pigeons set free in London returned to their home lofts on this side the water. A writer in the London Nature asks for more specific information about this alleged fact. Did or did it not happen? If such a flight took place it must have created more or less of a sensation among carrier pigeon fanciers, and records of it must exist. Is anything known of this matter on this side of the water?

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE Christmas Number of the FOREST AND STREAM will be the regular issue of December 5. It will be enlarged to fifty-two pages and will be profusely and handsomely illustrated. Among the features will be the following:

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AS A SPORTSMAN. With portrait of the President in his office.

MASHPÉE. A celebration of the charms of the Mashpee, prompted by letters of Daniel Webster. By James Russell Reed, President of the Massachusetts Association.

THE STORY OF A STUMP. An account of big-game hunting and exploration in the Northwest. By H. G. Dulong.

ANGLING IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. A reproduction of an angling print of the year 1686.

THE LOWERING FLIGHT. A full-page drawing by Wilmot Townsend.

THE BOY OF WINANDER. Wordsworth's poem, illustrated with a half-tone reproduction of the painting by Walker in the Library of Congress.

THE STATE DINING ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE. Two full-page views showing the game heads with which, under direction of President Roosevelt, the room has been decorated.

AUDUBON'S PORTRAITS OF BIRDS. Three full-page reproductions direct by photography from the originals of Audubon's plates of the wild turkey, male and female, and the Labrador duck.

MULE DEER IN THE YELLOWSTONE PARK. Five pictures from photographs from life.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUMPKIN. A full-page drawing by W. P. Davison.

THE HOME OF THE ALBATROSS. An account with pictures from life photographs of the great albatross colonies on the island of Laysan.

THE KILLDEER PLOVER. Two illustrations from life photographs.

HOW TIM MULCAHY GOT SHOT AT FOR A DEER. A Christmas story by Francis Moonan.

THE STEAM YACHT NOMA. A profusely illustrated description of this well-known boat.

THE WITCHERY OF BLOWLAND. A story by B. Waters in lieu of trap scores.

The Christmas FOREST AND STREAM will be of exceptional interest and value. The number will be among the handsomest publications of the season. The price will be 25 cents. Order from your newsdealer in advance.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Floating Down the Mississippi.

II.—St. Louis.

I LEFT Northwood just as the leaves began to assume their most gorgeous autumn hues. One is tempted to think that each season in the Adirondacks is the loveliest. Winter is cold and clear and crisp, and summer warm and beautiful, and in the spring the trout bite, and in the fall the leaves turn—so at any time the resident there turns his back on the region with regret, even if going to some place more famed or of more human interest. The first stage of my journey down the Mississippi River was, of course, to the banks—shores—of that stream. I went by way of Buffalo, stayed there over night that I might see as much of the land as possible by daylight. I had in mind a continuous daylight tour, but had to wait five or six hours at Cleveland, and so had only a glimpse, as one might say, of the wide, flat prairie lands of Illinois. Of course, I don't know what I didn't see, but all that I did from Cleveland to East St. Louis were some clumps of trees somewhat like bouquets, arranged around houses and farm buildings, some monstrosously large corn fields and long fences. Some of the woods were natural, and there were enough trees to interrupt one's view of the horizon at the end of the prairie—a very monotonous view, but entirely necessary in the economy of the world, and one not without its beauty to humanity. In fact, the traveler into the mountain country is usually told that he ought to go over in the next county, for "there's a good country, yes sir! Finest farms ye ever see; that's a fact, stranger!" To the man who wants to see fine farms I commend the cultivated prairie.

When the train pitched down into the valley of the big river and the names on the stations, corresponding with those on the time table indicated that the Mississippi was "coming, but an hour late," my interest grew as I watched the ground go past. After a time we came to a multitude of switches, and almost immediately we were going pellmell through banks of freight cars, as usual, just when I wanted most to see what was beyond. But we climbed an embankment, and then there were ponds of water, a something that seemed to be a dirty, yellow creek—calohkia?—then more freight cars and a town on many of whose buildings the water mark, done in yellow, was conspicuous. Some of the houses were out of joint, one corner hoisted and the other settled in a more or less extravagant manner. About this time the porter came and said, "Brush you, sir!" and as he brushed I didn't notice what the train was doing. A few moments later, when I sat down, I observed that to the left was a wide stream, and after a couple of sweeps of the eye came to the conclusion that it was the Mississippi River, down which my way was to lead. The train had just crossed it. It was here that I felt disappointed by what I had come to gaze upon. Such looking water I had seen only in foul puddles in roads or roadside ditches, and I actually reassured myself as to the size by a memory of the Tennessee. I presume that the ride across the prairies had changed the focus of the eyes, and the proportion and perspective of things was too well calculated to show the immensity of the features that were before me. But at each look the size seemed to increase—which it has not failed to do down to this writing, in a chute opposite St. Genevieve with my boat tied to Moro Island willows.

The river is the last thing an average citizen of St. Louis would take a visitor to look at as a town sight, perhaps, especially these days when they are thinking mostly about a fair which they expect to hold next year. "Have you seen the fair grounds yet?" is likely to be the first thing any one asks a stranger, but these citizens are seldom associated in the remotest degree with the everlasting continuous performance—vaudeville, comedy, tragedy, ay! and opera, too, which is called The Mississippi, and various other things, depending on circumstances. The ones faithful to the river do not say, "Have you seen the Mississippi?" but "You just ought to have seen it," at some memorable time, as last spring, when its waters crept up the streets leading down to the levee, when dismembered houses floated past with big trees stripped of all but the largest roots and branches, plunging and sawing their way through the other drift, and when the wail of human distress was heard and answered from side to side of the continent because the Mississippi was "out of its banks."

After one has talked with a man who has floated on, fished in, watched, loved and drank the Big River for a dozen years, a mere city looses its hold on one's interest somehow, and the thought of such common things as stores, theaters, principal streets and such like fail to awaken curiosity, but St. Louis has claims almost if not quite equal to those of its neighbor, the river.

I was in town ten days, and was unusually fortunate in having a cousin, Jimmie Smiley, for guide. Being a useful citizen, Jimmie works by day, so we had to see the sights by night. It will be remembered that one of St. Louis's famous mayors said to some citizens who complained that there were too few lights in town. "You haf the moon yet, ain't idt?" I was told the first night that I would better leave my valuables at home lest I get held up. I expected to see a pretty bad town, something wild, wooly and hilarious after that, but judged by New York, St. Louis looked a good deal more reputable, clear-eyed, quiet, with a good deal of the big country village in the bearing of its people. The newspapers have items from surrounding towns like a county seat local, but they have the national news, too. One is startled by such words as "saloonist" and "feudists," and there is a noticeable use of the "prominent citizen" style of personal. And these papers live in as fine offices as one can find anywhere—clean, wealthy and not gaudy, but dignified, so

it is plain that they satisfy their constituents, and "oldest subscribers."

The City Hall is a good, big structure looking up Walnut street. "I don't suppose it will ever be finished," Jimmie said. Answering to "why?" merely the word "Politics." "What's the matter here in politics, anyhow?" I asked. "Don't the people vote?" "That's just the trouble," Jimmie replied, "they vote too often." It was light on a dark subject.

I don't know any better way of describing St. Louis and its nature than to make mention of certain signs posted conspicuously on some of the churches, which read about like this:

NOTICE!
\$50 Reward will be paid for
Information leading to the
Arrest and Conviction of
Any One
Doing Damage to this Edifice.

St. Louis has churches, and it is needful that the lovely stained glass windows be protected from the missiles of irreverent individuals. One may guess from this that St. Louis is a place of many contrasts. One can travel along Olive street and, noticing the furnished room houses and the occupants on the front steps, will see that to this city many young men have come in order to "push ahead." The competition in "getting on" is great—so large and by such able men that the city is spreading out in a fashion that leads some of the leading citizens, and others, to believe and say that it will one day make Chicago rustle for an alliance. If they could have the river made into a deep sea highway, and St. Louis an ocean port, then St. Louis in the middle of the continent, with its command of traffic North, West and South—well, it is said the town is beyond the days of boomers, but the citizen can still wax eloquent, more especially the real estate dealer.

A good deal of Western history centers at St. Louis, beginning way back with Laclede, and coming down to the expeditions to explore the West of a few years ago. The history of New Orleans, with its foreign connections—French and Spanish—has perhaps a more individual character, but one must consider St. Louis as a part of the great West, the center of the romantic trade which gave rise to such things as the keelboatman, the raftsmen, the American houseboatman, the inland steamboat traffic—with its greed manifested of old, in races of a most remarkable character. Local historians, in the face of scores of records of steamboat explosions and other disasters, say that it is utterly impossible to collect anything like even approximately accurate data of the losses in life, property or even the number of boats that were destroyed on the river. That long, stone-faced levee of St. Louis, almost empty now, but once the scene of the smoky confusion attendant on much steamer traffic, has in its story much romance. Something like sixteen hundred lives were lost right there in one explosion, and who can tell what gamblers, slave roustabouts, rich planters, poor fortune seekers, successful and unsuccessful lovers came to that place, now in the shadows of the elevated steel railroad structure which runs along the top of the levee?

This part of the story of St. Louis has come to an end now. A new story is likely to begin there on the levee—a mere step, with sloping river face—some day, for Major Casey, under the Mississippi River Commission, is taming the great river as far as Cairo slowly, but it is believed, surely, and a new trade may come to give the river a book of figures, but never such another as one can get hints of in Mark Twain's comparatively tame "Life on the Mississippi." Devol's rather exaggerative "Life of a Mississippi Gambler," or Gould's curious compilation called the "History of Steamboats on the Mississippi." And these hints are all that remain of the vast number of happenings which are commonly called "human interest." If there were much more than hints, it would take a considerable library to contain them. As it is, the Mississippi River Commission ought to collect all the documents relating to the river. As things are now done, if a steamer blows up, the name is merely marked off the list. There are some private collections of Mississippi books, and every historical society of a State adjoining the river have river materials naturally. In St. Louis there are collectors of Americana relating to the Big river, or, perhaps, the local reporter would call them "collectors of Mississippiana," and let it go at that.

Just at present most of the young people of the city are going to dances, public and private. The dancing masters have large classes, clearing considerable profits from the price of admission as well as from pupils. Hashagen's is a distinct and unique institution. Three or four brothers, having in mind, perhaps, the Coney Island music hall and vaudeville, and a dancing platform, combined the two with a beer garden, with such success that the season opened a few nights ago with an attendance of 4,000 persons or thereabouts, not one in a hundred of the men present was able to boast a mustache. A large proportion of the girls were in short dresses. Clerks, office boys, errand boys, girls from the tobacco factories, cash girls, and the like were there in the hundreds—"owning the place." Every night, Sundays included, a thousand or two go to this hall and dance, meet their friends, and watch more or less amateur talent do various stunts on the stage in a great room adjoining the "ball room" at the rate of 25 cents for the men and 10 cents for the women. Beer, the universal St. Louis drink, and soda water are sold at the tables, the waiters are not insistent. When the dancing fad gives way to something else Hashagen's will fade with the other halls, but for the present the alternates of dance and show, both short, commands a larger attendance by far than the "wine gardens," and their mere shows—and much more reputable.

In the summer time St. Louis has the usual resorts to which the citizens go to get fresh air, and one may ride 18 or 20 miles out of town on a trolley car. Jimmie told of taking such a ride and being stalled by the car jumping the track. He got home some time

after daybreak. But to the Easterner these things aren't a circumstance to the excursions on the river in which there are two or three big river steamers engaged. When the floods are at the highest the steamers advertise "Flood excursions," and invite every one to go out and look at the high water. The prices are surprising. One may go to the flood for the reasonable price of 25 cents, and the sights at such times are not to be imagined. Last spring homes of every lowland description passed under the Eads Bridge, some of them in such good condition as to make the counting of the stories, and even rooms, possible. Thousands went to see the sights of the drift and shore. In East St. Louis newspaper men, who took photographs, were run out of town by real estate dealers. The real St. Louis—in Missouri—is on a bank so high that only the water front is affected—a water front of warehouses and rooster saloons.

Probably the feature of excursion life in St. Louis that is most interesting is the fact that all summer long, night after night, two or three of the largest boats on the river carry people free down the river forty miles or so and back again. No fare is asked, but the bar bills pay expenses and the profit necessary. One can fancy the result of "free excursions" on New York's East Side, which turns out so strong when a 5-cent fare to Coney Island is had. So far as I learned, it costs the citizen of St. Louis to be amused about 25 per cent. of what it does even an Adirondack woodsman. I don't know about the theaters, for the sights of any town—the real ones—are to my mind far more interesting than any imitation ever seen before the footlights—but this is not to say that I won't go aboard the floating theaters, of which there are several on the big river, at the first opportunity. It is said these shows are considerable to look at.

I found the days of my stay in St. Louis to be of constant interest. At the office of the Mississippi River Commission Captain Ladue told of some of the features which make the commission one of the most remarkable institutions under the Government—its fight with the river, which changes its height countless times every year, and at each change begins to undo the work of a dozen other stages, and begins other work of its own. Captain Ladue gave me many facts that were necessary to understand what is done by and to the river. In speaking of one feature of the work, he said:

"We work down with our dredges and get a channel made which is good and fit; but just then along comes a flood bulling right through, undoing all that was done before, and compelling another dredging."

A barber at Commerce said later to me: "Yessah! The St. Francis has the look of goin', but hit ain't the body. This yere Mississippi—hit don't look hit, but hit sure has the body; yessah!"

There was that in the tone of Captain Ladue's voice when he spoke of the Mississippi flood "bulling through" that told the whole story of the Government work on the river. The tone was indicative of the weariness in the work of dredging, of doing the things over and over again. I secured the maps of the river issued by the commission, and these are the most interesting descriptions of the river's nature that one can find—sand bars, and towheads, cutoffs and bends.

Mr. Horace Kephart helped me in regard to my inexperience in river camping more than I ever was before in so short a period. He suggested carrying a sponge to wash out the boat, and a few days later, in the hardest shower of the season, that sponge saved me many kinds of discomfort, as I squeezed it dry after soaking up some of the water which fell in the ends of the boat just at daylight. The warning as to the caving banks, mud in the mouths of creeks, not landing in willows, etc., have all come into use—so I have many reasons for being grateful to Mr. Kephart, and to St. Louis, where I met him.

On Oct. 3 I was all ready to start down the river. I had made all my purchases of groceries, and other things, and with a day to spare to remember forgotten things thrown in, I ordered an expressman to come round to take my duffle down to Medarts, where it was all to be loaded on the clinker skiff and sent afloat. Time 9 A. M., on Saturday, Oct. 3, sure. But it was 10:30 on Saturday when the expressman came, and another delay getting into the water, so it was finally 2:35 P. M. when Jimmie and I went afloat in a strong wind up stream, which tried the boat considerably more than I wished once we were beyond the eddy, where we launched.

Jimmie was going down the river and spend the first night with me for luck, and then come back on the cars. Having launched at the lower end of the city, we soon had a distant view of the sort that is always beautiful—a wind throwing the black coal smoke above dimly seen buildings, beyond a wide, tossing sea-like expanse of water, growing more distant, more ethereal, the slosh and chuck of the waves being the only sounds to be heard, save in the rush and tumble when piles of rip-rap sent the current away from caving banks. We dropped below Carondelet, and then were running through the willow land.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Virginia Shooting.

A NUMBER of sportsmen are taking advantage of the opportunities offered by the management of the Hotel Chamberlin, at Old Point Comfort, and several good bags have recently been brought in from the game preserve on the peninsula, near Jamestown. Mr. E. N. Gallagher and Mr. C. B. Caldwell, of Philadelphia, got over one hundred sora, and Mr. Homer, of Philadelphia, thirty-six quail and a wild turkey.

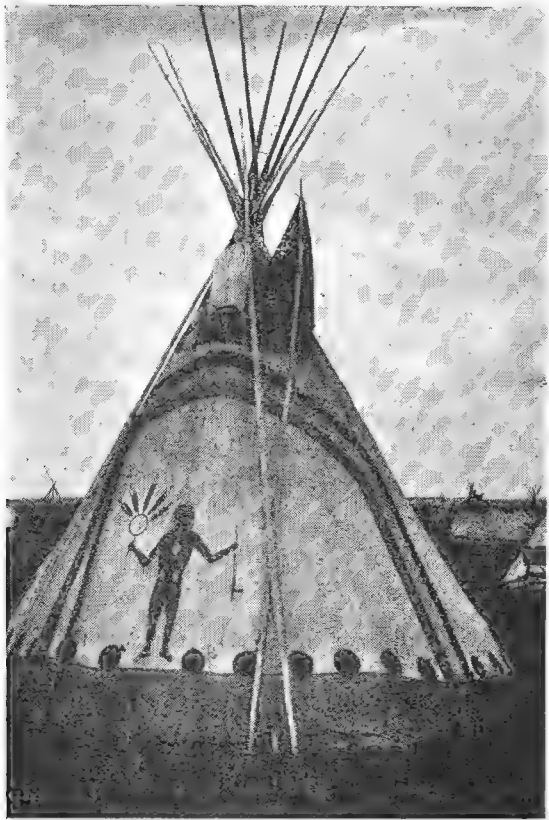
The camp in connection with the preserve is perfectly comfortable and convenient. The cabin is of pine logs, and has a very large open fire, with facilities for the best sort of camp cooking. Patrons of the preserve who remain over night for early morning shooting are absolutely sure of comfort.

There are great numbers of wild turkeys particularly. No section of Virginia is so rich in this magnificent game bird as the section embraced by the game preserve of the Chamberlin.

The Lodges of the Blackfeet.

(Concluded from page 395.)

On the southern side of the circle is a lodge belonging to Head Carrier, an old man of some importance and possessed of some spiritual power. The painting of this lodge is very old, and I have no adequate explanation of it. The black band close to the ground is unmarked, but above, and resting on it, are a number of black, roughly circular paintings, which represent the heads of enemies. On the front and on the back, and so with their extremities almost touching at the ground on either side, are two rainbows in three colors, red, blue, and black, from below. Each runs from the black band at the ground nearly to the smoke-hole, and so forms a high, narrow arch. Within the rainbow, at the back, is the full-faced figure of a naked man, about three feet high. The figure is painted in reddish brown, but the hair, heart, life-line, and kidneys are bright blue. The man holds in his left hand a pipe, which he is filling in order to give the sun a smoke. In his right hand he holds, by its handle, an

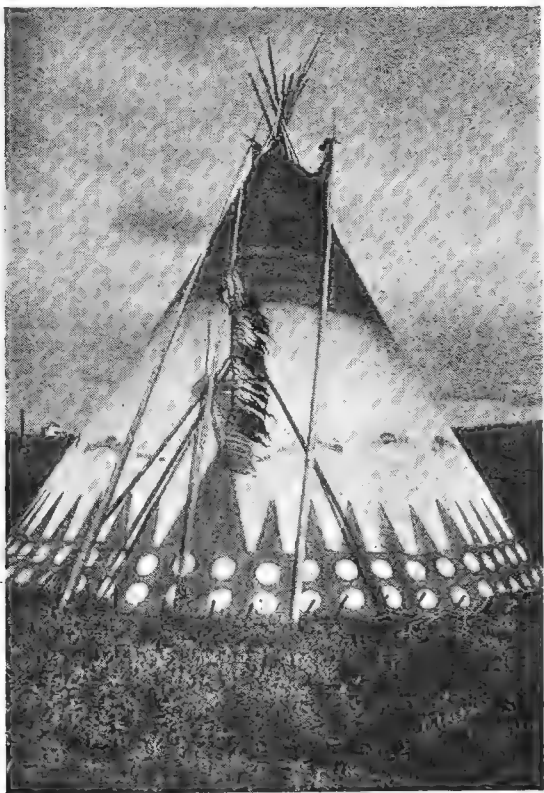


HEAD CARRIER'S LODGE.

object with the outlines of an ordinary palm-leaf fan, from the outer border of which project a number of eagle tail-feathers. These tail-feathers he is about to present to the sun. The butterfly cross is below the smoke-hole, in the usual place.

Growing Buffalo's lodge shows on the south side a male mule-deer, and on the north side a female mule-deer. The color of each is bright yellow; the life-line is red and green in alternating blocks. The kidneys, knees, hoofs, and rump patch are green, the teats and genitals red.

White Dog's lodge shows the usual band with the "dusty stars" at the ground, and resting on this band are conical or oval figures, the conventional signs for mountains. Besides these, at the back of the lodge, and resting on the band, is another conventional sign—that for a pine



WHITE DOG'S LODGE.

tree, a broad, sharp cone, from the sides of which project slender, upright lines a few inches long; this is yellow. Almost half-way up the lodge, on the south side, is a male snake, and on the north side a female snake; these are red, yellow, and blue, in sections. At the top of the lodge, below the smoke-hole, are three narrow red and three narrow yellow bands alternately; these represent red and yellow clouds. The very top of the lodge and the wings are black (the night), with six stars (the Pleiades) on the wings.

Red Head's lodge has the base-band red, and resting on it are the conventional mountains. At the back and front of the lodge, rising well toward the smoke-hole, are great red paintings three or four feet wide, six or eight feet high, rounded above and resting on the band below. These represent the great masses of rock often seen on the prairie, and against which the buffalo used to rub themselves—erratic boulders dropped by the glacier. Hanging down from the smoke-hole behind are four



RED HEAD'S LODGE.

horse-tails. They represent four horses stolen by the maker of the lodge.

Stingy's lodge is old and faded. The band below contains large circles—stars. Above, about half-way up the lodge, an undulating band, twenty inches wide, runs around the lodge; it is composed of three narrow brown and two narrow red stripes, which is believed to represent a river. Above this band, on the south side, is seen a male eagle in flight, showing one of the wings; and on the north side a female eagle flying, also showing one wing. On the north side the lodge-wings bear four stars which represent the Pleiades, and on the south side seven



LONE CHIEF'S LODGE.

stars—the Great Bear or Dipper. Behind and below the smoke-hole is the butterfly cross with the horse-tail hanging from the middle. The horse-tail brings good luck; he who has it on his lodge is likely to be fortunate in securing horses, and to have many of them. Also it is suggested that the lodge is sold for horses.

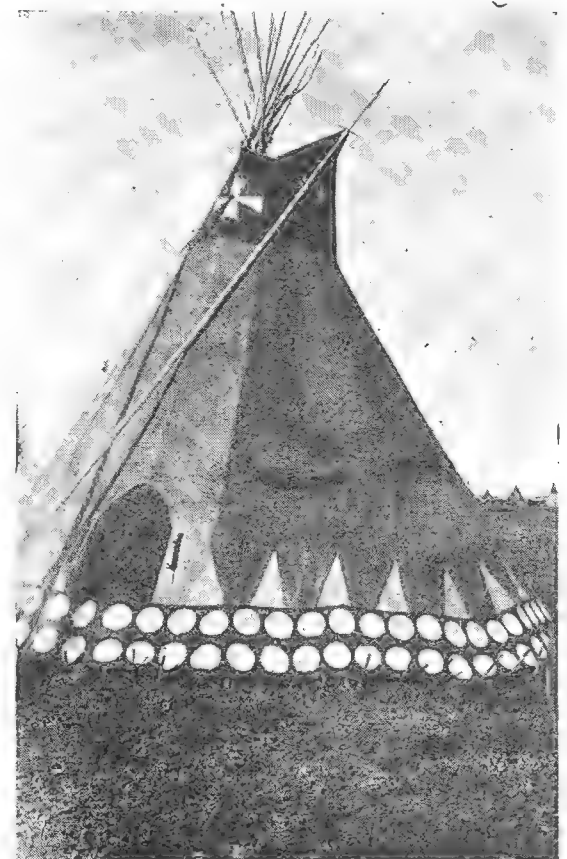
Three Bears' lodge has around the bottom a yellow band showing "dusty stars," and with mountains resting upon it. Above that it is unpainted until the smoke-hole is reached; about this the lodge is painted yellow, and hanging down from this yellow painting, the border of which is horizontal, are pairs of conventionalized eagle-



SINGLE CIRCLE LODGE.

claws. The claw to the south is blue, and the one to the north, yellow. The wings show stars—the north wing the Great Bear, the south wing the Pleiades. At the back, below the smoke-hole, is a representation of the sun with a horse-tail tied to the center. Above, and on either side of the door, is a blue painted circle, in the center of each of which are bells and a bunch of raven feathers, and from the center of these circles run the strings by which the door hangs. This door must be a calf skin with the fur left on it.

This lodge was discovered in the following way: Once a man with his son was out in winter hunting buffalo, and as they were returning to the camp, the two were overtaken by a severe snowstorm and lost their way. They made a shelter for themselves from the green hides that they were carrying, and lay down in it and slept. In his sleep the man dreamed that a person came to him and said, "Friend, I invite you to come to my camp." He accepted the invitation and his host told the lost man that he wished to make him a present of a lodge. In front of



YELLOW-PAINTED LODGE.

his own lodge the host put down two blocks of wood, painted different colors, and requested the lost man to take his choice. He did so, and the block which he chose was painted as this lodge is painted. When the lost man awoke, the storm had ceased and the sky was clear, and with the boy he went home to the camp. When spring came he made himself a lodge and painted it as he had seen the painting on the block of wood.

After that, no matter how dark the night or how bad the storm, this man never lost his way; the lodge brought him good luck.

Old Running Rabbit's lodge is called the Single Circle lodge. It has only a single ornamental circle about it. It takes its name from the man who designed it. Single Circle Lodge was a beaver priest, and this lodge undoubtedly had its origin from the Beaver society. Its



SHORT ROBE'S LODGE.

discoverer dreamed that the otter and the beaver gave him the lodge.

About the lodge, four or five feet above the ground, runs a band of red, two feet wide, on which are shown six black otters, three on each side, all running from back to front. The females are on the north side and the males on the south side. The white teeth and red mouths are shown, as if half the face had been cut away. The life-line is alternately red and green. The kidneys are green; except for this the animals show black. In front, extending from the ground up on either side of the door and almost to the smoke-hole, three feet wide and rounding off above, is a solid mass of red which represents the rock in the bank where the otters lived. At the back of the smoke-hole, high up, is a green moon with a narrow yellow border, and to the center of the moon is tied the luck-bringing horse-tail. Within the lodge, just above the door, is a rattle made of calf-hoofs with a calf's tail hanging down, to announce the arrival or departure of anyone

entering or leaving the lodge, since whoever goes in or out is quite sure to touch the calf's tail with his head.

The yellow-painted lodge, or the otter lodge, belongs to George Starr, an English-speaking half-breed. It shows at the ground a black band with stars, and on the band rest mountains alternating with cattail rushes. At the front and back are two great red rocks—that at the back with a mink running up either side, that at the front with a weasel running up either side. The ground color of the lodge is yellow. Eight otters, four on either side of the lodge, run from the back to the front. The male otters are on the south side and the females on the north, and the same is true of the minks and the weasels. The otters are very dark brown or black, with red kidneys, and red and blue life-lines. The butterfly cross below the smoke-hole at the back is blue, with a horse-tail attached to it. The top and wings of the lodges are black and show the constellations—the Great Bear on the north side and the Pleiades on the south.

Dan Lone Chief's lodge shows at the base a band of red sky with a single row of stars; mountains rest upon the band. About five feet from the ground, at front and back, are full-faced buffalo-cow heads with the tongues hanging out. Higher up is a fringe of buckskin sewed to the lodge-covering, and on this buckskin as a path, on either side of the lodge, are five ravens walking toward the front of the lodge. Each raven holds in its bill a piece of red flannel representing a bit of flesh. Above, and just below the smoke-hole are three bands, two red and one yellow, which represent sunrise clouds. The black sky (the night) shows about the smoke-hole and on the wings, with the Great Bear on the north wing and the Pleiades on the south. At the back is a blue butterfly cross, and five horse-tails hang down below it.

Short Robe's lodge shows a red band below with a regular double row of puff balls. About two feet above this, and running all around from one side of the door to the other, is a set of double deer-tracks. The hoofs are blue, the dew-claws yellow, and the pasterns red. Above, a long female mule-deer, yellow in color, shows on the north side and a male on the south side. The nostrils, eyes, a round spot in the ear, knees, kidneys, hoofs, hocks, and rump patch are blue; the life-line is red and blue; the coloring in the two animals is the same. Above, near the smoke-hole, are bands, three in all, showing red and white clouds. The Dipper appears on the north wing and the Pleiades on the south wing.

In this lodge-painting among the Blackfeet various sacred objects are commonly represented by certain conventional symbols. Red, white, and blue bands stand for the red morning cloud, the white cloud, and the blue sky; black indicates night; white circles are stars, rather tall cones are mountains, half-ovals are rocks. The pine tree, the cattail rush, and various birds and animals are readily recognizable. Perhaps of all the signs used, the least expressive are the eagle claws seen near the top of Three Bears' lodge.

It is interesting to note that it is the custom of lodge painters always to show the male animal on the south side of the lodge, while the female is placed on the north side. I have been unable to procure from the Indians an explanation of this, but it is almost always the case except in the *In-is'kim* lodges, where the male is on the east or front, and the female on the west or back of the lodge.

Although the Blackfeet give us no reason for placing the female animal on the north and the male on the south side of the lodge, a story told by an allied tribe is suggestive. One of the creation tales of the Cheyenne Indians states that the first people made by the Creator were a man and a woman, and that the woman was placed to the north, and the man to the south, and that the Creator sat between them and talked to them. He told them that where the woman was it should be always cold, but where the man was it would be warm, the grass would be green, and it would never snow. About the man, all through the winter, there would be birds in great numbers, but when spring came they would all spread their wings and fly away to the country where the woman was and would live there until the autumn, when they would again go south to the man's home. This very likely may have some relation to the fructifying power of the sun, which in the spring moved northward, warming the earth, melting the snow, and causing all things to grow.

The symbols by which the different objects are shown are not intricate, but simple. All of them appear to be true copies of nature according to the Indian school of art. It may even be questioned whether they should be called symbols rather than pictures.

The night with its journeying stars is mysterious. The Sun is the most powerful of the gods, and his daily coming the most important event of the Blackfeet's lives. The red cloud which represents his rising, the Thunder-bird standing for the dreaded lightning, the rainbow symbolical of the clearing storm, represent the powers of the Above people.

The powers of the earth are evident in the figures of the prairie and in the mountains, the most impressive features of the earth that the Blackfoot sees, and still more strange and mysterious to him because—true prairie dweller—he never ventures into them nor explores their narrow defiles and dark recesses. Many of the rocks and boulders scattered over the prairie—especially if odd or unusual in shape—possess a sacred character; they are prayed to, and gifts are offered to them.

Certain mountains were prayed to, and a prayer made by an aged Blackfoot to the chief mountain is an impressive example:

"Hear now, you Chief of Mountains, you who stand foremost; listen, I say, to the mourning of the people. Now are the days truly become evil and are not as they were in ancient times. But you know. You have seen the days. Under your fallen garments the years are buried. Then were the days full of joy, for the buffalo covered the prairie, and the people were content. Warm dwellings had they then, soft robes for coverings, and the feasting was without end.

"Hear now, you Mountain Chief. Listen, I say, to the mourning of the people. Their dwellings and their raiment now are made of strange thin stuff, and the long days come and go without the feast, for our buffalo are gone. Useless, indeed, the drum, for who would sing and dance while hunger gnawed within him.

"Like an old blind man your people feel their way along, falling over unseen things, for the gods are angry.

In vain the usual offering to the Sun. Where now the hundred tongues, the snow-white robes which always were his share? And because we cannot find them he turns away his eyes, making our medicine useless. So then we fall and die, even as an old blind man who cannot see the way.

"Hear, now, you who stand among the clouds. Pity, I say, your starving people. Give back those happy days. Cover once more the prairies with our real food that your children may live again. Hear, I say, the prayer of your unhappy people. Bring back those ancient days. Then will our medicine again be strong, then will you be happy and the aged die content."

The animals which inhabit sky and earth and water are potent in various ways, and their help is needed as well. Of all of them the buffalo has the greatest power, but that of the deer and the elk is also great. Birds in general possess power, but the eagle and the raven are especially strong helpers. The Under-water animals are powerful, as shown by the many stories told of them. Of them all the most sacred is the beaver, to which the otter is supposed to be related. The mink is another under-water animal, and the weasel is related to it. The skins of all these *Mustelidae* are extensively used for ornament. The muskrat is also a powerful helper.

The paintings on the lodges represent sacred animals or objects which possess protective power, and the painting was adopted and is continued to insure good fortune. It is analogous to certain acts performed to-day by some sects of the Christian religion, as offerings to patron saints. The paintings thus require no special explanation and need be accounted for by no elaborate theory.

The Trapper's Thanksgiving.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

"Yes, I reckon old Parson Rogers was right, said Davie Miller, my old-time guide, with whom I was enjoying a two weeks' outing with rod and gun. "He said," continued the guide, and as he threw a couple of logs on the evening campfire that was blazing before our tent, and then returned to his seat beside me on the bed of hemlock boughs, which filled our canvas house with an exquisite fragrance, "that we are all wanting in a proper thankfulness for the mercies and blessings we are all the time receivin'; that we're ungrateful critters to make the best of us. I allow that I'm no wuss nor better than my nabors, and judgin' by myself, the old preacher was right. I know I've grunted and growled when bad luck came my way, and when better things happened along I didn't show a right spirit of thankfulness I should have; we're a poor lot of critters, anyhow, but I'm sartin I felt grateful enough onct, if I never did afore nor since; in fact I've never let my thanks grow dim, though the sarcasm-happened five years ago.

"If you can keep awake a half hour or so, I'll tell you about it, the story is not overlong." And this was the story:

I was trappin' on one or two streams that empty into Long Lake at the upper end, and had two lines of traps each six miles long, good and strong, east and west of my camp, that I had used for several seasons; it was a comfortable log camp, and many's the good pack of fur I've carried away from it. There was a long stretch of sandy beach quite handy to the mouth of the larger stream, and there was an amazin' lot of clams bedded in it; that would be a good spot for muskrats; perhaps you know that the musquash, though it mostly feeds on the roots and herbage of water plants and grasses, it often eats fresh water clams; in fact, the rats kill a big lot of 'em, great beds of the shells being often found on the shore where the clams bed.

Yes, it's a mighty pooty trappin' kentry up there, mink being plentiful, and there was a good sprinklin' of otter, too; and up the west branch there was a beaver pond on a small stream that empties into it, and there was quite a bunch of the critters as I found out to my satisfaction.

I s'pose you've seen a beaver dam and know something of how it's made. I've seen a number of 'em in my time, and I tell you it was hard to believe the critters made 'em. To build one of these dams the beavers begin by felling a good-sized tree across the river, or a large brook, rather; they have picked out a spot for makin' a pond, and they cut the tree down with their big sharp gnawin' teeth as well as I could do it with an ax; they select a shaller part of the stream, and in some way, they know exactly how to gnaw the wood so that the tree will fall exactly right. By jingo! a lumberman couldn't chop it better to have it fall at the proper angle, which is just a little up stream. If there is another tree on the opposite side that can be felled so as to meet it, all the better, they get it there, you can bet; that's the first step. The critters then begin cuttin' sticks of green wood 3 feet or so long and 4 or 5 inches thick. Yes, sometimes nearly a foot thick, and these they drag down to the upper side of the fallen trees, and lay 'em close together lengthwise. Some people say these logs are stood on end; that the beavers stick 'em down into the river bed, but I doubt it. It stands ter reason, much as I give the beaver credit for, that he can't handle those heavy sticks in that way; for my part I don't see how they manage to even drag 'em into the proper place in the dam, from a hundred feet or more away; they must be gosh mighty strong beasts, anyway. When all the logs are packed together just right, they are bound or withed together with limbs of trees which the critters weave among 'em. They are then packed with mud and clay, which the beavers fasten on, using their big, flat tails as trowels, and the whole is weighted down with rocks and pebbles. You can have some idee how hard they keep to work, when I say I've seen dams 300 feet long and 8 feet thick, and as tight as a mill dam.

Oh, yes! They're mighty understandin' critters, and no mistake. Some people wonder why they build their dams; my idee is they do it so they can have a reg'lar height of water all the time. It's not often they build their lodges in a nat'ral pond, because that might rise in a feshet and cover 'em; and so with a river, it might become too strong and sweep 'em away. No,

they prefer small streams or brooks, which can't raise anyway higher than the top of their dam.

Yes, the beaver dam is a mighty tight affair, and in winter it freezes as hard as stone.

In their pond they lay up a big stock of logs for provender, cords of 'em are cut down and carried near their lodges, and their grub is ready for 'em any time all winter long. Oh, yes, they've got big heads, the beavers have for sartin. The critters are gettin' pooty skarce, I'm sorry to say, for their pelts are allers sartin to fetch a good price, and the meat is good eatin', too; the Injuns eat the entire animal, but I don't care for anything but the hind quarters, which are as good as the best lamb you ever tasted; in fact, I doubt if you could tell it from lamb, if put before you at the table. As for the tail, when it's nicely stewed, it makes the richest dish ever eaten; there's nothin' th' ever compares with it, unless it's a moose's muffle, which, when stewed, is very much like it in flavor and richness. But that's neither here nor there, and nothin' to do with my story. As I said afore, I had two lines of traps, each six miles, good and strong, and I tended 'em one day, and the other the next, and I'll tell you I had to hustle to take off the pelts, get back to camp and stretch 'em and git supper afore dark.

Well, I had a pretty good catch and I felt rich, for furs were bringin' a good price then. I had been out nearly the four weeks that I had planned to put in, and three days afore Thanksgiving I made my last rounds, takin' up my traps and bringin' 'em into camp. Of course I might have done well to put in a couple of weeks more, but I wanted to be home on Thanksgiving sartin.

Well, on the last trip to camp I had a pooty middlin' heavy pack, and as I had my rifle along, I thought, seein' I was so well loaded, I'd cut across a stretch of barrens to save a couple of miles, there bein' an old loggin' road most of the way. I had hardly got out of the heavy growth and started in on the path when I saw two animals movin' about fifty rods or so in the open; they were a couple of moose, one of 'em a big bull with a rousin' set of horns, and the other a two-year-old bull with nothin' on his head to brag on. You may be sartin it didn't take me long to drop my pack and begin to stalk 'em. As you very well know, a moose or caribou is hard to stalk in the open barren, 'specially when there's no scrub firs or pines to get behind, but luck was with me, the wind was blowin' from them to'ard me, and I wormed and crawled along until I got in good shootin' distance.

I had one of the old-fashioned breechloading cavalry carbines that threw a pooty heavy bullet mighty spiteful, and if it hit a moose right it knock him over, sartin.

Well, I got up on my knees, took off my hat and laid it on the ground beside me, and put my cartridges on it. I had only five of 'em left and couldn't afford to lose or waste any. I got a good bead on the big one, aimin' just behind the fore shoulder, and pulled. The smoke was hardly out of the gun afore I had another cartridge in and its bullet flyin' at the other moose. I then got a third cartridge into the breech and jumped up. The big moose was lying on the ground about done for, but the other was tryin' to hobble away on three legs, the off fore shoulder havin' been smashed. I gave him a quartering shot along the back and he dropped.

Well, I had my hands full for sartin, two moose and my pack and nearly a mile from camp, and only three or four hours of daylight left. I dressed the critters in first class shape, for they both were in good condition and well worth carryin' home, and by riggin' a couple of poles as a sort of sledge, got both to camp afore dark, but I was about beat out, I'll tell you.

That was on Monday, and I planned to be home on Thursday, which was Thanksgiving day. I had two days left, and I had no doubt I could do it easy if I could continue to git all my dunnage down the lake in one trip. I had a good-sized row boat along, big enough to carry four men and my pack, and my canoe, but both of 'em couldn't hold traps, furs, camp outfit and the moose. I lay awake awhile that night until I thought out a good plan, and next morning I was up at daybreak and makin' a raft of logs at the shore of the lake, a few sticks havin' been left there by lumbermen or drifted there during high water. It was quite a good, strong affair, and I knew it would carry the moose and anything I wanted to put on it, and I had no doubt I could tow it with the boat, provided the wind was fair.

It took me till Tuesday noon to git the raft ready and the moose loaded on it, and I had the rest of the day to pack up my odds and ends and git everything ready to start early the next mornin'.

About 2 o'clock I thought I'd take my rifle and cruise around a little. You know how it is when we're in the woods, we always want one last day's cruise afore we leave, and I had mine and no mistake, and I shall never forgit it, for it was the worst scrape I ever got into, and no mistake.

I forgot to say there had been a light snow fall in the night, not more than an inch or so, but it was enough to last all day, anyhow. It was a good trackin' snow, and I started out with my rifle and two remaining cartridges in search of somethin' in the way of game to top off with. I had gone hardly half a mile afore I saw the tracks of a bear; they were the biggest tracks I ever saw, and I knew the critter was a whopper.

Now, I daresay you know that even when you see the tracks of a bear it is not allers easy to foller 'em up, for the critter is a mighty cute beast, and knows a thing or two about hidin' his trail. I was keen to foller him, for I knew those big tracks meant somethin' good. To throw off anyone who is follerin' his tracks the bear goes through all sorts of maneuvers; it is a common thing for him to travel back over his trail, and when he comes to a windfall he'll walk along on that as far as he can and then jump off at one side, and you'd hardly think it possible for the beast to take such long leaps as he does.

No, the bear never takes a bee line for his den, the natur' of the beast being a cautious, wary one. As I said afore, the tracks of my bear were so large I knew

he was a lunker, and I was bound to git him, if I could.

The general direction of his tracks pinto to a rocky hill nearby, and I started for the spot where I thought the den was without wantin' to foller his tracks all the way, and sure enough, as soon as I got to the ledge I found his foot prints, and they led into a hole in the rocks, and there I knew the critter's den was located. I got down on my hands and knees and crawled into the entrance of the cave, pushing a pole ahead of me to use in feelin' around for the bear. It was not long before I found the old chap, and he was so sound asleep my pokin' did not wake him up. You know that when a bear really dens he is so stupid you'd believe him dead. Well, I felt around and located the lay of the different parts, and pointing my rifle at what I thought was his head, I fired one of my two remainin' cartridges at him and slipped the last one into the breech of the rifle so as to be prepared for him in case he made a dash out. But he didn't come, and after a while I crawled into the cave agin and listened; the critter was evidently hurt pooty bad, for I could hear him sort er kickin', and every now and then he'd give a wheezy cough. Pooty soon he grew more quiet, and then all was still, and I knew he was done for. To make sure, however, I poked him two or three times with the pole, but he never moved.

The next thing to be done was to get him out, and to do this I cut a stronger pole, and trailing it along I crawled back into the den, planning to fasten a piece of rope around the critter's head, tie that to the pole and then back out of the cave, hauling him out.

The den grew smaller as I crawled further in, and there was a bad corner in it and two or three sharp points of rocks on the sides; but I managed, after pushin' pooty hard, to git in as far as the bear was lyin', and to tie a noose around his head and fasten it to the pole.

I then started to back out, but soon found I couldn't move a foot, fer somethin' was holdin' me there. I tried my best to crawl backward, but could not, and the harder I struggled the harder I was held.

I'm afraid I got a little rattled just then, for if I had had all my wits about me I could have got away all right. It was a pokerish hole to be in, and p'raps it's no wonder I got rattled. The thing that held me was a stiff root that had grown down inter the cave and somehow got broken off; it was not much thicker than my thumb, but it was strong and tough enough to stand all my strength. When I passed it in crawlin' in it slid along my back without my noticin' it, but when I began to back out it passed under my belt and held me, and the harder I tried to pull back the pesky thing clung more steadily, and before I knew it my belt was dragged up almost to my armpits, and then I was helpless.

I tell you I began to git good and skairt. I knew I might die there, and probably would, and no one could ever find me; I was, as it were, buried alive.

I have heard that when a man is drownin' all the evil events of his life pass through his mind like lightnin', and 'twas the same with me. I don't think I've been over bad, but there was two or three things I had done in times past that I would er been glad ter take back. I had onct or twict sold some mighty poor pelts for prime ones, by slippin' 'em inter a lot that had been passed upon by the buyer and takin' full pay for 'em. I was mighty sorry then, and prayed ter be forgiven.

Somebody said that, "When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be, but when he got well the devil a monk was he." I remembered that very well, and promised if I ever got out of that I'd not act like the devil, but I'd keep a straight path forever after.

Agin and agin I tried ter git away, but the root held like a vise, and pooty soon my strength gave out and I grew sort er faint, and had a kind of nightmare and saw all sorts of hateful things; it seemed ter me, too, that the bear had come ter life agin and was beginnin' to gnaw my back and neck. I s'pose I wasn't there over a half an hour, but it seemed like eternity. At last I came out er my faintin' spell and began ter think, and all at once my wits came ter me, and I called myself a thunderin' fool not to think of the belt buckle that was drawn up on my chest. I could reach that, easy, unclasp it and git free. I almost yelled when I unfastened the buckle and backed out of ther hole, and when I saw the blue sky and bright sun, and bréathed the pure air agin, I was a mighty happy man.

After takin' a short rest and smoke to stiddy my nerves, I went inter the hole agin, got my belt, pulled out the bear and dressed it, savin' the hams and skin, and after gittin' my bearins' packed them back to camp.

Well, the story's about done. I put in a big sleep that night, and after eatin' a hearty breakfast I shut up the camp for the winter, loaded all my dunnage on the raft and in ther boat, and hitchin' it to ther raft I took my oars and began my tow down Long Lake. I had a pooty precious freight, as you can see, when I tell yer I got \$25 for the big moose head, and for the meat and hides I got \$20 more; the bear skin and bounty netted me another \$20, and fer my furs I received about \$150, which I allow was pooty good pay for four weeks' work.

Well, fortunately, I had a fair wind down the lake, and my pull was not an extra hard one, and I reached the landin' at the lower end about noon.

I had planned to have my boy meet me there with ther team, and sure enough, just as I stepped on shore he came in sight.

The next day was Thanksgivin', and my wife just laid herself out to get up a big dinner, for we had the preacher to dine with us. We had a nice pair of chickens, a rousin' big stew of moose meat muffle, some moose steak, a plum puddin' and mince and punkin pies, and when the parson said grace and asked a blessin' on us and prayed that we might be grateful and thankful for all the good things that came to us, and fer our health and preservation from sickness and death, I can tell yer, I said way down in my heart when he had finished, Amen! Amen! Amen!

The Red Gods, Adieu.

It may here be worth our while to examine how it comes to pass that several readers who are all acquainted with the same language, and know the meaning of the words they read, should nevertheless have a different relish of the same descriptions. We find one transported with a passage which another runs over with coldness and indifference; or finding the representation extremely natural, where another can perceive nothing of likeness or conformity.—Joseph Addison in the Spectator for June 27, 1712.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Not as an ancient doer of deeds of woodland derring-do, and not as a blind worshipper of Kipling, but in simple justice to what seems to me straightforward enough poetry, I want to take a shot at the latest "Amusings from Sand Lake" before you, very properly, forbid further reference to the Red Gods.

Mr. Brown is evidently not in sympathy with poetry, however much he would have us think so from his references to nature poets, which references carry him as far afield as Mr. Ashcroft wanted to go in search of men who have never seen a shod canoe-pole, until Mr. Brown wisely called him off. I say this because he approaches Kipling's poem with carpenter's rule and square, and accuses the poem because those implements do not fit. Thus, because the verse asks, "Do you know the blackened timber?" he asserts that "blackened timber" is chosen as the ideal camping site! Why? Who was talking about camping sites? The racing stream is mentioned in the same line: why not with equal propriety say that that was chosen as the camping site and that Kipling intended to place the couch of new pulled hemlock in the middle of a brook? The lines mention two or three things which one may see in an hour's canoeing in the woods—a bit of burnt land, a racing stream, a shingle bar, a log-jam—and add "it is there that we are going," namely, to the place where all these things may be seen—to the woods.

Again, the words "Do you know the blackened timber?" are simple enough. Mr. Brown finds in them "cheap mystery," "mention of something he (Kipling) knows the reader cannot be supposed to know because it is not located," etc. This is the very lunacy of criticism. May I not recognize the reference without knowing exactly what township the blackened timber is in, or what stream it is on?

Again, he says that no log-jam is ever at the end of a racing stream. All right, if we must put our rule on that stream and find out just where the jam is, why not say it is at the end of the race in the stream—i. e., at the foot of the rapids? Nobody need be wrenched by that construction—no poetry is offended at such license.

Again, must a "right-angled" log-jam be one whose "upper line lies straight and squarely across the stream and forms a right angle sharply with each shore?" Why not say that a jam which sticks out into a stream, or sticks up from it, or whose logs lie crossed in all directions, is a right-angled jam? This is poetry we are dealing with, not geometry or carpentry.

And when Mr. Brown, losing that calmness with which he started off to tell us all about himself in heart to heart fashion, declares that Kipling sets himself up as a "Sir Oracle" of the woods, "a high priest of nature at whose feet all sportsmen should sit in admiration," and reduces the fine lines to "a bar of rough stone to sit on, blackened timber for a view, and a Limburger Indian to make a couch," etc., one can only say that this is the criticism and the rendering of poetry by a Bottom, the weaver, or a Snug, the joiner.

Let us try a little criticism in Mr. Brown's own vein, taking at random some lines from a not unknown poet:

"The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster
As amorous of their strokes."

Mr. Brown would ask why, if the barge burned, Cleopatra did not order her slaves to extinguish it. He would point out that a golden poop would bring the bow high out of water, and that silver oars would weigh so much that ten men could not handle them, even if inspired by the tootling of flutes. He would speculate on how many bottles of cologne it would require to perfume the sails, and would show that, while water may follow a boat, it would not follow the beat of an oar, but, on the contrary, would flow away from it. On the whole, he would conclude that Enobarbus was a plain fakir, who was setting himself up as a Sir Oracle to the confiding Mecenas and Agrippa.

Alas! poor Kipling! "Writer of swashbuckler rhymes," the "literary hack" who "planned a 'grand' poem which the Maine folk should accept as coming from a new Elijah!" All this lamentable showing of you up would have been avoided if you had not neglected to mention that the most prominent feature of the woods was once the pervading presence of an ancient *coureur des bois*, since, unfortunately, retired to Sand Lake, Mich.

E. G. B.

NEW YORK, NOV. 22.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am vastly interested in the Kipling controversy. I think it is the most interesting set of articles I ever read. Not only are they highly instructive and entertaining to all lovers of nature, but they are valuable as being indicative of the various and opposite standpoints that ordinary intelligent men take in matters of the most ordinary and everyday concern. I think really that the anti-Kiplingites have been unfortunate in their champions and their weapons. The last to enter the lists, Mr. E. P. Jaques, is a good specimen. He virtually admits that the poem is right enough, or, as he puts it, two of the chief points of discussion "seem sane enough." But he gives himself away when he says: "When any of my friends get de-

lirious over Kipling, I accuse them of playing the grand stand." Now, it is not Kipling we are discussing, but the fidelity and accuracy of a certain word painting of which Kipling happens to be the artist. I am sure if the singer had been named A. W. Ashcroft, or L. F. Brown, or even E. P. Jaques, instead of Rudyard Kipling, and his song had been so harshly and unjustly criticised, these very same gentlemen, Messrs. Manly Hardy, the Old Angler, Ames, the Hermit, Von W., Dixmont, R. T. Morris, E. P. Biddle, Otto Keim, and others, would have arisen as one man and done what they have deemed it incumbent on them to do in the present instance. It is evident that Messrs. Jaques & Co. have a personal prejudice against Kipling, and like their forbears they persuade themselves that nothing good can come out of Nazareth. Mr. Jaques, like his confreres, gets in his little sneer at "these able defenders of Kipling," and asks three or four questions that have been answered over and over again. Then he insinuates that there has been "a mutual understanding" between those who criticise Mr. Brown's unhappy, inaccurate, and distorted criticism of Kipling's poem.

The contributions of the dear Old Angler, Mr. Hardy, and the other gentlemen who so ably and strenuously championed this masterpiece of Kipling's, show them to be kindly, gentle men, true lovers of nature, intelligent enough to recognize a good thing when they see it, and brave and courageous enough to meet and defeat opponents who suffer from defective vision, disordered liver, or, worse than all, vindictive jealousy.

As to the "mutual understanding" between the defenders of Kipling's beautiful word-picture which Mr. Jaques refers to, I think this is the highest tribute yet paid to it. That so many different men, of various ages, nationalities and temperaments, from so many diverse parts of the United States, Canada and Newfoundland, should be so unanimous in their expressions of approval of the fidelity of Kipling's lines as to make Mr. Jaques think that there is collusion among them, is the very best proof that could be adduced that those lines are all right, and that they strike lovers of nature the world over as being a beautiful and truthful description of everyday scenes, visible to the eyes of all men, but given only to the very, very few to be able to describe them so truthfully and graphically as they are described by Mr. Rudyard Kipling in the lines under discussion.

ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND.

NEWFOUNDLANDER.

NEW YORK, NOV. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last night a party of us, old salmon fishermen, having gotten together, the subject of the article—"Kipling's Red Gods" published in FOREST AND STREAM, October 17—was canvassed pretty thoroughly, and brought forth so many pearls of derision and laughter, that I was asked to try and answer it; which I will endeavor to do herewith.

Mr. Ashcroft commences by a criticism of Mr. Hardy's defense, and reproduces some lines by Kipling:

"Do you know the blackened timber? Do you know that racing stream,
With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end?"

Now, as I am a lumberman with about thirty-five years' experience, it can fairly be said that I ought to know something about "blackened timber, racing streams, and log-jams." It is only necessary to go into almost any of the timber districts to see "blackened timber" caused by forest fires.

The "racing streams" are those down which the logs are brought, and they are not "tree trunks," either, for saw logs are cut to 12, 14 and 16 feet lengths, and sawed off square at each end.

As to the "log-jam" part of the affair, it is almost ridiculous to have to explain that a "log-jam" almost invariably occurs either at the head of a sand bar or shallow place, or in a gorge in the stream through which the current passes with force. As soon as the jam commences the great strength of the current forces the logs in all sorts of positions, and they pile up and entangle themselves in every direction, invariably they there form an almost solid barrier across the surface of the stream. Then the other logs, as the current lessens and the water deepens up stream, begin to accumulate, and do so for long distances, but, unless the current is very heavy, the logs lie quietly and do not up end or become entangled in the manner that they do at the down river end of the jam. I have ridden for miles and miles along the "log-jams" of the streams in Michigan and elsewhere filled with logs from bank to bank, so that no water whatever could be seen. Therefore Mr. Kipling is correct as to "the blackened timber and the right-angled log-jam." As to the "Bar of sun-warmed shingle, where a man can bask and dream,"

everybody knows that there are bars and sand banks in almost every river, and when the sun shines on the sand it becomes warm, and if anybody wants to go and lie down there with the sun shining on him, he will find it a pretty good basking place, very often too hot for comfort. As to the

"Click of shod canoe-poles 'round the bend,"

as Mr. Ashcroft gives a considerable discussion to this matter, I will do the same, and it is quite evident that the man that he speaks of "who has camped and slept under canoes for weeks during half the summers for the last forty years," has been "jolly" him up not a little. I fished that great salmon river, the Grand Cascapedia River, in Quebec, for twelve years, and many other rivers in subsequent years, and every day of my life both my companions and myself were poled up the river, some times for many miles, in separate canoes, of course, and the "click of the shod poles" certainly was very much in evidence, and many's the time that when standing quietly in the canoe casting for salmon and the wind blowing up the river, yes! many a time, have I heard the "click of the shod poles coming around the bend," even though that bend be one-eighth of a mile or more distant.

As to the matter of "canoe-poles" used for shoving canoes up quick waters, Mr. Ashcroft's, or his friend's, assertion that they "are made of ash or maple and usually twelve or fourteen feet long, and about one inch in diameter at each end, and a little larger in the middle," is almost too ridiculous for criticism. It does not make any difference as to whether the poles are made of maple,

ash, or any other wood, poles of that diameter would quickly break in two, whereat the man who was poling would find himself taking a headlong plunge into the river and the canoe probably capsized. The poles that are used on the rivers above named and everywhere else that I have been, are made of almost any kind of handy wood (spruce preferred because of its lightness and stiffness), and are never longer than about eight feet, and usually about two inches and upward in diameter; any smaller sized poles than this would be dangerous to use, for even poles of the above size not infrequently break in two by the great pressure that is put upon them in poling a loaded canoe up a heavy rapid.

Now comes the item of "shoeing" the ends of the poles. This is always done either with iron or steel about three inches long and brought down to a dull point of say one-fourth of an inch, or three-eighths of an inch in diameter; to use unshod poles would be dangerous in the extreme, for the ends of them would "brush up" whether surrounded with an iron ring an inch or two back from the end or not. The rocks in all those salmon rivers are largely round and smooth, and extremely slippery, and to attempt to pole a canoe in heavy waters with an unshod pole would be something that no guide would dare to do, for he would know that in a very few minutes the end of the pole would slip off some smooth, round rock which would cause disaster to both himself and the canoe. If Mr. Ashcroft and his friend have never seen a "shod canoe-pole," and "doubt as to whether they will ever see one outside of a museum," I would suggest that the next time they are in Canada they stop off at the Restigouche Club at Metapedia Station, Quebec, or pay a visit to the Grand Cascapedia River thirty miles distant, or to the Bonaventure River, or any of the rivers flowing into the Bay of Chaleur or any other salmon river in Quebec, and they will see plenty of canoe-poles with iron shod ends, as above described; in fact, they will see no other kind.

As to the "couch" and "the new pulled hemlock, and the starlight in our faces," well, if a man is sleeping in a tent in the woods, or in a shack, and he hasn't got any mattress with him, the first thing the guide who knows his business does, is to go out into the woods and bring into the tent armful after armful of short branches, no more than a foot or so long, stripped from hemlock and spruce trees that are near by; he does this until he gets a pile of them about a foot deep, and the delightful odor from these woods is certainly conducive to sleep. Of course, if a man is sleeping in a tent, or cabin, or a shack, he can't very well have "the starlight in his face," but if he is sleeping in a lean-to and the night is clear, he will certainly have "the starlight in his face," and the moonlight, too, and every old light that comes in on the open side of the lean-to, and if the sportsman is a sportsman he will not attempt to angle for trout or salmon at night, for it is against the law to do so in Quebec, and in almost every other fishing country that I know of. And he wouldn't catch anything at night any way.

It is a very remarkable fact how many men there are who call themselves sportsmen and pretend to have great knowledge and experience in various matters pertaining to fishing and shooting, who rush into print when they really know nothing about what they are writing. Only a few days ago I saw in one of the illustrated magazines an article on rail bird shooting, with a picture of two men sitting on the ground with a lot of snipe decoys around them. Every sportsman knows that the rail bird is a bird that inhabits marshes, and that never shows himself at all until he is stirred up by a boat which is pushed over the marshes when the tide is high enough to do so, then the rail bird takes flight, and only then is he usually visible. As to coming to a decoy or anything of that sort, such a thing was never heard of so far as a rail bird is concerned, and yet there was a reputable magazine that not only published such a ridiculous thing, but attempted to picture it also. It is not often that I bother myself in correcting such foolishness, but in this instance I think that the readers of FOREST AND STREAM ought to know the real facts, and hence this article.

ROBERT C. LOWRY.

MONTREAL, P. Q., Nov. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* What a tempest in a teacup has been raised over Kipling's "The Feet of the Young Men."

Truly, each and every man is entitled to his own views—be they broad or narrow; but how criticism such as that of Mr. L. F. Brown's can be evoked, is beyond ordinary comprehension. Has he ever heard of such a thing as "poetic license?" Yes, surely, because he gives us a photo entitled, "Leaving a Camp—A Last Look at the Slagle River," and underneath are inscribed the words, "Good-by, Sweetheart! Good-by!"

Now, were we to adopt the line of criticism used by Mr. Brown, we would promptly say, that a stream has no heart—ergo it cannot be sweet, while being an inanimate object, it is foolishness personified to even address it. However, the pratable explanation is, that these magnificent (in the sense of conveying that indescribable charm that lies in a picture mirrored by words) lines of Kipling, must have fallen under this critic's notice when he was suffering from liver, and consequently disposed to be captious.

In a man who has seen as much of the wilderness as Mr. Brown—and his friends tell us he has—it is all the more remarkable; but whether he knows it or not, the "Red Gods" have called him, and he has answered their call!

A stream, silent and swift, and having good trout fishing, may yet "race." One is not called upon to pit it in contest with any other stream—it runs; poetically, it races.

When one is lying basking in the sun on a pebbly bar, the end of the stream, so far as vision is concerned—which is all that is meant by Kipling—is as far as you can see water, and no further. "Shingle" may not be pebble, but does it not convey to the mind what is meant?

The angle of the "log-jam" would depend entirely on one's position and which way he was looking at it.

"Raw," applied to it, means something out of harmony with the other surroundings.

A canoe-pole with ferrules on the ends—call them sleeves if you will—will click when the metal strikes a stone, the noise being conducted and imparted to the

surrounding air by the wood of the pole itself.

So far as "smoky" is concerned, I often in the winter evenings have pulled my favorite rifle from its case just to sniff that very odor of smoke, and by it recall many pleasant bygone camping scenes and pleasures. When we come from a day's fishing—if we have had good luck—we smell decidedly *fishy*; and on a shooting or camping trip, we smell *smoky*. How, then, about the Indian, who is about open fires more or less all his life? As to his silence, he has his fits of talkativeness and his supply of fun; but, as a rule, he is shy and silent. Talk to him, and he will talk; laugh with him, and he will laugh; but remain silent and how often will he be the one to break it, other than to call your attention to something in or of the woods or waters you are passing through?

Anyway, to those of us who love the life of which these few lines of Kipling's are so descriptive, whose blood tingles in sympathy, and who can see the whole scene so much more vividly portrayed than that of the commonplace little photo, under which are the words "Good-by, Sweetheart! Good-by," we will read and re-read with a pleasure bordering in its intensity almost on pain.

It is easy to criticize! But give us something better than Kipling's, Mr. Brown, give us something better!

ALERT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your recent issues I have come into collision, or, as I may say, into communion, with the critical observations of your many contributors who tamper with musical Mr. Rudyard Kipling's

"Do you know the blackened timber? Do you know the racing stream,

With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end?"—

and noting that Mr. L. F. Brown, who has given us some good things in FOREST AND STREAM, was receiving a rather variegated lot of tributes for a recklessly thrown brick or two, I looked up the back numbers of this journal and started in where Mr. Brown flushed—

Do you know the blackened timber? Do you know the racing stream,

With the raw, right-angled jog-lam at the end?

and who then threw bricks and other hardware, including dead cats and a few other gimcracks, together with a boomerang or two.

I shall say nothing radical either way as to merits of red gods, nor blue screeds—let the critics crucify themselves. Let 'em go it, but

I know the blackened timber! And I know that racing theme,

With the raw, right-angled dog-ham at the end,

is making me nervous.

After reading up back numbers, I thought I missed some of the essential rhythm, or whatever it is, of the lines—

Do you know the blackened ember? Have you got the frisky scheme,

With the raw, ram-spangled saw-log at the end?

I commenced again at the beginning, giving the whole subject a fair chance to deploy in review before one of the clearest intellects in this sparsely settled part of the world.

Mr. Brown's observations now seemed to me to be eccentric, but quite rational, until he takes up the lines beginning:

Do you know the blackened limber? Do you know the chasing scream,

With the raw, ding-dangled jim-jam at the end?

and there I again lost the finer fancies of both the subject and the predicate.

Mr. Hardy, who seems to have taken the popular, possibly the right, view, and who presents tangible, if not authentic, evidence, in the shape of photographs, next employed my mental equipment enduringly until he, too, observes—

Do you know the hackened timber? Do you know the bracing steam?

With the raw, new-fangled flim-flam round the bend?

and then in spite of my constitutional aplomb, or whatever it is, I began to go groggy.

Resolving, nevertheless, to be not entirely laid away by a nursery jingle by Kipling or any other foreigner, and believing I could cope with any couplet that will hold still on paper, I stayed with the outfit until the general round-up. One after another correspondent writes—

Do you know the slackened limber? Do you know the lacing jeem,

With the raw, ran-tangled schie-dam at the wind?

or words to that effect, as lawyers have said, and I left off, for the immediate present. I was not baffled nor discouraged—not by a long shot. I rested my case until I could attempt sleep, as it was after hours.

I think I slept briefly, and then I found myself awake, telling my wife—

"You have seen the cracking thunder! You have had the raking squeem,

In the raw, ding-dangled doo-dad of the fiend!"

Nothing in the world but a woman can relieve a man's mind of such a burden. She did it by relieving her own in expressing a few things that neither reasoned, rhymed nor rhythmized, but I was glad to forget everything but the golden quality of silence, and the obscurity of snoreful pretense, the next best thing to real sleep.

RANSACKER.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am glad to see that you will close the "Kipling controversy" with the current number of FOREST AND STREAM, and though I had not intended to say anything more on the question, the long and somewhat irrelevant diatribe of Mr. Brown in this week's number impels me to add a few words to it. In the first place, four of us, all octogenarians, or nearly so, Mr. Venning, Mr. Hardy, Hermit, and myself, have certified to our own positive knowledge to Mr. Kipling's exact and correct description of the facts as they exist in the New England States

and the northeastern Provinces of Great Britain. I do not know the age of Mr. Brown, but we were probably all familiar with the woods before he was born, and know as much about "blackened forests," "raw log-jams," "shingle bars," and "setting poles," as any camp proprietor in Maine whom he can quote for authority.

In the second place, I merely wish to remind him of the old adage that "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones." His own pleasant verses in FOREST AND STREAM two weeks since are as open to criticism, when it comes to matter of fact, as any lines of Mr. Kipling.

"Springs with pearly basins strewn with pure white shells" are as scarce in the Northern States or Canada as "roc's eggs," though they may exist in Florida.

"Mossy banks" are not usually "flower strewn," for flowers do not often grow in moss, and the "ferns" which flourish around the springs are not of the same species as those which grow on the "surrounding hills!"

So much for simple matter of fact. I do not propose to find fault with Mr. Brown's verses, but he should allow as much "poetic license" to other writers as he takes for himself, and I think we have sufficient proof that, from his standpoint, Mr. Kipling took no license at all! Now, all this is with the kindest feeling toward Mr. Brown, and a renewed assurance of my appreciation of his previous writings, and a hope that he may continue them, but rather to describe his own experiences and sensations than to criticize and carp at those of others!

VON W.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A FEW days ago I rode for many miles along the upper Hudson. I saw thousands and tens of thousands of logs jammed in the river bed. Were they lying parallel to the course of the stream? No, indeed! Probably 99 out of every 100 were lying at right angles to this course. The reason is obvious. It would be as easy to stand eggs on end as to cause logs to jam end on in the current. When a floating log strikes an obstruction end on, the upper end swings one way or the other, and the log is either carried over or lodges at right angles to the current. Was Kipling accurate or inaccurate?

Once more, I hunted last season on the Little Tobique with Adam Moore, one of the ablest and most sportsman-like of the New Brunswick guides. I saw no canoe poles that were not "shod," and if a pole be broken the tip is removed to be fixed upon another pole. More than once I heard the click of the pole before the canoeist wielding it came in sight. There is little opportunity to hunt when poling through swift water, but in still water the pole is laid aside, and the paddle propels the canoe noiselessly along. I maintain that Kipling was not in this instance inaccurate.

It seems to me that Mr. Brown, starting in prejudice, has, in the heat of argument, reached the utmost extreme of hyper-criticism, and has taken a position which in calmer moments he will regret.

No candid man can deny the frequent brutality and even vulgarity in Kipling's writings, but he is ever far removed from the commonplace. The verse under discussion seems to be true, striking, and vivid, and to have strength which is not found in the other selections quoted by Mr. Brown.

M. F. WESTOVER.

WHITINSVILLE, Mass., Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I feel that I would like to be recorded for the Red Gods. I think that Kipling's lines express precisely the condition of things as they are found in the deep woods of Maine. It is marvelous that so much thought can be expressed in so few words.

Just a word in regard to "blackened timber." To me this means the evergreen forest of spruce, fir, and pines—particularly spruce. This class of trees is generally referred to in the section of Maine that I visit as *black growth*. I know of a Black Nubble and a Black Mountain that I believe to be so named on account of the heavy growth of spruce trees on each. Also this black growth, in my experience, usually covers the banks of the rivers—particularly the quick running ones for a considerable distance from the water.

C. A. TAFT.

PELHAM MANOR, N. Y., Nov. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Those who believe Kipling's lines describe "universal" conditions, and those who are interested in the matter, are invited to write to such master canoeists as Brewster Brothers, of Field, British Columbia, or Mr. L. O. Armstrong, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who presented "Hiawatha" at the Sportsman's Show last March; and they will learn that shod canoe-poles are not used, and their use is confined to canoes around log-drivers' camps. Mr. Armstrong, as I am told, never saw a canoe-pole in use that was shod; and he has traveled that way thousands of miles.

F. J. HOYLE.

BLUE POINT, Long Island.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Fred puts it pretty good; he was satisfied to accept Rudyard and his "blackened timber," shod poles and all that but for Brown. Then someone else put him right and he straightway returned to his old love. All was well; Rudyard could have cooked the raw log-jam to a crisp; we were all asleep, lulled by the melodious click of shod poles, and were entirely satisfied to dream under the mystic influence of the lute, and "the strange weird carrying quality"—but for Brown! Brown's right! But I wouldn't have Kipling alter one word of the Red Gods for worlds.

CAP. WILL GRAHAM.

CANTON, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is an old saying that everybody knows how to edit a paper, doctor a sick horse, or preach a sermon, but at the risk of having this quoted to me, I am going to make a suggestion which I am sure will meet the approval of a very large part of FOREST AND STREAM readers. If there is to be any more written about Kipling's "Red Gods," cannot you have it printed in a supplement so that those of us who are deadly tired of it can put it in the fire at once on arrival and not spoil the rest of the paper, which we love to read? I don't know Brother Brown, but I am sure he is a good fellow from the way he closes his letter, and if he will come out here I will promise to sit down with him to a broiled grouse and other good things.

Why can't the fellows who differ about Kipling's ability as a poet get together and settle their differences in some quiet spot and give the other fellows a much needed rest?

J. W. PARSONS.

BUFFALO, New York.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* To fully appreciate Kipling's poem one must be acquainted with the scenes he is describing when these pen pictures become vividly real. I was born in Maine and to me the poem is a masterpiece and accurate in detail. I read and re-read the contributions of The Old Angler, Manly Hardy, and other able writers. They brought me back to the old scenes. Kipling does not mean that the Red Gods are actual, live, real Red Gods, but to him whose affinity is in the wilderness, they are real enough, and I often hear them calling—not only calling, but almost pulling me to the forest I love so well.

DIXMONT.

DURHAM, Kansas.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of November 14, Hermit says, in regard to my letter of the 7th: "Your correspondent, E. P. Jaques wants five questions answered by the able defenders of Kipling." He wants the answers to agree. The questions have been answered by several correspondents, and the answers have agreed, except in minor points.

Now, for fear there may be some who have not followed the contest closely, I will submit a few of these replies which Hermit says agree. As explained by the FOREST AND STREAM commentators, Kipling meant by Red Gods "red salmon" (Hermit); "red gods of desire" (Kenneth Fowler); "pompous poetic license" (Ashcroft). Raw log-jam means "a raw thing in the landscape" (Old Angler); "logs stripped of bark" (Charles Cristadoro); "raw, as not altered from the natural state" (M. Hardy); "superlative degree of rough" (Hermit).

Right-angled log-jam means "jam at right angle to the stream" (Hermit); "tendency to rear up at right angles" (Hardy); "right-angled at every possible angle" (Von W.).

These are only samples of the answers which Hermit says "agree."

Mr. C. H. Ames quotes from Shakespeare to show that meaningless language is all right in good description, but I would say to Mr. Ames that "to take arms against a sea of trouble" is very apt metaphor, and cannot be interpreted a half dozen ways by its best friends. Good description carries a picture that looks alike to all observers, yet these eight Kipling lines of the "best description ever written" appears different to each on-looker. I hold from this that Mr. Brown is vindicated. Most people will remember the lines of poetry that got entangled in Mark Twain's head until he could think, talk, or dream of nothing else:

Punch, brothers, punch with care;
Punch in the presence of the passenjar.

I am afflicted in the same way by these Kipling lines.
E. P. JAQUES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have taken no part in the Red God and log-jam controversy (*cheu jam satis*), though I have been quoted as authority on some points; but now that you have put a time limit to the wrangle, permit me space to congratulate Mr. Brown upon his masterly climax in your last issue, and the *bonhomie* with which he lifts his "stein" of Brown stout to the health of all concerned—Kipling possibly excepted.

Mr. Brown has well expressed the exhilarating charms of the western mountain ranges, in comparison with which the Maine forests are stuffy and tame. Nevertheless, I thank Mr. Kipling for his stirring poem whose lines, so happily phrased, present the most striking features of the Maine environment; for I shall never again think of the Pine Tree State without recalling the blackened timber, the racing stream, the canoe-pole, the log-jam, and the smoky Indian—and the discussion that went with them! As to Mr. Brown's literary criticism, which I dare say is just enough, he seems to me to set his standard of scholarship so high that no common minds can hope to attain to it. What can ordinary poetasters hope for, and how much of edification, comfort, and enjoyment would be lost to the guild of foresters and sportsmen, if we all kept silent?

In versification is everything short of success to be penalized by a rebuke for being so foolhardy as to make the attempt?

I don't wonder at Mr. Brown's preference at his age for the comforts of a tent or camp. These are practicable where a location is to be permanent. But one cannot travel or explore rapidly with these encumbrances. How often have I wished for a tent when I slept with my "face to the stars!" Yet I never carried a tent for thirty-five years. I preferred to rough it and travel light, even in canoe voyaging, which is the acme of backwoods luxury; for then a man can carry comforts so long as he sticks to the water routes. This is what makes the Adirondack region and the Minnesota chain of lakes so charming, where the voyager can go from one body of water to another without breaking bulk. Of course, in wilderness journeys where one can procure poles and bunks, the comfort of a tent or lean-to, or even of a square camp, will pay, during a protracted wet spell, for the labor of peeling and putting it up. On the prairies, where no trees are, and away from lines of transportation, even Indians have to carry their lodge poles and bark or canvas covers with them. Skin tepee covers are rare in these days, and it sometimes costs human lives to obtain them.

Of course, no one wants to camp in "blackened timber," and Kipling's poem did not intimate that he does. He simply introduced the blackened timber as one of the phenomena of a forest region. And yet I would much prefer a camp on a *brule* in Alaska, for instance, to one in the bush, or to one in the Florida everglades, or to one in the flat woods of Wisconsin, with its oozy muskegs and tamarack swamps, with black flies, gnats, and mosquitoes galore in all of them.

Extended travel enables us to profit by results through comparative study, but we cannot predicate the habits, tools, idiosyncrasies and phenomena of one locality by

those of its antipode. Hence I regard much of the matter in the log-jam controversy as power run to waste. Mr. Brown's fanfare of last week, calling the chase off, is the most ingenious allocation I ever read. Such a mingling of the chaste and beautiful with the grotesque and absurd is beyond parallel. It is as queer a combination as Red Gods and Limburger cheese.

C. H.

Natural History.

American Ornithologists' Union.

THE twenty-first congress of the American Ornithologists' Union convened in Philadelphia, Monday evening, Nov. 16. The business meeting was held in the council room, and the public sessions, commencing Tuesday, the 17th, and lasting three days, were held in the lecture hall of the Academy of Natural Sciences.

The fellows present were: Witmer Stone, of Philadelphia; William Brewster and C. F. Batchelder, of Cambridge, Mass.; Drs. J. A. Allen, Jonathan Dwight, Jr., and R. W. Shufeldt, and Messrs. Frank M. Chapman and William Dutcher, of New York City; Drs. C. Hart Merriam, A. K. Fisher, T. S. Palmer, C. W. Richmond, and L. Stejneger, Professors F. E. L. Beal, W. W. Cooke and E. W. Nelson, of Washington, D. C.; H. Nehrling, of Gotha, Florida; Dr. Louis B. Bishop, of New Haven, and John H. Sage, of Portland, Conn. Corresponding fellow present: Dr. Samuel W. Woodhouse.

The members and associates present during the sessions included Geo. Spencer Morris, C. J. Pennock, W. E. Clyde Todd, Dr. Spencer Trotter, Wm. L. Baily, N. H. Janney, J. J. Wisler, Jas. A. G. Rehn, H. W. Fowler, C. Few Seiss, Anthony Robinson, Dr. Wm. E. Hughes, Steward Brown, Sam. Wright, H. L. Coggins, Arthur C. Emlen, W. H. Trotter, J. Harris Reed, Professor August Koch, Thos. H. Jackson, Mrs. Julia Stockton Robins, Miss Elisa W. Redfield, Mrs. Thos. R. Hill, Miss Anna L. Bright, J. Warren Jacobs, Professor H. A. Surface, Mrs. Katharine R. Styer and Frank L. Burns, of Pennsylvania; Louis Agassiz Fuertes, C. Wm. Beebe, Miss Mary Mann Miller, Miss Lilian G. Cook, John Lewis Childs, Mrs. Emeline T. Holden, and Arthur H. Helme, of New York; W. R. Davis, Miss Harriet E. Freeman, Miss Emma G. Cummings, Rev. W. R. Lord, Miss Harriet E. Richards and Mrs. K. Marrs, of Massachusetts; Vernon Bailey, W. H. Osgood, E. A. Goldman and Henry Oldys, of Washington, D. C.; Samuel N. Rhoads and La Rue K. Holmes, of New Jersey; Dr. Eugene E. Murphey, of Georgia; Rev. H. K. Job, of Connecticut; Professor T. Gilbert Pearson, of North Carolina; Mrs. Elizabeth B. Davenport, of Vermont; R. W. Williams, Jr., of Florida, and James H. Fleming, of Toronto, Canada.

Chas. B. Cory was elected president; C. F. Batchelder and E. W. Nelson, vice-presidents; John H. Sage, secretary; Jonathan Dwight, Jr., treasurer; Frank M. Chapman, Ruthven Deane, A. K. Fisher, Thos. S. Roberts, Witmer Stone, William Dutcher and C. W. Richmond, members of the council.

Dr. Samuel W. Woodhouse, of Philadelphia; Professor Dean C. Worcester, of Manila, P. I.; Dr. E. C. Hellmayr, of Munich; Dr. Emil A. Goeldi, of Para, Brazil; Dr. Peter Sushkin, of Moscow, and Dr. Herluf Winge, of Copenhagen, were elected corresponding fellows. Eight associates were elected to the class known as members, and 104 new associates were elected.

Tuesday morning, Dr. A. K. Fisher gave a memorial address on Thomas McIlwraith, whose death occurred Jan. 31, 1903. Mr. McIlwraith was a founder and fellow of the union, and, although deeply engrossed in business, never lost his taste for ornithology. His writings relate mainly to the birds of Hamilton, Ontario.

Mr. Frank M. Chapman's account of an ornithological trip to the Pacific—illustrated as it was with many beautiful lantern slides—brought forcibly to mind the exceptional opportunities afforded the Eastern members of the union, by the Cooper Ornithological Club, to study the avifauna of the Pacific coast after adjournment of the special meeting of the A. O. U., held in San Francisco during May, 1903. Other results of the trip were shown at the present congress. Dr. T. S. Palmer spoke of the bird colonies of the California and Oregon coasts. Mr. Chapman exhibited most excellent views of Farallone bird life, and described the different species found there, and Otto Widmann gave a list of the birds noted during a short stay in the Yosemite Valley.

A paper on Bird Life on Laysan Island—an interesting but little known region—was presented by Walter K. Fisher, who had had extraordinary opportunities for photographing birds on that island. In the absence of the author the paper was read by Dr. A. K. Fisher, who also explained the slides.

Mr. Witmer Stone had gathered all obtainable material relating to John K. Townsend and William Gambel, and incorporated it in a paper of historical interest regarding these neglected ornithologists. Mr. Stone has a happy way of presenting historical facts, and the wish was expressed that his various papers on the older "birdmen" might be collected and published in a volume.

Rev. H. K. Job showed a large series of lantern slides from photographs of birds taken in the bird rookeries of Cape Sable and the Florida Keys, and explained how he waited for hours to obtain snapshots. Ingenious expedients had to be resorted to to secure good results.

Miss Mary Mann Miller described the nesting habits of the whippoorwill, and told interesting facts from personal observation.

Mr. Geo. Spencer Morris spoke of bird life at Cape Charles, Va., and referred to the decrease in recent years among the water fowl found at that noted resort.

The report of the Committee on Protection of North American Birds, read by its chairman, Mr. William

Dutcher, showed that satisfactory results had been obtained during the past year. This was made possible by the Thayer Fund—money secured through the efforts of Mr. Abbott H. Thayer.

New Bird Studies in Old Delaware, by Samuel N. Rhoads and C. J. Pennock, brought out valuable ornithological facts relating to that apparently neglected State.

Invitations were received from the Exposition management and Mayor of St. Louis to hold the 1904 congress in that city.

The next annual meeting will be in Cambridge, Mass., commencing Nov. 28, 1904.

Following is a list of the papers read at the sessions: In Memoriam: Thomas McIlwraith. A. K. Fisher, Washington, D. C.

Notes on the Bird Colonies of the California and Oregon Coasts. T. S. Palmer, Washington, D. C.

Nesting Habits of Florida Herons. A. C. Bent, Taunton, Mass.

New Bird Studies in Old Delaware. Samuel N. Rhoads, Audubon, N. J., and Chas. J. Pennock, Kennett Square, Pa.

The Aesthetic Sense in Birds. Henry Oldys, Washington, D. C.

Notes on the Protected Birds on the Maine Coast, with Relation to Certain Economic Questions. A. H. Norton, Westbrook, Me.

Exhibition of Lantern Slides of Young Raptorial Birds, photographed by Thos. H. Jackson, near West Chester, Pa. Witmer Stone, Philadelphia, Pa.

Views of Farallone Bird Life. Frank M. Chapman, New York City.

The Bird Rookeries of Cape Sable and the Florida Keys. Illustrated with lantern slides. Herbert K. Job, Kent, Conn.

A Winter Trip in Mexico. Illustrated with lantern slides. E. W. Nelson, Washington, D. C.

Some Nova Scotia Birds. Spencer Trotter, Swarthmore, Pa.

Nesting Habits of the Whip-poor-will. Mary Mann Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Some Variations among North American Thrushes. J. Dwight, Jr., New York City.

The Spring Migration of 1903 at Rochester, N. Y. E. H. Eaton, Rochester, N. Y.

Warbler Migration in the Spring of 1903. W. W. Cooke, Washington, D. C.

Some Birds of Northern Chihuahua. Wm. E. Hughes, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Reply to Recent Strictures on American Biologists. Leonhard Stejneger, Washington, D. C.

The Exaltation of the Subspecies. J. Dwight, Jr., New York City.

Variations in the Speed of Migration. W. W. Cooke, Washington, D. C.

An Ornithological Excursion to the Pacific. Frank M. Chapman, New York City.

Bird Life on Laysan Island. Illustrated with lantern slides taken by Walter K. Fisher. A. K. Fisher, Washington, D. C.

Ten Days in North Dakota. Illustrated with lantern slides. W. L. Baily, Philadelphia, Pa.

Two Neglected Ornithologists—John K. Townsend and William Gambel. Witmer Stone, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bird Life at Cape Charles, Virginia. George Spencer Morris, Philadelphia, Pa.

San Clemente Island and its Birds. Geo. F. Breninger, Phoenix, Arizona.

Yosemite Valley Birds. O. Widmann, St. Louis, Mo.

The Origin of Migration. P. A. Tavernier, Chicago, Ill.

A Contribution to the Natural History of the Cuckoo. M. R. Levenson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mortality among Young Birds due to Excessive Rains. B. S. Bowditch, New York City.

Collecting Permits: Their History, Objects and Restrictions. T. S. Palmer, Washington, D. C.

Report of the Chairman of the Committee on the Protection of North American Birds. Wm. Dutcher, New York City.

Deer and Sleep.

DEER reverse the apparent order of nature, for they sleep in the daytime and feed at night. How much sleep they do take is a matter of contention even among experienced stalkers—some say little, others much. On the whole, we are inclined to agree with the former, for it has to be remembered that they chew the cud when lying down. Two most experienced and observant foresters, the one in Argylshire, the other in Aberdeenshire, thus gave their opinions: "Deer sleep or rest from about ten or eleven A. M. to four P. M.," "Deer sleep from noon to five P. M."

It is no uncommon occurrence to come on deer asleep; a stalker in the Blackmount had the rare experience of coming upon a parcel of seven stags, all sound asleep. A herd was seen to move in Glenfeshie, but one stag remained behind, lying motionless. On a careful approach, he was found to be asleep. Perhaps, however, the oddest occurrence of this nature happened in Braemore, when a stalking party, on going up to the stag which had just been shot, found a three-year-old close to it fast asleep. In fact, it is by no means rare to get within a yard or two of a sleeping deer.—Scottish Field.

The Nighthawk.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—In your issue of November 21, Mr. Peter Flint expressed the desire to hear from some city watcher of the habits of the nighthawk, and have his observations confirmed.

I have heard the peculiar note of the bird, which Mr. Flint describes as *Go-walk*, on so many summer evenings during my residence on Central Park West that I cannot account for the ear of any intelligent listener having failed to hear it. To my mind, *Go-walk* by no means conveys an idea of the sound. It is very difficult to imitate, but I think can best be described by saying that it resembles the twanging of a loose bass string of a guitar. I might add that most of my observations of the bull bats were made from near the top of the Hotel Majestic, although I have also heard the note referred to while walking in the park.

G. B. PERKINS.

Game Bag and Gun.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Game Laws in Brief

is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the Brief.

Maine Bg Game.

BANGOR, Me., Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The feeling of dread with which residents of this State have opened their daily papers each morning for the last fortnight has, in a measure, passed away, as the number of accidental shootings seems to have been ended, at least for the time. So long had the State gone without this dreadful record recurring to anyone's mind, that to have two or three so near together gave one an awful feeling of expectancy, and in many offices and homes the first inquiry of the day has been: "Well, who's shot for a deer this morning?"

Not that there has been such a large number of shooting accidents during this hunting season of 1903, rather on the contrary, but as one fatality in Maine—and another on the border and killing a Maine guide—came close to our own homes and kindred, one didn't know what to expect next. It is devoutly trusted that the record will not be extended any further this year.

Guide George H. Spinney, of Staceyville, who was so critically wounded in the thigh, is reported at the hospital in this city as doing nicely. The surgeon having his case directly in charge is quoted as saying that he hopes strongly to save the man's leg, although when he was brought here it was feared that they might not be able to save his life, and they scarcely dared hope for any recovery without amputation. However, although the wounded man suffers great pain, still he is resting as comfortably as a man could be expected to with the bones of his thigh fairly shattered by a bullet, and barring unforeseen complications, Mr. Spinney will some time be a well man and able to walk.

Guide Charles Berry, of Katahdin Iron Works, was exonerated by a coroner's jury of intentionally causing the death of his fellow guide, Arthur Wilson, of Atkinson, whose name was at first erroneously sent out as Wilkins; but the authorities have taken the matter up, and Mr. Berry is bound over in \$500 for the grand jury, on the charge of manslaughter.

A movement has been started among the guides for raising of a fund to help the widow and family of Wilson, who are, by his death, left destitute, and it is sincerely hoped that there may be a generous amount raised for their relief. Wilson was among the best known of the guides in the "Iron Works" region, as those well acquainted with it always speak of that section, and had been guiding there for many years. He leaves a family of four children, besides his wife and mother, and the blow falls heavily upon the stricken women, who thus have been cut off without warning from the support that they had, for so many years, leaned upon.

And speaking of this matter of accidents, your correspondent was greatly surprised to read, in a recent edition of a Boston daily, a statement made by a returned sportsman that "the accidental shooting of hunters this year is greater than any other season I can remember. I know of several cases reported in the Maine papers that never got as far as Boston." Now, Maine's record of accidental shooting has been anything but commendable in past seasons; in fact, our fair State has been put to the blush many times for her unenviable record in this particular. It was for this reason that the special law applying to such careless shooting was passed, although, by the way, that law has never yet been enforced by arresting a careless shooter—and still, as shown by the season of 1902, there seemed little diminution in the number of these cases. This year, for the first time in years, the State has been comparatively free from "mistaken for game" cases, and the one fatality referred to in the fourth paragraph of this letter is, so far as your correspondent can find out, the only one taking place within Maine's borders since Oct. 1. There have been numerous suspicious cases, which the imaginative have thought betrayed accidents, such as that of the young woman who came out from camp and was carried across the platform from one train to another. The writer was assured that it was a case of accidental shooting; but later met the physician who treated that same young lady for pneumonia in her camp, far inland. As soon as she was able to be moved the homeward journey was begun, but it was disease and not injury that niled her walking machinery. It is hardly fair to blame Maine with more of these accidents than belong to her, and those who have watched the progress of the game season this year feel encouraged that the slate has been kept so nearly clean.

The past week can scarcely go down as ahead of any other week of the moose season, nor yet as a record breaking week for deer shipments, unless it may perhaps be awarded the "booby" prize on both counts. More dissatisfied and unsuccessful hunters have been returning home during the week than in all the rest of the season taken together, according to the judgment of a man well informed in such matters, and who keeps a close watch on these things. This is scarcely due to any diminution in the supply of game. On the contrary there is still enough in the woods, but the recent snow storm, which made such fine hunting for a day or two, softened slightly and then froze, so that the woods are more noisy than before the snow fell at all, if that were possible, and the unhappy hunters have been wishing for the time of leaf carpeted forest, since then one gets a few minutes of fairly decent footing in the early morning, anyway.

Therefore, comparatively few moose and deer have been shipped out, and the majority of those seem to

have been killed on the last snow before it crusted over.

Some parties have met with success as great as it was unexpected, in two different cases coming upon bull moose fighting, and killing them both. In one case two cousins of Olamon, P. D. and N. B. Harris, were out on a hunt and were about discouraged, not having seen moose or deer for the day, and were about to shoot a hedgehog with a revolver when they heard a great noise not far off. Investigation revealed two big bulls having a battle to the death, and as soon as they got near enough to make their aim sure, they dropped both combatants, and took their carcasses to Boston.

In the other case, two men went out from Portage on a hunt, Percy Porter, of Presque Isle, and Harry Dorman, of Portage, and, they, too, discovered a couple of bulls fighting, so that they crept up near and dropped them both.

The new license law, which was passed ostensibly to keep out the Ohio hunters who came here to slaughter the game by wholesale, and to hunt without guides and to eat their own provisions, seems to have kept out a few of them, as few of the large parties from Western States are reported this season. Nevertheless, from personal acquaintance with some of the Western hunters who have come in large parties before, the writer knows of several of them who have been here this season, and taken home their supply of game, and they weren't called pot-hunters, or forest gorillas, or anything objectionable, yet one of them carried home more deer than he has in the past done at all times. Those who met them found that it was actually a pleasure to meet these gentlemen from ———, who, this time, are recognized as sportsmen because they pay the license fee. From personal acquaintance with many of this class, your correspondent is glad that he can say of them as a whole, that they are law abiding, keen and as welcome hunters as the majority of those who seek recreation in the Maine woods, and they are willing to prove it by paying a license fee for the privilege that, in some other State, they would have to pay for, perhaps, as well. But could one get at the exact figures the number of those from the West who have taken two deer apiece out of the State this fall would be surprising to those who insisted that "it" would "keep them out."

If the whole fund received from the sale of licenses is applied to the proper protection of the big game, Maine's game ought to be well watched the coming year, and one will merely need to look up a warden to learn where an abundant supply is when another season rolls around. Maine's wonderful supply of game has increased in spite of a lack of full protection, but it can undoubtedly stand a tremendously increased amount of protection from irresponsible rifles, at all seasons of the year.

Bangor entertained, between trains, a distinguished party of sportsmen en route from New Brunswick to Washington. They were Hon. J. R. Garfield, of the new Federal Department of Commerce, and Chief Forester Gifford Pinchot. They had been on the Tobique, and returned through Arnostook county, bringing with them to Bangor two handsome caribou heads and a buck's head.

Leaving out the two Sundays between now and the end of the month, there are but seven days of hunting left during which one may kill a moose, and a good, deep snow is what those still remaining in the woods, and going in for a late trip, are hoping for. After such a storm a big increase in the moose record may be confidently expected, unless it is postponed too long.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

What About the Woodcock?

ELMIRA, N. Y., Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under the above heading I noted in the last *FOREST AND STREAM* that you wished shooters to write you what of the woodcock for this season, now so nearly gone.

In this section the fall flight was good, and bags of 15 to 25 cock to two men were common.

However, the flight did not seem to extend far; say from thirty to fifty miles east and west was the limit when any good bags were made that I know of. As you say, a good shot with a light weight 26-inch 12 or 16 gauge, cylinder bore gun and a good dog, can kill too many of the noble brown birds that we now see so few of in a day, if he happens to get into the fall flight. Thus, my friend, Mr. E. A. Haley, of Bath, N. Y., and I were out after grouse; we started to go through a small piece of lowland in the woods. Four woodcock were there, the dogs stood, four birds got up and were dead almost before one could tell what they were.

There is no summer cock shooting in this State, I am glad to say. Pennsylvania has the month of July, but what pleasure there is in July game shooting I, for one, cannot see.

Referring to the woodcock shooting in the south, I am about to take a southern trip, and mean to learn all I can about my favorite game bird while there.

Grouse have acted very queerly all this season, until about a week ago. They were very wild, would not lay to the dog, were scattered all over the country, one, two, and three in a place.

Within the past week they commenced to act as of old; the dogs could get close points, and when one walked in ahead of the dog and sent 31 grains of Walsrode and 1 ounce of No. 6 shot at them from a 26-inch 12-gauge cylinder bore gun, why it made the feathers fly—if they did sometimes fly off with the bird.

E. H. K.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Nov. 19.—The editorial in this week's number of *FOREST AND STREAM* on "What of the Woodcock?" has struck a note which is close to the hearts of most of the New England hunters. The passing of the woodcock seems almost history now, and while more birds have been killed this season than fell last year, the swift flying little fellows are not near as plentiful around this section of the country as they were ten, or even five, years ago.

Some good bags have been reported, one man bringing in thirteen woodcock one day, but this was the greatest day's woodcock shooting which has been heard of in this

locality for many years. Time was when S. T. Hammond and his dog Mack would go romping out into the covers between this city and the Wilbraham hills and come back at night with twenty-five or thirty birds. But Mr. Hammond seldom saw a bird which failed to go home with him at night. There are a few broods of the long-billed fellows raised in our swamps each season, and these furnish a meager bag in the early part of October. Toward the middle of the month the flight birds begin to drop into the covers, and after the first two or three cold nights we have a few days' good shooting with these visitors. But they stay only a short time, and then the woodcock season is over.

This year the flight was scattering, and the warm weather made the birds linger with us longer than usual, but they were crafty with the craft of the woodcock. Your editorial says "the woodcock is so easily killed and flies so slowly * * * that he does not have half a chance for his life." I wish that the man who wrote that could come up here and go through a beautiful cover just over the Connecticut line with us. He would see old Dustaway and his mates working through the prettiest cover of New England alders that he ever saw, and he would hear an occasional woodcock whistle up from under the nose of some staunch old dogs and give the most beautiful exhibition of cockscrew flight that he could wish to see, and if he stopped one out of three birds we would take our hats off to him and say that he was a shot among shooters.

This fall the woodcock have been in fine condition—the few which have been found. One killed last week, a beautifully feathered cock bird, weighed 8 ounces. The young birds have attained their full growth. Up here we blame the people in the north woods and the southern corn fields for the growing scarcity of our woodcock. While at the Rangeley Lakes this fall reports were heard on all sides of the large number of woodcock in the covers, and since then people in that section have written of bags of twenty and twenty-five birds killed in a day. These are the birds which would naturally drift into the Massachusetts covers in their flight to the south, and these big bags are the chief cause of the passing of the woodcock with us. Of the slaughter of the king of the sporting birds in the south, your southern correspondents will have much to say, both for and against, but we New Englanders hope that it will be mostly against.

CLICK.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been out for woodcock, commencing October 14, with the following result: 2, 1, 7, 1, 4, 6, 4, 4, 3, 6, 2, and the last time, November 18, when I got 4, making a total of 44 birds killed within twenty-six miles of New York City Hall. I know of two other gunners that hunted in the same vicinity with about the same success.

I can say that I found as many birds as I have any year in the last twenty years, but surely not as many as when I commenced, fifty-two years ago.

E. S.

North Carolina Game and Fish

RALEIGH, N. C., Nov. 18.—The hunting season in North Carolina has so far been unfavorable, the weather during November having been unusually dry, and for the most part warm, with temperatures on some days as high as 75 in the shade. Some good bags of partridges have been made, however, though the birds are mainly in thickets along the streams, many of the streamlets being quite dry. It is found that even yet a number of the birds are not grown. This was the case last year also. Many sportsmen hold the view that it would be better to have the shooting season begin December 1, and last three months. In Mecklenburg county there are only two months of open season—December and January. Arrests have been made there of persons violating the law by having birds in possession.

The protection of partridges this year, under the Audubon law, is found to be very satisfactory for the first year's operation of the new Audubon law. There are complaints in some counties by local sportsmen that non-residents are violating the State game laws. As yet there are wardens for only about fifteen of the ninety-seven counties. The Governor issues commissions to these upon the recommendation of Gilbert Pearson, the secretary of the State Audubon Society. The law is generally very well received and prosecutions under it for the killing of partridges and turkeys are having a good effect.

There is plenty of big game in the eastern counties: deer shooting is good, turkeys are quite abundant, and some bear have already been killed. Newberne is quite a center for sportsmen. There are large lakes of fresh water owned by the State, not very far from there, which afford not only fine shooting for ducks, but also give sportsmen a good opportunity to find game in the woods surrounding these waters. Hyde county is also a capital place for shooting large game. As yet the duck shooting on the sound has been poor, owing to the warm weather. It seems to be certain that more sportsmen from the north will be in the State this year than ever before. Many have leased lands for the hunting privileges, though in some counties this sort of thing is entirely unknown.

Partridges are, in the last few years, more and more acquiring the habit of taking to trees, this being certainly the case in this section of the State. There never was so much food for birds before. Not only is there a large crop of natural food this season, but the acreage in peas, of the kind known as the cow pea, is by far larger than ever before in most parts of the State. Questions are frequently asked the writer as to the best places in the State to visit for partridge shooting. It would be very difficult to designate such points, as the shooting is certainly good in at least fifty counties west of the mountains, there not being a great many birds west of the blue ridge.

The fishing this season has been very good on the coast, particularly of the trout, which are so highly prized north. One of the largest trout ever taken in the State was caught this week near the mouth of Neuse River. It weighed sixteen pounds and was sent to New York upon a special order.

Some very good work has been done in the way of fox chasing this season. There are some good packs in several of the counties, one of the best being in Cumberland.

There is a fine pack a few miles south of Raleigh belonging to a Mr. Stephenson. For many years the late Mr. William Boylan kept a noted pack here, and later Mr. Campbell had a fine one. There are plenty of foxes this season, and they are seen within a mile or two of this city.

The United States Fish Commission car has been here and in other points in this section for a week or more, distributing black bass and bream, mainly to private ponds. The fishing for black bass (called here chub and perch) has been excellent all the autumn, in fact unusually good.

Mr. William Robbins, whose home is two miles from Raleigh, is breeding beagles for use in rabbit hunting on his extensive farm. He has had bad fortune in losing some of his finest dogs.

Vermont Game.

ENOSBURG FALLS, Vt., Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Where are the wild geese? Up to the present time but a few small flocks have put in an appearance in this vicinity. This must mean mild weather away north, and when they do come their stay with us will be but for a short time, as our marshes will soon be frozen up solid.

The migratory flight of birds southward is a thing but imperfectly understood by the general public. It is our belief that many times the migratory flight of birds is high in the air, and that they fly long distances without stopping to feed or rest.

Late one afternoon in October some years ago we witnessed such a flight. Figuratively speaking the heavens above were full of birds of all kinds and sizes going southward. The geese, ducks, gulls, and other variety of large birds were flying very high, mere specks in the air, and without doubt extended far beyond the vision of the naked eye. Their cries and calls made such a clamor that the noise first called my attention to the flight.

They were all flying in a slow plodding kind of a way, as though they had come a long distance and had still a long journey ahead of them to go. With the exception of the strata of bluebirds who were quite near the ground, the old birds were going on at a steady gait, but the young birds were darting about here and there and chirruping in a frolicsome manner, as though they considered this migratory business a great lark; they would alight on a stump or a rock for a moment, then rush on to catch up with the old parent birds. A severe cold wave followed this flight which brought our pleasant weather to a sudden close.

As for game notes in this vicinity this season, native bred ducks have been quite abundant in our marshes, and in some localities the ruffed grouse and woodcock have been very plentiful, though most of the woodcock were flight birds. Where the late frosts last spring did not touch and destroy the nuts, gray squirrels are fairly plentiful. The farmers' friends, red foxes, are here in goodly numbers. A couple of our local hunters have so far bagged eleven of the mouse hunters. From the general smell around the country we should say that the skunk trapper is meeting with powerful success. It is a fact of natural history not generally known that the color of the skunk found up among the rocky hills is far blacker than those found down on the sandy plains.

We have no report as yet as to the exact number of deer killed in this State during the past open season. It will quite likely exceed that of past years. A large number of does have been reported as being found shot.

We have always claimed that too short an open season is a grave mistake. If we are to have an open season, we should have one long enough to rob it of its novelty. During the short open season of ten days the whole male population of our country and many of our neighbors were out with guns, and scouring through our small woods they started out every deer, who were almost sure to bump against a fellow with a loaded gun, and it is a wonder that any escaped without being either killed or wounded, and too many of the gunners that were out would blaze away at anything that was a deer, which accounts for the large number of dead does and fawns found lying about our fields, food for foxes and skunks.

With a sixty-day open season on deer, very few of our farmer boys would go out deer hunting unless they saw a buck crossing their fields, and then there would be no mad rush and excitement which causes so much illegal shooting. Our motto is "Either a close season or one long enough to rob it of its novelty," then only one deer with horns to be killed by any one person, and have the penalty for illegal killing a term in the workhouse as well as a fine; this would in a great measure keep in check a set of lawless fellows who are loafing around with a gun when they should be at work. Regarding a license for non-residents, that will come when we have salaried game wardens.

STANSTEAD.

The Scarcity of the Partridge.

WHAT is going to be done to save the partridge? is the question that confronts sportsmen, and which the next Legislature will be asked to decide, says the Worcester, Mass., Telegram. The partridge is being shot to extinction, and in the opinion of A. B. F. Kinney, one of Worcester's best known sportsmen, and first vice-president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission, something has got to be done to save the bird.

It is Mr. Kinney's recommendation that sportsmen decide on some plan that will be the most feasible from all points of view, incorporate it in a bill to the Legislature, and have laws made that will preserve the bird. In the opinion of Mr. Kinney and other sportsmen, the partridge will be extinct in this State in three years unless something is done.

In the hunting season for birds, which is now coming to a close, there has been the greatest scarcity of partridge that has been known in some years. One reason for this was the wet weather in the spring which killed the young birds, and but few were raised. Hunting has gone on just the same.

There have been just as many and more partridge hunters in the woods every day, with the result that what few have shot birds have killed the old birds. Now

comes the question of where the young are to come from next year. The point has been reached, in the opinion of Worcester hunters, where a halt has to be called to save the bird at all.

This week two men were in the woods hunting partridges for two days, having two dogs with them. This combination of twos scared up just six partridge. It was clear to the hunters that of these six every bird was an old one, and cautious enough to get out of the way of the hunters. The hunters covered twenty-five miles of ground on their trip without securing a single partridge. Another hunter, who had been out three days a week since the hunting season opened, says he has not seen a young bird this year.

Reports come from Connecticut and Vermont showing the same conditions. Letters to hunting papers from these States state that the shortage of partridge is greater than ever experienced before, and the question is asked on all sides, what is going to be done to save the partridge?

It is up to the hunters and sportsmen to take up the matter in a fair way and decide what is going to be done. If the present method goes on there is no chance, in the opinion of Mr. Kinney, of saving the partridge. If the hunter wants to exterminate the bird from New England and give up his pleasant and exciting hunting trips for the favorite game of this section of the country, he has only to continue in the old rut and go on shooting the old birds, while no young are being hatched.

Mr. Kinney told a reporter for the Telegram last night that he saw two plans which the sportsmen might adopt to save the partridge. One is to settle yes or no whether to stop hunting the partridge altogether for a year or two. If this course is adopted it will give the birds a chance to get started again and get numbers enough so that they can withstand hunting.

The second plan and the one which Mr. Kinney is in favor of, is for the Legislature to pass a bill which will limit the number of partridge and other game which a man can shoot. Mr. Kinney would recommend that a hunter be allowed to shoot not more than two partridge, two woodcock, and half a dozen quail a day. Or if this is not satisfactory, limit hunting to two or three days a week, and allow no hunting on other days.

His opinion is that the hunters and sporting men do not want the season cut off or taken away entirely, and that a fair adjustment of game to each hunter will have equally as good effect in saving the birds.

The plan of limiting the amount of game to be killed ought to satisfy every legitimate hunter, he says. It will give the hunter an opportunity to roam and scour the brush to his heart's content and give him game enough to satisfy the desires of any ordinary sportsman. The hunter gets the same amount of recreation and sport as if he attempted wholesale slaughter of the birds.

Mr. Kinney says he would like to see a bill framed for the Legislature with some satisfactory adjustment of the game limit to save the partridge and other game. He says he believes in receiving through the Telegram the version of hunters of Worcester county on the question. There is no doubt but that some provision will come up in the next Legislature for the preservation of partridge, he says.

Massachusetts Deer.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Nov. 19.—Deer are increasing rapidly in this section of New England, and it is no uncommon sight to see a doe or a buck in the edge of the woods or to find the little sharp cut hoof prints in the sand of a wooded road. The laws of both Massachusetts and Connecticut forbid the killing or hunting of deer, yet some are killed each season, for there are always men who have not the good of the sportsman at heart. A case of a deer being killed by hunters was reported from Somers, Conn., last week, and Game Warden Eaton, of Stafford Springs, is now investigating the case. The case is a peculiar one, and has a rather humorous side which shows that it is an ill wind which blows nobody good. Henry A. Root, formerly of New York, but now closely connected with the Butte copper interests, has a summer home in Somers, and the other morning sent one of his men to the village on an errand. As the man was driving through the woods he heard a crashing in the brush and stopped his horse to see what the matter was. Soon a large doe came out on the bank above him, staggered for a moment, and then fell down into the road, dead. The man got down to examine the deer and found two bullet holes in its neck, and it had bled to death because of them. Someone had tried to kill the deer, but had only wounded it, and it escaped from them. The man put the carcass in his team and drove back to the Root homestead with it. So Mr. Root had the venison and the game warden is hot on the track of the men who were instrumental in his getting it.

CLICK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This article is written with the hope that every Massachusetts sportsman who reads it will lend his hearty support for the enforcement of the existing deer law and toward the enactment of any law to further protect the deer in this State.

In the small space of territory within the towns of Barnstable, Falmouth, Mashpee, and Sandwich, a territory about fifteen miles square, there are at the present time probably 200 to 250 deer. Now, if these deer were left unmolested to increase as they naturally would, it would be but a few years before it would be no uncommon sight to see them almost anywhere in our woods. But are they left unmolested?

Far from it.

It seems to be an unwritten law in this section that if anyone wishes to hunt deer no one will say anything about it. The way people here speak about it is this: "Oh, well! If the 'boys' round here want to get a deer or two in the winter I don't object."

Now, suppose we follow this line of reasoning to its logical conclusion, what will be the result? I can name in the town of Sandwich, with its 1,400 inhabitants, fifty hunters, and the proportion will hold good in the other towns. Now, if each one took advantage of this unwritten right, how long would it be until there was not a deer in this section?

Of course all do not take advantage of this state of affairs, but there are a few game hogs who do, and who also abuse the privilege by bringing in their friends from Rhode Island, New York, and from many of the larger cities of Massachusetts—Boston, Cambridge, Newton, and others, with the assurance, "Oh, you need not be afraid. No one will bother you."

Now, to my mind, and to that of a number of others here, it is high time that this business was stopped. I do not wish to blame the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission in this matter, because with the number of deputies and the small appropriation which they have, it is very hard to cover all parts of the State.

It does, however, seem too bad that what is probably the largest colony of deer in the State cannot be better protected.

I sincerely hope that every sportsman who reads this article will exert what influence he may possess to bring about a different condition of affairs.

Of course a few persons in this section who wish to see the law enforced can do but little, but the united effort of the sportsmen throughout the State can do much to stop this violation of the law. Therefore, fellow sportsmen, I appeal to you. If you have any influence which you can bring to bear on this matter, either through legislation, through the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, or through the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission, do exert that influence both in the interest of this section and of the State in general.

JAMES M. MCARDLE.

SANDWICH, Mass.

Mud-Sounding in the Adirondacks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I once gave your readers an account of the attempts of a tenderfoot to explore the outlet of a certain pond, specially with reference to the mud on the bottom. Although he was long-legged and fell in twice—each time he attempted to cross on a fallen tree—he did not find the bottom. This season another young man at the same pond and outlet met with better success, for he used more of his length. With his fiancé, some other ladies, and two guides, he had gone to the pond to give the ladies a camping trip, and incidentally to kill a deer. The pond has long had a reputation for deer. It is likely to have for some other things.

The young man had not got a deer—he must shoot something. A little bird, a "tip-up," took most convenient position on a rock along shore some two or three rods from the rock on which the mighty hunter was standing with one of the ladies. The gun was leveled with deadly precision—a glance—and it belched forth its deathful charge. What became of the bird deponent saith not—the young man was of more consequence. He lost his balance by the recoil of his gun and fell backward into the mud and water. He went in nearly to his neck, and was rapidly disappearing, when the lady on the rock coolly stooped and seizing him by the collar drew him up beside her. As a retriever she was entirely successful. Then one of the guides took him in charge. They went to camp; he stripped, put on a long waterproof (too late), and assisted the guide in drying his clothes. Between them they managed to burn up his underwear and to burn so large a hole in his trousers that one of the ladies had to remove a skirt and with it patch the trousers in order that the poor fellow might return to the hotel decently. It is believed that in his mud-sounding he touched bottom. It is certain that his experience afforded great amusement to the entire party. Whether he is still ambitious to slay a deer is unknown to

JUVENAL.

How to Cook a Duck.

TWIN LAKES, near Rockwell City, Iowa, Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The rest of the boys are downstairs occupied with fifty-two small pieces of pasteboard, and I am sure they must be patriotic, because they are exhibiting the national colors in front of them in small round objects, like buttons, each contributing to a pile in the middle of the table, this pile being awarded to one of the party after comparing the pictures on the pasteboards. The copy of FOREST AND STREAM which I carry in my grip on these trips offers me more pleasure than the proceedings downstairs possibly could. But I had no sooner begun to read it than I encountered something which makes me grab for pencil and paper. For this thing can't be passed over. Under the head of "Camp Cookery," on page 359, November 7, J. W. B. appeals to you for bread, and verily you have cast a rock at him—literally, too, for if he follows the advice to parboil ducks he will get a "rocky" result. Now, when the criminal code is revised with due regard to the rights of men who spend their time and money and invigorate their bodies to bring the most toothsome piece of wild game to the table, it will be written down a crime, as it surely is a sin, to parboil a duck. Seneca's only hope for forgiveness lies in the fact that he says a duck "may be parboiled." Yes, it may, and the unappreciative cook sometimes does parboil it, but it is a sad mistake. It takes the rich juice out of the meat and makes it dry and flat. It is astonishing how few cooks who can do almost everything very well, know how to cook a duck. Even those who have been doing it for years sometimes fail miserably, and I am sure their "men folks" don't go hunting for the sake of the delicious duck meat, which they do not get. One other thing not to do, and then in a few words what to do: Never skin a duck; I am almost ashamed to intimate that such a caution is necessary, but it is sometimes done. It lets the juice out and makes the meat dry, tough, hard, and altogether unpalatable.

After the bird has hung in cold storage, not drawn, for from three to fifteen days, pick it very carefully, dry, never scald. Singe very little, and only when absolutely necessary. Dress the duck with extreme care and nicely. Now we are ready to decide whether the bird shall taste "strong" of the wild flavor or not. Many sportsmen want this strong wild flavor, and for them no further cleaning should be done. The bird may then be prepared for roasting or broiling, as desired. But the great majority of people prefer the wildness slightly tamed, toned down and

made more delicate, and this is easily done by thoroughly washing the inside with cold water and wiping with a cloth until the cavity is perfectly clean, for it is the clotted blood and other deposits that make ducks taste "strong." The flesh of the edible wild duck, properly treated, is not "strong." We have revealed this fact at our own table to people who had an avowed aversion to wild duck, and did not know how sweet, tender, juicy, and delicately flavored it could be.

The tastes of people differ as to dressing, but it is well to have it moist, and plenty of finely chopped apple or celery is excellent for this purpose. No duck, however small, is as good without dressing as with it; but for those who do not care for it, a teaspoonful of currant jelly on the inside is sufficient. When the birds are placed in the roaster (breast down, to allow all the juices to remain in the thick meat of the breast), lay across the back of each duck two very thin slices of the best bacon you can get—vary the quantity according to the size and fatness of the birds. Always use a tightly covered roaster to retain all the steam and flavor. This bacon, if it is of the right quality, will mellow the taste of the meat and add flavor to the gravy. Another caution: Do not roast the ducks too long. Twenty minutes leaves the meat very rare, and from thirty to forty minutes roasts it for the average taste. More than this in a good oven, with a covered roaster, will overdo it. Of course, ovens differ, and with a slow fire a longer time is required.

All this is for home use, of course, as the operation has always been directed at our house, adding greatly to the pleasure and profit derived from our game.

F. W. B.

Staten Island Robin Shooters.

PRINCE'S BAY, N. Y., Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following will show how things go sometimes—not always, but sometimes. It is from the Richmond County Advance:

"As Game Protector Edgar Hicks boarded a Midland car at New Dorp on Wednesday evening, November 11, his attention was attracted by a bundle carried by an Italian. On investigation he found that it contained twenty-four robins. He then placed the Italian and his companion under arrest, and had them locked up at police headquarters, Stapleton. The men, who proved to be Charles Bresopoli and H. Cantulppi, were arraigned before Magistrate Marsh the next morning and discharged."

Now, these Italians felt bad; they did not want their names to appear in print, one of them especially. He said he was an editor of a newspaper. The words were put in their mouths that they were ignorant of the law, etc. When searched the editor of the newspaper had in his pocket a gun large enough to be mounted on the bow of the Cherokee for her trip to blockaded ports. An officer tried to have him punished for carrying concealed weapons; but no, he was a gentleman, and did not know it was against the law; and he was cleared, and did not ask for a permit to do so again.

This is only one case. Others have been different. But it's a bad precedent to have established. Now read the paper and see how they do it in Hoboken. It goes to show that when a man is violating the law in Jersey no song and dance act by his colleagues can help him out. Italians seem to have the right of way in the slaughter of our song birds. ***

Game Preserves.

Editor Forest and Stream:

By the heading over my last week's scrap I fear you are giving out a wrong impression. I am not opposed to game preserves of the right kind; but I object to any clubs having jurisdiction over ten or fifteen miles of country, so that if a man wants to get across that region he must go a day's journey round. It would be a nice little arrangement if that part of the country should be settled up.

If I were the autocrat of America, no club or set of men should own more than 5,000 acres instead of 15,000 or 20,000 which some clubs have.

I cannot understand how an intelligent man who has the slightest regard for his fellow mortals can assist in framing such a set of laws as those by which the Blooming Grove Park Association attempted to control the country round them; and common sense should have shown them that they were unconstitutional. Moderate sized game parks are well enough, if properly managed, but if controlled by selfishness in such a way as to incite outsiders to acts of destruction by fire, and even the extremity of murder, I am not in sympathy with them.

DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Nov. 21.

Ramapo Valley Grouse.

IN 1890, or year thereabouts, Mr. Justus Von Lengerke killed seven ruffed grouse in one day in the Ramapo Valley, near Oakland, N. J. This has been the top valley record for many years. Many attempts have been made to tie or surpass it. This may seem, to the uninitiated, to be an easy matter. Those who have shot in the Ramapo Mountains know that it is not. The shooting is of the most difficult kind. However, on Wednesday of last week, Capt. A. W. Money, of Oakland, tied the record of seven ruffed grouse in the Ramapo Valley, and has a just feeling of satisfaction over the difficult performance. It will probably be over another decade before this record is tied again.

The New York Deer Hounding Law.

THE following resolution was passed unanimously by the Essex county supervisors last week:

"Resolved, That the Board of Supervisors of Essex county put themselves on record as favoring hounding, and the repeal of the Malby law known as the anti-hounding law, and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded their representatives in the State Legislature."

This action is intended to assist Assemblyman Graff in his efforts for the repeal of the hounding law, and it will also serve to prove the falsity of the statement attributed to Chief Protector Pond that Essex county wants a non-

hounding law. Mr. Pond as an author and advocate of the law might naturally be expected to make such a statement, but every resident of Essex county knows it to be contrary to fact. The hounding law is not popular, and it is not enforced, and Protector Pond knows that it is not enforced. Why, then, continue such a law? If Protector Pond is consistent he should use his efforts for the repeal of a measure which he does not enforce and which seems to throw all game laws into bad repute.

J. B. BURNHAM.

Shooting Casualties in Ontario.

THE number of men shot in Ontario through being mistaken for deer or through criminal carelessness, appears to have been larger in the deer hunting season which has just ended than in any previous one. It is hard to understand how any man whose sight is good enough to enable him to see and shoot deer can mistake a man for a deer unless he is drunk or partly so. It is possible that most of the accidents have been due to the too common idea among hunters that they are not fully equipped unless they carry whisky flasks. Whisky or other liquor is all very well in a hunting camp, to be used medicinally there or when the hunters come in chilled or wet; but the man who carries it in the woods along with his rifle is dangerous to all others in his neighborhood. We have laws to punish those who take human life through criminal carelessness. If they do not apply to the hunters, with or without flasks, drunk or sober, who shoot men they should be amended at once.—Canadian Champion, November 19.

Carrier Pigeon Shot.

AMAGANSETT, L. I., Nov. 23.—On November 14 one of our young sportsmen shot at five birds flying high over his head, and accidentally, I suppose, wing-tipped one, which proved to be a pigeon. On its leg was an aluminum band with the letters P. F. and the figures 41,940 stamped thereon.

The bird is alive, and will be returned to its owner by request.

DIMON CONKLIN.

Sea and River Fishing.

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Fish and Fishing.

In Defense of the Pike.

"A FRIEND of the Pike, who has written me a stinging criticism of the supposed position that this wolf of the water should be exterminated from the northern lakes and streams of Quebec, waxes quite warm in praise of the game qualities of *Esox lucius*. He suggests that there is something of a conspiracy among modern writers on fish and fishing against the continued existence of the pike in angling waters, but reminds me that Dr. G. Brown Goode classed him among the game fishes, and that Mr. Tomlin thus eloquently defends him: 'I care not if this family are the sharks of fresh water, they are entitled to fair play. His Satanic Majesty is never so black as he is painted, so the *Esox lucius* is cousin german to the *Nobilor vulgate* mascalonge, and partakes of his noble nature. He is a foeman worthy the steel of the most ardent angler. Some anglers call the family 'snakes.' I pity them. Go where pike can be found, fish for them with legitimate tackle, and give them a fair chance, and they will give just as much pleasure as any royal small-mouth bass that ever swam."

My correspondent is altogether wrong in his assumption that I am anxious to see the pike exterminated from our northern waters. Like him, I have fished for it in Lake St. John and in the Peribonca River, from which the largest specimens reported in America, so far as I have been able to ascertain, have been taken, one of which weighed 49 pounds and the other 42. And I have enjoyed the sport, though it had not the same attraction for me that the same art had as a boy, when I trolled for "Jack" in English waters. Nor am I able to agree with Mr. Tomlin that the pike will afford the same sport that the small-mouth black bass does.

I had hoped that it had been made perfectly plain that my agitation for the destruction, or at least for the thinning out of the pike in the Peribonca River, was not because of any antipathy to him as either a game or food fish, but simply because he stands in the way of his betters, for whom his mouth is an open sepulchre. Dr. Goode, to whom my correspondent refers me, admits that the pike has few friends, and says that angler-fishcultists have good reason for their spite, since the hungry *Esox* is a sad foe to the proprietor of a fish preserve, and that until it has been banished from a pond, no other species can be expected to thrive.

Trout and ouananiche abound in the Peribonca and some of its tributaries, and plantings of both young salmon and ouananiche have, I understand, been made of recent years in some of the smaller streams flowing into the river in which the largest of these pike are found. It is perfectly certain that there cannot be any sensible increase in the other fish of these waters while the increase of the pike is permitted to go on uninterruptedly, which means that the planting of young salmon and ouananiche where the pike abound, simply enables the pike to increase in number and to put on additional weight, as I pointed out in a former letter.

The pike in these waters grow to so enormous a size and there is so much satisfaction in the killing of the huge tyrants, that I should really regret it as much as anybody else if some stretch of water was not left to them. But some of the tributaries of the Grand and Little Peribonca, and particularly the Aleck and the Riviere

des Aigles are so admirably adapted for nurseries for the young of various varieties of the Salmonidae that it is scarcely reasonable to ask that they should be given over to the pike.

However, even should the greater number of the pike in the lower stretches of the Great Peribonca be destroyed, there are many reedy and weedy localities above the Chute au Diable and between the eighth and ninth falls of the river, where the pike are always likely to be plentiful enough. Twelve to twenty pound fish are often taken here, and there are also very much larger ones to be seen and caught there, as well as in Lake Tschotagama itself, some miles higher up the stream.

The enormous natural increase of this fish is illustrated by Buckland's statement that in a pike of 28 pounds the roes weighed 21 ounces and contained 292,320 eggs, while in one of 32 pounds there were 595,000 eggs, weighing 5 pounds.

It is perhaps rather remarkable that there are no records of any such colossal pike as those found in Lake St. John waters to be had in the annals of American anglers fishing in the United States. I am inclined to think, with Dr. Goode, that this may be due to the fact that large pike are usually pronounced by uncritical anglers to be maskinonge. Even Dr. Bean does not cite any very large specimens of the pike as having been killed in American waters. Referring to the 145-pound fish said by Mr. Pennell to have been captured at Brengenty in 1862, and to the Scotch record pike of 72 pounds, recorded by Daniell in his "Rural Sports," Dr. Bean quotes Frank Forrester's mention of individuals of 16 to 17 pounds each in America, and the case of one caught in Lake George in 1889, which weighed a little more than 16 pounds.

The pike of Lake St. John and the Peribonca take with equal avidity the spoon, phantom minnow, and either live or dead minnows or other small fish. They are lively enough in these northern waters and make a prolonged resistance when hooked. Dr. Henshall is authority for the statement that they will rise to a large, gaudy fly. It has never been my luck to hook one in this manner, though I have taken the doré or wall-eyed pike on a trout fly.

Many Americans object to the pike as food, declaring him to be bony and without flavor. Taken out of the cold northern waters of Canada and well and promptly cooked, however, he makes a very delicate morsel.

"Roast him when he is caught," said Izaak Walton, "and he is choicely good—too good for any but anglers and honest men." There are various methods of doing this. For my part, I prefer the fish baked, with a forcing of bread crumbs, herbs, lemon peel, and butter. Thomas Barker, in his "Barker's Delight, or Art of Angling," written before the time of Walton, orders the pike to be stuffed with oysters and butter, and to be basted with claret and then with butter while roasting.

It was this same Barker to whom Walton was largely indebted for what little he knew of fly-fishing, and who, by the by, was the first writer to speak of the sport sometimes enjoyed in England of tying one end of a line around the wings of a goose, and baiting the hook at the other end for pike, so as to bring into conflict the goose on the surface of the water and the pike below, until the latter is tired out with its continual struggling.

If the story of a pike which comes to me from Carling in the Georgian Bay district be true—and I have no reason to doubt its correctness—it will help to explain what becomes of a large proportion of the young pike that are hatched. An angler named Moore was out trolling with a daughter of Mr. Alex Alves, when the little girl, who was holding the line while Mr. Moore rowed, felt a strike and handed the troll over to her companion. As he proceeded to draw the fish toward the boat, the line at first came easily, showing that it was a small fish that had been hooked, but a sudden tremendous jerk indicated that something unusual had happened, and the line was almost dragged out of his hands. It was gradually drawn up again near to the boat, when the heavy strain suddenly relaxed, and it seemed for an instant as if the fish had escaped, when again, as the troll was about to be lifted into the boat, the line was seized a second time and again released. Rapidly lifting the troll into the boat to examine the hooks and make a new cast, a small pike was swung into the boat, which had been all the time securely hooked, and in a great deal less time than it takes to tell it, a monster pike rose up alongside the boat, and following closely the troll upon which was the small fish, the larger one landed over the side into the boat. It was secured and killed and was later found to weigh twelve pounds. An examination of the small pike showed that its sides had been cut and torn by the teeth of the larger one, which had twice seized and tried to swallow it as it was being drawn toward the boat.

How Cod Fishing is Carried On.

The system of prosecuting the cod fishery of Nova Scotia has undergone a considerable change during the last few years, so that ports which until recently sent out hundreds of fishing vessels have now lost all importance as fishing ports. Lockport and Shelburne are cases in point. Lunenburg, on the other hand, has become the greatest fishing port in Canada—in some respects in the world. It owns and fits out the largest banking fleet, as it is called, in the world, sending out nearly 350 vessels, registering over 30,000 tons and carrying over 5,000 men and boys. This great fleet annually lands, approximately, 50,000,000 pounds of cod, which realizes a value of \$1,500,000. The secret of the success of the Lunenburg people lies in the fact that they have adopted the co-operative principle in the fishing industry. The great majority of the vessels of the place are owned by those who sail them. The shares in these vessels are usually by sixteenths, though some vessels have twenty-five or more owners. A sixteenth share in a new vessel is usually worth about \$364, and the owner of it, in a good season, may make some \$700 in a few months.

Gulf Fisheries are Threatened.

The professional salt water fisherman, like too many of the fishers in fresh water, frequently act as if they believed it beyond the arts of man to exhaust the harvest of the water, despite the teachings of experience to the contrary. Some of the fishermen of the Gulf of St. Lawrence are now in a state of alarm, and not without good

cause at the continual diminution of the catch of codfish in their waters. The two principal causes which are believed to have contributed to this result are the destructive use of trap nets, and steam trawling for cod and herring, and also the growing scarcity of bait for cod due to the habit so long practiced of seining herring, capelin, and other small fish by wholesale, in the spring of the year, for the purpose of using them as fertilizers for the ground. In this manner it is claimed that millions of tons of the most desirable food have been wantonly wasted. The consequent difficulty at times of securing a proper supply of bait, and the steady decrease in the quantity of codfish visiting the coasts have now alarmed some of the fishermen to such an extent that some of them have petitioned the Government Department of Fisheries at Ottawa to prohibit both the steam trawling for cod and herring, and also the use of fish as manure. No action has yet been taken on the petitions, but it is understood that the matter is now engaging the serious attention of the Government. On the other hand, it is claimed that the petition is being opposed at Ottawa by the representatives of an American syndicate which has been formed for the purpose of operating steam trawlers on a very large scale off the shores of the gulf and the Baie des Chaleurs.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Massachusetts Game Interests.

BOSTON, Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Shore gunners have been getting good bags the past week at Monomoy (Chatham) and Eastman. At Assawamsett and Long Pond man geese, duck, teal and whistlers have been secured by owners of "hides."

Deer are reported numerous about New Bedford, being often seen from passing trains; one, a fawn, has been killed by a locomotive; also a fine buck which was found dead beside the track near Myrick's junction. It is supposed the presence of deer in this section is due to their being driven from their haunts in the Sandwich and Plymouth woods by forest fires or possibly by being chased by dogs. It is a well-known fact that some of the natives have been accustomed to hunt deer for years past in these towns. No outsider is allowed to kill them unless he in some way gets under the protecting wing of a resident. The method of doing this is well understood by the knowing ones.

No section of the State furnishes a better breeding ground than the Sandwich woods, and if the illegal killing of them could be stopped the animal would become very plentiful in a few years.

For Sunday gunning in Medfield, A. L. Boyden and F. J. Mahoney, of Norwood, were fined on Monday \$10 each.

Three Massachusetts gunners were arrested last Saturday on board a train returning from New Hampshire with partridges which they were taking out of the State illegally. They were taken by A. J. Cardwell, a warden in the employ of the New Hampshire Commissioners, who was attired in hunting outfit and carried a gun to complete his disguise. Having learned from them the result of their trip, and that the birds were in the baggage car, he took them off the train and Justice Greenough, of Atkinson, fined two of them \$10 each. The case of the third man, who had ten birds, was brought before Justice Hills, of Plaiston, and resulted in his imposing a fine of \$90. The first two gave fictitious names, but it is understood they are members of the Malden police force. The third man is a resident of Lynn.

One of the active clubs which has done much to advance the work of protection in Massachusetts during the past few years is the S. Acton Fish and Game Association. It was represented in the convention of a year ago by its president, Mr. N. J. Cole, and others. The club held its annual meeting and banquet with a large attendance on Thursday evening, November 19. Several pleasant hours after the dinner were occupied by a smoke talk and social. The officers of last year were re-elected, Mr. Cole as president, Mr. Warren Jones as vice-president, and Mr. C. M. Kimball, secretary-treasurer.

At a recent meeting of the directors of the Megantic Club, suitable resolutions were adopted on the death of Mr. Clarence A. Barney, who had served several years on the board and was a faithful officer as well as a sportsman of the highest type. The club has recently purchased 425 acres of land covering Indian River and the shore of Spider Lake to the Paxton place, and thus, with present holdings, securing to the club desirable rights in Spider Lake. Mr. Howard Plowman has presented the club as a gift 100 acres north of the Boyle farm, covered with a young growth. Mr. Arthur W. Robinson, a former president of the club, and Mrs. Robinson have been stopping with Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Pierce at their private camp at Chain of Ponds. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson each shot a buck, and Mr. and Mrs. Pierce got two each. Mr. Pierce says big bucks with good antlers are more plentiful than he has ever before seen them, and foxes and bears are abundant. Mr. Robinson's brother, Henry W., was with the party a portion of the time.

I am informed that several members are planning to build camps before another season; also in order to better accommodate members who live in New York, Hartford, Philadelphia, and other places outside of Massachusetts, it is proposed to hold the annual banquet the coming winter in New York city. It is thought the date will be Jan. 30, and that it will be at Delmonico's. Members who have visited the club during the year are enthusiastic over the sport they have had and the treatment accorded them at the club house and the various camps. The club certainly offers great attractions and deserves the fullest success.

Deer Killed in Vermont.

Through the courtesy of Hon. H. G. Thomas, Fish and Game Commissioner, I am able to give the readers of FOREST AND STREAM the official report of the number of deer killed in the Green Mountain State the last ten days of October, which is 754, as compared with 382 in the same period of 1902. This is in addition to the number of does illegally killed, of which reports have been received of 87, which the commissioner says, in his opinion, is not more than one-half the number actually killed. The increased killing is especially prominent in Windsor, Windham, Orleans, and Addison counties, these footing up

178, 43, 64, and 70 respectively. This is accounted for by the large number of non-resident sportsmen who have made their camping grounds in those counties. The small increase over 1902 in Essex county is accounted for by the fact, if reports are to be credited, "that open season continues throughout the year." Four hunters from New York State, six from New Hampshire, two from Rhode Island, one from Canada, and twelve from Massachusetts have been successful in killing deer and taking them out of the State. The number from out the State reported as "not successful" is 68.

The commissioner says "no doubt some of these parties captured deer." Also that "every day reports come to my office that wounded deer are discovered, which means a large addition to the number slaughtered already reported."

From these facts Commissioner Thomas draws a conclusion in these emphatic words: "It is very evident that this increase in slaughter of deer, or even the same ratio kept up, will soon deplete the stock."

Very pertinent comments are made upon "the disposition of a great majority of our would-be good and law-abiding citizens and many wardens to shield one's fellow man who persistently violates the fish and game laws." This is a condition which is not confined to any State, but which prevails quite generally, I believe, in every community. It is in keeping with the observations of your correspondent, who has received numerous complaints from persons who would not on any account go into court and give testimony against an offender.

People who want the game laws enforced do not seem to realize that cases of this sort cannot be successfully prosecuted without evidence, which must be definite and specific. I have heard it stated, for instance, that from a certain town partridges are furnished some dealer in Boston—no information either as to the name of the hunter or of the dealer, and yet the person making the complaint, and who would not give any vital information, wonders why every offense against the laws is not punished.

It is a great gain for the cause to have no open sale in the markets. But persons who desire to aid in the enforcement of the game laws should show less reluctance to give definite and specific information.

CENTRAL.

Pollution of Lake Champlain.

DETAILS of the movement against the pulp mills, alleged to have been polluting the waters of Lake Champlain, were printed in FOREST AND STREAM last July, and the leading New York City dailies took the matter up and have since given to it wide publicity. Prof. Olin Landreth's report was awaited with keen interest, as it was reported that it would surely be condemnation, and that as a result the mill owners would have to find some other method of getting rid of their refuse than by dumping it into the waters of the lake.

Such a report would affect not only the owners of the pulp mills, but scores of mill owners all over the State; who, on the authority of Dr. Daniel Lewis, president of the State Board of Health, have for years been violating the law in this particular. For some reason Prof. Landreth's report was not turned in, and then followed the unexpected descent on the pulp mills by Dr. Lewis, Prof. Landreth and other officials of the health department. Fresh specimens of the mill refuse were taken, and of the waters of the lake and of the rivers on which the mills are situated.

To a representative of FOREST AND STREAM Dr. Lewis stated that the object of the visit was to secure additional evidence, and that no stone would be left unturned to compel the mill owners to live up to the law. From what he observed, Dr. Lewis said that there was little doubt in his mind that the mills were polluting the waters, but before he made any positive statement to that effect would await the completion of the chemical examination of the specimens taken. Dr. Lewis said, furthermore, that like the long continued Barren Island nuisance, which he had stamped out, he intended to end the pollution of the waters of the State by industrial concerns and would direct his first efforts along these lines to abate the much discussed pulp mill nuisance along the borders of Lake Champlain.

A petition signed by leading property holders along the Vermont side of the lake, will soon be laid before the Governor of that State, and as a result it is expected that Gov. McCullough will order an investigation similar to the one made by the New York State Board of Health.

New Yorkers with summer homes about the shores of Lake Champlain, engaged in the warfare against the pulp mills, are congratulating themselves that leading fire insurance companies have allied themselves with the movement. The interest and co-operation of the fire insurance companies in the matter was hastened by the almost complete destruction by fire recently of the newly erected \$40,000 French Catholic church in the village of Keesville, located on the Au Sable River, near where it empties into Lake Champlain. It is declared that the water mains were so clogged with the refuse from the mills that much of the force of the water was lost, and the efforts of the fire department seriously hampered.

The citizens of Keesville, it is said, are indignant against the mill owners, who promised to secure for the village a new source of water supply. The attention of the insurance companies has been called to the case, and if the reports are substantiated, they will either cancel policies or raise rates. They have promised to aid the movement of the citizens and property holders in their fight.

In touch with the movements to stop the continued and further pollution of the waters of Lake Champlain by mill owners, is the probable establishment of a bureau of water inspection and drainage in the State Health Department at the coming session of the Legislature.

In conjunction with this it is proposed to establish a bureau in the department where all data may be filed, and where the public may at any time secure information as to the sanitary condition of any health resort or summer boarding house of any locality in the State.

For instance, suppose a New York man intends to spend the summer in the Adirondacks, and has decided to go to Lake Champlain. He wishes to know the conditions as to sanitation of some particular hotel there. If the proposed bureau were established he could be informed at once of the condition of the hotel. Should the record on file in this department be unfavorable to this particular hotel, it is quite possible that the New York man would not go there.

This measure is not only directed against offending pulp mill owners, but against all persons engaged in unlawfully polluting the waters of the State. The work will be undertaken at once if the Legislature will make the necessary appropriation. The businesslike methods of Dr. Lewis in his investigation of the offending mills are receiving high praise, and strong hopes are entertained that he will speedily bring the matter to a positive decision.

"The matter of the pollution of the waters of the State by mills, factories and so on," said Dr. Lewis yesterday to a FOREST AND STREAM representative, "is a very broad one, and there are many conflicting interests. However, the law on the subject is quite explicit and I intend to bring into play all the power of the Health Department against all such offenders. As a result of the measures which I intend to take, I believe that in a few years time mills all over the State, instead of dumping their chemical refuse into the rivers, streams, lakes, etc., will all have adopted disposal plants of one kind or another, and thus end the evil."

Mr. Hatch stated recently that he had been advised by legal counsel that the polluting of the waters of the State was a criminal offense, and that steps would be taken to call the attention of the local grand jury to the matter, and that an indictment of the mill owners may follow.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 30.—Chase, City, Va.—Virginia Field Trial Association trials. Charles R. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.
Dec. 1.—Clay City, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club trials. C. F. Young, Sec'y.
Dec. 5.—Thomasville, Ga.—Continental Field Trial Club trials. John White, Sec'y, Hempstead, N. Y.

Pointer Club Trials.

THE Pointer Club of America's trials fixed to be held at Holmdel, N. J., commencing November 16, were abandoned after two attempts to run on Monday and Tuesday, on some grounds beautiful to gaze upon, but barren of birds. Whoever selected the grounds had a perfect eye for the higher agriculture, but a wretchedly poor eye for the requirements of the pointer club's trials. A large part of the grounds was devoted to stock farms, and fully 90 per cent. of the grounds was so short of cover that a quail could not hide nor obtain a square meal in it. The small part which had cover was so dense or unfit that no competition could be held.

There was a good attendance of spectators, among whom were the president of the club, Mr. R. A. Fairbairn, of Westfield, N. J.; C. B. Seeley, Bridgeport, Conn.; Dr. James S. Howe, Boston; C. F. Lewis, New York; C. Roger Smith, Middletown, N. Y.; John J. Young, F. Reily, De Luther J. Tuny, Philadelphia; Alfred Cox, Hawthorne, N. Y.; Jos. D. Green, Syracuse, N. Y.; R. K. Armstrong, Harrington Park, N. J.; Messrs. E. E. and W. P. Taybor, Long Branch; Howard B. Rathbone, New York; E. W. Throckmorton, Red Bank, N. J.; W. P. Austin, Mansfield, Pa.; J. M. Taylor, Rutherford, N. J.; Dr. A. G. Terrell, New York; Henry T. Rogers, Water Mill, L. I.; Walter D. Steele, Rockingham, N. C.; J. C. Schuyler, Salisbury, N. Y.; F. E. and G. S. Raynor, Riverhead, N. Y. Mr. T. Forman Taylor, seventy-one years old, one of the pioneers in the world of the hunting dog, was present.

The judges were Messrs. G. Muss-Arnolt and B. Waters.

Bad rainy weather prevailed on Monday morning, and in consequence the start was delayed till after lunch. The competition began with the Derby, which had three starters. Two guides, not wholly inanimate, yet almost wholly ignorant of the grounds, were supposed to do the guiding. They were simply incumbrances, and the party would have done much better without them. There were three starters in the Derby. They were cast off on a beautifully smooth, closely-grazed field where at a glance it was apparent there were no quails. The first brace was W. P. Austin's Lady Lou and H. Ball's Top Notch Cordovan, the former handled by owner, the latter by H. Rogers. Commencing at 1:26 they ran to 1:59. Geo. S. Raynor's Saddleback ran with Cordovan from 2:04 to 2:39. They were ordered to be in readiness if some birds were found during the running of the Members' Stake, which was forthwith begun. Two braces were run, namely, Geo. Raynor's Champ with W. P. Austin's Tioga Sam, and Dr. Daniel's Woolton Game II, with W. P. Austin's Blackstone. They ran from 2:42 to 3:54, when the competition for the day ended without finding a bird.

Tuesday morning was cloudy and rainy. An early lunch was eaten, and a start was made. The dogs were cast off at 11:50, and the competition ended at 2:40. Four braces were run, namely, Dr. Daniel's Joe Gray against Geo. Raynor's Brownie; Dr. Daniel's Woolton Dick against Dr. Terrell's Hero; R. E. Westlake's Sam's Mars against Dr. Daniel's Cornish Chief; Dr. J. S. Howe's Baby Keish against Alfred Cox's Fair Acre Ben.

No birds were found. In one heat the "guides" landed the party back in town. They disliked, apparently, too long a distance from the hotel.

The judges decided that it was an impossibility to decide anything. Not a bird had been found, consequently there was not a dog which had done any bird work. To have selected dogs on speed alone would have been arbitrary and in contravention of the purposes of the competition. The competition was declared to be on quail,

and as not a quail had been found, it was no trial. At all events, no decision could be rendered under the circumstances. The secretary called a meeting of the club, and the views of the judges were unanimously sustained and commended. The club decided to postpone the trials till December to be held in North Carolina if suitable provision could be made for them.

On Monday evening an impromptu bench show was held. The judges were Major J. M. Taylor, Messrs. G. Muss-Arnolt, and B. Waters. There were three classes, light weight dogs, heavy weight dogs, and open class bitches. There were seven light weight dogs, of which first went to Blackstone, second to Champ, third to Joe Gray. The other contestants were Fair Acre Ben, Top Notch Tobie, Cornish Chief, Rap of Jingo. In heavy weights the winners were: First, Tioga Chief; Second, Top Notch Launcelot; Third, Sam's Mars. The others were Browne, Nero and Schuyler's Rip Rap. There were three bitches, which won in the following order: Bessie, Bang Bang II., Top Notch Jingolette, and Fair Acre Fay.

Agricultural.

HEMPSTEAD, L. I., Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly give publicity to the inclosed letter, which, I am sure, will be of the greatest interest to your Canadian readers, as well as to all our show-giving clubs which have not, hitherto, been considered "agricultural associations."

JAMES MORTIMER, Superintendent.

[Copy.]

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY.

Division of Customs.

Washington, Nov. 11, 1903.

The Collector of Customs, Plattsburg, N. Y.

SIR:—The Department has considered the letter of Mr. George de Forest Grant, President of the Westminster Kennel Club, dated New York the 30th ultimo, addressed to you, in the matter of the free entry of dogs brought to this country for exhibition at kennel shows.

Paragraph 474 of the tariff Act of July 24, 1897, provides for the free entry of—

"Animals brought into the United States temporarily for a period not exceeding six months, for the purpose of exhibition or competition for prizes offered by any agricultural or racing association; but a bond shall be given in accordance with regulations prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury;"

and the Department has heretofore held that a kennel club was not an agricultural or racing association, and therefore dogs could not be admitted to free entry under this provision of law.

Upon reconsideration, the Department is of opinion that under the generic definition of the word "agriculture," an association devoted to the breeding of thoroughbred dogs and the improvement of the different breeds, may fairly be considered an agricultural association, and that upon the importation of dogs for exhibition or competition for prizes offered by bench shows, same may be admitted to entry under the above provision of law.

Respectfully,

(Signed) H. A. TAYLOR,
Assistant Secretary.

Russian Wolfhound Club of America.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—It is my duty and pleasure to inform you that at a meeting held at the Brooklyn Bench Show, Thursday, Nov. 12, 1903, the exhibitors and others interested in the Russian wolfhound, organized a specialty club for the amelioration of the breed, to be known as the Russian Wolfhound Club of America. An executive committee, consisting of Dr. J. E. DeMund and James Mortimer, together with the undersigned, was appointed to frame a constitution and standard, to be passed upon by the club at a meeting to be held at Madison Square Garden at 9 o'clock P. M., Wednesday, Feb. 10, 1904, during the show of the Westminster Kennel Club. The purpose of the club is to place the Russian wolfhound, both as a working dog and as a "chien de luxe," first in popular esteem among the larger breeds of dogs. To this end better classification and special prizes from this and foreign countries are already being arranged for for the winter shows. Applications for membership will be gladly received by

JOSEPH B. THOMAS, JR., Secretary.

Yachting.

Designing Competition.

\$225 in Prizes.

Two designing competitions have been given in FOREST AND STREAM. The first was for a 25ft. water-line cruiser; the second was for a 15ft. one-design class. Both competitions were very successful. The great interest taken in those competitions has prompted us to give a third one, open to amateurs and professionals. The prizes which will be given are as follows:

First prize—\$100.

Second prize—\$60.

Third prize—\$40.

Fourth prize—\$25, offered by Mr. Theodore Zerega for the best interior plan.

The designs are for a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

I. Centerboard cruiser, 40ft. l. w. l.

II. Boat must not draw over 6ft with centerboard up.

III. The lowest freeboard to covering board must

The design must be modern in every particular, without containing any extreme or abnormal features. The conditions have been made as simple as possible, that competitors might have all latitude and scope in working out their ideas. We wish to produce an able and comfortable cruising boat, one that shall have ample accommodation for two or three men living aboard for a period of several months, and one that can be easily managed at all times by two or three paid hands. The draft is restricted to 6ft. in order that the boat may have access to nearly all the desirable harbors, and may, thereby, widely increase her cruising field.

Drawings Required.

I. Sheer plan, scale $\frac{3}{4}$ in.=1ft.—showing center of buoyancy, center of lateral resistance and center of effort of both rigs.

II. Half breadth, scale $\frac{3}{4}$ in.=1ft.

III. Body plan, scale $\frac{3}{4}$ in.=1ft.

IV. Cabin plan, inboard profile and at least one cross section, scale $\frac{3}{4}$ in.=1ft.

V. Two sail plans, scale $\frac{1}{4}$ in.=1ft.; one as a yawl; one as a pole mast sloop.

In the case of the yawl rig the position and height of the mast and length of gaff are to be the same as in the cutter rig. Plans must show working topsail and size of light sails.

VI. All ballast outside on keel except amount necessary for trimming.

An outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully made and lettered. All drawings should be on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink. No colored inks or pigments should be used. The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only, and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer must inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than March 1, 1904. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all of the designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, who passed upon the designs submitted for the 25ft. with great care, has again consented to judge the designs and make the awards.

THE members of the White Bear Y. C. are to make a supreme effort to win the Seawanhaka cup next summer. Four trial boats are to be built. One will be designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield and a second by Mr. Charles D. Mower. These two boats will probably be built in the East under the superintendence of the designers. The other two boats will be Western productions. Jones & La Borde will design and build one and Gus Amundson will turn out the other. The Crowninshield boat will be an improved Massasoit, a boat the White Bear men all thought well of. Mr. Mower will turn out an improved Seeress, which boat did remarkably well on White Bear Lake, after she received bilge boards. Jones & La Borde will turn out an improved Tecumseh. All the new boats will be fitted with bilge boards. A committee has been appointed to look after the four boats to be built, and no detail will be overlooked that will tend to make the boats as near perfect as is possible to get them.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Nov. 22.—Probably on account of the unsettled condition of affairs in regard to new rules and new restricted classes, there is not nearly as much activity in the production of new boats in Boston and vicinity as is usually shown at this time of the year. The builders are fairly busy, but the work is being principally done on cruisers, steam yachts and gasoline launches. This falling off in the production of new boats for the restricted classes is only natural, however, and there is a feeling of confidence among the yachtsmen that a reaction will soon be observed. The types of boats that have been built during the past two seasons for the restricted classes have become so radical that it has been found absolutely necessary to change the rules. This has been brought about by the introduction of new classes, the restrictions governing which have already been published in FOREST AND STREAM.

The establishing of these classes has brought about practically a revolution in the makeup of the rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts. And thus it is, as is always the case when complete new classes are adopted, that the yachtsmen are not in any great hurry to build. It only takes a few new boats in Massachusetts Bay, however, to get the others in the same classes started, and that is why there is more or less confidence that next season will find reasonably good representation at the open events.

It is only in the smallest of the new classes, the 15ft. class, that there has been any tendency to build boats up to the present time. Mr. E. A. Boardman has an order for one of these boats for Mr. C. Keith Pevear, a Boston young man who summers at Annisquam. Mr. Pevear gives promise of being very clever at the helm. He was very successful last season in sailing Ventum of the Annisquam Y. C. one-design dory class. He is coming up a little higher in tackling the new class, his boat for which will be called Ventum II., and it may be that before many seasons he will rank among the cleverest of the amateurs

in Massachusetts Bay. Mr. Boardman has another order for a 15-footer for a yachtsman who wishes to remain unknown at present. Messrs. Burgess and Packard have an order for one 15-footer, and Mr. Fred D. Lawley is said to have orders for three; but in all of these cases the names of the owners are withheld. It is understood that Commodore H. H. Wiggin, of the Annisquam Y. C., is desirous of going into the class, and it is more than likely that one of Mr. Lawley's orders is from him.

As yet not a single order has been heard from for the 21ft. class and nothing has been heard from for the 30-rating class. With the 30-rating class it is not to be expected that any new boats will be started, however, for the rules have not yet been completed. When the adoption of this class was being discussed, it was found that it would be absolutely necessary to change some of the conditions. The whole ground will be gone over carefully, so that when the changes have been presented, the rules will be in such shape that yachtsmen who desire to may go ahead on the construction of new boats. It is not to be expected that there will be many new boats built for the class, on account of the system of measurement and rating being entirely new in local waters; but should the boats turn out all right, it is possible that the class may become popular.

For the new 21ft. class it looks as though everybody is waiting for somebody else to start the building movement. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, 2d, has already ordered an 18-footer to be designed by Mr. E. A. Boardman. From the fact that Mr. Adams has gone into one class, after having drawn up rules and restrictions for another, it cannot be claimed, by any means, that he is inconsistent. Mr. Adams was not the agitator of the new 21ft. class, but drew up the rules for it at the request of those who wanted the class formed. He is perfectly neutral in the matter of 21-footers, and for that reason the rules governing the class are likely to give more satisfaction than if they were drawn up by men who intended to build boats.

A number of yachtsmen who sail mostly in Marblehead waters have been interested in the formation of a one-design class of 18ft. knockabouts, and it is for this class that Mr. Boardman was commissioned by Mr. Adams to turn out the lines of a keel boat. The model made from these lines shows a nicely turned boat that will sail well in all weathers. Vice-Commodore C. H. W. Foster has ordered a boat to be built from these lines, and it is now thought that three or four more will be built. The model is built to conform to the restrictions of the Eighteen-Foot Knockabout Association, and it is expected that the boats will follow the Y. R. A. circuit of open races, besides participating in impromptu scraps as a one-design class.

Messrs. Swasey, Raymond & Page have orders for a 50ft. cabin cruising launch, a 40ft. cabin launch, a 55ft. waterline auxiliary schooner, a 30ft. speed launch, and a 33ft. automobile launch with a guaranteed speed of 18 miles an hour. They also have an order for a 99ft. steel steam yacht for Mr. Brown, of Pittsburg, to have a speed of 20 knots. This yacht is now being built at Lawley's.

Messrs. Burgess & Packard have orders for a 35ft. launch for Mr. A. H. Chase, of Providence, R. I.; a one-design class of 15-footers for Cape Cod, and a Y. R. A. 15-footer.

Messrs. Wilson & Silsby have received orders for complete suits of sails for the following yachts: Senta, Mr. Thomas M. McKee; new auxiliary schooner Intrepid, Mr. Phoenix; auxiliary schooner Onas, Mr. W. H. Alley; Heron, Mr. W. B. Badger; Dilemma, Mr. L. A. Fish; Spindrift, Mr. David Dunlop, St. Petersburg, Va.; Mavis, Mr. W. M. Lovering, and 18-footer, Mr. E. R. W. Burgess, Jamaica, W. I. They also have an order for ten suits of sails for 18-footers of White Bear Lake, and a mainsail for Mr. B. C. Williams, of St. Petersburg, Fla.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

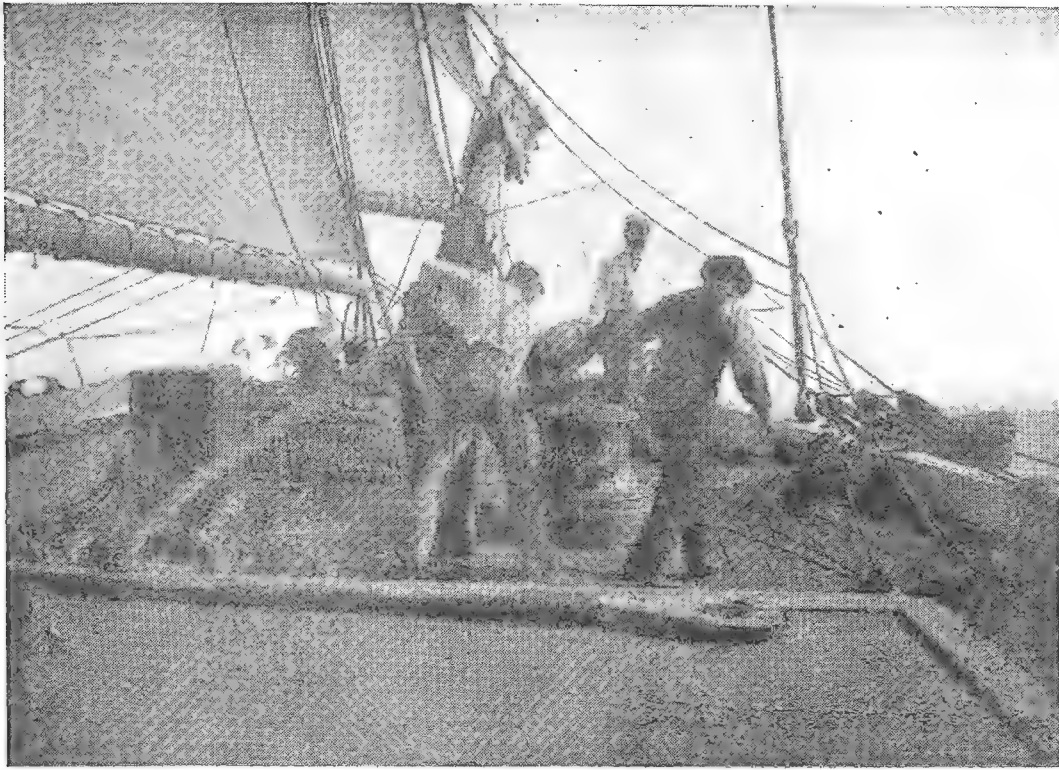
Ocean Racing on the Pacific.

To show what sort of racing the yachtsmen around Honolulu engage in, the following extracts from a letter may prove interesting. The letter is from T. W. Hobron, owner of the sloop Gladys, built at Tiburon, and subsequently taken to the islands. Several of the yachts mentioned in the letter are well known to San Francisco yachtsmen. That the Gladys is a fine sea boat is proven in the description of the races, which were around the island of Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated, a distance of 102 miles. The race was between the La Paloma, Gladys and Helene. In part the letter is as follows:

"We arranged the race to leave off Pearl Harbor Bay Friday evening. The Paloma at once romped away, but we held on to the Helene until after the moon set. She was then abeam and way to leeward. We saw nothing of the Paloma until next morning at daylight. As usual with the two big boats, they were loaded below the Plimsol mark with professional talent, the Paloma carrying two native skippers, who had run schooners to Waialua for years. We thought we would perhaps be 'up against it' with such a crew, for we never carry professional pilots. I had two others for crew, but, poor boys, they got terribly sea sick. This is the sort of weather the Gladys has her giant competitors at a disadvantage, especially during darkness. They never dare to sail them as we put the little craft into it, but 'nurse' them in the heavy seas. At 2:57 A. M. I had the special light off Waialua abeam within our agreed two-mile limit. We then stood out to sea and laid off and on until daylight. It seemed a long wait, and I had to keep a careful lookout for the other boats, one of them carrying no lights. I wanted to lower the mainsail and set the storm trysail, and heave to comfortably, but my crew were too miserable to work."—San Francisco Bulletin.

Book Received.

"Earth's Enigmas." A book of animal life by Chas. G. D. Roberts, with fifty-one full-page plates and many decorations from drawings by Charles Livingstone Bell. Small quarto, decorative cover. Price, \$2. L. G. Page & Company, Boston, Mass., publishers.



HAULING IN AN EIGHT-INCH HAWSER.



"A SIX THOUSAND POUND ANCHOR WAS HANGING."

A Few Days Off Shore.

BY F. L. ENO.

I CAME ashore from the Dingley early one Sunday morning, hired a man to set me across to South Portland, and climbed up the ladder and over the rail of the five-masted schooner Jennie French Potter, of New York, which lay in the mud with her bowsprit over the wall. The decks were deserted, but as I stood undecided, the steward poked his head out of his galley door and hove a bucket of water on deck.

"Anybody awake, steward?"

"No, sir. Ole man ain't come up yet."

"Was he expecting anybody to-day?"

"He ain't said nothing to me, sir; was you going with us?"

"Sure. Can you take care of me for a couple of weeks?"

"Lor' bless yer, yes. Looks like you could hold a good deal, too," and the ivories glistened.

"Where's the engineer?"

"He ain't out yet, either. It's about time. The ole man ought to be up pretty soon."

"All right, I'll wait. Now just make that grip fast to this line, will you, please, Mister, and then that camera—easy on that. That's all; you needn't wait. I shall not go back."

The sun was barely above the horizon and that delicious freshness of the new day was in the air; in the harbor the glassy water reflected every spar and buoy, and the quiet was unbroken save by the fussy puffing of the little launch which had brought me across.

I spent a few minutes in a stroll around decks and turned to find the captain at my elbow.

"So you are here, after all? Well, I expect to go to sea to-morrow night; they are going to clean her bottom to-morrow and I hope to get out at high water. She was pretty foul last trip; would hardly move on the passage up. But bring your things down and make yourself at home. When we get to sea and have this coal dust washed off she will look like something. I'm glad to get out of coal for one trip; can't keep anything looking decent while you have it aboard. So you would like to see some wind? Well you may at this time of year. I do hate to go South in September. You never know what to expect. Ever been in Fernandina? Great place. It's a good, healthy port; best in Florida. But I wouldn't go this trip, only there are so many vessels bound for coal ports ahead of us I am afraid we should never get loaded. We've been here in Portland thirty-eight days now and on demurrage ten days, so I can't kick. But that crowd down there (pointing down the harbor where 50,000 tons of coal lay in twenty or more big four and five-masted) are all on their time and losing money every day. They soak me ashore, tho'. They say, 'Oh, yes,

you are Captain Potter of the Potter. Well, Captain, they say, you are making money like everything laying here. Guess you can pay for that all right. Come down.'"

The Jennie Potter is one of the monster five-masters that are coming into favor so rapidly, and is considered a flyer. Built in Camden, Maine, in 1899, she is practically a new vessel; and having been painted on the last trip, looked like a yacht, despite the marks of cargo. As far as I was concerned she was a yacht, and this was a yachting trip, and on a big scale. Of 1,794 tons measurement, 279ft. on top, 44ft. beam and drawing 24ft. loaded, she gave her master all the trouble and care he wanted when on the coast or working over the shoals; and the prospect of a trip in her at this season of the year when there might be something doing was highly pleasing.

Sunday, Sept. 13, was the first of three extremely hot days, and I divided the time loafing on deck, going in swimming in the harbor from the small boat and taking a few snapshots, besides lending a hand when so inclined at any pulling and hauling that was going on. Needless to say, we did not get to sea at the expected time.

Alongside of us, over on her side, lay the hull of an old Italian bark, the Adele, which had put in at Rockland the last winter, and after various mishaps, getting ashore and leaking, had been towed here and run on the mud. It was the old and the new in contrasting juxtaposition; the poor little, old, stranded bark high-sided and slow, and the magnificent new schooner, the exponent of Maine's famous industry, which could have stowed the old bark in her hold.

Monday morning a gang attacked the sides with brooms and scrapers, and the second mate and I got the sail covers off, rolled up and stowed away, while the captain went uptown to finish up some business.

The engine man, with whom I had sailed before, was a bright young fellow from Down East, who had been in the schooner since she was launched. He had hoisted her masts in at Camden, and when the immense foremast, weighing many tons, was hanging over the engine room, where he was standing at the lever, his first work as an engine man, he began to think of things which happily did not occur.

The second mate, a stocky, muscular German, who proved to be the best man in the ship, had just come aboard, having left the barkentine, Jesse MacGregor, which lay alongside. "We pumped all der passage," explained in full the reason for his change; and one glance at the little old hooker confirmed the justness of his choice.

The steward, a colored man of about fifty, was a deep-water cook, who understood his business, as appeared later, and for neatness and skill had few equals.

The mate, a Dutchman, who could barely make himself understood, was half sick and doubtful about go-

ing, but he hated to leave and was a good man, as the neat appearance of paint and bright work and rigging proved.

About 11 o'clock a hail came from the dock, and the steward looked over the rail.

"Here come my dogs," with a rich, mellow chuckle, "I'll feed 'em well to-day; start in right, you know."

The sailors dragged their dunnage in a motley collection of bags and boxes into the hole at the forward end of the forward house, which was to be their home for the next month or so. It at least furnished shelter. The big donkey engine occupied the after and greater part of the forward house, and the temperature of both places was far from agreeable. After dinner the mate came aft.

"I wish you would go ashore and see if you can find the capen and tell him to come aboard as soon as he can. The men won't turn to and want to go ashore. You take the boat and pull across."

I started for the ladder, but two of the men were coming aft dragging their bags after them. When they saw me they dropped the bags and ran for the rail, but I got there first, cast off the painter and was halfway down the ladder when their heads came over the side.

"Hi, there, mister, set us ashore, will yer?" No reply.

"Mister, put us ashore, please; we want to go ashore." No reply.

"You blankety blank, come back here and set us ashore. Well, good luck to yer," and then followed a few choice remarks aimed at the vessel and her innocent passenger. They stayed aboard.

After a long hunt around town I gave it up and pulled back.

"Well, they have gone," said the mate.

"Gone? Where?"

He pointed to the bow line which stretched taut as a bar of iron from the bow chock to the dock.

"One of them slid down that bow fast and stole a dory and came back for the others. Everybody around was guying them and me. Now you will have to go back and find the old man somehow and tell him he will have to get another crew."

A second trip was more successful.

"Well, that beats all. However, when the tug comes alongside you tell the mate to haul her off the flats and anchor down in the roads. I will come off with another crew."

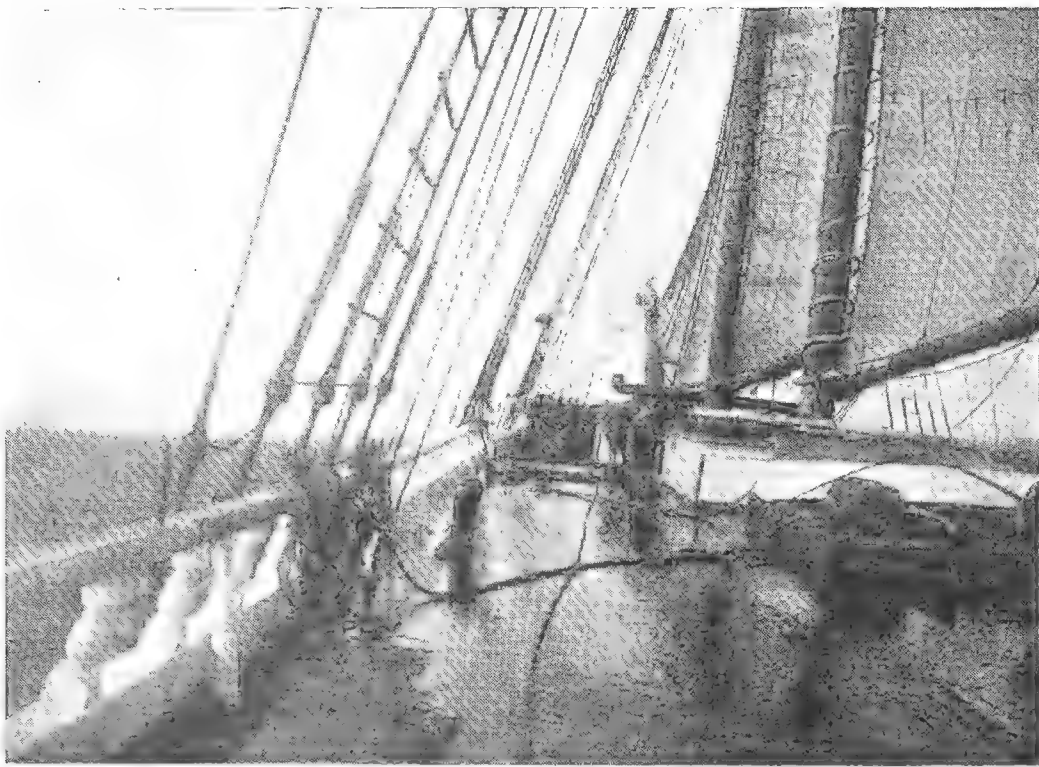
But no crew came that afternoon. The following day the tug appeared, and on her forward deck a group of six reeling, drunken beasts, cursing heaven and hell and all between, who were helped up the ladder and over the rail, and who immediately disappeared below, where fight and revelry held sway, judging from the sounds that found their way aft. The better part of the day they stayed in or around the fore-castle drink-



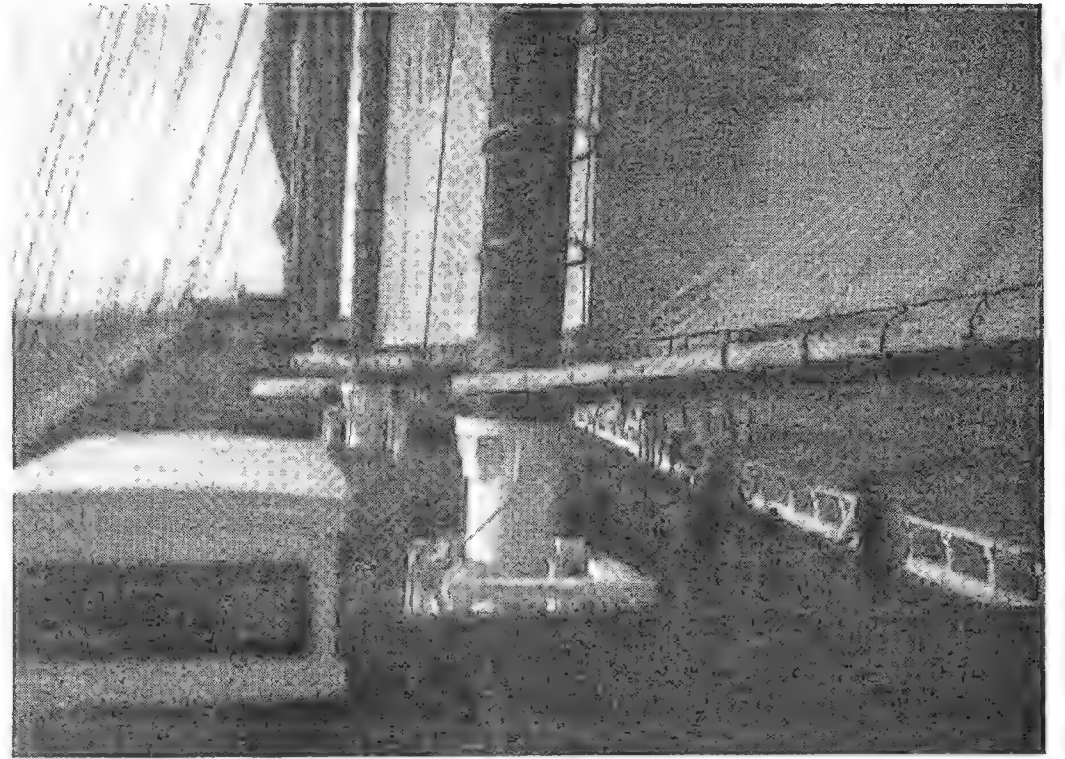
AT THE WINCH—"BOSS AWAY."



"TWO REELS"



WASHING DOWN.



"SWAY HIM UP."

ing and howling, and our prospects of getting to sea for a few days began to seem more remote than ever.

Finally the tug returned with the captain, all ready to tow us out, when the mate, as tho' to add another to the many trials of the skipper's life, decided that he was too sick to go and asked to be put ashore. So back again went the captain and tug, and Captain Potter spent a good part of one afternoon of the hottest day of the year in hunting up and capturing a mate; and at last about 4 o'clock, returned with a candidate who, staggering up the ladder, dumped chest and bags and boxes and bundles enough for a cruise to the moon on the deck and disappeared in the forecabin with the sailors.

"Now, Mr. Hubner (to the second mate), pass a hawser to the towboat and tell the donkeyman he can heave away when he wants to. What do you think of that? That man was sober when I signed him. He has been doing some quick work. Never mind, I'll straighten those boys out before we get very far. If you will take the wheel we will get outside and see what we can do."

As I stood at the wheel and steered the schooner after the tug, I pitied that captain, and at the same time admired the nerve that would start to sea with a big schooner and no one to handle her. Here was a vessel worth \$75,000, to say nothing of the passenger, going to sea with only three men out of eleven fit for duty; three men to handle a schooner of 1,800 tons, night coming on and in the hurricane season.

I wonder what we would have done had we had the breeze on that night that we had the following. Gone ashore probably on the rocks at the mouth of the Kennebec and those dogs were getting \$35 a month. Talk about the poor sailor—rubbish—the poor captain and owners come in, too.

How calm and beautiful was that day; the green shores and white beaches shining in the sun seemed the epitomé of peace and happiness; and as the incomparable coast of Maine faded from sight astern I could not but contrast the purity of the world about us with the miserable human element expressed in those sailors forward, who could see no further than a bottle of rum, and who, living in an atmosphere which developed physical strength, were almost rotten with poor whiskey and dissipation.

The immense hawser cast off from the tug was dragging astern; the anchor was hanging from the bows and the sails, loosed, lay on the booms, save the foresail, which had been hoisted part way by the sober ones. The mate was still out of sight, and until their rum was gone it would be impossible to do anything with the sailors. An empty bottle flew over the rail; one step nearer business that meant. At length a few staggered up and began to make sail more by instinct than reason. The messenger was dragged along by men barely able to stand, and with heads aching enough to split, I warrant; though the heave of the vessel as she felt the roll of the open sea, seemed in some degree

to counteract their unsteady gait. All sorts of calls were rung in on the engine man by anybody who happened to think to pick the bell, and the wonder was that the gaffs and booms were not hoisted clear to the masthead. Finally the lower sails were set, and then they tried to get the anchor on the rail.

Nobody was killed, thanks to something which protects fools and drunkards, but when the ring painter had been rove and the anchor hauled up, the whole crowd, with the exception of the second mate, beat a retreat into the forecabin to join in another round of poison, leaving him hanging on for dear life, and nobody to pass and secure the ring-stopper, while a 6,000-pound anchor was hanging at the cathead.

"Mr. Hansen, Mr. Hansen, will you please come and give me a hand with this anchor? Mr. Hansen, won't you send a man to help me with this tackle? Mr. Hansen, Mr. Hansen."

I couldn't help noticing the manner in which the second mate, almost automatically, it seemed, took "Mr. Hansen's" position for all that it implied. Mr. Hansen was the mate, and as such was supposed to have general charge of all operations on board, and, be he drunk or sober, a good man or the worst drunken sot that could get a job as mate, he was the "mate" and in authority; and here was a young man worth six like "Mr. Hansen," looking to him for orders and accepting without question his intrusion over him in the vessel, and ready to jump at the bid of a man who was a stranger to the captain, and picked up at the last minute through necessity.

But Mr. Hansen was deaf to things of so little importance as getting an anchor on the rail. Finally, the second mate called me, and between us we caught a turn, he secured the anchor, the mate and his gang reappeared, and with a steady stream of bad language the shank painter was passed, the mass of metal hoisted on the rail, lashed down, and the job was done. Then a man was sent to each masthead to loose the topsails. I really expected to see them all come down by the air line. What faculty can protect a man aloft who cannot keep his feet on deck I do not know, but they got there, missing a ratline now and then; and after some time the hail came down, "Ready the fore!" "Ready the mizzen, sir!" "Ready the spanker topsail—i—i!" The main was not heard from. After a half hour the mate's befuddled brain grasped the fact that the man at the main could not handle the sail, and he sent another man up to help him. As the second man hauled himself up into the crosstrees, one about as fit as the other, the first one, realizing what was going on, full of indignation, leaning far out over the ratlines of the topmast rigging, thus addressed the mate, who stood on the deck below him:

"What do you mean, sir? Don't you suppose I can loose a topsail? What do you mean by sending this man up here? Do you mean to insult me? If I can get down I will tell you what I think of you."

The idea of that rum-soaked wretch being open to

insult and the expressive "if" were killing.

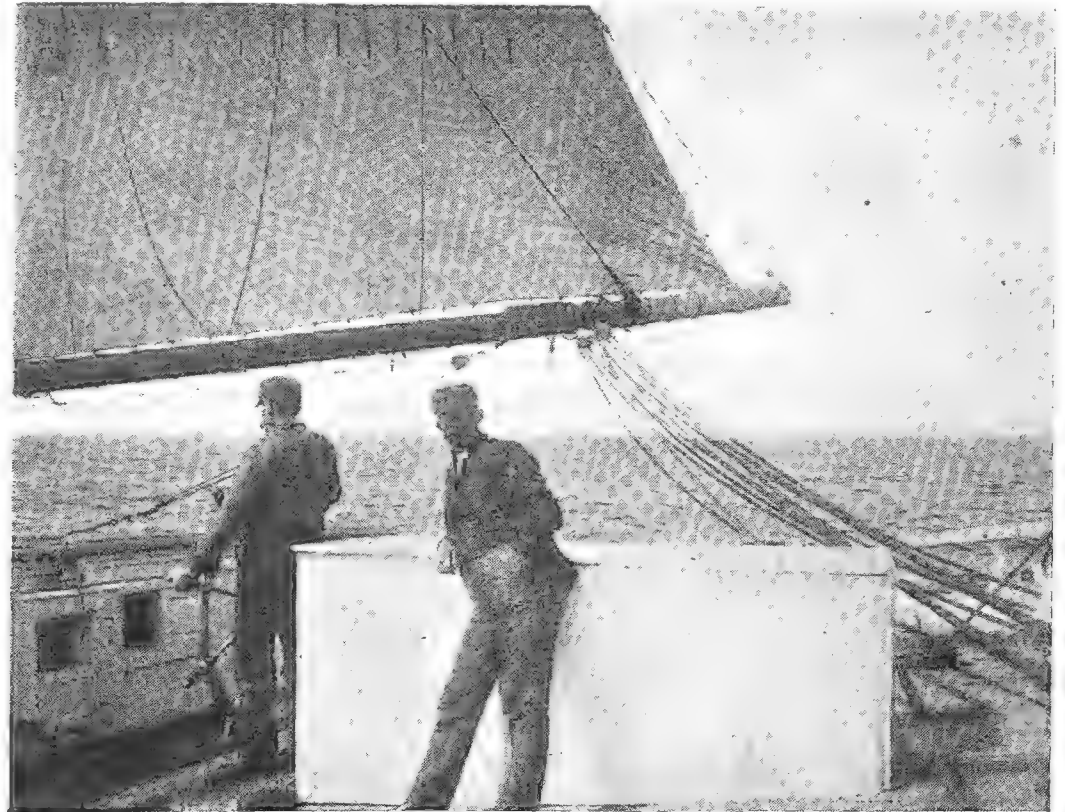
Leaving No. 2 to try to loose the topsail, No. 1 succeeded in regaining the deck, and rolling up to the mate, started in with a long harangue; but in two minutes they had their arms about each others' necks in maudlin endearment. But the climax came later. The captain ordered the outer jib loosed, and one of the men started out on the jib boom, another followed and another, till five of them were out there doing nothing, when the mate came along and joined the group on the end of the spar. Six men bunched at the end of a jib boom trying to loose a sail that a boy could loose in three minutes, were never seen before. I turned and looked at the skipper. "Well," he said, "I've been going master of a vessel twenty-three years and I never saw anything like that before. I've had drunken crews; you always have them; but when the mate takes hold and joins in I'm done. I'll give that fellow his two and sixpence as soon as I can."

Morning dawned, with a moderate southerly wind, and close-hauled, the schooner made but little progress. We held on the starboard tack, and at dark the wind, which had been breezing gradually, blew a fresh gale, and we reefed the spanker. This is always exciting; when the air that sweeps through the rigging is warm and the rain that beats in your face is warm, and the vessel is light and up out of water, it is not especially dangerous; when the thermometer is at freezing and the loaded craft is awash in the bitter seas, then it is another story. That night it was play. The messenger is passed to the reef tackle and the band hauled taut; then the heavy sail is "skinned" a little at a time until the first line of nettles is reached; but the job is to find the corresponding nettle on the lee side, and with oo canvas, the heaviest made, which resists your efforts to move it like so much sheet iron, it is no easy task to find the right points in the dark. And from a reefing plank bending under the weight of three or four men, you cannot use your strength to advantage.

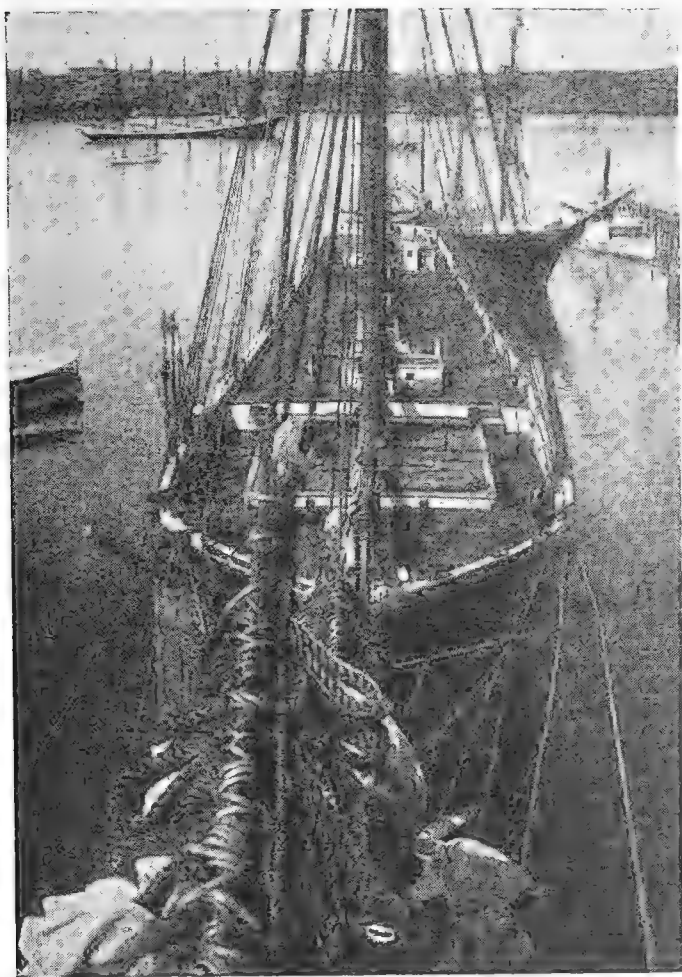
The schooner was heeled over and pitching in the sea, and the big sail slacked down to the second reef band, bellied out to leeward; the second mate was at the earing astride the boom, and all hands were ranged along the spar while the water foamed along under our feet, and the spirit of excitement possessed everybody. Without steam it would be killing work to handle those big sails, but the invisible messenger along the deck yanks the kinks out of things in a hurry, and with the band as taut as the boom itself, we knot the points and hoist away again. That night we "jogged along." Reports on shore gave it as a fierce gale, but it did not seem so to me at the time. Possibly the vessel was so big that she did not make much fuss in the comparatively smooth water; she lay down under the reefed spanker and four "lowers" and soaked along, not doing much to wind'ard. In fact, I do not believe we made anything to wind'ard; we wore ship several times during the night; she wouldn't tack. These long schooners, when light, are awful things to handle, and



"ELEVEN KNOTS AND BREEZING UP."



CAPTAIN POTTER, OF THE LOUISE E. CRARY, WHO SPENT THREE DAYS IN AN OPEN BOAT IN THE DEAD OF WINTER.



THE SCHOONER LAY ON THE FLATS.

every time we gybed we lost two miles. In the morning a fog enveloped everything, and hung on all day. The lookout divided his time between unavailing attempts to peer through the fog, and the successful operation of the fog horn, which is a box-like arrangement worked by a crank that gives a long, mournful groan, dying away by degrees as the wind in the bellows passes out. We could see nothing and hear nothing; even the end of the jib boom was invisible at times. We were on the port tack heading west, and early Friday morning made Thatcher's Lights, on the lee bow. The wind came out of the N. W., and gave us a good run across the bay as far as Monomoy, where we anchored and narrowly escaped converting a little Nova Scotia schooner into a sloop. Captain Potter, after some hesitation as to the passage of the shoals, had determined to attempt them when the wind fell calm, and with the lee tide running strong we were compelled to anchor; but just before we let go, the little Bonnie Doon of St. John, New Brunswick, choose a location about a hundred yards under our stern as the best place on the coast to anchor; and as we drifted down broadside on with jibs aback, there seemed to be every prospect of a collision. The crew of the little schooner ran around the decks, hardly knowing where to go for safety, and our big bowsprit reaching to his topmast heads, must have seemed a mile long to them. We swung clear by 50ft. and drifted to leeward; we could do nothing on the head tide. A crack fisherman just off the ways, was attempting to beat through the slue of the rip; his white sails, glistened in the rays of the setting sun, and with his black hull newly painted and of the latest model, she looked like a yacht, but for the dories on deck. She tacked again and again with almost the speed of a knockabout, but had to give it up, hauled down his jibs and anchored. I looked at the little Nova Scotia schooner with longing eyes; she had a deckload of wood, and was evidently bound to New York; and if the past few days were a sample of what we might expect in the way of progress, I began to think I had better be getting ashore and leaving the further navigation of the Jennie French to those who had unlimited time at their disposal. Here was almost a week of my time gone, and I did not wish to be away more than two or three at the outside; and Fernandina still 900 miles away.

"What do you think, Captain? Can we make Fernandina in a week?"

"A week? I've known vessels to be thirty-eight days going down at this time of year. You are taking some pretty big chances if you expect to be in Fernandina a week from to-day."

"How about that little Blue-nose; do you suppose he would take me to New York?"

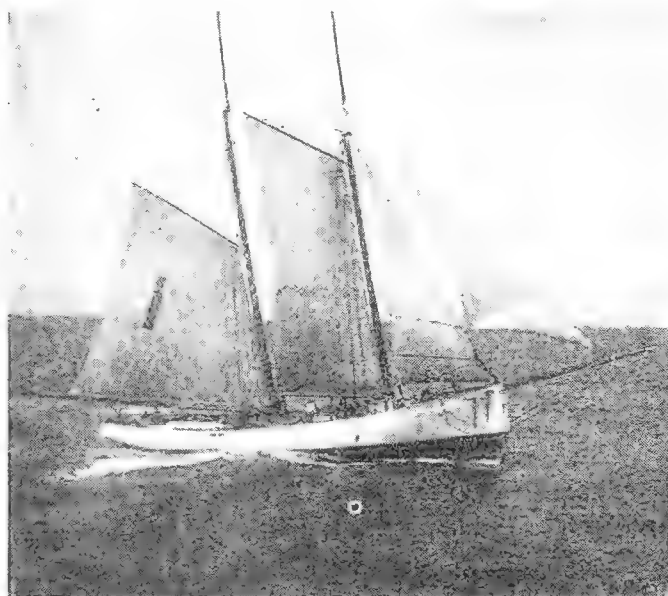
"He may be three weeks getting there himself, and after we came so near smashing him all to pieces I doubt if he would; you had better stick to the ship;

we will have the wind to the norrard to-morrow or I am a Dutchman. Dou you see those clouds in the nothe? That is a sure sign of an easterly. This sou'-wester has hung on for over a month now, and it is near the change of the moon; we are sure to get it within twenty-four hours."

"Well, I'll risk it; but once clear of the shoals there will be no chance to get ashore; so let her blow."

After an hour's delay a light westerly came off the land, and the captain determined to get under way and try the south channel; but the wind was too far to the westward for us to weather Rose and Crown, so about dark we anchored again, hauled down the jibs, settled the topsails on the caps and turned in.

At midnight the tremble of the donkey engine heaving in chain woke me, and I went on deck. The preliminary toilet (slipping into my sneakers) took six seconds. The north wind was blowing strong; the stars were gleaming bright, and the vessel was just paying off and leaning over under the weight of the fresh breeze, which was increasing every minute, and roughening the water as though it meant business. As morning dawned a little three-master, whose lights we had seen to windward for some time, came down on our weather quarter, and steering almost our course, ran alongside of us, slowly drew ahead and crossed our bows within, as it seemed in the half light, a hundred yards or less, and stood off to leeward. Whoever was in charge of that vessel knew his business or was drunk, for a closer shave there could not have been, or



THE PILOT BOAT.

had we not luffed so as to clear him as we did, we would have run over him. It was too dark to make out his name, but he had a new foresail.

We were now fairly on our way, and the watches were set and the routine of sea life begun.

One of the chief factors toward a contented crew aft (forward there is none at any time) is a good cook, and our "doctor" was Al in all that the term implies. His crisp bacon and French frieds and snowy biscuits were a treat; and after two or three hours on deck before breakfast, the sight of the doctor coming aft with his basket on his arm and the steaming coffee pot in one hand, was a signal for a sudden and general movement on the part of the hungry element aft in the direction of the forward cabin, where the neatly spread table awaited our onslaughts. The man at the wheel looked out for the schooner then, and we had to do some lively hustling to get our fill in the fifteen minutes allowed by custom for stowing away the first



BONNIE DOON OF ST. JOHN.

table's supply; for the second mate and the engine man were hanging around in the waist, hungry as bears, waiting for us to finish; and to appetites sharpened by hard toil in the open, every minute spent in waiting within smell of the grub seems an hour.

At 1 o'clock we passed the South Shoal Lightship; they stood by with their flags in case we should desire to send a message, and I was tempted to send home and say that I might be gone even longer than that; but it costs \$5, and if I didn't get back on time they would know I was still away, so concluded to let it go. We were reported by wireless, however, as having passed.

The course was now south by west, and with the grand nothe easter, which promised to last for many days sweeping over the ocean, we began to figure on a quick passage.

The last time Captain Potter came down this way circumstances were somewhat different, and his trip of three days in an open boat in the winter was reported far and wide in all the papers. It will bear repeating here.

In December, 1902, the schooner Frank Palmer, the largest four-master on the coast, and the five-master Louise E. Crary, a comparatively new vessel, and one of the finest of her class, came in collision about eighteen miles off Thatcher's, and both sank at once. Captain Potter of the Crary, who was below when the collision seemed imminent, had just time to reach the deck when the crash came; both fore masts falling



FULL AND BY.

together held the vessels fast and locked in a death grapple, they sank, leaving the helpless crew of the Crary to swim or drown. Captain Potter jumped over the quarter rail, and enveloped in a heavy ulster, swam a hundred yards to the Palmer's boat, which her crew had succeeded in cutting adrift; the Crary's boat was stove to pieces. Then for three nights and days they drifted out by Cape Cod and into the South Channel unprotected save by the clothing they stood in at the time; for three days and nights they froze and starved and died of thirst and crazed by suffering, leaped overboard to reach the fountains that sparkled in the distance. Thirteen vessels they saw, but none saw them, though one passed so close in the night that they could almost touch her side. The fishing schooner Manhas-set picked up those who were left off the South Shoal Lightship and carried them to Boston.

Captain Potter's feet and legs were frozen solid to his knees, and only his most determined resistance to the decision of the surgeons saved them for him. Of the Crary's crew of eleven, only one beside the captain was saved. The two ill-fated crafts, with 6,000 tons of coal and some of their crews, lie in each others embrace fathoms deep off Cape Cod; and as we came across the bar Captain Potter thought at one time that we were about over them.

From the last shoal, over which the seas were breaking white with foam, our course was laid for Diamond Shoal Lightship, off Hatteras. With everything on her and drawing she logged ten knots that day, or exactly 120 miles, between 6 and 6. The water slowly changed its color from the whitish tinge, which showed a depth of only 100 fathoms or so to the deeper hue which marks the "off sounding," area from 1,500 fathoms up; and every mile now that the schooner drove on her course was that much gained, although about here we began to feel the effects of that wonderful "stream" which dominates the North Atlantic and its shores.

The hard work and bracing air of the last few days had served to clear the fuddled heads of the dogs forward, and they turned out to be about the average crew.

The white paint on rail and house had been cleaned and the broad quarter deck, generous in its 40ft. of beam, made a most attractive promenade with the huge spanker boom wide off over the lee-quarter, rising and falling as she rolled. The blue sea and sky, the white-capped waves, the clear, warm sun and the long trailing wake astern that told without the aid of the log which skipped along in the foam of the speed we were making, fully atoned for the delays of the previous week, and it was grand to feel the onward sweep of the big craft as she lifted and seemed to slide along at a pace that kept the dial on the taffrail moving as the miles were reeled off.



THE PILOT COMING ABOARD.



THE PASSENGER STEERED.

Sunday morning had brought a change in the direction of the wind, its strength had increased considerably, and the sun was hidden; flying clouds swept across the sky and the sea had grown to a good size. We had hauled to a point to allow the sails to draw and while thus sailing much faster, still were off our course, and all the time getting into the gulf.

These big five and six-masters will hardly move dead before the wind; then everything forward of the spanker is becalmed, and the spanker itself loses a great deal of its power, as the boom can be squared at an angle of only about 45 degrees with the line of the keel; and the least inattention in steering will have her "by the lee," when you might as well be at anchor. So, strange as it may appear, with a wind blowing fair for your destination, you have to beat down to leeward when a two or three-master would "wing out" and go fluking, and the slightest change in the course is manifest. You may be asleep below, when all at once she begins to roll and slam and bang the booms about with a terrific noise—the man at the wheel has let her go off half a point; then the rolling ceases, she lays over a trifle, the soft hiss of foam comes in at the open port; he has her on her course again and added four or five knots to the speed.

Toward the latter part of the afternoon it blew harder than ever, and the sea became steep and angry; the schooner was wallowing along, rolling and pitching and sending the foam in broad sheets on either bow; a good eleven knots by the log and still breezing.

Had we been on the wind we should have been snugged down to reefed lowers all around, but running before it we could carry on, and the sea that was following us helped out in the speed; though sometimes when she would settle between two seas there would be "seven humps" in the long sweep of deck that ran forward to within a few feet of the forward house. These long schooners work and strain terribly in a steep sea. Many a good schooner, caught out "light" in the Gulf Stream has broken in two, and no skill can prevent it. Say hurricane to one of these big schooner captains and he will shrink back and put up his hands as though to ward off a blow, and they have reason. Running before it as we were, she slid over the seas in a regular rise and fall that gave no indication of the size of them; but as I stood in the waist my eye was on a level with the long poop-deck, and when the stern settled in the hollow and the next sea getting under, rose around the quarter, I could see that deck curl up; and then as the sea passed under her and she hung on it amidships, the ends of her dropped, and along in the wake of the mizzen mast the deck humped up and hogged; and as the stern settled she straightened out, curled up, straightened out, curled up, and straightened out.

A bank of clouds in the southeast, which had been hanging there all the afternoon, seemed suddenly to rise and draw near with an advance which could be felt in the damp, cold currents of air which occasionally found their way into the warmer atmosphere about us. Clearly defined against the sky and rapidly rising as though another half hour would find us buried in its blackness, it approached, and extending to the east until we were well by, the end of it seemed to lie in wait for the proper moment to strike or engulf us in its arms. The mate, whose head was even yet none too clear, after walking uneasily back and forth watching the cloud and the sails and the course, and showing his nervousness in every motion, finally stepped to the companionway and spoke to the captain, who had gone below for a wink of sleep. A word at the companionway will bring any shipmaster, however soundly sleeping, on deck in about eight seconds, and in that time the captain was up and looked the question he did not ask. The mate pointed to the fearful looking clouds and blackness to leeward and suggested that it foreboded no good.

"Oh, that's nothing, I guess. Looks like a lee set for a nothe easter. How is she heading? (Aside) The idea of calling me up for a thing like that. I'll give that feller his papers as soon as I can, now, don't you forget it. I'll be mighty glad when this trip is over. Might as well sail with nothing at all as with that for a mate. There won't be a whole sail on the ship by the time we get to New York if he stays aboard." And that was true enough, for on the first night out the mate had torn about every topsail in setting it. The winch at the side of the forward house would be winding up the messenger at a rapid pace and the halyards fast to it would be "two blocks," and everything stretching and snapping and settling under the strain and the topsails as flat as a board, when the mate, if he happened to think of it, would blow his whistle, the man at the winch would pick the bell, and the engine would stop—but between the time of the mate's appreciation of the fact that things were swayed up taut and the stopping of the power, a period of a few seconds necessary for the transmission of the signals from the mate to the man holding the turn, and from him to the engine man, the damage would be done, and a split would appear at the head of the topsail or staysail, or whichever part caught it the worst, and if it was dark, the limit seemed to be when something carried away entirely and came tumbling down on deck, and when a few days later, after supper, the mate came aft, with unmistakable signs of a drop too much, I expected to hear something. But nothing was said, though I confess I did not relish the idea of that big ship tearing along in the night with nobody in charge but a man who couldn't have told Diamond Shoal Lightship from a drug store.

The captain of a vessel cannot stay awake every hour of the day, and if his mate is incompetent luck must take charge at some hours; and luck is not always good.

At eight bells we gybed her over; and aside from handling the spanker boom, that operation is not difficult; but the spanker boom supplies any deficiency that may be lacking in the others in the way of quick work. Imagine a spar 70ft. in length by 22in. in diameter stretching a sail whose weight is a half ton when dry and whose pulling capacity when distended by a small gale, cannot be measured. To get that boom amidships and over the other side without mishap to anybody or

anything, is a good job when it is blowing. We gybed over repeatedly on the passage down, about every four hours at the call of the watch when all hands were on deck; and one night, as the boom went over, the sheet fouled the wheel-box, cut in under the cover, and lifted it like a great white ghost flying across the deck. From the time the messenger is passed and the big boom comes slowly in until the sail gets aback and the tackle is snubbed as the spar flies overhead snapping and buckling under the strain and twisting the mast as it digs its jaws into it, there is always a chance that something may go wrong—and then stand by. This time we slacked down the peak halyards, and had our hands full in overhauling the lee sheets and keeping everything clear.

Soon after supper we reefed the spanker again, and made a quick job of it, compared with the first night back in the bay; the sail seemed to fall so that the nettles came handy, and I doubt if we were over fifteen minutes from start to finish.

Topsails and staysails and the outer jibs had been furlled, and at midnight they gybed her again. I was asleep at the time, and thought I should be shaken out of my bunk as the boom tackle was slacked away. The whole vessel trembled and shook, and I came on deck to find a small gale blowing and a big sea running and getting bigger. The ship was under the four lowers and a reefed spanker doing thirteen knots. It was grand sailing. Running quartering, she rolled down until, light though she was, you could almost reach the water to leeward; and the schooner that on the flats at South Portland was called the "big five-master," looked no larger than a fisherman. But how she steered! Instead of the soft almost human pull of tiller ropes, there was a double gear, which it took the strength of one man to move in smooth water, and to put the wheel up or down in a hurry, took two men; and it was a dead pull—no "give" at all. How the Dutchman used to curse that "dommed whheel."

The breeze came, a steady, howling flow that sent us through the water with an area of phosphorescence on either side. We were about on the edge of the stream with the gale against the current and the water was anything but smooth. Two hundred miles inshore, along by the capes of Delaware, the northeaster was sinking ships and lifting houses off the ground, but either we did not feel the full effects of its strength, being on the edge of it, or running before it, did not mind it. I did not realize at the time that it was anything more than a strong breeze, although I was surprised a few days later, when the wind had fallen a great deal, to see vessels bound north under short sail and hove to. I went below about 2 o'clock, and after rolling in the berth until sleep was out of the question, finally slewed around athwartships, dug my toes into the outside board of the bunk, braced up against the side and so stayed in.

At meal times we did some lively catch as catch can exercise, to prevent numerous dishes from sliding to destruction, in spite of the rack which the steward had put on the table. As he said with a look of disgust when the tomatoes left their dish and spread over the cloth, "she allers rolls worst at meal time." But years of practice in all the seas of the world had made him a master hand at preserving his balance and his temper; and with the arm and chest of a Hercules, he made play of work, and with the good humor of his race could spin yarns of the China seas or the California coast.

At midnight we gybed again, hauled in out of the gulf and into much smoother water, and with a glorious breeze swept along with everything drawing, and the reefs out of the spanker. It was much warmer, and by the log we should make Diamond Shoals by dark, and after a few casts of the lead it appeared dead ahead—a good shot after shifting the course so many times.

"A nothe easter like this," said Captain Potter, "generally lasts way down below Hatteras. I've known it to blow for eighteen days just like this—when I was bound the other way. We ought to be in by Wednesday night."

South of Hatteras it is always summer; the water was warm, the sun burning hot, and the sea fairly smooth. From Diamond Shoals the course is S. W. by W., which takes us clear of everything and does away with the gybing, of which we had had so much, and we sailed along at steamer speed. For the space of twenty-four hours we touched neither sheet or halyard or tackle, nor shifted the course, or slacked our speed; ten knots we averaged that twenty-four hours, which meant 240 miles and more, for the mighty gulf, instead of being against us, was in our favor in its eddy, and that day about noon the smell of the land strong and rank, came off on the wind—the smell of the marshes and swamps of North Carolina.

That night was an ideal one. The wind came sweeping into the sails in a warm, steady, generous flow which promised to last forever; the bright stars overhead gave light enough to make out objects about decks; the great arching sails, swelling hard, seemed like the wings of some gigantic bird overhead; and the staysails, like handkerchiefs aloft, looked like mere toys that a boy could trim down; take a pull at that staysail sheet and see if you can start it; a half dozen men couldn't gain an inch on it. The whole structure, clear cut against the brilliant sky, made a picture that cannot be transferred to canvas or plate; the soft air and onward sweep; the hiss of troubled waters; the faint creak of block and gear; the sharp snap of straining hemp; the dull roar of the wind rushing under the booms and through the rigging; the regular heave of the deck and the outdoor living magnetic thrill of it all—all these can never be told or pictured; they must be lived and felt; and a few days and nights like these are worth a month of stuffy walls and soft living.

At noon several schooners appeared under our lee, and we judged we were in the latitude of Brunswick. One of them, a large five-master painted white, one of the Palmer fleet, passed close by, and answered our hail. Toward afternoon the wind showed signs of failing. But it had served us well. From the moment we got our anchor at the foot of the shoals off Monomoy it had blown strong and steady until we entered

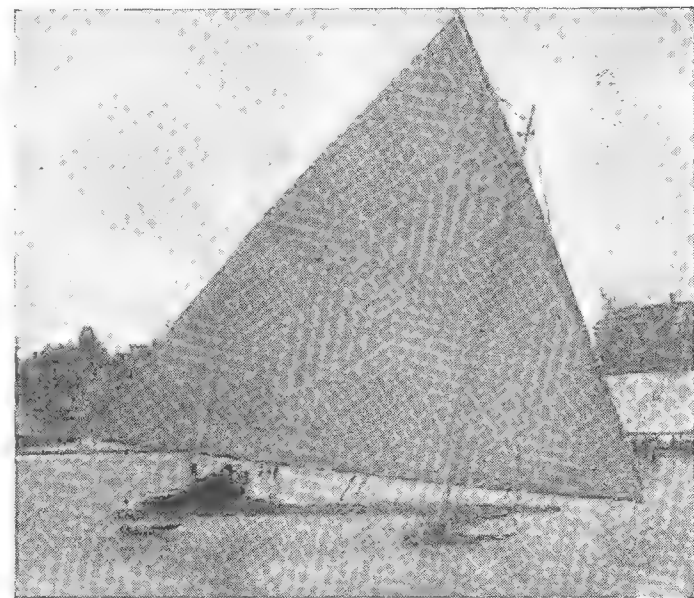
the river at Fernandina entrance; where, as though its duty done, it flattened out to nothing. For a distance of 900 miles we had averaged almost nine knots—a very quick passage.

The water had changed its color to a dirty light brown, and about 4 o'clock a pilot boat rounded to under our lee, and the pilot came aboard. One hundred and fifty dollars for pilotage, \$350 odd for towing out, sailors getting \$35 a month and cook \$55, freights going down and winter coming on—but this was my yachting trip.

Ice Boating on the North Shrewsbury.

Editor Forest and Stream:

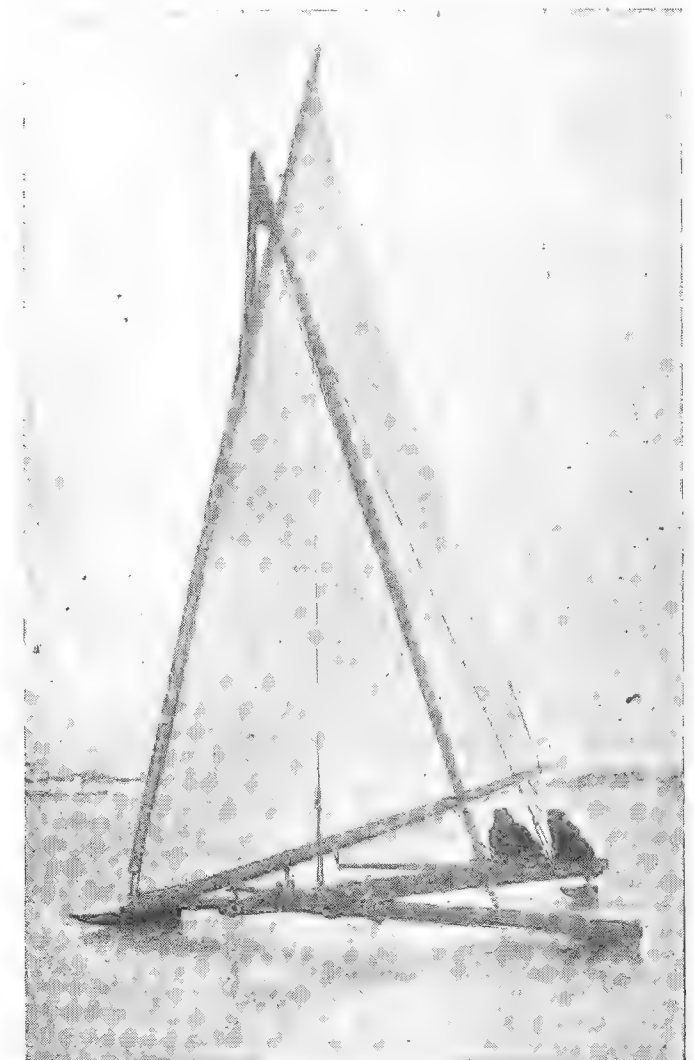
If the winter of 1903-04 is favorable for ice yachting, the racing promises to be of the most interesting character on the North Shrewsbury River, at Red Bank, N. J. Besides the usual club races, there are challenges from the South Shrewsbury and the Pleasure Bay clubs for the third class ice yacht pennant of America, and from the Burlington, N. J., Club for the State pennant. The North Shrewsbury Club has also challenged the South Shrewsbury Club for the Shrewsbury River pen-



ICE BOAT TYRO.

nant, captured in 1901 by the latter's yacht Leroy. All of these events are open only to yachts carrying not more than 350 sq. ft. of sail. Local conditions have favored the building of ice yachts of this size, and there has come to be practically no racing in any other class, although there are yachts on the river carrying from 200 to 900 sq. ft. of sail, covering all classes from first to fifth.

The third class includes some fourteen yachts carrying from 250 to 350 sq. ft., most of them being built



ICE BOAT TYRO.

right up to the maximum limit, and arranged largely for racing. The lateen is the favorite rig, although there will be two modern jib and mainsail rigs in the third class. One of these, the Atalanta, the property of Newton Doremus, appeared at the end of last season in one race, and by its performance filled her owner with great expectations. The Georgie, which has heretofore had a lateen sail, is to be changed to jib and mainsail, with about 300 sq. ft. of sail, which, in connection with her light weight and narrow track, 13ft., will make her a fast light wind boat. Chas. P. Irwin, the Georgie's owner, is also building a new lateen up to the limit, and is devoting all of his well known skill as an ice yachtsman and builder to making a fast and workmanlike boat. It is to be equipped with two planks, tracking 15ft. and 17ft.

In 1902 George Gillig's Wizard, built by Robert Chandler, was clearly the fastest ice yacht on the North Shrewsbury, but last winter her title to champion was not so clear, having been defeated by both

the Daisy, which is a light wind lateen and by the Georgie and the Vixen. Yet she won more races than any other.

Grant and Morford's Tyro came out last winter, and for a new boat performed creditably, taking part in ten races and usually being well up, but not a winner above second. Tyro is a thoroughly workmanlike job, and has this summer been furnished with two sets of runners, and in other respects has been put in improved shape for racing.

William White is building the Mistral, a lateen of about 350 sq. ft., whose characteristics are a very lofty sail and an unusually wide plank, 18ft. track.

Dr. W. B. Brewster is at work on a steel ice yacht which embodies some novel features. The runner plank is a bow string truss of about 15ft. spread, and the keel is of the "what is it" type. Everything is steel or iron, except the sail, which is being made by Wilson & Griffin. The side runners are of steel, 6ft. straight bearing on the ice, and all runners are to work together from the cockpit. Sheer poles and spars are all galvanized iron pipes.

Besides the above mentioned ice yachts, there are other creditable third class yachts which may be improved so as to get up with the leaders.

The usual width of beam is 15ft. track for boats of about 346 sq. ft. of sail, but the tendency is to increase the beam, as riding the plank is not allowed, and some dependence must be placed on beam and lead ballast for the average winter breezes.

The Scud and Dreadnaught of the first class are at Kalamazoo, Mich., awaiting the regatta, proposed last winter; the Rocket, also first class, is to be transferred to the Pleasure Bay Club; the Edna M. and the Get There, second class boats, are outclassed by the newer third class. The Witch, owned, built and sailed by Captain Charles Burd, of J. R. Maxwell's 70-footer, the Yankee, is the fastest fourth class boat. The combination of Burd and the Witch is hard to beat, even when racing against the boats of the third class.

T. H. GRANT.

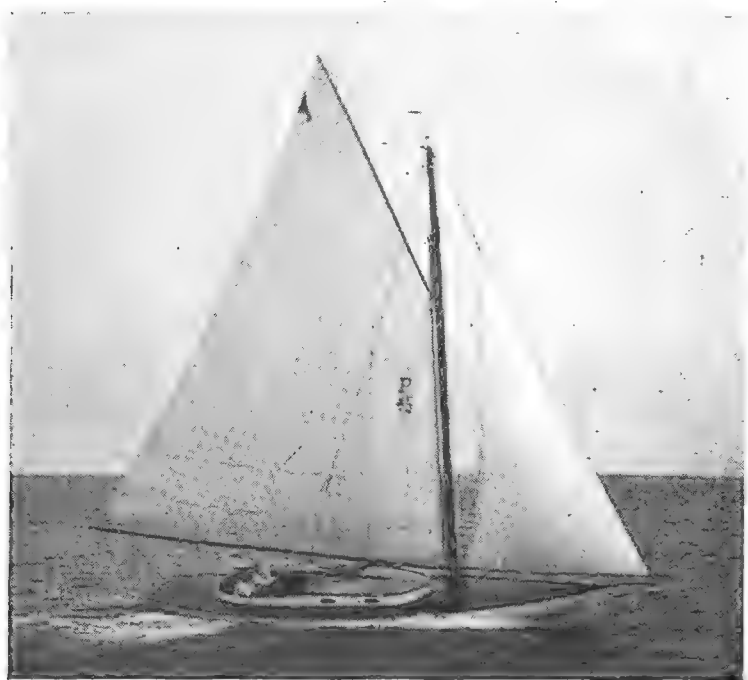
RED BANK, N. J., Nov. 12.

Robin Hood.

THE picture of Robin Hood, which appears in this issue, was taken just as she was crossing the finishing line a winner in the 25ft. class in the annual race of the Indian Harbor Y. C. on Aug. 8 last.

Robin Hood was designed by the clever Boston amateur, Mr. Charles H. Jones, and was built by the Geo. Lawley & Son Corp. at South Boston, in 1898. Mr. George E. Gartland, the boat's present owner, purchased her in 1899, and has used her continuously ever since. She is 32ft. over all, 21ft. waterline, 10ft. 4in. breadth and 3ft. draft. Her sails were made by Messrs. Wilson & Silsby, of Boston.

Robin Hood was champion of her class the year she came out. In 1899 she was raced in the raceabout



ROBIN HOOD.

Owned by George E. Gartland.

class, but since then she has been in the 25ft. class. During the past two years Mr. Gartland has not raced Robin Hood, except in the open and handicap contests of the clubs of which he is a member, viz., the Indian Harbor and Riverside. Robin Hood is at her best in strong breezes, as her moderate sail area of 593 sq. ft. is hardly sufficient to drive a boat of her large displacement at any great speed in light weather. Robin Hood is an exceptional cruising boat, having both large deck, cabin and cockpit room.

On Aug. 7 last Robin Hood beat the champion Firefly 4m. 59s. over a 10 nautical mile course in a strong N. W. breeze. On the day following she again beat Firefly 3m. 18s. in a fresh to strong breeze. In both these races she beat all the raceabouts on elapsed time except Hobo.

L. M. Y. A. Annual Meeting.

THE Lake Michigan Yachting Association held its annual meeting at the Wellington Hotel, Chicago, Saturday, Nov. 14. The officers elected for the ensuing year were:

President, E. P. Warner; First Vice-President, Geo. R. Peare; Second Vice-President, R. B. Brown; Secretary, Charles Scates; Treasurer, M. Shirlaw. Delegates to Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes—Edward T. Balcom, George R. Peare and R. B. Brown.

The last Friday and Saturday of July, 1904, were selected as the dates to hold its annual meet. Macatawa Bay was selected as the sailing grounds. The meet will be held under the auspices of the Macatawa Bay Y. C.

One of the features will be the race of 100 miles from Chicago to Holland pierhead, on the way to the meet.

Special Y. R. U. Meeting.

The Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes held a special meeting at the Russell House, Detroit, Mich., Saturday, Nov. 21, to consider adoption of classes under 25ft. R. L., but decided to leave all classes below this length alone.

The limit of beam on centerboard yachts was reduced, and the minimum freeboard increased to correspond to that of keel yachts.

The real battle of the small class advocates was fought out in the meeting of the committee appointed to consider the subject, they being unable to agree after wrangling all day and evening of Friday and forenoon Saturday—the principal point being fight of advocates of 20ft. class on Lake Ontario and proposers of 21ft. cabin class, which is strongly advocated on Lakes Michigan and Erie. Neither was willing to have one class adopted to the exclusion of the other, and the Ontario people would not consider the proposition that both be adopted, and, therefore, the union compromised by doing nothing, as it took a two-thirds vote to amend rules, and neither side could muster votes enough to win. It really was a victory for the 21ft. cabin class advocates, as two of the three members of the committee were radical advocates of the 20ft. class.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Commodore Robert E. Tod, senior flag officer of the Atlantic Y. C., will not serve the club in that capacity another year. His successor has not been chosen as yet.

Messrs. Panhard & Levassor, of Paris, France, manufacturers of automobiles and motor boats, will open, on Dec. 1, their American branch at 230-232 West Thirteenth street, New York City. This new office will be in charge of Mr. A. Massenet, and they will devote special attention to the building of high speed motor boats.

Things are very quiet at the Herreshoff shops at Bristol. Only two or three small racing boats are being built. One of them, a 30-footer, is for Mr. Harry Maxwell, who will, no doubt, make an effort to win the Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup with her next season. Another one of the boats is for Mr. C. S. Eaton, who formerly owned Cock Robin. The new boat is a 30ft. waterline cruising knockabout.

George H. Saunders, the boat builder, who was long established in Bristol, and for the past three years in Warren, has sold his shops to the Davis brothers of Providence, sons of the late Ben Davis, who had a yard and shops at Harbor Junction, in Providence. Mr. Saunders is going to Essex, Conn., to carry on boat building in a new plant at that place, and the Davis brothers are moving from Providence to the Warren shops just vacated by Mr. Saunders, where they will set up a railway and machine shop and store boats in the yard for the winter.—Boston Herald.

The members of the New York Y. C. will present to Com. J. Pierpont Morgan, on Christmas Day, a painting of Columbia, which boat enjoys the unique distinction of being the only vessel that has twice defended the America's Cup.

The painting was made by Mr. Carleton Chapman, the well known marine artist.

Shamrock I. is now at Hawkins' yard, City Island, where she will be broken up.

The side wheel steam yacht Charmary, ex-Clermont, owned by Mr. Charles G. Gates, is being overhauled and refitted under the direction of Mr. A. J. McIntosh.

The official summary of the season's racing in the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound will appear in these columns shortly. The class champions are unofficially reported to be as follows: 43ft. class, sloops, Effort, owned by Mr. F. M. Smith; 36ft. class, Anokat, owned by Mr. W. G. Brokaw; 30ft. class, Alert, owned by Mr. J. W. Alker; 25ft. class, Firefly, owned by Mr. G. P. Granberry; 21ft. class, Jeebi, owned by Mr. A. D. R. Brown; raceabout class, Jolly Tar, owned by Mr. Slocum Howland; Manhasset Bay one-design class, Lambkin, owned by Mr. S. W. Roach; New Rochelle one-design class, Caper, owned by Mr. P. L. Howard. None of the yawls sailed in enough races to qualify, and catboats started so seldom that no record was kept of their performances.

"Graphite Suggestions" is the title of a very handsome and interesting little pamphlet just issued by the Joseph Dixon Crucible Company, of Jersey City. It

tells of the many uses that are made of Dixon's graphite.

At a meeting of the Yacht Racing Association, held at the Arena on Monday evening, Nov. 16, eleven of the twenty-four clubs composing the association were represented by delegates. The meeting was held for the purpose of adopting the restriction outlined by Mr. Clinton H. Crane for four restricted classes, particulars of which appeared in these columns a few weeks ago. The classes were adopted, but there was considerable discussion, and it was late before any decisions were reached.

Some fifty Brooklyn yachtsmen attended the meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay that was held at the Assembly, Fulton street, Brooklyn, on Thursday night, Nov. 19. Mr. W. K. Brown presided. The prizes won during the season were presented to the winners, and there was a general discussion of the plans of the association for 1904. Steps are to be taken at once to reorganize the association on the lines of the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound, so there will be no clashing of racing dates in the future. Open and championship races will also be held. If the new measurement rules proposed by Measurer Henry J. Gielow, of the Atlantic Y. C., are adopted by that club, the association will also adopt them. The Atlantic Y. C., it is understood, will join the association later on.

The next meeting of the association will be called directly after the one in which the Atlantic Y. C. is expected to ratify the new rule.

The Parsons Shipbuilding Company, of Greenwich Piers, N. J., have recently completed a schooner rigged houseboat for Mr. J. Price Wetherill, of Philadelphia. The boat cost in the neighborhood of \$10,000. She will be known as Savanilla, and is 86ft. long and 23ft. breadth.

At the annual meeting of the Erie Y. C., held Nov. 12, the following were elected to serve the coming year: Com., W. L. Morrison; Rear-Com., F. J. Fairbairn; Rear-Com., E. A. Davis; Fleet Captain, C. E. Reichel; Sec. and Treas., W. H. F. Nick; Directors for three years, J. M. Frank, Alfred Gunnison, C. L. Perkins, James Russell, F. M. Slocum; Meas., T. H. Carroll; Asst. Meas., John H. Clemens; Surgeon, D. W. Harper; Asst. Surveyor, John Maahs; Surgeon, Dr. D. V. Reineohl.

The annual meeting, election and dinner of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. will be held at the Hotel Manhattan on Tuesday, Dec. 1. The ticket prepared by the Nominating Committee is as follows, and with the exception of W. Butler Duncan, Jr., as Trustee, means the election of all officers who have served the club during the past year. Com., Alphonse H. Alker; Vice-Com., Charles W. Lee; Rear-Com., H. Winslow White; Sec., Edw. M. MacLellan; Treas., Guy W. Buxton; Meas., Charles D. Mower; Trustees, class of 1906, W. Butler Duncan, Jr., Andrew J. Onderdonk.

Among other amendments to be voted upon at this meeting of the club is the following:

"Ladies may be admitted to the main floor and piazzas of the club house and to the club grounds, one day in the week during the yachting season, when accompanied by a member, or when bearing a visitor's card. The day shall be determined by the Board of Trustees, who may temporarily suspend this privilege whenever they deem it proper to do so, as may also the House Committee, but in case of such suspension, other days shall be named, on which ladies may be admitted, and the number of such days shall in any event, equal the number of weeks that the club house remains formally in commission."

The adoption of such an amendment as the above would indicate that, as elsewhere, the combination of a yacht and country club has not proved wholly a success.

To the man owning a yacht, and who does so for the love of the sport, the club nearest his heart is that at which he can meet and fraternize with other men, whose ideas stand for something in his chosen sport. He does not join a club because of the amount of rum drank there, for true yachtsmen, in spite of the humorist's idea, are not as a class heavy drinkers; nor does he pick the club at which women are allowed full privileges.

It is due to the combined hard work and unstinted generosity of the men who love yachting for yachting's sake that we have to-day on Long Island Sound and along the entire eastern coast, some of the finest club houses devoted to the sport in the world; and in the long run it will be those clubs which cater primarily to yachtsmen, which will prove most successful.

The Manhasset Bay Y. C. at present has probably the largest owning membership of any of the Eastern clubs, and its vote on the amendment submitted will prove of interest to yachtsmen generally.

Canoing

Prizes for Canoeists.

In order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of *Forest and Stream* offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will

be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First prize, \$50.00.

Second prize, \$25.00.

Third prize, \$15.00.

Fourth and fifth, \$10.00 each.

Sixth to eighth, \$5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept, and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. When practicable an outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in. While a chart will count in estimating the events of the log, it is not a necessary factor, and a log may be sent without it.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, on or before December 1, 1903.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 21.—Brooklyn, N. Y., Gun Club shoot, 100-target allowance handicap; \$5 to high guns. J. S. Wright, Mgr.
Nov. 26.—Chicago, Ill., Gun Club Thanksgiving Day shoot. A. A. Waters, Sec'y.
Dec. 9-10.—West Baden, Ind.—Grand Opening of Baden-Lick Kennel Club pigeon grounds. John L. Winston, Mgr.

1904.

Jan. 1.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club second annual tournament. A. J. Du Bois, Sec'y.
Jan. 12-15.—Hamilton, Ont., Gun Club tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The annual meeting of the Interstate Association will be held in New York, on Dec. 10.

The next shoot of the Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., is fixed to be held on Nov. 29.

The Aquidneck Gun Club, of Newport, R. I., will be busy at the traps on Thursday of this week, an attractive programme being a theme for consideration of the members.

The Sheephead Bay Gun Club arranged for a number of merchandise events at its Thanksgiving Day shoot this week. The events are open to every one, and all are welcome to participate.

The Union Sportsman's Club, of Bath Beach, N. Y., ended its shooting season at Scarsdale, N. Y., in a match with the Tonawanda Club. The club's next shoot will be at Homewood, N. Y.

The secretary, Mr. A. A. Schoverling, P. O. Box 475, informs us that the Richmond Gun Club, of Concord, S. I., will hold an all-day target shoot on Thanksgiving Day, commencing at 10 o'clock. Turkeys will be the prizes.

The affable secretary of the Brooklyn Gun Club, Mr. John S. Wright, informs us that he will preside over a shoot on his club's grounds, Thursday of this week, commencing at 2 o'clock. Some prizes will be offered to gladden the spirit of the winners.

In the contest for the November cup, at the Crescent Athletic Club shoot, at Bay Ridge, last Saturday three tied on a straight score, namely, Capt. A. W. Money, Mr. A. G. Southworth and Mr. L. W. Palmer, Jr. The low handicap allowances were just enough in each instance to make the needed 25. Mr. J. S. S. Remsen participated after a long absence.

Three five-man teams, representing Princeton, Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania, contested in the annual intercollegiate event at Wellington, Mass., on Nov. 21. Each man shot at 50 targets. Harvard and Princeton tied on 195. In the shoot-off at 10 targets per man, Harvard won with a score of 39 to 35. The University of Pennsylvania's score was 174.

On Dec. 9 Mr. Gus Greiff will give an all-day live-bird shoot on the Guttenberg grounds, New Jersey, commencing at 11 o'clock. The December Handicap at 20 pigeons, open to all, will be the feature of the day. The conditions are \$12.50 entrance, birds included, class shooting, handicaps from 25 to 32yds., \$50 guaranteed. Two sets of traps will be in use.

At the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club, Nov. 21, the main event was an allowance handicap at 100 targets, for a gold watch. Several experts participated. Mr. J. S. Fanning, famous as one of America's most skillful shooters, won. Mr. Sim Glover was close up with 98 to Fanning's 99.

At Princeton, N. J., on Nov. 19, the teams of the Princeton Gun Club, and University of Pennsylvania held a trapshooting contest. There were six men to a team, 50 targets per man. Capt. Archer, of the Princeton team, was high man, with a score of 46. Princeton won by a score of 233 to 215.

There were twenty-nine shooters at the tournament of the Ossining Gun Club, Nov. 18. The programme was not finished, owing to insufficient time. The Poughkeepsie nine-man team defeated the Ossining nine-man team for the cup, by a score of 171 to 131. Each man shot at 25 targets. The whirligig of time sometimes lifts the cup.

An interesting live-bird shoot will take place at Earl's, near Elizabeth, N. J., Thanksgiving afternoon, between Mr. Louis Botger, the all-around sportsman and steeple chase rider, and Frederick West Ross, the fifteen-year-old son of Mr. W. E. Ross. The event will be at 25 live birds, \$25 a side, loser to pay for the birds. It has not been learned what handicap young Ross has given Mr. Botger.

Mr. D. P. Hale, who has for the past six years represented the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., has resigned, as his manufacturing and banking interests at Sandersville, Ga., required more of his attention than he has heretofore been able to give them. He will be succeeded by Mr. Charles E. Roberts, who has for the past five years been connected with the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., of New Haven, Conn., and the last two years represented them on the road. Mr. Roberts will have entire charge of the territory south of the Ohio River and as far west as Texas.

The programme of the grand opening of the Baden-Lick Kennel Club pigeon grounds, Dec. 9 and 10, states that the competition is for amateurs, and that \$100 will be added. Pigeons, 25 cents. Class shooting, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. On the first day there are three programme events, 10 pigeons, \$7.50; 15 pigeons, \$10; "special, 50 birds, \$50; match for championship of Indiana between the present champion and 'A Has Been.'" On the second day the Baden-Lick Handicap, 25 pigeons, \$25, handicap rise, 26 to 30yds., will be the programme. Targets on the side. John L. Winston, Manager.

The Programme of the Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club's second annual tournament, to be held Jan. 1, provides eleven events, each at 15 targets, save Nos. 6 and 8, which are at 20 targets; entrance \$1.30 and \$1.75. Events 6 to 11 inclusive have a total of 100 targets, beside the regular events, which will make a 100-target sweepstake, open to all, \$5 extra to enter, and if three or more enter \$5 will be added. For amateur high averages, \$5, \$3 and \$2. For professional high average, \$5. Shooting commences at 11 o'clock. Ship ammunition prepaid to Mr. H. E. Winans, 16 Washington street. Targets 2 cents. Rose system. Sweeps optional. Refreshments on grounds. Shoot rain or shine. Mr. A. J. Du Bois, is the secretary.

BERNARD WATERS.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

THE attendance on Nov. 21 was not quite as large as usual, only sixteen entering in the cash prize event. The weather was pleasant, but a heavy bank of clouds and smoke formed a bad background, and the scores were not what they have been. R. Trimble was high gun, with 45; Medico second, with 43, and Gambell third, with 42. Practice shooting was kept up until about 4:30, when it became so dark that the targets could not be seen, and the members then gathered around the club house stove and swapped yarns.

The club will hold a Thanksgiving Day shoot, to begin at 1:30 P. M. Ten 10-target events, entrance \$1.25 in each, money divided Rose system, 5, 3 and 2. The fourth prize in each event will be a turkey, ties shot off at 10 targets. One cent for each target shot at will be set aside for two high guns, 60 and 40, and three low guns, divided equally. The scores:

Cash prize shoot, 50 targets:			Targets:		
Targets:	15 15 20		Targets:	15 15 20	
R Trimble, 21.....	14 14 17-45		Jay Bee, 16.....	8 10 8-26	
Barker, 19.....	12 10 13-35		Van Ness, 16.....	11 12 17-40	
Williams, 18.....	14 12 12-33		Gambell, 16.....	12 12 18-42	
Sunderbruch, 18.....	10 10 8-28		Faran, 16.....	11 12 16-39	
Medico, 17.....	14 12 17-43		Colonel, 15.....	0 4 4-8	
Hargis, 16.....	11 10 12-33		Jones, 15.....	7 2 10-19	
Roanoke, 16.....	7 11 12-30		Bullerick, 15.....	9 9 14-32	
Captain, 16.....	7 8 12-27		Cottingham, 15.....	3 11 4-18	
Gambell.....18	Medico.....21	Williams.....18			
Faran.....16-34	Van Ness.....18-39	Barker.....21-39			

Gambell's "target saver" is an innovation which means a big reduction in the breakage of missed targets.

Additional scores in the Parker prize gun shoot of Nov. 14:			Targets:		
Targets:	20 20 20 20 20	Broke. Hdp. Total.	Targets:	25 25 25 25	
H Sunderbruch.....	13 11 9 15 16	65 40 100	D I Bradley.....	20 14 20 17-71	G E Greiff.....20 20 22 20-82
Dick.....	17 17 17 17 19	87 32 100	W J Elias.....	3 4 7 10-24	H P Walker.....14 14 16 6-50
Faran.....	16 19 18 17 12	82 18 100	Cahill.....	14 11 13 11-49	F W Perkins.....9 9 10 11-39
Van Ness.....	16 15 16 18 18	83 12 95			
Ahlers.....	18 16 16 16 17	83 10 93			
*Gambell.....	19 20 19 20 20	98 10 160			

*This did not count in the competition. It is a record amateur score for these grounds, and included a straight run of 58.

BONASA.

Intercollegiate Contest.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Nov. 21.—The intercollegiate contest held to-day resulted in a victory for the Harvard team. The opposing teams were from Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania. Harvard and Princeton tied, each scoring 195. In the shoot-off Harvard won by four points. Harvard was unfortunate at the finish on account of Forbes leaving before the contest was known to be a tie. J. Hinckley shot in his place.

The conditions, little or no breeze and good light, which were all favorable. Harvard and Princeton did some good work. P. Bancroft, of Harvard, broke 45 out of 50. The scores:

Princeton			Harvard			U. of P.		
P Archer.....37			T L Marsalis.....32			J Longnecker.....41		
R W Pell.....42			G Forbes.....34			F L Perkins.....28		
A B Gaines.....38			W M Wright.....42			R Koons.....41		
A D Pardoe.....39			F Ingalls.....42			C W Adams.....34		
J Stutesman.....39-195			P Bancroft.....45-195			W G Ferrin.....30-174		
Shoot-off:			Harvard			Princeton		
Bancroft.....	9		Pardee.....	7				
Wright.....	7		Stutesman.....	8				
Ingalls.....	9		Archer.....	8				
Marsalis.....	8		Pell.....	5				
Hinckley.....	6-39		Gaines.....	7-35				

Ashland Gun Club.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Nov. 20.—I append the scores of the last shoot of our newly organized gun club, the Ashland, composed mostly of business men, who are new at the game. It was held Nov. 10.

Fourteen members participated in one of the most delightful shoots of the season. The weather was simply perfect—a bright warm day, with no wind.

There is no fixed programme at these club shoots. A member may shoot as few or as many targets as he wishes, new squads being made up for each round.

There were six events at 15 targets each and one at 10 targets, making a total of 100 targets. Everybody seemed to have their shooting clothes on, and the way some of the beginners smashed targets shows that all they need is more practice.

It may be that the boys had in mind the opening of the game season, Nov. 15, and were making their final preparation before going for Bob White. If they can keep up the gait in the field that they struck at the traps, then many a big bag will be brought in.

Events:			Targets:		
Targets:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7		Targets:	10 15 15 15 15 15 15	
Harp.....	7 9 8 14 12 9 9		Darrow.....	6 11 10 11 11 10 7	
Skinner.....	8 12 13 14 14 14 14		Land.....	2 4 5 5 4 5 5	
T Van Deren.....	10 13 14 10 11 9		W Van Deren.....	10 11 13 11 13 13	
Perry.....	7 7 10 7 7 7 7		Pulliam.....	4 4 7 4 4 4 4	
Curry.....	7 6 10 8 6 6 6		Talbert.....	9 14 8 8 8 8 8	
Milward.....	7 7 7 7 7 7 7		Henderson.....	13 15 12 13 13 13 13	
Clark.....	4 8 10 9 9 9 9		Strader.....	11 13 13 13 13 13 13	

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Nov. 22.—At the last shoot of the Hudson Gun Club these scores were made.

This club has fully recovered from the effects of the rain-storm last month, and from now on will hold regular shoots. The club suffered quite severely from this storm, the grounds looking like a lake for a week or two after the rain.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Piercy	19	20	19	21
Banta	17	18	21	15
Van Dyne	9	15	10
Headden	10	12	12	11	13	10	13	10	12
Schorty	20	19	21	24
Hopkins	16	12
Jenkins	5	10	9
Pearsall	14	16	13	15	19	18	..	22	..
Hughes	14	12	16
Heritage	16
Hansman	21	15	22	22	..
Gille	15	..	13	13	13
H Pearsall	10
Kelly	13
									</

JAS. HUGHES.

Franklin Gun Club.

Franklin Furnace, N. J., Nov. 21.—Event one, at targets, had contestants and scores as follows: Shooting at 30, John Williams broke 22, Andrew Wright broke 18. Shooting at 25, Will Pape broke 12, Frank Kishpaugh broke 13. Alf Wright broke 6 out of 20.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Nov. 19.—Six men, two of whom—Cheney and Edwards—are beginners at the sport, took part in the regular weekly shoot of this club to-day. The light attendance was due in part to the fact that a number of the boys attended the shoot at Ossining yesterday, and could not consistently leave business to attend to-day's shoot. Their absence is excusable, too. After their performance yesterday at Ossining one would hardly expect to see them all report to-day, and should they choose to celebrate, it would only be natural, for they conquered; their victory, though decisive, was not unexpected; but the odds were a little better than we expected to see. Forty points! A very comfortable margin, indeed. Ossining must have felt like a town swept by a cyclone, and this is only a sample; our best "goods" have not been shown yet.

The ties made on the Traver cup last week were not shot off to-day, owing to absence of Hans. In the race for the Traver cup to-day, Marshall and Claymark tied on 25. Claymark afterward won on the shoot-off:

Events:			Targets:		
Targets:	1 2 3 4		Targets:	10 10 25 25	
Perkins, 4.....	7 22 25		Edwards.....	6 6 11 11	
Claymark, 7.....	6 25 25		*Smith, 5.....	7 6 23 19	
Winans, 7.....	8 8 24		Marshall, 5.....	8 25 24	
Cheney.....	5 5 19 19				

*In this event (shoot-off) Smith shot along, and his score is without handicap added.

SNANIWEH.

New York Athletic Club.

Nov. 21.—Dr. J. G. Knowlton cup, a silver, old-fashioned mug standing about 20in. high, was the main prize. The contest for this trophy is at 100 targets, all scratch. The scores follow:

Targets:			Targets:		
Targets:	25 25 25 25		Targets:	25 25 25 25	
D I Bradley.....	20 14 20 17-71		G E Greiff.....	20 20 22 20-82	
W J Elias.....	3 4 7 10-24		H P Walker.....	14 14 16 6-50	
Cahill.....	14 11 13 11-49		F W Perkins.....	9 9 10 11-39	

Ten pairs: Bradley 10, Elias 3, Cahill 10, Greiff 10.

Fifteen targets: Bradley 8, Cahill 8, Greiff 5, Elias 5.

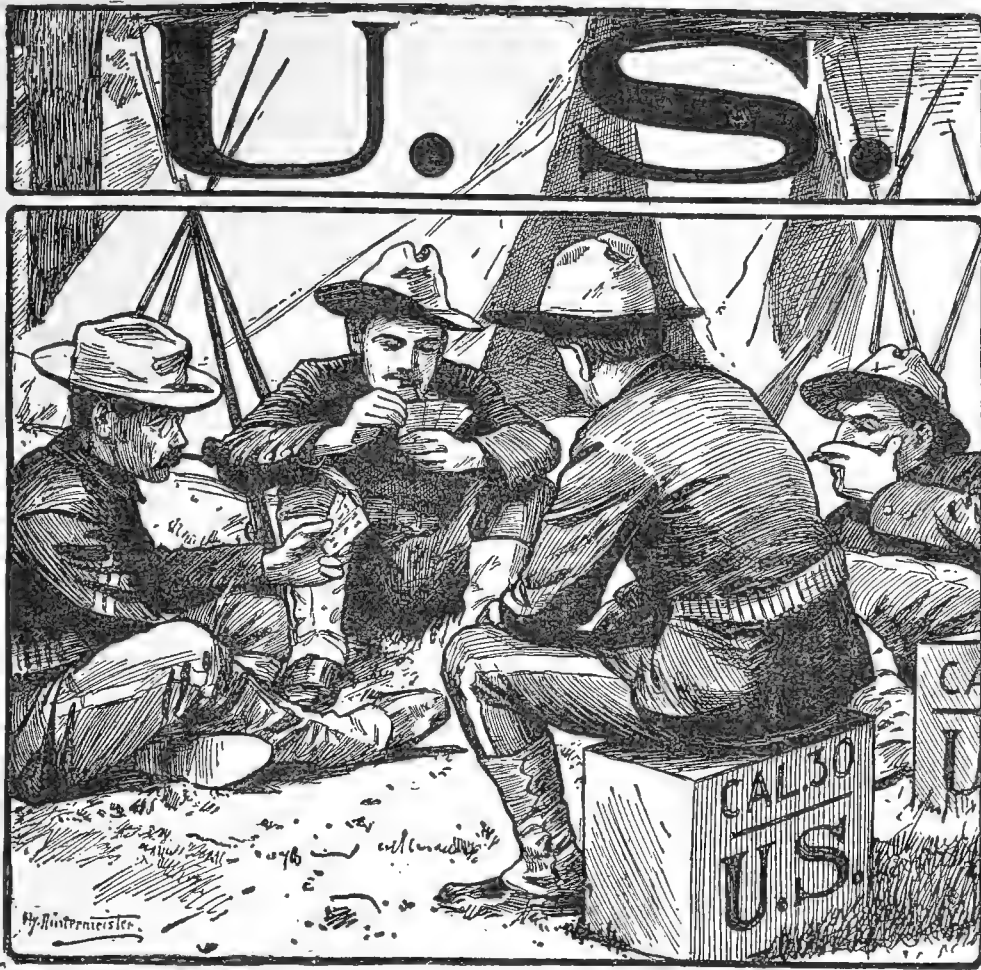
The next shoot will be on Thanksgiving Day, when the holiday cup will be shot for. This cup must be won three times to become the property of the winner.

On Nov. 28 will be the first shoot for the Dan Bradley cup, which will become the property of him who wins it two times.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 21.—The weekly shoot of the club, being the tenth contest for the L. C. Smith badge, donated by the Hunter Arms Co., was held on Wednesday, with the small attendance of six. The weather conditions were not especially good. The day was dark, and keen eyesight was a goodly advantage. However, some good totals were recorded. Mason bettered his score of last week by one target. Coggeshall was also in evidence with three less. An improved attendance is hoped for at the Thanksgiving Day shoot, when an attractive programme will be run off. The scores:

Targets:			Targets:		
Targets:	10 10 10 10		Targets:	10 10 10 10	
Mason.....	10 9 8 7 8-42		Bowler.....	7 7 8 6 5-32	
Coggeshall.....	6 8 7 8 10-39		Ding.....	7 6 5 7 7-32	
Powel.....	9 7 7 6 9-38		Macomber.....	4 6 3 2 8-23	



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Salina Tournament.

SALINA, Kans.—The dates of the Salina tournament were Nov. 17-19.—What should have been one of the best, if not the best, tournament held in Kansas this year was, owing to stormy weather, limited as to attendance. Added money, \$200, should be a drawing card, and Salina is so centrally located as to draw shooters from any part of the State; but the summer weather of last Sunday forenoon was so suddenly changed, increasing to wintry until Tuesday morning that it caused many to remain at home.

The jumping targets and the cold wind caused many who came first day to return home on the close of that day. The second day was an improvement, and some good scores were made. The wind changed from north to west, and was not so strong. The trap did not work the best from the want of the proper attention, and that delayed matters, which made those with cold fingers feel uncomfortable.

Mr. H. Anderson, the general manager and all-round hustler, was untiring in his efforts to make everything go off pleasantly, but with his shooting in every event, he was very much overworked. He was very ably assisted by Mr. Woodhouse and Mr. Brown, who attended to office duties and the scoring.

The attendance numbered the following traveling men: Chas. Spencer, of St. Louis; Wm. Heer, of Concordia. Then came George Mackie, of Scamman, Kans.; Dave Elliott, Kansas City; E. W. Arnold, Larned, Kans.; W. Clayton, Kansas City; Chas. Debus, and Geo. Lewis, of Herrington, Kans.; F. C. Cairns, Banner City; H. E. Wetzig, Concordia; F. E. Ruggles, Jewell City; E. Wetzig, Junction City; A. C. Williams, Wichita, Kans.; C. Banham, Junction City; W. R. Hossler, Enterprise; Mr. Logan and H. Hugg, of Larned, and Ed O'Brien, of Florence, Kans.

W. H. Heer was high man on the first day, with 185 out of 200, and he was shooting a new gun for the first time. Spencer was second, with 180, and Arnold was high amateur with 179.

More than the usual amount of money was won by those who now and then made straight scores.

The cashier paid out amounts of \$63, \$43, \$30, \$27 and others above the entrance. These gentlemen were much pleased with the \$100 added money.

First Day, Nov. 17.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	at. Broke.
Heer	15	11	17	14	15	19	14	14	20	13	15	18	200 185
Spencer	13	14	19	15	13	17	14	14	18	11	13	19	200 180
Arnold	15	12	17	11	15	17	15	15	16	14	13	19	200 179
E. Wetzig	14	12	17	12	13	18	13	11	20	13	13	16	200 172
H. Wetzig	10	13	18	11	13	15	13	12	19	13	13	19	200 169
Anderson	13	10	14	12	14	15	15	15	17	13	14	18	200 170
Meyers	10	15	17	6	12	18	14	12	17	15	13	18	200 162
D. Elliott	13	13	13	13	13	16	14	12	17	12	12	12	200 160
Shoyne	10	12	14	10	12	17	12	13	14	12	13	18	200 157
Clayton	11	11	16	12	8	14	15	13	16	12	12	16	200 156
O'Brien	14	8	13	13	10	20	9	11	13	13	13	17	200 154
Devus	11	11	10	8	9	13	12	12	16	9	12	18	200 141
Lewis	10	13	15	11	12	14	10	11	15	9	10	..	180 130
Mackie	9	9	13	4	9	15	9	14	11	10	15	..	200 127
F. Cairns	9	13	10	9	11	13	13
C. Cairns	11	11	15	11	12	16	16
Ruggles	13	11	14	10	11	15	12	9	10
Stevenson	9	11	12	12	12	16	13	12
Williams	11	11	10
Benham	10	7	9	11	13

Second Day, Nov. 18.

The weather was much improved, and Arnold made a wonderful showing, losing but six for the day, beating Heer by four targets. He made a run of over 100 straight, losing but two out of the last 120.

Heer lost but ten, and five of these were in two events, where he made 17 and 18 out of 20. Thus he won high average on the good score of 375 out of 400.

The surprise of the meeting was the great score made by Arnold, 373, only two behind Heer. He has shot but little this year, being busy on his farm out in the short grass country.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	at. Broke.
Arnold	14	14	19	15	14	19	15	15	20	15	15	19	200	194
Heer	14	15	19	15	14	17	15	15	19	14	15	18	200	190
Spencer	14	13	17	13	18	14	14	20	15	12	20	200	200	180
E. Wetzig	12	14	15	12	10	19	14	12	19	13	13	19	200	172
H. Wetzig	10	12	15	13	14	18	13	13	15	13	14	13	200	168
Elliott	12	12	15	10	14	18	14	12	17	13	13	18	200	168
Clayton	14	10	17	12	13	17	14	14	17	14	9	17	200	168
Cawley	10	11	15	13	10	18	13	14	17	15	14	17	200	167
Anderson	15	13	16	11	13	15	12	17	12	17	12	17	200	166
Meyers	13	14	19	12	12	16	12	14	13	13	12	16	200	166
Hugg	13	15	13	11	14	17	10	14	11	14	12	18	200	163
Reminette	12	14	15	200	162
O'Brien	13	10	16	7	14	15	11	9	16	12	11	200	200	145
Logan	9	12	10	10	13	14	12	180	129
Ruggles	9	10	16	11	12	13	10	9
Heydie	10	13	15
Olson	12	12	15	13	12	18	13	14
P. Cairns	10	10	17	10	11	19	11
F. Cairns	11	13	17	13	11	16
James	16	11
Stevens	16	13	12	17	13	14	19

T Hayne	12	12	10	12	18
Roberts	12	9			
Brooks	4				13
L Stevens					16

Third Day, Nov. 19

The weather was not of the best; forenoon clear, afternoon cloudy, with a strong southwest wind that made many of the birds very swift left-quarterers, and hard to stop.

Anderson, being an experienced live-bird shot, was given 27yds., and easily won the 25-bird event. Ed O'Brien won the 15, and Anderson the third on a shoot-off.

The live-bird shooters were scarce, as most of the target shooters went home during the night. Mr. Anderson had 700 birds left on his hands, as many who had promised to come, failed to show up.

Twenty-five live birds, \$15 entrance, handicap:

Anderson, 27yds.1221022221221122212221202—23
Heer, 321223022221122210022212022—21
Tipton, 291222222022121111200222021—21
Clayton, 3012222202022221222200112022—20
O'Brien, 302222220222222102220012020—20
Spencer, 322*22222220222220022222002—19
D. Elliott, 312222102220120022002002021—19

Fifteen live birds, \$10 entrance, three moneys: O'Brien (30) 14, Clayton (31) 13, Tipton (29) 13, Anderson (29) 11, Spencer (31) 11, Heer (31) withdrew.

Ten live birds, \$5 entrance, three moneys: Clayton 9, Tipton 9, Anderson 9, Smut 9, Reminette 8, Hoynes 6, O'Brien 9.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—The Wednesday (Nov. 18) shoot of the Ossining Gun Club was everything that could be desired—good weather, good attendance of good shooters, who, however were handicapped by fast targets, helped by a rather strong wind, which made them cut up scandalous.

W. Perkins, of Poughkeepsie, won the after-dinner coffee set, valued at \$31, with a score of 75 out of 80, which included his handicap of misses as breaks.

Messrs. Ed Banks, C. Wilhite and Sim Glover, tied for second with a net score of 73 out of 80.

For the greatest actual number of breaks in the event, Messrs. Banks and Glover divided the \$10.

Owing to the number of entries it was necessary to cut the prize event down to 80 targets. Even then the last 20 were shot in semi-darkness. This was unfortunate, though luckily the scores were not close enough to cause any trouble by dropping fractions.

The Poughkeepsie cup was taken back by the team of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club, with the wide margin of 40 targets. The home team was very weak, owing to the absence of some of the strongest men in the club. We were glad to have with us Charlie Wilhite, secretary of the Manila (P. I.) Gun Club, who came up with Mr. Banks. He is a fine sportsman, and his company was enjoyed by all. Team scores:

Poughkeepsie—I. Tallman 21, W. E. Perkins 22, H. W. Bissing 21, A. Travis 18, A. J. Du Bois 17, F. B. Stephenson 21, R. Gorman 16, W. E. Adriance 17, F. I. Tompkins 18; total 171.

Ossining—G. B. Hubbell 17, C. G. Blandford 21, A. Betti 17, A. Harris 10, I. T. Washburn 13, W. Fisher 14, A. Bedell 18, J. Hyland 13, W. S. Smith 8; total 131.

Figures after the names denote misses as breaks as allowed in 100-target match for trophy. As only 80 birds were shot at in the prize match (events 4, 5, 6, 7), the contestants were allowed four-fifths of this number:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Total.
Targets:	10	15	15	20	20	20	20	72
C. Wilhite, 20	7	10	10	14	14	15	13	69
Dr. C. Paterno, 30	1	5	6	14	9	8	14	69
H. Williams, 15	7	65
A. Bedell, 18	8
F. Tompkins, 16	6	9	10	14
G. Hubbell, 16	6	9	9	13	13	16	...	67
E. Banks, 6	7	13	14	17	18	18	16	73
Keller, Jr., 16	3	7	6	9	9	9	7	46
A. Harris, 25	48
J. Fanning, 6	7	10	14	13	19	16	12	64
C. Blandford, 8	9	13	12	16	17	14	11	64
I. Tallman, 8	9	13	14	16	17	18
G. Piercy, 8	60
Van Valkenburg, 14	60
R. Gorman, 10	60
A. Traver, 8	60
A. Betti, 10	59
A. Du Bois, 10	54
G. Stephenson, 8	70
S. Glover, 6	73
G. R. Schneider, 12	54
Dr. Knowlton, 10	70
W. Adriance, 8	65
H. Bissing, 12	63
W. Perkins, 16	77
I. Washburn, 12
W. Fisher, 16
J. Hyland, 16
W. Smith, 30

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Nov. 21.—The main event was at 100 targets for a gold watch, allowance handicap. Mr. J. S. Fanning won it with a score of 99, handicap of 5 added.

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6
Targets: 10 10 10 10 25 25 Targets: 10 10 10 10 25 25
Welles 9 6 Baldwin 5 4
Glover 10 6 9 Sanders 6 6
Morrison 7 6 7 9 Goetter 7
Hart 8 8 5 Lamb 11 10
Richter 7 8 10 Williams 22 20
Fanning 9 Hitchcock 12 9

One hundred-target handicap, allowance added, for gold watch:
Glover, 5 23 24 23 23—93 Goetter, 15 18 18 19 22—92
Richter, 13 20 23 17 19—91 Hart, 15 20 18 22 19—94
Sanders, 30 16 13 11 17—87 B. Williams 18 .. 19 22
Morrison, 12 16 18 19 16—81 Eickhoff, 14 15 12 13 13—72
Welles, 9 24 19 21 23—96 Williams, Sr. 18 ..
Fanning, 5 24 24 22 24—99

Fulton Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Nov. 22.—The day was rainy, the attendance small.

The next shoot of the Fulton Gun Club will be on Dec. 6, and all are welcome.

No. 9 was the handicap medal shoot; it was won by Mr. R. Schneider. Schorly did not compete in it. The scores:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Targets: 15 15 15 25 15 10 15 15 25
L. H. Schorlemer 13 13 8 22 12 8 10 14 20
A. A. Schorlemer, 2 10 12 8 22 14 13 18
Geo. R. Schneider, 4 19 7 11 16 19
A. Hopkins 8 5 5
Hopkins, Jr. 3 8 3

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Nov. 19.—The Alderman Lundy trophy, 50 targets, handicap allowance, had entries and scores as follows:

	Hdcp.	25	25 Tot'l		Hdcp.	25	25 Tot'l
I McKane.....	12	17	21 50	R Gerwert	30	5	9 44
D Bailey.....	14	16	18 48	J Carolin.....	25	9	10 44
J I Pillion.....	25	15	16 50	I Dede.....	25	4	10 39
E Vorhees.....	12	12	18 42	H Montanus.....	14	6	9 29
A Fransiola.....	25	7	16 48	Dr Goubeaud...	20	8	11 39
C Cooper.....	20	14	11 45				

Shoot-off, 25 targets: McKane (6) 25, Pillion (13) 25.

Shoot-off, half handicap: McKane (3) 25, Pillion (7) 19.

Club event, 25 targets, point handicap; allowance, targets broke and points made follow in order mentioned.

	Hdcp.	Score.	Pts.		Hdcp.	Score.	Pts.
McKane	11	19	8	Gerwert	5	9	4
Bailey	10	17	7	Grieff	15	18	3
Pillion	6	10	4	Goubeaud	4	10	6
Vorhees	9	13	4	Montanus	15	9	0
Fransiola	5	7	2	Carolin	4	7	3
Cooper	6	14	8	Dede	4	1	0

Shoot-off, 25 targets:

McKane.....	11	19	8	Cooper.....	6	14	8
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Cooper withdrew, being out of shells; McKane was the winner.

Twenty-five targets: Carolin 14, Dede 10, Cooper 15, Vorhees 18, Goubeaud 14.

Twenty-five targets: McKane 22, Lundy 15, McKane 22, Pillion 12, Vorhees 18, Bailey 12, McKane 18.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Nov. 21.—Three contestants tied for the November cup—Capt. A. W. Money, A. G. Southworth, and L. W. Palmer, Jr. Mr. J. S. S. Remsen was a visitor and participant.

On Thanksgiving Day a special trophy, donated by H. B. Vanderveer, and the holiday cup, presented by the club, will be the main prizes. Scores:

November cup, 25 targets, handicap:

	Hdcp.	Total.		Hdcp.	Total.
A W Money.....	2	25	H M Brigham.....	0	23
A G Southworth.....	5	25	L C Hopkins.....	5	22
L W Palmer, Jr.....	2	25	E H Lott.....	2	22
H C Werleman.....	8	24	W B Marshall.....	4	20
J S S Remsen.....	0	23	H B Vanderveer....	4	17

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap:

Hopkins	3	15	Vanderveer	2	12
Palmer	1	15	Hagedorn	2	11
Remsen	0	14	Marshall	2	10
Southworth	3	12	Money	1	9

Team shoot for Sykes' cups, 25 targets, handicap:

Money (2) 17, Hopkins (5) 24; total 41.

Marshall (4) 20, Southworth (5) 22; total 42.

Vanderveer (4) 14, Lott (2) 20; total 34.

Brigham (0) 23, Palmer (2) 25; total 48.

Shoot for Palmer trophy, 25 targets:

	Hdcp.	Total.		Hdcp.	Total.
Southworth	5	25	Wigham	5	23
Hagedorn	4	24	Brigham	0	22
Remsen	0	23	Werleman	8	21
Money	2	23	Marshall	4	19
Hopkins	5	23	Raynor	6	18

Trophy match, 15 targets, handicap:

Hagedorn	2	14	Raynor	4	10
Southworth	3	14	Werleman	5	10
Marshall	2	13	Brigham	0	10
Palmer	1	13	Money	1	9
Wigham	3	13	Remsen	0	8
Hopkins	3	12			

Shoot off: Southworth 15, Hagedorn 8.

Trophy match, 15 targets, handicap:

Brigham	0	15	Palmer	1	13
Wigham	3	15	Money	1	11
Hagedorn	2	14	Werleman	5	10
Southworth	3	13			

Shoot-off: Brigham 13, Wigham 12.

Cumberland Gun Club.

DAVENPORT, Ia., Nov. 12.—The Cumberland Gun Club's three-day open handicap tournament ended to-day. The attendance was not large, but those who were present had a good time, and kept busy trying to make good scores, both at targets and live birds. The shooting was very hard. A high wind was in evidence each day, and the straight scores were quite few. Fifty dollars was given to the three high guns.

In the target programme Gilbert won first, Budd second, and Spencer third. Henry Arp was high in the amateur class, and did some fine shooting at both targets and live birds.

Owing to a light entry on live birds for the 25-bird event, the programme was changed, and two 10 and two 15 bird events were shot. The birds were a fine lot. The shooting was very interesting. Quite a number of spectators were on the grounds each day and took quite an interest in the sport.

Mr. S. A. Tucker was present, but did no shooting.

The trade representatives were Messrs. Budd, Hughes, Adams, Gilbert, Spencer, Lord and Whitney.

This tournament will about close the shooting in Iowa for 1903, as the game birds will claim the attendance of the sportsmen during the rest of the year.

First Day, Nov. 10.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total.
Targets:	15	20	20	15	20	15	20	20	15	20	15	25	
Hughes, 22	12	16	15	12	13	13	18	16	8	17	12	17	169
Spencer, 22	12	19	14	12	17	10	16	20	14	19	13	21	187
Gilbert, 22	14	16	18	15	19	15	17	17	13	19	14	23	200
Budd, 20	14	19	16	12	17	11	17	18	12	16	14	24	190
Arp, 18	13	16	15	11	17	11	17	18	13	18	14	22	185
Lord, 19	13	16	17	13	13	13	16	16	12	18	12	23	182
John B, 17	14	17	17	11	15	10	11	14	10	17	13	20	169
Goar, 16	12	13	12	11	7	11	16	14	16	17	12	17	162
Eggers, 17	11	13	11	9	6	11	8						102
Brewer, 16	12	10	14	11		15							102
Shaddow, 17	10	12											102
Hegeman, 16	7	14		12		12							102
Eichner, 17				14	16		15	17	12	16	13	20	102
Dr Nesbitt, 17					10	15	13	14	18	12	18		102
Schriner, 16					11	15	15	13	19	14	20		102
Young, 16					12	16	17	14	17	13	16		102
Otto, 17					11	18	19	10	17	11	24		102
Sperry, 19					9	16	17	9	13	15	23		102
Speith, 16					8	12	10	9		10			102
Muhls, 16					7	8	11						102
Gesch, 16								18	12	15	12		102
Kiesell, 16								17	12	16	13		102
Scott, 16								13	13	15	6		102
Patterson, 16											10		102
Keuch, 16											12		102

Second Day, Nov. 11.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total.
Targets:	15	20	20	15	20	15	20	20	15	20	15	25	
Arp, 18	10	14	14	9	17	12	12	15	19	15	19		171
Budd, 20	13	19	18	15	18	13	12	17	15	12	13	23	188
Gilbert, 22	11	16	19	15	18	13	8	16	19	11	13	23	182
Spencer, 22	11	15	12	12	19	14	10	18	15	10	9	19	164
Hughes, 22	7	16	14	13	14	9	12	10	16	12	14	22	159
Lord, 19	15	14	14	11	16	10	12	16	16	11	10	20	165
Beckman, 18	9	9	13	10	14		13	15					102
Burmister, 17	13	18	16	12	16	13	12	11	13	13	11	22	170
Warner, 17	3	10	7	8	14	8	9	11	13	10	9	17	129
McBride, 18	14	14	18	11	18	7	9	10	11	5	10	20	147
Jloon, 19	11	16	17	12	18	10	12	18	15				102
Nesbit, 17	13	15	11	13	8	7	12	15	11	11	18		102
Hanson, 17	8	11											102
Henshaw, 17	9	15		12									102

Averages:

	1st day.	2d day.	3d day.	Total.
Hughes	169	159	46	374
Spencer	187	164	43	394
Gilbert	200	182	44	426
Budd	190	188	41	419
Arp	185	171	35	392
Lord	182	165	40	387
Burmister	169	170	40	377

Third Day, Nov. 12.

Fifty-target handicap, counted in average on targets, \$5 entrance, four moneys: Arp (18) 36, Budd (21) 41, Gilbert (22) 44, Spencer (21) 43, Lord (19) 40, Sieben (17) 42, Burmister (17) 40, McBride (17), 39.

Ten birds, \$5 entrance, four moneys, handicap: Arp (29) 8, Budd (31) 9, Spencer (31) 9, Gilbert (32) 9, Samuelson (29) 10, Litzke (28) 4, Hughes (31) 6, Warner (27) 7, Burmister (28) 6, Sieben (29) 10, Rogers (27) 6, Decker (28) 8, Causmaker (28) 5, Rumler (28) 8, Stone (29) 7.

Fifteen birds, \$10 entrance, four moneys: Arp (29) 15, Budd (31) 15, Gilbert (32) 13, Spencer (31) 15, Hughes (31) 13, Sieben (29) 10, Stone (29) 11, Sperry (30) 12, Warner (27) 9, Rogers (27) 12, Decker (28) 12, Rumler (28) 10, Burmister (28) 11.

Fifteen birds, \$10 entrance, four moneys: Arp (29) 15, Budd (31) 14, Gilbert (32) 14, Spencer (31) 14, Hughes (31) 11, Nicola (27) 6, Stone (29) 9, Rogers (27) 12, Sperry (30) 13, Warner (27) 11, Burmister (28) 13, Decker (28) 11, Sieben (29) 10.

Ten birds, \$5 entrance, four moneys: Arp (29) 8, Budd (31) 8, Gilbert (32) 9, Spencer (31) 10, Stone (29) 5, Nichols (27) 4, Warner (27) 3, Rogers (27) 8, Decker (28) 4, Burmister (28) 7, Kittelsen (27) 5, Hughes (31) 9.

Old Fashion Shooting Matches.

DEERY, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I recently read a communication in the *FOREST AND STREAM* on an old-time shooting match, which reminded me of some of the match shoots they used to have when I was a boy on the southern coast of Massachusetts, at Westport Point. This was 'way back in the early 70s.

This little village of 100 people was composed of old, retired sea captains and fishermen, most of whom owned an old single-barrel smooth bore, or Queen's arm. The principal merit of the gun was "how well it would shoot a ball," so every Thanksgiving Day they would hold a shooting match with these old guns, at ball shooting. The distance was 40 rods (220yds.). The range would be from the road to the river. A big mud flat was the background. Their target was a plucked goose, with its wings and neck folded and tied close to the body. This was suspended on a cross rail from an old tree stump. The fee was 10 cents a shot. The bird was examined after each shot to see if it had been hit. All guns must be smooth bores, loaded with a single ball. Guns to be shot offhand.

I remember one man had an old Kentucky rifle that he had

had rebored to a smooth bore, and after some 15 minutes' examination and argument whether to bar this gun, he was allowed to shoot. Then the next thing he sprung on them was taking the ramrod out and sticking one end of it into his left trousers' pocket. Grasping it near the end, it formed a V to rest the barrel of this ex-rifle in. This put up another howl. Well, they finally allowed him to shoot some of his little bullets. He shot, I think, all of the morning, and only got one bird.

They used to shoot those old guns with an ounce ball well enough. The promoter would lose a dozen birds, and perhaps take in \$20 for his poultry, which was well sold.

They also used to have sometimes two of these guns to a house, one loaded with a ball, the other with BB. for wild geese. Sometimes they would have a few bullets with a hole punched through them, so as to "make them whistle" when shooting at long range, to raise a flock of ducks that was on the water.

I was down there not long since, and I find the old fellows and the old guns have gone where the buffalo and Indians have gone. Their sons are equipped with modern breechloaders, and the goose shooting match is a thing of the past.

JOHN W. BABBITT.

Interstate Grand American Handicap at Targets.

THE following is an official communication on the subject of which it treats:

The Grand American Handicap at live birds up until the year 1902, may be said to have attracted the attention of all trapshooters of the United States, to that one great event, which occurred in the spring of the year. The Grand American Handicap at targets having now taken the place of the Grand American Handicap at live birds, and having become the premier trapshooting contest of each recurring season, naturally attracts an almost equal amount of consideration and competition on the part of clubs and other organizations, who desire to have that event carried out on its grounds.

A few years ago it was necessary, for certain important reasons, to decide during the fall of the year as to where the Grand American Handicap at live birds of the succeeding season should be held. Latterly, no arrangements of any kind and no programme for the ensuing season have been suggested or made by the Interstate Association prior to its annual meeting, which is held on the second Thursday of each December.

It would seem, from editorial comment that has appeared in certain of the sportsmen's journals recently, as if the Interstate Association and its several officials had already decided a plan of campaign for 1904. Such, however, is not the case, and Manager Shaner denies most positively that he has voiced any sentiments as to what the plans for 1904 should be, or as to where the Grand American Handicap at Targets next season should be held. President Irby Bennett and other prominent officials of the Interstate Association, likewise agree in denying that they have either individually or collectively expressed any opinions as to where it may be best to hold the Grand American Handicap at targets in 1904. Everything will be settled at the annual meeting on Dec. 10, next. Until, therefore, the report of that meeting is published, comment of any kind can only be classed as mere guesses.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, 318 Broadway, New York, report that the demand for their Francotte and Knockabout guns is nearly double what it was last season, and also that there is a great demand for their hand-loaded shells.

The J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., of Chicopee Falls, Mass., have sold their machinists' tools, patents, good will, etc., pertaining to the same, to the L. S. Starrett Co. The firearms branch of the company had reached such a magnitude that the alternatives were to curtail the product, erect more buildings or dispose of some department. The transfer took place on Nov. 20. The additional space thus gained will be applied to the manufacture of firearms.

At Hamilton, O., Nov. 5, and 6, Mr. Hood Waters won high general average, breaking 318 out of a possible 350, using "Infallible."

Oct. 22, Mr. F. B. Ellett, Keithsburg, Ill., broke 75 clay birds straight from the 18yd. mark. He shot U. M. C. factory loaded Arrow shells.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE fifth weekly shoot of the Zettler Club in its winter gallery contest was held at the club's headquarters, on Tuesday, Nov. 17. Eleven members were present. Among them was Louis C. Buss, who was elected a member the week previous. Buss led the group with an average of 244 for 10 shots. The scores are appended, 10-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.:

L C Buss	239	246	245	244	245	1219
R Gute	243	244	245	245	244	1221
H Fenwirth	243	243	242	243	240	1211
	245	244	248	237	245	1219
A Krousberg	229	240	235	235	240	1179
C G Zettler, Jr.	224	226	236	230	239	1155
W A Hicks	245	240	246	244	246	1221
C G Zettler, Sr.	242	238	246	247	241	1214
W A Hicks	238	236	236	242	239	1191
C G Zettler, Sr.	238	239	235	235	240	1187
H C Zettler	237	232	236	242	237	1184
B Zettler	235	236	235	236	233	1175
T H Keller, Jr.	232	237	233	233	237	1162
T H Keller, Sr.	227	220	240	214	228	1129

Miller Rifle and Revolver Club.

THE members of the Miller Rifle and Revolver Club, of Hoboken, N. J., show an increased interest in their gallery practice this season. This is accounted for in a measure by the fact that the Bundesfest is to be held in Union Hill Park next year (June 12-20).

The Miller club, at the present time seems to be about the only rifle club in Hudson county that is developing much activity in shooting. There are a number of rifle clubs located between Guttenberg and Bergen Point, but nearly all of them are in a condition of innocuous desuetude. The scores for last week's shoot, Nov. 18, are appended, 10 shots, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: C. Bischoff 244, F. Unbehauen 240, J. Bischoff 239, R. A. Goldthwaite 237, R. W. Evans 234, C. Bayha 231, W. Grobe 227, D. Dingman 243, D. Miller 239, C. Miller 239, A. Meyns 234, R. A. Blake 231, P. Schultz 231, C. Kinsey 222.

New York Central Corps.

THE New York Central Corps opened its winter gallery prize shooting for the season 1903-04 at Zettler's, on Nov. 18. Over twenty members were present to take part in the contest. The programme calls for two shoots per month, and two 10-shot scores on the 25-ring target, at each meeting, and one shot on the bullseye, 4in. carton, for the best center shot. J. N. Sieb was first on the ring target, with two scores of 238; H. D. Muller was second. On the bullseye target, H. D. Muller was first, with a good bullseye, measuring 34 degrees. Scores:

Ten-shot scores, two scores to count, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: J. N. Siebs, 238, 238; H. D. Muller, 236, 233; D. Scharninghaus, 232, 234; F. Brodt, 222, 234; W. J. Daniels, 221, 227; B. Eusner, 223, 224; J. Feldscher, 223, 223; C. Gerken, 215, 228; F. Jaegers, 231, 210; J. Von der Lieth, 219, 221; F. Schiller, 214, 225; F. Roffmann 211, 227; H. Schrader, 213, 224; A. Ritterhoff, 218, 216; F. Bauman, 206, 213; C. Tietgen, 204, 203; F. Engelking, 203, 203; J. Kock, 192, 203; H. Von der Lieth, 206, 180; H. Eckoff, 189, 186; C. Pletz, 184, 185; A. Ihlenberg, 185, 182.

Bullseye target, best center shot: H. D. Muller 34 degrees, C. Gerken 55, F. Schiller 74, J. Kock 76, J. N. Siebs 85, D. Scharninghaus 87½, F. Jaegers 100, F. Roffmann 114, H. Von der Lieth 119, C. Tietgen 121, A. Ihlenberg 125, J. Von der Lieth 145, J. Feldscher 145, F. Brodt 156, C. Pletz 164, H. Schraders 173, F. Engelking 195.

New York Turner Cadet Corps.

THE boys of the New York Turner Cadet Corps held a prize shoot at Zettler's, Nov. 20. Forty-one members were present and took part in the contest. The conditions called for 3 shots each on the 25-ring target. Scores: M. Stoneham 72, E. Heidelberg 72, F. Raichlen 72, L. Petersen 71, J. Henschlager 70, K. Zenker 70, G. Pfister 69, M. Lindemann 69, K. Moesinger 69, K. Eckenwalter 68, A. Cohn 67, Geo. Solter 67, F. Stotl 65, E. Heinsohn 65, A. Ducai 65, J. Kissel 64, Geo. Rohrs 63, F. Esslinger 63, Geo. Utte 62, A. Eckenwalter 62, S. Openheimer 62, H. Egge 61, W. Fleischmann 61, Felix Larsen 59, F. Schalk 59, L. Porr 58, F. Walsch 56, A. Ahrenholz 54, W. Geisler 50, Wm. Pressler 49, L. Fleischmann 47, K. Pressler 43, I. Kaufmann 40, M. Kramer 38, L. Zeigler 32, M. Aufses 22, G. Muller 21, E. J. Aronson 12.

Greenville Shooting Park.

THERE was quite a number of the regular patrons of this park on the range on Nov. 21. Among them were Dr. Hudson, Wm. Hayes, L. P. Hansen, Louis Maurer, Aug. Begerow and Major E. Taylor.

Dr. Hudson, who made the phenomenal score on this range on Nov. 5, still holds his form. The Doctor only had an opportunity to shoot three scores on Saturday. Scores:

Dr. W. G. Hudson, 227, 237, 233; A. Begerow, 206, 215, 208; L. P. Hansen, 223, 218, 203, 217, 221; L. Maurer, 219, 224.

Only two of the revolver shooters of the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Club were on the range. Messrs. J. A. Dietz and J. E. Silliman. Scores:

Revolver, 50yds.: J. A. Dietz, Jr., 89, 88, 92, 89; J. E. Silliman, 86, 86, 87.

Lady Zettler Rifle Club.

THE members of the Lady Zettler Rifle Club, under the leadership of its president, Mrs. H. Fenwirth, held the first shoot of the present season in the Zettler ranges, Nov. 21. Fourteen members took part in the contest.

The Zettler Club presented the Lady Club with a special prize, which was won by Miss Millie Zimmermann. Conditions, 10 shots, 25-ring target, distance 75ft., muzzle rest. Scores: Miss Millie Zimmermann 492, Miss Muller 485, Mrs. L. Turbeit 483, Miss Kate Zimmermann 482, Miss Kate Laut 481, Mrs. H. Fenwirth 479, Mrs. F. Watson 473, Miss A. Koch 470, Mrs. Geo. Bernius 456, Mrs. H. Scheu 451, Mrs. B. Zettler 443, Miss E. Hart 448, Miss B. Eusner 404, Mrs.

A CAMP DINNER

of some half forgotten hunting trip lingers in the mind of every sportsman. No need to describe it, or speak of the appetite, which needs no nudging.

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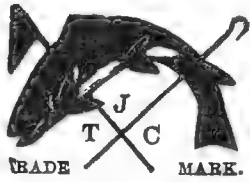
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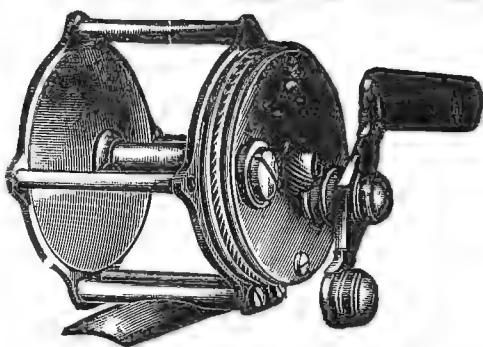
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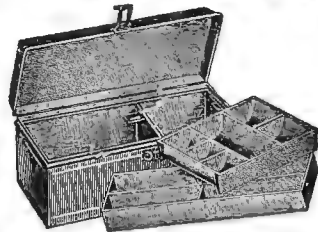
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1903.

VOL. LXI.—No. 23.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CONCERNING WOMAN'S WORRY.

"AND while you are writing about worry," she suggested, "you might add that it is not confined to one sex. Men worry as well as women."

Which we are bound to concede, and would make due account of were we writing of the worry of the universe. Men do worry; and sometimes they appear to believe that if they did not worry and worry hard, everything would be at sixes-and-sevens, and the world would come to an end. But a subject so vast were wisely shunned.

We have to do with woman's worry; in particular with that phase of anxiety in which so many dear women indulge themselves when their husbands or sons go off on those absurd trips for fish and game. It is something which deserves recognition in *FOREST AND STREAM*. For over thirty years there have been chronicled in these columns the experiences of the man of the rod and gun, his expeditions into far distant parts, his adventures, perils and hairbreadth 'scapes. But in all these years no account has been made, or if any it has been but meagre and scanty, of that feminine solicitude, which, whether we are conscious of it or no, is a very real and constant and unfailing element in our absences on our pleasure outings. It has attended us indeed through all our lives, having had its beginning as maternal anxiety at a time certainly not later than those summer days when with other boys of other anxious mothers we repaired to the old swimming hole, and reaching full development on the occasion of our first gun. Parenthetically be it noted, the making of many a good sportsman has been thwarted because of a mother's failure to endure with Spartan fortitude her boy's ordeal with his first gun; and many a man is to-day for no other reason than this deprived of the resource of enjoyment in the field. Further in parentheses be it said, the second boy gunner in a family gives less concern than did his elder brother.

There is no disguising the fact that the conditions of a sportsman's life are in a peculiar degree favorable to the promotion of worry on the part of the folks at home. In the first place, the notion of peril is inseparably associated with the use of firearms. Then the hunter goes into the wilderness, into places of danger, perhaps far remote and beyond reach of aid in case of accident. Under these circumstances it is quite natural that solicitous fancy should conjure up all sorts of catastrophes, from that of drowning from a canoe to being shot by mistake for game. Every report in the newspapers of a man killed for a moose stirs up anew dire apprehension and fills the soul with forebodings of evil.

The capacity of worry, being largely individual, is in some cases so highly developed that the misery it causes is exceedingly great, even where there is no actual ground for the anxieties that produce it. Some sportsmen's wives make themselves so wretched by reason of their worry that one is tempted to speculate whether if the happiness and the unhappiness thus involved in an outing could be balanced one against the other, the wretchedness of the stay-at-home would not outweigh the wanderer's pleasure. Of such an extreme type an example is recorded in Mary Kingsley's biography of her father:

"I confess," she writes, "in old days I used to contemplate with a feeling of irritation the way in which my father used to reconcile and explain it to himself, that because he had a wife and family it was his dire and awful duty to go and hunt grizzly bears in a Red-Indian-infested district, and the like. I fancy now that I was wrong to have felt any irritation with him. It is undoubtedly true that he could have made more money had he settled down to an English practice as a physician; also undoubtedly true that he thoroughly enjoyed grizzly bear hunting and 'loved the bright eyes of danger'; still, there was in him enough of the natural man to give him the instinctive feeling that the duty of a father of a family was to go out hunting and fighting while his wife kept the home.

"But I am fully convinced his taking this view of life really caused the illness which killed my mother. For months at a time she was kept in an unbroken strain of nervous anxiety about him. There were months when no letter came; then when one came it was merely retrospectively reassuring for the period behind its rather vague date, and usually indicated that he was forthwith going on somewhere else, where his chance of getting

killed was as good as ever. When he was in the South Seas she had a most anxious time of it. There would come a letter eloquently setting forth the dangers of coral reefs and cannibals; then silence; then a paragraph in some newspaper to the effect that a schooner, name unknown, had been wrecked on some South Sea reef or another (in the region where she knew he might be), and that the crew had been massacred and eaten by the natives. Of course having him in North America was no more restful for her. Letters from him were necessarily scarce, and newspaper paragraphs not a bit more reassuring in tone, for they took the form of statements that the Sioux or some other redskin tribe were on the war-path. Indeed, the worst shock she ever had was when he was away in North America. The last letter she had had from him informed her that Lord Dunraven and himself were going to join General Custer on an expedition, when there came news of the complete massacre of General Custer and his force. A fearful period of anxiety followed, and then came a letter saying that providentially they had been prevented by bad weather from joining General Custer at all. These anxieties, although groundless, were not good for so high-strung and sensitive a woman as my mother. No amount of experience in her husband's habit of surviving ever made her feel he was safe, and her mind was kept in one long nervous strain which robbed her of all pleasure in life outside the sphere of her home duty and the companionship of books."

And all this misery was unjustified of the end. Her husband was not devoured by South Sea cannibals, nor scalped by red Indian Sioux. He died at the last in his own bed at home, "having passed away quietly in his sleep."

That which may be said of worry in general is to be said also of this particular phase of woman's worry for her absent sportsman, that as a rule the evils concerning which one worries exist for the most part only in the perturbed imagination. It is, indeed, not an unusual trait of the feminine nature to indulge itself in melancholy daydreams of affliction, to picture in sweetly sad reveries the grief which would come with overwhelming force if such and such things should happen, and such and such relatives or friends should meet disaster or death. To assume that this is exclusively a feminine failing would, of course, be incorrect, but the truth perhaps is that woman is the more given to such self indulgence in fancied sorrow.

The phenomenon is one which has been recognized from ancient times and has place in folk-lore stories, of which the variants are widely disseminated, showing thus the popular opinion of the foolishness and futility of borrowed trouble. Among the versions collected by Clouston, "a young husband had provided his house with a cradle in natural anticipation that such an interesting piece of furniture would be required in due time. In this he was disappointed, but the cradle stood in the kitchen all the same. One day he chanced to throw something into the empty cradle, upon which his wife, his mother, and his wife's mother set up loud lamentations, exclaiming: 'Oh, if he had been there, he had been killed!'" alluding to a potential son. In one of Grimm's Household Tales, Clever Elsie was sent to the cellar to draw beer, and seeing a pickax hanging on the wall exactly above her began to weep, and said: "If I get Hans, and we have a child, and he grows big, and we send him into the cellar here to draw beer, then the pickax will fall on his head and kill him." As she was weeping over this misfortune that lay before her, the maid came down to see what the matter was, and learning the cause wept with her; and then came the mother and the brother, and at last the father, who all sat together crying because of Elsie's child—that Elsie might perhaps bring one into the world some day, and that he might be killed by the pickax, if he should happen to be sitting beneath it drawing beer just at the very time when it fell down.

In the Venetian story, as in numerous others, is given the same incident of the bride weeping in the cellar:

"They were married, and when they were in the midst of their dinner, the wine gave out. The husband said, 'There is no more wine!' The bride, to show that she was a good housekeeper, said: 'I will go and get some.' She took the bottles and went to the cellar, turned the creak, and began to think: 'Suppose I should have a son,

and we should call him Bastianello, and he should die! Oh, how grieved I should be! Oh, how grieved I should be!' And thereupon she began to weep and weep; and meanwhile the wine was running all over the cellar.

"When they saw that the bride did not return, the mother said: 'I will go and see what the matter is.' So she went into the cellar, and saw the bride, with the bottle in her hand, and weeping. 'What is the matter with you that you are weeping?' 'Ah, my mother, I was thinking that if I had a son, and should name him Bastianello, and he should die, Oh, how I should grieve! Oh, how I should grieve!' The mother, too, began to weep, and weep; and meanwhile the wine was running over the cellar.

"When the people at the table saw that no one brought the wine, the groom's father said, 'I will go and see what is the matter. Certainly something wrong has happened to the bride.' He went and saw the whole cellar full of wine, and the mother and bride weeping. 'What is the matter?' he said; 'has anything wrong happened to you?' 'No,' said the bride; 'but I was thinking that if I had a son, and should call him Bastianello, and he should die, Oh, how I should grieve! Oh, how I should grieve!' Then, he, too, began to weep, and all three wept; and meanwhile the wine was running over the cellar.

"When the groom saw that neither the bride, nor the mother, nor the father, came back, he said: 'Now I will go and see what the matter is that no one returns.' He went into the cellar and saw all the wine running over the cellar. He hastened and stopped the cask, and then asked: 'What is the matter that you are all weeping, and have let the wine run all over the cellar?' Then the bride said: 'I was thinking that if I had a son and called him Bastianello, and he should die, Oh, how I should grieve! Oh, how I should grieve!' Then the groom said: 'You stupid fools! Are you weeping at this and letting all the wine run into the cellar? Have you nothing else to think of? It shall never be said that I remained with you. I will roam about the world, and until I find three fools greater than you, I will not return home.'"

But let it not be thought that the citation of such old world tales is with intent to ridicule or make light of that woman's worry to which in the beginning we declared we were to pay the tribute of our recognition. Count woman's worry a foible if we will, yet is it one for which we hold her more dear. The mother's anxiety which watched our comings and goings in the days of youthful sportsmanship has long since taken its place with the memories which grow more tender as the years go by. If it made slight impress on us then, there is no man of us all but is the better for the thought of it now. And as for the undue solicitude of those whose hearts now go with us, go we never so far in our wilderness wanderings, this surely we may regard with indulgence.

THE STATE DINING ROOM.

WHEN the White House alterations were made this year so largely under the direction of President Roosevelt, it was to be expected that in the adoption of a new scheme of decoration for the State Dining Room, fitting place would be found for the representation of America's big game animals. The room is finished in dark oak throughout, and the deep rich colors of the wood give an admirable background for the trophies. The heads have been carefully chosen and are typical specimens. Our illustrations show above the mantel of the west wall a moose head, and on either side a head of the mountain sheep. In the center of the east wall is the large Alaskan moose head which was presented to President Roosevelt by residents of the Territory. On either side is a bear's head; and on the same wall are a buffalo head and the caribou head which was presented by Senator Quay. In the center of the north wall is an elk head, and on the sides are deer. The south wall bears one head of a mountain sheep and one of deer. When one looks upon the new State Dining Room thus adorned, his reflection is that no more appropriate scheme of decoration could have been chosen than this, which speaks so adequately of the great game resources which in pioneer days have contributed so much toward making possible the development of the continent.

Mashpee.

SOUTH SANDWICH, Massachusetts.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A new edition of the correspondence of Daniel Webster will soon be published in Boston. Through the kindness of the editor and publishers, I am permitted to send to FOREST AND STREAM two letters hitherto unpublished, which I think will be interesting to your readers.

The first one, which was written shortly before Mr. Webster's death, was sent to Benj. C. Clark, Esq., recently president of our Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, and may explain in part why Mr. Clark has continued to this day to be an enthusiast on the subject of tautog fishing, as well as a sturdy all-round sportsman.

To B. C. Clark, Jr.

MR. PAIGE'S, NAHANT, Friday Morning, July 23rd, 1852.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,—I propose joining you this morning, to pay our respects to the Tautog, but fear we shall hardly be able to tempt them from their lurking-holes, under this bright sun. They are naturally shy of light. "Tautog" means simply the "black fishes," "og" being a common termination of plural nouns in the language of our Eastern Indians. I believe the fish is not known in Europe. Its principal *habitat* originally seems to have been Long Island Sound, Buzzard's Bay, and the Elizabeth Islands. Seventy years ago the Hon'ble Stephen Gorham, father of the Hon'ble Benjamin Gorham, now of Boston, brought some of these fish alive from New Bedford and put them into the sea at Boston. They are now found as far East as the mouth of the Merrimac. They abound, as you know, on the south side, as well as on the north side of our Bay. Indeed, it is thought that by their own progress north they doubled Cape Cod, not long after Mr. Gorham's deposit, at Boston.

Thirty years ago, Mrs. Perkins, the wife of the late Samuel G. Perkins, a lady whose health led her to pass her summers on the sea-coast, and who had a true love for fishing, caught a Tautog, with a hand-line, off these rocks, which weighed 20 lbs.

It will suit me quite as well to go off again, in the beautiful "Raven," if we can obtain plenty of bait, and especially if your Father will accompany us.

Yours truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

Although Mr. Clark has recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation from Harvard, he is still alert and vigorous, and only last week told me that this season he had taken the largest tautog of his life.

The second letter was written from this town to Henry Cabot, grandfather of our present U. S. Senator, Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge; the year is not mentioned in the date, but Senator Lodge thinks it was written between 1830 and 1840.

To Henry Cabot.

SANDWICH, June 4,

Saturday Morn'g, 6 o'clock.

DEAR SIR,—I send you eight or nine trout, which I took yesterday, in that chief of all brooks, Mashpee. I made a long day of it, & with good success, for me. John was with me, full of good advice, but did not fish, nor carry a rod.

I took 26 trout, all weighing 17 lb. 12 [oz]

The largest (you have him) weighed at
Crocker's 2'—4 oz
The five largest 8—5 oz
the eight largest 11—8 oz

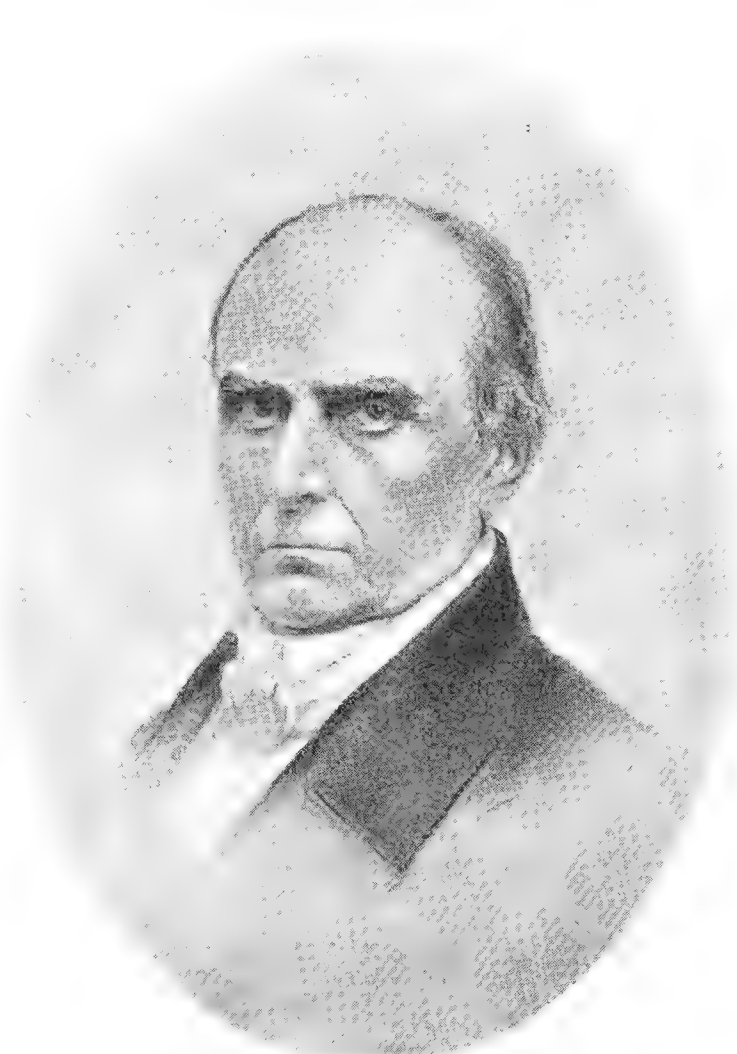
I got them by following your advice; that is, by *careful & thorough* fishing of the difficult places which others do not so fish. The brook is fished, nearly every day. I entered it, not so high up as we sometimes do, between 7 & 8 o'clock, & at 12 was hardly more than half way down to the meeting house path. You see I did not hurry. The day did not hold out to fish the whole brook properly. The largest trout I took at 3 P. M. (you see I am precise) below the meeting house, under a bush, on the right bank, two or three rods below the large *beeches*. It is singular, that in the whole day, I did not take two trouts out of the same hole. I found both ends, or parts of the brook about equally productive. Small fish not plenty in either. So many hooks get everything which is not hid away, in this manner large trout take care of themselves. I hooked one, which I suppose to be larger than any which I took, as he broke my line, by fair pulling, after I had pulled him out of his den—I was playing him in fair open water.

Of what I send you, I pray you keep what you wish yourself, send three to Mr. Ticknor, and three to Dr. Warren; or two of the larger ones, to each, will perhaps be enough, and if there be any left, there is Mr. Callen-

der & Mr. Blake and Mr. Davis, either of them not "averse to fish."

Pray let Mr. Davis see them, especially the large one. As he promised to come, and fell back, I desire to excite his regrets. I hope you will have the large one on your table.

The day was fine—not another hook in the brook. John Healey as a judge and everything else exactly right.



AN ANGLER OF THE MASHPEE.

I never, on the whole, had so agreeable a day's fishing, tho' the result, in pounds or numbers is not great; nor ever expect such another.

Please preserve this letter; but rehearse not these particulars to the uninitiated.

I think the Limerick *not* the best hook. Whether it pricks too soon, or for what other reason, I found, or thought I found, the fish more likely to let go his hold, from this, than from the old-fashioned hook.

Yrs

D. WEBSTER.

If they hold give Callender a *taste*.



THE SOURCE OF THE MASHPEE.

It has long been a tradition among our Cape Cod trout fishermen that whenever possible Mr. Webster came to these streams for a bit of fishing just prior to the delivery of one of his great addresses. In his oration at the dedication of the Bunker Hill monument, one sentence directed to the survivors of the Revolutionary War there present was, by his own statement, first addressed to two large Mashpee trout lying in his basket. "Venerable men, you have come down to us from a former generation, and a merciful Providence has bounteously lengthened out your lives to behold the glory of this day."

When I first fished Mashpee, some twenty-five years ago, I was shown a beautiful bubbling spring by the side of the road near the lower bridge. "This," said my informant, "is what we call Daniel Webster's spring.

Daniel Webster always took a drink here when he fished Mashpee. I calculate there has been more good Medford rum mixed with the water from this spring than from any other spring in Massachusetts." Needless to say, I at once mixed some for two, and never since have I failed to observe the same religious ceremony at the spot. Tradition also says that Mr. Webster was accustomed to fish in the salt water near the mouth of the river for the early April trout; the Indians had a habit of making a celebration on the beach, clams, oysters, etc., each year on Fast Day. Mr. Webster would take with him a gallon of rum, perhaps not of the same quality he used himself, and give it to the squaws; the skirt dancing that followed would put Loie Fuller or Carmencita to the blush.

Mashpee has its source in a beautiful lake of the same name about three miles long, situated partly in our town of Sandwich, but mainly in Mashpee town. The brook flows for a short distance through open fields and a few small cranberry bogs, then for some five miles through a heavily wooded, narrow valley, where there are many springs along the banks, then there is about one mile of fairly open, boggy meadow, where, though the water is fresh, it can only be fished at low tide, as the high tide backs up the water too deep for wading; then comes about two miles of regular tidal stream, and the river empties into Poponessett Bay, an arm of Vineyard Sound. During its fresh-water course it will average about 15 feet in width, and is fished only by wading; the salt-water part is much wider, and is fished from boats. The entire stream has been preserved for private fishing for many years, but Poponessett Bay and the lake are free and every season give occasional yields of fine fish; the trout, like those in all our tidal streams, are much heavier in proportion to their length than those of the mountain or North Woods streams, very silvery and with very red flesh; as they leave the salt water and go up stream the coloring rapidly becomes more vivid.

Mashpee still flows as clear as ever, unvexed by dam from source to mouth; the wild deer still drink its waters daily. Many a good man has fished it since the day of the "Immortal Daniel," and many a good story could be told thereof if there were space in your paper. The fishing, which for many years was better than in his time, has lately been poorer because the half-breed poachers set gill-nets near the mouth and catch many of the large fish for the market. Now that Massachusetts has passed a law forbidding the sale of all trout except those artificially propagated, let us hope that the old glory of Mashpee will return, and that it will again become, as Mr. Webster calls it, "The chief of all brooks."

JAMES RUSSELL REED.

We take it that the artist who painted the portrait of Webster could have had no thought that he was furnishing material for the illustration of an angling paper; but we may be sure that if the distinguished angler of the Mashpee could have come down to us from a former generation, he would have been nothing loth to lend his portrait to go with Mr. Reed's happy celebration of the charms of his favorite stream. The time has long ago gone by when an angler or a shooter, whatever may be his station in life, need feel any qualms about being identified in the public mind with his chosen recreation. If a man is a good lawyer and a good fisherman as well, the combination of accomplishments is accepted as something highly to his credit; and he need not fear to lose clients thereby.

There is something very appropriate in a portrait of President Roosevelt in his office to accompany a sketch of Mr. Roosevelt as a sportsman. In this country, at least, it is for the most part true that the man who follows with enthusiasm the sports of the rod and the gun, pursues with corresponding energy some branch of work.

We have a leisure class to be sure, but the typical American sportsman—the only one, by the way, for whom it is worth while to endeavor to save the fish and the game—is the man who, whether with hand or head, has some part in the world's work. Most of the contributors, whose signatures, whether real names or pseudonyms, are familiar to the readers of these columns, belong to this class. They make of sport not a profession but a diversion. They play that they may work—or, shall we say, work that they may play? Their letterheads are representative of the varied industries and professions which make up modern society.

For the original print from which the quaint picture of a seventeenth century angler has been reproduced we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Russell W. Woodward.

President Roosevelt as a Sportsman.

OF the presidents of the United States not a few have been sportsmen, and sportsmen of the best type. The love of Washington for gun and dog, his interest in fisheries, and especially his fondness for horse and hound, in the chase of the red fox, have furnished the theme for many a writer; and recently Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Harrison have been more or less celebrated in the newspapers, Mr. Harrison as a gunner, and Mr. Cleveland for his angling, as well as his duck shooting proclivities.

It is not too much to say, however, that the chair of the chief magistrate has never been occupied by a sportsman whose range of interests was so wide, and so actively manifested, as in the case of Mr. Roosevelt. It is true that Mr. Harrison, Mr. Cleveland and Mr. McKinley did much in the way of setting aside forest reservations, but chiefly from economic motives; because they believed that the forests should be preserved, both for the timber that they might yield, if wisely exploited, and for their value as storage reservoirs for the waters of our rivers.

The view taken by Mr. Roosevelt is quite different. To him the economics of the case appeal with the same force that they might have for any hard-headed, common sense business American; but beyond this, and perhaps if the secrets of his heart were known, more than this, Mr. Roosevelt is influenced by a love of nature, which, though by some it might be considered sentimental, is, in fact, nothing more than a far-sightedness, which looks toward the health, happiness, and general wellbeing of the American race for the future.

As a boy Mr. Roosevelt was fortunate in having a strong love for nature and for outdoor life, and, as in the case of so many boys, this love took the form of an interest in birds, which found its outlet in studying and collecting them. He published, in 1877, a list of the summer birds of the Adirondacks, in Franklin county, New York, and also did more or less collecting of birds on Long Island. The result of all this was the acquiring of some knowledge of the birds of eastern North America, and, what was far more important, a knowledge of how to observe, and an appreciation of the fact that observations, to be of any scientific value, must be definite and precise.

In the many hunting tales that we have had from his pen in recent years, it is seen that these two pieces of most important instruction acquired by the boy have always been remembered, and for this reason his books of hunting and adventure have a real value—a worth not shared by many of those published on similar subjects. His hunting adventures have not been mere pleasure excursions. They have been of service to science. On one of his hunts, perhaps his earliest trip after white goats, he secured a second specimen of a certain tiny shrew, of which, up to that time, only the type was known. Much more recently, during a declared hunting trip in Colorado, he collected what is perhaps the best series of skins of the American panther, with the measurements taken in the flesh, that has ever been gathered from one locality by a single individual.

Mr. Roosevelt's hunting experiences have been so wide as to have covered almost every species of North American big game found within the temperate zone. Except such Arctic forms as the white and the Alaska bears, and the muskox, there is, perhaps, no species of North American game that he has not killed; and his chapter on the mountain sheep, in his book, "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail," is confessedly the best published account of that species.

During the years that Mr. Roosevelt was actually engaged in the cattle business in North Dakota, his everyday life led him constantly to the haunts of big game, and, almost in spite of himself, gave him constant hunting opportunities. Besides that, during dull seasons of the year he made trips to more or less distant localities in search of the species of big game not

cook, packer, or what not—sometimes efficient, and the best companion that could be desired, at others, perhaps, hopelessly lazy and worthless, and even with a stock of liquor cached somewhere in the packs—Mr. Roosevelt helped to pack the horses, to bring the wood, to carry the water, to cook the food, to wrangle the stock, and generally to do the work of the camp, or of the trail, so long as any of it remained undone. His energy was indefatigable, and usually he infected his companion with his own enthusiasm and industry, though at times he might have with him a man whom nothing could move. It is largely to this energy and this determination that he owes the good fortune that has usually attended his hunting trips.

As the years have gone on, fortunes have changed; and as duties of one kind and another have more and

more pressed upon him, Mr. Roosevelt has done less and less hunting; yet his love for outdoor life is as keen as ever, and as Vice-President of the United States, he made his well-remembered trip to Colorado after mountain lions, while more recently he hunted black bears in the Mississippi Valley, and still more lately killed a wild boar in the Austin-Corbin park in New Hampshire.

Mr. Roosevelt does not claim to be a good rifle shot. Whether he is so or not, perhaps no one knows. Certain it is that he is handicapped by the use of glasses, which, in certain conditions of weather, must greatly hamper a man in the use of this arm. We may feel sure, however, that he is always cool and steady, that he does not lose his head or become excited, that his nerves are always under control, and finally, and most important of all, that when he hunts he understands the gun that he is using. A hunter of his experience would never attempt to use a rifle without satisfying himself long before he sees his game, just how that rifle must be held to make the bullet reach the desired mark.

Mr. Roosevelt's accession to the Presidential chair has been a great thing for good sportsmanship in this country. Measures pertaining to game and forest protection, and matters of sport generally, always have had, and always will have, his cordial approval and co-operation. He is heartily in favor of the



THE PRESIDENT IN HIS OFFICE.

Photo copyright, 1903, by Waldon Fawcett.

found immediately about his ranch. His mode of hunting and of traveling was quite different from that now in vogue among big game hunters. His knowledge of the West was early enough to touch upon the time when each man was as good as his neighbor, and the mere fact that a man was paid wages to perform certain acts for you did not in any degree lower his position in the world, nor elevate yours. In those days, if one started out with a companion, hired, or otherwise, to go to a certain place, or to do a certain piece of work, each man was expected to do his share of the work.

This fact Mr. Roosevelt recognized as soon as he went West, and, acting upon it, he made for himself a position as a man, and not as a master, which he has never lost; and it is precisely this democratic spirit which to-day makes him perhaps the most popular man in the United States at large.

Starting off, then, on some trip of several hundred miles, with a companion, who might be a guide, helper,

forest reserves, and of the project for establishing, within these reserves, game refuges, where no hunting whatever shall be permitted. Aside from his love for nature, and his wish to have certain limited areas remain in their natural condition, absolutely untouched by the ax of the lumberman, and unimproved by the work of the forester, is that broader sentiment in behalf of humanity in the United States, which has led him to declare that such refuges should be established for the benefit of the man of moderate means and the poor man, whose opportunities to hunt and to see game are few and far between. In a public speech he has said, in substance, that the rich and the well-to-do could take care of themselves, buying land, fencing it, and establishing parks and preserves of their own, where they might look upon and take pleasure in their own game, but that such a course was not within the power of the poor man, and that therefore the Government might fitly intervene and establish refuges, such as indicated, for the benefit and the pleasure of the whole people.



Painting by H. O. Walker, in the Library of Congress.

Wordsworth's Boy of Winander

THERE was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs
And islands of Winander!—many a time,
At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone,
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake;
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely palm to palm and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him—And they would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,
And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud
Redoubled and redoubled; concourse wild
Of jocund din! And, when there came a pause
Of silence such as baffled his best skill:

Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.
This boy was taken from his mates, and died
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.
Pre-eminent in beauty is the vale
Where he was born and bred: the churchyard hangs
Upon a slope above the village school;
And, through that churchyard when my way has led
On summer evenings, I believe that there
A long half-hour together I have stood
Mute—looking at the grave in which he lies!

We had two horses.

We were short of water and we looked for a creek.
We reached it and drank, and a little bird came near and
sang, "Well! well! well!"

Then he sang "He! he! he!"

That little bird made us merry. Then we all laughed.
If anybody passes this trail, don't get low spirited.

If a man gets low spirited he may get sick.

I say that for everybody.

JOE.

As a check on the accuracy of the translation, I offer
an exact copy of the original which omits only the flat
and unprofitable advice at the end.

As if we got a sick tum tum on purpose!

Now there is a truthful story of simple men.

I imagine this half dozen of Indian hunters, weary
exceedingly, out of meat and short of water. (I hard-
ly see how they could have missed water far in such
a network of streams, but the stump says "short of
water.") They reach the creek, drink eagerly and go
to bed for three days with a "sick tum-tum." This
might have been the result of over-drinking or under-
eating, or the use of roots that give a most unat-
tractive kind of starch to the Indian diet, or, perhaps, they
were bed-ridden by reason of unseasonable rains or
mere dark depression. On this point the stump is
silent. Then comes the halcyon bird, harbinger of bless-
ings, and he laughs to them, "Well! Well! Well! He,
He, He!" and they all laugh together, and their rifles
bring down game, and they eat abundantly, and dry
their surplus meat (we saw their drying scaffolds), and,
as a guide to the wayfarer, they tell the story of the
stump and draw the moral:

Excellent men!

And now we, too, began to gather fruits of the
chase; fool hens that were stoned to death, grouse,
rainbow trout, goats and deer.

The trout were caught in a small lake with bait.

One of them weighed about 2 pounds, others a quar-
ter as much. The salmon colored band on the flank
was bright and their red flesh was firm and good.
The deer, though proclaimed a tremendous fellow by
the Indians, did not rank with mule deer that I have
seen in Wyoming and Idaho. The spread of his horns
was only 19 or 20 inches, and they were neither heavy
nor long. A similarly disappointing smallness was
noticeable in the ram's horns brought in by three par-
ties out of many that went hunting this autumn. Four-
teen inches around the base and 33 inches on the outer
sweep, were considered large dimensions. This is a
matter of the tape line and cannot be laid to a senti-
mental exaggeration of the glories of vanished
times.

Either the big fellows have learned caution or the
game, harassed by continual pursuit, does not have
time to grow big.

Goats did not entirely satisfy our ambitions, and
we crossed the Bridge River and followed it down
looking for sheep grounds, unoccupied by other hunt-
ers, where we would not be spoiling someone else's
sport.

To one acquainted only with the upper reaches of
the Bridge River, it would seem to have earned its
name from having two rope ferries and numerous fords.
But I am told that there is a fine government structure
at the river's mouth, which replaced the Indian bridge
that spanned and gave a name to the stream when the
miners first poured in.

The Indian bridge was made on a plan, of which
some specimens still remain in other places. Trees
trimmed of their branches were supported and weighted
by stone piles on the opposite side of the river in such
a way that their small ends projected toward one an-
other and left only a moderate gap to span. A long

stick of timber was then lashed to the ends to fill the
gap and then the passer, with one foot on either tim-
ber, just skated or shuffled along the two parallel sticks
as best he might, on so uncertain a footway.

Horses were always taken across by swimming or
fording in Indian times. And in one unaccustomed to
this kind of engineering I am told that great strength
of will was required to make the crossing, though an
old squaw, or kloochman, as they call her, would trudge
across with a heavy load on her back without a sign
of hesitation. The old timers speak of the plan of the
Indian bridge as the cantilever principle. At all events,
its construction showed mechanical ingenuity and en-
terprise.

When we had made one or two fruitless halts for
hunting along the Bridge River, my holiday time came
to an end, and I turned from the diapason of the pines
and the song of falling waters to the rattle of ordinary
existence.

The chief of the Lillooets agreed to drive me out
to the railroad, and he did it worthily, though much
against his will, for it was raining hard, and he told
me that nothing but his pledged word would have made
him take that uncomfortable drive. The day I spent
with him was full of interest. He was a fine-natured,
broad-minded man. A linguist speaking Shuswap,
Thompson River, English, Lillooet, a little Spanish,
Chinook and I know not what other jargon. In spite
of his accomplishments, he said that there were too
many languages, one ought to suffice, and he con-
sented that English should be that one. His English,
indeed, was fine; not Major's glorified baby talk, nor
Aleck's terse mumble, but idiomatic, weighty, reason-
able, and I sat literally at his side, but metaphorically
at his feet, learning some little part of the secret of the
hills.

H. G. DULOG.

The Albatross at Home.

THERE has recently been published in the U. S. Fish Commission Bulletin for 1903, an extremely interesting paper by Walter K. Fisher, on the Birds of Laysan and the Leeward Islands of the Hawaiian group.

Many of these Leeward Islands, lying far to the west of Hawaii, are mere rocks, and are sometimes known as Bird Islands. Mr. Fisher's sojourn among them was brief and undertaken in the summer of 1902. He spent a week on Laysan, which is about 800 miles from Honolulu, and there made the interesting observations included in this paper. Although the number of sea fowl there is enormous, the species breeding are few, there being but 23, of which 18 are sea fowls, and 5 land birds, including a rail and a duck. A new species of tern was discovered on one of these islands. The region is not untouched ground for the ornithologist, for its bird fauna has been covered by the observations of a number of students, from 1891 down to the present time.

The U. S. F. C. S. S. Albatross left Honolulu for Laysan May 10, and on May 15, while still distant 75 miles from the island, began to meet the sea birds which are found there. Laysan is a small island 3 miles long by $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles broad, and at its highest portion not more than 30 feet above the sea. It is considered to be an old atoll, which has been elevated, and its vegetation is very sparse. On it are a lagoon of salt water, which, however, is not connected with the sea, and a little pond of fresh water.

The island is a vast breeding ground for birds; terns, albatrosses, puffins, gannets, man-o'-war birds and petrels. Birds are everywhere, and the noise is sometimes deafening. "When we made our way through a populous colony of sooty terns we had to exercise much care to avoid crushing their eggs and treading on the birds, which struggled panic stricken before us, with the old ruse of a broken wing, and then taking flight, swarmed over our heads. If we would converse it was necessary to shout." Portions of the island, where there was soil, were completely honey-bombed with the burrows of petrels, and in walking over this the pedestrian constantly broke through the roof of these tunnels, sinking in the soft soil up to the knees.

"Few of the birds seemed frightened, and with the exercise of a little care, we were able to approach most of the species as close as we wished. It was certainly gratifying to be able to walk up to an albatross or a booby and watch it feed its young and to record this domestic duty with a camera. It might perhaps be difficult to convey the pleasure I experienced, when, standing in a group of albatrosses, one came up and peered into my face, and finding my intentions good, proceeded to examine inquisitively the polished top of my tripod. Many of the young albatrosses would allow themselves to be stroked after a ludicrous show of displeasure, and would soon appear as if they had known us always. The little rails scampered hither and thither like diminutive barnyard fowls, but soon returned, craning their necks to discover why they had retreated. When we sat working, not infrequently the little miller bird came and perched for a moment on our table and chair backs, and the laysan finch and rail walked about our feet in busy search for flies and bits of meat. The beautiful little honey eater visited us each day at meal time, and sought for 'millers' in the panels and seams between the boards. Thus, wherever we went we were free to watch and learn, and were trusted by the birds. It seems a touching and unique experience, and one which demonstrates all too forcibly the attitude of wild creatures which have not yet learned that man is usually an enemy."

Although Laysan, where most of these observations were made, is low and flat, others of these rocks, such as Necker Island and Bird Island, are high and precipitous; the latter rising over 900 feet into the air.

The Necker Island tern (*Procelsterna saxatilis*), described by Mr. Fisher in the Proceedings of the U. S. National Museum for 1903, was found breeding on Necker Island, where it was abundant. It was also seen about Bird Island, but here, owing to bad weather, no landing could be made. How wide the distribution of the species may be we do not know; but an allied species is found over much of the South Pacific.

One of the interesting, abundant and remarkable birds of Laysan is the albatross named from the island, called also Gony. Of these there is an immense colony, occupying the flat plains surrounding the lagoon, where one can see, at a single view, many thousands of the birds. Indeed, there seems scarcely a tussock of the grass over the greater portion of the slopes of the island, but has a young bird in its shadow, ready to snap at the passerby with an appearance of ferocity. When approached they seem to become angry, lean forward and snap their beaks viciously, or may even make a rush, waddling along, and darting the heads



FAVORITE GAME IN FIRST STAGE.



SECOND STAGE OF FAVORITE GAME.



USUAL FINISH OF GAME.



FINISH OF THE SONG DANCE.

back and forth to the music of clicking mandibles. Usually, however, they can be coaxed into good nature, and may be handled easily.

"The old birds, however, are quite different, and do not seem to mind the presence of man. One can walk among them without disturbing their various occupations and movements in the least. Only when suddenly startled do they exhibit any tendency to snap their bills, and then they are easily calmed. They back away from any proffered familiarity with great rapidity, unless suddenly hindered by a tuft of grass, which event surprises them immoderately. They will not allow themselves to be handled, and make off at a great rate if one offers them this indignity. They have a half doubting inquisitiveness which leads them sometimes to walk up to the visitor and examine anything conspicuous about his person. One bird became greatly interested in the bright aluminum cap to my tripod, and strolled up and examined it carefully, with both eye and beak, appearing somewhat astonished when the cap tinkled.

"When standing beside their young they present a very attractive sight, as their plumage is always immaculately clean. The region about the eye is dark-grayish, overhung by a pure white eyebrow, which gives them a decidedly pensive appearance. They have an innate objection to idleness, and, consequently, seldom stand around doing nothing, but spend much time in a curious performance, the meaning of which I am at a loss to explain. It has been called courting (Avifauna of Laysan, etc., p. 57), but as the antics are carried on during the bird's residence of about ten months on the island, they are probably an amusement, in which the albatrosses indulge immoderately in lieu of other diversions. This game, or whatever one may wish to call it, may have originated in past time during the courting period, but it certainly has long since lost any such significance.

"The proceeding in brief is as follows. Two albatrosses approach each other bowing profoundly and stepping rather heavily. They circle round each other nodding solemnly all the time. Next they fence a little, crossing bills and whetting them together, pecking meanwhile, and dropping stiff little bows. Suddenly one lifts its closed wing and nibbles at the feathers underneath, or, rarely, if in a hurry, merely turns its head and tucks its bill under its wing. The other bird during this short performance assumes a statuesque pose, and either looks mechanically from side to side or snaps its bill loudly a few times. Then the first bird bows once and, pointing its head and beak straight upward, rises on its toes, puffs out its breast, and utters a prolonged nasal groan, the other bird snapping its bill loudly and rapidly at the same time.

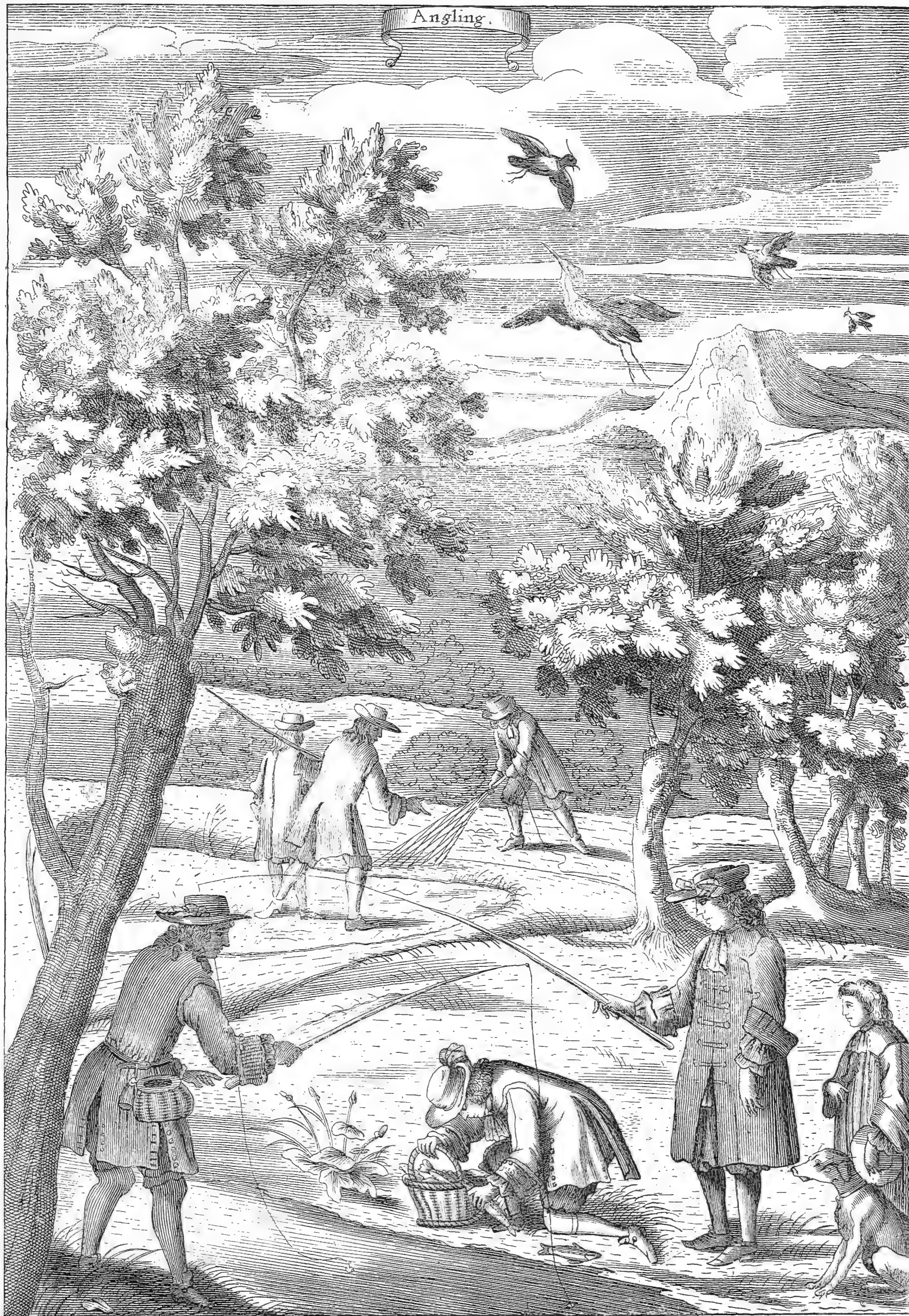
"Sometimes both birds raise their heads in the air, and either one or both utter the indescribable and ridiculous bovine groan. When they have finished, they begin bowing at each other again, almost always rapidly and alternately, and presently repeat the performance, the birds reversing their role in the game, or not. There is no hard and fast order to these tactics, which the seamen of the Albatross rather aptly called a 'cake walk,' but many variations occur. The majority of cases, however, follow the sequence I have indicated. Sometimes three engage in the play, one dividing its attention between two. They are always most polite, never losing their temper or offering any violence. The whole affair partakes of the nature of a snappy drill, and is more or less mechanical.

"Occasionally one will lightly pick up a twig of grass and present it to the other. This one does not accept the gift, however, but, thereupon returns the compliment, when straws are promptly dropped and all hands begin bowing and walking about as if their very lives depended upon it. If one stands where albatrosses are reasonably abundant, he can see as many as twenty couples hard at work bowing and groaning on all sides, and paying not the slightest attention to his presence. When walking through the grassy portions of the island, I have seen white heads bobbing up and down above the green, as solitary pairs were amusing themselves away from the larger congregations of their kind. If I walked up to them they would stop and gaze in a deprecating way and walk off, bowing still, with one eye in my direction. Having reached what they considered a respectful distance, they would fall to and resume their play.

"Should one enter a group of albatrosses which have been recently engaged in this diversion and begin to bow very low, the birds will sometimes walk around in a puzzled sort of way, bowing in return, a curious fact, which F. H. von Kittlitz recorded early in 1834:

"When Herr Isenbeck met one, he used to bow to it, and the albatrosses were polite enough to answer, bowing and cackling. This could easily be regarded as a fairy tale; but considering that these birds, which did not even fly away when approached, had no reason to change their customs, it seems quite natural."

(Concluded on Page 442.)



ANGLING IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

From the "Gentleman's Recreation," published in the year 1886.

THIS is a *fac-simile* of one of the plates in Blome's "Gentleman's Recreation," printed by Roycroft in 1686, or thirty-three years after the first edition of Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler." The work treated of horsemanship, hawking, hunting, fowling, fishing and agriculture. It comprised also a treatise on cock-fighting. Blome's inclusion of the pastime of the pit as one of the recreations of a gentleman indicates that the sportsman of the seventeenth century was possessed of more catholicity of taste than his brother of

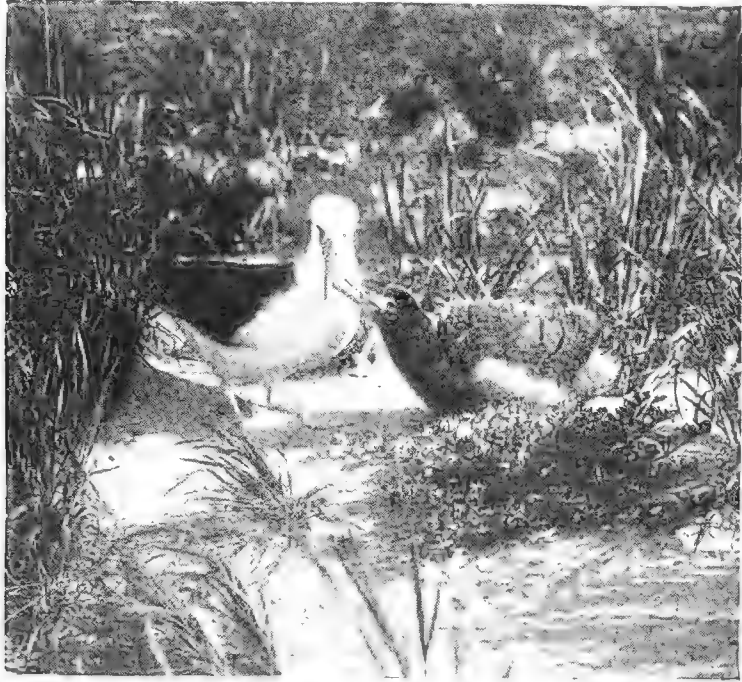
the twentieth century. Times change; sentiment, fashions, sports change with them. Of all the popular recreations of Blome's day, none has held its place more securely than angling; no other, if we may judge by the persisting taste of sportsmen, is likely to endure longer in the favor of mankind. There may come a time when for a Christmas Number of some FOREST AND STREAM of the twenty-fourth century there shall be drawn from the angling prints of 1903 something which to the eye of the reader of that time shall seem

as quaint and old-fashioned and crude as this Blome print does to us. But of this we may be certain, that in whatever costume he shall array himself, with whatever tackle he shall angle, and whatever fish he shall draw forth, the angler of that day will be animated by the spirit of the angler now; and the gentle art will have for him the same allurements and the same compensations it had for the fisherman of Blome's day and has for us. Times may change, but the compelling charm of angling will last while sun shall shine and waters run.

THE ALBATROSS AT HOME.

(Concluded from Page 440.)

"One moonlight night we strolled over the island after nocturnal petrels and visited a portion of a populous albatross colony. The old birds were still hard at work executing their queer 'song dance,' and in the uncertain light the effect was one long to be remembered. Their white plumage made them conspicuous for a long distance over the stretches near the lagoon. From all sides the sound of their groans and bill-

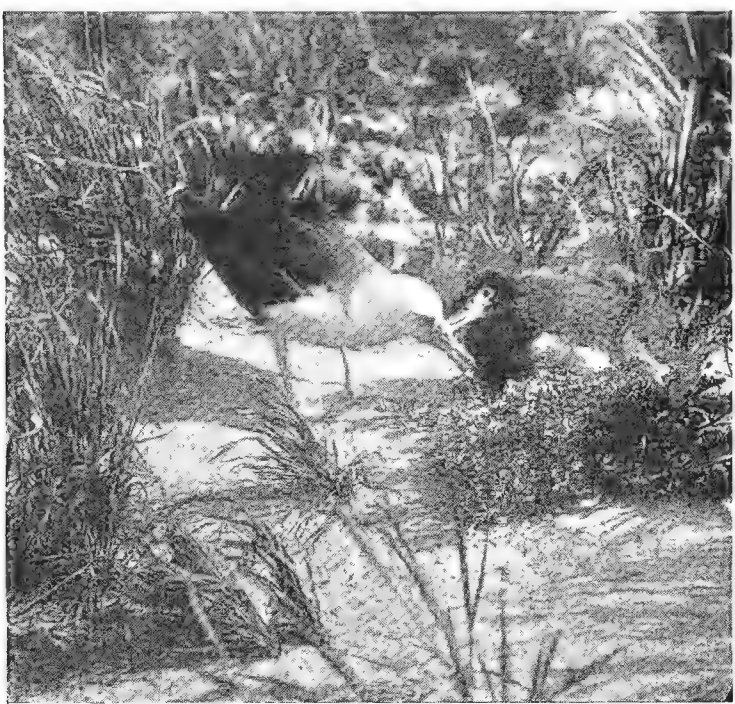


ALBATROSS FEEDING YOUNG—FIRST STAGE.

snappings was audible above the continual thin, high squeak of young albatrosses and the moans and caterwauling of shearwaters and petrels. During some quieter spell in the activities of the vocalists faraway groans were borne to us across the placid lagoon, as a reminder that in other parts the good work was still going on. By this time many of the albatrosses had started off fishing, as they seem to do a large part of it after dark, probably toward morning.

"It is interesting to note that the antics which have just been described are not limited to this species, but in a modified form are practiced by others. Probably all species of the genus exhibit the trait in some form.

"After sunrise the albatrosses begin to feed their young. The old bird, coming in from the sea, alights near her offspring, which immediately takes the initiative by waddling up and pecking or biting gently her beak. This petitioning always takes place and perhaps acts as some sort of stimulus, for in a few moments the mother stands up, and with head lowered and wings held loosely at the side, disgorges a mass of squids and oils. Just as she opens her beak the young inserts its own crosswise and skillfully catches every morsel, which it bolts down with evident relish. This operation I saw repeated, with short intermissions, ten times. The last



SECOND STAGE OF FEEDING YOUNG.

two or three ejections of this oily pabulum cost the albatross considerable muscular effort, and the last time nothing came up but a little oil, and stomach juices presumably. The young bird is not at all modest in its demands, but keeps asking for more. The old bird now pecks back in an annoyed manner, and if the other still urges, she arises and walks off, usually to some neighboring young one, which she viciously mauls about the neck. This exhibition usually takes place just before she feeds her young and likewise between courses, as it were. Why she does this I am at a loss to suggest, unless it be mere ill will. The old bird does not always confine this ill treatment to one strange young bird, but takes in a circle of those whose parents are absent. The young thus rudely treated sometimes bite back, but usually do not offer resist-

ance, uttering instead a plaintive little squeak. A small mortality is the result of this practice. Dr. Gilbert observed that *Diomedea nigripes* is more savage than the white species. He saw a black-footed albatross thus take in a circle of about twenty young *immutabilis* and 'wool' them soundly. Finally, however, the ruffian arrived at a youngster whose parent, being unexpectedly nearby, set upon the persecutor, and in the scrimmage *nigripes* was put to rout."

Near the resting places of the young—one could hardly call them nests—are often found solid pellets made up of the beaks and opaque lenses of the eyes of squids, no doubt disgorged by young or old birds, as hawks and owls disgorge the undigestible portions of their food. Certain large seeds, which had probably been through the same course, were also found on the island, for, as is well known, the albatrosses pick up and swallow many floating things not adapted to their food, and these large seeds, known as candle nuts, are often seen floating in the ocean. The nearest trees on which they grow are about 700 miles east from Laysan. The observation suggests one means by which many hard, floating seeds might be carried into the interior of islands, and there find a soil favorable to their germination.

The visit of the investigators was happily timed. No less than 18 of the 23 species were breeding, some having eggs, others young, and some both. It was found that many of the species bred by colonies, choosing special localities for their nests and breeding only in these localities. The blackfooted albatross breeds on the sand beaches, and on the northeast and south sides of the island, but not elsewhere. The blue-faced gannet confines itself to the narrow littoral sedge-covered slope on the same sides, the gray-backed tern breeds higher up, and so, as a rule, each species has its own



FINAL STAGE OF FEEDING YOUNG.

locality. It is interesting to note that the birds visiting the island do not all breed at the same time. There is not space enough for them to do so, and as noted by an earlier observer, they are obliged to take turns; so that some species of sea birds leave the place as soon as their young are strong enough to fly, and just at this time other newcomers are arriving at the island. "Thus there is a constant coming and going, and it follows that breeding species are found at almost every season of the year, a fact which is remarkable even in the tropics, where the breeding season is less regular than in our latitude. In this way a most definite succession, which probably dates back thousands of years, takes place year after year in the arrival and departure of certain species."

The Labrador Duck.

A Wild Fowl that has Disappeared.

THE Labrador duck *Camptolaimus labradorius* (Gmel.) is one of the two or three North American birds that have become extinct within historic times.

To the earlier ornithologists it was a well-known species of the Atlantic coast, and yet, from the way in which they write, we may assume that it was never very common, for Giraud says, "With us it is rather rare," and speaks of it as a bird "chiefly inhabiting the western side of the continent," leaving it to be inferred that there were places where it was more abundant than on the Atlantic. Wilson calls it "rather a scarce species on our coasts."

Audubon, on the other hand, writing a few years earlier than Giraud, says, in the fourth volume of the Ornithological Biography, published in 1838, "The range of this species along our shores does not extend further southward than Chesapeake Bay, where I have seen some near the influx of the St. James River. I have also met with several in the Baltimore market. Along the coast of New Jersey and Long Island it oc-

curs in greater or less numbers every year. It also at times enters the Delaware River in Pennsylvania, and ascends that stream at least as far as Philadelphia. A bird stuffer, whom I knew at Camden, had many fine specimens, all of which he had procured by baiting fish-hooks with common mussels, on a trot-line, sunk a few feet beneath the surface, but on which he never found one alive, on account of the manner in which these ducks dive and flounder when securely hooked. Of the specimens which I saw with this person, male and female were in perfect plumage, and I have not en-



YOUNG ALBATROSS POSING FOR ITS PICTURE.

joyed having opportunities of seeing the changes which this species undergoes.

Audubon supposed that members of his party saw the nests of the pied duck on the Labrador coast, in 1833, but as these nests were deserted, and were only identified by the report of the clerk of the fishing establishment there, it may well enough be that they belonged to some other species. They are described as being like those of the eider duck; and perhaps may have been nests of that bird.

The Labrador duck was nearly related to the common old-squaw or long-tailed duck, which it somewhat resembled in color, as will be seen by the plate. Like the eider duck, on the other hand, to which also it is closely related, it had a patch of curious bristly feathers on the cheeks, and also a soft, membranous expansion of the upper mandible of the bill, next to the head. Wilson quaintly says of the bill, "toward the extremity it widens a little, in the manner of the shovelers, besides having the singularity of there being only a soft, loose, pendulous skin." The bill between the nostrils is pale grayish-blue, the sides of the breast, and the edges of both mandibles are dull orange, and the point of the bill is black. Young males are said to have the whole of the white plumage tinged with yellowish cream color. The female is ashy-gray, darker be-



GROUP OF MAN-O'-WAR BIRDS.

neath and with the secondaries white, the tertiaries grayish, and a bar across the wing, formed by the white secondaries.

The extinction of the Labrador duck is very recent, the last specimen known having been taken in the year 1878. Audubon speaks of them in his time as being hardy birds, and met with along the coasts of Nova Scotia, Maine and Massachusetts, during the most severe cold of the winter. He says that "The pied duck seems to be a truly marine bird, seldom entering rivers unless urged by stress of weather. It procures its food by diving amidst the rolling surf, over sand or mud bars, although at times it comes along the shore, and searches in the manner of the spoon-bill duck. Its usual fare consists of small shellfish, fry and various kinds of seaweeds, along with which it swal-

lows much sand and gravel. Its flight is swift, and its wings emit a whistling sound. It is usually seen in flocks of from seven to ten, probably the members of one family."

Of the two specimens figured in the plate, Audubon says, "The Hon. Daniel Webster, of Boston, sent me a fine pair killed by himself, on the Vineyard Islands, on the coast of Massachusetts, from which I made the drawing for the plate before you."

It is interesting to note that these two specimens are still preserved in the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington.

It was not until the very last years of the existence of this species that its rarity came to be realized. As soon, however, as this began to be suspected, every effort was made to secure and preserve specimens that became accessible. In his "American Duck Shooting" Grinnell says:

"The pied duck was a strong flier and apparently well able to take care of itself, and its practical extinction took place before gunning was practiced on any very great scale. It was not especially sought for as a table bird, and no satisfactory reason has as yet been advanced for its disappearance. * * * A very beautiful group of Labrador ducks is to be seen in the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, where five specimens have been handsomely mounted in their natural surroundings."

A few years ago Mr. William Dutcher, so well known for his study of the birds of Long Island, and still more widely for the faithful and long-continued work that he has done toward protecting the native birds of America, published in the Auk, three papers on the known specimens of the Labrador duck, from which we take a number of facts and paragraphs.

Mr. Dutcher's first paper appeared in April, 1891, and subsequent papers in January and April, 1894. His investigations have increased the number of known specimens of this species from 33 to 42, of which, however, some have been lost. These specimens are divided as follows:

The British Museum has two.....	2
The Liverpool Museum has three.....	3
The Strickland collection, Cambridge.....	1
Colonel Wedderburn's collection.....	1
The Leyden Museum.....	2
The Berlin Museum.....	1
The Paris Museum of Natural History.....	1
American Museum of Natural History.....	7
Long Island Historical Society, Brooklyn.....	1
Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....	1
University of the State of New York, Albany.....	2
To these must be added a male, now in the possession of Mr. William Dutcher, and one in the hands of Mr. John Lewis Childs.	
Collection of William Brewster, Cambridge, Mass..	2
Collection of Charles B. Corey, Boston, Mass.....	2
Collection of Gordon Plumber, Boston, Mass.....	1
Boston Society of Natural History.....	1
U. S. National Museum, Washington, D. C.....	4
Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia.....	3
University of Vermont, Burlington.....	1
Collection of Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S.....	2
Museum of Natural History Society of Montreal....	1
Total in Canada, 3.	
Total known in Europe, 11.	
Total known in North America, 31.	

Besides these some specimens have since been recorded and some have been lost. One of these was a male, obtained by Mr. William Winton, of Halifax, by him given to Andrew Downs, and by him to Mr. Geo. A. Boardman, and afterward destroyed, because eaten by mice and moths.

A female was received from Mr. Cheney by Mr. Harold Herrick, in the year 1871, by him turned over to Mr. Boardman, who sent it to John Wallace, of New York, to be mounted, and by Wallace it was lost.

A specimen was recorded by Dr. W. H. Gregg, of Elmira, N. Y., in 1879; it was shot by a lad in December, 1878, and had been eaten before Dr. Gregg learned of its capture. He did, however, secure the head and a portion of the neck, thus identifying the bird. This fragment has since been lost.

Mr. John Lewis Childs recently purchased from the Liverpool Museum a male Labrador duck, perfect and in full plumage. It was acquired by Lord Derby in January, 1833, and bequeathed to the Liverpool Museum in 1853.

In 1893 a heretofore unrecorded specimen of the Labrador duck was discovered in the Museum of Natural History Society of Montreal, by Mr. Ernest D. Wintle, of Montreal, Canada, and was brought to the notice of Mr. Dutcher. It is a young male, and nothing is known as to the history of the skin. Again, in 1894, Mr. Dutcher—once more through the kindness of Mr. Ernest D. Wintle, of Montreal, Canada—called attention to a record of the Labrador duck in the "Canadian Naturalist and Geologist" for 1862. The bird is described, and the note which follows the description

adds, "A specimen of this beautiful duck, the first which I have seen, was shot in the Bay of La Prairie, this spring (1862) by a habitant, and was purchased by Mr. Thompson, of this city, who has kindly placed it at my disposal for examination. I believe it to be one of the rarest of our visitants of this species, and to demonstrate that an acquaintance with our fauna must be a work of many years." This specimen is the one which afterward passed into the possession of Mr. Dutcher, and is the forty-second specimen known of this species.

Mr. Dutcher gives some interesting historical notes on this species. Most of them are from the pen of ornithologists of an earlier generation, some of whom are now dead.

Mr. Geo. N. Lawrence, in January, 1891, wrote, "I recollect that about forty or more years ago it was not unusual to see them in Fulton Market, and without doubt killed on Long Island. At one time I remember seeing six fine males, which hung in the market until spoiled, for the want of a purchaser; they were not considered desirable for the table, and collectors had a sufficient number at that time, a pair being considered enough to represent a species in a collection. No one anticipated that they might become extinct, and if they have, the cause thereof is a problem most desirable to solve, as it was surely not through man's agency, as in the case of the great auk."

In November, 1891, Mr. Thos. I. Egan, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, said, "I believe this duck is now extinct. My business is dealing in game, and I see many of the fishing people from Newfoundland. I believe if any odd birds were seen that I would hear about them. The name 'pied duck' is now applied to the surf scoter, by many of the gunners from Labrador, Newfoundland."

Colonel Nicholas Pike, of Brooklyn, N. Y., said in 1891: "I have in my life shot a number of these beautiful birds, though I have never met more than two or three at a time, and mostly single birds. The whole number I ever shot would not exceed a dozen, for they were never plentiful; I rarely met with them. The males in full plumage were exceedingly rare; I think I never met with more than three or four of these; the rest were young males and females. They were shy and hard to approach, taking flight from the water at the least alarm, flying very rapidly. Their familiar haunts were the sandbars, where the water was shoal enough for them to pursue their favorite food, small shellfish. I have only once met with this duck south of Massachusetts Bay. In 1858 one solitary male came to my battery, in Great South Bay, L. I., near Quogue, and settled among my stools. I had a fair chance to hit him, but in my excitement to procure it, I missed it. This bird seems to have disappeared, for an old comrade, who has hunted in the same bay for over sixty years, tells me he has not met with one for a long time. I am under the impression the males do not get their full plumage in the second year. I would here remark, this duck has never been esteemed for the table, from its strong, unsavory flesh."

Mr. Geo. A. Boardman wrote from Calais, Me., in the autumn of 1890: "I began to collect birds about fifty years ago, and wanted to get a pair of each species; I did not care for more. The Labrador duck I procured without much trouble, and if I had any duplicates sent to me, I did not save them any more than I should have saved duplicates of scoters or old squaws, I have no doubt but that I may have had others. I had shooters all about the coast of Grand Manan and Bay of Fundy, sending me anything they knew was odd. Anything they sent to me that I already had mounted generally went into the manure heap. About twenty years since, Messrs. John G. Bell and D. G. Elliott, of New York, wrote to me to try to get them some Labrador ducks. I wrote to all my collectors, but the ducks had all gone."

Mr. Dutcher's dates of the capture of certain specimens have been questioned by at least one British naturalist, but there seems no question but that Mr. Dutcher has the facts and figures to prove all that he has alleged on these points. The testimony as to birds collected between 1857 and 1871 seems ample, and is advanced by such witnesses as Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Elliott and Mr. Vickary. Mr. Lawrence had absolute faith in the specimen now in the Smithsonian Institution, bearing the label, 1875.

Of this bird killed in 1875, Mr. Dutcher very justly says that it must have had parents, and that there probably were other young ones in this brood. Since then, except for the great specimen of 1878, nothing has been seen of the Labrador duck.

In the hope of learning something as to the existence of the bird, Mr. Dutcher sent copies of the plate of the Labrador duck, which appeared with his first paper, to the north with two Arctic exploring expeditions, neither of which brought back any information about the bird.

Mr. Langdon Gibson, who accompanied the Peary expedition to Greenland, showed his plates to French-

Canadians, on the Straits of Belleisle, but they declared that they had never seen such birds. The leading hunters at Godhaven, Disco Island, Greenland, made the same statement, but the Esquimaux on McCormick Bay declared that these birds were abundant, and said that in the spring many could be had, with their eggs, at the head of the bay they were camped on. But, unfortunately, when spring came, the promised Labrador ducks proved to be old squaws. In August, 1892, on the way home, the party touched at Godhaab, the largest town in Greenland. Here Herr Anderson, the Danish inspector of South Greenland, an accomplished naturalist, has a fine collection of Arctic birds. He told Mr. Gibson that his collection represented twenty years' work, and that all the hunters in South Greenland had instructions to bring him any strange birds that they might get, and that in this way he had added to his collection from time to time many rare birds and eggs, but in all that time he had heard nothing of the Labrador duck. Proof sufficient, one would think, that within the last twenty years the Labrador duck had not visited Greenland.

There has been much speculation as to the cause of the disappearance of this beautiful bird, and, perhaps, no one has written so fully about it as Mr. Frederic A. Lucas, of the Smithsonian Institution, in his paper on Animals Recently Extinct, or Threatened with Extinction, as Represented in the Collections of the U. S. National Museum. Mr. Lucas suggests that some epidemic may have swept off the greater part of the race, but this is wholly conjectural, for nothing of the kind is known to have occurred. We do know, however, that epidemics occur among birds, for Dr. Stejneger has given us an account of a case of this kind in the Commander Islands, where many thousands of pelagic cormorants died during the winter of 1876-77, so that dead birds covered the beaches all around the islands. This destruction, however, did not permanently injure the supply of these birds, which have since greatly increased.

Mr. Lucas suggests, also, that if the Labrador duck had a limited breeding area in the north, which was near the summer camp of a band of Indians, the destruction of their eggs might have worked largely toward the extinction of the species.

It is quite possible that we shall never know what it was that destroyed the Labrador duck, and speculation about it is vain. It is worth while, however, to quote what Dr. Stejneger has said, in the volume of the Standard Natural History, devoted to birds, to show how the extinction of this species, or, indeed, of any other, might come about.

"It seems to be a fact that when a migratory species has reached a certain low number of individuals, the rapidity with which it goes toward extinction is considerably increased.

"Two circumstances may tend toward this result. We know that when birds on their migrations get astray, having lost their route and comrades, they are nearly always doomed to destruction, that fate not only overtaking single individuals, but also large flocks to the last member.

"If the safety of the wanderers, therefore, greatly depends upon their keeping their correct route, the safety decreases disproportionately the scarcer the species become, since, if the route is poorly frequented, the younger and inexperienced travelers have less chance of following the right track, and more chance of getting lost, and consequently destroyed. The fewer the individuals, the more disconnected become the breeding localities, the more difficult for the birds to find each other and form flocks in the fall. Finally, the number will be reduced to a few colonies, and the species, consequently, in danger of extinction, and a casualty, which, under ordinary circumstances, would only affect a fraction of the members, now may easily prove fatal to the remainder of the species.

"We need only suppose that during one unfortunate year nearly all the broods were destroyed by inundations, fires, or frost, to perceive what difficulty the few birds left in the autumn would have in wending their way without getting astray.

"We know that the proportion of birds returning in spring is comparatively small, and the flocks are considerably thinned down.

"Under the circumstances presumed, there will hardly be birds left to form flocks. But birds used to migrate in flocks do not like or cannot travel alone; hence they are forced to follow flocks of allied species, which may take them to localities far from their home. In that way a few scattered pairs may survive, and breed here and there, a number of years after the rest are destroyed, and such are probably those few Labrador ducks which have been captured occasionally during the last twenty years or more.

"There is a possibility that a few such pairs may be in existence, but, however hardy, their fate is sealed, and perhaps not a single one will get into the hands of a naturalist."

Some Snakes I Have Met.

I.—The Kentucky Copperhead.

Down in the beechwoods the heat was oppressive, and the four gray squirrels which I had acquired up in the hills, where the ripe mulberries were so attractive, were pulling down heavily, so I decided to take off my coat and swing it from my belt. Stepping to a nearby vine-grown tree, I was in the act of leaning my old muzzleloader against the tree, when I became suddenly chilled with horror by the sight of a huge, brownish, yellow snake. The upper part of his body protruding from the vine on the side of the tree was curved outward, the head pointed straight at and level with my eyes but a few inches away. I stared stupidly for one or two full seconds, taking in every feature, his partly opened mouth, the quickly playing red tongue, the gentle swaying of the poised head. Then my senses suddenly returned, and I dropped, or rather threw myself, backward, involuntarily retaining my hold on the gun. Scrambling quickly to my feet from where I had fallen sprawling on my back in the leaves, I started for the clearing, but turned at twenty feet, and decided to defend myself, no matter how great the peril. The copperhead had scarcely moved, but still swayed in the air, sharply outlined against the background of deep green. Despite my great fright, I held the sight steadily on the swaying head. With cool and deliberate aim, not satisfied with one charge, I poured the contents of both barrels at the head of that serpent, and the effect was to obliterate the forward portion and completely tear off the head.

Then I again lost my nerve, or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to say that I found my nerves, for I suddenly began to tremble violently, so that it was with great difficulty I proceeded with reloading my gun. I wasted much powder, for I could scarcely hold the powder horn, and when it came to shot, it seemed as if as many of the precious pellets pattered on the leaves as went down into the yawning muzzle. At this stage the interwoven body of the dead snake began to relax, and in a minute fell into the dry leaves with what seemed to me a loud crash. This was the final shock to my shattered nerves; and dropping the gun, I burned the wind in the direction of the clearing. If a stop-watch could have been held on me then I might have won the fame that afterward carefully eluded me on the cinder path.

Years after this incident I saw nothing to make me proud of my share in the action; for the copperhead certainly had the drop on me, and declined to shoot; but as a boy of fourteen, I felt few pangs of remorse.

II.—The Arkansas Water Moccasin.

One bright, hot morning in July, up four miles from the mouth of Mulberry creek, in the western part of Arkansas, five of us sat on the broad gunwale of a small flat bottom boat, which was being poled up the stream toward the swimming hole. We were garbed in a costume said to have been fashionable at the time when Eden flourished, and as this was six years after my adventure with the copperhead, I had grown very bold and brave in dealing with snakes. With a good deal of mirth and tuneless singing, my boyish companions were pushing the boat rapidly through a placid reach of dead water. They had little regard for direction, and presently they jammed the square bow of the boat with considerable force into the root wad of an upturned tree. The shock of the collision dislodged a large water moccasin, which had doubtless been taking a morning nap in the warm sunshine, far up on the matted roots of the tree. When he fell squarely into my lap he was a much surprised serpent. I was somewhat astonished myself. I felt the weight of his heavy body, the movement of his sinuous folds as he writhed about, his head erect, growing angrier every second. He seemed to pay more attention to my companions than to me. I had no particular desire to nourish him in my bosom, and when he turned his ugly head upward toward my face, and I saw the white cotton-like interior of his mouth, I thought it about time to thrust him from me, and accordingly I threw him with considerable force against the bottom of the boat. The snake came right back, but I did not wait. I felt that I had done my full duty toward him. By this time the boat was deserted, with the exception of a small crippled lad, who had sat near the stern of the boat, his white, pinched face showing much amusement at the antics of the chattering "white monkeys," whose brawny bodies he seemed to admire.

It seems that as soon as all of us able-bodied cowards jumped into the water the moccasin turned his attention to the boy. The youth told me afterward that his first impulse was to scoop the snake on the blade of an oar and throw it into the midst of us as we swam away, but he said he knew of the deadly nature of the moccasin and that the snake had the reputation of biting with fatal effect while swimming, so he changed his mind. The battle lasted but a few min-

utes, and then with calm deliberation the pale youth threw our clothes overboard, and announced that if anyone dared come near the boat he would throw the copperhead in his face. We watched him as the boat drifted slowly around the bend below us, and then we gathered up what clothing we could find, and barefooted and ashamed, started on our silent march of three miles to town. There was no mirth and singing. I have never been able to figure out why the copperhead spared me, for he surely had the drop on me, and he declined to shoot.

III.—The California Rattlesnake.

Last Christmas I had my first experience shooting California valley quail, also my first experience with a California rattlesnake. Mr. E. B. Collier, of Corona, Cal., who annually assists Santa Claus in his benevolent work of seeing that every little boy and girl in the land shall find big, firm golden oranges in the toes of their Christmas stockings, was my companion on the hunt. It is Mr. Collier's relaxation to hunt the quail after the rush of fruit to the Eastern holiday markets; and a day afield with Collier means a limit bag, for he is an indefatigable hunter, and he knows where the quail are plentiful.

We had flushed a covey of about 300 quail—no, that is not a misprint, Mr. Collier conservatively estimated them at that, though I was positive there were nearer a thousand. After seeing that the little setter Keno was comfortably settled in the buggy, Collier joined me, explaining that no dog could work in that cactus, and that we didn't want to shoot at the birds in there anyway, only to frighten and scatter them into the hills. We hustled the blue runners pretty hard, and soon had them scattering. Finally 75 or a hundred quail in a bunch flew to the hillside, and we quit the dry wash and went after them. We found excellent sport, as they soon squatted and got up singly and in pairs and threes, about the right distance for some rare shots and some marvelous misses. These quail had a way of getting up in rocket flight on the side of a hill and dropping suddenly out of danger just beyond the rocks on the top of the ridge. I had succeeded in stopping some of the gamy birds beautifully just at the skyline, and then I began to miss them with monotonous regularity.

Mr. Collier came up the hill at this time and, with rare goodness of heart, consented to walk along the top while I worked out the side of the ridge. I was to take the straightaway shots and Mr. Collier promised to stop all those that came over the hill. He filled his part of the bargain and stopped all the birds he hit. The arrangement worked very well—for Collier. The birds all went over the hill, and to my shout of "Bird!" my companion responded with one barrel and sometimes two; and sometimes followed both shots by a word, which I shall not write here; and I took that as a sign that the strong fat man hadn't stopped that particular bird.

Some portions of the ridge were very rough and rocky, and I had to hang on with one hand and hold my gun up with the other and work my way along. It was in such places as this that the wise little birds flushed, and Collier got in his good work, and I may have said things.

We were on the southern side of the hill, the sun shone hot and the dust was rather unpleasant at times. Working along across a ledge I found myself in a position where I could only get around slowly and with considerable difficulty. Collier was waiting for me to come around, and I think he was thirty or forty feet above me.

At a point where there was a shelf of the ledge about level with my head, I had to reach up to a projecting rock on the rough wall of a small cavern-like opening in the rocks. Grasping the hold with my left hand, I drew myself upward and, with my gun held in my right hand, was in the act of swinging around the face of the short cliff, when I heard a sound instantly recognized, though I had not heard a rattlesnake's alarm for many years. It did not sound loud, but Collier heard it from his position above me. My bared forearm was within two inches of the rattles, which were vibrating nervously, and my face was within eight inches of the glittering eyes of the largest rattlesnake I had ever seen. He was coiled in his characteristic attitude, had heard me coming, but hadn't struck at my hand, which had passed over and within an inch of my head.

As I stood so near, my forehead, eyes or the spot where the temporal artery goes in through the skull to the brain, would have been a ridiculously easy target for the coiled and threatening rattler. I don't know how long I stood there, but it could have been but an instant, for in a flash I understood my danger. I simply let go all holds and dropped backward down the cliff. I believe I should have done this had the step meant a thousand feet. That death would have been no surer than to have remained. Luckily I landed six or seven feet below and experienced nothing more

than a jar, unnoticed at the time. Mr. Collier laid down his gun and started down toward me; his face was ashen and he was unable to speak. I understood the anxiety and sympathy his face expressed, and hastened to reassure him that the fall had not hurt me in the least.

"But the rattler," he shouted, "Didn't he strike you?"

He repeated the question several times and seemed unable to realize that I had escaped.

We worked around to the other side of the projecting rocks, and when we had gotten down on a level with the ledge we again saw the snake. He had heard us and was once more coiling himself in a defensive position.

"There he is," said Collier in a voice of suppressed excitement. "Now do things to him."

When he saw my reluctance to "do things" he raised his gun and took a cool, steady aim.

"I'm not going to let that serpent escape," said Mr. Collier, still holding his sighting eye on the spot. "Why don't you want to shoot him?"

But I could not explain why, and after a minute more insistence, my companion fired.

Now comes the part of the whole action that has since recurred in my dreams. It had a horrible fascination, and the scene comes back to me now vividly.

With the report of the gun the rattlesnake attempted to strike. He opened wide his great jaws and launched his horrid head toward us. I saw the light-colored interior of his mouth, and imagined, at least, that I saw the great curved and erect fangs. Again he struck blindly in our direction; but as the body was torn to a narrow shred ten or twelve inches back of the head, the snake was unable to leave his position. Then suddenly he turned, and with bared fangs and widely distended jaws, struck his own coils. Three times he repeated this, but did not seem to have sufficient power to penetrate the skin, though I am by no means certain of this, for, when Collier took a stick and went over to straighten out the body the snake struck the stick with such force as to hang to the stick with his long fangs.

Under other circumstances I should have taken careful note of measurements; but I didn't care to go any nearer than where I stood. Mr. Collier cut off the rattles and brought them to me. He counted eighteen rattles and a button. The end of the rattles, where they should have tapered, was as broad as the rest of them, and Collier expressed the belief that several rattles had been broken off.

Some of the impressions which I received at the time the snake was coiled were afterward amusing to me. For instance, I recalled Ransacker's skinned snake, and thought that if he should try to coil this one in his frying pan he would have to have a skillet as large as a wagon wheel.

Then I thought of Coahoma, and wished he might have had this handsome specimen in his collection down in Mississippi, among those which were at that moment waiting for the weather to get cold enough to benumb them so that they might be decapitated. Somehow I had never felt easy about Coahoma and Tripod until I read of the final beheading of those unhappy ophidians.

This Southern California rattler was a brownish-red and I had never seen a rattlesnake of anything but a harsh gray color. Then, too, this chap's head was round, broad and blunt at the nose.

This was unquestionably my narrowest escape, for neither the copperhead nor the moccasin could have inflicted a wound which would have been so sure and swift of fatal result as a strike from this brown-red monster of the cactus land.

While I was making ready for a trout fishing trip last spring, I prepared a small pocket outfit, which I have carried afield since then, and it has been a source of comfort to myself and to my hunting and fishing companion, who has accompanied me. I have a small case containing a hypodermic syringe and extra needle and two tubes. One tube contains small tablets of permanganate of potassium, the other contains tablets of digitalis. The latter I should probably not use unless at some time it might be necessary to keep up failing heart action. Then I have a small phial containing a solution of permanganate of potassium 1 to 100. I had the druggist prepare the solution because, in this country water might not be available at the time of an emergency. This case I invariably carry in the pocket of my shooting coat.

I still wonder why that rattlesnake did not strike. He had his finger on the hair trigger and could have pulled readily enough.

About the Quail.

The birds are still there, and after Kriskingle Kollier gets all the world supplied with refrigerated oranges, if he says the word, I shall join him, and we will go back down there—I'm not saying just where.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Nov. 15,

FRANK E. WOLFE.



From photographs by Frank Millett.

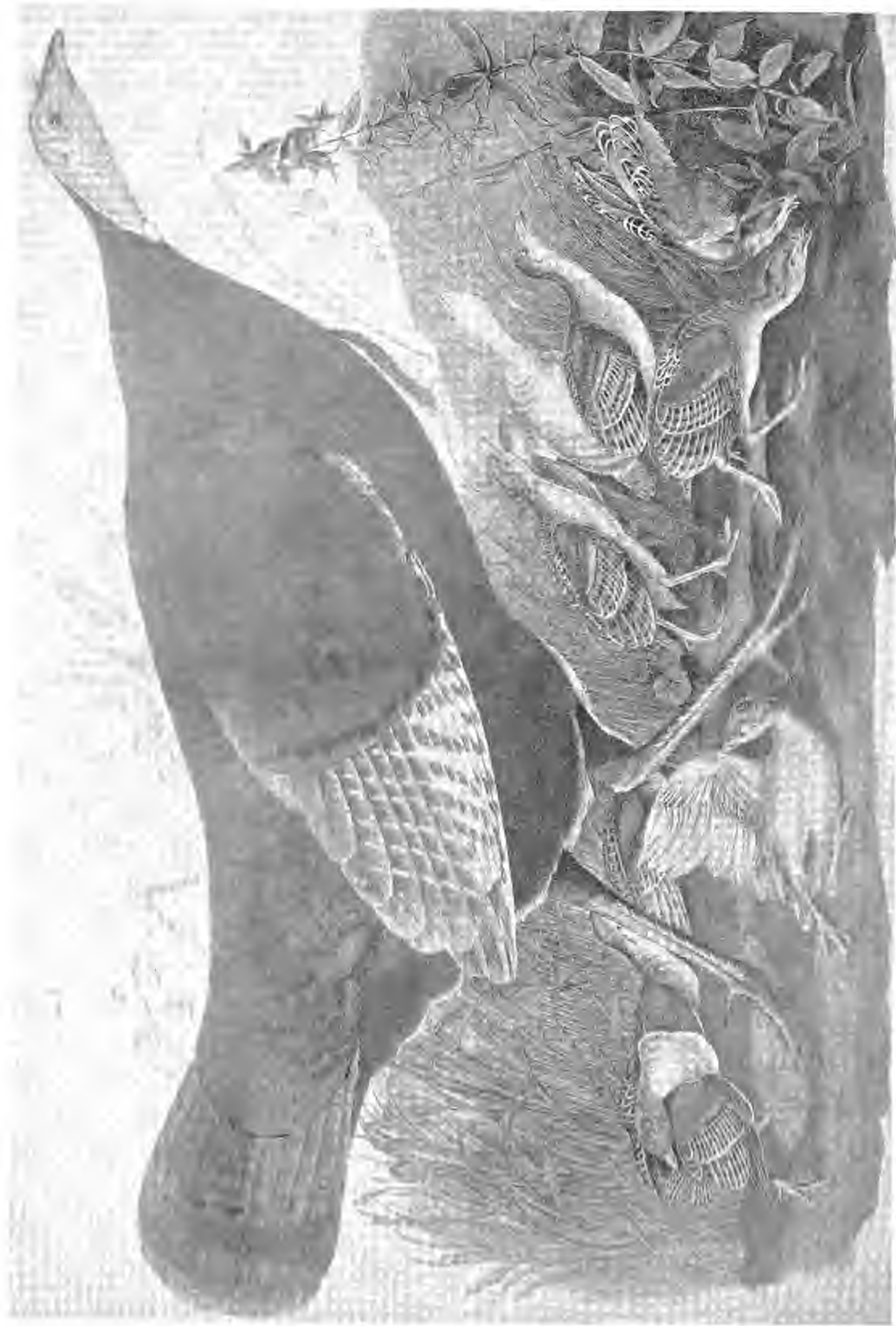
MULE DEER IN THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.



THE STATE DINING ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.



THE STATE DINING ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.



THE WILD TURKEY, FEMALE AND YOUNG.



Reproduced by direct photography from the original plate in Audubon's "Birds of America," Vol. I., 1827-1830.

THE WILD TURKEY, MALE.



THE LABRADOR DUCK, MALE AND FEMALE.

From Audubon's "Birds of America."



"WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUMPKIN AND THE CORN IS IN THE SHOCK."



ATTRACTION.



TEMPTATION.



SATISFACTION.

THE QUIET OF AN AUTUMN DAY,
A FLOATING CLOUD, FAR IN THE BLUE.
CALM WATERS, SPREAD O'ER ALL THE BAY.
TIS INDIAN SUMMER, CLAIMS HER DUE.

WE HEAR THE QUICK, SWIFT RUSH OF WINGS,
WE SEE THE WINDING CHAIN
OF BROADBILL'S, DARTING TO THEIR MATES
WHERE CALM AND QUIET REIGN.
WILMOT TOWNSEND.



THE LOWERING FLIGHT.

Drawn by Wilmot Townsend.

Difficult Pictures to Take.

It looks simple enough to get a satisfactory picture of a dog standing birds, and so it is, provided the birds lie close, as is generally the case with quail or woodcock, and the dog is staunch. But when the birds are partridges and the time late November, it is a different proposition altogether.

By that time it is pretty safe to say there are few partridges in Sullivan county, New York, where the accompanying pictures were taken, that have not been trailed by a dog, shot at or in some manner smelled the smoke of battle. They are always ready to run or fly from the slightest noise behind them, especially to run if the cover is at all open. One of the first things a mother partridge teaches her young brood is never to fly from an open space when man or dog is near; run to cover, and when you do fly keep behind a bush or tree.

Your dog may be holding a beautiful point, seemingly as rigid as the trunk of that big oak near him, and if you could walk on air it would be an easy matter to get an unobstructed view for your camera at the proper distance. But you walk through dry leaves,

the birds without ever thinking of the camera. Then I hid the gun in the bushes and followed Clem into a little swale, but the bird jumped before I was ready. Clem seemed rather surprised at not hearing the report of the gun, and no doubt the bird was also somewhat mystified about the man who hunted partridges with a black box that neither made a noise nor spit the little death berries after him.

On the outside of this swale Clem made a point that would convince you a dog really thinks. Those who have hunted him call it Clem's "fake" stand, a trick he always resorted to when you wanted him to hunt in a different direction from the one he evidently thought best. On such occasions he would pretend to be trailing a bird, and every few feet come to a point, but as soon as he saw that he had coaxed you into going his way he would break into his long, swinging trot and get down to legitimate hunting, evidently chuckling to himself over having worked that old trick once more.

Across the road, in an old field rather thickly covered with a miscellaneous growth of bushes and young trees, Clem made several good points. Here I fully realized the difficulty of getting the picture I wanted, and the perversity of a partridge, coupled with

It was Christmas eve, as on the previous occasion, when we introduced these three worthies to the reader. They had dined sumptuously as usual, and Tim had stepped out after dinner "to see what the night was doin'," in his own phrase, which led to the above little rumpus.

As soon as Jake had passed around the hot rum, steaming aromatically, Tim settled back in his chair and seemed to listen with a keen and almost poetic enjoyment to the eerie sounds of the storm out of doors. After a while he put his hand in his pocket and took out a meerschaum pipe, elaborately carved with a deer's head. This he filled deliberately and lit, while Jake and Wirt kept their eyes fixed upon him. Never, except on "state occasions," as he called them, did Tim smoke this pipe.

"Where did you git dot pipe, anyvays, Tim?" Jake inquired at length.

"That's a question you've asked every Christmas eve for nearly tin years," answered Tim, "and I haven't answered it for good and sufficient raisons, no offence mint. But I think I can answer it now, without injury to me conscience or anybody's reputation, as you'll understand whin I'm done."



CLEM'S "FAKE" STAND. NO SIGN OF A BIRD. JUST COAXING YOU TO FOLLOW.



CLEM POINTING PARTRIDGES IN OLD FIELD.

step upon fallen branches of trees or brush against rustling bushes—all of them good friends to the bird—and each sends its wireless message to an ear almost as sensitive as a Marconi receiver. Then the bird moves, the dog takes a step or two, and when he points again all you can see of him is what some tree or bush fails to cover. But don't give in that you are beaten; try again, and the next time you may get your picture. Again, you may come upon your dog pointing in just the spot you desire, with the bird within a few feet of his nose, and make your exposure without trouble. This chance generally presents itself when you have left your camera at home.

For this branch of the sport the dog should preferably be white, marked with lemon, brown or black, and not more than three or four years old. If he is an old dog and has been hunted a great deal, he is apt to become *blasé*, and will not give you the graceful point of a younger dog, whose blood tingles with excitement when he gets his nose anywhere near a game bird.

The dog used in obtaining these pictures was an unusually large, white English setter, with lemon markings, and belonged to Mr. W. H. Hankins, of Sullivan county. His name is Clem, and he is about six or seven years of age. He has probably been shot over nearly every day in the open season since he was old enough to hunt, besides doing a little summer rabbit hunting for his individual pleasure and gratification, of which sport he was very fond, as are most bird dogs. Indeed, when Clem appeared all fagged out at the end of a day's hunt, the sight of a pile of brush or a thick patch of briars that might be hiding a rabbit, would always brace him up. If he was fortunate enough to find bunny at home, you would see a chase when Long Ears broke cover that would astonish you. "How in the world," you would mutter to yourself, "could that half dead dog come to life so quick?" Clem knew such conduct was tabooed when out after partridges, and if you were nearby he would back away from the rabbit when ordered to do so, but before leaving always gave the brush heap a parting slap with his foot, just to see the little fellow run.

The first stand Clem made the day I had him out was in the edge of the woods by the side of a brook, the water almost touching his foot as it rippled over the stones. What a picture that would have made. And right here I discovered that I should have left my gun at home, for I stepped up and took a shot at

his fixed determination to do the wrong thing at the right time. Clem was not long in locating the birds, coming to a beautiful stand, one foot up and head and tail straightened out, but as I would move up to get the proper distance, the bird would run a few steps, until it seemed like a game of chess, except that the bird made his move almost simultaneously with mine and succeeded in checkmating me at every turn. At last he flew without leaving his image on the sensitive film waiting to receive it.

In a few minutes Clem again pointed, and this time I was fortunate enough to be at the proper distance, and snapped him just as the birds, three of them, jumped from under a cluster of laurels about twenty or thirty feet from the dog.

PRES. HALL.

How Tim Mulcahy Got Shot at for a Deer.

BY FRANCIS MOONAN.

THE door was flung open and the frosty air, accompanied by the driving snow, rushed in in a way to chill the whole barroom. Jake Kümmelwasser roused himself from an after-dinner nap by the stove and roared:

"Shut dot door!"

Wirt Zänder, who had been dreaming with his eyes open, while munching mechanically his beloved weed, looked around reproachfully and drew nearer to the stove.

"What's the matter?" cried Tim Mulcahy, who walked in and began shaking the snow from his clothing. "One would think that you two was a pair of hot-house plants!"

"Bah!" cried Jake. "You Irishmans vant everyt'ing vide open!"

"And you Dutchmin," said Tim, "only want your mouths wide open!"

In a contest of this kind Jake generally came off second best, so he made no attempt at retort, but merely requested Tim to stop his foolishness, shut the door and sit down.

"Bedad," said Tim, when he'd taken his seat, "This night reminds me of the night I slep' with the bear on the mountain."

Jake knew what this meant, and immediately proceeded behind the bar and took down the bottle of rum.

He took the pipe out of his mouth, regarded it contemplatively for a few minutes, restored it and then, between puffs, delivered himself as follows:

"It is nearly tin years since I was sittin' one evenin' in the barroom down at the hotel. The thrain had just come in, and as I looked out of the window I seen a young man with a shootin' kit get out of the stage and inter the hotel. I says to meself: 'Here's a chance of a job,' and I asked Gus, the bartender, to put in a good word for me if the stranger should be lookin' for a guide. Well, I hung around till after supper, whin I was pleased to see me man inter the barroom. He was a dapper little chap, dressed like a cock pheasant and talked with a drawl.

"'A—good evenin'," says he to Gus, 'let me have a brandy and soda.'

"Thiin he began to talk about shootin', and told Gus how he'd stopped off on his way to Pittsburg for a day in the woods.

"'You'll want a guide, of coorse,' says Gus.

"'Well—a,' says he, 'that depinds. They're such frauds, most of 'em, dontcher know.'

"'Oh, I don't know,' says Gus. 'I guess some of them are all right. And there's one of 'em here now.'

"'A—is this the man?' says me lord, turnin' to me. 'Are you a guide?'

"'Well,' says I, 'I have done some guidin' in me time.'

"'Do you think—a,' says he, 'you could find any deer in the woods?'

"'I think I could,' says I.

"'A—,' says he, 'that's what ye all say!'

"'You think,' says I, 'that we're inclined to be too oppymistic?'

"'That's the poloite way of puttin' it,' says he, 'but I think worse than that.'

"'You don't seem to think much of us,' says I.

"'Well—a,' says he, 'I'm afraid not.'

"'That's too bad,' says I. 'Thin if I war you I'd go it alone.'

"'I think I will,' says he, 'and—a—I fawncy me chance of a buck will be none the less.'

"'All right, me buck!' says I, 'no harm done.'

"'You're a very impertinent man,' says he.

"'You bet,' says I. 'That's me.'

"He flung out of the barroom in a huff, and Gus and I fell a laughin'.

"But I stopped meself suddinly and says to Gus:

"Gus," says I, "I'm goin' into the woods to see the fun, but I ain't goin' to take any chances. Will you lind me one of your han'kerchiefs?" says I. "What for?" says he. "Never mind," says I, "but get it." He got it and thin I spread it out on the bar and had Gus to paint on it in bould charackters with a piece of a stick and black ink:

DON'T SHOOT,
I'M A MAN.

"Gus," says I, "I'm goin' to hoist that on me rifle and carry it like a flag at the head of a regimint."

"Well, I was up bright and early the next mornin' reconnoitrin' the hotel, and seen me gallant sport march off alone with his brand new rifle and his brand new shootin' suit. I started after him whin I seen him inter the woods. I felt purty sure that he'd keep to the beaten thrail up the mountain, and thin down to the valley beyant, but I was mistaken, for whin I intered the woods after him and made a spurt to get well up in his rear, I couldn't get a sight or hear a sound of him. Howsomever, I kept on to the valley, hopin' he might make his way there somehow. It was my idea that if I ran into him he'd be so disgusted with his luck that he'd employ me there and thin—but I was detarmined to make him apologize first for his words of the night before. Well, I poked about all day, but never once got wind of him. 'Mebbe,' says I, 'the poor child's tired out and gone to sleep somewhere.' As evenin' came on I began to feel a bit tired meself, as I always do whin I have no excitement, so I thought I'd rest a while and have a pull at the pipe before startin' for home.

"I sat down on a rock behind a strip of bushes, takin' the precaution to plant me flag alongside of me. It was a beautiful evenin', fine and mild, with the settin' sun gildin' the brown laves of the forest. I was smokin' away, continted enough in spite of me disappointed, whin I heard somethin' crack. I turned me head to listen, and the next minute bang! wint a rifle, and the pipe was knocked out of me mouth. Aha! thinks I, I'm up agin it, after all. I threw myself flat on me face and awaited devilepments. In a minute or two somebody comes runnin' up, and then I heard the voice of me new acquaintance:

"My God! he cried, 'it's a man!'

"Thin he took to sobbin' like, and—I first lost meself," says he, "and now I've shot a man. Oh, miserable wretch! What'll become of me?"

"I remained stock still, and again I heard him break out: 'He's dead—stone dead. No use stayin' here. Let me save meself.'

"With that he turned and fled. I jumped up at once and made after him at a distance.

"I'll tache this woodsman a lesson," says I.

"He kept to the valley, but didn't seem to know where he was goin', only dashin' along whatever way was clearest. In a little while it began to grow dark, and thin, as I seen him stop to take breath, I gave a long wailin' cry, as of a man in distress. He looked about him like a frightened deer, and thin took to his heels agin.

"After a while he came to a clearin'. The moon was risin' and everything looked dim and ha'nted-like. Thin I began dodgin' about the clearin', utterin' moans and groans, with an occas'nal wailin' cry like the first one. There's an echo 'way back in the valley, and it took up the sounds of me voice and made such a horrible din that bedad I was almost frightened meself. As for the poor chap in the middle of the clearin', he seemed paralyzed with fear. At length he threw himself down on his knees and covered his face with his hands. 'I took pity on him, and comin' out of the woods began to hello to him. He looked up and seen me, and thin he jumped to his feet and was away as if he'd seen the divil.

"Stop! I cried, 'or I'll shoot.'

"You see I wanted to get him home, for I was afraid if he spint the night in the woods he might expire from sheer fright. But he didn't heed me, but dashed on and disappeared in the woods. I followed him for a while, but he was too nimble for me—and to be sure the fear in his heart put wings on his feet—so I gave up the chase and made for home.

"In troth, I felt sorry for the poor tinderfoot, though he'd nearly done for me, and prayed that the Lord might spare him through the night. I rached home very sad and anxious—I was thin boordin' at the Widow Casey's—and didn't spake a word to a sowl, but wint straight to bed. I couldn't sleep a wink from thinkin' of the poor wanderer in the woods, and blamed meself contin'ally for playin' such a trick on him. Howsomever, I was up long before dawn, and stuffin' a few provisions and a flask of whiskey in me pocket, made off on a search expedition.

"It was just breakin' day as I rached the clearin'. I looked about, and the ground bein' soft after rain

had no trouble in findin' the thrail. I pursued it for a considerable distance, thin lost it on a ledge of rocks. I looked around the ledge, but couldn't find the sign of a footstep. I was puzzled. Some trees grew close to the ledge, and I thought he might have sprung into one of thim to hide, so I looked through thim, but to no purpose. 'Whatever could have become of him?' says I, sorely puzzled. While I was debatin' the question I heard a groan. It seemed to come out of the ground. I looked around more attintively than I had before and seen a clift in the ledge. 'Ah, ha!' says I, and up I wint and there found the poor little dude sport lyin' on his face between the rocks. Ividently in his wild flight he'd stumbled and fell in. I got down beside him and shook him.

"Me poor lad," says I, "this is too bad. How do you feel? Are you hurt?"

"He gave another groan, but didn't answer. I took him in me arms and carried him over to a grassy spot and sat him down with his back to a tree. He hung his head on his chest and seemed to be in a sort of thrance. I forced some whiskey down his throat and rubbed his hands and timpls. Prisently he lifted his head and looked at me.

"I've shot a man," says he, then hung his head agin.

"Come—come," says I, "you mustn't give way like that. Brace up and be a man."

"I put the bottle in his mouth agin and made him take a good swig. It put more life into him, and in a little while he got up. Thin lookin' at me, he repeated:

"I've shot a man."

"Are you sure?" says I.

"Yis," says he. "I seen him dead—stone dead. And I heard him."

"Heard him?" says I.

"Yis—heard his ghost," says he, trimblin'.

"The Lord save us!" says I. "But why did you shoot him?"

"I took him for a deer," says he. "I seen something white and I thought it was the deer's flag."

"Oh, tear an' ages," says I, "this beats all," and took to laughin', so that I had to hold me sides.

"What are you laughin' at?" says he.

"I'm laughin' at your simplicity and me own," says I. "Do you see that flag?" and I pulled Gus's han'kerchief out of me pocket.

"He nodded.

"Well," says I, "this is the flag you shot at—and this is the man. And if you didn't shoot me it wasn't because I didn't deserve to be shot, for carryin' such a thing as that into the woods."

"His face, which was pale as death before, flushed up with the joy in him.

"Oh, tell me," says he, "that you ain't foolin' me—that you're in earnest?"

"Sure, I'm in earnest," says I. "Here's me hand on it."

"But how about those awful cries?" says he.

"Oh," says I, "that was a little joke of mine to scare you."

"Ain't you the man I met in the barroom of the hotel last night?" says he, lookin' at me attintively.

"The very same," says I.

"Well," says he, "I apologize for what I said to you. I was a fool to spake as I did of guides."

"Mebbe," says I, "you spoke of thim as you found thim. But they ain't all the same."

"That's true," says he, "for you're a divilish decent, clever fellow, and I'm your friend for life," says he, stretchin' out his hand. "My name is Percy Van Coortlandt Brown, and you must let me reward you for what you've done for me."

"My name is Timothy Mulcahy, sir, at your service," says I, "but I don't want a cint for what I've done. I had the value of me money out of you last night. But," says I, thinkin', "I have a poor old mother in Ireland, and if you have a mind to be ginerous—"

"Let me have her address," says he.

"He took it down, and thin says: 'But really you must let me sind you something, if only for a soovy-neer.'

"Well, if I must," says I, "let it be a pipe, for whin you fired that shot yisterday, bedad you knocked me old doodeen out of me mouth. And I must compliment you on your aim," says I.

"Mulcahy," says he, "you're the right sort. You shall have the finest pipe that money can buy. And I'm comin' back here next year for a whole week's shootin' with you. In the meantime, say nothin' about what has happened."

"I'll never spake of it while you're alive," says I.

"And neither did I, but—" and here Tim lowered his voice—"I happened to read in a New York paper the other day that poor Percy Van Coortlandt Brown was no more. And will you believe, gintlemin, how he came by his untimely death? He was shot in the woods!

"Sure there must have been a fate in it," concluded Tim. "But, anyhow, it would be a grand thing if fire arms could be kept out of the hands of fools."

Killdeer Plover.

Of all North American shore birds, perhaps none is so well known as the killdeer plover. Though not often seen in these days on the New England and north Atlantic coast, it is abundant in the interior, north and south, and though not found in great companies, like other plover, and most beach birds, its distribution is very general. Besides, its appearance is so striking, and its voice so shrill and so constantly in use, that



TWO SNAPS AT A KILLDEER—ONE.

it draws to itself the notice of every one who invades the territory which it inhabits. This shrill and characteristic cry has given it its vernacular name, as well as the specific name, *vociferus*. If alarmed by man, and especially if its breeding grounds are approached, the killdeer at once remonstrates by its shrill whistle, and not one bird only, but perhaps a dozen, if so many are in the neighborhood, gather about the intruder, and flying near him seem to urge him by cries, threat-

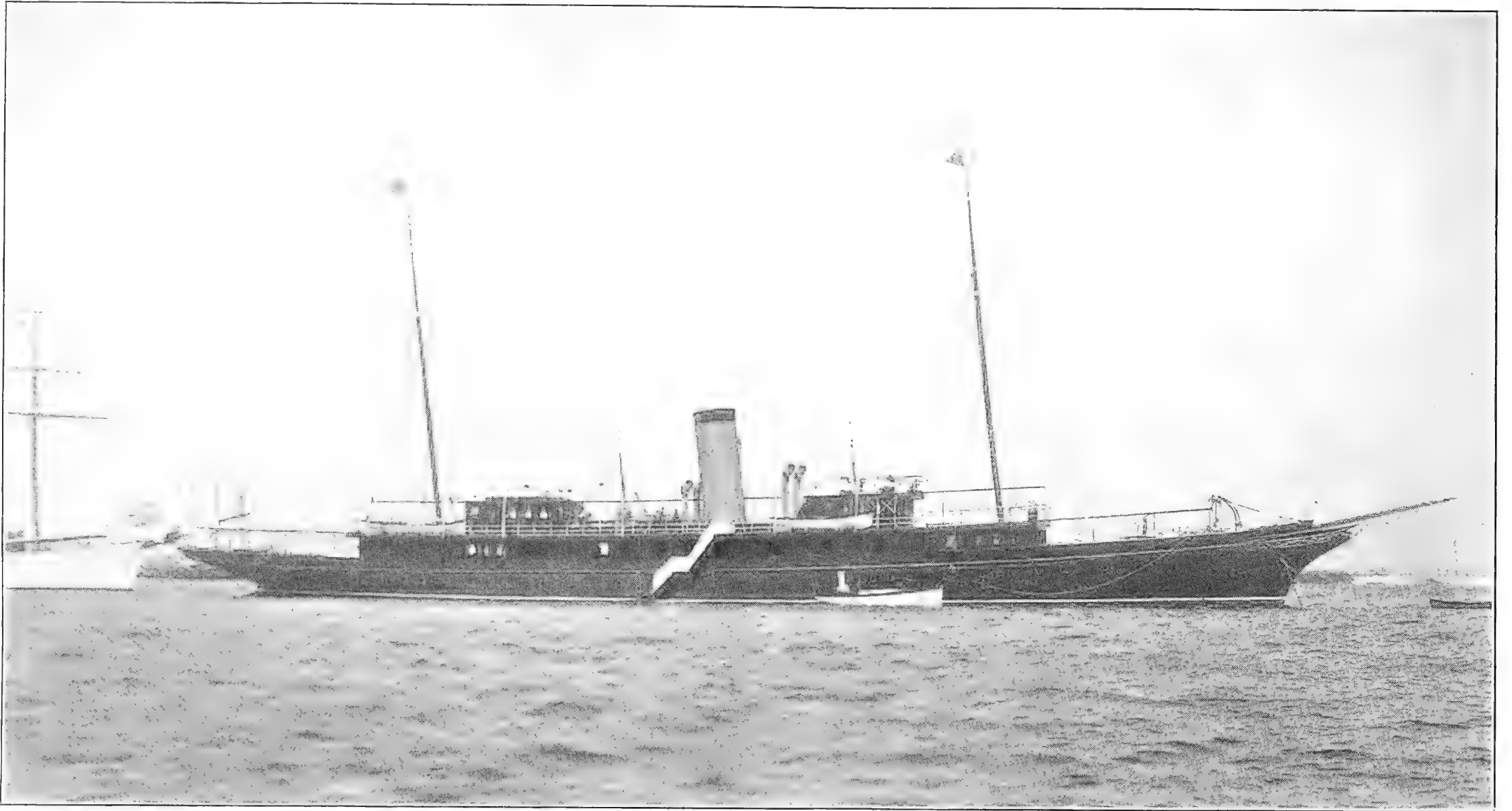


TWO SNAPS AT A KILLDEER—TWO.

ening or imploring, to take himself off and let them alone. It is not by day only that the killdeer is heard. Often his remonstrant whistle comes to the ear of him who travels by night, and to judge from the way in which it circles about, or passes over him, its actions in darkness are much the same as during the day.

Although one of our shore birds, the killdeer hardly merits the name of a game bird. It is neither especially good to eat nor good to kill, and there is neither pleasure nor credit to be had from its pursuit. Audubon says that in early autumn the birds of this species are fat, juicy, and tender; but he adds that at all seasons of the year the killdeer is shot by inexperienced sportsmen. The pursuit of this innocent bird cannot be recommended.

The illustrations here given were taken as snapshots not long ago in Mexico, and show how tame the birds are there. The picture of the one which is running is extremely interesting.



The Steam Yacht Noma.

NOMA was built for Mr. William B. Leeds from designs by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, of New York City, who also supervised her construction, and delivered her to Mr. Leeds complete, ready for sea, in March, 1903.

She was built by the Burlee Dry Dock Co., of Staten Island, under the special inspection for highest classification in the American Bureau of Shipping.

Noma is the largest recent addition to the New York Y. C. fleet. She comprises many novelties in equipment and design which make her of more than general interest to the steam yachtsmen of America. Her great speed, the comfort and amplitude of her arrangements, the completeness of her equipment and the smoothness with which she runs, even at the highest speed, have appealed to all who have seen her. Her dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 252ft.; length waterline, 226ft.; breadth, 28ft. 6in.; draft, 14ft.

Needless to say, her hull is of steel, and she has a steel deck; in fact, wherever strength is necessary steel has been used; even the deckhouse of polished teak though it looks, is built of steel throughout and merely clothed with teak, as the modern office building is built of steel and clothed with brick or stone.

For greater safety, she has been fitted with seven watertight bulkheads, and three of these, through which doors are cut, are fitted with the Long-Arm System Company's system of watertight doors, with a controller on the bridge, so that in case of an emer-

gency the captain can close all the doors immediately on the ship. One of the most interesting features of the doors is that after they have been closed by the captain they can be opened to allow a man to get through and out of danger by pressing a handle, and the moment the handle is released the door closes again automatically.

The machinery, which is to a steam yacht what sails are to a schooner, would prove of the greatest interest to any engineer. A few general figures should interest even the sailor. In Noma's engine there 37 different steam cylinders, which drive 22 independent engines. These engines vary in size from the large propelling engines of 2,000 horse-power each to the little pump of 2 horse-power, which keeps the fresh water and plumbing tank filled. Steam is furnished by 6 Almy water-tube boilers. When the yacht is going at full speed these boilers burn 8 tons of coal an hour, and are fed with 5,000 cubic feet capacity of air from 3 sets of steam-driven fans. The use of the bulk of this machinery is, of course, for moving the vessel, but in addition to these machines for moving, there are an ice-making and refrigerating machine, fire and plumbing pumps, dynamos and ventilating fans, whose main use is to increase the comfort of living.

The contract called for 16 knots under natural draft, and 14 under forced draft; but on trial in regular service she has largely exceeded these speeds. On trial she made 19.06 knots between Sandy Hook Lightship and Fire Island Lightship, a distance of 29¾ nautical

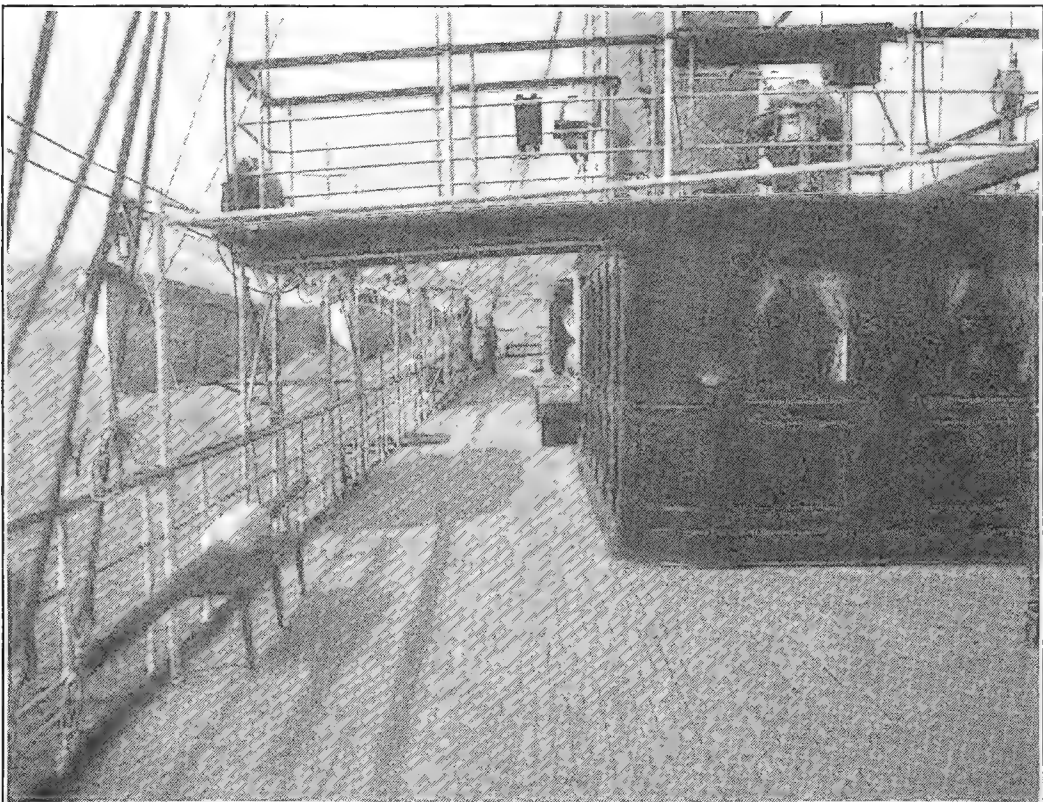
miles, and in the race for the Lysistrata Cup, July 24 last, against the Kanawha, she slightly exceeded this speed over a course of 60 nautical miles.

One of the most notable features of Noma at high speed is the entire freedom from vibration. This smoothness of running has been especially remarked by all who have been on board.

She has a bunker capacity for 240 tons of coal, and carries 13,000 gallons of water in her tanks, in addition to which she has an evaporator of 2,000 gallons daily capacity, and a distiller capable of making 500 gallons a day of drinking water.

The electric outfit is most complete, consisting of two large generators, large storage batteries, electric windlass (the motor which drives this electric windlass is the exact duplicate of one of our usual street car motors, which will give one a good idea of the power required to hoist and break out one of Noma's anchors, which weigh a ton apiece), two electric boat hoists and one electric fan for ventilating system, in addition to such minor luxuries as electric curling-iron heaters, cigar lighters, searchlights, decorating lights, etc.

Noma's ventilation has been most carefully studied. In addition to individual skylights for every room, there is an exhaust fan situated in the fiddley, which sucks air through the air ducts leading from each state room. This exhaust fan is large enough to cause a 10-minute change of air through the whole of the owner's quarters. The running lights, also range,

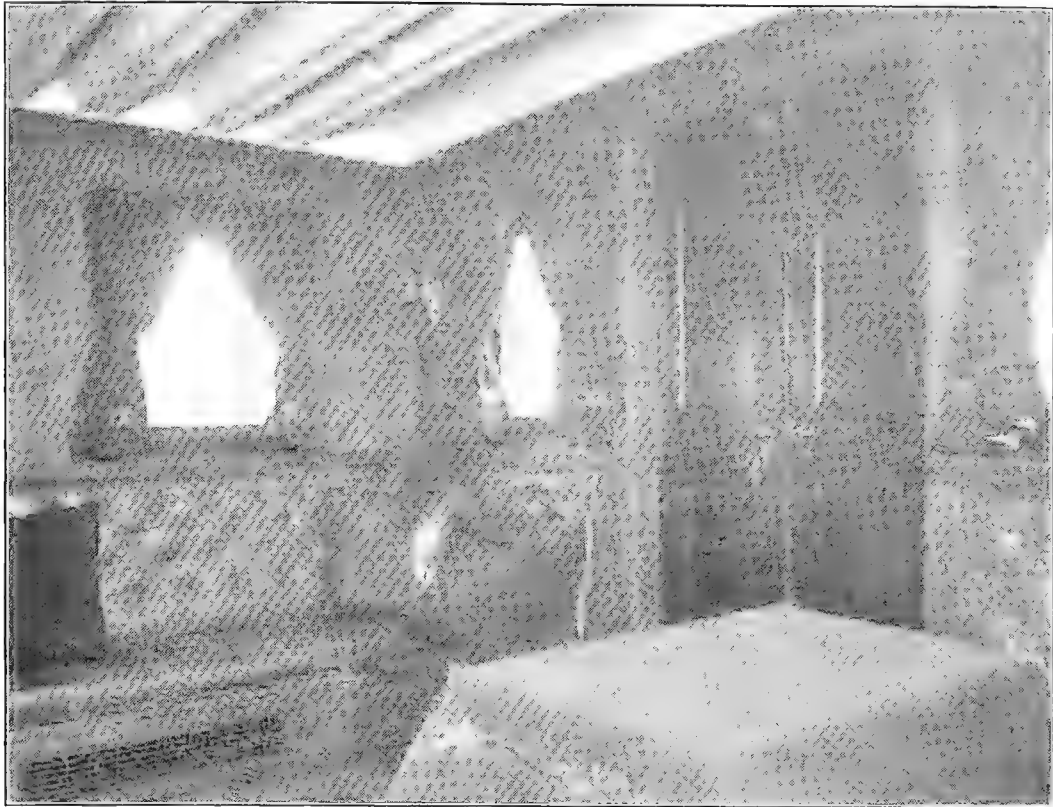


Looking Aft from Shade Deck.



Looking Forward from Shade Deck.

THE STEAM YACHT NOMA—DECK VIEWS.



Smoking Room.

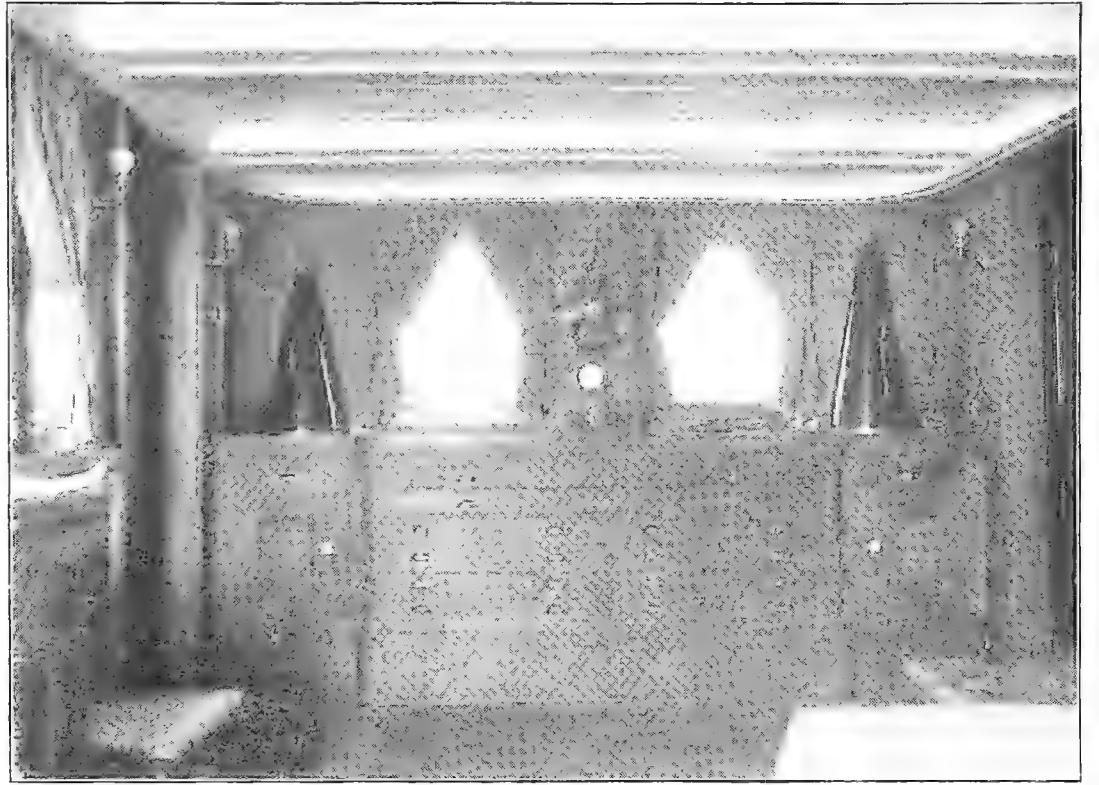


Chart Room—Looking Forward.



Dining Room—Looking Forward.



Dining Room—Looking Aft.



Library—Looking Forward.



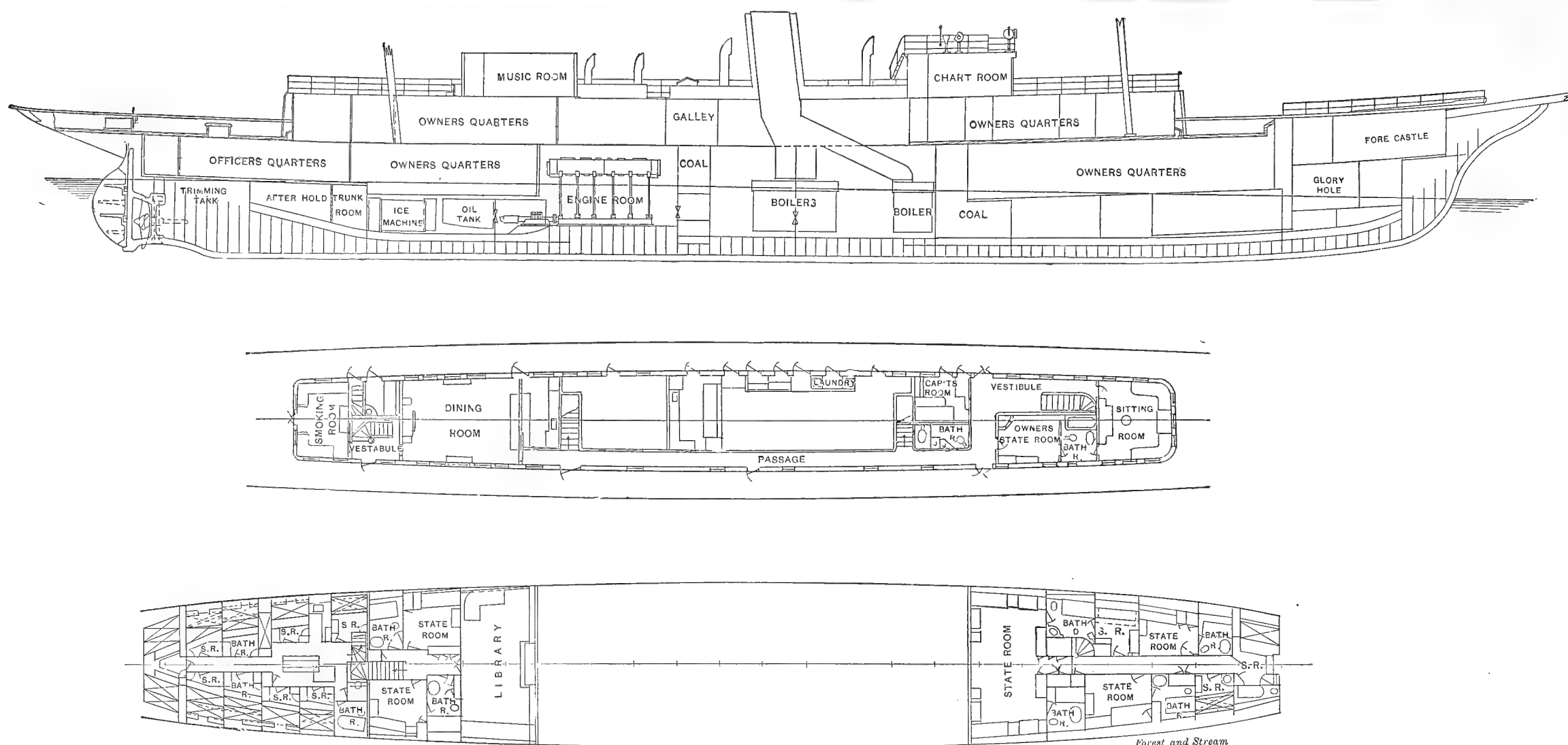
Library—Looking Aft.



Owner's Cabin.



Music Room.



THE STEAM YACHT NOMA—INBOARD PROFILE AND CABIN PLANS.

stern and anchor lights, are electric. Connected with the running lights is an indicator on the bridge which automatically shows whether they are in order, and shows when any light is out.

The log has electric connection with the bridge to an indicator, so that the rate and distance run can be seen by the officer on duty at a glance. She has on the bridge an automatic fog controller and recorder, by which the whistle can be set to blow automatically at any time, and the time and duration of the blasts are recorded in the chart room, so that any question arising from collision or otherwise, there is definite record instead of relying on the testimony of more or less excited beings.

The yacht has a refrigerating system consisting of a Brown-Cochran carbonic acid gas machine, which keeps the main cold storage room, butter, milk and egg room, and pantry and galley refrigerators at their proper temperatures. Its capacity for ice-making is 500 pounds per day, in addition to doing all this refrigerating work, and is further of a size which allows of the machine being shut down at night for at least 10 hours. There is also a separate ice box for preserving fish.

The plumbing conditions vary little in appearance and working from that in a modern first class house. There is running hot and cold fresh water. The old-fashioned pump watercloset has been abandoned, and new siphon closets installed. All bath rooms have tiled floors and tiled walls, and are fitted with porcelain tubs and porcelain lavatories.

Noma carries six boats; namely, a 10 horse-power naphtha launch, non-capsizable, self-righting lifeboat, a one-rater sailboat, ship's sailing cutter, ship's dinghy and a steward's launch.

Every room in the ship, including officers' and seamen's quarters, has independent and separate air and light.

The deckhouses, skylights, bulwarks, rails, etc., are of teak, framing of deckhouses being of galvanized steel.

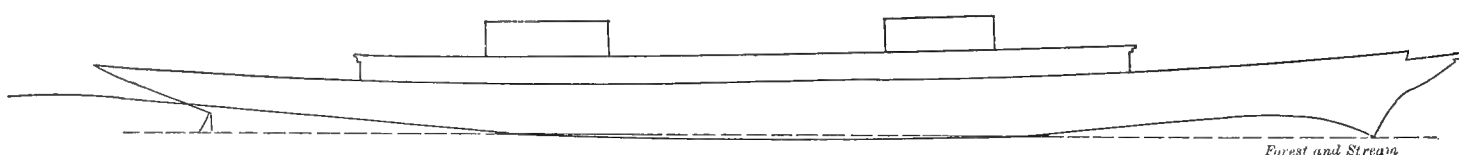
The keynote of the arrangement of the owner's quarters has been comfort and amplitude—rooms, passages, stairways, all are large and commodious. Everywhere the usual cramped feeling of a ship has been avoided. The headroom is ample, not only below but in the deckhouses. In the general scheme of the arrangement the living rooms are in the deckhouses on the main and shade deck, and consist of owner's office and suite, dining room, smoking room, music room and chart room. On the cabin sole deck are situated the state rooms, bath rooms, etc., with the owner's own quarters forward, the owner's and bachelor's quarters aft, where, also, is the library.

The principal rooms were designed by Messrs. Hunt & Hunt, architects. Their scheme in general was to find effect with simplicity, proper scale, and what might be termed "nautical interest in detail."

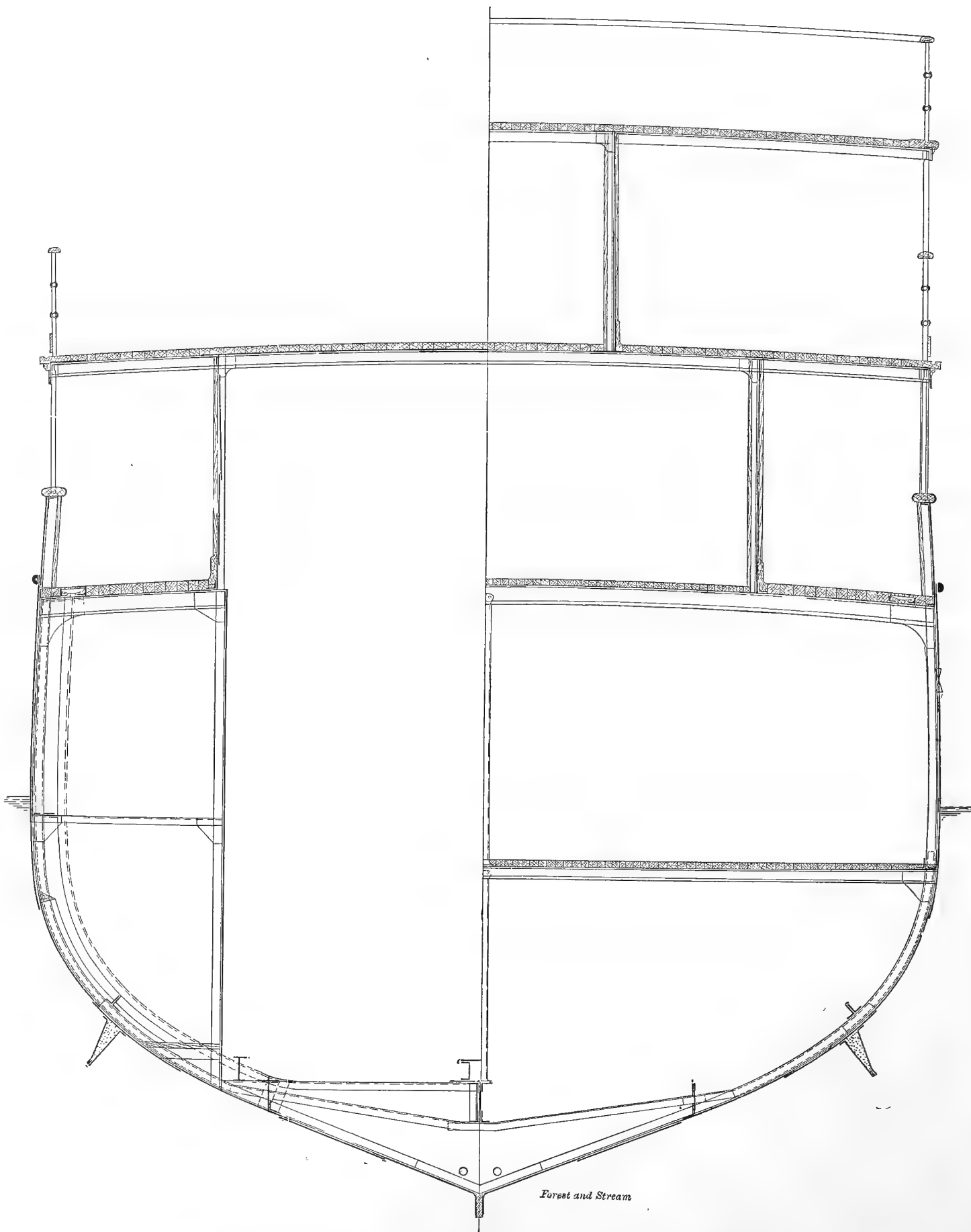
The success of their treatment is marked and original, and has been admired by all who have seen Noma.

Below decks, where the rooms are lit by portholes, the library and all the state rooms are carried out in rubbed white enamel paint in order to have as much light and brightness as possible.

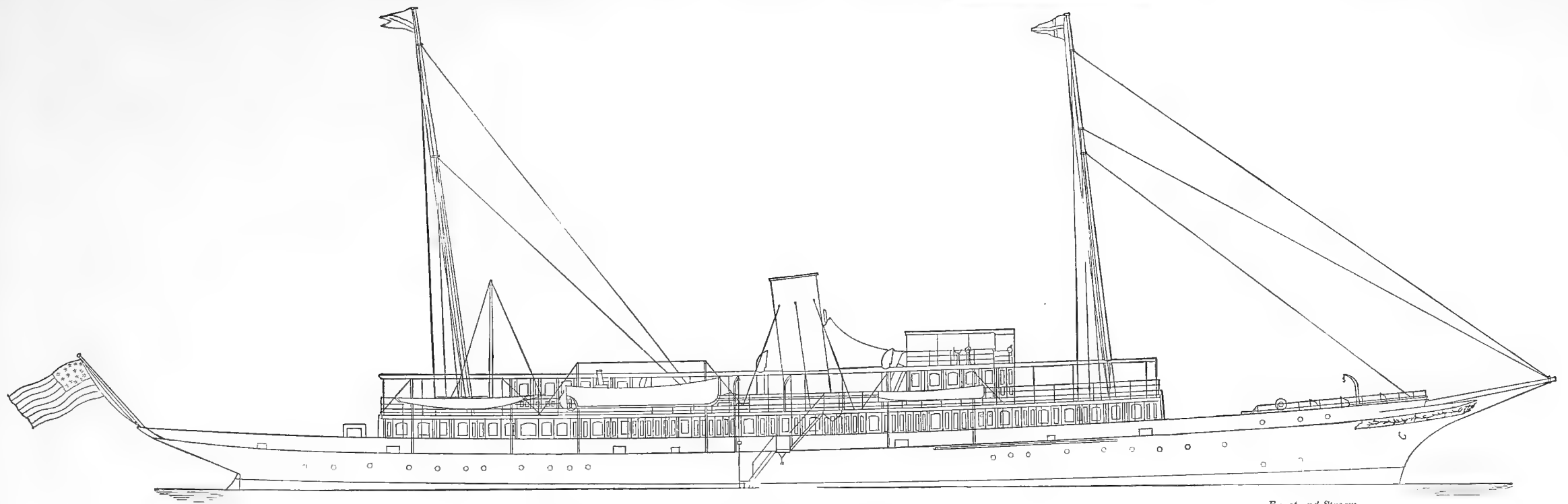
The color scheme of the library is green and white,



THE STEAM YACHT NOMA—WAVE LINE AT 19 KNOTS.



THE STEAM YACHT NOMA—MIDSHIP SECTION.



THE STEAM YACHT NOMA—OUTBOARD PROFILE.

and set in the mantel over the fireplace is a large and very fine water color by H. Reuterdaahl, which represents the battle of Portland, Feb. 28, 1653, one of the most important naval battles of the Anglo-Dutch war.

The wall panels of the owner's stateroom are covered with a material the color of bride roses, with silver gray and green in the upholstery and carpet. Over the bureau, either side of the beds, are large mirrors. There is a shell molding around the panels, and the furniture is mahogany.

The dining room on the deck above is Dutch in feeling. The facing of the fireplace is dark blue and white tiles, the tiles representing different scenes of the sea. The corbels of carved wood represent sea pirates. The electric light fixtures, which are on the stiles between

the windows and on the ceiling, represent pirates' heads. The room and furniture are oak. The coloring of curtains and carpet, dark blue; of the metal work, silver.

The smoking room, although one of the simplest rooms, is very effective. Its walls are sheathed in teak with dove-tailed wedges at intervals on the vertical joints. The upholstery is of leather, the curtains cloth.

The owner's deck state room and the owner's sitting room are mahogany with blue coloring in the materials.

On the upper deck the chart room is paneled teak, and the upper deck sitting room, which might also be called the music room, as framed in one end of the room, there is an orchestration, is finished in enamel paint of an ivory tone. The ornamentation over the

windows and orchestration is composed of representations of nautical objects, such as shells, sea weed, etc. The materials are light blue and the electric fixtures represent turtles, which clasp the necking of the capitals and hold the electric lights, which illumine the room through the amber-colored glass backs and give a charming diffused light.

The vestibules on the main deck are treated in natural teak, and are very effective with their paneled walls and interesting stair railing, made of a series of wood panels with boats carved in relief. Between the panels are coupled posts, between the posts shells and sea horses, and forming part of the base course is a molding composed of a succession of sea shells, the newel posts represent dolphins.

National Gun Clubs.

WITHIN the last two or more decades several eminent trapshooters, earnest in their purpose to promote the general good of trapshooting as a gentleman's sport exclusively, have made attempts to organize and establish a national trapshooting body, clothed with full representative powers of guardianship against abuses, and with full governmental powers over all local clubs throughout the United States. This consummation is still the ideal trapshooting dream of many good and wise sportsmen. However, all the attempts of the past have been futile.

As a theoretical proposition, a national trapshooting body, with beneficent governmental powers, seems to be both reasonable and feasible. All the superficial conditions seem to favor the idea. As a constituent support, there are hundreds upon hundreds of gun clubs, and thousands on thousands of shooters, to be found everywhere throughout the United States. The town which has not, or which has not had, a gun club is a dormant town indeed. With all this active material, a national controlling body would seem to be past the stage of the speculative; it would seem to be in the realm of the essentially necessary. And yet there must have been some unfavorable, inherent causes antagonistic to the formation of a national body, else the failures of the past, in the attempts to organize, would not have been so uniformly futile.

In comparison with other forms of sport which have central governing bodies, trapshooting interests, from their apparent magnitude, importance and class of patronage, would, theoretically, seem to require a similar organization.

In this connection we observe on analysis that the forms of sport which have powerful national organization, on the one hand, to safeguard their interests from injury by the predatory or the dishonest, and, on the other hand, to formulate and enforce rules of action which steadfastly promote the best good of all concerned, have component parts entirely different from the corresponding component parts in the world of trapshooting. These component units are uncompromisingly unlike. On examination the fact becomes quickly and clearly established that, aside from by actuating impulse, the fondness for sport, there is no analogy.

By way of illustration, let us consider the units, the clubs, which make the confederation known as the National Trotting Association, in so far as they relate to this subject. The unit, the club, is a thoroughly organized body in itself. It has permanency. It is a constant. It has important business interests and relations. It possesses property in value from thousands to hundreds of thousands of dollars. It has a secretary and other officers, who respectively are paid salaries, and who, therefore, are required to be officially competent and industrious as a matter of bounden duty. These officers, consequently, do not act from whimsical impulse, or from the courtesy of good fellowship, as do men who act from a fondness for sport, or who act without remuneration. Moreover, the trotting club receives large revenues from the gate, the bar and the book privileges, and in every particular, has all essential to an active, valuable, permanent business institution. Also, the Association governs with the consent of the governed.

Here, at every point, in the consideration of the clubs as units, we observe that there are vast property and business interests, skillful organization from base to pinnacle, active salaried officials, permanency and responsibility.

Athletic associations also have valuable properties and interests as a rule. Their activities are so closely associated and interdependent, and they have such a common interest in maintaining a strict integrity in the sport owing to the immense sums involved, the prestige of the associations which are interested, the requirements of sportsmanship and the requirements of public opinion, that concerning them a confederation for the general good is imperative.

Let us now relatively consider the club units existing in the trapshooting world, as they are or are not available as component parts for the formation of a national association.

We observe that there are permanent gun clubs with some property interests, but their number is not large. The average gun club as a rule is entirely local in its zone of influence; and, if it have any property at all, the value of it rarely exceeds a few

hundred dollars. The officers as a rule perform the duties of their offices without any monetary remuneration whatever. These duties, however, are so light that they are not unduly burdensome. Most of the official work is in connection with the weekly afternoon shoots, beginning and ending with them. Indeed, sometimes it is a member, not an officer, who is the enthusiastic leader and hard worker. In most instances, when the one or two workers quit, the club quits also.

Commonly, the gun club is a group of friends, without any serious form of organization. The motive is social and competitive, and chiefly concerns themselves. The rest of the world may have, to them, merely an incidental consideration. If once the members lose interest, the property values are too insignificant to hold the organization together.

As a unit of a national organization, the average gun club is too ephemeral. The club unit, to be of value, must, to a reasonable degree, be a constant.

But, assuming for the sake of the discussion that the average gun club is permanent, then, as a possible unit of a national association, it would need some materially advantageous inducement to cause it to seek membership. If it did not give any tournaments, a membership then would confer no benefits. If it did give tournaments, its revenues were limited to the receipts for the sale of targets; it has no gate receipts or other source of public revenue. As a rule, the contestants shoot for their own moneys. The little domestic affairs of the club are too insignificant and too local in character to require any attention from a national body. Moreover, the average club could not afford to pay the expenses of a delegate to a national session, and it could not afford to pay its quota toward paying the salaries of a national board of officers. Without such salaried officers, the national organization would not exist at all in reality. Without a material remuneration on the part of the officers there would not be any responsibility. It then would exist simply in idea.

But let us suppose that there is a national organization of clubs, and that there is a board of national officers elected. What interests have they to safeguard which warrants their official existence? What duties have they to perform?

There is not enough clashing of dates to require the existence of a national body.

The purses are not sufficient to require any national care.

The betting is not any feature of the competition as in horse racing, and therefore needs no legislative action.

There is not such a dearth of sportsmanship that a national body is necessary to promote it, and even if there were, how could a national body promote it one way or the other?

A national body would be limited in authority to the units which composed it.

Is a national body necessary to decide the question of amateur and professional? Every man who has shot to any extent in tournaments is now a professional. The status of manufacturers' agents and other shooters has been more or less definitely passed upon already, and accepted as a matter of usage.

Any self-elected body cannot have any representative powers. The mere claim of name having a national significance confers no national powers upon it. In a national sense, such club exists only in idea. It cannot declare any rule for others because it has no authority to do so. It can declare only for itself, and that any other club can do likewise.

A fair analysis shows that the need of a national trapshooting body, under existing conditions, is founded on matters sentimental instead of matters material. Each average shooter will admit the desirability of having a national body; but, feeling no personal need of it himself, he thinks that the other fellow should do all the material promotion in the matter. The other fellow, conversely, has the same feeling. Neither has more than a sentimental interest in the matter, and neither has club property enough to need any extraneous safeguards, or important business relations with other clubs or shooters, or revenues, to make possible a confederation of national scope.

As the trapshooting world is at present constituted, a national trapshooting organization now seems possible only in the realm of the imagination.

B. WATERS.

The Witchery of Blowland.

IN a far-away tropical island of the boundless seas, called Blowland, there dwelt a highly civilized people, who, two short centuries ago, were barbarians. This nation has ceased to exist. They as barbarians were rescued from their deplorable, savage state by virtue of the beneficent, arduous labors of two or three missionaries, supplemented by the good offices of several thousand sailors of the merchant marine and whalers. This number of sailors was not present on the island all at the same time. The crews of one, two or three vessels were there for a few days or weeks only, and as they went other crews came.

The sailors, in their philanthropic efforts to uplift and benefit the barbarians, wrought close to twenty-four hours each day. The missionaries talked at the savages; the sailors talked to them. In this effective manner, civilization quickly gained a permanent foothold. Indeed, progress was so rapid that it was fairly astonishing; inasmuch so that in a few years it was the proud boast of them as a people that it was a contest, nose and nose, between their vault and safe makers on the one hand and their safe crackers on the other, as to which of them were the more expert, and therefore which could claim meritorious ascendancy. However, with the aid of a high-salaried police force, supplemented with automatic burglar alarms, the safe makers held the advantage; thus, by not permitting the burglar to toy with them, the efficiency of the safes was maintained.

However, the rivalry between the safe makers and the safe crackers was only one form of the many competitions incident to the high state of civilization so quickly acquired by these savages.

The civilized savages had a belief that all work and no play make Jack a dull boy; therefore, they devoted a reasonable portion of time to play. Among themselves, they achieved great renown for their comprehensive and refined sportsmanship, and truly it was justly merited.

They had an inherent passion for sport—a passion so common and constant that it was not a whit less than national in its scope and importance. Different kinds of wholesome competition were adopted, and also were so fostered with a liberality of purse, of participation, and of enthusiasm, that their dignified, happy success, present and future, were assured beyond even a doubt.

Among all classes a perfect comity prevailed. The rich and the poor, the wise and the simple, the taught and the untaught, associated together on equal terms in all the different forms of contests. If there were any caste distinctions, they were treated as a mere idea; at least, during the competition, however much of a reality they became immediately afterward.

Among this highly civilized people, once savage, marksmanship was easily the most popular, the most general, and the most useful form of sport. In all matters of marksmanship, they placed firearms under a ban. Of the numerous kinds of weapons which they used, the blowgun was incomparably the favorite of the people, and might in all fairness be termed their national weapon. In its use they were admirably skillful. To such a degree of perfection had they attained with it that objects, when shot at, whether in motion or at rest, were alike hit with ease, certainty and precision.

As the reader may anticipate, it required good lungs to successfully compete and become a leader in the use of the blowgun. Nevertheless, even the weakest could blow hard on occasion, so that, as to ability, the marksmen might be classified as blowhards, blowharders and blowhardests. The blowhardests could betimes be heard in every nook and corner of Blowland, and to blow hard was, by some, considered an essential feature of the sport, if indeed, it was not the most meritorious of their performances.

In all that pertained to the theory of their sport, they were correspondingly learned. The knights of the blowgun had a profound code of rules and regulations which governed the competition equitably. Clubs throughout the country existed for a special purpose to maintain the sport. Mammoth factories were

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constantly employed in the manufacture of blowguns and darts, bows and arrows, boomerangs, harpoons and fish-hooks; and, though their total output was enormous, it was much of the time less than the demand.

As easily may be conceded, this perfect development of sport and manufacture could not have been attained without a special literature devoted to it. It had that literature. It had quite an extensive literature devoted to every branch.

Some of the sportsmen's journals had been identified with the progress of the sport from its infancy, and they were most important factors in promoting its growth progressively and on correct lines as to methods, sound knowledge as to equipment, and true teachings as to ethics.

Thus, in the establishment of sport as an institution, three different branches were coincidentally established, each highly specialized, namely, sport as represented by clubs and individuals, by manufacturers, and by literature. Each was mutually advantageous to the other, and each reciprocally conferred benefits to the others.

Long ago, in Blowland, there was a year of national, impulsive enthusiasm in blowgun competition. The people at large were actuated by a desire to decide which were the best marksmen, and coincidentally who could blow longest and hardest. The old blowgun clubs were aroused to activity, and new blowgun clubs multiplied like mushrooms. There was competition throughout the land. Each club was eager to hold a tournament, or "game," as it was known to the sportsmen of Blowland, that term being peculiarly applicable to many of the competitions held in some sections.

The first "game" of that year was given in the springtime by a club whose secretary was energetic and of original ideas. He was an ardent admirer of sport and sportsmanship in the abstract and also in the concrete, when, under some hocus-pocus of competition, he could commit some other fellow to pay his expenses.

One morning, in his well-ventilated country apartment, after a profoundly thoughtful, sleepless night, he sat him down at his table and wrote 159 letters, as follows:

Wolf Cross Roads, Isle of Blowland, April 1, 1776.

Dear Sir—The Blowhard Blowgun Club, of this thriving city, has decided to give a "game" of marksmanship, and to that end claims the dates of May 1 to 10. The members of the club are all gentlemanly blowhards, as you know, and, moreover, they are a very dignified body of men, as shown by the policy presented in this letter. They are enthusiastic in promoting general skill in the use of the blowgun to the end that our beloved land may have a citizen soldiery ever ready to defend it against the invader, that better laws may be enacted for the preservation of our valuable game birds, and that there may be a general impetus given to the promotion of better acquaintance and good fellowship. We know that your esteemed firm is in deep sympathy with our club purposes, and frankly I will say that I think that the members of the Blowhard Blowgun Club deserve it. We first and last have done a lot for you. We have used your goods entirely for your sake, and not because they were of any use to us personally. I will see that your act is advertised in all sportsmen's journals. Every one of our members is a user of your ———, a fact which I submit for your careful consideration. I am sure you would not care to unpleasantly jar the deep, deep esteem they now have for you. I know of one member of our club who walked thirty miles over muddy roads, out of his way, to demonstrate the worth of your goods to a man who was actively unfriendly to them. Another member sat up all one night in a ceaseless effort to discover some new idea to present to the public in your favor. This is a fair sample of our unselfish loyalty to you. In view of all this, we are now anxious to have you donate something to add to our "game," and this we expect to accomplish through the medium of this letter. I have faith that you will send us an article of sterling worth; perhaps one of your very highest grade. I have great influence with the sportsmen's journals. I beg, my dear sir, to subscribe myself,

Yours, devotedly,
S. PUMPKIN VINE, Sec'y B. B. C.

"Heads, I win; tails, you lose," muttered Pumpkin.

Then he wrote a circular letter to each one of the sportsmen's journals, as follows:

Gentlemen:

The Blowhard Blowgun Club has claimed the dates May 1 to 10 for our tournament. Please publish that weekly in your column of fixtures. I enclose advance sheets of our "game" programme, which you no doubt will be glad to publish as a matter of news. Please publish in full. It will not take over a column of your space, and it is for the good of sport. We will have the

programme ready to mail in two weeks, when you might notice it again. I am very busy now, and wish that you would make up a note or two each week about this "game." It is going to be great. Cannot you give us an advertisement for our programme? It reaches a class who are deeply and passionately fond of literature, and a friendly word from us, if we happen to think of it again, would bring you a fortune. Our rates are: One page, \$25; one-half page, \$15; one-quarter page, \$10, strictly in advance. Please give us a subscription or two as a special prize. We hope that you will not fail to send a staff representative to our "game," otherwise we will feel unkindly toward you. Please put me on your complimentary list. I have a well-broken rabbit dog which I will sell cheap. If you know of any one who wants a first-rate puppy, mention me. What is the best cure for mange? I will expect your ad. I am a great admirer of your journal. Our club members are lovers of pure sport.

Yours devotedly,
S. PUMPKIN VINE, Sec'y B. B. C.

The recipients treated the circular communications with that calmness which comes from long habit in such matters.

In the blank space of the circular letters sent to the manufacturers, the secretary inserted the name of such articles as the addressee manufactured. The plea on which the letter was based was false in the main, or at least almost wholly imaginary. A few of the victims, however, responded favorably, some out of pure kindness, some out of a fear that rival manufacturers would respond favorably and thereby purchase the club's friendship away from them, and some again out of fear of a possible boycott. Therefore, on the day of the game there was a varied array of merchandise prizes, blowguns, shooting jackets, ammunition, cases of whisky and beer, field glasses, barrels of flour, coal, crockery ware, pictures, etc. The home merchants were pressed the hardest, and responded more uniformly, for they were more directly amenable to the force of a boycott, and of the persuasion of the blowhards.

The merchandise event, the prizes of which were all collected on the plea of furthering the sport, had a \$5 entrance fee, and as there were one hundred entries, the total receipts concerning it were \$500. And this money the club put into its treasury. The true status of the merchandise transaction was that it sold the merchandise for its own use, though it was secured and donated under the plea of sport for the multitude.

The success of the Blowhard Blowgun Club quickly spread abroad throughout the land, and nearly every other club in the land immediately adopted the same identical methods. The proposition, reduced to simple terms, was this: We are to hold a tournament; we ask you to donate some goods for the benefit of the sport, which is really for our treasury.

It so happened that in the summer of that year, an eminent blowgun manufacturer, Elijah Stubtwist; a foreign sporting editor, M. Quill, and S. Pumpkin Vine, met in Pekin. They, like all other men of large revenues, desired rest, comfort and change during the warm weather; therefore, they journeyed abroad. They greeted each other with pleasure, sought a nearby café, where they comfortably ensconced themselves about a table and each ordered a glass of ice water. After some talk of home, Stubtwist said:

"How did your 'game,' in foreign lands called a tournament, succeed, Mr. Vine?"

"I am sorry that I have to report that it was a failure, sir," replied Vine. "We lost quite a lot of money."

"Of course, of course," remarked Stubtwist, "that is to be expected at a merchandise shoot; everything donated. Well, anyway, I suppose that you and all the members of your club are using the Stubtwist gun, and are still sitting up nights thinking of its wonderful excellence. I have not noted the slightest advance in my trade in your section, nevertheless. But, tell me, Mr. Vine, why did you write to all my rival manufacturers about their guns in precisely the same tenor that you wrote to me about my gun? Were you really promoting sport, as you said you were, or were you grafting?"

"Why, er, er, those things are merely the accepted fictions of sport, and are commonly considered as being all right," replied Vine.

"All right by whom? Not by the donors, I am sure. Do you mean to tell me in all seriousness that you would perpetrate and maintain a fiction to secure a valuable gun or anything else?" and Stubtwist looked at Vine rather sharply.

"Certainly," replied Vine, with perfect composure. "They all do so when they can. As a custom, it does much in the good furtherance of sport, because it brings men into competitive action; it upholds an institution which consumes your goods, and it fosters friendly rivalries, which guarantee its perpetuation."

"But how does it help sport, if I give my goods to you? I already have all the cash orders I can supply. Suppose that I

gave a gun to every Tom, Dick and Harry who came along with a story similar to yours—how long would I have any business at all? It is true that I know you personally, but I do not know anything whatever to substantiate the claims which you made to me. I cannot perceive how it helped me in any way to give you a gun; but I think that I can perceive how it helped you quite a lot. You did not do a single one of the things that you promised to do for me, and in all probability you never intended to do so; nor had you the power to do so even had you wished. You assumed a power and importance that you did not possess. You had no more influence than any one else. There is, moreover, no reason on earth why your club or any other club should come to me either as oracles or mendicants. True sportsmanship is not based on pauperism, nor on methods of pauperism; nor is it dependent on chicanery for its best activities. A true sportsman is as scrupulously careful in matters of business as any other gentleman is. Indeed, he is too proud-spirited to accept a gratuity from any one, even if it is cloaked with all the forms of a commercial transaction. Let me further call your attention to the fact that what you so loudly proclaim as a sport is run by you as a commercial proposition. You endeavor to run it on lines which will bring to you a revenue; and if you succeed in making some money, do you give it away to the first person who comes along and asks for it in the name of sport? All "games" are not so run, but the majority are. That is all right if they run as they are and for what they are. It is all wrong when they ask for charity for sport, which on analysis is profit for themselves. As between your club cashier and the public it is a money matter, pure and simple."

"Can I take your ad. for the next issue of the Shooters' Gazette?" queried Quills.

"What special benefits has your paper to confer? In what way does it offer advantages to me?" queried Stubtwist.

"Why," replied the sporting editor, "it is of inestimable and constant value to you. The benefit to you does not commence with the mere incident of the publication of your advertisement. The Shooters' Gazette fulfills a double mission. It is a public educator in matters of sportsmanship and wholesome recreation. Beginning with the boy or mature man, as the case may be, it educates him correctly and purely in matters of sport in all its branches. Without my paper and others like it, the greater part of the present-day shooters would still be using muzzle-loading blowguns to shoot birds, and beanpoles and cord to catch fish. You, as a business man, should be keenly alive to the value of an organ which in sportsmanship educates pupils from the elementary stages up to accomplished graduates. These are the people who buy your goods. When you advertise, it further calls direct attention to what you have to offer; thus you are a beneficiary directly in two important ways. And yet there are few sportsmen who trouble themselves as to how we manage to publish our paper or pay our bills. But we are frequently confronted with a proposition something as follows: Let me illustrate it in this wise: I am A; the other fellow is B, who gets the goods, and C, yourself, represents the donor. B, who gets the goods, says to C, the donor, 'It will be a great bargain for you to get a free reading advertisement with A, and if you will give me a gun I will see that you get it; for, to promote the sport and to retain my friendship, A will gladly publish the story of your munificent generosity, which I will write to him, thus you, C, will be paid by A for goods received by me.' Between A and C, there has been no transaction whatever. I, under the flimsiest of silly pretenses in this silly juggle to secure something for nothing, am supposed to satisfy both parties. If that is a good principle, why not introduce it into business transactions generally? But I understand, Mr. Vine, that after all the free advertising I gave your tournament, you destroyed the scores of your 'game' so that I would not receive them. Is that true?"

"Yes, that is true," replied Vine. "Why did you not have a representative there in person to get them?"

"For the same reason that you sent your free advertisements to me by mail. You did not deliver your advertisements to me in your own proper person, nor was it at all necessary that you should do so. To assume that we should pay a staff representative \$25 or \$50 merely that you might hand him the scores is the height of doddering babble. We are supposed to know how to run our own business. At all events, it seems strange to me that you would accept favors to which you had no special claim, which were of material value to you, and in return behave so curiously."

"I have the goods, anyway," remarked Vine.

"You have more now than you will have in the future," remarked Lord Stubtwist.

This is a simple story of a mythical land of the blowhards of Blowland; and it has been said by some very wise men that those gentle folks have been scattered over the face of the earth, and that the race is far from being extinct. BERNARD WATERS.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TRAIL HORSES.

WHEN Mr. Emerson Carney writes of life in the unsettled West, as he often does, he always writes to some purpose, and what he says is likely to strike a responsive chord in the heart of some reader, who in bygone years has followed the elk through the timber, climbed the peaks for mountain sheep, packed over the rough trails of the Rocky Mountains, or ridden hard and fast amid the dust kicked up by the flying buffalo herd.

The note printed elsewhere this week, in which the ability of horses to follow a back trail is commented on, will bring before the minds of many men, who have had experience in the West, affectionate memories of some horse, which, on the darkest night, could always be depended on to carry his rider back to camp, or which, going into some region where he had perhaps been only once before, and of which his rider had forgotten many of the landmarks, would follow his trail of long ago with the utmost exactness, pursuing so devious a course that his very twistings and windings would recall to the rider the memory of the previous journey by showing to him at frequent intervals objects that he remembered to have seen before.

This trail finding instinct is entirely distinct, we imagine, from that sense of locality which all horses possess, and which often causes a large proportion of a bunch of range horses that have been driven to some distant quarter from the range where they were born and brought up, to turn about and make their way back to the old home range. Every horse breeder in the West has from time to time suffered from this homing instinct, which exists in horses, and in a less degree in horned cattle, and which we may believe is common to most mammals and to many birds.

As Mr. Carney says, there is the widest difference among horses as to the possession of this back trailing instinct. Some horses do not have it at all, others may be absolutely trusted to take one into camp, or to find their way along any trail over which they once have passed. A horse which will do this is much more than a mere riding animal, and one comes to feel for him the affection and confidence that one has for a beloved dog or a dear friend.

We have in mind two or three horses, now owned in Montana—back trailers always to be depended on. If the rider of one of these horses happens to be caught out late at night in thick timber, or among rough rocks, or in broken prairie, far from the camp, all that need be done is to drop the reins on the animal's neck and let it go. At a swift walk, which must almost be four miles an hour, it swings along toward its destination, pausing for no obstacle, sliding down the steep sides of ravines, plunging into creeks, scrambling up almost vertical banks, with mind always intent on the business of getting back to camp without delay. A person unused to riding might well enough be alarmed and uneasy at being carried so swiftly and so steadily through the darkness, and among rocks and tree trunks and other obstacles; but the horse, with ears pricked and eyes ever searching the darkness ahead and on either side, moves forward without pause.

As Mr. Carney says, it seems to be the little horses, and perhaps the Indian ponies most of all, that have this faculty of back trailing, and we have thought it was more often seen in good horses than in bad ones. Horses possessing spirit, speed and generally desirable physical and mental qualities, seem to have it more than the horses that are lazy, slow and of little value. This means only, we presume, that the most intelligent horses are the best back trailers. We have more than once seen this quality possessed in surprising degree by good buffalo horses and good war ponies.

As the West settles up more and more, and roads take

the place of trails, and trails pass through hitherto untrodden valleys and forests and mountain sides, this faculty of trail finding will become less and less needed, and will no doubt ultimately pass out of use. It is one of the phases of the old wild life, which like the buckskin clothing, the buffalo robe bed and the butcher knife carried in the belt, has no place in civilization.

A DEER hunt was planned at Lakewood, N. J., for Saturday of last week. The affair was organized on the carted-stag hunt system of England, in which a tame deer is carted to the scene of the start and liberated, to be chased across country with horse and hound. This hunting has long been followed in Great Britain, where the Royal Buckhounds were an institution until the accession of King Edward VII., by whom the establishment was discontinued. It is not a form of sport that has received or ever will receive general countenance in this country, and the thing that happened at Lakewood last Saturday was just the thing which might have been expected. When the men and women and horses and hounds gathered for the start, and the devoted deer, described as a creature of the size of a greyhound, was brought up in its crate, the officials of the S. F. P. C. A. interfered, and declared that any person who took part in the chase would be arrested under the provision of the law reading: "Any person who shall capture, torment, or overdrive any animal shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and fined not exceeding \$250 and imprisoned for six months." The projected deer hunt came to an end then and there; an anise seed bag was substituted for the live game, and the hounds had their run. The teaching of the incident is that there is a long felt want in the world of ultra sport, to the filling of which the scientists and inventors of the day might profitably address themselves. The live deer being impossible because of the awkward penal code complications, and the chase of the anise seed bag lacking spice because the bag has not muscles and nerves, and blood, there is call for an automobile deer, geared to the speed of a Fifth avenue red devil and equipped with a dirigible attachment like that used for torpedoes, to be controlled by the M. F. H. The invention and perfection of such an accessory of sport is quite within the scope of the inventive genius of the day, and instead of wasting the time in useless expostulations with the S. F. P. C. A., the Lakewood deer hunters should consult Edison.

THE newspapers have just published the obituary of a well known clergyman whose life was one of usefulness and power and good. Yet by one of the idiosyncracies of association which give spice to life, it happens that our one thought of this man for years has been that he was of the class of individuals who appear to have an honest belief that the game laws were made for the control of all the other folks on earth save only themselves. This reverend Doctor of Divinity would kill quail out of season, and stoutly maintain that there was no harm in it—for him. He apparently could not recognize that he was not by virtue of his calling and election superior to the every day average common gunner. There are many others who have just this feeling of superior immunity; every profession knows them, every country witnesses their lawlessness. They are fewer, perhaps, now than they used to be, for the better education as to game protection and the growing public spirit in indorsement of game preservation mean the creation of a common sentiment to which even these superior beings must confess themselves amenable.

DARKEST Africa is setting an example to enlightened America which may well be followed. In the *Cape Times* not long ago appeared the report of the annual meeting of the Game and Trout Protection Association, of the western districts of South Africa. This report indicates that the protection of game over large districts is being well looked after. The laws for the preservation of big game were opposed by many residents, who endeavored to have the close season curtailed, but these attempts were promptly vetoed by the government. Moreover, it has been found necessary to establish special close seasons for certain kinds of game, as well as for certain species of birds which are not properly game. Moreover, in the Bushmanland division of Namaqualand, a large tract of country has been set aside as a game

refuge, in which it is forbidden to kill, hunt or trap any description of game animals whatever. Certain species of antelope still exist in this country which have long been on the very verge of extermination. There are said to be about 650 blesbok, 275 bontebok, 250 reitbok, and 340 zebras.

A generation or two ago, these ranges swarmed with these species, and with a number of others which are now extinct. It may be hoped that the protection of these few survivors has not come too late.

The setting aside of a game refuge in South Africa shows that at last public sentiment is aroused in favor of big game protection. Like action ought to be taken in the United States, in many of the forest reserves of the West.

A PARTY of Brooklyn policemen, who went shooting in Pennsylvania the other day, have made much of a grievance of their experience with New Jersey game wardens, who confiscated their game. To reach home the Brooklyn men had to pass through New Jersey, and when they took the birds from the cars to the ferry the constables seized them as game in course of illegal export. The losers deserve no sympathy, because they had already violated the Pennsylvania law by taking the game out of that State; it was in the nature of illicit and contraband property, even before it reached the Jersey City ferry. Brooklyn policemen should advise themselves of the laws governing in the country they resort to for shooting.

RESIDENTS of Huntington, Long Island, have appealed to the authorities for relief from the nuisance of the Sunday shooter; and the game protector tells them that it is not within his province to interfere with the Sunday shooters, as their offense is not a violation of the game law, but of the penal code. This is true. As a penal offense the Sunday shooting should be not difficult of correction. It is an unmitigated nuisance when done in the vicinity of a town or in the neighborhood of a dwelling; and the officials whose duty it is to suppress it should be given no rest until they have bestirred themselves.

THE Christmas Number of FOREST AND STREAM, the issue of December 5, has been received with decided favor and appreciation; and kind words in praise of its beauty of illustration and interest of contents have been coming from readers in all parts of the country. The common verdict is that it is the handsomest issue of the FOREST AND STREAM ever printed.

WE print to-day a number of responses to the inquiry as to the season's woodcock and ruffed grouse supply. Other communications on the subject are of necessity deferred until next week. We trust that still other correspondents who have been afield will favor us with notes of their observations of the condition of the covers.

MR. CHARLES CRISTADORO's report of Heron Lake ducking affairs demonstrates that Executive Agent Fullerton is still doing good work. The Heron Lake market-shooters have been active and defiant; but the recourse to the courts could have had no other outcome than that of a finding against the holders of illicit game.

THE New York Journal illustrates an article on Long Island duck shooting with a picture of a shooter training on the game a monster swivel-gun, or punt gun. As this mode of shooting is forbidden on Long Island waters and almost universally in this country, the Journal's punt gun picture is sufficiently ridiculous.

It is worth while repeating here what is said in the announcement on another page, that the opportunity to secure books at very low prices is open to all subscribers alike, whether new or old. The opportunity should be one which will put thousands of the world's best books into the hands of new readers.

THE annual meeting of the New York Fish, Game, and Forest League was held at Syracuse last Thursday, December 10. A report of the convention will be given in our next issue.

THE FOREST AND STREAM of January 2, the New Year number, will contain a colored supplement printed in twelve colors.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In Old Virginia.

XIII.—Billy.

ONE morning, just after the family assembled for breakfast, a little darkey rushed in and in great excitement announced:

"Dey's a man out heah wid a sho' 'nough live deah foh Miss Lady."

Breakfast waited while everyone went to see the deer.

At the back porch they found a colored man carrying in his arms a beautiful little spotted fawn, evidently but a few days old.

The little animal lay curled up in the man's arms as quiet as a pet kitten, turning to look with mild curiosity first at one and then another of the admiring throng surrounding him.

"I ketched him day foh yistiddy," explained the man, "but didn't have time to bring him 'long 'til to-day. I was crossin' de fiel's back of Cap'n Liggets, takin' short cut home, w'en I walked rite up on de old doe, layin' in some thick sedge grass, 'en she des up an' sneak off like a ole haar, an' de little feller tried to foller' long, but he was so on-stiddy an' wabby on his legs, dat I des make one big jump an' grab him 'fore he git started. He kick an' scromble a little, an' den lay still, like you see him now."

"W'en I git him home de ole woman feed him wid a little rag soaked in milk, an' we shut him up in de cow shed foh de night. Nex' mawnin' he foller us des like a dog, an' now he would'n' go 'way at all."

"He would have foller'd me all de way heah, but he ain't much on de walk yit, an' so I bin totin' him."

Knowing the object of his visit was to find an opportunity of turning his embryo venison into coin, after further admiration, the ladies broached the subject of the price set on the deer.

"I don' know des how much he wuth—a rite smaht, I reckon—but he too pooty to eat, an' I ain't got no time to look aftah him, an' den I say to myself des soon as I drop on him, dat I was goin' to bring him to Miss Lady, an' now you kin have him foh what you say is right."

This is a shrewd way of trading often pursued by the wise ones when they know the vendee. The transfer was arranged, to the satisfaction of all parties, and in a very short space of time the fawn had a new home and name.

A seven-foot picket fence surrounded the house, inclosing about four acres of ground divided into front and backyard, flower and vegetable garden, and this was considered sufficient range for one small deer, even when shut out of the garden, which he would often have to be; and the high picket fence was believed to be an effectual barrier against any inclination on his part to rejoin his wild friends, so Billy was named, and released in the backyard.

He took kindly to his new home and friends, and soon learned to distinguish the voice, and even step, of his young mistress. The first characteristic observed was an abnormal bump of caution. Billy was suspicious of everything, animate and inanimate. He assumed nothing, and took no chances. Every object with which he came in contact was subjected to a careful, searching and exhaustive examination from every point of view.

With the inanimate objects on his range he was soon on fairly familiar terms, but with his living associates, consisting of human beings, fowls, cats, dogs and occasionally pigs, he got on slower. His manner of expressing distrust and surprise was to jump in the air. If an old hen near-by clucked, he jumped moderately high. If a cat lying asleep in the sun wakened suddenly to find his little black nose investigating near her face, and swelled up and spit savagely, as cats will, he jumped very high, and sometimes more than once.

If the pigs in the lot came near the fence, he would approach and gaze intently at them through the palings, as though wondering what manner of things they could be, until one would suddenly grunt, when he would go half across the yard in a succession of high jumps. His star acrobatic feat, however, was always reserved to express his surprise and indignation when the old pea fowl screamed; then he jumped high, fast and furiously, and generally lit running.

No effort was apparent in these really remarkable jumps, nor did he ever make any preparation for them. He seemed set to go off at any surprise, and never missed—or hung—fire. Friends he made, deliberately and carefully, but he had no intimates and permitted no liberties. At the call of his young mistress he would come running, but unless she wanted to feed him, he would remain with her but a short while. He would eat table scraps, such as bread and vegetables, positively declining anything greasy. Standing on the porch, some four or five feet from the ground, his mistress would feed him bread, which he would reach by standing on his hind legs, balancing as cleverly as a trick spaniel.

Shortly after Billy arrived at the age when he put off fawn colors, and donned the real deer coat, he was one day observed walking along the fence which separated him from the forest trees. After walking the entire length of the fence, apparently carefully inspecting for openings, he calmly jumped over to the other side as though the fence was three, instead of seven, feet high. After walking around the grove of trees outside for some time, he strolled up to the fence, and, without apparent effort, jumped back again. From that time on Billy came and went at his own pleasure.

Such good use did he make of his newly discovered privilege, he was soon heard of visiting plantations miles away, and frequently returned blown and excited, having been chased by dogs. Fearing that someone might shoot him by mistake, his young mistress provided him with a bell as a safeguard. This he was rather inclined to resent, at first, but soon became reconciled to it, and would jump and play about apparently enjoying the sound of the bell. He finally got to

losing his bells in the most mysterious manner, going off with a bell firmly strapped around his neck and slipping home without so much as the strap.

This occurred so often that it became both troublesome and expensive to keep him belled, and finally a collar of bright cloth was substituted for the bell as a distinguishing mark.

The mystery of how Billy lost his bells was finally solved by some disinterested spectator, who had observed him busily munching a turnip held in the left hand of a colored individual, while the right hand of the aforesaid colored gentleman was removing the bell from his neck. The bell might have been of more value than a bit of succulent vegetable, but not to Billy; and he did a thriving business in bells while his stock lasted.

He made friends in his wanderings with some of his wild kinsfolk, and would occasionally return from a tour in the woods accompanied by one or more wild deer.

Generally some of the excitable darkeys would discover them first and put them to flight, often chased by the dogs, in which event Billy would jump over into his yard, where he was safe, leaving his wild friends to look out for themselves.

Billy was sensitive to changes in the weather, and on the eve of a storm would be excited and restless. He would run back and forth across the yard stamping the ground with fore and hind feet, at the same time blowing shrill whistles.

The advent of his horns seemed to afford the little fellow much food for thought, and that of a serious nature. He would lie around in the shelter of the yard shrubbery, turning his head often from side to side as though listening to the horns grow, or in wonder as to what was going on, varying this occasionally by long, gentle rubs on the rough bark of convenient trees.

A misfortune befell the first (and only) pair of horns that Billy grew. When about one-half developed, and in the velvet, he wandered off from home and was captured by a colored individual, who hoped to gain a reward by returning him. It not suiting his convenience to start at once, he dragged Billy into a shed and tied him up with a strong rope. Rebelling against such treatment, the deer struggled desperately until he broke one horn partly off and injured the other so that it grew into a deformity.

Almost dead from loss of blood, and much broken in spirit, he was returned to his devoted young mistress, who promptly proceeded to reward his captor—not as he expected—but as he deserved. Regaining his strength, he resumed his wanderings, sometimes remaining away for two or three days, and occasionally returning hard pushed by the hounds, but retaining throughout his love of home, and affection for his mistress.

Then one sad day he came home in a wagon, accompanied by a very penitent young hunter, who explained as best he could why he had shot a deer wearing a bright band of crimson cloth around its neck. But it did not matter as to the "whys" and "wherefores." Billy, the beloved, was dead, and all his grief stricken young mistress desired was that his slayer finish his explanations and apologies, and take himself off, leaving her with her sorrow.

Many sincere tears were shed for the loved and lost pet, and his memory has survived the lapse of years. If allowed to elect, the story most frequently requested at story time hour—if mama is narrator—is "The 'tory 'bout Billee."

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Grizzly Bear Bottom.

You who have read the Journal of Lewis & Clark's Expedition, will remember that frequent mention is made of the grizzly bear. Sometimes they called it the "grizly," sometimes the "white," or "brown" bear. Regardless of color, these bears were all, of course, of the one variety, *Ursus horribilis*.

Except in parts of California, nowhere else in all the land did the grizzlies attain such immense size as those which made their home along the course of the Yellowstone and Upper Missouri rivers. From the time of their birth, everything was favorable for their rapid and continuous growth. The valleys of these streams, deep, wide gashes in the rolling plains, were warm and sunny when all other parts of the country were fast locked in the embrace of winter. And the timbered bottoms and slopes of these valleys fairly teemed with game of all kinds, the buffalo, the elk, mountain sheep, deer and antelope, in countless thousands furnishing abundant food for the bears at all times. If they were too fat and lazy themselves to kill meat, there were always carcasses for them to feast upon; buffalo mired in the quicksands of the river, various other animals killed by the wolves in wanton sport. And then in the autumn, what a feast of hardy fruits they found; plums, wild cherries and vast thickets of bull berries. Their kindred in the mountains retired to their dens in November, and remained there until April, and even to the middle of May. And when they did come out, they were forced to travel day and night in search of food. The females, nursing a litter of young, had little milk for them, and the cubs were stunted in growth from their birth. The bears of the river valleys, however, did not den for more than a couple of months on an average. Indeed, they were to be found wandering around at any time during the winter, whenever a warm chinook wind set in. Even the females remained in good condition the year round. There was always an abundance of meat, their teats were always full of milk, and their young thrived and grew amazing fast. When a year old, they were nearly as large and heavy as a two year old of the mountains, and when they attained their full growth, were of almost unbelievable size. In 1882 one was killed about forty miles below Fort Benton, which was estimated to weigh eighteen hundred pounds. Its hide was considerably longer and broader than an average cow buffalo robe.

Accustomed to pounce upon and kill the buffalo, even the huge bulls, crushing the skull with one blow of their terrible paws, it is little wonder that the grizzlies had no fear of men, and attacked them often without any provocation whatever. The Journal relates a number of instances of this kind, and several times the men of the expedition had narrow and exciting escapes from

the dreaded animals. Yet such was the indomitable courage of this little band of explorers, that they seldom let pass an opportunity to attack and kill a grizzly with their clumsy flintlocks. What a brave set we modern hunters are, to be sure. We have the .50-100; the high power .35 caliber, and are still seeking something better, something that will absolutely annihilate a grizzly with one shot. How many of us would try conclusions with one of those old time bears, had we nothing but one of the fukes which the early explorers and voyagers used!

In the afternoon of May 21, 1804, Lewis & Clark passed Snow Creek (they named it Pine Creek), and camped in the next point of timber above it on the south side of the Missouri. Just below the timber some of the men discovered a very large bear asleep in the open plain, and fired a volley into him. Up the old fellow rose and with a roar charged them, with such surprising speed and fury that three of them, dropping their guns, jumped over a twenty foot cut bank into the river. And the bear also leaped out, and struck the water only a second or two behind them. The two or three men who had not been obliged to take to the water, lost no time in reloading their guns and firing at the animal, luckily succeeding in killing him before he could overtake any of their comrades.

That point of timber still stands, and under some of its ancient and gnarled old cottonwoods, the explorers built their evening fire, and feasted upon the tenderer portions of their quarry. The Missouri river has changed its channel many times in many places during the past one hundred years, but at this point it is evident that there has been no change for very much more than a century. Just back of the rather narrow bottom the slope of the valley rises abruptly, up and up to the distant level of the plain. And opposite, on the north side of the river, is a broad, level flat, ending at the water's edge in a cut bank some forty feet in height. Nor can there be any doubt that this was the very spot where the expedition camped, on that May night, for under date of May 22d the Journal relates that after breaking camp and resuming the voyage, at a distance of five miles they came to a stream emptying into the river on the north side, which they named Gibson Creek, in honor of one of the men, a sergeant of the command, a name which it bears to this day. The creek is exactly five miles above the point of timber, and two miles above the Round Butte, a most remarkable cone-like hill about a mile south of the river, visible to the voyager for many miles above and below it.

Nothing is more satisfactory to the student of the early history of our great West, than to go over the ground the brave pioneers explored and locate the exact scenes of their trials and splendid achievements. Here, for instance, in this point of ancient timber, one can camp beneath the very trees which sheltered Lewis & Clark and their men for a night. Nothing has changed there in the hundred years which have elapsed since they tied their boats to the shore and built the evening fire, except that the buffalo and the elk have disappeared forever. Deer still frequent the thickets and pine-crowned hills. Goodly numbers of mountain sheep are still to be found among the sandstone cliffs which rim the edge of the valley; and there, as of yore, one is lulled to sleep by the long-drawn, melancholy howl of the wolf. Indian or white, there never yet was a wanderer of these plains who did not love to listen to their deep-toned notes, and think upon the weird and melancholy thoughts they seemed to be trying to express.

Yes, and the grizzly still roams the bottoms of the river thereabouts and the bad land breaks which extend far back into the plains. This very point of timber has been the scene of more than one exciting and sanguinary encounter with them.

In the spring of 1860, three employes of the American Fur Co., at Fort Benton, were ordered by the Factor to go to Fort Union, the company's post at the mouth of the Yellowstone, and report for duty there. They were: Malcolm Clark, trader; John Neubert, tailor, and another, one Carson, a cordellier. Of the three, Neubert still lives. He is a prosperous cattle man, and has a ranch on the Teton river, a few miles north of Fort Benton. Clark, a black haired, black eyed, swarthy colored man of splendid physique, would have held an important place as an officer of the great company, for he was very shrewd and intelligent, had it not been for his fierce and ungovernable temper. He had not the tact, patience, and forbearance so necessary in one who had to deal with thousands of Indians, who were all powerful, veritable lords of the illimitable plains. It was this terrible temper of his which finally led to his untimely end, for he was killed by an Indian youth he had raised, who could no longer bear his blows and abuse. But Clark was a brave man, often foolishly brave. Nothing pleased him better than an encounter with hostile Indians or wild beasts. He loved to make blood flow.

Having received their orders, the men patched up a small skiff, threw in their bedding, a sack of salt, some tea and a kettle to steep it in, and started down the river. Think of that, ye latter day hunters! Tea and salt only for a trip of five hundred miles! The men of those days subsisted on meat straight, and were content.

On the 21st of May, by a strange coincidence, the voyagers landed at the very point of timber where, fifty-four years before, to a day, Lewis & Clark had made their camp. They had been pulling steadily down stream since daylight, and were tired. The sun was still an hour high, but they had yet to kill some meat of some kind for their evening meal, before making camp. Beaching the skiff just below the timber, they climbed the bank, and saw a variety of game, buffalo, elk, and deer, grazing here and there in the open sage brush flat. But much nearer to them than any of these was a huge grizzly, just shambling into the woods.

"That's the fellow we want," said Clark. "He'll furnish us a plenty of good fat. Some slices of it skewered onto a good big piece of broiling meat will give it just the right medicine."

Both Neubert and Carson objected to having anything to do with the bear. But Clark insisted: "I'll trail him up myself," he said. "You fellows post yourselves just back of the timber, and if I fail to kill him he is bound to come out and give you a fair chance at him."

Accordingly, Neubert and Carson went part way up the length of the timber and posted themselves on the slope of the hill, where they could obtain a good view

of the long and narrow bottoms. All three of the men were armed with Hawkins rifles, muzzleloaders, of course, but the most serviceable and accurate weapon of those days, carrying thirty balls to the pound.

Clark waited until his comrades had stationed themselves on the hill, and then entered the timber, following the bear along a narrow game trail which penetrated a dense undergrowth of willows and tall rose bushes. The animal had been leisurely sauntering along the path, sniffing and pausing here and there to tentatively tear up a pawful or two of old leaves and earth, or to roll over a decaying log. The hunter soon sighted him, standing in the trail about twenty yards away, and hastily fired at him. The ball pierced the animal's lungs, too far back and too high to affect the heart, and the next moment, with a terrible roar, the great beast came bounding towards him. Clark raised his rifle and struck a furious blow at his assailant, but the bear dextrously caught it on his paw and sent it whirling to one side. Then, before the man could draw his knife, the animal struck him a mighty blow on top of the head, and he fell in the trail unconscious.

After they heard the shot, and the bear's angry roar, Neubert and Carson waited and watched for several moments in silence, and then they saw the animal come slowly out of the timber, blood dripping from his mouth and nostrils. He was quite close, and when he turned broadside to them, they fired simultaneously and had the satisfaction of seeing him drop in his tracks. One of their balls had broken his neck. They shouted for Clark. "Come on," they cried, "we've got him."

There was no answer.

Again and again they called, fruitlessly, and then they went in search of him. In a few moments they found him where he had been stricken down; he was still unconscious, his hair and head were covered with fast clotting blood; they felt of his pulse, and found that it still beat with some little force.

Right there they built a fire and brought their bedding, and having made Clark as comfortable as possible, one of them went out and cut some meat and fat from the carcass of the bear. They broiled the steaks, and brewed some tea, and ate their evening meal. But still Clark never stirred. They washed his face with cold water again and again, but even that did not arouse him. The clotted mass of blood and hair on his head they did not touch, for they feared, and rightly, that the skull was broken, and they had no faith that their clumsy fingers could repair the damage. Midnight came and the full moon rose above the horizon. Even with the light it afforded there was danger in resuming their journey, for in many places the channel was in the dark shadows of timber and high cut banks, where the treacherous sawyers were thickly strewn. To run into one of them meant a stove in boat, or at least an upset. Yet they felt they must start and get their companion to Fort Union as soon as possible. They made a soft couch of their bedding on the bottom of the skiff, laid Clark upon it, and pulled out into the stream for their destination, still two hundred and fifty miles to the east.

On the next day, when only forty or fifty miles from the Fort, they met an exploring expedition, with which was a skilled surgeon. He examined Clark, who was still unconscious, and offered to return to Fort Union and do what he could in the case, an offer which Neubert and Carson only too gladly accepted. What a remarkable circumstance that was, that the only surgeon within a radius of a thousand miles or more, should appear at the very moment his services were so urgently needed. Arrived at the Fort, a careful examination revealed the fact that Clark's skull was badly fractured, a three-cornered piece being sunk in and pressing on the brain. The surgeon understood his business, however, and skilfully trephined the fracture, and the patient in a short time fully recovered from the injury. Clark's wonderfully strong constitution had helped him through what would have been certain death to the average man.

In 1872, Louis Meyer—known to all old time Montanans as "Dutch Louis"—had a woodyard on the opposite side of the river, and just below this point, which may be truthfully called Grizzly Bear Bottom. Louis had several men in his employ and was engaged in furnishing cordwood for the steamboats which plied up and down the river between St. Louis and Fort Benton. His shack and stables were at the upper end of a very large patch of cottonwoods some two miles in length, and more than half a mile in width. Here was a favorite resort for the game which frequented the woods, and even to-day one would have to travel far to find a place where white tail deer are more plentiful. It is an ideal shelter for these wary and fleet footed animals, in places quite open, and in other parts supporting almost impenetrable thickets of willows and rose brush.

In those times, and even as late as the early eighties, the "woodhaws" never went to their work unarmed, for skulking war parties of Indians from various tribes were abroad. Many a nameless grave in many a bottom along the upper Missouri, holds the remains of some forgotten wood chopper; shot down by ball or arrow, while at his work.

One Sunday morning the men rose late. Louis had prepared breakfast. There was a bountiful supply of plain food, baked beans, sour dough bread, coffee, and stewed dried apples, but no meat. "Some bob cats, or maybe a mount'n lions," said Louis, "hass schwiped our meats what wass hangin' ound sides. Prewer"—to one of the men—"you are the pest shod, so you will dake your gun and go kill somedings."

Brewer finished his breakfast, smoked a pipe or two, and then picking up his rifle started down into the timber. It was in the latter part of November, and there was some snow on the ground. The timber was fairly alive with white tail deer, and there were always more or less elk to be found in it. But the morning passed without a shot being heard by the men at the shack. By mid afternoon they became uneasy. Something, they were sure, had happened to the hunter. He had had time to kill a dozen deer, and should have been back long before noon. About four o'clock they set out to look for him, following his trail, which was plainly to be seen in the new fallen snow. About a mile from the shack they found him, or rather his body, lying in a narrow game trail walled in by a dense growth of underbrush. He was frightfully mangled and torn, his face bitten be-

yond recognizance, the ribs on his left side torn out, exposing his heart. The tracks of a grizzly around about revealed the story. The animal had been lying in wait beside the trail for something to come along that could furnish it a meal. And it had pounced upon Brewer so suddenly that he had not been able to fire a shot. The gun lay near him, a cartridge still in the chamber.

There are still some grizzlies to be found on the upper Missouri, a few at Grand Island, an occasional one about the mouth of the Musselshell, but more in the vicinity of Round Butte than anywhere else. There is one old fellow especially in this latter locality, which the most successful of bear hunters would be proud to add to his string of trophies. His tracks, carefully measured in the damp earth along the river shore are: hind feet, 12½ inches long, 7 inches wide; width of front feet, 8¼ inches. And he must be of great weight, for in places where he has sunk all of a foot in crossing a muddy bar, men have left but a slight impression of their foot-steps. This bear confines himself to certain well known localities, and seems to make the complete round of them about once in two weeks. From the heads of Hell, and Snow, or Paradise creeks, which lie side by side, a narrow ridge dividing them, he comes down into the lower end of the Snow creek bottom, travels up the two mile stretch of timber, and crosses the Missouri about eight hundred yards east of the mouth of Snow creek. Thence he works through the piece of timber where Dutch Louis once lived, and then out to the north among the pine-clad coulees and hills for eight or ten miles, swinging back to recross the Missouri in the same place and work his way up Snow creek.

Mr. John Darnell has a ranch just above the Grizzly Bear Bottom; Mr. James Hall a place at the mouth of Snow creek. Neither of these gentlemen care for shooting, yet they have spent no little time in trying to find this bear, for the old fellow seems to consider their herds as his own. Last spring they found the remains of a cow, a calf, two two year old steers, and two colts which he had killed; and more of their live stock is missing. But so far as known, no man has ever set eyes on this cunning animal. He, as well as most of his kin, seems to have learned in late years that man is something to be feared. He travels about only at night, in the daytime concealing himself in some dense thicket. Following his trail with the utmost caution, the hunter finally hears a "woof-woof-woof," and a tremendous cracking and breaking of dry twigs and limbs ahead where the tops of the willows are madly shaking, and then he comes to the place where the game had lain; by that time the bear is far away, seeking another retired place for his interrupted siesta.

This much the writer has been able to glean of the affairs of bears and men near the Round Butte during the past one hundred years. I would that we could know all that has transpired there since 1804. The stories of hunters and hunted, of the stripes of red men and white, would make interesting reading.

MONTANA.

"Bad Men."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In describing the execution and writing the history of Tom Horn, who was hanged at Laramie, Wyoming, last week, all the newspapers headed the articles as, "A Bad Man."

In Texas Tom Horn wouldn't be considered as a bad man. He was an assassin. Every man he killed was shot from ambush or in a fight of several where the firing was promiscuous rather than concentrated. Under fire in promiscuous firing does not betoken that nerve or courage to win the title of "bad man," as that term is applied where it originated, in Texas. He was hanged for killing a boy thirteen years old. These are not the "spurs" of a bad man, as we Texans know them.

I lived in Texas, and I have seen and personally knew some of her "bad men"—men who earned this title from acts of courage in personal encounters, where to fight was a virtue, to fall a misfortune. The encomiums on the fallen, for his bravery, were as many as for the victor.

Dr. George A. Ferris, who lived in Richmond, Texas, once said that the grand juries of other States made Texas. Meaning that under indictment they went to Texas to escape trial.

Dr. Ferris was a distinguished physician and one of the most courteous gentlemen of the old school. He loved a "thoroughbred" and knew more about a race horse than anyone I ever knew. A thoroughbred to him was a horse of endurance and bottom.

There were at that time (twenty years ago) few mile tracks in Texas. In every county there was a fast quarter horse, and there was rivalry between the counties as to which had the fastest.

In a quarter race lightness of the jockeys didn't count. Everything was in the start with two evenly matched horses. To get the advantage a great deal of bickering would ensue, and it generally ended in a fight with one or more wounded or killed.

Dr. Ferris had a contempt for a quarter race—which depended upon the start and not in the ending. He said there were two things needed on a quarter race track—a six-shooter and a surgeon—and he was right.

Ben Thompson, of Austin, Texas, killed seventeen men, and every one went down with his eyes to the front and a pistol in his hand. In Texas parlance, he gave them a fair shake. Thompson boasted that he never killed a "gentleman" in his life. Thompson's killing was done with a pistol on the street, and over half the men he killed was caused from an insult thirty or forty minutes prior to the shooting. There was nothing of the ruffian about Thompson. He was always the best dressed man in town; in fact, inclined to be "dudish." I never saw him without his hands encased in kid gloves. There was no pistol or belt visible on him. His pistol was carried in front inside his trousers about where the right strap of the suspender button connects with the trousers, and the handle was underneath his vest. At twenty yards with a ball from his pistol he could drive a ten-penny nail into a plank as good as a carpenter with a hammer.

In a moment of danger he never tried to get where the other fellow couldn't hit him, but his impulse was to shoot, without one thought for himself; and shoot he did, and straight to the mark. He died with his boots on, and a dozen bullets, from as many pistols, in his body, without ever knowing who killed him. Ben Thompson, at one time, was marshal of Austin, Texas. His presence alone did more to deter lawlessness than forty policemen or rangers.

I saw the fight in Houston, Texas, between Mat Woodlief (another bad man) and Alexander Erickson. Erickson was marshal, and as the cowboys say, would fight a circular saw cutting both ways, after it had started.

Without particularizing, they met on the street and commenced shooting. Both men fell wounded. On the ground they emptied at each other every ball in their pistols and then crawled toward one another, still snapping the empty pistol, unconscious of the fact that their pistols were empty. Woodlief didn't know what fear was. This absence of fear cost him his life.

Alexander Erickson was the bravest man I ever saw. He was a small man. He arrested criminals and desperadoes without even a pocket knife in his hand. The consciousness of some one hurting him was entirely foreign to his nature. As an officer he carried a pistol, not as an intimidator, but as an "executioner."

Well might the motto on his pistol have been: Do not draw me without reason, nor shield me without honor—and he didn't.

Within my time in Texas (and I am not an old man, either) two stage coaches containing about twenty-three passengers were stopped, and all the valuables of the passengers taken by one man. The robber made them all stand in a row and "hand over." The route was only traveled by one coach, but on account of the large number of passengers an additional coach was put on that day. The robber stopped the first coach and made the passengers get out. When the passengers in the first coach were lined up, the second coach made its appearance. He made them get out and then told them he didn't expect two coaches. That was nerve. A Jew insisted on retaining enough of his money to get his dinner. The robber took all and then gave him back fifty cents, and the Jew got into an argument with him as to the amount being sufficient to get a meal. That was cheek. The robber went off with all the money of the twenty-three passengers, and yet there were many brave men in that caravan, but discretion was the better part of valor. The robber had two pistols out and ready. A shot from one of the twenty-three would have caused the robber to shoot and several would have been killed. That's the way they looked at it. A Thompson, Erickson or Woodlief would not have hesitated. Discretion was the last thing either of them would have thought of. It never would have occurred to them that somebody was going to be hurt.

A fight occurred in Richmond, Texas, between two political factions. Tom Smith, deputy sheriff, with ten men shooting at him, stood beside the sheriff and fired every ball in his gun, then he stepped over and pulled from under the sheriff, who had been killed, his gun, and emptied the remaining shells. He didn't get behind anything, and he was so composed that when his chief fell, although he (Smith) had been shooting, he had kept a record and knew there were several remaining shells in the sheriff's gun, and thus he picked it up soon as his was emptied. That was a brave man.

Tom Horn wasn't a brave man. If he had been he would be living to-day. He was hanged for killing a thirteen-year-old boy.

That's not the courage that brought forth the name of "bad man" in Texas. It's made of sterner stuff.

TOM GILCHRIST.

Ransacker Commentaries.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, California, Nov. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After some days of gloomy weather consisting chiefly of wind and rain, making wet woods, dripping pines and roaring streams my environment, the sun is out for a while this morning.

I feel so genial upon these accounts, and after just going over the FOREST AND STREAM of 14th inst., that I cannot refrain from complimenting you upon that particular issue. It is as fat, sleek, graceful, in make up as some of the trim bucks I have sometimes subscribed for in these mountains.

The discussions that often inevitably come up are not least among the good things furnished in these columns. But well may he exclaim, "*Ay de mi, Alhamas!*" who swerves too far from direct, intelligent expression of anything of moment concerning the things within its realm! I had rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a sportsman.

That is a most trim little essay of J. P. T.'s upon the subject of tipping. His sentiments are well worthy of note in the practical and morally correct tablets of all gentlemen. The custom of tipping, as well as the vice of receiving these precarious bribes, is neither commendable nor honorable. It is a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance. It is peculiarly un-American in origin, but it has become a vice of such universal influence as to threaten all civil institutions. Let us all, as worthy sportsmen, smash that target at every snapshot we get.

Hurrah for the Red Gods, blackened timber and smoky Indian, etc., with the raw, jim-dangled saw-log at the end!

The question, Can Fish Count? over the observations of Basil Field, is not to be answered offhand, if at all. In my domain, all last summer I was interested in watching a trout whenever I crossed a foot-bridge over a little stream near my door. A trout of about ten inches in length had his home in a shallow ripple just below the bridge, almost under it. There is a flat stone in the water, about a foot in diameter that has a shell of quartz rock upon it, making it look as white as paper under the few inches of clear water. Over this stone the fish might nearly always be seen if I approached carefully. He made it his lair, or home, for at least four months, and I do not believe I ever saw him twenty feet from it either up or down stream.

I frequently tossed him worms, grasshoppers or morsels of other food, and he learned to do antics for these inducements, or tips, quite as readily as some of the creatures higher in the scale of animal intelligence. He did not shy after I had established my tipnotic influence over him, unless I kept him dancing too long. I found, however, that if two or more persons stepped upon the bridge the fish promptly vanished to one of his hiding places under the banks of the bridge. Whether or not he could count is questionable. Two or three objects upon the bridge looked different to him than one, and he did not reconcile that difference with the object recognized by him as a tipper. It is my opinion that animals do not count. I do not believe they reason by any such mathematical process as men have schooled themselves into using. I would rather believe they act upon intelligence, conveyed by the eye to the impulsive or instinctive mystery that prompts or inspires motion. Two or three men must look more strange and formidable to such creatures than one; it is certain that all creatures with appreciable intelligence distinguish degrees of magnitude and form, for this is one of their most essential natural attributes for their preservation. Even man would not have to count to act upon the impression conveyed by his eyes that two, or a number of enemies are more bulky and formidable than one. He would fear a regiment more than an advance guard. Without other knowledge to guide him he would fear a cow more than he would a wolf or smaller creature. What is it to count anyhow? Men have doubted as to whether two and two were more than three.

RANSACKER.

Have I Remembered?

THE closing scenes of a Christmas eve at home serve to awaken to the broader mind the responsibilities that we owe to the position in life in which we find ourselves.

As principals in these scenes we must become aware in reflective moments of duties left undone, as well as those done. To the one of broader mind, the sin of over self-indulgence need not apply, because he should have that something within him that causes him to remember home circles that are less blessed in this world's goods than his own.

As applied to many sportsmen, Christmas eve at home is an indulgence in the pleasure that he naturally brings to others; it is to him the spring on the sunny mountain side, where he stops in happy contentment, where he drinks to his heart's content from the cup of cheer and happiness.

The Christmas shopping has been done and the purchases made, a pleasure that was only hampered by the perplexity as to what should be bought, not what would it cost. A problem of plenty, a pleasant self-indulgence, making our little world of happiness full and complete.

The fall shooting in the north woods and in the mountains is over. The guns have been cleaned and put aside, but not put away; we only wait for the Christmas dinner at home; and then a furthering of our pleasures afield in the South.

The last good-night has been said, the small footfalls over head have ceased; buried under the down quilts in dreaming silence repose those we love, while the happy mother bends over them, drinking happiness from their warm cheeks.

The fire in the grate has burned low, as though old and lonesome after so busy an evening; a cold pipe is seen on a near-by table, and the master in this house stretches and yawns and declares to himself that 'tis time to go to bed—when Donald comes in—Donald the hero of the field, the pet of the house, Donald, dear old Donald—he goes to his master and lays that knowing head on his knee and wistfully looks up into that master's face. The cold pipe is taken up and filled and lighted, while the smoker places his hand on the dog's head and says: "Ah, pup, we are alone at last, and now we can talk it over. How you carry me back, back to those days when the mountain side was carpeted with rustling leaves all yellow and red and dying; to the sunny swale and the brook where we lunched; to the frosty mornings when you shivered between my knees in your anxiety to bolt from the wagon and hunt before it was time, to our return at night, when you were footsore and were glad to come to heel; to the evenings when you lay by the wood-box and growled at the bare-footed boys as they clustered around the cook-stove to warm their little blue legs. Ah, pup, those were great days."

It is Christmas eve, too; on that bleak mountain side the cold mantle of winter has fallen there, too. On a small plateau at the base of the mountain is a little cottage which at certain seasons of the year we love to visit. It is the home of Henry—Henry our guide, Henry our friend. In the north window of the house a pane of glass is missing (boys, just real boys, live there); and in lieu of a pane of glass a piece of old cloth, part of a discarded hunting coat stuffed with straw, protrudes. Around it the snow has drifted in and melted on the bare floor.

The two lean cows have been milked, the oxen have been fed and supper eaten; the wood-box has been filled, and the outer garments of many patches and colors are hung on the nails back of the stove. Red mitts are unslung from the shoulders of the red-faced boys, and with the home-made caps with ear-warmers of different textures, are thrown in the corner. Baby has fallen asleep in the tired mother's lap; Elmer dozes across a chair; John lies curled up back of the stove; Arthur leans on the table, poring over a six-weeks'-old weekly, while Clara sleeps on the home-made settee under an oat sack. And this, too, is Christmas eve—the calendar says so.

However, to the close observer there could be seen lurking in those sleepy eyes a substantial expectancy, which grows more intense as Henry's heavy boots are heard thumping on the frozen ground without. Nor could anyone question the degree of genuine gladness felt by that little flock as they greet the father after his three-mile trudge across the mountain from the village in the valley. It is with strong pride the father drops from his shoulders the burden he carries, and from it brings to view three pairs of stout cowhide boots with brass toes and red tops, ten yards of twenty-cent plaid goods, a bright red warm hood for Clara, a pink outing flannel dress for baby, and a brown sugar bag full of menagerie candy toys for all.

And now again the patter of footfalls cease on the bare floor above; sticky hands and faces repose in healthy slumber beneath the patch-work quilts, while the mother tucks them in and kisses each one good-night.

The candle grows shorter and the light sputters in its own substance as Henry pulls off his boots and plans fresh inroads on his buckwheat bin to pay for his merry Christmas.

"But ah, pup, what a time we had on our last trip after grouse. Henry, dear old Henry, what an excellent guide he is. But we go south next week, and there, too, we will have a great time. Drop, Donald. Drop, boy, and go to sleep. What fine strapping children Henry has. I wonder if my boys will be so strong and rugged. And this is Christmas eve—have I remembered them?"

When we know what a box filled with a few dollars' worth of genuine Christmas toys will do; when we realize the hearts it will make glad; when we see at what little cost, indeed, happiness can be bought, isn't it a wonder the market is not cornered? And how easy to escape the question, "Have I remembered?"

THOMAS ELMER BATTEN.

Who are these Red Gods that Call?

OUR forsworn heritage, gods of our fathers, gods of our race. Gods of that race that from the childhood of the world has fought on and won, ever opposing an invincible front to ruder barbarism, never beaten but by its own kind; leaving through the ages the high points of its supremacy in the intellectual peak of the Hindu dialectic, the art of the Hellene, the mailed empire of the Roman; the race that spanned half a world while it was yet no more than wandering tribes, that took a new start and has spanned a world complete; the Indo-Germanic race, the Indo-European race—less of a mouthful of words, the Aryan race—in short, our own. And while this race of ours was in its cradle of mystery, when men were young and gods were new, our forbears called their gods "the red ones"; and it answered all their needs, whether of description or of devotion.

A parenthesis—and the implication of a syllogism, for such as prefer their logic formal. "And God said, 'Let us make man in our image,'" and he made him and called him Adam, the red. Now, it is not far to reason back that the god which Abram took with him from Ur of the Chaldees was a red god.

Red were the gods when our ancestors lived afield and were in fearless fellowship with the gods that people every stream in every forest. Red the gods remained while the proto-Aryans swept out from their cradle and peopled the world. Red were the gods who looked down upon the building of Kapilavastu, that first great city that has proved the type of other great cities, even of our own, in which men forget the good gods and go, maybe, color blind, and fiercely query, Who is this man, that he should call the gods red?

Not even a poet may fairly be judged away from his own horizon. Stop a moment and think what was Mr. Kipling's horizon in his childhood when he was pocketing those facts of boyhood vision which become the images and the fancy of maturer thought. His early life was spent in India, where our kinsfolk think no shame to have before their view artistic conceptions of the gods they still believe in. And those gods are red to-day, red by long tradition of the past.

One need but open anywhere the sacred books of our share of the East to catch the gleam of the color. Far in the backward of the ages, when the gods were principles plain to the people of the forest, long before they had been debased into anthropomorphs or zoomorphs, the early Aryan saw his gods red and called them so. In the earliest Rig Veda the color shines out. There is Dyaus, the open sky, the Zeus of the Olympian pantheon, the Jupiter of the Capitolium (yet with a sport of philologic atavism even so sophisticated a citizen as Horace writes, *sub Jove frigido*—"under the chill and open sky"—and last of all the Tuisco of the northern peoples, this latter being a point yet held a problem. Through all these ages runs the influence of the red Dyaus, the first god of forest folk, the arch of the sky. Nor is this the only red god of our early race. The Rig Vedas glow with them. There are, for an instance, the Maruts; red gods are they, and sons of a red god, too, for their father is Rudra. Rudra must have been the reddest god of all, for his name means "the red" in the earliest Sanskrit. And so deeply is the color dyed into the skeleton of that word root that no time has sufficed to pale it, and Rudra of the primeval Sanskrit is no more ruddy than its descendant "red" of which there are those who would question its application to gods, when here we trace the word back to a god that was red because he was a god, a god because he was red. Of the sons of Dyaus, the Aśvins, in the Vedas, one was dark, but the other was red. The earliest worshipped aspect of the sun, the red ball in the sky, was called Surya, the red one, and that has passed along the ages to be the Helios of the Greek and the Sol of the Latin, and with either hand to fill our English speech with the redness of this god. One might heap particular on particular in a very sorites of red proof. But it is not needed and would be no more than curious, for there is an elemental abstract in the same early Rig Veda. All the gods, whether the sacred hymn specifies that they are red or leaves that point of hue unstated, all are grouped under the common name, the Devas, and the Devas themselves are nothing less than the red ones, the shining ones. We have gone astray after many strange gods, but at least we try to assure ourselves that they are not strange, but Devas after all, whenever we use the words "deity," "divine" or "theology."

So, it is no wonder that Mr. Kipling says that red are the gods that call the young men; the rather were the wonder if he were to call the gods other. And not the poet alone with his monosyllable "red" that has had its due effect upon so many great bulls of Bashan. Who is there will not quite as clearly render the redness to the red gods? There may be other tongues of

men in which the gods are not red, but our speech glows with the color of our forefathers' gods, the red ones. We cannot avoid the ascription and the red Credo. Every time we bend to inhale the sweet odor of the heliotrope, every time the reverent hand is lifted over bowed heads to invoke the divine blessing, every time we look at the dial for the solar time, in these words and in scores of others we also say "the gods are red," and we cannot say other.

WILLIAM CHURCHILL.

A Camp-Fire on Fifth Avenue.

A camper's freedom from restraint,
A hunter's plain and simple fare;
Good-fellowship our patron saint,
And when we meet—"begone, dull care!"

THIS small word picture is delightfully descriptive, and illustrates in nice detail the "total abandon" enjoyed by the Camp-fire Club of America and their guests Saturday evening, Dec. 5, at the Aldine Club rooms, Fifth avenue, New York.

The fire was lighted promptly at 6:30, each fellow trying to outdo the other in gathering unflammable material. From the remotest parts of Alaska, from the Sierra Madre mountains, the interior of Mexico, from Montana and Colorado, from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Ontario; in fact from everywhere where the footprints of civilized man is less seen, were contributed many bits of unwritten history of wide experiences, until geography so minimized itself that the smell of burning spruce of Alaska, the pine knots of the Sierras, the canyon scrub of Mexico, the dried grass of the plains, the cottonwood of Montana, the jack pines of Michigan, the birch bark of Canada, seemed to mingle and blend, furnishing an aroma of wood scents to gladden all hearts and make every one of the campers next door neighbors.

Never was "begone, dull care," more delightfully exemplified than in Mr. Coffin, the toastmaster of the evening. He was like a child with a new toy that wouldn't "stay put."

The guest of the evening was Mr. Alfred H. Brooks, of the United States Geological Survey. Mr. Brooks' description of his exploration into the interior of Alaska, including in his remarks his attack on Mt. McKinley, contained many interesting details of that vast region of the northwest—of the hardships suffered by both man and beast during his 800 miles' journey by pack train. An added feature of Mr. Brooks' address was his wonderful collections of photographs taken on the journey; the photographs were passed around the tables during his talk, a map of the United States was shown on the wall back of the president's chair, with a map of Alaska in dark coloring in the center, thus showing by comparison the tremendous area of square miles contained in Alaska—on the southern boundary it reached from Savannah to Los Angeles, and from Ohio to Iowa in the center, and covered nearly the whole country from the Gulf of Mexico to the Dominion of Canada.

The other speakers were President William T. Hornaday, whose opening address was a delight to all present. Mr. Hornaday spoke of the splendid lot of talent to be heard from during the evening, and then introduced Mr. Coffin as toastmaster of the evening, and it is needless to say that the selection was a particularly good one.

In introducing Mr. Beard, Mr. Coffin made the remark that all who knew Mr. Beard loved him; after Mr. Beard finished his delightful talk, interspersed with very clever stories, those who had not known him before were ready to yield up their affection there and then.

Captain Merrill, of the United States Navy, entertained the campers with a charming bit of naval history, as well as with some of his own interesting experiences.

Mr. Charles Sheldon, who has spent a great many years in the interior of Mexico, gave a geographical description of that interesting country, which was new to many present, and his description of the game throughout Old Mexico, the different kinds and how they are hunted, excited very keen interest.

Mr. J. H. Seymour is evidently never at a loss to tell not only one interesting story, but a series of them; it was made manifest that with Mr. Seymour each experience not only entertains at the time, but brings to the surface reminiscent thoughts, which delight all who are so fortunate as to be among his listeners.

Mr. Ezra H. Fitch gave a delightful account of his recent canoe trip of over six hundred miles into the interior of the Dominion of Canada, telling of the game seen there, conditions for hunting it and a very interesting history of the Hudson Bay Company from the time of the granting of its charter by Charles II., to the present day; and while surprises are to a great degree lost among such men as the members of the Camp-Fire Club of America, a great many were surprised to learn of the vast amount of territory controlled by this company; Mr. Fitch averred that it covers a greater area of square miles than the United States.

The next to respond to the chair was Mr. Thomas Elmer Batten, of FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Charles H. Townsend was happily left as the last speaker of the evening; evidently Mr. Coffin served him up as the pie to the meal; his dialect stories were exceedingly clever and well done. Mr. Townsend is one of the new members of the Camp-Fire Club, and judging from the applause he received it was very apparent that he is a valuable acquisition for all time to come at these delightful dinners.

The members present were: A. A. Anderson, L. O. Armstrong, Daniel Beard, W. H. Boardman, Prof. M. T. Bogert, Geo. Wm. Burleigh, H. L. Cadmus, F. A. Coffin, Wm. Edw. Coffin, Dr. C. C. Curtis, E. W. Deming, W. C. Demorest, J. A. Dimock, A. W. Dimock, W. H. Drake, Dr. R. W. Eastman, J. S. Emans, Paul Farnum, E. H. Fitch, F. L. Gamage, Prof. Wm. T. Hornaday, E. H. Hotchkiss, Geo. L. Hubbell, L. C. Ivory, Dr. R. T. MacDougall, A. G. Millbank, A. J. Millbank, Dr. R. T. Morris, Dr. J. J. Noll, Lynde Palmer, Carl Pickhardt, Dr. E. H. Raymond, E. H. Raymond, Jr., Arthur F. Rice, E. B. Rogers, G. T. Rogers, Carl Rungius, Frank Seaman, Edmund Seymour, J.

H. Seymour, Charles Sheldon, O. J. Stephens, C. H. Stonebridge, H. H. Todd, C. H. Townsend, Dr. D. K. Tuthill, Dr. T. K. Tuthill, Dr. H. Vreeland, H. C. Walsh, H. D. Whitfield, Arthur D. Williams, J. Dunbar Wright.

The guests were: John Stewart Tanner, Prof. Livingston Farrand, L. S. Quackenbush, Giraud F. Thompson, W. W. Niles, Dr. E. G. Tuttle, Wm. Townsend Colbron, Chas. Snow Kellogg, Geo. A. H. Churchill, Jas. Boyd Weir, Geo. MacDonald, H. M. Shearer, Juan Gavama, Henry S. Clarke, Royal E. Moss, Dr. J. C. Schminke, Randolph Walker, Chas. D. Marvin, Basil V. Rowe, A. B. Hudson, Jas. G. Campbell, Theo. Morache, J. E. Nichols, F. M. Van Horn, Geo. Hodge, Geo. T. Wilson, Tristram R. Coffin, Ralston R. Coffin, R. A. Franks, Chas. A. Reed, Wm. Schickel, Dr. Caille, Rev. Arthur Jamieson, Com. Henry Merrill, R. A. Gunn, T. E. Batten, H. de Lisser, Mr. Farnum, L. S. Darling.

A telegram of regrets was read from Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, requesting those present to add to the camp-fire one pine knot for him. T. E. B.

Natural History.

The Night Hawk in Town.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent, Mr. Flint, in the issue of Nov. 21, desired observations on the night hawk (*Chordeiles virginianus*) in this city. I have often, on quiet summer evenings, seen these birds wheeling and diving after insects, but have never noticed them, particularly, near any of the city parks. Last summer I observed at least ten or a dozen almost directly over the corner of Barclay and Church streets. They were apparently after a swarm of gnats, and made considerable noise. The call, to my mind, sounds more like "Beesst" than like "Go-walk"—there is certainly the "burr" in it, almost like the note of a cicada. Friends have sometimes pointed them out as swallows, but I have always corrected them by the unfailing mark—the wide, white bar across each wing. I have never heard them called "bull-bats" this side of Maryland or Virginia. I have no knowledge regarding their nesting habits. It would be interesting to know if they actually nest on the tops of our sky-scrapers, but I would incline more to the belief that they nest in the parks, or other wooded places. J. K. HAND.

[Night hawks are quite abundant in this city during the summer, and we have more than once seen what we believed to be a young bird flying through one of the down-town streets in the middle of the day, pursued by a crowd of street boys. The night hawk has been known to deposit its eggs on roofs of buildings in large cities and towns, and no doubt does so in New York. In Vol. VI. of FOREST AND STREAM, page 318, it was reported as breeding on flat roofs of houses at Montreal, Can. It does not commonly nest in wooded places, but rather in open barren spots; thus we have commonly found their eggs lying on the bare rock in mountain pasture lands, on the bare sand on sand bars of rivers, and (probably *C. v. henryi*) on the disintegrated granite of high mountain plateaus in Wyoming. In none of these cases was there any nest, or any apparent shelter or protection for the young.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Probably the night hawks in the vicinity of that aristocratic section, Central Park West, this city, are more given to song than their more modest brethren on the south side of the Park and the lower meadow, but, all the same, I have failed to observe that characteristic long sweep downward in their flight and the accompanying note that I lately tried to describe as "Go-walk," and thereby aroused the artistic criticism of Mr. Perkins. Up in the Adirondacks and over farm lands and pastures throughout the State this startling sound is often an object of wonder, and people are curious to learn whence it proceeds. The birds flying over the park may make this note, but from more than fifty observations taken in June and July lasting through several years I have never heard it, although my hearing is good. My observations have been principally confined to night hawks flying over the thickly settled portions of Manhattan.

One night in June, 1900, I was at New Haven, Conn., near the green, and one of these birds awakened me several times by the explosive note. I do not see how "any intelligent listener" to this wild, bold tone could ever disgrace it by a comparison with the dead jingle of a loose bass guitar string. PETER FLINT.

Back-Trailing Horses.

Editor Forest and Stream:

J. B. Burnham's observations in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 14, about "scent," reminds me that there have been, in past years, some warm oral discussions among the brotherhood of the hunting trail in the Rocky Mountains, concerning the wonderful ability of horses to follow a trail, as to whether it was done by scent, or just by some natural instinct. It would seem that they have some power other than that of scent, which enables them to follow in the exact footsteps of their own or that of other horses, months after the trail has been made. By the term "trail" I do not mean that of a definitely laid out and used trail, but the term as used here applies to any course through the mountains or forests which has been gone over by a horse.

One season while trapping with a partner, we would sometimes operate in different localities for a time, each having two horses and complete outfit, and all one needed to know, in order to find the camp of the other was to know which way he had started, and once get the lead horse (the saddle horse) on the trail, and he would never fail to take the rider to the camp where the other horses were. In one instance my partner traveled over one of my old trails several weeks after I had passed along, and there was several inches of fresh snow on the ground, whereas the ground was bare when I had gone over it, and by giving his horse his head, to go where he would, it brought him out at the

spot he wanted to go. The horse would occasionally stop and smell of the logs as it stepped over them, but surely no scent could remain for that length of time, yet if not, how could a horse perform such feats? I have frequently ridden my hunting horse for many miles over the rough mountains, through windfalls and great bodies of dense woods, then turn back, and hang the reins on the saddle horn, and never give a thought as to where I was going, and would not only come out at the exact spot where I started in, but would cross every log, go around every obstacle and pass every point at the exact spot as in going. No part of a horse's faithfulness and service ever had the same effect in warranting my affection, as that of bringing me safely and directly home or to camp, by his own good horse sense and instinct, especially if it be away in the night, when it has been so dark in the pine woods that I could not see his head, could see absolutely nothing, when it was so utterly dark as to be almost felt, when I would hang the reins loose and cover my head and face with my arms as a protection against brush, and after hours of such travel, come out where I wanted to be. Such faithfulness in our best dumb friends creates an affection, such as I have imagined Theodore Roosevelt must have had for old Manitou.

Horses appear to differ in their power of scent, or at least in their instinct for direction, just as people do, and as I have observed, the large breeds of draft horses are not nearly so keen in this respect as the small, inferior breeds which are commonly used for pack and saddle animals, and which are descendants of the wild horses of the plains; even among the latter there are some which seem to have no idea of direction, or else have not the intelligence to go as their instinct would direct. It seems clear, though, after noting carefully their actions, that any horse will, when left to himself, and away from home or camp (for any good camp horse comes to regard the camp as home), go in the direction they think is home, and it is difficult to guide them in any other direction after darkness begins to come on.

Night overtook me once many miles from camp, while following a bear, with a very rough and heavily timbered country between me and camp, without any sort of trail to follow, and all strange territory to me. I happened to be riding an old pack horse, which did not want to go the direction I thought camp to be. It was a bright moonlight night, and I was quite certain of my direction, but the horse was so determined on his way that I allowed him to go for some distance, and he struck out in an entirely different direction, when I knew by the moon that he was wrong, and steered him my way, but had to keep a tight rein all the time, until my arm ached. About ten o'clock I rode straight into camp, but not until he was in sight of the other horses did he seem to realize where he was. So, with horses, as with wild animals, no positive rule can be laid down which will govern their actions under all conditions, for they have individuality and are not all born with a like instinct. EMERSON CARNEY.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.

Note on the Labrador Duck.

In the article on the Labrador duck in FOREST AND STREAM of December 5, it was not noted that the two specimens of the Labrador duck in the Charles B. Corey collection have been in the Field Columbian Museum of Chicago for several years. It is understood that the specimen in the Gordon Plummer collection at Boston was sent to the museum of the Hon. Walter Rothschild, Trivy, England, shortly before Mr. Plummer's death in 1893. At all events, it went abroad, so that the number of known specimens of the Labrador duck in England is 12, and the total known in America is 30.

The Killdeer Photographs.

THE two charming photographs of the killdeer plover which were published in our issue of Dec. 5, were taken in Mexico by Mr. Russell Todd Cornell, a young mining engineer.

Game Bag and Gun.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Game Laws in Brief

is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the Brief.

Maine Big Game.

BANGOR, Maine, Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The moose season finally closed on Monday last, and the shipments to and through Bangor for the forty-five days of the open season is reckoned at 196 moose, to which to secure the correct number killed must be added a list of those held by those taxidermists so located that the trophies do not reach them by way of railroads and the express company. This will be considerable, so that the list will be materially enlarged, probably by from 25 to 50 heads, or even more. Probably there are more than this number really in the hands of taxidermists, and, as yet, unreported, but as many of the hunters took their moose home with them, there is liable to be a duplication in the record, especially as at times the same train that carried out the whole animal or a part of it, also took the head to a taxidermist, making an apparent shipment of two moose, where there ought really to be reckoned but one. Still, there have undoubtedly been more moose killed in Maine this year than in any previous season for a number of years. This can scarcely be attributed to the increased number of non-resident hunters, but is readily explained by the statement to your correspondent by a guide at the beginning of the season. He said that those guides who were without business this fall would go into the woods

and kill a moose for themselves, and take it to a market, determining that, somehow, they must make something out of their knowledge of the woods, and where the moose are to be found. A careful perusal of the shipments shows that there was an unusual proportion of the moose shipped by residents of this State, not a few of whom took their moose to the Boston market for sale.

The Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game have lately held a meeting in this city, and Chairman Carleton gave the daily newspapers an interview, wherein he gave a most optimistic review of the season's business, and a complete "vindication" of the wisdom of Maine in placing a license upon those outside of the State who want to hunt big game here. It is a most interesting interview, and it is to be regretted that its length makes its reproduction here impossible. One singular feature of it is that the same interview, with perhaps the changing of one or two words to localize it, appeared in an Augusta morning paper, simultaneously with its publication in a Bangor daily. It is quite unusual for two reporters, on different publications, and nearly a hundred miles apart, to so exactly quote a person who consents to be interviewed.

Some quotations may, however, prove interesting reading for the thousands who have been watching for the effects of the first year's application of the new statute.

"We want to be quoted as saying most emphatically that this law has, even in the first year of its operation, proved a decided success, notwithstanding the adverse criticism it has received. It has been claimed that there has been a great falling off in the number of hunters who have come to Maine to hunt this year, due entirely to this law. This is not so. We are prepared to prove that of legitimate, desirable sportsmen there have been about the usual number in the Maine woods this season. * * * We have received and paid over to the State Treasurer this year, to date, in license fees, \$26,650. This is all to be expended in warden service for big game and game birds. * * * More moose have been killed this year than were killed last year, and of deer passing through Bangor there is an apparent falling off of but a few hundred. But it has been said that 'more of our own people have hunted.' This is no doubt true, and will continue to be so in the future. * * * But we want to say a word about the classes that have not come—not any considerable number to be sure—but on account of the noise they have made about their staying away one might be misled as to their numbers. * * * But their number has not been at all proportionate to the noise they have made about it. * * * The so-called 'Ohio and Indiana' parties have not come in any considerable numbers. Where there were hundreds of them last year and year before, there have been scores, and these of the very best, this year. * * * Again, the 'market-hunter' has not come this year. * * * Again, the non-resident workman in the lumbering camps has not hunted to any great extent this year. * * * It is not exactly fair to compare this year with last year, for last year was the banner year—a phenomenal year—every condition for hunting being well nigh perfect. Nevertheless, when you deduct the 'Ohio and Indiana' parties, the number who have hunted without a license for birds and bears, there has been no great falling off, as we have said before, of legitimate, desirable sportsmen. The abundance of deer would apparently safely stand more hunters, but nobody believes that a larger number of moose can be safely killed yearly. * * * The annual reports of the registered guides, made in accordance with law, show that they have earned more money and guided more men more days than last year, * * * their reports to prove it are on file in our office. * * * We want to reiterate that the commissioners are greatly pleased with the great success of this law. Our woods have been safer. There has been but one case of accidental shooting and this was not fatal, by a non-resident, as against nine fatalities last year. We have had a better class of hunters, as a whole, than ever before, and they appear to be well pleased with this law."

It is interesting, in reading this interview, to read in another part of one paper that gave liberal extracts from it, another article by one of Maine's prominent railroad officials, who declared that the business of transporting, caring for and guiding non-resident sportsmen had been cut at least in half this year as against the season of 1902, and stating in the plainest of language that license was responsible for the tremendous falling off in business. He said that his road had not carried nearly one-half the sportsmen during the hunting season up to the close of the moose season, that it did a year ago; that the guides and camp owners were complaining bitterly because their incomes had been cut squarely in half; and predicting that the very men who expressed themselves as satisfied with the Maine license law, would be the first to desert the State as soon as they took a fancy to seek big game in New Brunswick; in fact, he doubted strongly if they would be in Maine next year at all, as the results were so much more satisfactory than in Maine under existing conditions.

The writer knows of one camp where all the parties accustomed to go there for a hunting trip gave up their visit, and all new parties, of whom there were several, cancelled their dates, the alleged reason being the objection to the license law. A camp that entertained forty guests last fall worried through on five or six this season. A camp that was run at a loss throughout the fall, kept open in spite of it, that those regular patrons still faithful might not be turned away and given a chance to form attachments for some other locality—and the cases might be multiplied indefinitely, if there were room.

Inasmuch as people who have to pay a sum for a possibility like to reduce the element of chance from their trip as much as possible, and seek a section where they can get all the license permits, more moose have been shot this year than would, undoubtedly, otherwise have been. The guide who had nothing to do and felt obliged to turn his knowledge of moose and their ways to the enrichment of his own pocket, fared forth into the woods at the first opportunity, and shot his quarry, which was promptly sold to the highest bidder or taken to a city market. To be sure, the profits were scarcely as great as he anticipated in most cases, but that didn't prolong the life of the moose, and the net results to the State at large were hardly up to the value established by Mr. Carleton some years ago, when he announced that every live moose in the Maine woods was worth \$500 to Maine.

If they are worth that much, then the citizens of the State, forced to dispose of some of their gold mine to sustain life, have parted with their birthright very cheaply.

But it is in the suggestion of the railroad official above referred to that one finds the real significance of the cost to Maine at large of the sum deposited with the State officially. If the State sold 1,765 licenses, as has been reported, then fully that number stayed away, and at a moderate estimate of average expense of \$75 each for an outing in the woods, Maine has squeezed her own citizens out of \$132,375 of business that she might realize in license money the comparatively small sum of \$26,650. From one point of view the law has been a success, in that it has created a large revenue for the carrying on of the commission's work, but at what a cost.

Already there is quite a sentiment on the part of the guides and camp proprietors to urge the repeal of the law before another season, but they are powerless, since the law is on the books for two years at the least, and they must endure another season of perhaps more depression even than this before they can offer a protest. Perhaps by that time they will have a better idea of what lawmakers will do if left entirely to themselves, while those whose interests are at stake sit calmly at home and allow others to deprive them of their daily bread. As a money raiser the law's a howling success—this year. As a right or just move, those who suffer from its workings can scarcely regard it as fair or equitable.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

How to Cook a Duck.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Contributors who are discussing the matter of the right way to cook a duck seem to miss the essential point, and that point lies at the south end of the bird. The tail of all waterfowl contains two large oil glands that are used by the bird for keeping its feathers in condition to repel water. The oil in these glands contains organic sulphur compounds in sufficient degree to make a disagreeable flavor and odor. Cut the tail from every waterfowl, and as soon as convenient after the bird is killed—before it is cooked, at any rate—as the sulphur flavor quickly permeates the whole dead bird. I have had the toughest old white wing coots served at the Club in New York many a time, and the boys asked me to please give up my professional work and go shooting again next day. Ducks with delicate flavor, and particularly brant and other geese are ruined in the cooking if the tail is not removed.

Personally my taste for duck is best satisfied when the birds are cooked in one of four ways:

(1) Roasted for about fifteen minutes over a very hot fire, and served rare with jelly and salad.

(2) Roasted for about forty minutes in the baker in front of the campfire, and basted during the last twenty minutes of the time constantly and unceasingly with a spoon tied to the end of a long stick.

(3) Cut into pieces and stewed for an hour in water that has previously been boiled for an hour with pieces of salt pork. The pork fat fills the water in a mechanical mixture so fully, that the volatile flavors of the bird are not abstracted by the water and thrown off as volatile products by the steam. This trick is also the one that gives the secret of successful boiling of fish. Birds and fish are served with the gravy which results from the boiling down of the water.

(4) Dig a hole in the ground deep enough for burying the kettle. Make a log house of hard wood two feet high around the hole. Build a fire in the middle so that the sticks will burn evenly and all drop into the hole at about the same time, in the form of hot coals. Shovel out the coals. Put the kettle into the hole, and in the kettle have the duck cut into pieces, seasoned, covered with water enough to cover duck and a good big piece of salt pork. Put the cover on the kettle, shovel the coals back around and over the kettle, cover with a few inches of dirt, and leave the outfit undisturbed during the whole night, unless the remembrance of a similar feast makes you get up in the night and dig it out.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I'm not going to ask whether "you know the blackened forest" where the fire has done its horrid work, but I simply want to stick in a word or two about the fire that is used in cooking ducks. Your correspondent F. W. B. undoubtedly knows what's what, but it's an utter waste of time to fight against fashion.

In my early days there lived in Baltimore a man named Guy—the same who was proprietor of a famous restaurant. That was in the good old days when canvasbacks and terrapins made the time a record breaker in the line of luxurious living, and his fame rested solely on the universally accepted perfection of his canvasbacks, of which I had personal knowledge. Now, a canvasback and a sheldrake are altogether different things, and when we talk about cooking ducks we must consider the distinction. Mr. Guy had the business figured down to a nicety—the stove or oven must be kept at exactly the right temperature, and the duck must remain in precisely so many minutes to a dot, though I forget how many; but they were quickly cooked, the fat outside being in the "crackling" condition of Lamb's roast pig, and just rare enough to be a little red about the bone; and lucky is the man who has run against anything more delicious. In my opinion nothing in the line of luxuries could compare with it except a perfectly managed terrapin stew; but the fashionable "smart set" could not allow themselves to be led forever by a vulgar restaurant man, so one idiot set the fashion of serving them half cooked; then another of the same stripe carried it further, till at last warmed duck became the fashionable thing instead of roast. I dined with one of them, and was promised a canvasback dinner, but one kind of raw duck meat being the same as another to me, and neither being palatable, I had to sit and see them smack their lips over the bloody stuff instead of really enjoying the delicious fat "cracklings" that would have set a genuine epicure like Lamb quite crazy; but they were not permitted by fashion to eat it otherwise. When they offered to help

me I wanted to say, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

Now, when we come to sheldrakes, broadbills, hell-divers, and others of that ilk, the programme changes. Guy would not interfere with the incomparable flavor of a canvasback by bacon or basting, but in the case of the other tribes the case is different. In New York one day I wanted some wild ducks for a dinner party, and went to the market and asked a dealer if he had any good wild ducks. He said he had, and showed me some broadbills. I told him I was too old a sportsman to be fooled with ducks that were fattened on salt water snails. He assured me that they were from the northern lakes, and were equal to anything short of a Chesapeake Bay canvasback. I took his word for it and found that he was right—that it depended on their food. It is difficult to get rid of the fishy flavor of a duck without interfering with the natural flavor. I have often had sheldrakes parboiled about five minutes, and then stuffed and roasted, and found them very satisfactory in lieu of something better.

DIDYMUS.

Grouse and Woodcock.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your editorial columns on November 28, you alluded to the scarcity of grouse in Michigan, Ohio, New England, and Canada, and you expressed the opinion "that neither the gun of the sportsman, the cunning depredations of the fox, nor, in fact, the attacks of birds or beasts of prey, have had any appreciable effect in diminishing the numbers of this splendid game bird."

The writer knows nothing of Michigan nor Ohio, nor is he sufficiently well acquainted with any of the New England States, except Massachusetts and Maine, to speak with any confidence. But of these States and New Brunswick an acquaintance of sixty years enables him to form a very decided opinion, and that opinion is that in these places "the gun of the sportsman" and the still more deadly gun of the pot-hunter are alone answerable for the scarcity that has, for the last twenty years, been growing more and more evident.

Favorable and unfavorable breeding seasons will generally balance each other; and birds and beasts of prey are diminishing in numbers quite as fast as the grouse; but nothing can make up the drain on any stock that is subject to indiscriminate slaughter. Before the export of grouse was made illegal in this Province, it was a good business for the agents of New York and Boston caterers to travel through all the rural districts of New Brunswick, even to the smallest settlement, and arrange for the purchase of all the birds storekeepers could procure. In many places they would leave cheap guns with young nimrods, to be paid for in grouse at to cents per brace. There was always a ready sale and ready cash for all the birds that were offered; but each successive season saw the supply diminish. From the first of September to end of December, a constant hunt was maintained for many miles around the villages and settlements, until in some localities the partridge was as scarce as the dodo. In Maine the same causes led to the same results some years before New Brunswick was invaded. When exportation was prohibited our local markets offered ready demand, and it was found that the destruction was but little abated.

We have now a law prohibiting killing for three years, which may, to some extent, check the rapid extinction of the bird; but with the yearly increasing numbers of hunters and their guides traversing our woods in all directions, added to the logging camps wherever trees grow, this law "is more honored in the breach than in the observance." I see nothing for it but a continued and increasing scarcity, until ruffed grouse are as scarce in Maine and New Brunswick as wild pigeons.

THE OLD ANGLER.

[The article from which our correspondent quotes was meant to deal wholly with the difference between last year and this year. Of course the gun of the sportsman has had much to do with the diminution of grouse during the past twenty years. All will agree to this.]

BARRE, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had just finished a letter to a friend in regard to the woodcock of 1903, when I turned to FOREST AND STREAM and read the editorial, requesting a report on the birds. The friend referred to spent two days with me in September, 1902, and during that time we bagged thirty-three birds, twenty woodcock and thirteen grouse. In the letter just sealed I had written: "It would have been no trick at all for us to have shot twenty woodcock each day during the last week of last September."

I spend many hours with this royal bird during his stay North, and from close observation of eight years in this vicinity I find it breeds in goodly numbers.

It was easy work this autumn, with good dog, to shoot the bag limit of five birds in a few hours.

I endeavor to keep in touch with its haunts; but each year I locate new breeding grounds. In my old home near the Connecticut valley, the woodcock seldom ever bred twenty years ago, now one may find each summer many broods. I am unable to report the number of flight birds this season from my own hunting ground, but from others have had favorable reports. The game bird which needs speedy protection is the ruffed grouse.

B. A. E.

WHITINSVILLE, Mass., Nov. 28—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have found more woodcock this fall than last, though not to a very great extent, and they seemed to be more diffused. This past season I shot woodcock on ground where I failed to find any a year ago, and a small cover that gave me an even dozen last year was good for only one-third as many this fall.

We do not get many woodcock in this section at the best. Five birds to a gun for a day's hunt is a large bag with us. We are more likely to get two or three mixed in with quail and partridge.

Partridges have been scarce. I think there were three or four of these birds a year ago where I find one this fall.

To my mind the poor breeding season accounts for it. We had many successive days of wet weather in June, and the young birds were either chilled or could not get

enough proper food to carry them through. It seems to me that the supply of partridges depends more on the successful rearing of the broods than anything else.

This has been brought to my attention especially by the conditions in Maine this year, where partridges have been unusually plentiful in the sections bordering on the backwoods. Reliable people told me that the birds were more abundant than has been known for more than ten years, and my own observations tend to confirm this statement. A year ago the partridges were particularly scarce in this same section of country, and I heard many complaints of parties that were unable to find birds to shoot. Now the fact that 1903 was bountiful and comes directly after the particularly poor season of 1902, can only be satisfactorily accounted for by assuming that 1903 was a good season for the rearing of the young birds.

Quail with us have been more numerous than last fall, and a good many are left over. A good winter should give us many of these birds another year.

C. A. T.

CENTER CONWAY, N. H., Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The scarcity of grouse or partridge this season does not admit of doubt. For the past four or five years I have shot over this territory every season, getting during each season from sixty to eighty birds. This was shooting simply for sport, and not for slaughter. If I had been disposed I could easily have doubled or trebled these bags.

This season I have not shot over fifteen birds, and I quit shooting them at all in October after I discovered there were so few that we barely had enough for stock for another year.

Now, as to the cause of the disaster to the birds. We had an unusually early spring, or rather promise of spring, so that the grouse disappeared a month in advance of the ordinary season. This naturally influenced the birds to an earlier mating and nesting. About the time the chicks should have hatched we had two quite severe freezes, so severe that much of the fruit and some of our young apple trees were killed. It was these two freezes that, I think, brought death and destruction to the young partridges.

T. P. I.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your esteemed paper of November 21 you published a letter from me in regard to the scarcity of game in Connecticut. Since then I have been hunting in New Jersey and have found that birds, particularly partridges, are unusually scarce there, and to-day while in conversation with a gentleman from Pennsylvania who has hunted regularly for years after partridges in the best portions of that State, he stated that there are fewer partridges, or ruffed grouse, as they call them, this fall than any season he has ever known.

Evidently the excessive rains this past year during June destroyed the young; at any rate, some cause affected unfavorably their nesting. Contrary, however, to the reports of the scarcity of game in this part of the country, I have been hearing from South Carolina (where I have been in the habit of going each winter) that quail are more plentiful than usual, and I judge that this is the report rather generally from the Southern States, and trust that I may be able to take a ten days' or two weeks' hunt in South Carolina during January, as I know several extremely good localities.

COURTLAND BARCOCK.

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under this heading last week, referring to me, our city Telegram had you to say, "first vice-president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission." What he intended to say was one of the vice-presidents of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. What this association wants to know from the sportsmen and pleasure shooters of this State is, What shall we do to save the partridge? There is no question about it, they are way beyond the danger line. We have been shooting old birds all this season. All covers within twenty-five miles of this city, in which a bird could be killed if there, are almost wholly depleted. To say that one or two dry seasons will bring them back is sheer folly. Where are they to come from? Our neighbor States, Connecticut, Vermont and New Hampshire, sent out the same cry before we did.

How shall we save the partridge? I will venture to say that the FOREST AND STREAM will be glad to open its columns to you to tell us how to do it.

A. B. F. KINNEY.

DERRY, N. H., Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to your inquiry as to our woodcock shooting: One party here who shot ten in one day on the flight, has hunted them every fall for several years, and says there were as many this year as ever. In fact, he thinks they have held their own for the past three or four years.

Partridges are scarce here, but up toward Chester, five miles distant, on higher ground, they are more plentiful. Was up there to-day and started as many as twenty birds, many of them in good, safe covers, where they can defy the dog and gun.

JOHN W. BABBITT.

PRINCE'S BAY, Staten Island, N. Y., Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last spring as I was riding up through the Connecticut valley on the N. Y., N. H. & H. Railroad, a man came in and asked permission to sit with me. He got on at some station below Hartford, it matters not where. I remarked that it looked like good woodcock country through here. He said it was; and told me that this spring he had seen more woodcock than he had seen before in fifteen years, and if the birds did well north this season we would have good woodcock shooting this fall. I thought no more of it until this fall, when I then remembered the conversation in the smoking car last spring with a gentleman and sportsman of the old school (which I found out after). More woodcock have been shot since the first day of November on Staten Island than since the year 1893. There are not many bird dogs here; and the birds that have been shot have been flushed and shot by rabbit hunters mostly. Last week one party of four hunters shot eight woodcock in a little bunch of sprouts not more than half an acre in extent, and sev-

eral other parties have shot from one to seven since the first of the month. One man told me he had shot twenty-four since Nov. 1, and he said: "I feel ashamed to tell it." He need not be ashamed of it; if he had been so disposed he could have got twice that number. Woodcock have been so plenty here this fall that men who used to own good dogs ten and fifteen years ago are now thinking about getting another dog. I have seen several gentlemen from Middlesex county, New Jersey, who hunt; and they all say woodcock have been plentiful there.

The fall flight has been large, and the prediction of the man in the smoker became a fact. I have shot none. I have pointed my walking stick toward a dozen or so that I have flushed in my Sunday rambles. I could not help it; the old cane would come to my shoulder instinctively. ***

In Nebraska.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that all the conditions for capital sport on the marshes this fall could not have been improved upon, the shooting has not been up to the standard, save in isolated instances, of the average season. The fact is, the issue of the birds from the north, up to within a few days, has been far short of that of ordinary seasons, and the usual morning and evening flight has been confined largely to local birds, and which, as anomalous as it may seem, have been more abundant than they have for years. Especially was the crop of bluewing teal an enormous one, and all through September and October it was these birds that generally furnished the best sport. But like the upland plover, the bluewing is a delicate little fellow, and it requires but a few white frosts to cause him to raise his azure sails and hie himself off to the sunny Southland. But they are all gone now, and the greenwing has taken his place, along with the larger members of the wild fowl family. The greenwing is a hardy little campaigner, and he will linger here with the cautious old mallard until well into January. While I repeat, with the exception of the past few days when the flight has been a big one, the birds have come down from the north only in meager numbers, the shooting has been more than tolerably interesting on most all of the favored grounds, and many bags of goodly size have been reported. That the average gunner takes his autumnal outing too prematurely to insure the best results on the most desirable birds, has only again been exemplified by the fact that most have already used up their vacation time and are compelled to stand idly by and see the main issue of the winged hosts from the hypoborean world pass over unmolested.

But as I have many times said before, it is not alone the killing that renders these trips as so charming and enjoyable. While a fair amount of shooting enhances them immensely, beautiful weather is the principal desideratum after all. Cold winds, sleet and snow are poor concomitants to camp life. It is the hazy atmosphere, the golden sunshine and soothing winds the outer craves in the fulfillment of his joys in the field and on the marsh.

The long continued stretch of delightful weather with which we were favored here all through October, and up to within the last two or three days, has been unquestionably the cause of the backwardness of the birds in coming down from the Polar lands this fall. At last, however, a decisive change has broken in on the charming placidity of old Boreas, and the sportsman who cannot get away is electrified with the sights he so longed for earlier in the season. All through the first two open months the birds were evidently content to linger and revel within the still salubrious climes of their summer home in the north, and it was only adventurous and straggling flocks and bands that were induced to start upon their southern pilgrimage. But now that the first burst of winter, with its boisterous breezes, cold rains and snow flurries is upon us, the winged hordes are all on the move and rushing over and by us in countless thousands. The present flight is a very voluminous one, which the paucity of visitors during October made most probable, but it will only be the luckiest of gunners, he of the superabundance of time, who will profit by it, for the birds will linger here but a brief time; in fact the bulk of them are rushing onward without as much as deigning us more than a passing glance. From the rim of the Arctic circle to the sunny shores of the big gulf, the conditions this year, so far as feed and water, have been unsurpassed, and the birds have not had, nor will have, any pressing occasion to linger or dally upon any of the intermediate grounds. The same favors that would be accorded them here will greet them at the end of their journey in the fair lands of the South.

As with the ducks, so it has been with the jacksnipe. The sport on these royal little sprites of the bogs has, up to within the past week, commensurately disappointing. Not that as many of them have not found their way into the capacious pockets of the canvas shooting wammuses as should justly find lodgment there under any circumstances, the unusually attractive conditions everywhere existing led the always ambitious sportsman to believe that he was going to have the grandest shooting that has been his lot for many a long year. Last spring there were more of these precious little gallinages killed in this section of the country than has been known here in more than a quarter of a century, and the natural expectation was that the birds would come again this fall in the same glorious plenitude. But identically the same causes that deterred the ducks kept the snipe back, until now, on the nocturnal frost ridden winds, along with the geese and the quackers they are hurrying over and by us to lands that are always smiling. Of course there was jack shooting here, and good shooting, at that, all through the mellifluous October weather, but by all former signs and tokens the best snipe time has passed, and what shooting that remains will be poor indeed.

And the geese. They were also equally tardy. Up to within the past two days but few bunches of Canadas have been seen cleaving their aerial way southward, and the cackle of the speckle front and white goose was an infrequent sound in the grand chorus of

October days. Just now, every morning, long lines and wedge-shaped flocks streak the steely skies with most exhilarating frequency, and the sonorous auh-unk, auh-unk, unk-unk-unk mingles with every blast of cold wind and drowns all other sounds in the sportsman's ears. Sport on the Canadas out along the sprawling Platte should now be excellent for six weeks to come.

While the chicken shooting was all that a reasonable gunner should have expected, it was not quite so easy for him to kill a wagon load as he anticipated, and it is to the present wise law regulating the slaughter of this bird you can turn for an explanation of this mystery. Oct. 1 is plenty early enough, as I have frequently, and I hope forcibly, stated in these columns, to open the season on this long since doomed bird, and had it not been for the extensive onslaught by conscienceless shooters in his ranks during the latter days of August and through September, the legitimate October gunner would have been rewarded with plethoric bags without much exertion. As it was the bulk of the birds were killed off in many sections before they were hardly strong enough to clear the long prairie grass, and this, too, despite the vigilance and activity of our wardens. While they have done much good work, it is but a drop in the bucket compared with what they will be enabled to accomplish in another year. They have the recalcitrant districts pretty well in hand now, know what to expect and will undoubtedly supply the necessary remedy. While Chief Game Warden Carter differs with me as to the advisability of prohibiting chicken shooting before Oct. 1, I think the present season's results will go a long way toward convincing him of the soundness of the wisdom of the men who drafted the bill and the legislators who made it a law. The great number of big, strong birds that have been able to thwart the efforts at their annihilation by the unnumbered hunters who have swarmed our fields this fall, and which have been left over for another season, should convince him that an earlier open season means total and speedy extermination. With the lawless gunners once under control, the continuation of the chicken in fairly good numbers for years to come is assured, and as this control is something Warden Carter will in a little more time securely compass, the outlook is really encouraging. With the stoppage of the sale of birds in the open market, and even a moderately due observance of the law as it stands, means much to future generations of sportsmen.

All true lovers of the gun, after the beneficent fruits of the law have been appreciated, will be content to await the coming of October, when chicken hunting and chicken shooting will be unhampered by legal restraint. And, by the way, there is a vast difference between chicken hunting and chicken shooting, as many an ardent adventurer has discovered long ere this. In August or early September there is no sport in either. It is too laborious and too oppressive to trudge through dried stubble, sere grass and flowing corn. Even if you or your dog is so fortunate as to locate a covey of soft, flabby, pin-feathered, slow flying chickens, there is no skill required to exterminate the whole flock in this season, and the slaughter is attended with neither enthusiasm or excitement.

It is true to a preponderance of tastes, a chicken or a grouse is at its best for table purposes when half or two-thirds grown, but this is argument in extenuation of this unlawful killing, and a full grown bird at all times is sufficiently toothsome to answer all gastronomic requirements.

In October, all panoplied with hammerless and shells, the sportsman will find the very acme of healthful sport in the chicken fields. Side by side with pointer or setter ranging in front, these comrades of the hunt will tramp the fields, the sandhills and draws and in the lazy atmosphere of golden days find such enjoyment as is undreamed of by the midsummer marauder and buccaneer. Besides the actual pleasure to the hunter from the fact that he is engaged in an honest recreation, there is a still greater delight to be derived from the surrounding charms of waning sunny days. Shut up, perhaps, in store, shop or office all through the hot period, the sights and sounds and odors of the droning country will seem altogether new to them. Such an outing, with the birds fairly plentiful and strong enough of wing to test their keenest sight and steadiest of nerves, is a revelation of another existence, yet each enchanted faculty brings back to them memories of other days just like these, of other comradeship, of other scenes, but none more beautiful or more beloved.

To such a hunter the morning and evening piccolo of the meadowlark, as he perches proudly on his cream-colored pillars on fence post or sunflower stalk, never sounded half so plaintive, half so sweet. The ruddy-breasted robin, too, hops nimbly and fearlessly along the dank bank of creek or swale, or darts across the yellowing hay field, emitting from his yellow beak a sharp, petulant staccato, that to the hunter is also a lilt of melody, which he alone seems to appreciate and understand. The modest flowers of early fall, the moose hoof, the adder's tongue, wind flower, Indian plume, aster and lobelia open their tender faces, seemingly to greet him, their old time friends.

And more and more. He faintly catches the caw-caw of the sable crow, streaming low over the fields in funereal train on slow flapping wings; the mystic, far-sounding chick-a-dee-dee-dee of the vagrant solitaire, the low, guttural yak-yak-yak of the little lavender sapsucker as he laboriously hitches himself up and down the white-barked cottonwood, and the never ceasing twitter of the marshalling blackbirds. From off over the low sandhills, from the river and marshy expanse, now and then comes the honk of the early goose or the startled quack of the mother mallard who has nested and raised her family in the bordering morass, while from afar above falls the shrill cry of the Cooper's hawk, soaring sublimely or poised on moveless wing, intent upon some unwary rabbit or crouching quail. Then, again, the broad prairie, with its endless undulations of yellowing grass, as silent, mayhap, as the tomb, brings with it to his senses a gratifying intoxication.

But after a while comes the somber day when the birds lock their merry throats, the pointed blossoms

close their eyes, and over the limitless landscape, gray and bleak and still, through the barren hills and leafless groves, across the coldly lapsing lake and dreamy marsh, and into the shadowy valley, comes marching—noiselessly, imperceptibly—but sure and certain, the advance guard of a host—frigid, white and deathlike—soon to hold full sway and make itself everywhere heard and felt.

But look! There is old Spot on a dead point, just at the edge of that bedraggled stubble, yonder.

Now for a double!

SANDY GRISWOLD.

OMAHA, Neb.

Canvasbacks at \$20 Per Pair.

ST. PAUL, Minn.—A friend of mine last winter gave me quite a dissertation on market-hunting at Heron Lake in Minnesota. He had been up there during the fall, and found he was "up against it." The market-hunters saw that the gentleman sportsmen got plenty of experience—if they got no ducks. In his case a market-hunter took a stand not far from my friend's decoys and effectually spoiled his shooting, turning the ducks every time.

All this was bad enough, but when the market-man sent a load of No. 6 around my friend's head it was high time to take notice. My friend had carried with him a Winchester rifle to try on geese and mallards flying high. Taking up his rifle he sighted the water line of the market-man's skiff and proceeded to make a sieve of it as the market-hunter pulled for the shore.

This was but one of the many disagreeable episodes of a day's hunting on Heron Lake while the market-men held sway. But all things come to an end. Mr. Fullerton, the State Game Warden, got wind of the matter and arrests and seizure of guns followed.

I had counted on a hunt with Mr. Fullerton this fall, but he had his hands full at Heron Lake. There was something doing up there. Two wagonloads of canvasbacks and redheads had been seized and the men who were behind the game, the receivers of the goods, caught, as the immaculate Devery would say, "with the goods on them." In all there were a round 2,000 birds. The men "higher up"—the Chicago commission men—hired a lawyer. There were all kinds of charges made reflecting upon the integrity of Mr. Fullerton, making it appear that any and all transgressions of the law were upon his shoulders, and that the local commission men were as spotless as the driven snow. But the worst and severest charge made against Fullerton was that he had appropriated the ducks to his own private use—in fact, had eaten up the 2,000 ducks. If this charge were true, one might have imagined pin feathers cropping out on Fullerton from head to foot.

But, nothing daunted, Fullerton went ahead, and word comes down from the north that a verdict has been rendered at \$10 per bird, or \$24,980, for there were just 2,498 birds found in their possession with intent to sell. But the verdict was modified to \$20,000, because that was all that was asked for in the pleadings. It is not for a moment supposed that the Supreme Court will reverse the verdict.

Mr. Fullerton is enthusiastic, naturally, over the outcome. The gang has boasted immunity from danger. They were well organized and snapped their fingers at the law.

I saw another friend yesterday who had recently been to Heron Lake, and he tells me that the market-hunters have turned toward legal and proper pursuits, guiding for a living. The majesty of the law has been vindicated. A few thousand Fullertons scattered methodically from Maine to California would mean much for the game preservation of the country. CHARLES CRISTADORO.

A California Day.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—Beginning near Monterey in central California and running eastward is a relatively arid strip of territory; the rainfall, which is confined almost exclusively to the winter months, averaging about nine or ten inches. From the first of August until November water is exceedingly scarce, in consequence of which all wild birds and animals concentrate in the neighborhood of the infrequent water holes and springs.

I killed my first deer in this region nearly forty years ago. At that time this game was very abundant, and the hunter was liable at any time to run across a grizzly. Now, however, the bear is only a memory, and deer are scarce. Small game, such as quail, cottontails, and hare, are yet abundant.

I have recently returned from a deer hunt in this belt, whither I went in company with H., my companion of many hunting trips.

Breakfasting very early one morning on this last trip, I suggested to H. that I would go up the cañon and secrete myself near a water hole with the hope that a buck might call to get a drink before lying down for the day. H. decided to go in the opposite direction after cottontails, as the quail season was not yet open.

I got to the water hole at daybreak and found a comfortable hiding place on a high bank about thirty yards from the water hole. The latter was of about the dimensions of an ordinary hand wash basin, and was situated at the roots of a clump of willows near the center of a dry water-way.

I had sat probably ten minutes, when out of a brier thicket near by there hopped a dainty little cottontail, who made direct for the water. Before beginning to drink he sat up and looked quickly around. He then applied his muzzle to the water, and, to my astonishment, kept it there more than a full minute, taking deep draughts. Having finished, he hopped back into the thicket. After a short period of waiting, I heard in the chapparal behind me the soft *Coo, coo* of a quail piloting his flock. Presently he emerged from the undergrowth about fifteen feet away, and immediately discovered me. He cocked his eye at me and uttered a warning *Cheep, cheep*. I sat perfectly still. He moved a few feet away and took another look at me. A number of others now joined him, and all carefully surveyed the intruder. Curiosity satisfied, the whole bevy descended the bank to the spring, leaving a picket on a nearby limb. Meanwhile two other bevs were approaching the drinking place from different

directions. Two or three skirmishers were always in advance, and nothing escaped their vigilant eyes.

The dry waterway was some forty yards broad, and was dotted here and there with a small clump of undergrowth or a cottonwood tree which interfered but little with my view. Within thirty minutes there gathered within my view between 350 and 400 quail, of whom only fifteen or twenty could drink at one time. The thirsty waited their turn with impatience, and frequently two cocks would meet near the water and fly at each other precisely like a couple of bantams.

While intent upon this scene, suddenly a picket, perched near the spring, uttered a quick note of alarm, and the whole bevy ran for cover.

Simultaneously there appeared, first a hare making cautiously for the water hole, and about twenty feet from him, screened by some weeds, a large sized, powerfully built wildcat. Just before reaching the water the hare stopped, reared up and looked carefully in every direction. The cat lay perfectly still, glued to the earth. The intensity of its emotion was displayed by a blood-thirsty glitter of the eye, and an uncontrollable tremor of the short, stumpy tail. The hare, seeing no danger, went forward and began to drink. In a few seconds he hopped away a few feet and again scrutinized the surroundings. A second time he returned to the water, this time with his rump directly toward the cat. Feeling perfectly safe he drank long and deep. I was so interested in the spectacle that I spoke involuntarily: "Now, Bob, is your chance." But the stupid cat spoilt the play. He lay hugging the ground instead of advancing and springing. The hare having finished returned the way he came, with the cat pursuing him behind the screen of weeds. In about five minutes the cat returned, evidently disappointed of his quarry, and crouched in the edge of a thicket near the spring.

The quail now began to emerge from their hiding places. I expected the cat to stalk them, but he paid no attention whatever to them.

At this juncture I suddenly lost interest in both cat and quail, as on the opposite side of the cañon, some hundreds of yards away, I saw a deer cross a narrow opening in the high brush. His direction was toward the spring, and after ten or fifteen minutes he crossed another opening some two hundred yards away. When fifty yards nearer he exposed himself fairly and I fired my little .30-30 carbine. He turned and plunged along the hillside, giving me another shot. After a couple of jumps he stopped, collapsed, and rolled heavily down the steep hillside into a buckeye thicket. ROEEL.

Manufacture of Firearms in Liege.

LIEGE, Belgium, Oct. 14.—The manufacture of firearms and guns in Liege has steadily increased since 1880, and the exports thereof have increased in like manner. The exports to all countries during recent years were as follows:

	Francs.	
1898	15,000,000 =	\$2,895,000
1899	16,500,000 =	3,184,500
1900	18,000,000 =	3,474,000
1901	19,000,000 =	3,667,000

The United States is one of the principal markets for the firearms product of Liege, especially for guns costing under 25 francs (\$4.82). Grades beyond that price being subject to a high duty in the United States, a large exportation of the better qualities is prevented; nevertheless, the demand from the United States for the higher grade of guns is greater at present than at any previous time.

I am reliably informed that certain manufacturers turn out a large quantity of guns having imitation Damascus barrels attached. This, however, cannot in any way injure the reputation of the firearms manufacturers, most of whom are thoroughly reliable in the quality of their products.

In the year 1901 the export of firearms and gun barrels to the United States amounted to about 2,800,000 francs (\$540,400), and in 1902 to over 3,000,000 francs (\$579,000), the proportion of gun barrels and firearms being about equal.

In the last ten years the production of Damascus and steel barrels has increased, the annual production being about 500,000, of which about 100,000 single and 160,000 double barrels were sent to the United States.

The Damascus gun barrel is made principally at Nessonvaux, eight miles from Liege, but in this consular district.

Manufacturers report that many American houses buying from Liege factories do so through agents, and say that it would be more advantageous to importers to deal directly.

JAMES C. McNALLY, Consul.

Game Protection in North Carolina.

GREENSBORO, N. C., Dec. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Bird and Game Warden W. J. Weatherly, who works under the direction of the Audubon Society of North Carolina, made in the express office at Greensboro a few days ago, three seizures of partridges which were being illegally shipped out of the State. One package contained thirty dressed birds, the contents of the other two amounted to seven and one-half dozen undressed birds. They were sold at auction.

The birds were packed in egg crates with two layers of eggs on the top of each box. The packages were billed as eggs and were being shipped to produce dealers in Washington, D. C. Two of these shippers have since been convicted and fined \$20 each and costs, and at this writing Weatherly is out with a warrant looking for the other man. T. GILBERT PEARSON, Secretary.

RALEIGH, N. C., Dec. 5.—There is much interest both on the part of bird lovers and sportsmen as to the first year's work of the Audubon Society of North Carolina. Special inquiries were made of the secretary, Gilbert Pearson, of Greensboro, as to the results of the year's work under the law enacted by the last Legislature. By the persistent efforts of the society's wardens along the coast during the past summer the colonies of gulls, terns, and skimmers (storm or flood gulls) were for the first

time in fifteen years unmolested by plume hunters. As a result of this protection, about 2,000 young birds are known by the wardens to have been reared.

There is a marked difference as to the duck and goose-hunting in the eastern waters this season. Secretary Pearson says the first attempts in Currituck to hunt ducks at night were stopped by a warden, and the guilty persons, two of them, were fined \$20 and costs each. He says since then there has been absolutely no "fire-lighting" in that county, according to reports made to him. A northern visitor, writing to FOREST AND STREAM from there confirms this statement. Reports just received from Dare county say there is no fire-lighting there. Currituck and Dare counties contain the most important duck shooting waters in this country.

Many resident and non-resident sportsmen there are becoming members of the Audubon Society, after seeing the work it is doing. Twenty-six game wardens have been appointed throughout the State, and now hold the Governor's commission. They are doing a really wonderful work toward creating a better sentiment for bird and game protection. Thousands of warning notices have been posted and 50,000 leaflets distributed, these telling of the game laws. There have been four convictions for violating the Audubon law regarding the killing of song and insect-eating birds, and within the past 90 days there have been twenty-three convictions for violations of the game laws, such as killing before the open season, shipping partridges out of the State, etc. Three seizures of partridges which were thus being illegally shipped have been made and two convictions resulted with heavy fines and confiscation. A warrant is out for the third person engaged in this traffic. F. A. OLDS.

Illicit Shipping of Game.

The annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture gives the summary of the year's work of the Biological Survey in the enforcement of the Lacey law, as to the shipment of game:

"The cordial co-operation of the Attorney-General and State officials has enabled prompter disposition of cases arising from the illegal shipment of birds and game than ever before. Thirty-five such cases, involving the shipment of 3,729 birds, were reported to the Department, a decrease of four cases and about 1,300 birds from those reported during the preceding year. Since the passage of the act 40 convictions have been secured in cases passing through this Department, and about 20 cases are still pending. Efforts have been concentrated upon one or two areas in the West, where illegal shipments seem to be especially frequent in order to secure more satisfactory results with the limited means available. Illegal shipment of game has been very frequent in the past, and various methods have been adopted to conceal the character of the shipment. The violators of the law have, however, been driven by increasing insecurity in their illegal trade to new devices. Thus, a consignment recently seized in the Northwest disclosed game birds concealed in bales of hay which had been forwarded by slow freight. In the attempt to curtail these illegal shipments, I have been much aided by the co-operation, cheerfully and cordially given, of express and railroad companies, and there is reason to believe that illicit shipments can, at comparatively small cost, be reduced to a minimum and the great inroads they make upon the game of our country checked."

Sea and River Fishing.

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The Game Laws in Brief.

is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the Brief.

Cuvier Club's Annual.

Around the festive board once more

We greet each Cuvier Son,
All bound together by the tie
Of fishing rod and gun.

Clasp hands together in our joy,
Ring out the sportsman song—
The feast is spread, now drink the toast,
For merry years and long.

—Virginia G. Ellard.

THERE may be some who, hearing of the Cuviers only when their annual banquet is announced in the papers, may think that this is the main object of the club. This is by no means the case, the banquet is simply the rounding off of a year's hard work, and is held at a time when the members may enjoy some of the fruits of the club's determined efforts in the protection of game, and spend a few hours in pleasant social intercourse.

The causes which have made the club the success and power which it is are the preservation of fish and game from certain annihilation by those who are either thoughtless or mercenary, in the interest of the food supply of future generations, and to afford healthy and pleasurable sport in hunting and fishing; the collection of specimens of natural history, and the exhibition of the same in a museum for the education of those interested in the study of nature, and forming an additional attraction to the city. The club is also ready at all times to aid in forest preservation and the propagation of fish and game.

Of late years the club has undertaken the scheme of interesting the pupils of the public schools in the work. Money prizes have been offered in the three different grades for essays on birds and bird life. This plan has awakened much interest, and the club has received about 520 essays; these are read and prizes awarded by competent judges. Residents of the suburbs and hilltops are unanimous in saying that song birds are very much more numerous since the inauguration of this plan, and that the club thereby has created a small army of protectors of

bird life. The Audubon Society holds its meetings at the club rooms, the museum is free to the public, and the club, in every way possible, encourages the study.

It is the wish of the Cuvier Club to extend its field of usefulness. It especially wishes to make it educational in a marked degree for the benefit of the public and the public schools, and therefore desires many additions to its library and museum, and a more thorough protection to fish and game. The club is now overcrowded in museum, library, banquet hall, and in all its departments, and wishes to erect a building which shall contain a museum of treble the capacity of the present one, a large lecture room, music room, reception rooms, and a banquet hall capable of comfortably seating 500 or more. There are about 450 members on the rolls, including some of the best business and professional men in the city. In the past few weeks about fifty new names have been added. The club is vigorous in its efforts to enforce the game laws, and has prosecuted about twenty cases so far this season, securing convictions in the majority of cases. Having briefly stated the objects of the club, and still more briefly referred to the work it is doing, some reference to the annual banquet, the thirtieth, held on Nov. 24, is in order.

The officers of the club worked hard to make this occasion a success and their efforts met with a full reward. Those having general supervision were Alexander Starbuck, president; Judge Peter F. Swing, Henry Hanna and P. E. Roach, vice-presidents; W. J. Lawler, secretary. A special committee consisting of A. J. Conroy, chairman; J. M. Kennedy and George Gerke, had charge of the banquet. The invitation committee was composed of E. G. Webster, chairman; J. H. Hibben and H. A. Verhage. The house committee consisted of Luther Parker, chairman; G. W. Trowbridge and J. A. Burgett. Max Basse, the chef, has served many dinners for the club, but never did he serve a better appointed or more perfect one than on this occasion.

Promptly at 5 o'clock the members and invited guests began to arrive and were met with a hearty welcome extended by President Starbuck or some other member of the committee, shown to a table, presented with a menu, and, with the cordial words "Enjoy yourselves," left to the care of the waiters who were ready to attend to their wants.

The reception hall of the club house was decorated with roses, chrysanthemums, smilax, evergreen and potted plants. Over the door leading to the banquet hall was the word "Welcome" in Virginia laurel and immortelles. In the banquet hall the decorations consisted of evergreens festooned along the wall, and from the ceiling palms, ferns and potted plants placed about the room, and in the rear, facing the entrance, a large floral piece with the words "Thirtieth Annual" was suspended from the ceiling. Silver and cut glass gleamed and sparkled, and, with candelabras, cut flowers and fruit, formed the decorations of the tables. The museum and library were also used by the banqueters and were decorated with flags, evergreens, palms, ferns and flowers. In the library a large table was spread and here the members of the famous Pelee Club met and enjoyed the interchange of their fishing experiences in past seasons, scarcely less than the material entertainment offered by the menu. Stringed orchestras were hidden behind screens of palms and ferns, in both the banquet hall and museum, and rendered popular music during the evening.

At every table hunting and fishing were the topics of conversation, and the guest who could not tell at least one experience was not in it. Some of the fish caught were record breakers, and some of the shots made would cause a champion to turn green with envy, but when a crowd of sportsmen get together a little drawing of the long bow is expected and is excusable. Some of the older ones present had fished in about every State of the Union, and in all the best Canadian waters, and had caught every species of fish from minnows to tuna, and it goes without saying their reminiscences were intensely interesting. Others had hunted every kind of game which wears feathers, fur, or hair, and were not behind in their stories of adventure. Altogether it was such a gathering of sportsmen as is rarely seen. BONASA.

CINCINNATI, O.

Angling in Japan.

MANILA, Philippine Islands, Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At 8 A. M., October 16, 1903, three of us, two Americans and one Japanese, started in jinrikishas from Taipei, the modern capital of Formosa, or Taiwan, to go to the house of a wealthy gentleman about eight miles up the river which runs through the valley of Taipei. The way led through a beautiful and fertile country, the valley covered with the second crop of rice and the hills with the famous Formosan tea shrub.

After luncheon and after photographing some head-hunting savages we found there, we proceeded to fish for salmon trout, at an altitude less than 250 feet above sea level, and in latitude about 24 deg. 40 min. north, practically in the tropics. The temperature of the stream was about 70 or higher, and the water was well aerated. This stream, from sixty to one hundred yards wide, is clear and full of rapids and riffles. We used Japanese tackle, horse-hair line and horse-hair leader (the latter consisting of one strand only), a bamboo rod and a most delicate palmer tied on a small barbless hook. The rod is decidedly good, and weight for weight is stronger, and a better caster than our jointed rod. It rarely weighs over four ounces—mine weighed about two—but the line is practically worthless for casting, as we understand the term. The fly is perfect, but the hook lacks strength, and the fish when hooked may easily detach itself in a current or an eddy, or by fouling the line. We all know how it is done, from our experience with pin-hook and thread in the brooks at home.

The Japanese, however, have another method of fishing, which may be as new to some of our readers as it was to me. It is quite successful. They catch one fish in any way they can, and then fasten the line securely through its upper jaw, passing it through the roof of the mouth and out at the top of the upper jaw, well in front of the eyes; and then attach through the body of the fish not far in front of the tail, a horse-hair, to which is tied a three-pronged barbless hook, which trails in line with the fish and a few inches behind, while it is slowly

worked up the stream by the fisherman. The theory is that other fishes, seeing the captive moving along as though feeding or perhaps spawning, will pursue it and become impaled on the hooks. In point of fact that does happen, as I saw a Chinaman take two fine trout in this manner.

Our success with the flies was poor. We got thirteen or fourteen fingerlings, but we saw the fish we wished to identify caught in fairly good numbers by the Chinese fishing with decoys. Doubtless with large flies and better tackle than we had, we might have had fine sport.

It seems unusual to find a member of the *Salmonidae* family so near the sea-level in such altitudes. The fish is the *Plecoglossus altivelis*. It has no spots, but iridescent lines along its sides, parallel to the long axis. It has also the adipose dorsal fin. The snout of the male at this season overlaps and turns downward somewhat as does the snout of the male Chinook salmon late in the season. The *Plecoglossus* weighs from one one-fourth to two pounds, is vigorous and shy, and as dainty a fish for the table as any that may be found.

After a few hours' fishing, we descended the river in a rather clumsy, flat-bottomed boat, racing down the rapids and sculling through the smooth places, until we found our rickshaws, and then home. All along the smooth water about dusk we saw the *Plecoglossus* leaping after flies.

Might not this fish be planted in the waters of our Southern States? I shall be pleased to furnish any information in my power to any one interested in this subject.

E. C. CARTER, Major U. S. Army.

The Growth of Trout.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The rate of growth in fishes is not only interesting to the fishculturist, but should be to the angler as well. The subject has not received the attention it deserves, and reliable data is always welcome. The first question that naturally occurs to a person on seeing an unusually large fish is, "How old is it?" This query has been propounded to me hundreds of times, and if the fish is from wild waters the invariable answer has been, "I do not know; it may be 5 or 25 years old." I offer the following examples of the rapid rate of growth possible under favorable conditions, hoping that others may be induced to furnish similar authentic examples within their ken.

Brown Trout.

In the fall of 1899 a mixed lot of trout fry was assigned to Hon. C. W. Hoffman by the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, which were placed in a pond on his ranch a mile from Bozeman, Mont. Last summer he took two brown trout (*Salmo fario*) from this pond, each weighing 6 pounds, one of which is now in a pond at Bozeman station. Its length is 24 inches from snout to base of caudal fin, and 27 inches to the end of the fin. These trout are four years old.

A few months ago I saw a mounted specimen of the same species taken in a tributary of the Yellowstone River, near Livingston, Mont. The length of this fish was 27½ inches from the snout to the base of the caudal fin, and 30 inches to the end of the fin, and was said to weigh 10 pounds. The age of this fish can be stated only approximately. It undoubtedly came from the Yellowstone National Park, as the only plant of this species in connecting waters was by the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries in 1890, in Nez Perces creek and Firehole River. I regard the growth of these fishes quite remarkable considering the low temperature of the waters in which they were taken.

Brook Trout.

A year ago last summer Mr. Hoffman's son caught on the fly, in the pond referred to, an Eastern red-spotted brook trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) that weighed 3½ pounds. This fish was than three years old. It was one of the mixed lot mentioned. Two brook trout were caught in a tributary of the Madison River, in this State, that weighed 1½ and 2 pounds respectively. These fish were of a lot of fry assigned to Mr. Wm. Gilmer by the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, and when caught were but one and a half years old, being taken in the fall. Two brook trout weighing 1½ pounds, of the same hatching, were taken the same fall in Bridger creek, near Bozeman station. The low temperature of the Rocky Mountain streams seems to be eminently suitable for the Eastern brook trout; and, moreover, their food is plentiful. I have heard of other instances where brook trout have been caught of even more remarkable growth for age, in trout planted from this station, but the evidence was not so reliable as to exact weight.

Steelhead Trout.

The first steelhead trout fry planted from Bozeman station was in the summer and fall of 1897. They have been caught during the past year or two up to 4 pounds. One lot was planted in Mystic Lake, a very deep mountain lake, twelve miles from Bozeman, where they have done well. Another planting was made in a mountain lake above Pony, Mont., where fish of 5 pounds have been taken, and numerous young ones have been seen.

In carrying the fingerlings to Mystic Lake a can was jolted out of the wagon, the road being very rough, and fell in a pool a few feet from Bozeman creek. The fish were scooped up and placed in the creek, where they have multiplied, furnishing good fishing. This accidental planting was alluded to by Mr. Choate, our Ambassador to Great Britain, at an annual dinner of the London Fly Fishers' Club, at which he presided.

It has been supposed that steelhead trout would thrive only in deep waters, but both Bridger and Bozeman creeks are small mountain streams, quite shallow most of the year, and when these fish reach 3 pounds in such waters in six or seven years, it is pretty good evidence that they will thrive in waters suitable to others of the trout species; moreover, they live in perfect amity with them. In Bridger creek, a rocky and swift stream, there are the native red-throat trout,

brook trout, steelhead trout and grayling, and each species is holding its own.

Red-Throat Trout.

I weighed a red-throat, or native trout (*Salmo clarkii*), which was 3 pounds, good weight, when dressed. It was two years old, and was one of a lot sent by the Commissioner to a party near Toston, Mont. There were no fish but German carp in the pond before the trout were planted, and their rapid growth was no doubt the result of feeding on young carp. The owner of the pond assured me that there were still larger trout in the pond than the one sent me. Some native fry were placed in a new pond, which was made, however, in a swamp fed by springs and contained an abundance of food. Two fish from the pond were weighed at two years of age and were 2½ pounds each. I might multiply instances, but forbear.

Grayling.

I have heard from plantings of grayling in streams in which they did not exist before, in several Western States, and the reports have been uniformly favorable. As the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries has shipped millions of eggs from Bozeman stations to its Eastern stations and to State fish commissions, it is hoped that this beautiful game fish may find a suitable and congenial home in Eastern trout streams. It lives in perfect accord with the native trout, also the Eastern brook trout, in this State. I have taken them up to 2 pounds on the fly, in the upper Madison, but five or six miles from the Yellowstone Park, also a few miles below in the upper canyon of the river, and in Beaver creek, a tributary in the canyon. These grayling are gamier than the trout, and leap several times from the water when hooked. Flies should be smaller than the usual trout fly, on No. 12 hooks. I have found the professor, Henshall, coachman and black-gnat, all good flies, especially if tied with split wings and a red tag of worsted for tail; the gray and black hackles are as good.

The grayling is found in the Madison and a few tributaries in Yellowstone Park, but I do not think it goes above the confluence of Gibbon and Firehole rivers, owing to their high temperature consequent on the hot water from the geysers.

JAMES A. HENSHALL,
U. S. Bureau of Fisheries.

BOZEMAN, MONT.

Fish and Fishing.

A Boy and a Maskinonge.

WHILE attending a fish and game protection meeting the other day in the office of Mr. F. L. Wanklyn, manager of the Montreal Street Railway, my attention was at once attracted by the beautifully mounted head of a maskinonge. The enormous mouth of the monster is wide open, showing the tremendous capacity of its throat in life and its large, sharp teeth. The fish to which this head belonged, weighed 37 pounds several hours after it had been caught, and when it had already lost a good pound or two of blood, due to the fact that it had been found necessary to gaff it a second time. Several larger maskinonge have been captured in the St. Lawrence waters, but none so large as this, I fancy, by so young an angler. It was hooked by a fourteen-year-old son of Mr. Wanklyn, on the 27th of last August, near Isle Perrot. Young Wanklyn was trolling for maskinonge from a boat in which were also his father and sister. His bait was a perch nearly a pound in weight, the dorsal fin of which, with its sharp rays or spikes, had no terrors for the huge-throated fish which gorged himself with it and became impaled upon the hook. It may well be imagined that the boy had a swift time for half an hour or so with his new connection. When it was first found possible to bring the fish close up to the boat, Mr. Wanklyn struck at it with the gaff and impaled it at the first attempt. Its weight was such, however, that the effort to lift the fish into the boat tore the gaff out of its body, and a stream of blood marked its course as it writhed in the water, lashing it into foam and then placing a considerable distance between itself and the boat. It was not very long before it was again brought to the side of the boat, and the gaff having a better hold in the body of the fish this time, it was safely, though not without considerable difficulty, lifted over the stern into the boat. Even then it was not killed without considerable difficulty and some danger of upsetting the boat. The head of a maskinonge, when well mounted, as this one certainly is, makes a very handsome trophy.

The Philology of the Maskinonge.

Next to the ouananiche, there is, perhaps, no other American fish respecting the name of which there is so much confusion, as the maskinonge. Dr. Henshall's praiseworthy effort to secure uniformity in the spelling of this fish's name, has met with no success, doubtless because he advanced no justification for the orthography proposed by him. He claims, erroneously, I believe, that by common consent and custom, the name is "muscalonge" among the majority of anglers, and that "mascalonge" it will be for generations to come. As a matter of curiosity, I have just turned over the pages of all the numbers of FOREST AND STREAM for the last two months to see how far this estimate is correct. In the numbers which I examined, the name of this fish is printed at least half a dozen times. Yet not once does it appear in the form which Dr. Henshall claims to have been adopted by the majority of anglers. I find it printed "muscalonge" two or three times. It has also appeared as "muscalunge," "muscallonge" and "maskinonge." Other forms of the word are "muskallonge" and "muskellunge," the latter being the name employed to designate the species by Dr. C. Brown Goode, in his "American Fishes." Still another form of the word—"muskallunge"—is employed by Messrs. Jordan and Evermann, in their catalogue of the fishes of North America. Neither this form, nor yet "mascalonge," which is favored by Dr. Henshall, is the most commonly accepted orthography. The forms of the

word which appear to me to be of most common use and acceptance, are "muscalonge" and "maskinonge." For the use of "muscalonge" I know of neither reason nor important authority. The original spelling of the Indian name by the early French settlers in America was undoubtedly "maskinonge," and such it is still called in the statutes of Canada. According to the late Bishop Lafleche, of Three Rivers, a recognized authority upon Indian customs and dialects, and early in life a devoted missionary to the Northwest, "makinonge" is derived from *mashk* (deformed) and *kinonge* (a pike), and was applied to the *Esox nobilior* by the Indians, because it appeared to them a deformed or different kind of pike from that to which they had been accustomed. The river of the same name which flows into Lake St. Peter, which name has been extended to the town built at its mouth, and the county of which it is the *chef lieu*, was doubtless so-called from the number of these fish taken in or near its estuary, and after their Indian name. And it is a singular corroboration of the absolute correctness of the French orthography "makinonge," that the very best authorities on the scientific classification of North American fish, including De Kay, Mitchell, Jordan and Evermann and Dr. Henshall, have substituted for the earlier name—*nobilior*—of this particular species, that of *masquinongy*, which is about as near as it is possible for English orthography to go in representing the correct pronunciation of maskinonge. Jordan and Evermann quote H. W. Henshaw as giving exactly the same derivation of maskinonge as Bishop Lafleche, and the late Fred Mather gave similar testimony. Here, then, we have a form of the name of this fish, for which there is a good reason to give, namely, that of priority and intelligent derivation, while it is also the most common form of the name in the country in which it originated, and one of the simplest to write and to pronounce from the written word. Is it not therefore advisable to endeavor to secure uniformity for the orthography "maskinonge?"

The Fishes of Hudson Bay.

The Canadian exploring expedition which is wintering in Hudson Bay on board the steamer Neptune, is likely to bring back with it very important information concerning the fishes of Hudson Bay, since an ichthyologist from the Department of Fisheries at Ottawa accompanies the expedition. It is known already that of edible fishes in those waters there are at least thirty species, but it is expected that there are many more. The cod, the common salmon, sea trout, speckled and gray trout, halibut, whitefish, herring, capelin, eels, whiting, jackfish, pickerel, pike, perch, sturgeon and others are found there. That most beautiful of fishes, Back's grayling, is common in some of the streams on the western side of the bay. Newfoundlanders now go regularly to Ungava Inlet, its eastern arm, after cod, each summer, while the same fish are also taken regularly at Fort George on James Bay, the southern projection of the great basin. It is clear, therefore, that these northern waters teem with fish life of the first commercial importance, and as many of the Atlantic areas now regularly fished are becoming more or less depleted, fishermen are turning their attention more and more to Hudson Bay as a reserve. It is only within the last few years that the bay has been much frequented by Newfoundland fishermen, but American whalers have visited it for a very long time past.

Porpoises are found in great numbers in the bay, which is also the mating place of the hair seals, which are killed in such thousands every spring off the Newfoundland coasts. During their presence in the bay, large quantities of them are secured by the Eskimos and Indians of the far North.

An Old Fish and Game Protective Association.

The Province of Quebec Fish and Game Protective Association, of which Mr. Wanklyn, of Montreal, is the president, claims to be the oldest organization of the kind upon the Continent. It was organized on Feb. 23, 1859. One other kindred organization dates back to 1844, but this is a game protective association only; namely the New York Association for the Protection of Game, of which Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt is the president. The oldest organization for the protection of both fish and game, in the United States, which appears in the list of such societies in the year book of the Department of Agriculture, is the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League, organized in 1865, and of which Mr. Robert B. Lawrence, of New York City, is the president.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Consumption of Fish in Germany.

SIMON W. HANAUER, Deputy Consul-General, Frankfurt, Germany, reports: The inhibitory measures in Germany against the importation of foreign cattle and meat products have greatly advanced the price of meat in the country, causing a considerable reduction in the consumption thereof, as the middle and working classes cannot afford to pay the high prices demanded. In consequence of this, the consumption of fresh, dried, and salted fish has largely increased. A Hamburg fishing company has sent one of its cold-storage steamers to eastern Siberia to take in a cargo of salmon. Another Hamburg company has opened a depot and packing houses at Matarieh-Menzaleh, Egypt, for the curing and shipping of eels caught in the Nile and affluents, which are brought to Hamburg by way of Trieste. In German cities and towns the increased consumption of fish is making itself perceptible by the new additions of shops dealing in fish. Formerly, fishmongers were few in number, their custom only being among the rich and the first-class hotels.

One of the famous white oaks of New Jersey stands in the Presbyterian churchyard at Basking Ridge. It measures fourteen feet four inches in circumference at five feet high, while the branches shade a circle 115 feet in diameter.

All communications for Forest and Stream must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

In New England.

BOSTON, Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few days ago the South Shore gunners turned their attention chiefly from coot on the beaches to black ducks on the rivers and marshes, where they appeared in large numbers. Duck shooting is expected to be good for several weeks, and it may be said that a few yellowlegs and brant are yet to be obtained on the beaches.

Green Harbor River just above the old dyke is still a place of resort for ducks, as it was way back in the '40s, when "The God-like Daniel" used to row out from the backyard of his Marshfield estate into the midst of these duck feeding grounds. Local tradition, while admitting that Webster was the man who made brant and coot shooting popular at Brant Rock, claims that he was by no means the first man to shoot duck in Green Harbor River.

The abundance of foxes in the Marshfield Hills section of late has led the South Shore Fox Hunters' Association to lay out as the route for its next hunt the northern part of the town instead of that usually followed at the Plains. Mr. Calvin Ewell has recently captured a couple of Reynards on Tilden's Island.

A vigorous effort is being made by deputy Stackhouse and other wardens to stop the use of ferrets which has been going on in Marshfield and other near-by towns. A new claimant for horsewoman's honors was brought to the front Thanksgiving Day at the run of the Middlesex Hunt Club, namely, Mrs. Grafton St. Loe Abbott, to whom the brush was awarded as the first lady up. The fox was killed in the pasture of Mr. William A. Blodgett, and following the chase a breakfast was served at Mr. Blodgett's home with a large attendance. Among the many well-known leaders in the club are Mr. A. Henry Higginson and Howard Snelling. Mrs. Abbott is the daughter of Hon. Charles Francis Adams, and resides in Concord, Mass.

A Diana in Vermont.

According to a report from Barnard, the only woman who has shot a deer in the State this season is Miss Kate Reagan, of that place. The young lady is, so to speak, her widowed mother's "right hand man" in carrying on the farm as well as an accomplished musician and an artist. Instead of Horace Greeley's advice, I would suggest, "Go to Vermont, young man."

A Claremont, N. H., hunter has recently secured a trophy very rarely obtained in that part of the State, it being a large Canada lynx that measured 33 inches from tip to tip and weighed 29 pounds.

From Bangor the shipments of deer for the last week are reported to have been 273 deer, 18 moose; last year for the corresponding week, 306 deer, 7 moose; total of deer for the season, 4,084; 206 moose; while last year they were 4,765 deer, 189 moose.

Commissioner Carleton reports the amount of money received for licenses is \$26,650. It is claimed the law has had the effect to deter illegal shipments of game out of the State, comparatively few seizures having been made. Comparing figures above given, it will be seen that while more moose have been shipped this year than last; the number of deer to the present time is 681 less than last year.

Your correspondent had thought the day of the side hunt had gone by, but it seems one has been held recently at Roque Bluff, in Washington county, Maine. Whether it was conducted otherwise than on the same old plan of killing everything for a count, I do not know. It is time this relic of the "dark ages" of sport should be prohibited for all time to come.

On the first day of the close season a huge bull moose turned the tables on an employee of the Maine Central, who had secured two good bucks near Danforth. As he could not shoot the moose, he took to a tree, where he was forced to remain for an hour or so, when the animal walked away.

Dr. Heber Bishop returned early in the week from his private camp beyond the chain of ponds in the Moose River valley. He and his party brought out their quota of deer. Mr. Frank R. Whitcher, of Amesbury, and his wife, have recently returned from Deer Farm, where they have spent several weeks with a party of friends.

Mr. C. W. Brown, of Salem, has just brought out two deer and a moose from Rainbow Lake, near Millinocket, having been in camp less than five days. Mr. W. S. Hinman had as his guests at the Runaway Club, Clearwater, Thanksgiving week, President Reed and Dr. E. W. Branigan. CENTRAL.

Fishing in Erie Harbor.

ERIE, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I know of no single place on the chain of lakes that gives better returns to the hook and line fisherman than Erie harbor, and the reefs outside of it, so long as the nets are kept out. A few years ago the hook and line fishing was nearly destroyed by illegal netters, most of them being foreigners; but about that time a man, who is an enthusiastic fisherman himself, was made chief of police and exerted himself to stop the netting, and did stop it. Since then but little has been done. Lately a number of gentlemen have begun a movement that is calculated to stop what little netting is still being carried on. They propose to form an association and appoint a number of officers to watch for the poachers. I think there is little poaching done now, but they should know. They complain that the fish warden does not try to stop it. The way to stop it is to do the work themselves, if they know of any netting being done. The warden cannot be expected to camp down on some dock day and night watching the poachers; and they know him and know at least enough not to be caught netting while he is around. Some of us who are not fish wardens would stand a far better show when it comes to catching them than he would. What is wanted is far each man who knows of any of these nets being set to report them; let him be fish warden at the moment. I do not care about these fish myself, for I never do any fishing, but I will have any one I see netting the fish taken in in short order.

In spite of the netting, if any of it is being done, I have seen some big strings of fish taken with a hook

and line this summer. Hardly anyone who fishes for a few hours fails to land about all the fish he can carry.

There is a great deal of fishing in winter time through the ice, and nets are used at times then. It ought to be an easy matter to stop that. There need be no trouble in finding and destroying the nets. Some were destroyed last winter.

Years ago a great many people came here every summer for an outing and to fish. When the fishing was spoiled they quit coming, but during the past few years they would have found all the fishing they wanted had they come after it. CABIA BLANCO.

Sea Bass at Seabreeze.

SEABREEZE, Fla., Nov. 23.—I am mailing you to-day picture of catch of sea bass made off the Clarendon Inn pier, Seabreeze, Fla., on Nov. 16, by three men; namely, Mr. Jasper Owen, of Philadelphia; Mr. S. A. Boyd, of New York City, and Manager Knappe, of the Clarendon Inn, Seabreeze, Fla., in a little over three hours, with rod and reel, rods from 10 to 14 ounces. Lines used were 18 thread Cutty Hunk. Fish weighed from 14 to 30 pounds each, and aggregated 924 pounds.

This is the largest catch of sea bass recorded on the east coast of Florida by three men with rod and reel in anything like the same space of time.

I wish to remark that none of the fish of this enormous catch were wasted, as all of them were used by workmen, who are employed on the Clarendon Inn extension, which is in process of erection.

E. L. POTTER.

The Kennel.

Points and Flushes.

At New Haven, Ky., Dec. 4, the annual meeting of the National Fox Hunters' Association, two important matters were decided, namely, the election of officers for the ensuing year and awarding of the gold cup in the all-aged event. W. Wade, of Pittsburg, was elected president, and R. J. Fink, of Louisville, secretary and treasurer. Among the directors elected are Lee, of Alabama, and Ormsby, of Virginia. Cricket, owned by R. J. Fink, won the gold cup as the champion of the all-aged division. A committee will be appointed by the president to fix the time and place for the next meeting.

Yachting.

Designing Competition.

\$225 in Prizes.

Two designing competitions have been given in FOREST AND STREAM. The first was for a 25ft. water-line cruiser; the second was for a 15ft. one-design class. Both competitions were very successful. The great interest taken in those competitions has prompted us to give a third one, open to amateurs and professionals. The prizes which will be given are as follows:

First prize—\$100.

Second prize—\$60.

Third prize—\$40.

Fourth prize—\$25, offered by Mr. Theodore Zerega for the best interior plan.

The designs are for a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

I. Centerboard cruiser, 40ft. l. w. l.

II. Boat must not draw over 6ft with centerboard up.

III. The lowest freeboard to covering board must be 3ft.

The design must be modern in every particular, without containing any extreme or abnormal features. The conditions have been made as simple as possible, that competitors might have all latitude and scope in working out their ideas. We wish to produce an able and comfortable cruising boat, one that shall have ample accommodation for two or three men living aboard for a period of several months, and one that can be easily managed at all times by two or three paid hands. The draft is restricted to 6ft. in order that the boat may have access to nearly all the desirable harbors, and may, thereby, widely increase her cruising field.

Drawings Required.

I. Sheer plan, scale $\frac{3}{4}$ in.=1ft.—showing center of buoyancy, center of lateral resistance and center of effort of both rigs.

II. Half breadth, scale $\frac{3}{4}$ in.=1ft.

III. Body plan, scale $\frac{3}{4}$ in.=1ft.

IV. Cabin plan, inboard profile and at least one cross section, scale $\frac{3}{4}$ in.=1ft.

V. Two sail plans, scale $\frac{1}{4}$ in.=1ft.; one as a yawl; one as a pole mast sloop.

In the case of the yawl rig the position and height of the mast and length of gaff are to be the same as in the cutter rig. Plans must show working topsail and size of light sails.

VI. All ballast outside on keel except amount necessary for trimming.

An outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully made and lettered. All drawings should be on white paper or

tracing cloth in black ink. No colored inks or pigments should be used. The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only, and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer must inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than March 1, 1904. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all of the designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, who passed upon the designs submitted for the 25ft. with great care, has again consented to judge the designs and make the awards.

Emperor William has withdrawn his offer of a cup for an international ocean yacht race in 1904 on account of his being in poor health, but he will put up a trophy for a transatlantic race in 1905.

Commodore Robert E. Tod, of the Atlantic Y. C., received the following cable from the Kaiser on Nov. 28: Owing to his Imperial Majesty's protracted convalescence, he has been prevented seeing his yachting representatives at date intended to fix details for Atlantic cup race, thus time for designers and builders of new yachts now far too advanced to get fresh boats ready for such competition this coming season, spring 1904. His Majesty, therefore, deems advisable postpone his offer for race until 1905, and will send full details for this offer in autumn, 1904. His Imperial Majesty therefore withdraws offer cup for 1904, and hopes his proposal will meet approval of both clubs.

Cruising Competition Awards.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read the twenty stories submitted in the cruising contest of 1903, and I must say that the work has been a pleasure rather than a task, most of them taking me over the cruising grounds with which I am familiar, others telling of distant waters not yet visited.

I congratulate FOREST AND STREAM upon having interested so many contestants, especially some of the gentler sex. More than one story is submitted by ladies cruising with the men of their families. While their accounts are most entertaining, they lack to a certain extent the sailor-like roughness of telling that technical logs possess.

When the ladies become captains and command their own vessels, then the other sex will needs look to their laurels.

It has not been an easy matter to award these prizes, as the stories are, without exception, most interesting, and I note with great pleasure that FOREST AND STREAM's admonition about the use of nautical slang has been very carefully observed. Hard as it has been to award the first and second prize, it was still harder to award the third, and I could have awarded at least three fourth prizes, had they been provided. The same system of marking has been used this time as last, with 10 high mark for each of the following: Seamanship, Pilotage, Diction, Interests, Chart, Photographs, and the totals carried out; 60 is the possible score.

Hull to Bristol, W. Lambert Barnard, of Boston, Mass., wins first prize with a score of 48. Yacht Cruise of Mblem, Geo. E. Darling, of Providence, R. I., wins second prize, with a score of 39. In Southern Seas, Allan Dunn, of Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii, wins third prize, with a score of 37.

If FOREST AND STREAM offers another cruising competition, I suggest that at least three fourth prizes be given.

From the wording of the offer of prizes this time, I have considered that the charts submitted to gain a high mark should be the work of the contestant. Government charts have not been marked very high. Pilotage, of which FOREST AND STREAM makes a special note in Rule III, has been in many cases neglected, and one might say with "Disco Troup," "What's come to your lead? Et it?"

In Hull to Bristol, the winner of first prize, Mr. Barnard, has made his story somewhat longer than necessary, but he has a splendid one to tell, and tells it like the sailor man he is. His use of oil to smooth the sea off Chatham, and his care of his boat when anchored off Hyannis that bad night, have won him some high numbers. I believe his Charity Cruise won third prize in a previous competition, and I beg to offer my congratulations upon the improved work. He also sent some excellent pen and ink sketches of Ayaya which I hope you will publish, but they were not in the competition.

Yachting Cruise of Mblem, second prize, very carefully done, a long and plucky cruise for cruisers on a catboat, and the chart very well made. Mblem entered at least two unusual harbors, Cape Small Point and Chatham. A description of these harbors and pilotage notes on them would have been of great interest, and we regret that Mr. Darling omitted them.

The Ayaya and Mblem were anchored not more than a few miles apart on the bad night of Saturday, July 18. One near Hyannis and the other near Cross Rip Light vessel.

In Southern Seas, third prize, the seamanship is excellent, and the interest perfect, opening a new cruising ground to your readers, who can feel themselves fairly launched on a Pacific cruise, the dream of all yachtsmen.

The Maiden Cruise of Istar, by B. Hughes Wells, for which I wish there was a prize, takes us interestingly over some familiar and some new water. The poem at starting is happily chosen, as Dr. Wells has certainly "dared the farthest main" in more than one small cruiser. Excellent photographs accompany this story. I wish the Doctor had told us about Cape Porpoise Harbor, recently dredged to 15ft., of which I have not

been able to find a chart other than that issued by United States engineers.

A Canoe Yacht on Lake Ontario, by J. Edward Maybee, is prefaced by some very pertinent remarks on the hard task that a cruiser has to make himself interesting when aboard of a well-found little ship. His story does not prove his case, however, as Lorna's cruise is interesting from cover to cover. Mr. Maybee is a student of human nature as well as a sailor, and his words on the frying pan and on whiskey must not be overlooked.

Cruise of the Nerine, S. G. Etherington, New Rochelle to Marblehead and return, is carefully done with very good photographs, and no end of work in making a good chart. The story is very interesting; but unfortunately little attention is paid to pilotage.

In A Vacation Cruise, William Kuhnle, a graduate of the schoolship St. Mary's, we are shown the benefits of a practical education in seamanship. Mr. Kuhnle gives a very good description of his boat and of the use of the lead. Tells the character of the bottom by it, which he is careful to find out before anchoring. Takes cross bearings of his anchorage for purposes which he explains. The schoolship St. Mary's is a New York City public school afloat. She is commanded by an officer of the navy, and usually makes a summer voyage to Europe. Mr. Kuhnle proves that the students are well grounded in navigation and seamanship. The few photographs sent are not very good.

Cruise of the Tainui 1903, Jas. W. Commeford, Jr., is a plucky one, as the boat is small for the bad weather encountered on the Great Lakes. The seamanship is fair, the pilotage not up to the mark; a good number of photographs are sent which will interest readers. Tainui was in the last competition, and her cruise gained first prize.

A Cruise on Long Island Sound, by C. N. Robinson, is prefaced by a very interesting description of Ramea, whose owner is evidently very fond of her and justly so. The seamanship and pilotage column show good marks, but the chart has no course marked on it. The photographs are good and excellent descriptions are given of the anchorages.

The Indra Log, Henry Picterny, takes us from Marblehead to Sydney, Cape Breton, over most interesting waters. It is very well written by a man who, with too much modesty, calls himself a landsman. The preliminary remarks are specially good and the descriptions of the boat excellent. The interest is maintained throughout, and I am sure your readers will regret that Mr. Picterny did not make the whole cruise with Indra.

In the Cruise of the Whitecap, Louis S. Tieman takes us in an auxiliary from New Rochelle to Cottage City and return. His descriptions of harbors are very good, particularly that of Cuttyhunk. Many owners of shoal boats will be glad to know that they can depend on getting into the pond when anchoring in Cuttyhunk Harbor is too impossible. Has it ever been decided in boats with power, which is the auxiliary, the sails or the engine? No photographs with this story.

William P. Morrison sends Bantam's Cruise, and gives an excellent description of getting underweigh. His chart might have had the course of Bantam jotted on it, as among the Maine islands it is hard to follow a boat without this aid. His remarks on rights of way between large and small vessels should be read by all, particularly by those of your subscribers who have to do with admiralty courts.

Co-education on a Yawl is sent by Mrs. Lucius W. Hitchcock, and shows that the ladies are taking more and more pleasure in yachting each season. The interest is maintained throughout, and some excellent photographs are sent. The combination of captain and skipper on one boat has aided to defeat more than one America's Cup challenger, and we congratulate the crew of the yawl that it worked them no harm.

The story sent by Mrs. Alfred V. Sayre is one showing a lot of pluck and is interesting. Good photographs accompany this cruise.

Cruising in Nova Scotia Waters, by Samuel T. Allen, is presented without a chart, which is unfortunate, as southern Nova Scotia must be a very charming place to make a cruise, and next to that to follow a cruise on the chart. Mr. Allen gives a very good description of his boat, and tells of frequent use of the lead. His closing remarks about the coast are both interesting and instructive.

W. G. Bodamer, of Buffalo, tells a good story in a new cruiser, and describes his boat well. The chart presented is very good.

In A Little Cruise in a Little Boat, by G. F. Maurice, Mr. Maurice presents a very interesting story of how he came into possession of his "little boat," and gives an excellent description of her. He speaks of her as if she were a dear friend. His list of articles necessary for such a cruise are specially good.

A Day or Two at Sea, is a cruise on Lake Ontario, sent by Charles Stanton. He does not tell us very much about the craft that he made this cruise in and omits photographs.

Reginald Mack sends The Cruise of the Minota, taken on Lake Michigan, and is a very good account of yachting on those waters. The pilotage notes are admirable, and the photographs sent are an excellent lot. Minota is a celebrated boat, and it must be a great pleasure to sail her.

The Captain's Yarn, by F. Chester, is well gotten up and the chart a very good one. Your readers will certainly enjoy this cruise from Philadelphia to Plymouth, Mass., and return.

THEODRE C. ZEREGA.

Mr. Norman L. Skene has severed his connection with Messrs. Burgess and Packard, and has associated himself with Mr. Hollis Burgess. Mr. Skene will take charge of the designing department of Mr. Burgess' business, and he will give great care to the design and construction of all classes of yacht and mercantile work. Mr. Skene is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and he is also secretary of the Chatham Y. C.

Notes on Yacht Measurement.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read the communication of Professor Poor in your issue of Nov. 21 with considerable interest. His contention that exact and scientific methods should be introduced into measurement rules is one which should commend itself to acceptance wherever and whenever practicable, and the form of his argument is, I think, not without value in this respect. Unfortunately, apart from Froude's law of corresponding speeds, there is, so far as I have seen, very little that has been given exact form and value, which is applicable to the purpose; and even the law of corresponding speeds seems to have only a somewhat inaccurate bearing. We are left to apply the results of observation and experience, to obtain as much fairness, and as good conditions in racing as are found practicable, and assuredly clubs have not moved in the direction of improvement with the speed that observed facts would seem to require.

I think, however, that Mr. Poor is under a false impression in supposing that "the assumption in all measurement rules that speed is proportional to the fourth root of sail area," has governed the charge for it. It also is not wholly true, but only conditionally so, that "the amount of motive power (in a yacht) varies with the sail area." A full examination of this matter would require much to be written, but it may suffice to state that sail area is not power, it is one and only one of the mediums through which power is exerted or conveyed and made effective for propulsion, and the power obtained through the agency of sails is not a constant quantity; it differs widely from that of a steam engine. In a light wind the larger sail plan has an advantage, but as the wind increases this diminishes, and when, of two yachts racing, the wind strength equals the needs of the one with smaller rig, the other is disadvantaged by her larger spars, higher center of effort, and greater weight aloft; and if she has to be reefed she suffers the further disadvantage of allowing time for sail which is not in use, and which is doing harm to her. Sail area cannot be said to have, in any practical sense, a constant value, any average value that it may have for racing purposes depends on local conditions and prevailing wind forces. Its value and appreciation here is greater than in British waters, and in both places it probably has a much greater value than it would have in Bermudian waters in the spring months.

I saw an illustration of this a year or two ago. A well-known New York yachtsman had a small American yacht at Hamilton, she had a fairly large rig, which counted in her measurement, and raced many times against an English boat of smaller rig. The American boat usually was reefed, and was beaten by a large allowance, which had to be made on sail she could not use.

There are matters which concern the equities of racing of which Mr. Poor makes no mention, and these, perhaps, have not had his attention, though they affect the relation of sail in the yachts M. and E., and its propulsive effect in those vessels. M. had, in 1902, and before the reduction of her sail plan, 81 square feet more sail than E., but with this one-thirtieth more sail than E., and with a shorter waterline by 21 in., this sail had to drive a body of over 4 ft. larger area of submerged MS., and of over one and a half tons greater displacement, and this not necessarily with any more stability to make the sail carried effective than that possessed by E., since E. made up by draft (leverage) for that which, relatively, she lacked in displacement. The notable thing about this is that as between M. and E. the only rule in use in 1903 in these waters, which made any allowance from E. to M. for the different relation of their MS to dimensions, was that of the Larchmont and the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. The allowance factor was 1.32. The rule of the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound had ceased to make allowances to less extreme forms than that of E. In other words, the altered rule failed to make allowance to a MS of approximately compact form.

JOHN HYSLOP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have made a careful study of Dr. Poor's article in your issue of Nov. 21, not only because the subject always interests me, but because it is so seldom that we are favored with the views of a practical yachtsman. For this reason I do not want to offer ungracious criticism, but one of his suggestions is so revolutionary that it is fairly open to discussion. He states that the assumption that speed is proportional to the fourth root of sail area does not seem to be founded on any substantial basis, and after elaborating the question, concludes that speed is more nearly proportional to the square root of sail area. His evidence in support of this theory consists of: 1. The accepted rule in power boat practice that for moderate speeds the power will be nearly proportional to the square of the speed. 2. The results of two seasons' racing between two yachts, the sail of one being reduced for the second season. It is admitted, however, that these results cannot be regarded as conclusive. It is obvious that to secure reliable data the experiment should be tried with successive reductions or increases of sail, as Dr. Poor suggests it would be better done with a one-design class of boats. Aside from this it does not appear that the two boats were well matched. Even in 1902 there was an average difference of 26 miles per hour in their racing speed, and the boat M. was apparently beaten steadily and conclusively by the boat E. Next year M. reduced canvas 4 per cent. (the reason for which is not stated), and was beaten over half a mile an hour on the average. Evidently M. was not a fair match for E., at all events in 1903, and some other causes beyond sail area must have been responsible for the results noted. At the same time Dr. Poor is entitled to credit for taking the trouble to average the observed data, and it would be well if more yachtsmen were on the lookout for such evidence.

Coming now to the first proposition, that in power

boats speed varies as the square root of the power, Dr. Poor says that in sailing vessels the power developed is proportional to the area of the sails, and on this basis compares it with the horse-power of an engine. But the two sorts of power, as here expressed, are not similar. The horse-power of an engine (properly calculated) is a definite force, ready for use. Sail area will develop or, let us say, transient power, when acted on by wind pressure, which is highly variable in itself, and its action on sails is by no means thoroughly understood. With a given sail area and a given wind pressure, the driving power developed will obviously vary with the horizontal and vertical angles of the sails. This alone renders difficult any direct comparison with engine power, and to apply the rules of one to the practice of the other, is not justifiable. Furthermore, it is quite possible to increase the driving power of a steamer without in any way altering her trim. Practically nothing of the sort can be done with a racing yacht, except by working backward and reducing sail, an experiment that would scarcely pay in actual racing, assuming that the boat could carry her sail effectively in the first place. To take a common example, suppose a steamer of 50 ft. waterline is regularly driven at 8 knots and is intended to maintain that speed steadily without forcing either engine or boiler. It would not be unusual in such a case to have an engine and boiler capable of driving the boat at 10 knots if required. The power developed would therefore vary, according to the rule, as the squares of 8 and 10 or as 64 and 100.

That is, for a 25 per cent. increase of speed, there would be an increase of over 56 per cent. in driving power. Now take a 50 ft. waterline sailing craft, moderately canvassed, and capable of doing 8 knots in a fresh, reaching breeze, would any one propose to drive her at 10 knots by increasing the sail area 56 per cent. without any alterations to the hull? Certainly not, and for a reason apparent to any sailor that the boat would not carry the added sail. With shifting ballast the thing might be done, but not otherwise. A great increase of beam and draft might enable the yacht to increase her rig 56 per cent., but there would be added resistance due to the alterations of form, and the result would be problematical. A comparison of yachts of various sizes, but similar form, shows that sail area varies pretty much as the square of the length, or in another form:

$$VS = L \times \text{constant.}$$

And the constant will vary from 1 to 1.5, according to the type of yacht and the amount of sail that may be carried under the local conditions of wind and water. This formula is really the basis of the old length and sail area rule, VS being used only as a qualifying factor in connection with L . There is no relation between sail area and speed, except in connection with length, and the latter is always the governing factor.

Finally, I must refer again to the yacht M. used by Dr. Poor as an example, and according to his own figures her average speed over racing courses in good breezes was some seven miles an hour, with 2,500 sq. ft. of sail. The square root of this is 50, while the square root of Reliance's sail area is officially given as 127.16. We might, therefore, expect Reliance to show an average speed of 17.78 miles, according to the theory advanced by Dr. Poor. Needless to say, Reliance never attained any such speed under any circumstances, her best speed in reaching being under 13 miles. The examples are, perhaps, extreme, but it may be worth noting that the fourth roots of the respective sail areas are roughly 7 and 11; the latter figure would be a high average speed for Reliance even over a triangular course. It is, therefore, quite evident that in practice we are unable to increase speed any faster than the fourth root of sail area.

WM. Q. PHILLIPS.

CLINTON, OHL., DEC. 2.

TORONTO, Canada, Dec. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with much interest Mr. Poor's article on measurement and time allowance, and find I cannot agree with all his conclusions. I can perhaps best set out our points of disagreement by taking concrete examples.

1. Let us take the case of two old-fashioned lead mines, one 16 ft. on the waterline the other 25 ft.; in each case let the square root of the sail area equal the L.W.L.;

then in each case, by the rule $\frac{L.W.L. + \sqrt{S.A.}}{2}$ the racing

length is the same as the L.W.L. and also as the $\sqrt{S.A.}$. The possibilities of speed would be respectively as the $\sqrt{L.W.L.}$, that is, 4:5. But these numbers are also the fourth roots of the respective sail areas, therefore in the case of similar vessels it appears that the fourth roots of the sail areas may indicate their possibilities of speed with a considerable degree of accuracy. If, however, we take the case of two vessels of exactly the same size and shape, but one carrying more canvas than the other, then possibly Mr. Froude's rule would apply. But this is very seldom the case; the rule is that each vessel carries all she can with due regard to average wind and weather. If, then, one boat carries more sail than another of the same length, it usually means that the boat with the larger sail area has had her form altered to enable her to carry the excess of sail, and this change of form almost invariably detracts from the theoretical advantage due to her increased propelling power.

2. Now take the case of the old and new Cup defenders. A typical old boat would be 90 ft. L.W.L., 8,100 square feet canvas; a typical modern boat, 90 ft. L.W.L. and 15,625 square feet canvas. The square root of 8,100 is 90, of 15,625 is 125. Are the new boats faster than the old in any such proportion?

The fourth roots are respectively 9.4868 and 11.1803. Do not these numbers much more nearly express the relative speeds of the two types?

In steam by quadrupling your power you can double your speed in the same hull. With sail you cannot do this, because on a given length of hull you cannot pile up canvas without changing the form of your hull, and this means increased resistance to speed every time.

J. EDW. MAYBEE.

Chicago Y. C.

The annual meeting of the Chicago Y. C. was held on Nov. 24, and the following were elected to office: Com., Marshall D. Wilber, steam yacht Mercia; Vice-Com., Godfrey H. Atkin, sloop Minota; Rear-Com., W. L. Baum, sloop Colleen; Sec., Chas. E. Fox; Treas., Jas. P. Walker; Judge Advocate, N. W. Hacker; Fleet Surgeon, Raymond C. Turck; Trustees, William F. Cameron, John W. Edminson; Delegate L. M. Y. A., E. P. Warner; Delegate I. L. Y. A., George Lytton.

The club by-laws were changed to permit only yacht-owning members voting on strictly yachting questions.

Before the meeting adjourned a unanimous vote of thanks to the retiring commodore, Mr. C. H. Thorne, was passed. To Mr. Thorne is due a great deal of credit for the prosperity of the Chicago Y. C. and the position it has attained to-day as a yachting organization. It now has 462 resident members and 28 non-resident members, and the prospects for next season's yachting in this club seem particularly bright and encouraging.

The report of the commodore's committee on the new 30ft. class was adopted. Subscriptions for a new syndicate boat in this class was started and \$1,000 subscribed. It is expected that other boats will be built by the members by next spring, and that there will be plenty of good racing for the Centennial Cup, which it is proposed to put up for this class. It is probable that invitations will be extended to all clubs on the lake to compete for the cup. A committee of five was appointed to take charge of the cup subscription. The proposal that the club put up \$500 of the \$1,000 needed for the trophy was left to the club directors.

The report of the commodore's committee on the Fast Cruiser Class is splendidly gotten up, and gives an excellent idea of how thoroughly this body did their work. The committee was made up as follows: Dwight Lawrence, Chairman; E. P. Warner, S. P. Wells, Jr., W. H. Thompson and G. H. Atkin.

We publish in full the introduction and the report of the committee, which are as follows:

At the request of a number of members of the Chicago Y. C., Com. C. H. Thorne, in June, 1903, appointed a committee of five members to gather information and report as to the type and probable cost of the most suitable sailing yacht for Lake Michigan, and the instructions the committee received were embodied in the following letter sent to each member thereof on June 16:

Dear Sir: Several club members have suggested to me that a committee be appointed for the purpose of ascertaining the size, type, rig and probable cost of a sailing yacht most suitable for Lake Michigan.

Answering these suggestions, I am pleased to appoint the gentlemen named below, and request that after thorough investigation they report to me in writing on the following points:

First—The most suitable size for all purposes; generally known as a fast cruiser.

Second—Size; to include dimensions and cabin space.

Third—Type; to include construction—keel versus centerboard.

Fourth—Rig; to include spars, sails, shrouds, stays, etc.

Committee: Dwight Lawrence, Chairman; E. P. Warner, S. P. Wells, Jr., W. H. Thompson and G. H. Atkin.

Many of our members in the past have learned the game by investing in great bargains which have turned out to be "white elephants," and, as we now have many prospective yacht owners in the club, who are without the knowledge needed for purchasing or building, I hope that the report of this committee will be of such character that but little doubt can remain as to what is best.

The question of rules will, of course, be applied to the studies of the committee, but I trust that the rules will be made to fit the boat rather than the boat be made to fit the rules. The committee might also suggest a plan for creating an interest in the yacht selected.

It will give me great pleasure to have you accept this appointment. Very truly yours,

CHAS. H. THORNE, Commodore.

The committee met shortly after, and with Mr. Dwight Lawrence as chairman, and Mr. G. H. Atkin as secretary, commenced their investigations, the results of which are embodied in the following pages.

The committee desire that the nature of their work be clearly understood by members of this club, as it is their aim merely to lay before them for their information the designs received and the facts obtained.

The committee beg to extend their thanks for the prompt and courteous assistance rendered them by the following designers:

Messrs. Gardner and Cox, 1 Broadway, New York; Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, 131 State street, Boston; Mr. Morgan Barney, 29 Broadway, New York; Mr. C. D. Mower, 9 Murray street, New York; Mr. W. P. Stephens, Avenue A and Thirty-second street, Bayonne, N. J.; Messrs. Small Bros., 112 Water street, Boston.

The original drawings furnished by the above designers will be kept for a time on file by the secretary of this committee, and will be open to the inspection of any of our members who desire to look them over, after which they will be returned to the designers. The secretary's office is at 1425 Marquette Building.

Com. Chas. H. Thorne,

Chicago Y. C., Chicago.

Dear Sir: In compliance with the request contained in your letter of June 16, your committee have had numerous meetings, and as a result of their deliberations beg to submit the following report on the type of boat specified in your letter.

In considering the Fast Cruiser type, the following points were given careful thought and much discussion:

Cabin Accommodation. (a) For cruising purposes in Lake Michigan, where the yacht owner and his friends might be living on board for a number of weeks every summer, we felt that due attention should be paid to

the cabin and its accommodations and decided that there should be at least 5 to 6 ft. head room, berths for at least four in the cabin, suitable cooking space, room for the crew forward and toilet requisites.

Keel. (b) The weather conditions of Lake Michigan necessitate the building of a particularly staunch craft, with reasonable freeboard and moderate displacement. The consensus of opinion, therefore, was in favor of a beamy, well-ballasted keel or compromise boat, with a draft that would permit of its safe use in the harbors and waterways mostly frequented by our boats.

Cost. (c) The first cost of a suitable cruiser to come within the reach of men of moderate means ought to range from \$2,500 to \$4,000, and in determining the size and type of boat these figures were kept in mind.

Maintenance. (d) The cost of maintenance and upkeep was also given careful consideration, and the type selected is one which can be readily looked after by one professional sailor without additional help, which should keep down the annual cost of maintaining and operating such a boat, including the commissioning and laying-up expenses, to less than \$500.

Scantling. (e) The life of a suitable cruiser being dependent in a great measure upon its plan of construction and its material, it was advisable that great care should be given to the adoption of a sufficiently rigid scantling table that would preclude the building of a weak or unseaworthy boat, or one which would be short-lived for any other reason.

The tendency of the present day among the builders of yachts is undoubtedly in the direction of a fast, well-built cruising boat rather than that of a much faster but lightly constructed yacht which might have a meritorious but brief career as a racing boat and then be practically worthless as a cruiser. The boat chosen by your committee, we believe, will, with reasonable care, be good for twelve or fifteen years and keep its shape and speed.

Class. (f) In order that we could take up the question of designs with some of the prominent designers and boat builders of this country, it was necessary that we should select a class under which these boats could be built, more particularly (as will be seen farther on in this report) as it is the committee's hope that an attractive class will be developed and the boats take part in annual racing events to be shared by other yacht clubs located on the Great Lakes. Your committee looked into all the rules which have been adopted, both on the Great Lakes and in the East, and finally decided that the rules and scantling table which were adopted by the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes after many months of research and preparation, would fit the case very well; and we recommend the 30ft. class under these rules; the scantling table which we have shown in the appendix to this report, is practically a copy of that of the Yacht Racing Union, the only additional restrictions to these rules which we have made being to insert a toilet room and limit the over all length of the boats to 50ft, thus making an additional bar against the building of a freak type of boat under this class. By some designers this restriction has not been considered necessary, but in order to save all question and to prevent a boat being built with an excessive overhang, which would diminish its usefulness as a cruiser, your committee felt that all the above points which would result in the most satisfactory fast cruiser are covered by the 30ft. class under the table of restrictions and table of scantling adopted by the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes; the following is the table of restrictions:

Maximum L. O. A.	50ft.
Maximum L. W. L.	30ft.
Maximum draft	7ft.
Maximum sail area (square feet)	1,550
Minimum beam on L. W. L., keel type	9ft. 6in.
Minimum beam on L. W. L., centerboard type	10ft. 6in.
Minimum area of largest immersed vertical cross section*	22.25
Minimum freeboard, keel type	27in.
Minimum freeboard, centerboard type	26in.

Having chosen this class, the committee wrote for designs of boats coming within its restrictions, and in response to our request we have received the sketches which have been reproduced and form a part of this report.

A comparison of the different designs shows them to be all within the restrictions and to exhibit only such variations in proportion and general dimensions as might well suit the ideas of the different designers, and we are therefore encouraged in the belief that the adoption of this class by the Chicago Y. C. will tend toward the building up of a splendid type of a fast cruising boat.

Designers.—The designers who have so kindly helped us in this matter will be glad to elaborate their work for those who desire to build into the class, and their views regarding this 30ft. fast cruiser are expressed as follows: Gardner and Cox state:

"In this boat we have followed the Irondequoit largely. We would advise the rig shown, as it has many good features, being a particularly good heavy-weather rig. The boat is laid out to conveniently accommodate four persons, as shown, with full head-room—6ft. 2in.—in the cabin."

B. B. Crowninshield says:

"In my sketch I have attempted a boat with a good turn of speed; but, at the same time, in this boat you would be able to get a fair amount of accommodation. The cabin, as arranged, has three pipe berths and transoms which would sleep three, if necessary, making six in all; also one pipe berth forward."

"This, of course, is only a general suggestion of what might be done in a boat for this class, and would probably be altered in many details to suit the requirements of the owners."

"You will note that the head-room in the cabin is 5ft. 10in. under the beams amidships; this, of course, could be increased, but the effect would not be so pleasing from the outside, as it would necessitate a higher house. I have given the design long overhangs, as that is the type

*Sectional area of centerboard yachts to be measured exclusive of sectional area of centerboard when lowered.

which will produce the most speed under the waterline restriction, such as your rules have. A shorter overhang would probably produce a more desirable type of cruiser, although the speed would necessarily be less."

W. P. Stephens writes:

"I presume it is now too late for a design to be of any use, but I would like to call your attention to one which I made some time ago for one of your members, Mr. J. W. Keogh, and which he will no doubt show you. This design was made for the old 35ft. class, but by slightly enlarging the dimensions it will almost fit the various requirements of the new 30ft. class, and would show pretty closely the type of yacht which I would advise for this class. The design was intended to replace Mr. Keogh's little Spray (also designed by me), and would be, like her, a good sea boat, safe and comfortable, and fast in class racing."

"I think that your committee has done well in selecting the 30ft. class, as it will give a yacht of sufficient size and power to be safe on Lake Michigan, of pretty good accommodation, and the cost will be materially less than the 40-footer. * * *

"Such a boat should, from its model and construction, be certain of such a long life before being outbuilt as to make her worth her cost."

Morgan Barney says:

"The design conforms with the restriction of the Y. R. U., and would make a yacht suitable for occasional cruising, as well as day sailing and racing. The displacement and beam are sufficient to give stability with about ten thousand pounds of lead, notwithstanding the liberal sail plan."

"It has been my intention to submit to the members of your club a yacht suitable for all-around work in any sort of weather, fast, of stylish appearance, and devoid of scow and freak features. Although the extreme scow with the maximum sail, minimum cross section and long, flat overhangs might show more speed, it would be obtained at a sacrifice of very many desirable qualities."

C. D. Mower writes:

"In regard to the general features of design, rig, etc., I may say that I have in many ways followed the so-called 'Buzzard's Bay 30-footers' built by Herreshoff, as I consider those boats the best type of one-design cruising and racing 30-footers that have ever been turned out. My design complies with the restrictions of the Yacht Racing Union 30ft. class, and the specifications would be written in accordance with those restrictions. While I have aimed to produce a fast boat, I have by no means sacrificed good cruising qualities in my design, and the cabin is arranged to give four good berths, toilet room, galley and room for the two hanging berths forward."

Small Brothers write:

"In these boats we have endeavored to combine strength, good looks, stability, speed, accommodations and general handiness. * * * The little which we have seen of the lake winds and water convinces us that a moderate boat in all directions would be the most weatherly and desirable. In reference to the approximate cost of these boats, it is hard to tell, as there is such a wide difference in the estimates of various builders, their prices ranging from \$3,000 to \$4,000. We should say that the average cost of a well-built and well-finished boat would be about \$3,600."

Summary.—We give below a summary of the measurements of the various designs submitted:

	L.O.A.	L.W.L.	L.W.L. Beam.	Extra Beam.	Draft.	Least Freebd.	Sail area.	Cabin H'd room.
Gardner & Cox	49.3	30.0	10.0	10.7	6.11	2.2	1525	5.10
Crowninshield	50	29.9	11.1	11.7	6.11	2.5	1550	6.11
Small Bros., keel	49	30	10	12.2	6.11	2.4	1550	6.0
Small Bros., C.B.	50	30	12.2	12.10	5.00*	2.4	1482	6.4
Morgan Barney	49.8	30	10.9	11.0	6.10	2.7	1550	6.0
C. D. Mower	46	29.6	10.0	10.6	7.00	2.4	1550	...

*With board up.

Annual Challenge Cup.—Your committee think that interest in this class will be aroused and maintained if the Chicago Y. C. arrange for a handsome silver trophy to be known as the "Centennial Challenge Cup," in commemoration of Chicago's recent celebration, the value of the cup not to be less than a thousand dollars; and paid for in the following manner: Five hundred dollars to be appropriated by the club and five hundred dollars to be obtained by voluntary subscriptions from members of the club exclusively. The committee feel that there should be no difficulty in obtaining this amount, as there are among the club members so many who are interested in the sport of yachting who thoroughly enjoy witnessing yacht races but have not the time nor inclination to permit of their owning and racing yachts themselves, and we feel that we should look to these gentlemen for support by liberal subscription to the proposed challenge cup.

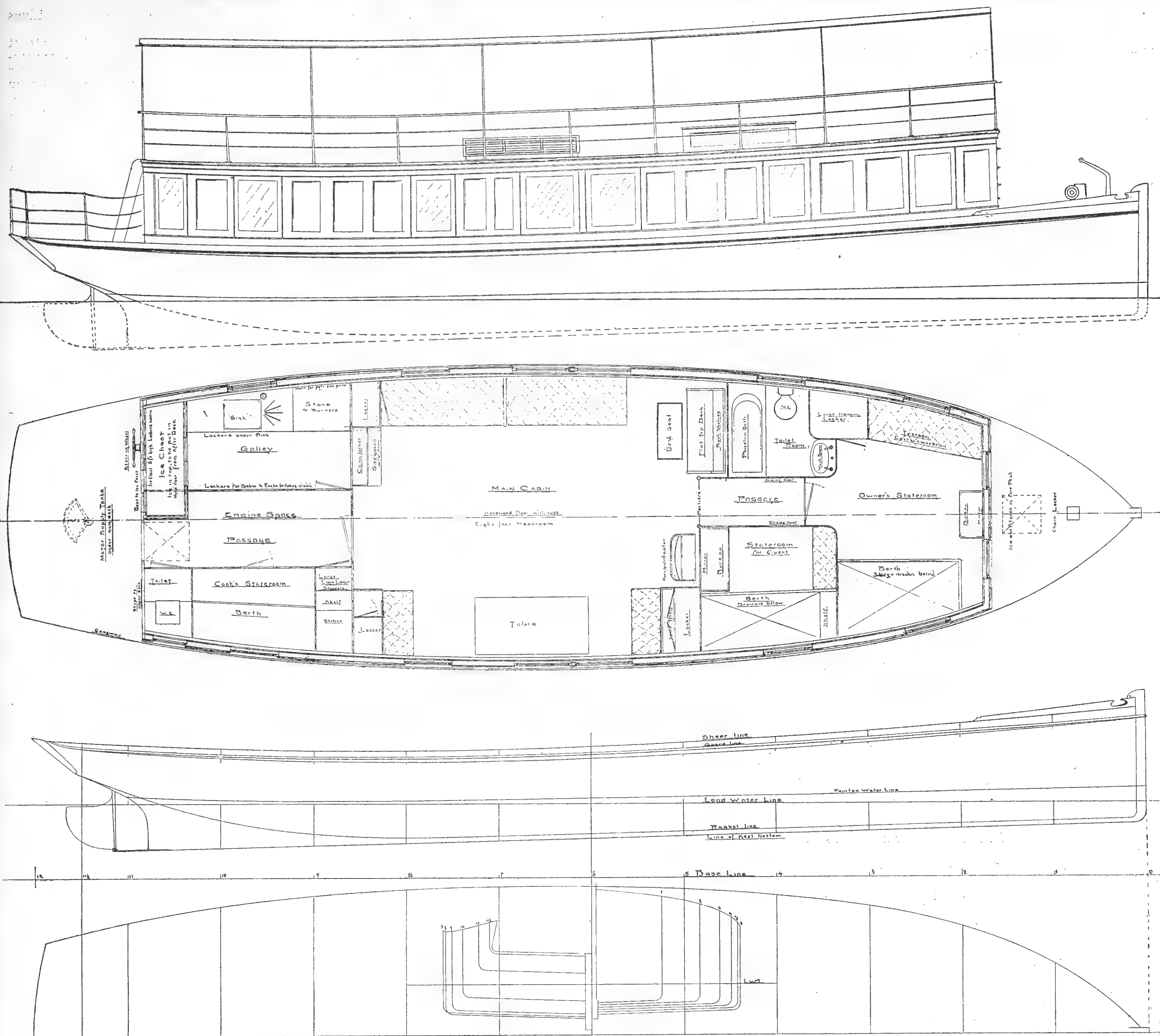
We further recommend that the Directors of the club appoint a committee who will formulate rules governing annual races to be taken part in by boats of this class belonging to any recognized yacht club enrolled in the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, which races shall be a series of three out of five, raced for at Chicago in July or August each year for the "Centennial Challenge Cup," the ownership of the cup always to rest with the Chicago Y. C., but the cup to be held by the winning club and returned to us by July the first, each year; the owner of the winning boat to be presented with a silver replica of the cup as a prize and his name and the yacht winning the cup engraved upon the trophy. Furthermore, the races should be sailed under existing rules of the Yacht Racing Union, and for judges there should be selected one active member from each club, having entries in the annual race.

In conclusion, we feel that this would promote the building up on the Great Lakes of the 30ft. fast cruiser, an admirable type of yacht—one that would give much pleasure to its owner, either in racing or cruising, that would be safe in all weathers, easy to handle, and, with reasonably good care, have a long life of usefulness.

Respectfully submitted,

DWIGHT LAWRENCE,
E. P. WARNER,
S. P. WELLS, JR.,
WM. HALE THOMPSON,
G. H. ATKIN.

Chicago, Nov. 7.



LINES—OUTBOARD PROFILE AND CABIN PLAN OF 60-FOOT HOUSE-BOAT—DESIGNED BY CHARLES D. MOWER FOR THE LATE JULIAN RIX.

Sixty Foot House-Boat.

WHILE, perhaps, not a house-boat in the strictest sense of the word, this design may be properly classed as a cruising house-boat, as she represents a type between the true house-boat and the yacht. While possessing all the comforts of a house-boat in the way of living accommodations, a boat of this type is capable of summer cruising on such waters as Long Island Sound and the Great South Bay, or the inland water ways of New York State, and is especially adapted for winter cruising southward and in Florida waters. The design was drawn to accommodate the owner and one or two guests only, so an extensive arrangement of sleeping quarters was not desired. The general arrangement shows a large main cabin in the middle of the boat.

In addition to serving as a living room, this cabin was to be used as a studio and work room, and for this reason an unusually large skylight was placed over head, and large double windows on either side. As a general living room the double length of sofas on the port side makes a comfortable lounging place, which can be made up into berths at night if necessary. The alcove at the forward end makes a place for a large desk, which is not only a convenience but almost a necessity to the average owner. At the aft end on the port side is a sideboard with china closet above, and a small locker at the side. On the starboard side the table occupies the middle portion with a small upholstered seat at either end, and a convenient arrangement of lockers. At the forward end is an open grate yacht stove for comfort in cold and damp weather. The cabin is about 18ft. by 14ft., which would make a large room even in a house, and has seven feet of headroom. The finish was to be of natural wood, with beams and framing exposed, and panels between all stained to a dark, dull finish. The upholstery was to be leather, and the furniture of very simple design.

The living accommodations are forward, and comprise two state rooms and a bath. The owner's room is in the forward end of the house in order to get light and ventilation from windows on three sides. The guest's room is smaller. The bath room is quite large, having a good size tub, fixed wash basin and water closet. The floor of this room was to be tiled,

and the plumbing all exposed and thoroughly up-to-date in every particular. While not opening directly from either state room, the toilet is easily accessible from both, as well as from the main cabin, by a passage cut off by a portiere.

The working part of the boat is all aft the owner's part, and, though the space is small, it is arranged in such a way as to give the necessary room to work. The motor is installed in the passageway, protected by brass hand rails on the side where people must pass it. The galley is large, having the regular stove, sink, lockers and cupboards. A feature worthy of notice is the ice chest, unusually large and built so that the ice is put in from the deck outside, while the stores and food are reached through doors in the galley. A small state room on the starboard side gives a place for the cook and engineer, and just forward is a large locker for linen, etc.

The boat is to be handled from the after deck, the steering wheel being placed on the aft end of the house with the controlling levers of the motor conveniently placed near at hand. The space under the deck at the ends is utilized for stores, gasoline supply tanks, etc. On top the house is a big promenade deck covered by a double awning with a heavy rail at the sides. This deck is unobstructed, except for the skylight and the fresh water tanks which form settees. The boats are carried on davits, hoisted above the promenade deck, where they can swing inboard for canal work.

The dimensions of the hull are: Length over all, 60ft.; length waterline, 55ft.; breadth, 16ft.; depth, 4ft. 6in.; draft of water, extreme, 2ft. 6in.

The design shows a hull of simple and cheap construction, yet strong and heavy enough so that the boat can stand the hard usage encountered in canal work, and can be run aground without danger of straining. The specifications call for yellow pine in almost every part of the hull; the framing being heavy, the bottom planking 2½in. thick and the side planks 2in. thick.

The cost of such a boat depends greatly upon the amount expended upon the cabin, finish, fittings, furnishings, etc. An approximate estimate on the cost of the hull complete with house—not finished inside—deck fittings, etc., would be two thousand dollars. The motor would cost, say about twelve hundred, and an-

other thousand would be expended on the cabin work, making the total cost somewhere about forty-five hundred dollars.

The boat was designed by Mr. Charles D. Mower for the late Julian Rix.

Race for Harmsworth Cup.

MR. JOHN H. McINTOSH, secretary of the American Power Boat Association, received the following letter on Dec. 1 in regard to entries for the Harmsworth International cup race for motor boats to be held during 1904:

Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to inform you that, by the consent of the donor, entries for the Harmsworth International Cup for Motor Boats can now be received by the Automobile Club up to midday on Feb. 1, 1904. Entries have to be made through the recognized club of the various countries competing, and an interval of six months will be given between the receipt of a challenge and the holding of a race, which will probably be held in the Solent some time in August. The only qualification for entry is that the boat shall not exceed 40ft. over all.

I should be very much obliged if you could kindly make this as widely known as possible in order that there may be a large entry for this very important trophy. Yours faithfully,

BASIL H. JOY,

Technical Secretary.

The races for this cup are governed by the rules adopted by the Automobile Club of Great Britain. The Harmsworth Cup Committee recently decided "that no alteration be made in the rules in any one year after the receipt of the challenge," and that there shall be a minimum period of six months between the race and the receipt of the challenge in any one year, and that every boat in order to be eligible to take part in the race must be fitted with such mechanical power as will drive her astern at the rate of not less than four knots an hour in still water.

The first annual dinner of the Bensonhurst Y. C. was held on the evening of Nov. 30 at the Assembly in Brooklyn. Commodore A. C. Bellows acted as toastmaster, and over fifty members and their guests were present.

Southern Y. C.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There was printed in your issue of Jan. 31, 1903, a lengthy article on the Southern Y. C. new rules for measurement and time allowance, which had just been adopted, and there were given also deductions and reasons why the novel departures in the way of a measurement rule and method of time allowance were made. The measurement formula, which has proven eminently successful here in a season's trial, is "85 per cent. of the square root of the sail area (as measured by the old Seawanhaka rule) equals the racing length," or, more properly, the racing rating; or, $VSA \times .85 = \text{rating}$.

The Herreshoff time allowance tables were discarded, and to use with the measurement formula, a rule was adopted making the figure of time allowance an arbitrary one of "five seconds per foot difference per mile of course." This has also been found to work well in practice, and the Southern Y. C., nor the five other clubs enrolled in the Southern Gulf Coast Yachting Association would think for a moment of wishing anything better at the present time.

As a general proposition the yachtsmen of the South are rather conservative, and, while it was realized last year by a few that our classes could be made more wholesome by restrictions and limitations, it was thought best to go slow and not attempt too much at one time, so the rule makers were content with a start in the right direction.

Prominent among the writers and the designers who look with favor upon the new rule was Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, of Boston, who said that "the rule was an excellent one." At that time Mr. Crowninshield endorsed the writer's views that the various classes to race under these rules would be kept from too much of a racing machine type by the adoption of scantling restrictions and a maximum limit over all length for each class. These suggestions have just been adopted by the Southern Y. C., and by the S. G. C. Y. Association. It would have probably been better had the committees gone farther and greatly improved the classes by having a minimum limit on least freeboard, a minimum limit on beam and likewise a minimum limit on ballast; the latter insuring a depth of hull, which the displacement rules of the North attempt to encourage, the limit on freeboard insuring at least a certain fixed weight off hull, and the minimum beam assuring that boats too narrow are not produced. The limit of sail area is already fixed by the upper limit of the class rating.

The scantling restrictions adopted are patterned after those of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, our two classes corresponding to their 25ft. and 21ft. cabin sloop, restricted classes. A third restricted class was adopted in the shape of a 20ft. one-design knockabout class, boats to be eligible to be built exactly from plans and specifications as gotten up by Mr. C. D. Mower.

The classes and the limitations and restrictions are as follows:

Class of 30 Rating and Over—Stem, sided at head, $3\frac{1}{2}$ in.; keel, minimum thickness, $3\frac{1}{2}$; frames, maximum spacing, 12in., sectional area at bilge, 3; bilge stringers, sectional area, middle 4, ends 3; deck beams, maximum spacing 12in., sectional area, $3\frac{3}{4}$; planking, mill-dressed, 1in. thick. Maximum limit on over all length, 50ft.

Class Under 30 Rating—Stem, sided at head, $2\frac{1}{2}$ in.; keel, minimum thickness, 3; frames, maximum spacing 12in., sectional area at bilge $2\frac{1}{4}$; bilge stringers, sectional area middle 3, ends 2; deck beams, maximum spacing 12in., sectional area $2\frac{3}{4}$; planking, mill-dressed, $\frac{3}{4}$ in. Maximum limit on over all length, 40ft.

General specifications and explanations of scantling table:

Stem—The minimum siding (thickness) measured at the rabbet at highest point on stemhead, no decrease of siding allowed.

Keel—Minimum thickness allowed for a length of one-third of the load waterline length, beyond which may be tapered to one-third less at stem and stern. The breadth of keel will taper from point of greatest section to siding of stem and stern.

Frames—The sizes laid down in the table show the minimum uniform sectional area of bent frames, the siding multiplied by the moldings. The sectional area is that of a single frame for a uniform spacing between centers of not exceeding 12in. This required area may be made of smaller frames spaced closer together, area being proportionally decreased, or of combinations of large and small frames with appropriate spacings. This minimum sectional area shall apply to a space of at least two-thirds of the L. W. L. length in the center of the vessel; forward and aft of this, the sectional area may be reduced 20 per cent. Two adjoining frames abreast each mast, and one at each runner plate must be increased in size in proportion as they are cut by the chain-plate fastenings. Sawed frames must be one-third larger in sectional area at least than bent frames.

Spacing of Frames—The maximum spacing of frames as given in table, is based not on the size of the frames, this being variable, but on the thickness of planking allowed for the class, being the greatest spacing that will insure a tight seam with the usual calking for the minimum thickness of planking allowed.

Bilge Stringers—The minimum sectional area at middle shall cover at least one-half the full length of bilge stringer, with taper allowed at the ends. At least one bilge stringer must be run on each side, at about the lower part or turn of bilge. In yachts whose extreme beam exceeds twice the greatest depth from under side of deck to upper side of keel, two such stringers on each side must always be fitted. Two bilge stringers and two clamps to be full length of boat.

Deck Beams—The sectional area of deck beams shall cover at least the middle third of the beam, allowing a taper, in the molding, to each end. There must be one larger main beam at the bits, two at each mast (partner beams), one at fore end of cabin trunk, one at after end, two at each skylight, hatch and companion

in flush-decked vessels and one at transom. The auxiliary beams and the half beams abreast of house, skylight, etc., may be of smaller areas. The beams may be spaced at will, provided the maximum distance between centers does not exceed that given in the table. The beams should be jogged into the shelf or clamp a distance equal to one-third the molded depth of beams at end.

Floors—There shall be at least six strong floors in the center of the vessel and two at each mast step.

There shall be but one rudder and one board.

L. D. SAMPSELL.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Dec. 7.—There is a movement on foot at present to start a class of 30-footers to be raced under the auspices of the Eastern, the Corinthian and the Manchester Y. C. It is said that these yachts, if built, will also take part in the open events of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, if that organization will adopt the class when formed. It is said that there are five yachts in view, but some of the prospective owners have yachts at present in the 25ft. restricted class, and their entrance into the new class may depend upon the sale of their old boats.

What the restrictions and the system of measurement of the new class are intended to be have not, as yet, been announced. The Yacht Racing Association has already adopted a 30-rating class, the rules for which are expected to be put into such shape at an early date that yachtsmen who intend entering may go ahead with the building of their boats. As long as it will be necessary to provide some system of rules and measurement for the proposed Marblehead 30-footers, it would seem reasonable to have the promoters of that class confer with the promoters of the newly adopted class of Y. R. A. 30-raters. A class of 30-footers would undoubtedly prove successful in Massachusetts Bay waters, once it has been started, but it is very doubtful, if two classes should be formed, that either would prove very successful. There has not been any racing of 30-footers in these waters since 1899, and it does not seem that the revival of interest is great enough to warrant the formation of two classes. An endeavor was made at starting a class of 30-footers at Marblehead a year ago, but for some reason the scheme fell through. There is no doubt that such a class is wanted, and upon the yachtsmen depends its introduction.

A practical indorsement of the new Y. R. A. 21ft. class has come from Rear Commodore Walter Burgess, of the Boston Y. C., who has ordered one of the boats, and also from Mr. W. B. Stearns, of the Marblehead Yacht Yard, who will design the boat. Rear Commodore Burgess is one of the most enthusiastic yachtsmen in the country, and is a veteran racing man. He is an exponent of the sound construction and rational form idea, and has always owned good boats. He has not participated in active racing to any extent in the past few years, and has made no secret of his reason being that the kind of boat allowable under the rules was not the type he desired to own. He feels that the new 21ft. class fills the bill.

Mr. W. B. Stearns, who has been asked to design the boat, speaks very highly of the class, and, on account of his great familiarity with raceabouts, knockabouts, and other boats of about 21ft. waterline, his opinion is of great value. Mr. Stearns says that the boat to be produced under the rules of the new 21ft. class is of a good, healthy type, is a stronger and better boat all-round than those built under the raceabout rules, and more of a racer than the old knockabout. He says further that the type is the logical outcome of a demand for a racing restricted class, somewhat larger than the 18-footers, and without the full lines in the bow, which, he states, make the 18-footers objectionable to many.

The deductions of Mr. Stearns tend to show that this new class is exactly what was intended to be obtained when Hon. Charles Francis Adams, 2d, went to work on the rules. The length of the boats appeals to many yachtsmen, as was shown by the great interest manifested formerly in the raceabout class. The raceabout class, however, has lost much of its footing in Massachusetts waters, and the new class is calculated to prove a very worthy substitute.

It is in the 18ft. knockabout class that the greatest activity is being shown up to date. It is known that eight new boats are building or are to be built, and it is likely that more will be heard from before the building season closes. This class seems to gain in popularity from year to year rather than to lose. Some changes in the rules were made recently, but the only effect they will have will be to strengthen the class. Some of the older boats have changed hands, but the owners are more content to hang on to 18-footers than they are to yachts of other lengths. The reason for this is undoubtedly in the establishment of rules that give a yacht as good a chance in one year as another.

A few boats have been ordered under the rules of the newly adopted Y. R. A. 15ft. class, but the number is not yet great enough to assume that a lively interest is being taken. The 22-footers will be raced next season, and it is possible that one or two more boats will be built. Mr. C. C. Clapp has been spoken of as a prospective builder in the 22ft. class, but as yet it is not known that he has placed an order. It is quite doubtful if any boats will be built this winter for the 25ft. restricted class. There are four boats in the class that may be raced next season, however.

Mr. B. B. Crowninshield is at work on the lines of a 28½ft. auxiliary yawl for Mr. T. R. Wheelock, of Boston. This yacht will be built and will be sailed at St. Andrews, N. B., where Mr. Wheelock has a summer residence. She will be supplied with a 10 horse-power, 2-cycle kerosene motor. Mr. Crowninshield also has an order for a keel raceabout for a New York yachtsman. This boat will have a straight sheer and will have much more tumble home than is usually seen. He is drafting changes in Uncle Sam, the 21-footer, which captured the German Emperor's cup at Kiel. Uncle Sam will be given a greater draft and a larger rig. The sails, blocks, and rigging will be made in Boston. He also is at work on the lines of a 50-ton fisherman for Capt. Joseph McGill, of Shelburne, N. S., to be used in rip fishing. The 18ft.

knockabout which this designer turned out for Mr. Linus M. Chase, has been completed at Lawley's.

The greater part of the new work in the yards at present appears to be on power boats. This is particularly the case in the smaller yards, although the larger plants are probably turning out more power boats than anything else. Messrs. Murray and Tregurtha have just finished a 45ft. launch for Mr. Thomas H. Webb, of Peoria, Ill., a prominent member of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, and of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead. She is called the Saint, and was built to take the place of the Sinner, which Mr. Webb owned last year. Saint is of the torpedo-boat type, 45ft. waterline, 42ft. on deck, 8ft. beam, and 3ft. draft. She has a 3-cylinder, 16 horse-power, Murray and Tregurtha engine, which will send her better than 11 miles an hour. On her trial trip she covered measured miles in 5 and 6 minutes. Although she is somewhat narrow, as gasoline boats go, she has good room, and is fitted up for cruising. After spending some time on Lake Michigan Mr. Webb intends cruising down the Mississippi to New Orleans.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Lake Sailing Skiff Association.

THE annual meeting of the Lake Sailing Skiff Association took place in Hamilton a short time ago. The following officers were elected:

F. Birley, President; R. Slee, Vice-President; H. F. Darrell, Secretary-Treasurer. Executive Committee—E. K. M. Wedd, Royal Canadian Y. C. of Toronto; G. Judd, Royal Hamilton Y. C. of Hamilton; H. Sweetlove, Queen City Y. C. of Toronto; Jas. Comford, National Yacht and Skiff Club of Toronto; C. F. Crawford, Victoria Y. C. of Hamilton; T. A. E. World, Royal Toronto Sailing Skiff Club; W. Gibson, Parkdale Sailing Club of Toronto; N. Forest, Toronto C. C. of Toronto; W. Gibson, Mimico Boating Club of Toronto.

Two new classes were added to the association—a small ballasted class and an 18ft. dinghy class.

The ballasted class restrictions are as follows:

A. Maximum L. W. L. 16ft.
B. Maximum draft 4ft.
C. Sail area 350 sq. ft.
D. Minimum beam L. W. L. for keel boats, 5ft. 7in.; minimum beam L. W. L. for centerboard boats, 6ft. 2in.
E. Minimum area largest immersed vertical cross section, 6.125 sq. ft.
F. Minimum draft for at least 4ft. length of keel, 2ft. 3in.; minimum freeboard keel boats, 18in.; minimum freeboard centerboard boats 17in.

H. Cabin trunk, width not greater than 70 per cent. or less than 50 per cent. of the greatest beam on deck. Cabin trunk height at least $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. for every foot greater beam.

I. Stem-sided at head, 2in.
J. Forward overhang timber oak, rock elm or fir, $1\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick.
K. Aft overhang timber of the same.
L. Frames, oak or rock elm, sectional area 1 sq. in., spacing, 9in.
M. Floors, $\frac{7}{8}$ in. thick.
N. Clamp, oak, rock elm or fir, hard pine or spruce, $2\frac{3}{4}$ in.
O. Bilge stringer of the same.
P. Deck beams oak, sectional area, main $2\frac{1}{2}$ sq. in. auxiliary $1\frac{1}{2}$ sq. in., half beams 1 sq. in., spacing 9in.
Q. Planking to finish full 11-16in.
R. Deck to finish full $\frac{5}{8}$ in. thick.
S. House deck to finish full 7-16in. thick. Solid spars; wood centerboards, weighted only sufficient to sink; 75 per cent. sail area to be in mainsail; 25 per cent. sail area in fore triangle.

Sailing dinghy class, 18ft. over all: Minimum beam, 5ft. 6in.; depth, 18in.; planking, $\frac{3}{8}$ in.; ribs, 1in. by 1in., 9in. centers; centerboard not over 75 pounds; sail area, 250 sq. ft., main and jib.

It was intimated the Rochester Y. C. may join the L. S. S. A. If so, international racing in the small classes will be the result. The other class now in the association is 16ft. class (corrected length), viz., 24ft. over all, about 13ft. L. W. L.; 6ft. 6in. beam, 12in. freeboard, 330 sq. ft. canvas (rig sloop), 100 pound board, $\frac{3}{8}$ in. planking, ribbing, 1 sq. in. to the foot; also a 14ft. sailing dinghy with 150ft. canvas.

The annual regatta will take place in Toronto July 1, for Walker cup, 16ft. class; Birley cup, dinghy class; Labor Day the Cakewalk cup in Hamilton.

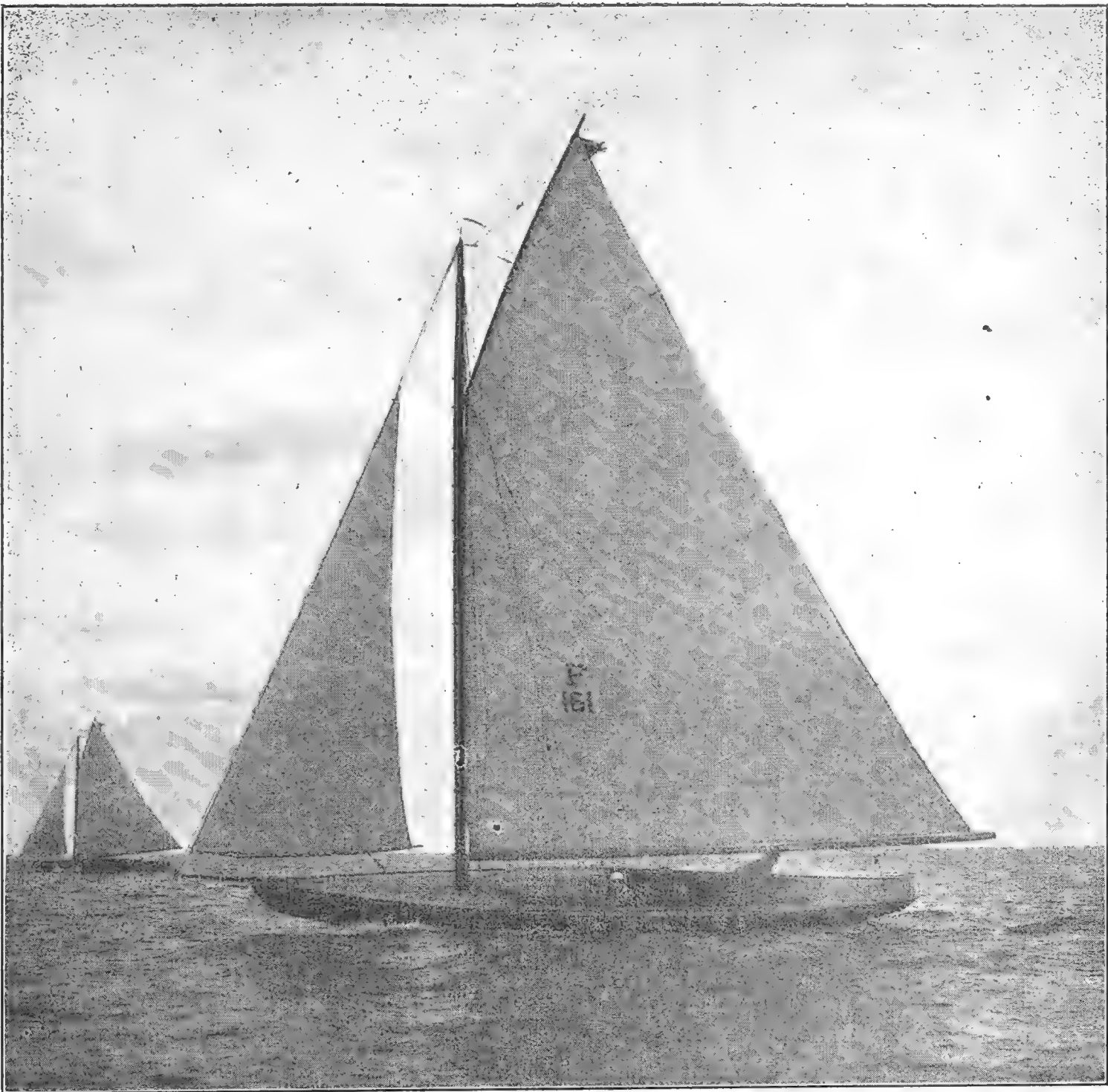
YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Messrs. Cousens & Pratt are at work upon sails for a 50ft. L. W. L. yawl, built by Mr. Lawley for Mr. Robert Saltsonstall; 52ft. schooner, building by Lawley for Mr. J. H. Cromwell; also new suits for the schooners Baboon, Gerfalcon, Penelope and Columbia; the 25ft. knockabouts Kalifa and Margaret; Burgess Packard, 21-footers for Mr. T. W. Rogers and Mr. Chester Beare. A 21-footer for the new Massachusetts Y. R. A. class, designed and built by Stearns & McKay for Mr. Walter Burgess. The 21ft. knockabouts Betsey and Jennie Wren; the 18ft. knockabouts of Boardman's design, for Mr. J. W. Olmstead, R. Chas. F. Adams, 2d, Mr. C. H. W. Foster and Mr. R. DeB. Boardman; from Burgess & Packard's design, for Mr. Bowden, and from Mr. Crowninshield's design for Mr. Geo. P. Keith; also a 15-footer for the Massachusetts Y. R. A. class, designed by Boardman, for Mr. Pevear, of Annisquam, and a class of nine racing dories, built by Emmons, and designed by Mr. C. D. Mower.

The schooner building at the Townsend & Downey plant at Shooters' Island, S. I., from designs by Messrs. Cary Smith and Barbey, is for Mr. Chester W. Chapin. The vessel is built of bronze and will be known as Azara. She is 113ft. over all, 85ft. waterline, 21ft. 4in. breadth and 5ft. 8in. draft.

The annual meeting and dinner of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. was held at the Hotel Manhattan on the evening



WHISTLEWING.
Designed by Tams, Lemoine & Crane, built by B. F. Wood, and owned by Gordon Pirie.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

of Tuesday, Dec. 1. The following officers were elected: Com., A. H. Alker; Vice-Com., Charles W. Lee; Rear-Com., H. Winslow White; Sec., Edward M. MacLellan; Treas., Guy W. Buxton; Meas., Charles D. Mower; Trustees, Class of 1906, W. Butler Duncan, Jr., and Andrew J. Onderdonk.

The secretary's report showed a total membership of 269, and a fleet of 169 yachts, consisting of 17 schooners, 20 yawls, 32 sloops and cutters, 21 raceabouts and knockabouts, 14 catboats, 29 steamers, 4 house-boats and 32 launches.

All the amendments to the constitution were passed except the one which related to ladies' privileges about the club house and that was defeated.

Resolutions of sorrow were adopted over the death of Julian Rix, who died a few days before the meeting. Mr. Rix was to have been elected an honorary member of the club. Suitable resolutions will be forwarded to Mr. Rix's relatives.

The new home of the Morrisania Y. C. on South Brother Island, has been completed and will be kept open all winter. It is hoped that the members will make it a point to visit the house whenever it is possible for them to do so. The club launch will make its customary trips between South Brother Island and the foot of 138th street, East River.

The South Bay Y. C. is to build a club house on Cedar avenue, Patchogue, on ground given by Mrs. Kate L. Gilbert for the site. It is desired to expend not less than \$5,000 in erecting and furnishing the new building. The officers are: Com., Joseph Bailey; Vice-Com., A. Rae Storms; Rear-Com., George L. Robinson; Sec., Frank Guttridge; Treas., Edwin Bailey, Jr.

It is very probable that the Manchester Y. C. will have a trial boat in the races to be held by the White Bear Y. C. for the selection of a challenger for the Seawanhaka cup. The boat will be designed by Mr. E. A. Boardman, and the same sails, spars and gear that were used on Kolotoo will equip the new boat.

The big shipbuilding plant of the Townsend & Downey Co., of Shooters' Island, S. I., has been shut down and 1,200 men have been thrown out of work. Labor troubles are said to be the cause. It is very probable that the business will be reorganized.

The schooner Ingomar, owned by Mr. Morton F. Plant, is now in the south shop at the Herreshoff works at Bristol, where she is undergoing some extensive alterations. Ingomar is to race in British waters next season, and in order that she may secure a better measurement under the girth rule, now in effect there, her centerboard has been removed and her lead keel will be lowered, so that her draft will be increased to 16ft. Some changes and improvements will also be made in Ingomar's internal fittings, and arrangements are being made for the accommodation of 28 men.

the cups won in the fall regatta. At the October meeting the initiation fee was made \$5, in an attempt to keep down the membership, which was outgrowing the accommodations of the house. It had not the desired effect, however, and a new house will be built during the spring and the present one used for lockers.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New York Central Corps.

NEW YORK.—The Central Corps' second gallery shoot in the series at the Zettler range, Dec. 4, had scores as follows:

Ten-shot scores, two to count: R. Gute 240, 236; F. Kost 238, 232; D. Scharninghaus 227, 240; J. N. F. Siebs 230, 235; Geo. Viemeister 233, 229; J. von der Lieth 230, 227; F. Rolfs 227, 223; H. D. Muller 224, 224; J. Baumann 225, 217; A. Bitterhoff 224, 216; W. Schillingmann 212, 225; B. Eusner 216, 220; W. J. Daniel 218, 217; Chris. Gerken 218, 217; J. Feldscher 223, 216; H. Schrader 209, 217; H. Roffmann 199, 216; C. Tietjen 202, 217; F. Jaegers 200, 217; H. von der Lieth 208, 201; H. A. Flicke, Jr., 192, 208; P. Engelking 197, 200; G. Rolde 193, 191; A. Ihlenberg 190, 193; J. Speckmann, Jr., 160, 194; H. Eckhoff 177, 172; G. Dettloff 71, 197.

Bullseye target, 4in. carton, best center shot to count by measurement by degrees: F. Kost 58½ degrees, J. von der Lieth 66, W. J. Daniel 70, H. Roffmann 70½, Ch. Gerken 71½, A. Ritterhoff 74, H. von der Lieth 80, G. Rolde 81½, R. Gute 84, J. N. F. Siebs 91½, G. Viemeister 93, J. Feldscher 110, W. Schillingmann 112, B. Eusner 124, F. Rolfs 123, H. A. Flicke, Jr., 140, F. Jaegers 14½, D. Scharninghaus 151, A. Ihlenberg 167, J. Seckman, Jr., 194, P. Engelking 195, H. Eckhoff 235.

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK.—The Zettler Club held its annual meeting on Dec. 1. The old board of officers was re-elected as follows: Gus Zimmerman, President; H. D. Muller, Vice-President; F. Hecking, Secretary; E. Van Zandt, Corresponding Secretary; Chas. G. Zettler, Treasurer; B. Zettler, Shooting Master. After the close of the meeting the members proceeded to shoot their scores in the weekly winter gallery tournament. Scores:

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, 75ft.: L. C. Buss 2458, R. Gute 2426.

Fifty shots: C. G. Zettler, Jr., 1225, C. G. Zettler, Sr., 1201, H. Holges 1200, H. D. Muller 1119, W. A. Hicks 1198, B. Zettler 1194, H. C. Zettler 1190, L. Maurer 1184, T. H. Keller, Sr., 1155, G. J. Bernius 1127, T. H. Keller, Jr., 1119.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—At the regular meeting of this association on Nov. 22, the following scores were made. All shooting off-hand, 200yds., 25-ring target. Mr. Bruns just returned from a hunting trip and shot well above his average. There were also a few good honor scores made:

						Honor.
Bruns	224	214	212	212	206	67
Hasenzahl	223	219	218	217	211	56
Gindele	222	219	211	206	186	71
Strickmeier	216	214	207	194	188	70
Payne	215	214	214	212	206	66
Hofman	214	213	207	202	200	60
Hofer	210	204	201	190	189	52
Drube	210	204	189	187	...	60
Freitag	201	199	198	196	193	52
Lux	199	194	185	177	176	58
Trounstone	180	160	128

New York City Corps.

NEW YORK.—The New York City Corps on Dec. 3 opened the winter gallery contest. Aug. Kronsberg was high; Capt. Busse was second. Scores:

Ten shot scores, two scores to count: Aug. Kronsberg 241, 239; R. Busse 239, 239; J. Fackiamm 231, 234; O. Schwanermann 229, 234; B. Eusner 221, 234; A. Frank 222, 226; R. Bendler 223, 224; Chas. Wagner 213, 224; H. Radloff 204, 222; Chas. Schmidt 211, 211; Chas. Metz 199, 203; T. E. Steuhl 182, 212; J. Keller 190, 190; H. Vogel 208, 190; A. Wiltz 191, 183; A. Michaels 179, 173; W. Heil 139, 170; J. Joerus 140, 113.

Pesque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Nov. 14.—Only five members were present to-day, and a high gale of wind from the north prevented any high scores being made. Scores:

W A Parker.....	78	72	71—221	J Almeda.....	65	63	59—187
J A Auermann.....	74	68	67—209	A Mount.....	59	57	55—171
J Bacon	67	63	62—192				

CABIA BLANCO.

Rifle Notes.

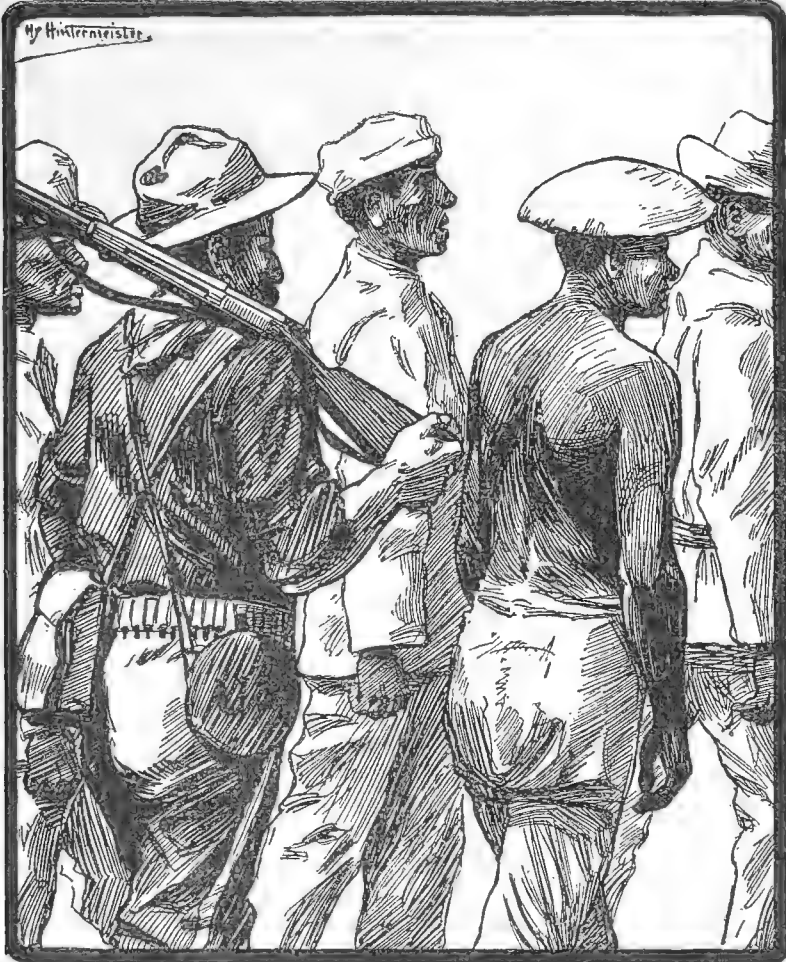
The Lady Zettler Rifle Club will hold its monthly shoot on Dec. 12.

The Castle and rifle range at Union Hill Park will be opened to the public on Dec. 19. It will be open for target practice on Saturday afternoon each week until April. Many improvements will be made during the winter, to put it in shape for the Bundesfest next June.

Mayor Adolph Lankering, at a meeting of the Schuetzen of Hoboken last week, promised them a prize of \$500 from the citizens of Hoboken for the target of honor at the Bundesfest.

The executive board of the National Bund will meet at headquarters, No. 12 St. Marks Place, New York, Dec. 11, at 8 o'clock P. M.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?



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Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O.—The weather on Dec. 5 was clear and cool, with little wind, and the attendance was consequently much larger than on the previous Saturday. The main event was the contest in the cash prize series. Seventeen shooters took part. Gambell was high gun in this with 46; A. Sunderbruch second with 43. R. Trimble, from the 21yd. mark, came third with 41. Some practice was indulged in, but the early coming of dusk stopped the sport at about 4:30.

Mr. Eugene Dupont, of the Dupont Powder Co., Wilmington, Del., visited the grounds to-day in company with Mr. F. S. Waddell.

Ralph Trimble starts on Monday for a trip through Ohio. Colonel will leave next week for Galveston, Tex., and thinks he may get a few ducks. There are plenty of them in that locality, and we believe that he will have good sport and get a good bag. Here's luck to him.

Thos. H. Cassity, of Nashville, Tenn., was in the city to-day. He made only a brief stop, as he is on his way to New Haven, Conn.

Supt. Arthur Gambell gave his annual game supper to a few friends on Dec. 1. The game was prepared in the highest style of the culinary art by Mrs. Gambell, and those who were fortunate enough to attend had the time of their life. Stan, Rhoads, Del Gros, Lew Pfister were among the guests, and the time was passed in story-telling, singing, etc., the party not breaking up until the "wee sma' hours." They'll all be on hand next year.

Following are additional scores, allowance handicap, made in the Parker prize contest of Nov. 23, by those who were unable to be present owing to the storm: H. Sunderbruch (40) 100, Gambell (10) 98, Medico (12) 99, Dick (22) 94, Van Ness (12) 86, Maynard (18) 86, A. Sunderbruch (10) 79, C. Dreih's (0) 65, Colonel (55) 80.

The following scores were made in the cash prize contest, 50 targets, distance handicap, on Dec. 5: Medico (19) 32, Williams (18) 22, Block (19) 30, A. Sunderbruch (18) 43, R. Trimble (21) 41, Gambell (16) 46, Harig (16) 36, Maynard (17) 32, Captain (16) 33, Jay Bee (16) 26, Ackley (15) 25, Du Bray (16) 34, Herman (16) 23, Colonel (15) 16, Waddell (16) 29, Vullerdick (16) 38, E. Dupont (16) 35.

Those eligible in the cash prize contest number six in Class A and eight in Class B. Their best ten scores to date follow:

Class A.

Block	41	42	40	43	46	34	34	36	34	32	—382
Coleman	40	41	41	40	41	38	38	37	36	36	—388
Gambell	40	42	45	44	40	43	41	42	41	44	—422
Maynard	43	41	40	41	46	41	37	37	36	35	—397
Medico	41	40	45	43	41	48	43	39	39	39	—418
Trimble	43	43	47	44	43	45	42	45	45	41	—439

Class B.

Ackley	41	44	37	35	33	33	32	32	32	29	—348
Barker	41	43	45	48	41	41	41	44	42	38	—424
Faran	41	42	41	42	39	39	38	37	35	35	—389
Falk	39	39	38	38	37	36	36	35	35	34	—367
Herman	40	44	36	31	37	36	33	36	34	32	—359
Jack	42	47	37	37	36	34	34	33	32	32	—364
Jay Bee	41	38	41	38	37	37	36	36	35	35	—374
A. Sunderbruch	45	45	44	44	42	41	40	40	39	36	—416

The club held its usual holiday shoot on Thanksgiving Day. The weather was clear and cold, but a strong wind blowing across the traps made the targets very erratic in their flight, and the scores were very low. It is seldom that 74 out of 100 takes high gun on these grounds.

The entrance to the programme events was \$12.50, money divided Rose system, 5, 3, 2. Fourth prize in each event was a fine 12lb. turkey. After the shoot-offs the following won the turkeys: Herman two, Faran two and Ahlers four.

One-half cent for each target shot at was set aside, half to be divided among the two high guns, 60 and 40 per cent.; the other half to three low guns divided equally.

Medico won high gun on 74, and received \$2.35; Dreih's second on 69, \$1.60. The three low guns, Herman, Williams and Faran, received \$1.30 each.

A. W. du Bray returned a few days before from an extended stay in the Northwest. The totals of ten 10-target events follow: Jay Bee 52, Maynard 66, Gambell 66, Ahlers 67, Barker 61, Faran 59, Medico 74, Herman 30, Harig 47, Williams 56, Dreih's 69.

Colonel shot at 80, broke 11; Ackley shot at 50, broke 23. Shoot-off of ties for turkeys, 10 targets:

First event: Herman 4, Faran 6.

Third event: Barker 7, Faran 5.

Fourth event: Gambell 7, Ahlers 8, Barker 7, Faran 8. Shoot-off of second tie: Ahlers 7, Faran 3.

Sixth event: Ahlers 8, Faran 6.

Seventh event: Ahlers 6, Herman 2.

Only eight took part in the contest, 100 targets, handicap in the Parker gun series. It was cold and a thick fine snow was blown into the faces of the shooters, making good scores an impossibility. The scores follow: Jay Bee (25) 78, Williams (18) 97,

Roanoke (40) 96, Block (16) 79, Gambell (10) 83, See (10) 93, Herman (25) 80, Medico (12) 72.

BONASA.

Ashland Gun Club.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Nov. 26.—I append herewith a clipping from the Lexington Democrat containing an account of our regular weekly shoot.

ROBT. S. SKINNER.

The Ashland Gun Club yesterday afternoon held its regular weekly club shoot.

Several of the members are out of town on their annual hunting trips. Those who were at the meeting had a most enjoyable little shoot, making, too, some excellent scores.

Everybody seemed to be in fine humor, even to the trap boys, who kept continually changing the angles and occasionally giving vent to a mocking laugh as a target would be missed by the shooters.

Roger H. Smith was out for the first time in many months, he having but recently recovered from a long illness and operation on his ear; but Roger with his little 16-gauge showed the boys that he had not forgotten how to smash 'em. It is worthy of note how many of the shooters here are taking to the 16-gauge guns, not only for the field, but for target shooting. George K. Graves, who has been absent for several weeks in New York, was out with his 16-gauge, and shot exceedingly well, breaking all of his previous records.

Ed Perry, Earl Sellers and K. G. Pulliah, other fanciers of the smaller gauge gun, were not present yesterday, but W. B. Talbert, the genial proprietor of the Blue Grass Commission Co., was on hand with a brand new "pump" gun, and by his scores it seems that he now has a gun that fits him.

Frank Van Deren shot "like a house afire," and in every event, all being 15-target events, he and Bob Skinner were right there in the 'teens. Much amusement was furnished for the spectators when Frank gave his rival for the honors of the afternoon a few shells of a new kind "just to try," and of course you know who finished high gun.

The club will shoot Tuesday afternoons when the weather will permit, and after the holidays may have a big live-bird shoot and dinner.

Sunny South Handicap.

BRENNHAM, Texas, Nov. 28.—The Sunny South Handicap shoot, to be held here Jan. 18 to 23, 1904, promises to be very largely attended. We are now having our grounds rearranged and preparing to enlarge our club house. Nothing will be left undone that will add to the pleasure and comfort of the attendants. In time for the shoot, we will have everything in shape to take care of any number of shooters. We will have four sets of target traps and four sets of live-bird traps ready for use, and as many sets as the attendance justifies will be used.

Among some of the special attractions, aside from the regular handicap events, will be the contest for the Houston Chronicle trophy. This trophy is an elegant loving cup, emblematic of the Southern States' amateur target championship, and is to be shot for here once every year in open competition, by the amateur trap shots of the Southern States. It will be open to challenge every thirty days, and must be defended by the holder.

We have secured a suitable trophy to be put up for a ten-man team race. This match will be open to any ten amateurs coming from one State or Territory in the Union.

The Texas team has been organized, and we have heard from several other States that are endeavoring to organize.

All other events of the programme will be open to the world, and will be made very attractive.

We are arranging for a big duck hunt to take place at the close of the shoot. Arrangements are in progress with the railroad company for special cars to leave here and stop at one of the best duck lakes in the South. We will get a special rate for this trip that will not exceed \$2 for the round trip.

ALF. GARDENER.

Imperial Gun Club.

CALAMUS, Iowa, Nov. 28.—The Imperial Gun Club on Nov. 26 held its monthly shoot for members, of whom there were ten present.

In an event at 30 targets, the results were: McCaughy 26, Lund 24, Hazen 28, Arnold 26, Sherman 25, Baldwin 21, Wolfe 16, Keith 18, Gaston 23, Keel 15.

Club gold medal, handicap event, medal held by E. Peterson, and was won by Sherman. Scores: Wolf shot at 35 and broke 11; Arnold 30, broke 23; Keith 35, broke 18; Lind 30, broke 14; Peterson 25, broke 21; Sherman 30, broke 25; Hazen 25, broke 20; Miller 25, broke 18.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Nov. 26.—The South End Gun Club, of this city, held its annual Thanksgiving Day target shoot to-day, with a large crowd of sportsmen entered in the different events. The principal event of the day was the club shoot for the new medal offered by the club, each man shooting at 25 targets. James Gicker, with a score of 24 out of 25, won the medal. The scores follow:

Club shoot, 25 targets: Wilson 18, Farr 19, Miles 21, Shultz 15, Matz 22, Yost 23, George 14, Ball 17, Gicker 24, Gerhard 21, Melcher 20, Eshelman 14, Henry 18, Thompson 22.

Open sweepstake events scores follow:

Shot at. Broke.			Shot at. Broke.		
Miles160	128	Shultz	35 29
Dietrich160	119	George55	37
Ball160	119	Melcher45	32
Eshelman160	108	Matz40	28
Homan155	84	H Grill20	16
Gerhard140	113	Farr60	49
Gicker95	71	Wilson50	32
Henry75	58	Reichert15	10
Thompson75	55	F Grill10	3
Yost65	59			

Nov. 24.—At the regular meeting of the Independent Gun Club last evening, the business of the past month was transacted, and the following nominations for officers were made: President, Sherman H. Hoverter; Vice-President, William Kunkelman; Financial Secretary, Marion Larkin; Recording Secretary, George Goldman and George Frees; Treasurer, Harrison Posey; Trustees, Logan Trout, H. F. Moyer, Daniel Shaak, Lincoln Dillon, Irvin H. Tobias, A. G. Sloat and George P. Moyer; Commissarians, George Graeff, Andrew Fisher, Morgan Hemmig, H. F. Moyer; Captain, Harry Weidner.

Pottsville, Pa., Nov. 26.—Peter J. Haverty, of East Mines, defeated John Roehrig, of Orwigsburg, in a live-pigeon match, at 15 birds, by grassing 10 to his opponent's 9 birds. The stake money was \$100 a side. About \$1,500 changed hands. This is Roehrig's second defeat by Haverty.

DUSTER.

Riverside Gun Club.

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 26.—The Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Riverside Gun Club was a handicap prize competition. The weather was cold. The scratch men were Messrs. Fulford, Jenne, Parmenter, Loughlin, Mayhew and Christian. Charles Brunner, in the tenth event of the qualifying series for the club gold medal, won after shooting off several ties. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	10	10	10
Clark	14	14	11	14	12	5	7	6
E. Loughlin	11	12	11	15	14	9	..	10
Parmenter	12	12	12	11	11
Jenne	12	9	12	11	11
J. Wagner	9	10	11	10	10	6	5	7
Christian	11	8	11	14
Teller	13	11	15	15	11
Teesdale	..	15	10	11
W. Wagner	12	12	12	9	11
Deeche	8	8	11	10	7
Maine	11	10	9	11	9	8	9	5
Fulford	11	14	14	13	13	7
Newton	14	13	15	10	10
Watts	11	9	11	12	10	7 6
Thomann	11	8	13	13	7	5
Gangloff	9	9	11	15	13
Mayhew	..	12	13	11	13
Brunner	..	14	15	15	14
D. Loughlin	15	15	11
Sabine	12	9	10
Kokesch	10	11	9	..	6 4	..
Bennett	7	10	5	6

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Dec. 5.—Conditions were right for good scores on the grounds of the Ossining Gun Club to-day. While three were not enough to shoot for the rifle and telescope, a big fat chicken raised on the grounds was put up as a prize, distance handicap. Clark won, from the 18yd. mark, with 13 out of 15. Those members who are desirous of shooting on the team against Poughkeepsie on Jan. 1 are earnestly requested to attend the practice shoot to be held on these grounds Dec. 19. There is some object in shooting on the Ossining team, as all regular expenses are paid by the club. Some special prizes will be offered for the 19th inst.

Prize event:

W. Coleman, 18yds.	111001111101101—11
W. Clark, 18	11011101111111—13
C. Blandford, 20	01011111111011—12
G. Hubbell, 16	111001111100011—10
Other events, 16yds.	
Coleman	1111111111
Clark	0101010100
W. Fisher	001010000
Blandford	1111111111111111101—24
Hubbell	0010101111
Hyland	1110111110

C. G. B.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Fairview Gun Club.

Fairview, N. J., Nov. 26.—The cup shoot of the Fairview Gun Club, held to-day, was emblematic of the club championship. It was won by Mr. Taylor Hurley. It becomes the property of the member winning it three times. A light wind from the north-west blew across the score. The weather was clear. The traps are set Sergeant system.

Lambrix, 6	100010000110011101111111—21
H G Brink, 5	001101101000111011101101—20
Burdett, 9	10001011011010111111000—24
C Sedore, 9	100110011001100101111—23
Lawrence, 10	00001110110010100010—22
C H Sedore, 5	01111011101111110000—23
Hurley, 10	01001010110110111111—25
Curds, 2	1111110100011111110101—21
Emmons, 6	11011111010001110100—22
Cuema	01111011111110011111—21

Referee, B. R. Burdette; scorer, Robt. J. Hopkins.

Franklin Gun Club.

Franklin Furnace, N. J., Nov. 26.—Following are the scores made at the shoot of the Franklin Gun Club to-day:

Shooting at 50 targets, Andrew Wright broke 39; F. Suthren, 30; J. Williams, 40. Alf. Wright broke 16 out of 30; C. Roelimer broke 16 out of 24; J. Stevens broke 14 out of 20.

Shooting at 15, Slacker broke 9, C. Ramage 5, Winters 6.

Shooting at 10, W. Stevens broke 8, A. Suthren 4.

Scores at 10: Reeves 1, Smith 2, Kishpaugh 2. J. E. Stevens broke 4 out of 7; Pope broke 11 out of 14.

Mountainside Gun Club.

West Orange, N. J., Nov. 26.—The scores of the Mountainside Gun Club, made to-day, are appended:

First event, contest for club trophy: J. McDonough 23, G. F. Ziegler 22, J. E. Shelley 20, S. L. Beeble 18, F. Hollum 18, C. J. Ziegler 17, W. Hollum 17.

Second event, 15-bird turkey shoot: J. McDonough 14, G. F. Ziegler 13, F. Hollum 11, C. F. Ziegler 11, J. E. Shelley 13, S. Beeble 11, W. Hollum 11.

Third event, 25-bird turkey shoot: S. L. Beeble 21, J. McDonough 21, C. J. Ziegler 20, J. E. Shelley 19, C. F. Ziegler 18, F. Hollum 17. In shoot-off of tie Beeble won.

Fourth event, 10-bird sweepstake: F. Hollum 10, G. F. Ziegler 9, J. McDonough 8, S. L. Beeble 7, C. F. Ziegler 7, F. Wright 7.

Fifth event, 10-bird sweepstake: G. F. Ziegler 10, F. Hollum 9, J. M. McDonough 8, J. E. Shelley 8, W. Hollum 7.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Nov. 29.—The Hudson Gun Club held its last shoot for November on this date, and had a good attendance. The day was clear and cold, but all seemed pleased to take a hand in smashing the targets. Mr. Pape, Jr., is a son of the well-known hotel keeper of New York, and this was his first visit. In the two 25-target events he shot remarkably well for a beginner. It looks as if he would be heard from later.

The next shoot will be held on Dec. 13.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	15	15	25	25	15	15	15	15
Schorty	12	10	13	20	21	15	14	13	15
Plant	9	12	13	11	10	12	13
Staples	12	14	13	14	12	15	..
Smith	9	11	10	10	..	9	..
Pape	8	11	13	13	19	12	11	9	10
Malcomb	8	7	6	7	5
Pearsall	15	9	9	13
Untermyer	8	9	6	7	11
Sauer	8	10	11	6	10
Doudera	4	5	6	8
Pape, Jr.	4	3	6	19	18	8	9	6	9
O'Brien	19	11
Brown	11	7	11	7	9	10	9
Jenkins	7	6	6
Hughes	18	10	9
Whitley	19	10	..	9

JAMES HUGHES.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

Bound Brook, N. J., Nov. 27.—I append herewith scores made by the members of the Bound Brook Gun Club on Nov. 26:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	5	5	10	10	5	10
Dr J H V Bache	6	8	7	5	3	4	5	7	9	3
Dr J B Pardoe	7	8	8	7	5	..	5	..	6	3
M Rosenthal	4	3	3	4	..	0	5	4	2	..
E Murphy	2	1	3
A K Smith	..	0	3
S Brampton	..	1	2	..	1
F K Stelle	..	7	9	3	2
Geo Hall	..	1
P Hall	1
J Hall	1
H I Brampton	5	3	..

Event No. 9, 5 pairs: Dr. J. H. V. Bache 9, Dr. J. B. Pardoe 6, M. Rosenthal 2.

STANLEY BRAMPTON, Sec'y.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Dec. 5.—Following are the scores made at the shoot of the North River Gun Club on Dec. 5, both live birds and targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	10	15	25	15	15
Eickhoff	12	13	10	14	20	13	12
Morrison	14	15	10	13	25	15	15
Harland	11	10	8	12	19	11	12
Vosselman	10	12	9	13	18	12	13
Arnold	9	11	7	11	16

Live birds, entrance \$2, birds extra:
Munson 12121121-9
Eickhoff 22212021-8
Hawes 21010202-6

Nov. 25.—Live-bird shoot, \$5 entrance:
Eickhoff 12211212110222-14
Glover 1222202222212-14
Richter 221100221022201-11
Morrison 021022011102201-10
Glasser 111201221101121-13
Cathcart 112220222022121-13

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Pattensburg Gun Club.

Pattensburg, N. J., Nov. 26.—One of the most interesting shoots of the season occurred here to-day. The first event was for the regular monthly shoot, two medals. First was won by Harry Gano, breaking 25 straight. The second by A. E. Holbrook, breaking 21.

The second event was for suppers, between High Bridge and Pattensburg. Pattensburg were the winners, and were treated to a first-class supper. I would say that the High Bridge boys are a team of sports and gentlemen.

The third event was for a repeating Winchester rifle, and as the scores show, it was won by C. W. Bonnell, Harry Gano and A. K. Hellman. It was a give-or-take agreement by these three gentlemen. Harry Gano made high score, breaking in the day's shoot 100 out of 108.

Event 1, 25 targets, for two medals: H. Gano 25, A. H. Hellman 15, C. W. Bonnell 19, L. Kitchen 18, N. Stamets 17, R. Stamets 18, A. E. Holbrook 21, H. P. Milburn 20, H. L. Gano 20.

No. 2, 26 targets, for suppers:

High Bridge.—J. Haim 19, F. Exton 15, A. F. Conover 19, Wm. Sign 17, E. C. Wentzel 17, J. Exton 10, O. E. Brown 15, A. Creager 9, J. Johnson 17, J. W. Wern 12.

Pattensburg.—Harry Gano 21, A. E. Holbrook 21, Jos. Williams 15, C. W. Bonnell 21, N. Stamets 23, R. Stamets 15, H. L. Gano 22, W. S. Bowlby 16, L. Kitchen 15, H. S. Milburn 18.

C. W. BONNELL, Sec'y.

Chicago Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill.—A special holiday shoot, open to all amateurs, was held on the club grounds Thanksgiving morning, the contest being for a beautiful solid silver trophy, known as the White Horse Cellular Coronation Snuff Mull, presented by Mr. P. J. Mackie, of Isley, Scotland. It was a 50-target optional sweepstake, entrance \$3. The competition for the trophy was very keen, but the weather conditions were decidedly against high scores. A gale of wind blew from the north, accompanied by a heavy fall of snow, which at times rendered it almost impossible for the shooters to see the targets.

The attendance was larger than expected, considering the disadvantages of the weather and the fact that the street car strike rendered it difficult for shooters to reach the grounds.

Mr. Charles H. Barriball, a member of the Muskrat Gun Club, was a winner of the beautiful Snuff Mull, the prize going to him on a score of 41 targets out of a possible 50, from the 17yds. mark. A hardy lot of shooters faced the traps, and Mr. Barriball had the satisfaction of winning in competition with a number of the best target shots in Chicago.

Several sweepstakes were indulged in, and shooters were reluctant to leave the grounds until the last moment had expired to get them home in time to enjoy their Thanksgiving turkeys.

The following are the scores in the trophy event: Willard (20) 37, Roll (20) 34, Vietmeyer (20) 29, W. D. Stannard (20) 37, O'Brien (18) 35, D. Morton (18) 32, Barriball (17) 41, Deal (17) 34, Antoine (17) 37, A. W. Morton (16) 29, Weber (16) 27, C. Johnston (16) 26, Franklin (16) 33, Parker (16) 35, Myrick (18) 34, C. Bellman (17) 40, A. A. Walters (16) 29.

Richmond Gun Club.

CONCORD, S. I., Nov. 26.—There was a strong competition at the shoot of the Richmond Gun Club.

The next shoot for the cup will take place on Christmas Day. All the prize events were handicaps.

Turkeys were won respectively as follows: Hopkins in event 7; Schoverling in event 8; Keppler in event 9; Crystal in event 3; Bechtel in event 6.

The holiday cup shoot for members only, handicap, 25 targets, was won by Bechtel. The scores were: Bechtel (3) 24, Schoverling (0) 23, Siemer (7) 21, Keppler (13) 19, Crystal (6) 17, Albrecht (0) 12, Schoen (4) 11.

The scores in other events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	10	20	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
L H Schortemeier, 0	12	9	17	21	23	22	23	23
A A Schoverling, 0	12	9	18	23	23	18	23	24	23	20
J Keppler, 8	8	7	8	13	14	17	20	20
G Bechtel, 3	10	5	13	21	19	20	15	16	14	14
J Schoen, 9	5	5	12	7	12	14	18
J Jones, 9	10	7	11	13	13	13
E A Staples, 0	13	9	12	22	22	24	22	20
O Albrecht, 0	9	15	10	12
J A Siemer, 6	3	5	9	14	8	13
J J Schench, 8	9	6	8	7	11	13
F J Crystal, 5	..	14	11
F Nichols	23	23	21
A R Hopkins, 8	16	16	16	10	15
Hopkins, Jr.	9	18	7
Oscar, 10	3
M Riemson, 10	15	14	13	14
H Pape, 10	11
Pape, Jr.	10	12
W Anselm	3	4	2
M Stone	17	13

Aqu'dneck Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I.—Despite the low temperature and biting wind prevailing, the Thanksgiving Day shoot of the club was well attended, fifteen shooters participating, and all but two going through the programme. After the first four events for optional sweeps were disposed of, the handicap prize match at 50 targets was shot, with allowances of misses as breaks. In this, Coggeshall and Alexander tied on full scores of 50, the former winning the shoot-off, miss-and-out; Hammett and E. S. Peckham tying for second place with 49, the latter winning. Bowles filled third place and Mason fourth. For actual breaks for the programme, Bowles was high gun with 78, followed by Smith, Hammett, Mason, Coggeshall and Griffin. The prizes consisted of a dress suit case, silk umbrella, pipe and wallet.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Prize
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	Tot'l.
Hammett, 17	8	11	6	11	8	9	7	8	68
Coggeshall, 20	6	10	8	9	8	10	5	8	64
Dring, 17	4	6	6	9	7	6	4	10	52
Cozzens, 18	6	11	5	8	5	10	3	5	53
Bowles, 10	8	13	9	11	6	12	6	13	78
E S Peckham, 20	7	12	6	9	2	11	7	9	63
Sherman, 15	5	8	8	7	5	33
Champ, 25	3	4	2	5	2	7	4	..	27
Mason, 15	7	10	5	13	6	10	6	8	65
H A Peckham, 15	5	6	4	7	7	4	3	11	47
Alexander, 25	5	9	7	6	5	8	5	8	53
Macomber, 25	1	6	3	3	2	3	3	4	25
Manchester, 5	6	10	8	7	6	3	10	..	58
*Smith	6	12	8	11	7	13	10	9	76
Griffin, 10	9	9	7	10	4	11	4	10	64

*Visitor.

Ross vs. Batjer.

Elizabeth, N. J., Nov. 26.—The live-bird match of 25 birds, \$25 a side, between Mr. Louis Batjer, the all-round sportsman of Elizabeth, and Fredk. West Ross, the fifteen-year-old son of Mr. W. E. Ross, was held on Thanksgiving morning, at Earl's, on Rahway road. As the score shows, from start to finish, Mr. Batjer was not in young Ross' class.

Ross showed excellent judgment for his first appearance at the traps, shooting in fast time with his first barrel, and taking time with the second.

An incident of this young adept's work was going to the platform with the hammers of his gun down, only discovering it when the bird was well under way. He, however, lowered his gun, cocked one barrel and killed his bird cleanly. This bird was a fast right-quartering incomer.

A sweep was then arranged, in which W. E. Ross killed 14 straight, C. H. Ross 12 straight, Fred W. Ross 9 out of 10, E. W. Browne 2 out of 6. The scores:

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Batjer	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	2	0	1	1	2	0	1	1	3
Ross	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	2	0	1	0	0	0	2	2	1

Cincinnati Club Members.

EMIL WERK, Chas. Gammon and some of their Chicago friends have returned from a hunt in Wisconsin. The weather was cold, 29 below, and there was considerable snow on the ground. They killed one bear and two deer, besides having some excellent duck shooting. One of the hunters wandered away from camp and was not found until the next forenoon. He was fortunate in being able to start a fire, and thus keep from freezing. When found he was about twelve miles from camp. As soon as he realized he was lost, he made his camp and waited for a rescue.

Maynard and Herman Jergens were at the grounds on Thanksgiving Day, having returned from their hunt in Lawrence county, Ill. They had excellent sport, killing all they could eat, besides supplying the neighbors, and brought home fifty quail a piece, which they distributed among their friends who could not get off.

Grandpa Winters and party had a successful trip in his launch the Little Jim. They hunted at available places along the Ohio as far as Augusta, Ky., bagging twelve mallards, seventy-seven rabbits and eleven quail. Lew Pfeiffer and several friends have returned from a hunt at Rising Sun, Ind., with ninety-one rabbits. Lew is a pretty good shot, although his friends do say he is more of an expert at diving, and can get more game.

BONASA.

New York Athletic Club.

NEW YORK, Nov. 28.—The New York Athletic Club shoot at Travers Island to-day, was well attended. Dan. I. Bradley cup, 50 targets, handicap allowances, to be won twice to become the property of the winner, had scores as follows:

H P Walker	8	28	35	G E Greiff	2	36	33
W J Elias	20	22	42	Dr. De Wolf	8	25	33
H P Walker	8	28	35	Marble	0	19	19

Other events:

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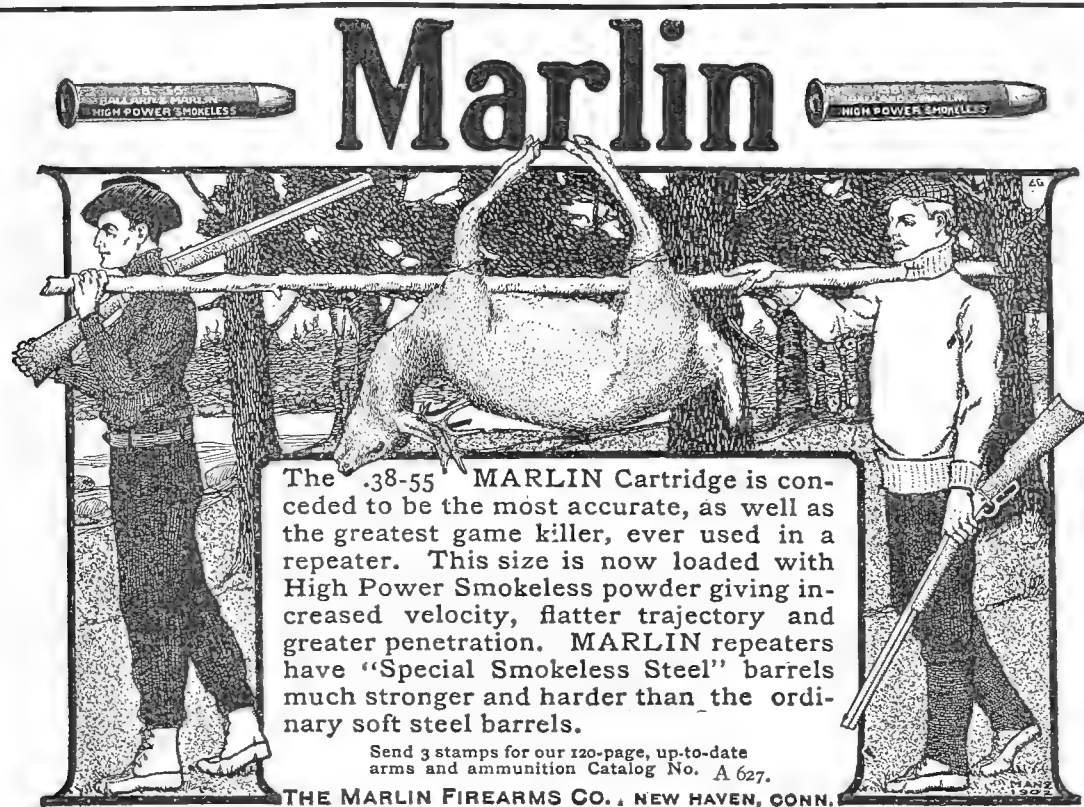
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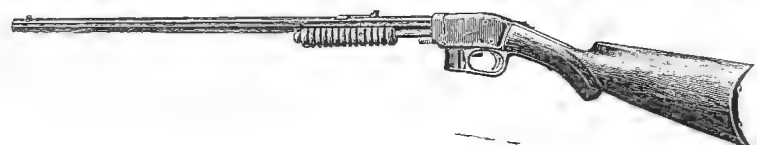
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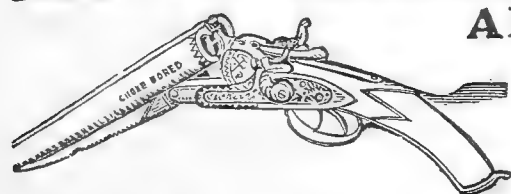
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Lampighter, The.—Maria S. Cummins.
Last Days of Pompeii.—Bulwer-Lytton.
Last of the Barons.—Bulwer-Lytton.
Last of the Mohicans.—James Fenimore Cooper.
Lay of the Last Minstrel.—Sir Walter Scott.
Lena Rivers.—Mary J. Holmes.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE handsome Christmas number of FOREST AND STREAM has been received with unvarying favor. It has been termed artistic, substantial and worthy. The demand for it has been large, exceeding anticipation. Copies are for sale on all news stands and by dealers everywhere. If in any case it cannot be obtained, orders sent to this office will be filled.

GOOD THINGS IN STORE.

AMONG the interesting series of papers which will appear in these pages during the coming year will be the account by Raymond S. Spears of his expedition down the Mississippi River. The third of Mr. Spears' chapters will be printed next week. Another series, having special timeliness to the St. Louis Louisiana Purchase celebration, will be from the pen of George Bird Grinnell, following the "Trails of the Path-Finders," and dealing with the exploration of the early travelers in the further West. Beginning with Alexander Henry the elder, and Carver, these accounts will come down through Lewis and Clark, Henry the younger, Pike the hero of the earliest years of the last century, and many another traveler whose hardy deeds, never-failing courage, great achievements, and exciting adventures have been forgotten, along with his very name, by the busy, pushing people of to-day.

CHINOOK.

"THE Story of a Stump" by H. G. Dulong, in our Christmas number has attracted much attention, especially in the Northwest, because the inscription quoted affords an extremely interesting illustration of the quick development of a newly invented written language.

The Chinook jargon is well known to all who have traveled in northwestern America to have a wide currency, extending from the land of the Eskimo south to California, and from the Pacific Ocean east to the Rocky Mountains. It is properly termed a jargon, for it is a conventional language similar to the *Lingua Franca* of the Mediterranean, and the Pigeon English of China—a trade tongue spoken by many people and sufficient for the expression of simple ideas.

Although some persons have expressed the belief that the jargon was in use before the advent of the whites on the northwest coast, this may well enough be doubted; although it is probable that many words belonging to different tribal languages were in use among other tribes, and it is possible that there was some common tongue by which intercourse was carried on all along the coast before the coming of the whites. However, the Chinook jargon, as we know it, contains abundant internal evidence of English and French influence, and many of its words are drawn from these languages, just as many are drawn from the Chinook language and from that of the Nootka and other coast tribes. The multitude of different Indian tongues spoken along the coast greatly favored the establishment of some common speech. We are told that in 1792 Vancouver's officers who visited Gray's Harbor found that the natives there, though speaking a different language, yet understood many words of Chinook, and in the narrative of Hewitt, a captive among the Nootka in 1803, a brief vocabulary of the Nootka tongue is given which contains words now found in the jargon.

When Lewis and Clark reached the mouth of the Columbia in 1806, the Chinook jargon had become a spoken tongue, but when the Astor fur traders arrived it came into more general use, and received many additions. In this way its growth continued until the arrival of the railroad and the settlement of the country, since which time it has slowly begun to drop into disuse.

One of the most interesting developments in connection with this language is the establishment of a method of writing it. This invention is due to the energy of the French priest, Father Le Jeune, who in the year 1890 conceived the idea of adapting the Duployan system of stenography to writing the jargon. This was done at once, and it was found that the system answered perfectly well for the purpose. An Indian who saw the writing for the first time soon learned its principles, and taught other Indians. In July, 1891, a little instruction in it was given to the Shuswaps, later to the Thompson Indians, those of Douglas Lake, and other interior points, while in 1892 lessons were given to the lower Fraser and sea coast

Indians. All these people took hold of this writing with extraordinary readiness, and easily perfected themselves in the reading and writing of it. It has since spread very extensively among British Columbia Indians.

In 1891 Father Le Jeune issued the first number of a little paper written in these characters, which he called the Kamloops Wawa—the Kamloops Speaker. This periodical, written by Father Le Jeune, and by him printed on a mimeograph, has had a very considerable circulation, and has done much to diffuse a knowledge of these written characters. How generally they are in use is shown by the copy of the letter carved on a stump included by our correspondent, H. G. Dulong, in the charming Story of a Stump, already referred to.

Syllabaries of Indian tongues are not great novelties. We have the alphabet of Sequoya, the Cree syllabary invented by the missionaries of the North, and now in general use among Indians and half-breeds of the Northwest, possessing as well a very considerable printed literature. But for extraordinary character and for swiftness of adoption there is perhaps nothing quite like the written Chinook wawa. As Mr. Pilling well says, "Written in an international language, 'set up' in stenographic characters, and printed on a mimeograph by its inventor, editor, reporter and publisher all in one, this little weekly seems to leave nothing in the way of novelty to be desired."

GAME POSSESSION IN LOUISIANA.

WE print elsewhere a recent decision of Judge Baker of the New Orleans District Court in the case of a hotel proprietor who was under prosecution for the possession of venison in close time. The decision is interesting as an illustration of the extent to which one with a preconceived opinion may find in the wording of the law something diametrically opposed to the meaning which another may find in the same language. In this instance, Judge Baker reads the statute to confirm his notion of the intent of the Legislature, which he expresses in these words:

"I imagine it would be difficult to find a statute which makes, or undertakes to make, the possession alone of property which has a legitimate use in and of itself a crime. Ordinarily, when possession is made criminal it is made so because the possession is wrongfully obtained, or the property had in possession is intended for some wrongful purpose. * * * Believing as I do that the possession of deer during the prohibited season can only be unlawful when the killing or taking was unlawful, the judgment herein rendered must be set aside."

As a matter of fact there is not the slightest difficulty in finding "a statute which makes the possession alone of property which has a legitimate use in and of itself a crime," that is to say, a misdemeanor. The game laws of the country at large do this very thing. It is the prevailing principle that the possession of game in close season is prohibited and made a misdemeanor. Game is "property" of a certain nature "which has a legitimate use," and the possession of it is forbidden without respect to whether it was "wrongfully obtained." Judge Parker appears altogether to have missed a recognition of this common element in our game protective system. Prohibition of possession in close time is essential for two purposes; the first to prevent the killing in the close season, and the second to prevent the excessive slaughter in open season for marketing in close season. The game supply of Louisiana, like the supply of the rest of the country, could not stand the drain of killing for unrestricted possession and sale in the close time; nor is the executive system of the State so perfect that it could enforce the law against killing in close season were there no restriction on possession in close season. It is reasonable to assume that the Legislature intended to adopt the system elsewhere in force and by statute to confine the possession of game to the period open for the taking of it. And, indeed, the law as quoted by Judge Baker himself does thus explicitly forbid possession in close time.

Section 1 provides that it shall be unlawful to have any deer in possession except as hereinafter provided.

The "hereinafter provided" exception is given in Section 2, which names an open season for killing deer.

Section 5 provides that it shall be unlawful to have any game in possession "within the period during which they are intended to be protected by the provisions of this act." The period during which they are intended to be

protected is specified in Section 1. It is all the time except during the open season provided in Section 2. That is to say, they may be possessed only in the open season; they may not be possessed in the close season.

The Audubon Society would do well to appeal the case.

MONEY BY MAIL.

THE season of holiday buying accentuates the very common inconvenience of sending money by mail. This is often so great as actually to discourage a prospective purchaser, who would send for the desired article were the transmission of money simple and convenient. We estimate that the mail-order book business of the FOREST AND STREAM would be very much greater were the sending of money by mail practically as ready and simple as the handing of money over a counter. One transaction should be no more inconvenient than the other. A buyer should be enabled to do business at a distance directly without going to the post-office for a money order or to the bank for a draft.

We have alluded before to the work of the Post Check Currency Bureau, which is making an organized effort to secure action by Congress which will provide a system of check currency by which the currency in every day use may be converted into checks for safe transmission to the e.

The measure now before Congress is H. R. 1976, introduced Nov. 12, by Mr. Gardner, of Michigan. It provides in brief that paper currency of the denominations of one, two and five dollars shall have upon the face of the note suitable blank spaces, in which the holder may write his own name and the name of a payee; and the note thus filled out and stamped with a two-cent postage becomes thereupon a check payable only to the person or firm designated, and may be sent through the mails with perfect security. When receipted by the payee it may be cashed at any money-order office, or may go through the banks for ultimate return to the Treasury for cancellation. To illustrate the working of the scheme: A subscriber wishing to send the subscription price of FOREST AND STREAM would take two two-dollar notes and write upon the face in the blanks provided his own name and the name of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, affix a two-cent stamp to each bill and mail them. Upon receipt, the Forest and Stream Publishing Company would affix its signature in the spaces provided and deposit the notes in the bank.

The system is admirable in simplicity and safety. The adoption of it by Congress would facilitate trade to an extent incalculable. Public interest in securing the post currency system should be given such expression as will prompt action by Congress.

THE probability is that when the Mayor of Freeport, Ill., and his friends started out on a deer hunting expedition in the wilds of Wisconsin, they had not the slightest intention of providing venison for the inmates of the Wisconsin State Hospital for the Insane. On the contrary, it was their purpose to bring the game home for their own tables and those of their friends. To this end they took the precautions and adopted the expedients known to visiting sportsmen intent upon violating the export laws of the State in which they are hunting. The venison was carefully packed in trunks and the trunks were then checked through to the Illinois destination. All would have gone well but for the unseemly conduct of the game warden. That individual, as the Mayor of Freeport explained to the Governor of Wisconsin, was "unduly active and over-officious;" very disagreeable traits of a game warden, it must be confessed, when one is trying to sneak his game out of the State. As for the unfortunate Mayor, the warden's over-officiousness threw the fat into the fire; that is to say, diverted the trunked venison from its way to Freeport and landed it in the Hospital for the Insane. There may the chaplain say grace over it with good heart. The Mayor, bereft of guns, dogs, venison and honor, has perhaps already said about this piece of meat something else which was neither the giving of thanks nor the invocation of a blessing.

THE FOREST AND STREAM of January 2, the New Year number, will contain a colored supplement printed in twelve colors.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Maine Woods Songs.

Most of them are unwritten—the songs of the Maine lumber camps. The words have been passed down by word of mouth like the tales of the desert Bedouins and the love songs lilted at night beside the camp-fires in the East.

The vocalists among the Maine woodsmen have but tune—a sighing, melancholy monotone like the purr of the night wind in the pines. Those who have understanding in such matters say that this universal tune and its slight variations are borrowed from the early English melodies. For that matter, some of the songs that are now sung in the far woods are in their wording corruptions of some of the old English ballads. The woodsmen will tell one that so far back as the memory of man runs in the woods these camp songs have not been put to paper. Therefore, so far as these rugged songsters of the North are concerned, their songs have come from lip to lip all the way down from the ancestors, who brought the words across the sea.

The sportsmen who throng the Maine woods in the hunting season make a practice of seeking out lumber camps in order to spend an evening at the hearthside and listen to these quaint old ballads. Half the charm is in the surroundings and the methods of the singers.

The snapping fire in the big room of the camp, flashing its eerie light on the faces of the "deacon-seat" crowd, the dancing flickers on the low-sloping rafters, blue wreaths from the pipe bowls curling lazily among the larrigans and leggings hung to dry, the board bunks filled with their spicy boughs of spruce and hemlock, and the deep, dark forest around with its thrills of sound and its sighing trees—all these are the necessary concomitants for a due appreciation of a camp song sung by a woodsman.

And then the manner of singing!

"Wal, Pete," the boss will say, after quacking briskly at his pipe stem to get his tobacco alight, "How's your voice to-night?"

The woods camp songster is always backward.

"All sung out," growls Pete.

"Here, cookee," bawls the boss, "bring Pete a handful of canary bird seed and a hunk of cuttlefish. We want some music."

A bellow of laughter from the deacon-seat greets this well-worn woods joke, and Pete grunts in answer to the chaffing. But at last the chorus of appeals stirs his phlegm. He knocks his pipe against his heel, scruffs his toil-stained hand through his shaggy locks as though in an effort to dig up ideas and scowls reflectively.

"Can't think of anything new," he grumbles.

"We don't want anything new," shouts the boss. "It's only city dudes that want a new tune every time they turn around. It takes fifty years to make a tune pop'lar in the woods," he explains to the stranger who may be within the gates for the evening.

"Give us the old Lake Chemo one," is a request from the dark corner where one lolls in his bunk kicking his moccasins idly over the side.

So Pete, thus adjured, crosses one leg over the other, leans forward on his elbows and beating time with cocked-up toe, lifts up his voice.

"I left old Lake Chemo a long way behind me,
When with many a tear back to Old Town I came;
But if ever I live just a year from this August,
I'll pack up my traps for old Chemo again,
Where the pick'rel are plenty, the perch in abundance,
And whisky and new milk they both flow like rain;
And if I but live till a year from this August,
I'll pack up my traps for Lake Chemo again."

There are many other verses devoted to the extolling of Lake Chemo, and the good things to be enjoyed there, and the audience listens with as much avidity as though it heard the song for the first time. And when the singer suddenly breaks from his sighing melody and recites the last line in cold, calm, matter-of-fact recitative as a signal that this is the end, the applause is uproarious.

That universal method of ending a woods song produces a peculiar effect on one who listens for the first time. It is a sort of anti-climax, as it were, like a douche of cold water, but no singer ever thinks of varying the style.

With Pete once started, there is no trouble in getting him to sing another song. Usually his next one is a lilt with a chorus. He carries on the burden of the ballad—usually some narrative, and his fellows come in on the chorus with all the vigor of two score pairs of lungs.

The old woods favorite, The Bold Baker of Banbury Town, is sung many times in the course of the winter. Old men who were in the Maine lumber camps seventy-five years ago, say that it was sung with as much zest then.

Here are two of the dozen or more stanzas which, with the chorus, consume a very respectable amount of time:

"There was a bold baker of Banbury Town,"

And now all the men together as loud as they can bawl:

"Sing whoop, fa la larry, ling darry, sing torry lo day!
And the baker to Mansfield market was bound,
Sing whoop, fa la larry lo day!
He harnessed his boss and he piled on his load,
And away to Mansfield market he rode,
Sing whoop, fa la larry lo day!"

"He hardly had got two miles on his way,
Sing whoop, fa la larry, ling, darry, sing torry lo day!
When he espied three devils at play,
Sing whoop, fa la larry lo day!
'Says they, 'Master Baker, can you tell us that,
And that's what makes your boss look so fat?'
Sing whoop, fa la larry lo day!"

Sometimes in the deep woods when the men are chopping, one will start this song, and from all round

among the trees the others will come in on the chorus with an inspiring effect that drives startled deer and wandering bob cats far to the depths of the forest.

There is almost always in all crews one song addressed to a good cook and his willing cookee, or helper. While the men are smoking and digesting their suppers, and the cook and cookee are hustling about their work in the dingle, scrubbing the supper tins, the crew will break out into some such clamorous laudation as this, the persons thus addressed flushing self-consciously and grinning half shamefacedly:

"Perhaps there are cooks who in slappin' up grub,
Have got eddication clear up to the nub.
There are cooks for the rich men and cooks for the queens
But here's to our cooks of the pork and the beans,
Sing hey foo loo lap tarr, O!
Go hunt where ye will, on the land or the sea,
Ye'll find none to wrasse our cook and cookee."

"They're up at the peep o' day, early about
With their grub on the table. Turn out, boys! Turn out!
They boost up the sun and they pry off the lid
Of the old iron pot where the beans have been hid.
Sing hey foo loo lap tarr, O!
Go hunt where ye will, on the land or the sea,
Ye'll find none to wrasse our cook and cookee."

These are some of the more cheerful songs. But lumbermen are as superstitious as sailors. For instance, there is a camp up on the Soudnaheunk waters that is reputed to be haunted. It is said that it was built on a man's grave, and those who have been hardy enough to sleep in it alone aver that most extraordinary noises are heard there. Years ago some unknown woods composer evolved this song that ever since has had more or less vogue in the camps at night, especially when there is a storm abroad, and the woodsmen feel like harassing their own feelings:

"O, I went, boys, I went to old Jumper Joe's grave,
Clank, chank your chains, you old devil, you!
Says he, 'Boost me up from hell-fire to save,'
Clank, chank your chains, old Joe.
"He rattled underneath, and he rattled overhead,
Whew! smell the brimstone down there below!
I did not darst to lie down in that bed,
Where they laid out old Joe."

There are many songs that commemorate the achievements of the old-time lumber operators and employers in the Penobscot region. Of these it is related that John Ross, when he wanted men for his crews and wanted them in a hurry, would fairly lug them away with him into the woods. There is a song that relates the perils of the drive along o' John Ross, and starts in as follows:

"The first night I was married, and was lying in my bed,
Up steps John Ross, that lumberman, and stood at my bed-head
Sayin' 'Rise, arise, young married man, and come along with me,
For the wild woods of Chesuncook for to drive those logs so free."

These are, of course, but scraps and snatches, but they give a bit of an idea of the unconventional nature of these lyrics of the camps. No conception of the music, always picturesquely characteristic and sometimes weird, can be afforded.

Perhaps there is no woods song more widely known in northern Maine than the crude ballad that was the swan song of one Peter Amberly. He was a chopper in an Aroostook camp, and the circumstances under which the song was written make the lines peculiarly pathetic.

Amberly was an eighteen-year-old boy, a quiet, well-mannered young fellow who is remembered by some of the older lumbermen of Maine.

He had been driven from home by the severity of his father and came into Maine from his home in the Provinces. Amberly was crushed by falling logs while he was helping to load a sled. He lived two or three days after the accident, receiving only such rough nursing as the cook could give between his duties. While lying in his bunk awaiting death, Amberly composed some verses and left a request that they be sent home to his mother. The poor screed was forwarded, but the pathos of the affair was very close to the hearts of the woodsmen, and since that time the lines have been sung in all the camps between West Branch and the Allegash. The music is full of long-drawn notes and queer quavers. Here is the fashion in which the ballad starts off:

"My name is Peter Amberly, as you may understand;
I was born in Prince Edward's island, near by the ocean's strand.
I hired to work in the lumber woods, where the logs come crush-

ing down,
And in loading sleds from a high-piled yard I received my mortal wound.

There's danger on the dashing sea when angry waves run high,
There's danger on the battlefield when screaming bullets fly,
There's danger, too, in the lumber woods, and death stalks solemn there,

And I have fallen a victim now into the monster's snare.
Here's adieu unto my father, it was he who drove me here;
He was always harsh toward me, his treatment was severe.
Here's adieu unto my better friend, my mother sweet and fair,
She reared a son who fell as soon as he left her tender care.
Here's adieu unto my younger friends and my island girl so true,
Long may they live to grace the soil where my first breath I drew.

Here's adieu to Prince Edward's Island, that garden in the seas,
No more I'll roam its sunny banks and drink the summer breeze.
Near to the city of Boisetown my mouldering bones will lay,
Forever there neglected until the Judgment Day."

This composition is crude, to be sure, but its sincerity and the circumstances under which it was written make it one of the most pathetic bits of folklore in the Maine woods. It is the wail of a homesick boy dying far from home and those who loved him, with only the rough hands of woodsmen to ease his pillow. Such verse is not to be judged by the cold standard of metrical composition.

Sportsmen from town who have heard these ditties when they have been sung in the proper surroundings and by the woodsmen themselves, have carried away a memory of the forest both piquant and lasting.

HOLMAN F. DAY.

AUBURN, Me.

Back-Trailing Horses.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Emerson Carney's notes as to horses following the back trail remind me of an interesting ride I had last summer in the Rocky Mountains.

Our camp was on Swift Current River, near the St. Mary's lakes, which are located in the northwestern part of Montana. We left camp early one morning to ride to the glacier at head of the south fork of Swift Current, which is reached by crossing the Continental Divide and going to the west side of the range. I was mounted on the Abbot, a light bay delicately built Indian pony that had at one time been a race horse. He was fleet of foot, ambitious, and always wanted to be in the lead.

We rode up the middle fork of Swift Current, following a plain open trail until we reached the heavy timber, where we turned off on a blazed trail. This led along through the pines with Swift Current and a high mountain on our left while on our right was Mount Wilbur, with many streams running down its sides and emptying in the river on our left.

We forded these as we came to them; then we passed on through the forest, stepping over fallen timber and winding in and out through and past the lodge pole pines, balsam and other trees.

Presently the man in the lead turned his horse toward an opening in the trees and we followed. To the uninitiated this opening would have meant nothing and would have been passed unnoticed, but we were now on an old Kootenai game trail. This we followed much in the same way, through streams and among the tall straight pines, with the mountains towering above us on either side.

Then we came to a more open place where grew tall grass and many beautiful flowers. In front of us and in the distance was the great wall of rock over which we were to pass. It seemed a continuation of the tremendous mountains on either hand, and showed no break or opening through which we might pass. We were no longer in the timber. There were scattering pines in the valley. Above us on the drifts high upon the mountain sides we could see the tracks of goats, making long lines on the snow. Our course bore to the left as we followed the range.

As we approached the very head of the valley we turned to the left, and then, rounding a point of the mountain, to the right, and there the trail began to climb. From here on, the way was hard. Soon we were obliged to dismount and lead our horses. Even this was difficult, as the ascent was so steep and winding that the horses began to crowd on each other, and it seemed that one might be pushed off the narrow trail at any moment and roll down the mountain. This did not happen, but after great efforts we finally reached the top—the continental divide looking toward the Pacific.

The climb on foot to the glacier occupied most of the day, so that when we got back to our horses we had only time to build a fire and make some chocolate, for if we did not get down the divide before dark we should have to spend the night on the mountain. It was with great difficulty that we got down.

The snow over which we had to pass seemed harder than when we came up, so that the horses slipped and floundered and could hardly keep their feet. The light began to fade, the wind blew, and the air was cold. The waterfalls which surrounded us on every side seemed louder and more threatening than earlier in the day. Our horses slipped and slid and stumbled, but we finally reached the bottom just as it was growing dark.

It was here that Jack Monroe said, "You and Abbot may lead the outfit if you like." The Abbot seemed to understand the words. As I turned him toward the camp his ears pricked and he led off with a vigor and understanding which were unmistakable. He was so quick that the last of the party were hardly off the mountain before we were well on the trail. To be alone with one's horse and he taking you through a wild and unknown country with mountains towering on every side, brings to one a comprehension of the intelligence and fidelity of the dumb beast. As we were passing along through some heavy underbrush with nothing to show that we had gone that way before, the Abbot shied to one side and a large dark animal was seen ahead of us in the lowering light. I was not afraid of the porcupine, but my legs clung tighter to the Abbot's sides as we then plunged into a dense black hole and were in the forest. My reins hung loose over the horse's neck, and I let him go where he would. It was so dark that I could distinguish little as I looked ahead while the Abbot swung along with perfect confidence. We came to streams and he plunged into them, scrambling up on the opposite bank, winding his way in and out between the trees. The others of the party followed close at our heels. The Abbot's swiftness would have left them behind had I not checked him and waited so that we might all keep together and no one get lost. He seemed always to be on the alert, sometimes turning his head to one side.

We came to one stream that had grown higher and more threatening since our crossing in the morning, but I trusted to the Abbot and he carried me over, although from the great depth of the stream I was confident that we were wrong. Only once he seemed to leave the trail, and then he showed his own good judgment in going around a place which was wet and deep with mud.

We had many miles to go through the forest, which was so black, mysterious, and silent, save for the sound of the falling water and the voices of our own party.

I strained my eyes for possible sign or moving object, but saw none. The only thing that relieved the intense blackness were the tall flowered heads of the soap weed which grew in little openings and which looked ghost-like as we passed along. The Abbot finally brought us out of the forest.

We then rode along Swift Current down to our camp. When we got out in the open country and the other horses came alongside, I felt they all owed the Abbot a great debt of thanks.

At another time the same horse brought me back to camp, but it was daylight, and at times I could see the tracks made in going out, so I knew that we were on the trail. Back-trailing, I believe, is a trait not found in all horses to the same degree.

When one finds a horse to whom he can trust his life, do you wonder in such a country as the West, where one

Natural History.

Substitutes for the Hand.

THE uses of the human hand are various, the chief of which is as the organ of touch and of prehension. The sense of feeling is distributed all over the body; but in examining any substance by touching it we use the ends of the fingers. It is there that this delicate sense is primarily placed. So, too, in seizing and holding any object we employ the hand.

In the lower creation we find in some animals organs that are used for the same purposes, those most nearly approaching the human hand both as a tactual and a prehensile instrument being the proboscis of the elephant and the paws of the monkey. The latter creature also has a powerful means of "holding on" in his prehensile tail, which convenience he shares to some extent with the opossum, and which in human circles is rivaled only by the persistence of the man who is waiting around for a Presidential appointment.

Something akin to the delicacy of touch, as it exists in the ends of the fingers in the human hand, we find, we say, in various organs in the lower creation. To these lower animals it is as important as it is to man, as it is as vital to their well being as it is to his. In the cat, for instance, how exquisitely delicate is the sense of touch as it exists in the extreme ends of Tabby's "whiskers." Every individual bristle is as sensitive to touch as is the electrode to the influence of the magnetic current. "The cat," says an old writer, "stealing along in darkness, in order to invade the pigeon-loft or chicken-pen, is materially aided by these organs, which communicate an impression from the slightest contact with any object. They enable it to creep through crevices without running foul of any impediment, or to steal through tangled brushwood upon the bird or the leveret, and thus combine with the power of nocturnal vision, and its springy feet, well armed for destruction, to fit it for its insidious habits." This extreme sensitiveness of the cat's whiskers is peculiar to all her tribe, and serves the same purpose in all in pursuing their prey through the thickets and jungles as in honest puss when on her way to the pigeon-loft or the chicken-pen.

The antennæ of certain insects answer the same purpose as the whiskers of the feline race. Speaking of these antennæ, Bingley, in his *Natural History* observes, "These instruments, of apparently exquisite sensibility, appear adapted to very different purposes, but to purposes with which we may remain long unacquainted." Whatever different purposes they may be adapted to, may, as he says, long remain a secret; yet anyone that has observed an insect reaching out his long antennæ and groping about with them as if in quest of information as to his whereabouts, can have no doubt that one purpose in their construction was that they might be the organs of touch in those small creatures.

In some animals this organ is very imperfect, and unless it is made up to them in some way of which we know nothing, their knowledge of objects around them, so far as knowledge is to be gained by this sense, must be very limited. In the hog, for example, the sense of touch seems to reside in the end of the snout; in the dog and the mole, in the end of the nose; in the giraffe, in the long flexible upper lip; in birds, in the bill; and in some other creatures, if this sense exists in them at all, it is perhaps only in the tongue.

The monkey's fore paw most resembles the human hand both in its shape, its situation, and its general adaptation to use; but it falls far below the latter in efficiency, mainly for want of a true thumb. "If we vigorously scrutinize the hands of the ape tribe," says the author of "Structure in Animals," "we shall soon perceive that they are instruments for grasping rather than organs structurally adapted for tact and nice manipulation. In all the thumb is short and feeble; in none is it a fair antagonist to the fingers, though in some species it is better developed than in others."

Of all these appliances the proboscis of the elephant is the most remarkable substitute for the human hand and arm. Its wonderful flexibility and strength, its extreme sensitiveness as an organ of touch, and its power of manipulation by which it is able to crush the body of a lion or to pick up a pin from the floor, constitute it, as Bingley says, "one of the most useful and extraordinary instruments that the wisdom of Providence has bestowed on any species of animal." T. J. CHAPMAN.

Thoreau as a Naturalist.

HENRY D. THOREAU had a wonderful gift not only as an observer of nature in her fields and forests, but that rare faculty of describing truthfully and vividly the habits and language of her wild children. Although he hunted without a gun, neither bird, beast, plant, or flower escaped his keen search, and his descriptions will appeal to every true sportsman and close observer of nature. In this respect he was a leader and not a follower nor imitator of others. Our most gifted and brilliant writers and observers of nature, such as John Burroughs, C. C. Abbott, William Hamilton Gibson, Bradford Torrey, Ernest Ingersoll, Frank Bolles, Rowland E. Robinson, Ernest Thompson Seton, and many others, make quotations from his original descriptions, a few of which will speak for themselves:

"The bluebird carries the sky on his back and the earth on his breast."

"The woodchuck resembles a piece of rusty iron in the grass."

He says the carrion flower reminds him of a dead rat in the wall.

Again he speaks of the woods in autumn: "What wholesome drinks are in the swamps now; the rain falling on dried herbs and leaves and filling the pools and ditches into which they have dropped will soon convert them into green, black, brown, and yellow tea of all degrees of strength, enough to set all nature gossiping."

His description of the red squirrel is amusing. In the winter he threw out corn from his cabin at Walden on to the snow for them. He says: "One would come running out on the snow crust by fits and starts, like a leaf

blown by the wind, a few paces this way and then a few paces that way, wasting more time than it would have taken to reach the corn, when suddenly, before you could say Jack Robinson, he would be in the top of a pine tree winding up his clock and chiding all imaginary spectators, and talking to all the universe at the same time."

He speaks of the owl as "the winged brother of the cat." He says, "If I were awakened from a deep sleep I would know which side of the meridian the sun might be by the aspect of nature and the chirp of the crickets. Though no painter could paint the difference, the landscape has a thousand dials which indicate the natural division of time; shadows of a thousand styles point to the hour."

Again he says, "The wood thrush pitches his flute notes in the pine alleys where at twilight is heard the strange prophecy of the whippoorwill. The ovenbird beats his brass whichever-whicher in the heated shades of noon, mixed with the feathery roll call of the partridge."

Who but Thoreau would describe the drumming of the partridge as a feathery roll call? It is also true that the metallic notes of the ovenbird are the loudest and sharpest in the noontide heat.

Much has been written of Thoreau; many have tried to imitate him, but none have equaled the great philosopher of our fields and forests. He took pride in his poverty of money, and tried to impress on others the fact that there were other kinds of poverty much worse than the poverty of money.

One of his old friends remarked as he stood looking at the old bed on which he died: "Thoreau was ostentatiously poor." While he lived his writings were very little sought for, but in the few decades that have passed since he died, there has been a great demand for his works.

There is enough in his journals of the seasons, spring, summer, autumn, and winter, to make his name famous, and to-day no well conducted library is without his books, and as the days go by the demand will continue to increase. GEO. L. BROWN.

Seaboard Air Line.—X.

May 15 to Nov. 15, 1903.

FROM May to November is a far cry in the life of a bird. Many sweet voices that made our outside world bright, as they rang among the blooms at nesting time, are now adding their charm to round out the romance of "old days" that still lingers about many a southern homestead. One can imagine the delighted whispering that stirs the trailing fronds of Spanish moss, as the signal comes, "the birds are here, arrived last night, watch out," and soon their forms are seen among the live oaks, and gums, brightening the quiet of the old trees into new life, flinging crisp fragments of northern melody on the still air, just to flaunt the mockingbirds and cardinals. The long draught of our early spring seemed to make very little difference in the traveling arrangements of the migrating hosts. Orioles arrived on May 12, and the 18th furnished a rare musical treat, in the form of a rhapsody by a gorgeous rose-breasted grosbeak, that warbled with exquisite abandon while gleaming among the viroes, who always seem to find rich forage about the oak trees. On the 20th scarlet tanagers appeared, the gleam of their brilliant plumage emphasizing their every movement amid the tender green foliage that glistened from over-night showers (the first in many weeks). Robins nested in unusual numbers and all our residents were successful in rearing their young, as there were no sharp squalls to upset their domestic economy, or hurl their fledglings to destruction. English sparrows also produced an enormous crop, owing to the absence of stormy weather. I never walk abroad after a heavy rain at nesting time, when the paths are dotted with the little naked dead bodies of these drowned out Britishers without thinking of the remark of a bright young miss of my acquaintance, "pickled mussels" she called them, and the gleaming yellow gills of the poor little sodden bodies certainly give a "pickled mussel" effect as the eye first lights upon them. All our residents took advantage of the specially favorable season to rear large families, and bird life abounded everywhere about us all through the summer days.

As to the through travel on the "Air Line," it was (as per my last report) heavy during April, reaching its culmination the first week in May. The return tide has been markedly greater than for many years past. I have the unusual note of a flock of wood duck that whirled about the old-time haunts of their ancestors for a few days in late October. Woodcock have also dropped in on us, and a sturdy specimen startled me on Election Day as he whistled up from a brier tangle that edged my path. All through the golden days of this superb autumn weather the birds have been moving—myriads of all kinds—and the end is not yet, for many members of the thrush family are still rustling the fallen leaves in sheltered copses, or gleaming among the forgotten berries of the dogwoods. *The shep! shep! shep! shep!* of the fox-sparrow resounds through the still air of the quiet woods, and one may catch many a charming glimpse of rufous coats and gleaming small clothes as these alert birds zigzag about the undergrowth just ahead. As they always keep together, one has a fine opportunity to view them as he walks along, their pretty colors contrasting beautifully with the yellows and browns of the fallen leaves. Wild ducks have gone over in fair numbers, though I have seen but few geese as yet. I wonder why writers and artists will always insist in describing and depicting the flight of wild geese in V formation. The fact is, I believe, that this V-shaped flock makes such a striking picture in the heavens, as the honking squadrons come and go, that people and casual observers in general have come to believe that wild geese always fly thus.

While the fish hawk family is always well represented along the Jersey coast, I found them much more in evidence the past season than in many years. Terns, too, were fairly numerous. I saw hundreds of them on each occasion when I went outside to view the "troubles of Shamrock," but they kept aloof at such distances that I could not identify them.

Speaking of terns, I had the pleasure of a pleasant

has to trust all to the horse, that a great affection is felt between man and beast?

A summer spent in such riding makes riding in Central Park on one's return seem very tame. E. C. G.

NEW YORK.

Texas Bad Men.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Tom Gilchrist in his catalogue of the bad men of Texas mentions Tom Smith among them. If this is the Tom Smith that I knew, and I think he is, I and he had something to do with keeping "bad men" (in their minds) in order many years ago.

He had entered the Confederate army when only 17 years old in 1861, and had staid in it until "the break up," then coming home, the military governor of Texas had appointed him sheriff of Fayette county, and I acted as his deputy, the only one he had.

The citizens in this county then were still divided into two parties, Union and Confederate, and these again were split up into parties who had private feuds among them. Nearly every man was on the watch to get a drop on some other man, and all went armed; but I would only have to hold up my hand and say, "Gentleman, I command you in the name of the Commonwealth of Texas," to stop a row at any time. The sheriff was a far younger man than I was, and he looked still younger than he was, but he could keep these bad men in good order.

The bad man who gave us the most trouble for a while called himself "Major." He had been in the army (most of these young men had), and he may have been a Major. He informed us that he had not surrendered yet, and never would, either. I did not care whether he did or not as long as he obeyed the law; and we were here to help him to do that, I told him.

He always wore a fancy velvet coat and a Mexican sombrero, and rode a splendid horse. He made a practice of coming into Lagrange every Saturday, filling up with whisky, then "shooting niggers," as he called it. He never really shot any, and did not try to, of course; but he would scare every negro he met half to death.

The sheriff and I were standing in the barroom of the only hotel in town one afternoon, waiting for something to turn up (neither of us would ever take a second drink here, although a dozen of men would want to "set them up"), when the Major was heard from. He was emptying his pistol—at nothing, probably—away down the street near the river.

"I'll stop this right now," the sheriff told me, and he and I ran out just as the Major came past at a gallop.

I caught hold of his bridle and the horse stopped. The Major had been riding him with the reins lying on the horse's neck; if some one had not already been run over the horse should be given the credit for it.

I had my pistol out and had the hammer up. I had formed an opinion long since that the Major's mouth was the most dangerous part of him, but was not taking any chances.

"Light down here," the sheriff commanded, and the Major got off his horse.

"Give me your pistol," he was next told, and he handed the sheriff his pistol.

"Now, you get out of town, and stay out of it," the sheriff said, "if you want this pistol send in on Monday and get it, but you keep out of this hereafter."

He never sent after his pistol, and the next time we arrested him was out in the country on a ball room floor.

The sheriff had a warrant for him that someone had gout out on an old charge, and had only now made up his mind to push it. The Major had obeyed orders and kept out of town, but he sent the sheriff word that if he tried to serve that warrant the Major would shoot him. We heard of this ball out at a planter's house and concluded to serve the warrant there. The Major was certain to be there; he could not miss a dance.

I proposed to get two men out of our troop to help us if we needed help; the Major was not dangerous, but his friends might be.

I got the men, and starting after dark we rode out to this house, leaving the two men and our horses in a creek bottom a few hundred yards from the house, the sheriff saying that we would not need the men. Then we walked up to the house. The ball was in full blast, with the whole house lit up. The dancing was in a lower room, which had both a front and a back door. I left the sheriff at the front door and went to the back door, then pushing it open went in just as the sheriff entered through the other door. The Major was in a set on the floor with his pistol on; he had got another pistol, it seemed. He saw the sheriff before he did me, and his hand went down for his pistol.

"Keep your hand off that gun," I told him. "Get your hands up," and I walked over to him with my pistol pointed at him.

"I quit," he told me, holding up his hands, while the sheriff took his pistol, the Major telling him that this made two "guns" now the sheriff would owe him.

Had this happened up in the North, the women—there was a whole room full of them—would the half of them have been screaming now, while the rest would be fainting. There was none of that here, though. The most of these women were lying flat on the floor to escape any stray balls that might be flying around. We led the Major out past his friends, most of them were armed, but none of them interfered; then a negro boy brought him his horse, and he leading him we went down to where ours had been left. When the Major saw my two men he wanted to know where the rest of the troop was. "At home," I told him, "I have all I need of them here; in fact, two that I don't need. Now, Major, I have asked Tom not to handcuff you, and he won't; but you have been a soldier, you know what will happen if you try any monkey business with us." He would not; he would get out on a bond to-morrow, he thought. He did not, though. CABIA BLANCO.

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half hour with Curator Beebe at the New York Zoological Park, August 26, inspecting some baby terns and gulls just received from Cobbs Island, Virginia. There was one baby gull (skimmer) whose hold on life appeared to be very slight. Our beautiful terns have been so ruthlessly slaughtered by the plume hunters as to have almost disappeared in some sections of our Virginia coast waters. But there is hope at last a remnant may survive to gladden the hearts and charm the eyes of future generations, thanks to the efforts of William Dutcher, Audubon Societies, et al.

Have you ever risen before the sun on some crisp October morning and seen the migrating hosts of robins, far, far in the clear blue sky, mere specks, till suddenly every tiny red breast is touched by a sun-ray and glistens faintly, though clearly, as a spark flares up? Have you heard the far away *t'seep! t'seep!* of their happy voices? It is a fairyland effect, and only seen in these golden autumn days, when the redbreasts float away south on the Air Line.

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

The Adirondack Black Bear.

By George Chahoon, in Report of the New York Forest, Fish and Game Commission.

It is probable that the black bear, *Ursus americanus*, is the only species ever found in the State of New York. They were once common throughout the State, but their habitat is now restricted to the Adirondacks and the Catskills. Grown bears of this species vary in weight from 150 to 400 pounds; but the young are surprisingly small. Merriam, in his "Mammals of the Adirondacks," says: "The diminutive size, premature appearance and helpless condition of the young of this species at birth cannot fail to excite surprise. They are not six inches in length, weigh less than a pound, and are not yet covered with hair. Their eyes do not open for more than a month. I know of no other mammal, except among the marsupials, whose young are so disproportionately small, or are born in such an undeveloped condition."

Although the white man kills the bear without any remorse of conscience, the Indians had such respect for his intellect and cunning that they endeavored to appease his departed spirit with various time honored ceremonies, in which an orator extolled his courage, regretted the necessity of his killing, and paid a tribute to the valor of the surviving members of his family.

In comparatively recent years there were a good many of the larger game animals in the Adirondack forests—of which the moose, the panther and the wolf have become practically extinct. Excepting the recent importations for restocking there is now no wild moose in the North Woods. It has been years since I have known a well-authenticated story of a wolf; and while it is possible the panther is not entirely extinct, if he still exists his numbers are few and his end near.

Practically speaking, of the larger mammals in our forest the red deer and the black bear alone remain. There seems to be a law, higher even than an act of the New York Legislature, that the wild beast must disappear before the advance of civilization; and while the development of the Adirondacks by the railroad, the summer hotel, and the pulp mill has added many to our school houses and churches, it has done much toward the destruction of our wild animals. Modern science tells us that all life is dependent upon its environment, and the repeating rifle loaded with smokeless powder does not make a favorable environment for large game.

Deer are quite plentiful, but in some respects the bear seems to have withstood the hand of man more successfully than the deer. Much has been done by our lawmakers to protect the deer, and the sentiment of man is against his destruction; but the bear has no man for his friend. No legislature has ever put any restriction upon his murder, while in some countries he is regarded as an outlaw and a reward is placed upon his head. Many thousands of dollars have been paid as bounties for his extermination; still he survives, and occasionally takes a sheep or a calf from some mountain farmer as a forced restitution for the wrongs inflicted on his race.

People who know the bear only in captivity do not understand him in his wild state. This sluggish, awkward animal will lead a dog in a wild chase over the highest peaks and most inaccessible places in our mountains, and when finally overtaken will turn upon his pursuers and, with one stroke of his powerful arm, send any dog within his reach howling away or lying bleeding and dying at his feet.

The wild bear is not only fleet of foot, but has great sagacity, is very alert and is seldom overcome in a fair field, even by our most experienced woodsmen. When taken in the summer or autumn he usually falls a victim to the large steel trap set cunningly by man for his undoing. Some close observer of human nature says "Cupid catches more with traps than he kills with arrows." I am not an expert on this subject; but to the bear I am sure the trap is more fatal than the rifle.

During the summer and fall they eat enormously and take on a great deal of fat; and when the cold weather comes they crawl into holes or caves, roll themselves up and lie dormant until the warm winds of spring carry away the snows. During this time a curious phenomenon takes place in the animal's digestive organs, which gives it the capacity of remaining through the entire winter in a state of lethargy without food while slowly consuming the surplus fat acquired in the autumn. As the stomach is no longer supplied with food it soon becomes quite empty, and, together with the intestines, is contracted into a very small space. No food can now pass through the system, for a mechanical obstruction, technically called the "tappen," blocks up the passage and remains in its position all winter. The "tappen" is composed of leaves and other woody substances. This habit of hibernation is a great protection, for if the bear roamed around all winter he would be easily tracked and overtaken in the deep snows; but once in his den, which is usually in some almost inaccessible mountain, it is nearly impossible to find him, and the drifting snows soon cover the entrance to his hiding place.

Like our National Weather Bureau, the bear some-

times makes a mistake about the storm; and occasionally snow falls before he retires for the winter, in which event he usually begins at once to hunt his hole. This is unfortunate for him; for whenever an early snow comes every bear hunter takes his rifle and tramps through the rough mountains looking for tracks, which if he finds he follows to the den where there is frequently a family of mother and cubs, which, in their semi-torpid condition, are easily killed.

The early snows and the large steel traps are the means of getting most of the bears killed in the Adirondacks. Occasionally a bear passing a runway where a man is watching for a deer gets killed. Sometimes a man comes upon one while still-hunting, and gets near enough for a successful shot; but instances of this kind are rare.

The bear is an omnivorous eater. I have seen his marks along streams where he had been looking for fish. He is known to rob bees' nests for honey; but in the summer and fall he lives largely upon berries and fruits of forest trees—acorns and beech nuts—and when wild cherries are ripe one frequently finds small trees and limbs he has broken down for the fruit. He has a great liking for ants, and in places where he is common, many of the half rotten stumps and old logs have been pulled apart by him while looking for ants and their eggs. This work can be easily determined, for his strong, sharp claws leave clearly marked scratches. They have a habit of biting and scratching the trunks of living trees for no reason I know; and it is not uncommon to find trees marked with the imprint of their teeth and claws.

Bears do not like to come into even as much of an opening as a mountain sheep range, and consequently they destroy but few domestic animals; but I have seen the remains of several sheep killed by them. It seems to be the general opinion of people who live in the Adirondacks that when a bear kills a sheep he eats all he can and returns in a night or two for another good meal on the remains. I have known of three instances where steel traps and strychnine have been cunningly prepared for his expected return, but he did not come back in either case.

The bear is hunted largely for sport. He is classed as "big game," and most hunters like to be the hero of a bear story. In addition to this his hide makes a fine rug, or it will fetch a good price from the fur dealer; his meat is eaten, but to my taste it is too fat to be coveted; and there is still another incentive for killing in the counties where bounties are paid.

The bear is far more sagacious and alert than the deer, and if he had the same protection he would rapidly increase. His destruction of domestic animals is trifling, and if his trapping were prohibited and the bounty on his killing removed, we might safely rely on the hunters' love of sport to prevent his becoming so numerous and bold as to be a cause of any real annoyance to our farmers. If instead of the bounty on his death the farmers were paid by the county for the sheep he destroyed, a more equitable arrangement would be made at a small percentage of cost to the taxpayer. This fall (1902) Essex county paid \$280 for the killing of 28 bears, and I very much doubt the killing of one sheep in this county by bears during the past year.

As illustrating the endurance and tenacity of life of the black bear, I will mention an incident in the experience of one of the most successful hunters ever in the Adirondacks. Some years ago Mr. George A. Stevens, of Lake Placid, found a bear track in an early snow, near his home, and taking his friend, Mr. Frank B. Stickney, after supplying themselves with their rifles and a knapsack of food, they followed the track over the rough mountains and through the thick swamps until dark overtook them, when they camped in the snow beside the track to renew the chase at daylight. During the following day Mr. Stevens had two shots, one breaking the lower jaw, the other passing through the animal's kidneys. The next or third day the snow melted so the track could be followed no longer, and after over forty miles of hard travel the chase was reluctantly abandoned. The following spring Mr. Charles Martin, of Saranac Lake, killed the bear swimming the lake, where Mr. Stevens went to see and identify it. The animal was reduced almost to skin and bones.

In the Southern States the black bear is hunted with dogs, who chase, bark at him, and bite his hind legs, and, being more spry of foot than he, manage to avoid the stroke of his paws. This torment is kept up until the bear in his desperation and desire to escape his tormentors climbs a tree, where the dogs bark and keep his attention until the hunter comes up and shoots him. I have never known bears successfully hunted with dogs in the Adirondacks, and I have never known them to climb trees to escape their pursuers, nor have I known dogs to follow them successfully; they either lead over some cliff where dogs cannot follow, or they successfully turn and drive them off.

The bear is a good swimmer, and does not hesitate to cross a lake several miles wide when it lies in his course.

It is probable that the habit of hibernating is undergoing a change among these animals in the Adirondacks. When I began to take an interest in this species, hunters used to tell me that the practice of "holing" during the winter was far from universal; that it was common to find bear tracks in the woods during the whole winter; and that they were frequently followed on snowshoes and killed. Merriam, in his "Mammals of the Adirondacks," says that bears frequently roam around all winter, or only retire for a short time when food fails, this being particularly true of the old males. It has been many years since I have seen a bear track after the cold weather really began; and hunters and men who spend a great deal of time in the woods tell me they never see bear tracks in the winter. My experience has been limited entirely to Clinton, Essex and part of Franklin counties, and it is possible the hibernating habit may differ as we get farther into the woods, where the bears have not been compelled to contend with man for so long a time, or as severely as has been the case in the territory covered by my observation.

Under the now accepted theory of "the survival of the fittest" we must expect changes tending to the

preservation of the animal; and while these changes are generally slow, they are sometimes quite rapid. Since I can remember, the partridge around Ausable Forks has largely changed his habit of alighting in a near-by tree when flushed; and it is certain that the chimney swallow did not build its nest in chimneys until the Europeans erected houses with these suitable nesting places. I know several instances where birds have changed their habits, and it would not be strange if so intelligent an animal as the bear found it safer to den than to be out during times of deep snows. Really, a change of habit requires no particular intelligence on the part of the animal. We have only to assume with Darwin "that there is a tendency on the part of the offspring to inherit the peculiarities of the parent." Under this theory the bears that stay out are killed, while the ones that hole are left to become the parents of the next generation. In this way a tendency that proves protective is soon developed into an instinct that becomes universal.

Bears are great travelers. During the autumn they roam over large tracts of country, and are frequently seen and sometimes killed when on these expeditions. The family to which the following incident refers were evidently on such a trip. On Sept. 9, 1899, Mrs. Chahoon and I went for a little drive, hoping to get a couple of partridges ere returning. We left our home in Ausable Forks in a single carriage, taking with us our little bird dog Bounce, and a 12-gauge shotgun. While going through a swamp near the Middle Kilns on the road to Saranac Lake, Mrs. Chahoon driving and I holding the gun cocked and ready for a quick shot at a bird, about thirty yards in front of us four bears came into the road, looked at us for an instant and then ran on ahead. Bounce, the dog, gave chase and was close to the bears as they turned to enter the woods on the opposite side of the road. This was fun for Bounce, and we sat laughing at his audacity, when soon we saw a procession of dog and bears coming toward us, the dog leading and the larger, older bear in close pursuit and clearly shortening the distance between them as they neared us. Don, our horse, not liking this style of a hunt, started to go home backward; but fortunately did not succeed in overturning us, only so placed the carriage as to give the dog and bears a narrow passage as they ran by. The dog had about six feet of lead, and as they passed I fired both barrels of No. 8 bird shot into the first bear at a range of about ten feet. She showed no evidence of having been hit, and kept on her chase for some twenty yards, when she turned into the woods, the other three bears taking to the woods when opposite our carriage. The dog quickly turned and followed them, and when about thirty yards from the road he stopped and began to bark furiously. I jumped from the carriage and started to go to the dog, and when nearly to him Mrs. Chahoon called excitedly for me to come to her. On getting back I found that another very large bear had come into the road and stood on his hind legs in front of the horse, while the horse rose on his hind legs and looked at him. As soon as our horse was quiet enough to be hitched, Mrs. Chahoon and I went to the dog, which was still barking at the bear, where it had fallen.

We tried to drag it to the road; but 200 pounds was more than our hands alone could manage. While thus engaged Mr. Edmund Roberts came along with the stage, and with his help the dead captive was put into his wagon and carried back to our home, where its hide now makes a fine rug on our floor. The ground where the bear was shot showed no blood or other evidence of the animal having been hit. Both charges struck near the shoulder and were driven downward; and part of them went entirely through the body. The shot was not bunched, but had separated so as to form a pattern resembling the top of a large pepper box. There was nothing to indicate a struggle, and doubtless she fell perfectly dead where she lay when we reached her. In all she must have run 50 or 60 yards with her heart riddled with shot.

It would be interesting if some fairly correct estimate could be made of the number of black bears now in the State. Realizing that any man's guess would be of little value, and with the knowledge that my data is far from exhaustive, I mention the following in the hope that it may prove something better than a mere guess.

The year 1894 was the last one in which the State paid bounties on bears, and that year we paid for the killing of 359 in the Adirondacks. With not very full data for a guide, and the record complete in only a few counties, I am of the opinion that the year 1894 may be taken as a fair average.

If bears have young every two years, and have two or three at a time, and half of them are females, with any reasonable allowance for deaths, other than by man, it would require a thousand mature individuals to sustain this annual loss of 359 without extermination; and I believe it is safe to assume there are more than 1,000 in the Adirondacks, as a large allowance should be made for loss and failure of young. The same rule would make the number in the Catskills about 500.

Michigan Ornithological Club Meetings.

THE Michigan Ornithological Club held the last meeting of the year at the Museum of Art, Detroit, December 4. The largest attendance of the year was present, and a very interesting programme was rendered. President Covert presided. The first paper was entitled "Notes on the Family Motacilla," by the veteran ornithologist, Jerome Trombley, of Petersburg, Mich. In the absence of the author, the paper was read by Mr. Blain, and a full account of the various species as observed in Monroe county was given. Mr. Norman A. Wood, of Ann Arbor, spoke at length on his recent finding of the first nests of the Kirtland's warbler in Oscoda county, Mich. Remarks followed by Messrs. Covert, Arnold, and J. Claire Wood. Prof. A. H. Griffith spoke on "Birds in Their Relation to Art," which subject was covered in an extremely interesting manner. From the very earliest period birds have occupied an important position in art subjects, especially among the Norsemen, Chinese, and Japanese. "The nesting of the Sandhill Crane in Michi-

gan," by Edwin Arnold, was the next paper. Mr. J. Claire Wood contributed an interesting sketch entitled, "Late Nesters." He has found occupied nests in every month of the year except November and December. President Covert gave a few remarks on his recent trip to the east, and an account of the John Lewis Childs Museum. A general discussion on the white-winged scoter, solitary sandpiper, and bufflehead followed by Messrs. Arnold, Swales, Covert, and J. C. Wood. A business meeting followed. Mr. Blain presented a corrected constitution, which was adopted. The club is divided into three classes of members, Honorary, Patrons, and Actives, the former being restricted to five. A number of new active members were elected. The membership of the club is now over one hundred, and will begin the year with bright prospects. The Michigan Ornithological Club was reorganized last February with A. B. Covert, of Ann Arbor, president; Bradshaw H. Swales, of Detroit, secretary and treasurer; Alex W. Blain, Jr., editor of the club organ, the Bulletin. The secretary is desirous of enrolling as members all interested in birds in any manner in the Great Lake region, and trusts that many of the sportsmen will send in their names.

BRADSHAW H. SWALES.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 10.

Another Labrador Duck.

SINCE the publication of the article on the Labrador duck in *FOREST AND STREAM* of December 5, our attention has been called to a note published by Mr. Witmer Stone, in Vol. X. of the Auk, which recorded the discovery of an adult male of the Labrador duck in the private museum of the late Geo. W. Carpenter, of Philadelphia, which in 1893 was presented to the Academy of Natural Sciences in that city. This specimen makes the representation of the species at the Academy, four instead of three individuals.

Game Bag and Gun.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Game Laws in Brief

is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the Brief.

The New York League.

MANY matters of interest to devotees of the rod and gun were considered at the annual meeting of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League, held at the Yates Hotel in Syracuse, Thursday, December 10, and it was decided to recommend a number of quite important changes in the game laws. There was a large attendance of delegates from different parts of the State, and the discussions proved very interesting. The various clubs represented at the meeting and their delegates were as follows:

Spencer Sportsmen's Club of Lyons—W. S. Gavitt and Henry Killick.

Chemung County Forest, Fish and Game Protective Association of Elmira—Joseph H. Considine.

New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, New York City—Robert B. Lawrence and John D. O'Connor.

Anglers' Association of Onondaga, Syracuse—John H. Forey and D. R. Cobb.

Schenectady County Fish and Game Protective Association—Dr. A. T. Sitterly.

Black River Fish and Game Protective Association, Utica—H. A. Pride and W. E. Wolcott.

Albany County Fish and Game Club—John D. Which. Rap-Shaw Fishing Club, Buffalo—J. P. Rapalje, of Buffalo, and H. E. Robbins, of Syracuse.

Honest Fishermen's Club of Seneca Falls—Ernest G. Gould and W. D. Clark.

St. Lawrence River Anglers' Association—A. C. Cornwall, of Alexandria Bay, and R. P. Grant, of Clayton.

Niagara County Anglers' Association—H. K. Wicker and M. H. Hoover.

Fish and Game Protective Association of Mannsville—A. T. Williams.

Newark Fishing Club—W. S. Gavitt.

Geneva Fish and Game Protective Association—C. C. Gates, C. S. Burrell, Nelson C. Smith.

Rensselaer County Rod and Gun Club—J. R. McLaren.

Central New York Fish and Game Protective Association—C. H. Mowry and F. C. Eddy.

Black Lake Game Club of Gouverneur—Andrew Irwin.

There were also numerous individual members of the League in attendance.

The meeting was called to order shortly before 11 A. M. by President Robert B. Lawrence, who spoke briefly concerning the existing game laws and the work of the League during the past year. He felt that the League should be congratulated upon what it has accomplished, as the laws were never better than now and no absolutely bad measures appear upon the statute books.

The Rap-Shaw Fishing Club of Buffalo, Central New York Fish and Game Protective Association of Syracuse, and Hudson Rod and Gun Club of Hudson, were formally admitted to membership in the league. The secretary reported the names of sixteen new individual members.

W. S. Gavitt, chairman of the organization committee, reported that the League embraces 40 different organizations and 75 individual members.

Charles H. Mowry, chairman of the legislative and law committee, referred to the satisfactory work of the committee in getting support in the Legislature for measures recommended by the League, and praised the untiring efforts of F. C. Eddy in this work. This committee succeeded in having several excellent measures passed, and prevented a number of vicious bills from becoming laws. There is but little new legislation to be recommended now, the main efforts of the organization being needed to see that no bad measures are carried through the Legislature.

Major J. W. Pond, Chief Game Protector of the State, was elected to represent the League at the convention to be held in Detroit, December 23, when efforts are to be made to impress upon the Canadian officials and upon the legislatures of border States the benefits to be derived from uniform laws for the Great Lakes. J. D. Which was chosen alternate.

Major Pond expressed his views regarding the licensing of nets and of boats engaged in the business of fishing along the Hudson. He stated that thousands of dollars might be derived by the State by charging a higher fee, which is at present only a nominal one, being one dollar.

Major J. W. Pond, A. C. Cornwall, and E. A. Bowman were appointed a committee on nominations, after which a recess was taken for dinner. At 1:30 P. M. business was resumed.

The League, after duly considering the various propositions submitted, decided to recommend that the following changes be made in the game laws:

1. That all non-residents of this State shall be required to pay \$10 for a license permitting them to hunt game birds, wildfowl, and all manner of small game within its boundaries, and \$25 for a license permitting them to hunt deer; also that residents be required to pay \$5 for a license permitting them to hunt deer in this State.

2. That the use of the automatic shotgun in hunting game birds and wildfowl be prohibited.

3. That the last 15 days of the open season for shooting deer be cut off, thus making the close season begin at midnight October 31, instead of at midnight November 15, as at present.

4. That a reasonable bounty be paid for the killing of foxes, large owls and large hawks. (Referred to the law committee with power.)

5. That no muskallonge shall be taken of less than 20 inches in length, and that if taken the same shall be returned to the water without injury.

6. That the closed season for shooting mud hens and gallinule shall be made the same as that for wildfowl.

7. That the sale of game birds and trout be prohibited until five days after the beginning of the open season, and of game birds five days after the beginning of the closed season.

8. That special game protectors regularly employed on a salary by incorporated clubs or associations, or by boards of supervisors, shall have the same power of search as the regular State protectors.

9. That Section 141 of the present laws shall be so amended as to apply only to fish, which will do away with the present right of bonded cold storage warehouse keepers and others to keep in their possession game birds or flesh in the close season for the killing of such birds or flesh, even though such may have been killed without the State of New York.

Considerable discussion arose over some of the proposed amendments, and there were many interesting arguments before final action was taken. In two or three instances the vote on the propositions was very close.

When the question of a gun license was being considered, Major Pond opposed the proposition on the ground that it might tend to keep away many sportsmen who now spend much money in the hunting regions. That it would lessen the number of hunters and therefore the number of deer killed each year is undoubted.

It will be advised by the League that the Maine system be employed in licensing hunters almost entirely. A provision of this will require that two coupons be issued with each hunting license, and that one of these be attached to every deer shipped out of the woods. Each being numbered, it is argued that no hunter could then bring out more than his allotted two deer in a season, the section of the present law covering this point having been violated, it is said, many times in the past.

The first draft of the committee's offering concerning automatic guns referred also to "pump" shotguns, but this was eliminated after discussion.

An effort was made to have the League favor opening the deer shooting season two weeks later than at present, instead of closing it fifteen days earlier, but the proposition was passed as recommended by the law committee.

There was a debate as to whether hawks and owls actually destroyed game birds, and there being a division on the matter, it was finally referred to the law committee, with power to act upon investigation.

R. P. Grant, of Clayton, was sponsor for the request that small muskallonge be protected. He gave an interesting talk upon the propagation of this species of game fish, and exhibited some pictures of muskallonge caught within the preceding two weeks weighing 41½ pounds each. They were taken from the waters of the St. Lawrence River.

It was said that by making the closed season for mudhens and gallinule the same as for wildfowl the prevention of all illegal marsh shooting could be accomplished, a point which is much desired. It was claimed that many hunters now shoot young fowl while nominally in quest of the other birds.

In recommending the proposition to prohibit the sale of trout and game birds until five days after the beginning of the open season, Chairman Mowry stated that it had been his experience to find trout and birds offered for sale on the morning of the opening day of the season, which must have been killed out of season.

The provision relating to special game protectors was offered and accepted nearly in the same form a year ago. Its passage would make the duties of a regularly employed protector much easier, and make him more feared by violators of the law.

John D. O'Connor and Major Pond opposed each other on the action against cold storage houses, particularly of New York city. These, at present, upon giving bond, are enabled to keep game birds and fish in storage even during the closed season for shooting or taking such in this State. Mr. O'Connor said he would introduce a bill into the Legislature to have this repealed anyway, but that he would like to have the League's indorsement. Although his associate, President Lawrence, took the floor against him, Mr. O'Connor, backed by Mr. Mowry, carried the day.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, H. K. Wicker, of Lockport; Vice-President, W. S. Gavitt, of Lyons; Secretary, Ernest G.

Gould, of Seneca Falls; Treasurer, A. C. Cornwall, of Alexandria Bay.

Legislative and Law Committee—Chairman, Charles H. Mowry, of Syracuse; F. C. Eddy, Syracuse; W. S. Gavitt, Lyons; R. P. Grant, Clayton; Garritt S. Conger, Gouverneur.

Auditing Committee—Chairman, Aaron Mather, Bridge-water; J. R. McLaren, West Sand Lake; C. W. Hatch, Lockport.

Biological Committee—Chairman, James Annin, Jr., Caledonia; Andrew Irwin, Gouverneur; Henry Killick, Lyons.

Organization Committee—Chairman, R. B. Lawrence, New York; John H. Forey, Syracuse; W. E. Wolcott, Utica; E. A. Bowman, Medina; H. McCormick, Albany.

President Lawrence positively declined a re-election to that office.

The newly elected president, H. K. Wicker, in assuming his duties, made a brief address.

A vote of thanks was extended to the Legislative and Law Committee and to the officers, particularly Mr. Lawrence, who ended a long term of service as president at this meeting.

A vote of condolence was extended to W. H. Thompson, of Alexandria Bay, one of the League's oldest members, who was unable on account of sickness to be present at the meeting. Adjourned. W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, Dec. 12.

Strife in the Great South Bay.

As the result of a merry war waged off and on for years between the baymen of certain localities along Great South Bay and the members of various gun clubs, over the question of gunning privileges, it is thought that a movement will soon be made petitioning the authorities of the township of Brookhaven to purchase all bay bottoms, islands and marshes now in the hands of private individuals. It is the contention of those favoring the movement that if such a plan were carried into operation, not only the baymen and hotel keepers, but the township itself, as well as the general public, would profit thereby.

As matters now stand, it is asserted that gunning privileges along the best shooting localities are leased to clubs composed of a few wealthy members, who invoke the strict enforcement of the law on all who may be poaching, so to speak, on their leased preserves. This bars, it is said, the general public from participating in the sport of gunning along wide strips of land and water to which they have long had the freedom granted by time and custom.

Should these favored localities be made public property, it is said that the township would get ample return for the money so expended by compelling every gunner to purchase a license for the privilege of shooting. In this way, instead of the shooting being confined to a favored few New York sportsmen, everyone procuring a license could indulge in the pastime.

In speaking of the matter with a representative of *FOREST AND STREAM*, an old-time and prominent resident of Bellport said:

"The whole trouble is due to the action taken by the members of the Bellport Gun Club, who some eight years ago leased from the William Smith estate the strip of beach about a mile long and extending about one-quarter of a mile back into the bay, and that taken by the dozen or so wealthy New Yorkers, who, last October leased the Egbert Smith property, generally known as St. George's Manor.

"This property adjoins that leased by the Bellport Gun Club, and is the best shooting locality along the shores of Great South Bay. It extends four miles along the beach and controls all rights and privileges over the bay bottom of Moriches Bay, and spreads out over several thousand acres of the mainland of Long Island. Over these ten or twelve thousand acres of land and water the general public was practically allowed to roam and shoot at will. Now, if anyone is caught bagging a bird or duck on this vast bit of property, he is liable to arrest, and the law is strictly enforced. The whole matter is thoroughly un-American and reminds one of the strict punishment meted out to poachers caught on ducal game preserves on the other side of the ocean.

"Now, what is the result? The baymen are angry, the hotel keepers are disgruntled and the general public who have always had the privilege of shooting over this bit of territory are disgusted. For instance, suppose a man who has planned to enjoy a few days or a week or two of shooting writes to one of the hotel men at Bellport asking if the sport is worth the trip. The hotel man is compelled to write back that while the sport is excellent, the shooting over the waters of the bay and of the beach and mainland is all in the hands of a few persons, and all others are forbidden by law to indulge in the pastime.

"On learning of this the sportsman, of course, stays away, the hotel man loses custom, and the baymen, who have been accustomed to make a living by accompanying visitors on their shooting expeditions and renting boats, guns and other paraphernalia to them, have had their vocation taken away. When Fred Lewis, a grandson of Moses Taylor, had the lease of this property some years ago, he never objected to the public shooting over it, except over a small portion, which he restricted to the use of himself and friends.

"However, I don't think that the few New Yorkers who have leased the Egbert Smith property are having such a lot of fun after all. Many of the baymen by way of retaliation, sail their boats over the waters of the bay at all hours of the day and night, and by their shouts and the banging of guns have scared most of the ducks away. This is done particularly when it is known that some of the club members are about to indulge in a morning's shoot, and it has been empty bags for them, as a rule.

"Matters could be easily adjusted if the town of Brookhaven would buy title to the bay bottom and the strip of beach along Narrow Bay, where the sport of duck shooting has always been of the best. Enough sportsmen would gladly pay \$10 for point shooting and

\$20 for battery shooting to make the purchase pay a profitable revenue.

"For five years the Bellport Gun Club leased the rights of the bottom of Bellport Bay, and there was constant friction between the baymen and the club members. An end was put to these troubles about three years ago, when the township of Brookhaven, which owns the vested right in the bay bottom, refused to renew the lease, and the existing troubles were practically ended.

"However, ill feeling was again generated when, as I understand it, the members of the Bellport Club succeeded in having a law passed authorizing point shooting for ducks from Oct. 1 to Jan. 1, while battery shooting was limited from Oct. 19 to Jan. 1. This simply means in effect that the club members who control the point shooting, may revel in the sport for nearly three weeks before anyone else is allowed the privilege of shooting. By the time the battery shooting season opens the club members have enjoyed the cream of the shooting and then the public, which is prohibited from landing on the beach, may step in with their battery shooting. As the latter sport is not permitted in Moriches Bay, the club men there have the whole shooting match, as it is called, to themselves. To many of us who have been accustomed all our lives to shoot over the beach between the bay and the ocean and also over the waters of the bay, the present state of affairs, to put it mildly, is most irritating.

"Those interested in the present movement against the club members are agreed that in all fairness point shooting and battery shooting should begin and end on the same days, and a new law to this effect will probably be framed and submitted to the law makers at Albany."

Col. Alfred Wagstaff, one of the prominent members of the Bellport Gun Club, when seen by a representative of *FOREST AND STREAM* yesterday, stated that while he had heard that there was some dissatisfaction caused by the shooting privileges secured by the club, he could not see any real reason for it. "We are lessees of the property," said he, "and I think as such are entitled to all the rights and privileges that go with it. I wish to say that there is no truth in the story that the club sent word to Washington complaining that one of the men attached to the life saving service had been seen by us to shoot a duck and eat it for his dinner. The story is utter nonsense. When we had control of the Bellport Bay bottom three years ago the shooting over the waters of the bay was far better than it is now, and the public was granted many privileges. At all events we have leased the property and intend to hold on to our rights."

Mr. E. F. Hutton, of the banking firm of H. L. Horton & Co., is one of the dozen men who have secured a lease of the St. George's Manor property, comprising about 12,000 acres. "We have leased the property for shooting purposes," said Mr. Hutton yesterday to the reporter, "and I can't see where anyone has a legitimate right to kick. We have paid our good money for the purpose of enjoying a few days' shooting during the season, and why shouldn't we set up restrictions against the public. It is simply this. When I feel inclined to go for a few days' shooting I want to be sure of finding something to shoot at and not be compelled to get up at two o'clock in the morning for nothing. So to this end myself and a few friends leased the property. As we have paid for the privilege, what right has anybody to complain? I know that there are a lot of kickers down around Bellport way, but if they feel so badly about the matter as they profess, why don't they get together and take the lease off our hands. I'm pretty sure they could have it did they really want it. There isn't a kicker down there who, if he owned the property, wouldn't be glad to lease it to a gun club. We want the rights and privileges that we paid for secured to us, and we intend to have it so. We've got the best private shooting preserve on Long Island and we intend to keep it so. There are lots of other places that the public may shoot over."

Maine Big Game.

BANGOR, Maine, Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Only three days more before the stroke of the midnight clock shuts off all big-game hunting for another year, and deer are still being slaughtered. The reports in the dailies still appear under such headings as "Game Record Still Holds Up," but just as to what "holds up" means it is a trifle difficult to understand, since the total record for the season will be far behind that of 1902, possibly as much as a thousand less deer. The daily shipments to and through this city are small, seldom running over twenty-five or thirty head, and more frequently less than the smaller number. Then, too, nearly every deer is labeled with the name and address of a resident of the State, one recent list containing but one non-resident in all those shipped. This would be natural, especially when it is such difficult work to get by the wardens a couple of days after the end of a season, as most people prefer to get out early and avoid complications.

The law says that a man shall have a reasonable time in which to get his game out after the season closes, but few sportsmen who are delayed beyond the limit fixed by statute seem to agree with the wardens and commissioners as to "a reasonable time." Three moose out of seven shipped down over the line on the second day of the month were held up as suspicious, although the owners assured the wardens the moose were legally killed on the preceding Saturday. The position of the officials of game protection seems to be that a man must prove his innocence, rather than the State prove his guilt, a complete reversal of the usual position of the law. Last year two sportsmen came out from one resort to a shipping point on the railroad either the first or second day of close season, having been delayed by storms from reaching the railroad station at which they shipped, and their game was on the platform of the station the last night of open season. Yet when they attempted to ship it from the junction point, where they took another railroad, the express agent refused to receive it for shipment, and they left it in his charge pending instructions from Augusta. Meanwhile an over zealous warden came along, determined

from the "fresh" look of the venison (so plain in frozen meat) that it was killed the day before, seized and sold it. All attempts to secure satisfaction had, up to the last reports, failed, although there were golden promises of nice bucks to make good their loss, if any such should be confiscated this fall. Possibly by this time the aforementioned sportsman is among the very few non-residents permitted to eat Maine venison emphatically his own, for which he has had to pay no license. If no deer has been sent him, he may decide to demand full satisfaction, as the promises are said to be all that have prevented action hitherto.

Notices have been issued to the members of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association of the annual meeting, which is to be held in this city on the evening of Tuesday, the fifth of January, at the Bangor House. The meeting will be preceded by a banquet, for the first time in many meetings of the association, in this city, and it is expected that there will be a big gathering of the lovers of rod and gun to listen to Mr. Carleton tell of the great work of the Fish and Game Commission, and review the results of the adoption of the license system. The programme includes an interchange of views on the questions of importance to be brought out during the evening, and if some of those who hold divergent views of things as they are decide to express their views there, something lively may be expected. The committee on programme may not, however, find time to give to an open debate on fish and game, but feel compelled to confine the remarks to those who have previously been invited to talk.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

Possession in Close Time.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

MERE possession is not an offense within the meaning of the Louisiana game law.

This is the meaning of the opinion handed down by Judge J. G. Baker, of the Criminal District Court, in the case of the State vs. James E. Salles.

The decision goes somewhat into the authorities of other States, and is of peculiar interest to men who hunt in the State of Louisiana at this season of the year.

Judge Baker, of the Criminal Court, has rendered a very interesting decision in the case, which was on appeal before him from a decision rendered by Judge Thomas M. Gill, Jr., last May.

Mr. Salles is the proprietor of the Victoria Hotel in St. Charles street, and he was charged with having a wild dead deer in his possession during the prohibited season. The evidence showed that Mr. Salles had bought the deer in the lawful season and kept it in cold storage, and used it as he needed it.

The Audubon Society for the protection of game, etc., caused an affidavit to be made against Salles in the First Recorder's Court for violating section 1 of the city ordinance No. 1386, approved Sept. 10, 1902, which reads:

"Section 2. Be it further ordained; That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to offer for sale, or have in his or their possession, any wild deer during the months of February and March of each year." Upon being arraigned upon this charge, Salles, through his attorney, Judge Louis P. Paquet, filed a demurrer to the complaint on the ground that he could not be punished, if he were guilty, under the ordinance, because it contained no penal clause. Thereupon Judge Hughes sustained the demurrer and discharged Salles. An affidavit was then made against Salles before Judge Gill for violating the State law, act 65 of 1902, for having the same in his possession. His attorney, Judge Paquet, filed another demurrer to the charge, contending that the State law fixed another time for the prohibited period to have in possession wild game, etc., than the city ordinance, and therefore his client could not be held. Judge Gill overruled the demurrer and tried the case, and found Salles guilty, and sentenced him to pay a fine of \$10, or in default ten days' imprisonment, whereupon an appeal was taken to the criminal court.

Last Monday Judge Baker heard the argument made by E. B. Block, attorney for the Audubon Society, representing the State, and Louis P. Paquet, attorney for defendant Salles, which was an elaborate one, both sides citing numerous decisions of the Supreme Courts of other States, and took the case under advisement until yesterday, when he rendered a written opinion sustaining the defense made by Salles' attorney, and reversed the judgment of Judge Gill and discharged Mr. Salles.

This was the first prosecution under the new game law, which makes the decision important. The Audubon Society, it is reported, will have the next Legislature to amend the law in certain respects.

"The appellant was found guilty of having in his possession on the 4th day of February, 1903, the carcass of one deer, contrary to the provisions of section 5 of act 65 of the Legislature of 1902, entitled 'An Act for the Protection of Game Animals and Birds in the State of Louisiana,' and fixing the fines and penalties for violation of this act.

"From the judgment and sentence of the court, condemning him to pay a fine of \$10, and in default of payment to imprisonment in the Parish Prison for ten days, he prosecutes this appeal, contending that he has not rendered himself liable to conviction on the facts of this case, as they appear in the evidence against him. The admitted facts as disclosed by the record are these:

"That the appellant is the proprietor of a hotel; that during the open season as hereinafter mentioned for killing deer, and while it was lawful to kill and dispose of the same, defendant purchased and placed a deer in cold storage (on the 21st of January, and during the open season), where it remained up to the time of the making of this affidavit, that is, the 4th day of February, 1903.

"Section 1 of the act makes it unlawful to kill or pursue any deer, or have the same in possession after it has been killed or caught, except as hereinafter provided.

"Section 3 provides that the season for shooting wild deer shall open on the 1st day of November, and close on the 1st day of April of each year.

"Section 5 provides that it shall be unlawful to sell, exchange or have in one's possession any of the game mentioned in section 1, within the period during which they are intended to be protected by the provisions of this act, and it also makes it unlawful for any person

or corporation, acting as a carrier, to transport at any time any enumerated game in section 1 of this act, which shall have been killed in this State, beyond the confines thereof, provided that this section shall not apply to the shipment of wild ducks beyond the limits of this State.

"Section 8 gives the police jury of the several parishes power to change the dates of the opening and closing of the season, during which game mentioned in section 1 of this act may be killed, provided the length of the closed season shall not be less than the act now provides.

"The City Council taking advantage of the permission herein above referred to have adopted ordinance 1386, in which the opening season for shooting deer has been changed in the parish of Orleans from the date in the act. It is immaterial under the facts disclosed in this case whether we adopt as the closed season the time mentioned in the act, or that in the ordinance, which is made to commence on the 1st day of September, and to end on the 1st day of February of each year.

"It is contended on behalf of appellant that as the deer was killed and placed in cold storage in the open season, the fact that it remained in cold storage after the close of the open season was not an offense under the statutes.

"Counsel representing the State contend that it did not matter when the deer was killed, that the having it in possession by the appellant within the prohibited time created an offense.

"The question presented for decision is by no means free from difficulty, and a contrasity of decisions exist. I have found it impossible to reconcile the decisions rendered on the subject of the protection of game. No general rule of statutory construction has been applied to the legislative enactment against the possession, or procurement of game, during the closed season, but lawfully killed, each case depending largely upon the phraseology of the statute under interpretation.

"It, therefore, becomes necessary to go back to the object of the statute to see if the just intention of the Legislature cannot be best ascertained.

"The undoubted object of our statute is to prevent the destruction of game by limiting the time when it may be taken or killed. The undoubted object of this act was to prevent the destruction of deer during the breeding season and to carry out this object the killing of game was limited to the time specified in the act. Had it intended to make the mere possession of deer lawfully killed an offense it would have said so in plain and unequivocal language. It is the possession of deer unlawfully killed that is an offense, and not the mere possession of it at a particular time.

"It is conceded that the deer in question was lawfully killed, and was the property of appellant, and the fact that it remained in his possession after the close of the open season did not render his possession unlawful. Of course, when deer is found in one's possession during the closed season the presumption is that it was unlawfully killed, and it devolves upon the defendant to rebut this presumption. But it was never intended to hold him amenable to the act when he establishes that his possession had been acquired during the open season. If we are to adopt a literal construction of the act as contended by counsel for the prosecution and hold that possession merely without regard to the time when the deer was killed, then any person who should place game in his refrigerator on the last day of the open season and serve it during the next day would be guilty of an offense under this statute. A statute of this kind should receive a reasonable, and not strained, construction, and it was not intended that when a party comes into possession of game at a time not unlawful that he must consume it all upon the same day.

"All of the decisions under prosecution for the possession of game during the closed season, but taken or killed during the open season, have turned upon a consideration of the language employed by each Legislature in regard to the subject. In a number of the cases to which my attention has been directed by counsel for the prosecution an examination of the statute makes it clear that it was the intention of the Legislature to make the possession of game irrespective of the time when or place where the same was killed or taken an offense. In the State vs. Rodman the statute provided that no person should kill or have in his possession for no purpose whatever any fawn at any time, nor elk, nor moose, etc., before Jan. 1, 1898, nor any deer between certain times, except when the same shall have been lawfully killed. They may be had in possession for five days after the time herein limited. In State vs. Racy, provided that no person should kill, expose for sale or have in his possession game between the 1st of January and the 20th of October, and the act further provides that persons selling game shall not be liable to the penalty up to the 1st day of March, provided they prove it was killed before the prohibited time, thus giving two months to dispose of the game killed at a lawful time, and making the inhibition after that time absolute. The case of the State ex parte Mayor is not in point, as the section of the code there made it unlawful to kill or have in possession deer at any time. In the case of *Magner vs. People*, after making it unlawful to sell or have in possession any of the game mentioned in section 1 of the act, provides in section 6 that it shall be unlawful to sell or have the same in possession after the expiration of five days next succeeding the first day of the period in which it shall be unlawful to kill such game. A mere reading of the statutes above referred to leaves no doubt that it was the intention of the Legislature in these cases to make the mere possession of game during the closed season an offense. Had such been the intention of our Legislature the use of similar language or of language clearly indicating that it was its intention in framing the act now under consideration, to make the naked possession of game unlawful would have been very simple. If I am in error in regard to this interpretation it is a matter easy for the Legislature to remedy.

"This deer, when placed by the defendant in cold storage, became his property, and unless for use his possession of it at the time specified was not a violation of the act. I know in some of the cases called to my attention by counsel for the State are opposed to the views herein expressed. But it appears to me that a correct and true construction of an act of this kind is laid down in *Spade vs. Bucknam*. Where the statutes under con-

sideration were quite similar to ours, and where in each case it was held that the mere possession of game during the closed season is not an offense when it was killed in the open season. Both of the above cases are quite recent, and they contain an exhaustive review of the decisions in this country and in England on the possession of game during the closed season.

"In the Massachusetts case of *Commonwealth vs. Hall*, which was a prosecution under a statute for the protection of game, and where defendant had appealed from a conviction of having quail in his possession during the prohibited time, Chief Justice Gray, who delivered the opinion of the court, in discussing the proper interpretation to be placed upon it, said: 'The question presented is whether in the absence of any explicit manifestation of the Legislature the words "any such birds" are to be construed in the larger sense as meaning any woodcock, partridge or quail whatever, or in a restrictive sense, as meaning any woodcock, partridge or quail taken or killed in this Commonwealth within the times above mentioned.'

"By the first alternative the mere possession in the first part of every year, of birds that had been lawfully taken or killed in another State, or even in this Commonwealth, and that at a time when it was lawful to kill them here, would be made a punishable offense, as if, for instance, woodcock killed in the autumn should be preserved in ice after the first of January for subsequent consumption. To adopt such a conclusion when not imperatively required by the language of the act would be inconsistent with the ordinary rules of construction of penal statute.

"I imagine it would be difficult to find a statute which makes, or undertakes to make, the possession alone of property which has a legitimate use in and of itself a crime. Ordinarily, when possession is made criminal it is made so because the possession is wrongfully obtained, or the property had in possession is intended for some wrongful purpose. As an example of this, laws for the punishment of the receiver of stolen goods or keepers of intoxicating liquors intended for unlawful sale may be cited.

"Believing as I do that the possession of deer during the prohibited season can only be unlawful when the killing or taking was unlawful, the judgment herein rendered must be set aside and the defendant discharged, and it is so ordered."

New Hampshire Trapping.

BOSTON, Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When Commissioner Wentworth, of New Hampshire, undertakes anything he is very apt to "get there." If he does not, we all know it is not his fault. Among the Revised Game Laws of that State is one against trapping by any person "on land of which he is not the owner or legal occupant" without the consent of the owner—penalty \$10, or 60 days' imprisonment. This law has been in force since 1897, and while some trappers have occasionally secured a few mink, muskrat or skunks, it is only lately that fox hunters have started in on a wholesale scale with improved methods and are stirring up a hornets' nest by so doing.

The up-to-date fox trap is a wicked looking affair with heavy steel jaws from 6 to 10 inches long and about the same width when set. Most of these traps have double springs so stiff they can be forced down only by using a lever in setting. Some of them have teeth, but even those without them make sad havoc of the limb of the animal, the jaws coming together with such force as sometimes to break the bone of the leg, and the frantic efforts of the animal to escape always lacerate the flesh in a cruel way.

The favorite place for setting a trap for a fox is a warm spring. A place is cleared in it several days or weeks before and the trap is set under water, hidden by a piece of turf cut to fit within the jaws and so arranged that the jaws will easily close over it, while the fringe of grass on the turf hides the iron. The turf is even with the surface of the water and the bait is a little way out in the pool beyond it. In trying to reach the bait without unnecessarily wetting his feet, the fox steps on the turf and becomes a prisoner.

A scent also is used which is as attractive to a dog as it is to a fox. This is dropped upon the turf and many an unfortunate canine has been caught while sniffing about the turf-covered trap. Cattle and sheep and occasionally people have been injured by the traps. The old-time fox hunters, seeing their favorite sport endangered by the extermination of the foxes, were eager to restrain the trappers. When the revision of the laws was made, therefore, in 1901, there were powerful influences in favor of retaining the old law, but while it was substantially continued, the penalty which had been \$25 was changed to its present form. The agitation of the subject kept trapping within rather narrow limits for a while, but of late the trappers have grown bolder and more active. Many complaints have been made of illegal trapping, in consequence of which the commissioners have put their deputies to work against offenders. The arrest of a couple of these men in Deerfield a few weeks ago by Commissioner Wentworth and Deputy Cardwell came as a genuine surprise to trappers Dodge and Stevens, who were fined a little more than \$50 apiece. The officers found these poachers had 100 steel traps set, and on visiting them a number of dogs were found caught in them. A host of pelts told the story of previous killings. During the last ten days of November nine other culprits have been arrested and fined \$10 each. The commissioners have also fined John Chester, of Northwood, and Elmer Daley, of Windham, for shipping partridges out of the State.

The result in these cases is highly gratifying, not only to the officers, but to the sportsmen of the State.

In another important case the result was different; the commissioners running up against an unexpected decision, made by Judge Young, of Laconia, which, if it stands, is likely to handicap the commissioners in securing the enforcement of the deer law in "close" districts that border on "open" territory. The story, briefly told, is this: A deer was driven by a hound into Lake Winnepesaukee at Gilford in Belknap county, where deer killing is prohibited. Mr. Merrill, a farmer of Gilford, and a section hand pursued it as it swam toward Tufton borough in Carroll county, which is open territory in the deer season, October and November. The men killed the deer as it neared

the shore. Commissioners Wentworth and Clarke arrested Merrill, charging him with hunting deer in Belknap county, thinking that according to the definition of the word "hunting" as given in Webster's International Dictionary, they had a good case. Part of that definition is, "to chase; to pursue for the purpose of catching or killing." It must have been a poser for the commissioners when the judge ruled that the defendant was not hunting the deer when he followed it from the Gilford shore in Belknap county. They fear the decision will embolden hunters to take deer in a similar manner elsewhere. They say it is not impossible when there is snow to take a deer's track and pursue the animal from a close county to an open one, and there kill it.

HENRY H. KIMBALL.

Illicit Wisconsin Deer Shipments.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please take notice of inclosed article. I also seized two deer last week from the train at Milwaukee which were shipped by a Wisconsin hunter from the northern part of this State to Indiana.

According to the Wisconsin law no deer can be shipped out of the State except by a hunter who has a non-resident license, for which he has to pay \$25. He can take two deer, but he must be on the same train.

VALENTINE RAETHL, State Deputy Game Warden.

From the Milwaukee Free Press.

MADISON, Wis., Nov. 26.—All the laws of Wisconsin relating to the hunting of deer and even the Lacey act of the Federal statutes were broken last week by a party of hunters from Illinois, the members of which were Mayor A. Bergman, of Freeport, Ill., and H. R. Nelson and J. D. Hinds, of Lena, Ill. As a result of this the party lost by confiscation the six deer that had been killed and about \$400 worth of guns and other things which go to make up fine hunting outfits.

By trying to ship the best portions of five deer out of the State in a trunk, the party violated that section of the Lacey act which prohibits the shipment of game in concealment. By attaching the coupon from a resident license to the carcasses of the deer concealed in the trunk, which was checked to Lena, Ill., the State law prohibiting the shipping of game out of the State on a resident license was violated, and in concealing the game in a trunk the statute providing that all game offered to the railroads for transportation shall be properly labeled was broken. In addition to this, J. D. Hinds, of Lena, Ill., laid himself open to prosecution for hunting without a license, by attempting to use the resident license made out and issued to T. J. Hinds, of Monroe, Wis. Incidentally, T. J. Hinds is to be prosecuted for transferring his license to the Mr. Hinds from Illinois.

Mayor Bergman and his party appeared before Gov. La Follette yesterday to explain the situation and to extricate themselves if possible. They told the Governor that they had acted in ignorance of the law, and that the game warden had been unduly active and over-officious. The Governor listened to them patiently, and then personally conducted them to the office of the State Fish and Game Warden on the second floor of the capitol, where he introduced them and turned them over to Deputy Game Warden C. D. Nelson. They repeated the story to Mr. Nelson, who said that he would investigate, and that if he found the facts as they represented he would forward as many deer as they could produce non-resident licenses, and would release their guns. Mr. Nelson has investigated, and has found that the confiscation was warranted and proper. He will not release either the deer or the hunting outfits, and if the party will not return to Wisconsin to stand trial under the State law, he will turn them over to the Federal authorities for prosecution under the Lacey act governing the shipment between States.

The party had been hunting in the northern part of the State, and had secured six deer. When they started for home they took the train at Ingram, where they showed the carcass of one deer properly tagged and with the coupon of a non-resident license attached. They assured Game Warden J. W. Stone, who checked them up, that the one deer was all that they had. Stone, however, got on to the train and went through the baggage car, where he found a trunk addressed and checked to H. R. Nelson, Lena, Ill., and another addressed and checked to H. R. Nelson, Lena, Ill. The large Nelson trunk contained the best portions of five deer, and the other contained hunting outfits worth about \$300. When the train stopped at Cameron, he held both trunks and notified the department.

The deer in the trunk was tagged, and there was attached to one a coupon from the non-resident license of H. R. Nelson and to the others coupons from a resident license. Deputy Fish and Game Warden Nelson set out to run the whole thing down, and he soon found that the resident license had been issued in the name of T. J. Hinds, of Monroe. He went to Monroe and secured from T. J. Hinds an affidavit that he had transferred his resident license to a party composed of H. R. Nelson, J. D. Hinds, and A. Bergman, Mayor of Freeport.

The trunks of deer and hunting outfits are held at Madison. The venison will be shipped to the State Hospital for the Insane, and the \$300 worth of guns and other things that go to make up a hunting outfit will be sold here at auction—that is, unless Mayor Bergman and his party return to claim them. If they return they will be arrested and prosecuted under the State law. If they do not return they will be turned over to the Federal authorities.

This Bears on the Partridge Supply Question.

SAGINAW, Mich., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following is a clipping from the Mt. Clemens Leader of December 1: "Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sunderlin, the first partridge hunters to go north, are the last ones to come home. In their five weeks' hunting trip they bagged 650 partridges and quail. They were camped at Selkirk, Ogemaw county."

It seems as if comment was unnecessary, other than that this illustrates the necessity for a law that would be enforced, limiting the number that any one person can kill, to a reasonable amount. The Mt. Clemens Leader last year contained a similar account, and it seems that this man has been an annual butcher in the same manner for a number of years.

W. B. MERRISON.

Grouse and Woodcock.

Mr. A. B. F. Kinney's estimate of ruffed grouse scarcity in the vicinity of Worcester, Mass., having been disputed by other shooters, who have claimed that the birds were to be found in abundance, Mr. Kinney has made and published the following offer:

"It has been repeatedly stated by would-be partridge exterminators that they can start 25 partridges in one day's hunting within six miles of Worcester. Now, I make an offer, which is no bet, but made purely for information. I will give \$25 to any man who will start 25 partridges in a day's hunting within ten miles radius of my store, or city hall. This is extending the limit four miles, at which many hunters have claimed they could start that number of birds easily. The man who undertakes this offer is to take a man with him, and I will send another man. If, in the judgment of these men, 25 different partridges have been started, I will gladly give \$25 for the information. It is a widely known fact that my days of bird shooting have long since passed, and that my only interest in the partridge is in view of the pleasure and benefit to health which the bird affords sportsmen and hunters in pursuing it. I should like to have the partridge remain with us for this object only.

"A. B. F. KINNEY."

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Nov. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noticing your editorial in this week's FOREST AND STREAM asking sportsmen from different localities to report how plentiful they found ruffed grouse this season, I will tell what I know regarding this locality. It is the verdict of nearly all the sportsmen whom I have talked with in this section that birds have been far more plentiful this year than they were last. Last year I was out a number of times during the season and killed quite a few grouse, but it was rarely that I killed a young bird; while this year over one-half my birds have been young ones. Considering the good hatching season we had last spring, it does not seem as though there were as many young birds as there ought to be. Still, there are a great many more than last season. Snow now lies on the ground over a foot deep, and has been for the last ten days, making the walking so hard that scarcely any of the boys have been out at all lately, thereby saving a great many birds for next year's breeders, and there are a great many left over in this locality, and as season closes Monday in this State, very few more will be killed.

Birds have laid very well to dogs almost all this season until this snow came, when they have been as wild as hawks since.

I have never since I could remember seen as many woodcock killed in this locality as this year, I having killed as many during this fall as I have killed before in all the years I have carried a gun. They were all flight birds, as none breed here. Taking it all together, we have had quite a fair sprinkling of woodcock. I hope this gamy little bird is on the increase.

If we have a good nesting season next spring, we will have some grand ruffed grouse shooting here next fall. It ought to be better than for ten years. May we all sincerely hope so.

C. H. Y.

WELLAND, Ont., Can., Dec. 12.—Ruffed grouse on the high grounds are to be found in fair average numbers, but on the low marsh grounds scarce. The hatch was good, but immediately after the cold wet rains set in, and the young were almost entirely destroyed.

On my holidays this season I was about forty miles in the bush south of the Canadian Pacific Railway (main line), starting at Wahuapital, which is between North Bay and Sudbury. I found large game—deer, moose, bears, lynx and wolves—plentiful, but the feathered friend (ruffed grouse) very scarce. Where last season I found plenty of birds, this season very few, about a ratio of one to ten. Only about five per cent. of the birds I shot were young. The game wardens and fire rangers told me the young were destroyed by the hundreds owing to bad weather.

G. C. B.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Nov. 27.—You ask a difficult question when you wish to know why the ruffed grouse is scarce in the covers of New England, as well as in other parts of the country. But question or no question, the fact remains that the so-called partridge of New England is rapidly disappearing, and especially in the southern part. The season, which will have closed before this will be read by the lovers of New England's greatest game bird, has been unusually disappointing to the hunters of Springfield and the surrounding cities and towns. In years past we have had our finest sport with the ruffed grouse, and many have been killed, but many have been left in the covers for seed, and the sportsmen did not seem to realize that the birds were in danger of extermination. When the Massachusetts hunting season was shortened a few years ago it was felt by most men interested in the preservation of game that a step had been taken in the right direction, and that fewer birds, especially young birds which had not attained their full strength and growth, would be killed. But this did not seem to be the case with the partridge, at least. Each year they have grown wilder and fewer in number, and this year the man who has killed a good bag of ruffed grouse in the covers near this city is as hard to find as the grouse themselves. Andrew Hill, of East Longmeadows, who is one of the finest shots in New England, and who hunts a great deal, has not killed a single ruffed grouse this year, a statement which he has never been able to make since he was tall enough to ram powder into a muzzleloader. His case is an exception, of course, but it is a straw which shows the general direction of the wind.

The reason for the rapid disappearance of the grouse in this section can largely be laid to the exceptionally wet weather which followed after the hatching season. When the trout were beginning to take an active interest in life, people along the brooks saw partridges and saw little chicks as well. One man reports seeing two large broods very near together; in fact, he nearly stepped on the chicks in the last one he saw, and the old hen flew up into his face and showed signs of fight until the youngsters had scurried away among the leaves and vanished. Then she played the old broken

wing game just as the first bird had done. In a number of places signs of the chicks were found, and their little tracks showed clearly in the white sand, which they had toddled through, but when October came only an old bird or so could be found in the woods where the little chicks had started life. No dead chicks were seen or could this be expected, but where there were youngsters in the spring there were few grown birds in the fall, and this tells a part of the story. It is not fair to assume that foxes and skunks caught most of them, although they probably accounted for a few, but foxes are not common enough in this section to do a great amount of damage.

Another cause for the passing of the grouse is the great increase in the number of hunters in the woods. During the past few years many more men have taken to hunting than enjoyed their leisure in this way in the old days. They kill a number of birds each year, even while they are learning to find themselves in the field, and whenever they flush a bird they are apt to shoot and scare it so that the next man will find it wild and discover that it will not lie for the dog, but will flush wild. A large number of partridges have been snared by the "boy on the farm" in this section in the past, and this lessens the number of grouse to a large extent. The sale of the ruffed grouse is now forbidden in this State, but while every effort has been made to have the law enforced, there are some men who sell birds still. Market hunting in this section has largely died out, however, so this offsets the number of hunters killing birds for their own use to a large extent. There is plenty of food for the birds in the fields and woods, so that this can have no effect on the lessening number of the birds. In the Berkshire Hills, where there have always been many birds, the hunters report that their bags have fallen off fully 50 per cent. this year, and they lay the blame to the bad weather early in the season and to the increasing number of hunters.

Another reason which makes me firmly believe that the bad weather in the spring killed many chicks near this city, is the scarcity of quail. Last fall, when the season closed, there were large numbers of quail left in the fields, and during the winter the farmers continually reported seeing the birds. The winter was not a hard one, and when spring came everyone began to prophesy a great quail year. But when the season opened the quail did not seem to be around, and during the past week they have been just as scarce. The birds mated and hatched out their chicks in the spring, for many little families were seen, but the rain must have killed them, and it must have killed the young grouse as well, for both are delicate and both easily take cold and die.

The story of the ruffed grouse in Maine seems to be more happy, and while the number may have decreased, no one seems to have noticed it greatly. The season opened there on Sept. 15, and while there may not have been good sport there since that time, there certainly were grouse enough to go around during the first week of the season in the Rangeley region. Even though I did not make it a point to hunt the birds there, I killed a number which were flushed from the trails in going through the woods, and the birds seemed very tame and flew slowly in comparison with the grouse of southern New England. They acted more like the blue grouse of the Big Horn Mountains, and were about as easy to kill. In Maine, of course, the hunter is supposed to shoot the bird's head off with his rifle, but as the grouse sits in the road or in a tree and waits for the slaughter, it is an easy thing for the expert. But in time they will get scarce in the big woods, just as they have done with us, and legislation is the only thing which will prevent extermination. It saved our quail a few years ago, it should be tried with the ruffed grouse and the woodcock now.

CLICK.

Massachusetts Deer.

SANDWICH, Mass., Dec. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The rowing down of a deer in the waters of Mashpee Lake, the fierce struggle for mastery, the final capture and imprisonment of the deer in an ice-house, constitute the principal features of an adventure credited to Harry Conant, of Mashpee by a news item in the Boston Globe of December 8.

I do not think the writer of that item fully realized to what an extent he was exposing the illegal hunting of deer in this section, but I am very glad that it got into print, from the fact that it greatly strengthens the statements of Central and myself in FOREST AND STREAM of November 28 to the effect that deer are being hunted and hounded in this section in direct defiance of the law.

Everyone who knows the habits of the deer, knows that they are not swimming a mile or more in the icy waters of Mashpee Lake at this season unless driven to it by dogs, and from the above it will be seen that they are not safe even when they have thrown the dogs off the track by taking to the water.

Now, as to the legal aspect of this case. If the statements made in the Globe item are true, did not young Conant, deliberately and with malice aforethought, hunt, chase, capture, and imprison this deer in direct violation of Chap. 245, Acts of Mass. Legislature of 1903?

There is no claim made in the item that he did this to rescue the deer from the dogs; no claim that the deer was exhausted and unable to take care of itself. Now, has not Conant left himself liable to the penalty imposed by the law?

JAMES M. MCARDLE.

A Deer in Cambridge.

BOSTON, Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Thursday last, between 7 and 8 o'clock A. M., a large doe was seen in the streets of the University City, much to the surprise of hundreds of people. After coursing through several streets, dodging teams and electric cars, the deer found the entrance to the house numbered 456 Massachusetts avenue, pushed in the door and bounded up the stairs, entering a chamber where a Mr. White was in bed. When this gentleman recovered from his surprise, he pushed the animal out into the hall, but it returned to the room, and he managed to force it into the closet and close the door. Among those who had been following the deer was Mr. Wm. H. Watts, of Brighton, who, with

the assistance of several others, threw her down and carried her to the furniture moving store of Mr. R. N. Burns, and placed her in a box-stall in Mr. Burns' stable, where she remained until yesterday, when Deputy "Tom" Burney took her to Wyoming and set her free in the vicinity of the Middlesex Fells. When Mr. Burns was told that under the law he was liable to a fine of \$100, he was considerably disturbed, and sought the commissioners at the State House, and they decided that his action was in no way malicious, but rather a charity, and worthy of commendation. Probably no other wild deer ever came so near gaining admission to Harvard or Radcliffe.

A letter addressed to President Reed from Mr. Oliver Gay, Crystal Lake Farm, Haverhill, reports that a deer has been feeding with his young cattle for a couple of months, and when recently, on account of snow, the cattle were driven into the barn, the deer followed them, and has been housed with them for some days. Having been told that he was violating the law, Mr. Gay wrote for information as to the proper course to be pursued. I learn to-day that Deputy Burney has been sent to liberate the deer.

These occurrences might not seem strange in Maine or northern New Hampshire, but in this locality they excite a great deal of interest. Only a few days ago a deer was reported meandering the streets of Newburyport.

Without question the increased number of deer in our State is very remarkable. It is very important that they go unmolested and every person who loves to see the beautiful creatures should feel a degree of responsibility for their preservation, so long as it is illegal to kill them. As a curiosity, the inclosed letter is hard to beat.

(This is an exact copy of a letter received this week. Perhaps you would like to print it, leaving out the name of the sender.)

"HAMPDEN, Mass., Dec. 8, 1903.—Dear Sir Mr. James Russell Reed on the twentie first of november in the year of 1903 i was walking to the store and i though i heard something coming a long behind me and just as i turned a round to see what it was i was nock down bey a Big deer he Jumped over me and one of his leages strook on the back and lamed me up so i had to have a Dr. Ballard attended me i had two hard weeks of sicknes and i aint over it yet and i dont think i ever will thaire was a good maney persones saw the deer and they sed that he wasnt verry fraid it cost me a good deal of expenses I expect to here from you some i shant stel for nothing less thin one \$1000 dollars for what i have ben through hoping to here from you in a weak yours trulie

CENTRAL.

Our Christmas Number.

THERE seems to be a gratifying unanimity of sentiment among readers and advertisers as to the Christmas number of FOREST AND STREAM. This is pleasant to editor and publisher alike, for their highest ambition is that readers and advertisers should receive from the publication of FOREST AND STREAM as much pleasure and profit as possible.

The text and illustrations in the body of that issue may speak for themselves, and about them we need say little, but a word may fitly be spoken concerning the many and beautiful advertisements which appeared in it, and which for attractiveness of illustration and interest of matter were almost, if not quite, as attractive as those pages devoted more exclusively to the entertainment and edification of the readers. Among the advertisements appearing in large space in the Christmas number of FOREST AND STREAM are found those of many firms which have been in business almost since modern sportsmanship began. Such firms have seen a variety of ups and downs in the history of sport in this country, and in the trade in guns, ammunition, fishing tackle and yachts, and have witnessed the rise and fall of many so-called sportsman's journals. Many of these firms have been printing advertisements in the FOREST AND STREAM from the very first days of their establishment in the trade, and there are a few whose advertisements have appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM in every issue that has appeared from its beginning, away back more than thirty years ago.

Such long business association comes after a time to mean more to advertiser and publisher than a mere matter of dollars and cents. These firms have long been our friends, as we are theirs, and we have come to regard it as quite as important that they should prosper as it is that we should prosper.

The Christmas FOREST AND STREAM made its appearance well in advance of Christmas Day in order that the information which it contained might be as useful as possible to readers and advertisers alike.

The FOREST AND STREAM has no stronger wish than that the Christmas season may be happy for both.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been spending the evening with your very attractive issue of FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 5, and particularly interesting is the article on the Labrador duck.

RUTHVEN DEANE.

BEAVER BROOK FARM, Milford, Conn., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your Christmas number of FOREST AND STREAM is superb, and I congratulate you on it.

M. G.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me to congratulate you upon the beauty of the Christmas number of FOREST AND STREAM. It is the best number, I think, that has ever come off your presses.

WM. DUTCHER.

NEW YORK, Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me to congratulate you on the great success of the holiday edition of FOREST AND STREAM, which I had an opportunity to examine carefully at my home last evening.

It is perhaps pardonable in an advertising man to be more

interested in the advertising pages than in the regular text; but I think that so handsome, effective and numerous are the business announcements in this number, that they will run a close race with the text in the attention of even the lay readers.

My congratulations and compliments on this.

WM. H. JOHNS (of George Batten & Co.).

BATAVIA, N. Y., Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your Christmas number has reached us, and I must compliment you upon it as being the finest edition of any sportsman's paper I have ever seen.

F. M. FARWELL,

Sec. and Treas. Baker Gun & Forging Co.

CHICOPEE FALLS, Mass., Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We wish to express our hearty congratulations on the appearance and general effectiveness of your Christmas number. This special number of your publication reflects great credit on your enterprise, and is a beautiful piece of work.

Our full page advertisement makes a most striking and handsome appearance, and we trust that this publicity may prove a profitable investment. Kindly send us six more of your Christmas number.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly give space to an old reader (one who has followed the publication from infancy to manhood), who wishes to express his heartfelt satisfaction over your present Christmas number. It is a jewel.

I did not recognize it on my favorite news stand, and inquired if they had not received the Christmas FOREST AND STREAM. The reply was the presentation of the current number. It is beautiful; and I warm to it as I would to a first offspring, if that could even be vouchsafed to me. It is redolent with all that is good and true in clean sportsmanship.

J. W. B.

SAYRE, Pa., Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Abler pens than mine, in more felicitous phrase, will write in expressing their appreciation of the rarely beautiful Christmas number of FOREST AND STREAM, sent upon its world-wide travels last week; but as an humble contributor to the dear old paper for the past dozen years, I desire to thank you for this wonderfully handsome and altogether delightful Christmas issue. Considered from every point of view, it is a work of art, and nothing quite so fine and fascinating has previously been published by a journal devoted to the interests of sportsmanship. It is a unique example of literary attainments, photographic skill, artistic finesse, typographical perfection, and vivid illustration of a multitude of things ever dear to the sportsman's heart. Long live FOREST AND STREAM! And merry Christmas, in good truth, to its editors!

M. CHILL.

Sea and River Fishing.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Game Laws in Brief.

is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the Brief.

Decrease in the Size of Game Fishes.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

"WHEN I was a boy, things were quite different," said an old gentleman to me as we were comparing notes one day. "Yes, the winters were much more severe, the cold being much more intense. Why, bless your soul, I have seen the trunks of big oaks and chestnuts split open their whole length by the frost; the snowfall was vastly greater than it is now. Yes, we always had from two to four feet of snow all winter and it filled the roads even with the fence tops; breaking out the roads in those days was no boys' play, I can tell you, and as for fish and game, I could always get all the partridges (ruffed grouse) I wanted in two or three hours, and ducks and shore birds were almost too plentiful. I've seen the time when I could bag 500 or 600 golden and black breast plover in a day on Nantucket. Ah, those good old days are gone, never to return."

Of course, I assented to all he said, and added, jokingly, "Yes, and the average size of game fish has decreased, too."

After we had parted, my thoughts turned to fish and fishing, and the idea that the size of certain fish had decreased grew on me to such an extent that I sat down and made a lot of mental notes, which convinced me that my jesting remark to my friend was far from being a joke, and I believe that my brother anglers will in a greater or less degree coincide with me in my opinion. Now, I have handled the rod almost fifty years (not so many years as my old friend had, for he is a hale and hearty octogenarian, and can yet cast as good a fly, and can cut down his bird a-wing as well as the next comer), and I have killed my share of most varieties of our game fish, and ought to be able to judge fairly well in relation to this matter, but if I am in error I shall be glad to be set right.

First of all, there is no doubt in my mind that the Atlantic salmon averages considerably smaller in size than it did thirty years ago, and this conviction comes upon me from an experience on most of the Canadian streams. The Port Medway, in Nova Scotia, used to furnish, thirty or more years ago, most excellent fishing, and salmon of 12 to 15 pounds' weight were far from uncommon, and an 18-pounder was not rare. I have not fished that river for a number of years, but I noticed that the size of the fish had lessened when I was last there, and am informed that a 10-pound fish is now seldom killed, and 6 to 8-pound fish are the rule, and not over-abundant at that.

Of course, this decrease is attributable in a measure to overfishing, but I believe that the Micmac Indians have done more than their share in reducing the salmon in size and numbers along the coast to the northward. The Gold, East, Ingram and Indian rivers, which, thirty years ago were good salmon streams, giving the angler 10, 12 and occasionally 15 or 18-pound fish, are now almost depleted, 6 to 8-pound fish being

looked upon almost as prizes. There is but little poaching done on these streams, and the decrease in the size of the fish has probably been caused by overfishing, all these rivers being very accessible from Halifax.

In Cape Breton there are several salmon rivers, the chief one being the Margaree. I wish that that magnificent stream could be restored to its old-time glory. Every angler who has cast the fly upon its waters will agree with me that it is an ideal salmon river, and such beauties as we used to take! I venture to say that the average weight was considerably over 10 pounds, and a 20 and even 30-pounder was far from rare. Now a 10-pound fish is the exception, and even 8-pounders are not very common. In fact, it is a wonder that the fish is not extirpated, for the river is heavily netted at its mouth, and is poached most unmercifully. The natives net and spear the fish as fast as they come into the pools, and, if by chance, a salmon escapes one season, he is in wonderful luck, but he never lives many years, and this notwithstanding there are several wardens stationed on the river and one resides near one of the best upper pools where spearing is much in vogue.

In this pool some very large fish have been taken, one weighing 38 pounds was pursued by the natives and was finally killed by a spear that was specially made to encompass his broad back.* I have conversed with a number of the natives, and find that they care nothing for the laws; all they want is to "corn down" a barrel or two of the delicious fish for winter use.

In New Brunswick waters the average size of the fish has decreased very perceptibly. The salmon in the Nepisiquit now rarely exceed 10 pounds in weight, while formerly they often reached 18 to 20 pounds. I do not think that the river is overfished, but that it is poached I have no doubt, and the shore netting at its mouth is heavy.

I have not fished the Miramichi River or its tributaries for a number of years, but I am told that the magnificent great fish, 20-pounders and over, are now rarely taken, and the number of fish grow smaller every year.

This may easily be attributed to poachers and heavy netting. I venture to assert that every pool from salt water up to the Big and Little Swogle rivers is poached almost every night in the season. I have seen the poachers at work from my tent at night, but was powerless to prevent them, and to one who is used to the signs of the woods, the rolls of partially consumed birch bark, which had been used as torches that are to be seen on every pool, tell a melancholy story.

I have often wondered how a salmon ever got by them, but a few do every year. The gill netting at the shore off Newcastle and Chatham, is very heavy, as many as 400 or 500 fish going into the freezer as a day's catch.

There are several smaller streams emptying into the Baie des Chaleurs, between the Miramichi and the Jacquet River, but I think they are not visited by salmon.

The Jacquet is not a large river, none of its pools being wider than can be covered by a long cast, but it is a fairly good salmon stream, and it abounds in large and gamy sea trout. It has upward of twenty pools, which salmon visit, and it is an easy and satisfactory river to fish. I was for five years one of three lessees who controlled it, and my memory teems with recollections of the many pleasant outings I have enjoyed on it, with fly-rod, canoe and camera.

I never killed a large salmon in any of its pools, but they were gamy in the highest degree. I had fished the river before my term as one of the lessees began, and I had a good opportunity to observe the diminution in the size of the fish; from 8 to 10-pounders they gradually dropped down to 4 or 5, and they became scarce at that.

This was not owing to overfishing with the rod, and probably but little poaching was ever done on it, but to the erection of a freezer near its mouth, with its attendant gill nets, which lined the shore on both sides, the decrease is wholly due. When the freezer was in active operation it often received as high as 150 fish in a day, the average being about 50.

One may easily see what the effect of such a drain on the numbers of the fish would have on the river. Connected with the freezer and operated by the same parties, was a lobster cannery, which, in its palmy days, employed 30 hands as "crackers and packers." I watched the work done in this establishment with a good deal of interest, for I felt that it was in a fair way to exhaust the supply, for an immense number of traps were set, and every lobster, large and small, was boiled, and some of them were very small, indeed.

The operations of this cannery furnished a good object lesson, showing that the crops of the sea may be exhausted as well as those of the land, for so clean a sweep of the crustaceans was made, the cannery was obliged to suspend operations in the fourth year of its existence, there were not enough lobsters obtainable to make it profitable to run the works.

Apropos of lobsters, an interesting experience which I once had comes back to my memory. I used to, in the good old times, take an occasional outing on the Indian River, which empties into Margaret's Bay, about 25 miles west of Halifax, N. S. In those days in the early sixties, it was a good salmon stream, the fish being of good size and the pools being all easily get-at-able.

When my day's sport was ended I passed a few hours on the verandah of the hotel, which was run by the Masons, who were well and favorably known to many of the angling fraternity, and often took horse and wagon for a drive down the delightful shore road along the bay. On one occasion we passed a lobster fisherman, who had just come ashore with his catch. It is to be remembered that lobsters in those days were larger than they now are.

I stopped the horse and inspected his catch, and accepted as a present a couple of the handsomest specimens.

I thought that our menu at the hotel would be varied satisfactorily by the addition of lobsters occasionally.

and bargained with the lobster catcher to bring to the house 25 cents' worth twice a week. The next day, in the afternoon, as I was enjoying my after-dinner cigar on the veranda, I saw the man coming up the road with a horse and small open wagon; he stopped and backed the wagon up to the hotel steps and uncovered his load. "What have you there?" I asked.

"These are your first lot of lobsters, sir," he replied.

I gazed on the great green and black monsters for a moment in much astonishment, and then asked him if he meant that the lobsters were all mine.

"Yes," he replied, "and more, sir, if you want."

There were two or three bushels, and all for a quarter of a dollar. I told him that a half dozen would suffice, and he picked out a few that would make one stare nowadays; huge fellows they were, with great claws five or six inches in width and nine or ten inches in length; it is needless to say that we reveled in lobsters during the remainder of our stay there. I give this incident to show that lobsters as well as game fish have decreased in size and numbers. A quarter of a dollar would not pay for much of a lobster catch just now, even at Margaret's Bay.

But to our muttons.

Passing up the Bay Chaleur, there is no salmon river of any consequence until we reach the grand old Restigouche, which, with the Metapedia and Upsalquitch rivers, constitute, in my opinion, the most magnificent series of salmon waters in the world. I know of none to compare with them. And what noble fish used to accept the feathered lure in former days! 18 and 20-pounders were common, and 30-pound fish were by no means rare.

It is true those monsters were not as gamy as a 15-pound fish usually is, but their strength and fighting endurance were something wonderful.

Now, I have had no opportunity to examine the records of the Metapedia Club, but I will wager a big apple they will show that the average weight of the salmon taken in the club's waters has steadily diminished, and that a 15-pound fish is as large as is usually taken.

It takes a long time to build up a 30-pound salmon, and at the rate the fish are netted all along the bay at the mouth of the river, there will be a slim chance for any more fish of that size to be grown.

I had an opportunity to inspect a large tank containing a great number of salmon that the fishery officers were keeping in the river near Flatlands, in 1886, until the spawn would be ripe enough to take, and was astonished to find that they were almost wholly 10 or 12-pound fish, and they were regarded as very satisfactory big fish by the officials.

I asked if they got no 20 or 30-pound fish, such as were common in days of yore, and they replied that such large fish were now (1886) rarely seen.

Restigouche salmon have been noted the world over for their great size and strength, but "how are the mighty fallen!"

Along the northern or Quebec shore of Bay Chaleur and away out to Gaspé Bay (into which empty a number of good streams) are several notable salmon rivers, the most important of them being the Grand Casca-pedia, one of the best salmon streams in America, if not in the world. It is a Government river, the fishing on it being mostly reserved, but occasionally an American has a chance to cast a fly on its waters, and wonderful have been the catches they have made. Several of my friends have been among the favored ones, and the accounts they gave of the sport they had was most exhilarating, to say the least.

I have before me a photograph taken about twenty years ago, of a catch of thirty-five salmon by four rods in three days, on this noble stream, which averaged a weight of 29½ pounds.

This wonderful record is one to be remembered, though it had previously been equaled, I understand, but at the present time the average weight of the fish killed there is very much less than the above.

Emptying into the St. Lawrence River, along its northern shore, are a number of splendid salmon streams, many of them being as familiar as household words to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, but the big fish that once ascended those rivers are now no more, 10 to 15-pound salmon being considered heavy weight fish.

Now, the decrease in the size of the salmon has been constant in all the rivers I have named, it has extended throughout all the most important waters in the Dominion. I do not believe that anyone who knows much of angling will attribute it to overfishing with the fly, for no matter how industriously the angler may strive, he does very little to diminish the number of the fish, he cannot, for the reason, that not one salmon in ten will come to his lure, but it is the gill nets on the bay shores and the seines and spears of the poachers that have done the work.

The salmon, in going to their home rivers, move along the shore of the bays and other bodies of salt water into which those rivers empty, and the owners of gill and other nets improve every opportunity to spread their engines of destruction. One who has not witnessed the extent to which this netting is carried can have no conception of its magnitude.

Of course, the demands of an ever-widening and exacting market seem to the netters to be sufficient excuse for their destructive work. "After us the Deluge," has been the motto in the New World, and whether it has been in the extirpation of the bison or the wild pigeon, the salmon and other game fishes, or the destruction of the noble forests, it has constantly been the shibboleth, the watchword for the reckless and improvident.

In "With Fly Rod and Camera," nearly twenty years ago, I urged the necessity for government action in putting a greater limit on the work of the netters than has been enforced, and once more I make a plea that more strenuous efforts shall be made to further limit the net catch. If this is not done I can confidently predict that the next generation of anglers will have to be satisfied with fish smaller even than the present reduced average weight.

Now, curiously enough, although the weight of the Atlantic salmon is less than it was thirty years ago, the weight of the so-called landlocked salmon, which are not exposed to the perils of gill nets, seines and weirs, has increased very much. In the early sixties I used to visit the Grand or Schoodic lakes in Maine on the New Brunswick border, above Calais, in pursuit of the white trout, as the landlocks were then called, and their average weight in those days was hardly a pound and a half. I suppose in the years I fished Grand Lake stream I took several hundred landlocks, and I do not remember of ever getting a 2-pound fish, and my experience was not different from that of others. Thaddeus Norris, in his "American Angler's" book, gives an account of catches made by certain parties as follows:

In June, 1856, three rods, six days, 634, trout, 872 pounds.

In June, 1857, three rods, six days, 432 fish, 642 pounds.

In June, 1858, two rods, eight days, 510 fish, 725 pounds.

The average weight of these, therefore, was about the same or a trifle less, than that of the fish I killed a few years later. But, although anglers have been abundant, the fish, owing to wise protection, together with a better supply of food, have steadily increased in size and weight, as will be seen by the following statement by Mr. W. T. Buck, printed in "With Fly Rod and Camera."

Comparison of records shows a gradual increase in size of the Schoodic salmon handled at the spawning season, and a marked increase in the yield of eggs per fish, thus: Two hundred and thirty-five males weighed and measured in 1877, averaged 16.8 inches and weighed 1.8 pounds; and 247 weighed and measured in 1886, averaged 20.3 inches and 3.46 pounds; and 348 females weighed and measured in 1877, averaged 16.1 inches and 1.9 pounds; and 505 females weighed and measured in 1886, averaged 20.1 inches and 3.58 pounds. I visited the hatchery on Grand Lake stream in November, 1886, and saw the landlocks taken from the "corrals" or yards, and manipulated for their eggs and milt, and was simply astonished to see the little 1½-pound white trout that I used to catch transformed to 3½-pound salmon. Nowadays a landlock of 3½ pounds is not regarded with wonder, fish weighing 10, 12 and even 14 pounds being taken in the Maine lakes.

Another species, not, however, usually regarded as a game fish, but one that is the most gamy that swim, the bluefish, has also fallen off very considerably in size within the last twenty years; trollers could, in former days, count on an average weight of 10 or 12 pounds. I have seen the time when I could stand on the beach near Sciasconsett, on Nantucket, and casting the artificial squid, or the eel-covered leaded hook far out into the surf, and hauling it in, hand over hand, bring in my 15-pounder at almost every cast, and so strong were those fish, it seemed sometimes as if it were a question as to whether I would land them or they would pull me into the ocean. Nowadays 5 and 6-pounders are very satisfactory fish.

Aside from their value as an exceptionally gamy fish to the angler, who uses a stout rod, heavy salmon or bass reel, 100 yards of line and a piece of fine piano wire for a leader and hook baited with a strip of menhaden, squid or small fish, the decrease of the bluefish in size and numbers is not an unqualified misfortune, for they are terribly destructive of other valuable food fishes in the testimony given by different fishermen and printed in the report on the sea fisheries of the south coast of New England for 1871 and 1872 by Professor Spencer F. Baird. It was stated that a single bluefish will destroy upward of 1,000 other fish, such as menhaden, mackerel, scup (or porgies) in a day; one fisherman said that he had taken from the stomach of a 3½-pound bluefish upward of 50 young scup (porgies), and others stated that these savage destroyers will gorge themselves with mackerel, scup, etc., and then eject the contents of their stomachs and begin again. It is a great wanderer, having been taken in almost every quarter of the globe, and its visits in great numbers in any given locality are not always to be counted on.

It is unquestionably to the angler a valuable species, for it puts up a savage and persistent fight, and is, withal, if cooked when freshly killed, a valuable table fish; but in consequence of its savage nature and predaceous habits, its diminution of size is not so great a calamity as is that of the other species I have named.

Another of the angler's favorites—that magnificent game fish of the sea, the striped bass—has also deteriorated in size and weight, 20, 25 and 30-pounders of bygone days now being conspicuous by their absence; in fact, some of the localities in which they were formerly abundant are now entirely abandoned by them. Professor George Brown Goode, in his Report on the Fisheries of the United States, mentions bass weighing 50 pounds as often occurring in the Potomac, and states that one weighing 112 pounds is the record fish, but such fish as those were monsters; indeed, now, I have no doubt that the records of the Cuttyhunk, West Island and other bass fishing clubs will show that there has been a gradual but decided falling off in the weight of the fish that have been taken in recent years. In Professor Baird's report, above referred to, frequent mention is made of 20 and 25-pound fish, and the hand-line fishermen often spoke of filling their boats with a day's catch that was in Buzzard's Bay; in Vineyard Sound equally large fish were also taken, but a bass weighing over fifteen pounds in those localities is now a rarity.

Further east, as for instance, Nahant, Thatcher's Island and in other points near Cape Ann and in the Merrimack River, very large fish used to be killed. I have seen striped bass ranging as high as 30 pounds taken at Thatcher's Island; this is thirty years ago, but now the most industrious and persistent angler can only occasionally take an 8 or 10-pound fish.

I once saw a specimen that was exhibited in Quincy market, Boston, which weighed 45 pounds, and 30-pound fish frequently found their way into that market.

On one occasion I saw some very heavy bass killed by the explosion of dynamite in the Weymouth River

*"With Fly Rod and Camera," page 41.

below the bridge at Quincy Point, Mass. The dynamite was used by workmen, who were blasting the rocks in the channel to deepen the water, so that large vessels could ascend the river to the wharves at the bridge; some of the bass weighed between 20 and 30 pounds, and there were several that even exceeded the latter weight; the presence of such large fish in the river was a surprise to the residents of the neighborhood, who never dreamed of such monsters being in their waters. It would be equally as great a surprise nowadays for them to take a bass there of any size whatever, for I believe that they have abandoned the river entirely.

Now this destruction of the bass cannot be laid at the doors of the angler or the hand-line fishermen, but it is unquestionably due to the weirs and pounds which gather in every fish, large and small, which enter their fatal portals.

In the Report of the Massachusetts Commissioners for 1901, the catch of striped bass in the pounds, weirs, etc., is stated to have been 25,451 pounds; with such wholesale slaughter as that one may readily see that this valuable game fish will in the near future become so rare as to be hardly worth the angler's efforts.

In winters ten or fifteen years ago, I used to receive a box of bass that was sent me by a friend at New-castle, N. B. They were taken through the ice in the Miramichi River by spears or by dip nets thrust down to the mud at the bottom, when the fish were more or less torpid.

My friend sent them to me as a treat, and I always unpacked the boxes with a great deal of pleasure, but the bass were very small, averaging not more than a foot in length, and I have often thought that our own fish, judging by the way they are now deteriorating in size, will soon be no heavier than those sent me by my friend.

Sawdust and Fish Life.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Referring to the injurious effects of sawdust on fish life, will you kindly allow me to offer the following notes on the subject from the fishculturist's point of view:

One of the first difficulties which the early trout breeders in this country had to overcome, was the presence of a fungoid growth that always appeared in the wooden troughs or boxes that the eggs were hatched in. It invariably grew on, and from the surface of, the wood that the troughs were made of, and in all our personal experience in hatching fish eggs, we never knew a single instance, east of the Mississippi, in which fungus did not appear on the surface of the wooden hatching troughs very soon after the water was turned into the troughs, unless the wood was very old or had long been water soaked. In these cases, the fungus does not appear to so great an extent, but when the lumber is new, the fungus, except in highly oxygenated waters, invariably appears very soon after the water comes in contact with the green wood.

This fungus is one of the most deadly things in the world to trout and salmon eggs. It is so destructive that if a million trout eggs were put into green lumber troughs to hatch, they would every one of them be killed before they hatched. Not one would escape. "Domesticated Trout," speaking of this fungus (page 126, sixth edition), says "Fungus is a vegetable growth of a low order, which makes its appearance almost invariably where there is water, and especially on newly cut wood, on which it eventually becomes a mass of nearly colorless or milky slime."

"This fungus, if once present in the hatching water, will certainly attach itself to the eggs, and when it does, their fate is sealed; you cannot save them from its effect, for it never lets go its hold. It will surely eat out the vitality of the embryo within, and will either kill it entirely or will leave a puny, lifeless, transparent creature, which will in all probability never live to grow up. It cannot, therefore, be guarded against with too much care."

In consequence of this action on the surface of lumber under water, wooden hatching troughs were formerly charred, and now are all covered with a coating of asphaltum on which fungus does not grow. No fish-culturist of any experience would now think for a moment of using wood for hatching trout or salmon eggs, without first covering every part of the surface under water, with asphaltum or something furnishing similar protection against fungus.

Now, if the exposed surface of the three planks which form the hatching trough can exercise such a deadly and universal effect on the fish eggs that are in it, what a vast power of injury there must be in sawdust, in which form the exposed surfaces of the wood are multiplied almost indefinitely. Take an inch board a foot square and reduce it all to sawdust, and it will give an amount of exposed surface almost infinitely greater than the board itself. Then consider what must be the effect of throwing tons of this sawdust every year directly upon the spawning beds of the fish, and where the sawdust will float down to the spawning beds below, if there should happen to be any below. From the moment the sawdust falls into the water it begins to produce the fatal fungus, and makes it absolutely impossible for a fish egg to hatch where it is, and what is more, the invisible fungus which destroys the eggs so effectually, gets into the gills of the young fish that are exposed to it and kills them also; and, besides this, by one of those wonderful instincts that are implanted in the lower animals, fish will avoid a stream where the conditions of spawning are unfavorable, and sooner or later will abandon a stream, the spawning beds of which are covered with sawdust.

The writer trusts that the above considerations are sufficient to show that large deposits of sawdust should be looked upon with much suspicion in streams that are valued on account of the fish life that is contained in them.

SALMO.

All communications for Forest and Stream must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Lake Champlain Pollution.

ANNOYED by the continued delay of the report of Prof. Landreth, Consulting Engineer of the State Board of Health, in regard to the pollution of the waters of Lake Champlain by the pulp mill in that region, D. C. Clark, of the well-known Wall Street firm of Clark, Dodge & Co., stated yesterday that he intended to employ expert chemists who would make an immediate and thorough investigation.

Mr. Clark's extensive estate is located on Lake Champlain, about two miles south of the mouth of the Boquet River, on which the mills of the New York and Pennsylvania Company are situated.

Said Mr. Clark: "The State authorities have lagged so much in the matter that I have decided to begin an investigation and have a chemical analysis of the waters made at my own expense. In so vital a matter delays are dangerous. With the report of my chemists in hand, more active steps will be taken to abate the evil."

"The agitation of the question of the pollution of the waters of the streams flowing into Lake Champlain and the waters of the lake itself, has aroused interest of the most far-reaching character, involving, as it does, the question of sewage, as well as other matter capable of polluting waters in which the public, in general is concerned."

"People have been accustomed to treat bodies of water along which they have land as if they owned the water as well as the shore, but this is not a fact, as is well known to all students of riparian rights. As a matter of fact, no individual corporation has a right to use any stream or body of water as a dumping ground for refuse of any character that will make the same unfit for drinking purposes or for the habitation of fish, be the same sawdust, chemicals or sewage."

Mr. Edward Hatch, Jr., of Lord & Taylor, who returned to town yesterday from a week's stay along the shores of Lake Champlain, states that the waters of the lake and of the rivers emptying into it are lower now than they have been in years. The portion of the banks exposed by the receding waters, he says, is covered with a nasty, ill-smelling slime which everyone declares is caused by the refuse from the pulp mills. Fears are entertained that an epidemic of typhoid fever may result, and residents along the borders of the lake are in despair over the slow action of the State authorities. The feeling, it was said, seems to be general that the mill owners who have for so many years successfully defied the law, will, on account of certain political affiliations, continue to do so.

Those interested in fighting the pulp mill owners at Lake Champlain are somewhat jubilant over the fact that the manager of the American Strawboard Company at Tiffin, Ohio, has just been fined \$500 and sentenced to ten days in jail for contempt of court, the charge having been the pollution of the Sandusky River by emptying paper mill refuse into it. It is hoped that the New York courts will soon take similar action against the owners of the offending pulp mills.

Scores of leading property holders along the Vermont side of the lake have already signed the petition which will soon be laid before Gov. McCullough, which appeal, it is hoped, will impel him to take more active and material steps to abate the evil. The owners of the pulp mills on the Au Sable River continue to deny that they are evading the law. Those interested in fighting the mills point to the Twentieth Annual Report of the State Board of Health, wherein the said board of health describes the Au Sable River as polluted by refuse and discharges from said mills.

"The situation is growing more acute every day," said Mr. Hatch, yesterday, "and I believe in a comparatively short time we will have forced the mill owners, through the courts, to end their acts of pollution. Public opinion is arrayed against them, and the bluffs they have worked for years will no longer avail."

American Fishes.

MANY readers of FOREST AND STREAM have read with great interest and profit the late G. Brown Goode's book, "American Fishes," published in 1888, a volume "prepared for the use of the angler, the lover of nature and the general reader." The work has been highly successful from every point of view, and having been out of print for some time, Dana Estes & Company, the present owners of the copyright and plates, have published a revised edition to meet the continued demands for the book. Not only has the work been revised, but it has been largely extended by Dr. Theodore Gill. The additions are a most excellent portrait and biographical sketch of the author, an editorial preface of two pages, an introduction of forty pages, and at the end of the volume, new chapters on the whitefishes, the smelts and their allies, the eels, and the sturgeons.

The principal addition to the book given us by Mr. Goode is Dr. Gill's so-called Editorial Introduction, in which he treats of the geographical distribution of fresh and salt water fishes, their popular names, scientific nomenclature, and gives a systematic index of species. The chapter on the popular names of the fishes is especially interesting, and shows much study and a wide acquaintance with the literature upon the subject. The systematic index of species shows at a glance the fresh water fishes of the Mississippi Valley and Atlantic slope, the fresh water fishes of the Pacific slope, salt water fishes of the Atlantic coast, of Florida and the Gulf of Mexico, and of the Pacific coast. Both scientific and common names are used, making the index especially useful to the generality of readers and students.

Colored plates of several of the species are given, but owing to the poor manner in which they have been reproduced, are not noteworthy. That of the common sunfish is simply execrable, and the proof could not have received the approval of the editor.

Altogether, this already valued treatise upon one of the most fascinating branches of natural history has been made still more useful, and will doubtless receive a hearty reception from the ever-increasing throng of readers of the literature on American fishes.

B. A. BEAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Maskinonge.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Surely the plea advanced last week by Mr. Chambers for general acceptance of the name maskinongé should appeal very strongly to all who are interested in our northern fishes. It would, indeed, seem undesirable as well as hopeless to choose for adoption one of the corrupted forms mentioned—mascallonge, muskallunge, and what not—and with the annoyance to both writers and readers caused by the present diversity of spelling, the change proposed should be most willingly accepted. To the considerations so well presented by Mr. Chambers it may be added that the prevailing corruptions referred to are such as to quite offend an Indian-trained ear.

Regarding the meaning of the name, the opinions given in favor of "deformed pike" are from high sources, and might fairly be taken as conclusive. When to such authority is joined the important support of Father Lacombe's dictionary of the Western Cree, there seems in fact no room left for discussion. Yet strangely enough another view is held by scholars of uncommon opportunities. There are at least two authors in the Algonkian, missionaries among the tribes, who assign to maskinongé the meaning great, or greater, pike; and some inquiry among the Indians themselves by the writer has failed to weaken their position. "Means big pike," was the dictum of a Montagnais, born to the language. The actual fact of the matter could be determined without much trouble almost anywhere along the northern border, and as the name is perhaps as interesting in form and subject as any we have inherited from the primitive tongue, its correct meaning is not likely to continue long in doubt. It is not too much to say here that the word as hitherto explained quite fails of the usual aptness of Indian descriptive names. Even if *mask-* may be translated as "different," in agreement with Bishop Lafleche, it is essentially a word of stigma, and by our standards inappropriate to an obviously splendid fish. The final decision in the matter must rest, of course, upon the authority of the wigwam, and is, fortunately, not far to seek. If Mr. Chambers especially, among those favorably situated, would pursue the subject further upon opportunity, the facts of the case should soon appear.

W. B. CABOT.

Boston, Mass.

Ring in Shark's Stomach.

LARS PETERSEN, an able seaman of the steamship Hypatia, which arrived recently from St. Lucia, is looking for a woman who in some way lost a ring with the initials "L. H. B." engraved on the inside, and which was in some way lost at sea. Petersen has the ring.

After the vessel left St. Lucia a large gray shark was seen following it. For two days he continued in the wake of the ship, when Petersen resolved to hook him. Procuring a large hook, he baited it with salt pork, and after some difficulty landed the monster, which measured almost 12 feet from tip to tip.

Thinking of the stories of treasures found in sharks' stomachs, Petersen procured a knife, cut the animal up, and found the ring.—New York Times.

The Kennel.

Russian Wolfhound Club of America.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—At a meeting of the executive committee of the Russian Wolfhound Club of America, held December 7, it was voted to award twenty special club prizes for competition at the coming Westminster Kennel Club Show. Four silver challenge and other cups offered from this and foreign countries, together with twelve other prizes to be awarded under the auspices of the club, were accepted.

A full classification (ten classes) for Wolfhounds has been secured, and steps are being taken to make this the record exhibit of the breed.

JOSEPH B. THOMAS, JR., Hon. Sec'y.

Cincinnati Bench Show.

A BENCH show will be held in Music Hall, Cincinnati, Ohio, January 12 to 16, in connection with the sixth annual show of the Cincinnati Poultry and Pet Stock Association. Dr. Geo. Clayton, of Chicago, will judge all breeds. The superintendent is Dr. Henry Loth, of Cincinnati. Strong efforts are being made to organize a kennel club in this city, and if this is done fanciers can look for an A. K. C. show next year.

BONASA.

Points and Flushes.

The Texas Field Trials Club's second annual field trial is fixed to take place on January 12, six miles from Floresville, Texas, on the ranch of Mr. J. S. Thornton. The stakes, All-Age, Derby, Members' and Champion Stakes will be run in the order mentioned. A special railroad fare has been arranged. For other information apply to the secretary, Mr. T. A. Ferlet, San Antonio, Texas.

From Bird to Buzzard.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 2.—Miss Elizabeth Bird, of Harrison county, near Paris, started early in life to feather her nest well.

Her first venture outside of the home nest was when she married Bud Martin. When Mr. Martin died she married Edward Crow, a prosperous farmer. When the time came to change she allied herself with William Robbin and lived happily until the matrimonial season for Mrs. Robbin again rolled around. Then David Buzzard, a widower, appeared. Mrs. Robbin became Mrs. Buzzard to-day.

Into the Buzzard eyrie the bride carried one little Martin, two little Crows, and one little Robbin. One little Buzzard was already there to welcome them.—New York Times.

Yachting.

Designing Competition.

\$225 in Prizes.

Two designing competitions have been given in FOREST AND STREAM. The first was for a 25ft. water-line cruiser; the second was for a 15ft. one-design class. Both competitions were very successful. The great interest taken in those competitions has prompted us to give a third one, open to amateurs and professionals. The prizes which will be given are as follows:

First prize—\$100.

Second prize—\$60.

Third prize—\$40.

Fourth prize—\$25, offered by Mr. Theodore Zerega for the best interior plan.

The designs are for a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

I. Centerboard cruiser, 40ft. l. w. l.

II. Boat must not draw over 6ft with centerboard up.

III. The lowest freeboard to covering board must be 3ft.

The design must be modern in every particular, without containing any extreme or abnormal features. The conditions have been made as simple as possible, that competitors might have all latitude and scope in working out their ideas. We wish to produce an able and comfortable cruising boat, one that shall have ample accommodation for two or three men living aboard for a period of several months, and one that can be easily managed at all times by two or three paid hands. The draft is restricted to 6ft. in order that the boat may have access to nearly all the desirable harbors, and may, thereby, widely increase her cruising field.

Drawings Required.

I. Sheer plan, scale $\frac{3}{4}$ in.=1ft.—showing center of buoyancy, center of lateral resistance and center of effort of both rigs.

II. Half breadth, scale $\frac{3}{4}$ in.=1ft.

III. Body plan, scale $\frac{3}{4}$ in.=1ft.

IV. Cabin plan, inboard profile and at least one cross section, scale $\frac{3}{4}$ in.=1ft.

V. Two sail plans, scale $\frac{1}{4}$ in.=1ft.; one as a yawl; one as a pole mast sloop.

In the case of the yawl rig the position and height of the mast and length of gaff are to be the same as in the cutter rig. Plans must show working topsail and size of light sails.

VI. All ballast outside on keel except amount necessary for trimming.

An outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully made and lettered. All drawings should be on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink. No colored inks or pigments should be used. The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only, and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer must inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than March 1, 1904. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all of the designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, who passed upon the designs submitted for the 25ft. with great care, has again consented to judge the designs and make the awards.

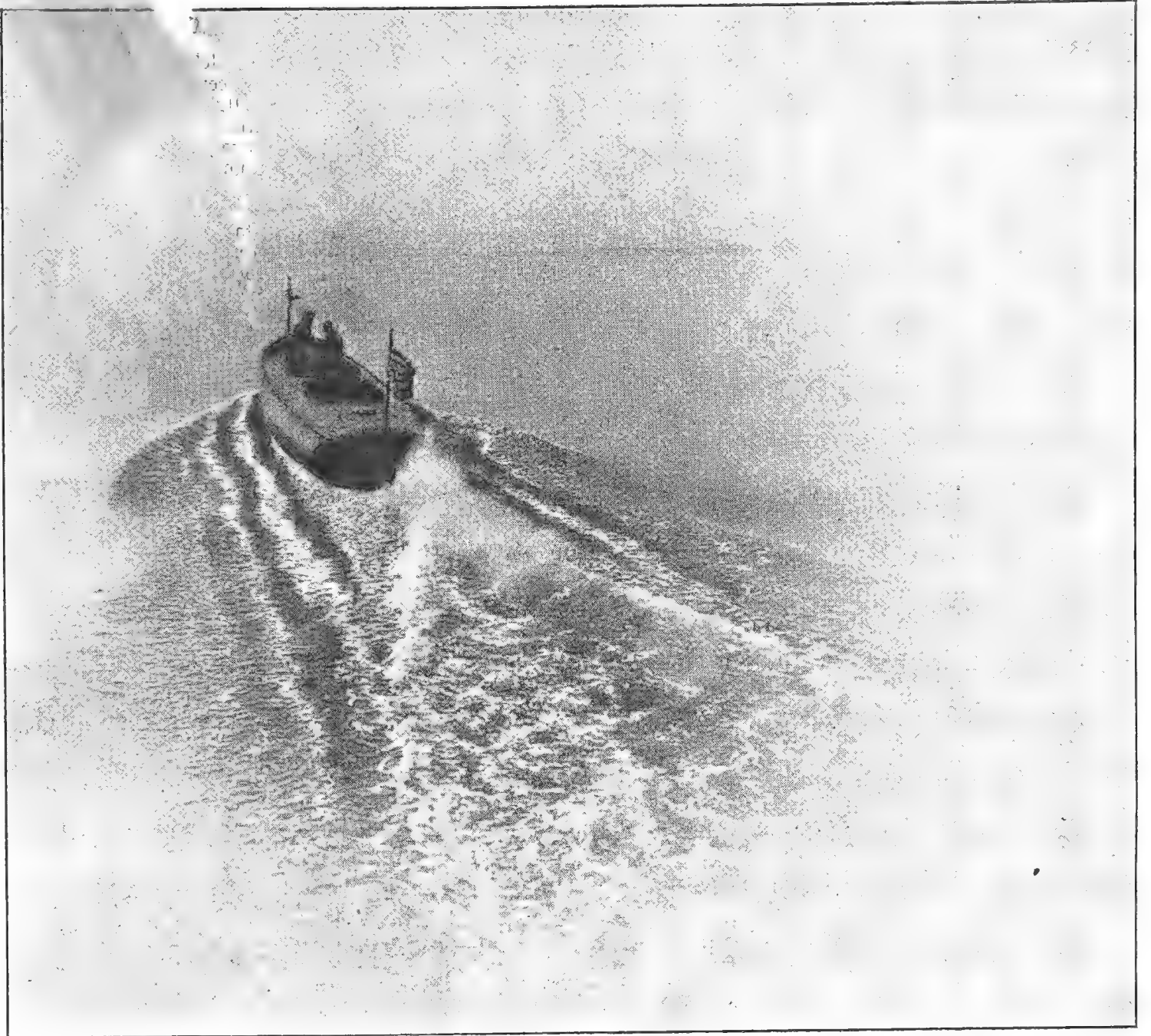
Gasolene Engines for Marine Propulsion.

Read at the eleventh general meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, held in New York, Nov. 19 and 20, 1903.

BY D. H. COX, MEMBER.

THIS paper is not intended in any sense to be a treatise on the gasolene engine from the designer's point of view, nor does its author claim to be an expert on the subject of which he is writing, merely desiring to present to the society as a matter of history certain interesting facts, and to draw certain conclusions therefrom regarding the advance of the gasolene engine. This aim is quite in keeping with the society's desire to have its proceedings form a record yearly of progress and development in matters with which it is concerned. To anyone desiring exact details and the minute information required by the designer of engines of this type, reference is suggested to some one of the many excellent treatises now in print on this subject.

The development of the automobile having demonstrated the possibilities of explosive gasolene engines for vehicle propulsion, their application to marine work has followed as a matter of course. While the many troubles and accidents that have been experienced by the majority of automobilists have tended to prejudice the minds of many persons against these engines, this should not really be the case. Rather should it be con-



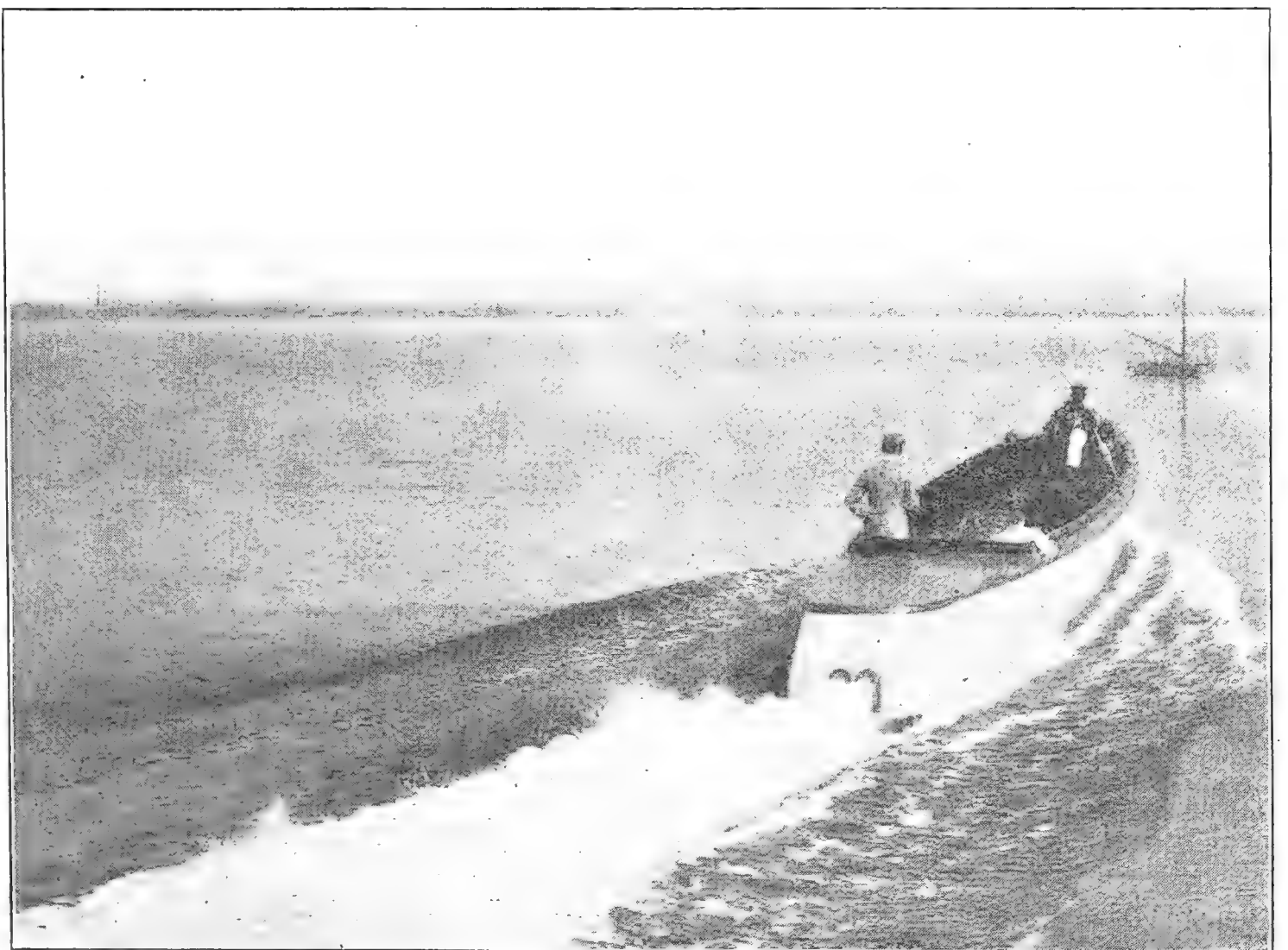
Speed Launch Standard at about 21 Miles an Hour.—Plate 10.

sidered decidedly to the credit of an engine of its type that it has been able to be used with any degree of success for automobile work, the conditions of which make its operation a matter of the most careful design and manipulation. When the governing conditions for the automobile and marine motor are contrasted, it will be seen that in each instance the most serious obstacles in the way of the successful operation of the former are, if not absent, at least minimized in the latter. The heat produced in the cylinders from the high temperatures of the exploded gases can, in the marine motor, be readily drawn off by an unlimited supply of circulating water, while in the automobile the cooling effect of the air must be relied upon; the limiting conditions of weight and space for engine and fuel are not as a rule restrictive in a vessel as in a vehicle, thus permitting a greater fuel supply, and the use in design of much larger factors of safety with corresponding increase in freedom from breakdowns; the dust and grit, with their disastrous effects upon automobile engines, are not to be contended with; the conditions of use are more severe for the automobile, forced as it is to go up and down steep grades over rough road beds, with very variable loads and speeds.

After considering these facts, it does not appear at all remarkable that the manufacture of marine gasolene engines, having been given an impulse by the automobile, should have gone on increasing in magnitude at almost an unprecedented rate. A cursory glance

through the advertisements of any of the technical, or even untechnical, publications of the present day, will be sufficient to convince anyone that this industry is in a flourishing condition, even if the surprisingly large number of power boats of all classes now in existence were not conclusive evidence of this fact.

The application of this engine has been along many and widely different lines. Among the working vessels, they have been largely used by the oyster and fishing fleets along the coast as an adjunct to sail power, thus saving much time in getting to market and making the fisherman more independent of weather conditions. In almost all the fishing villages, also, where dories or surf boats are used to run out to the nets, many boatmen now have motors that save much time and labor. In the yachting world they have taken a firm foothold. There are gasolene house-boats, "steam yachts" with masts and dummy stacks, auxiliary schooners, yawls, sloops and catboats, besides the ever-increasing fleet of "power boats" proper, or launches of the various types, cabin or open, cruising or racing. To see for the first time a fully sparred schooner, for example, running along at a nine-mile gait, with no sail set and no visible means of propulsion, is decidedly novel. It may take away some of the romance of sailing to have a feathering blade up against the stern post, but think of the convenience when cruising and caught off shore at night in a calm with provisions short and a good harbor near at hand.



Speed Launch Adios at 23 Miles an Hour.—Plate 9.

Although, as stated, this is not to be a treatise, in any scientific sense of the word, on the gasoline engine, it does not seem out of place to describe, for the benefit of those who may not be thoroughly familiar with the subject, the general nature of the operation of these engines and their manner of installation.

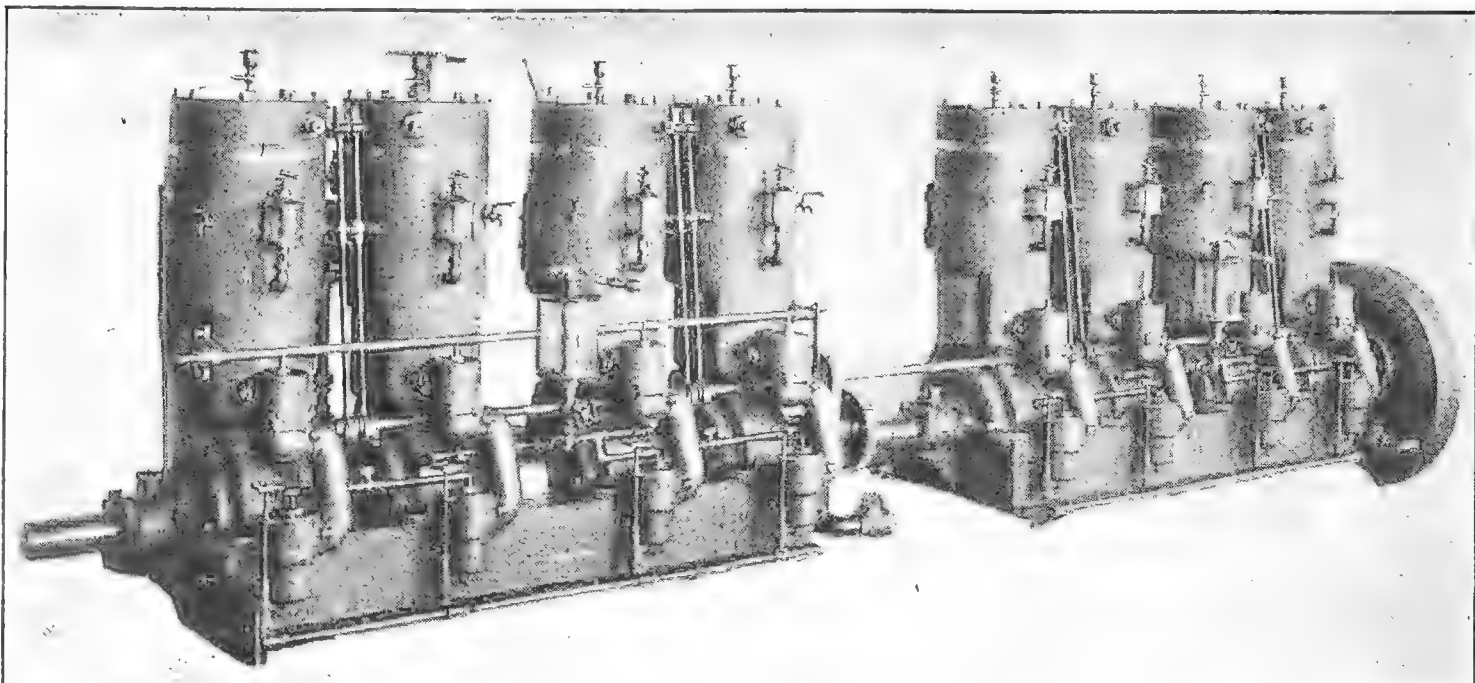
The motive power is an explosive mixture of gasoline vapor and air in proper proportions, which is ignited at the proper time in the cylinder space generally by means of an electric spark. Benzene is midway between gasoline and kerosene in the distillation scale, and is commonly known in the oil trade as naphtha, the grade used for gasoline engines being usually about 72 degrees Beaume scale.

The engines are divided into two distinct types—the two-cycle and the four-cycle. In the former the piston receives an impulse once in every two strokes or each complete revolution, while in the latter the explosions occur every fourth stroke or every second revolution. In the two-cycle type the crank space is enclosed in an air-tight case, this space as well as the cylinder being connected to the air and fuel supply. On the up stroke the piston suction draws air into the crank space through a vaporizer, in which it is charged with gasoline vapor, the degree of saturation being regulated by a needle valve controlling the gasoline opening. This charge is compressed by the succeeding down stroke, and by means of a port uncovered just before the end of this stroke is allowed to rush up into the cylinder space, there to be again compressed to from 75 to 85 pounds by the piston during its next up stroke, and exploded just before the end of this stroke. Thus during each up stroke one charge is drawn into the crank case and another is compressed in the cylinder and ignited, while during the succeeding down stroke the ignited charge is expanding and doing work, and the new charge after being compressed in the crank case, is transferred to the cylinder preparatory to compression and ignition, the burnt gases having escaped through an exhaust valve just before this. In the four-cycle type the crank space is not enclosed in an air-tight case, and the operations of drawing the charge, compression, ignition, expansion and expulsion have to be carried on in the cylinder itself. During the first down stroke the charge is sucked in, compressed during the succeeding up stroke and ignited, expanded during the following down stroke, expelled during the next up stroke, after which the cycle repeats itself.

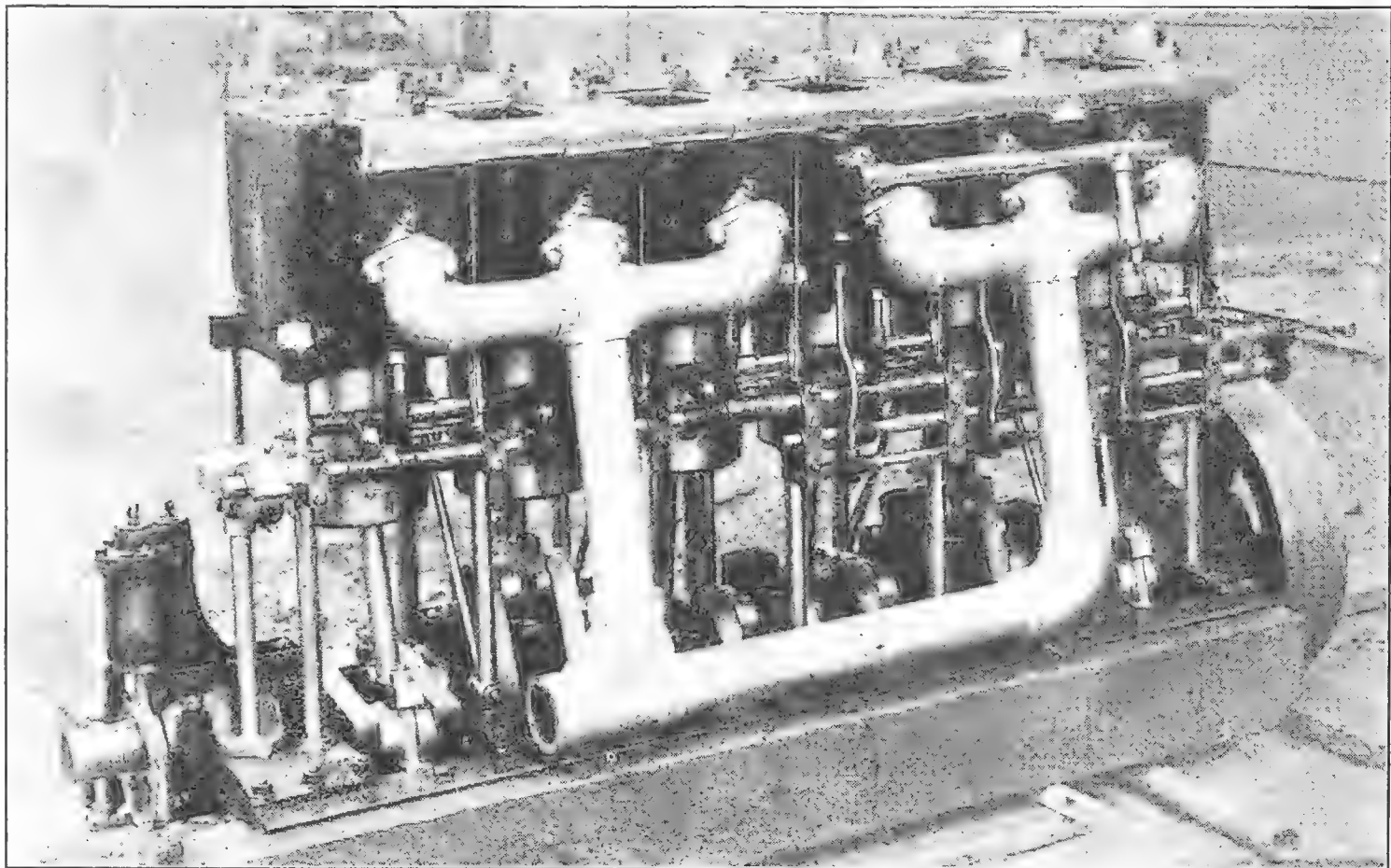
Both these types of engines have their exponents in well known machines that have been on the market long enough to demonstrate their reliability, and opinions seem divided as to which of the two is the better, taking everything into consideration. Other things being equal, it appears that where saving in weight alone is the main object the two-cycle with its impulse every revolution would be preferable; but the gain in power per cylinder is not what would be expected, as the compression and consequent M. E. P. is not so great as in the four-cycle. Moreover, the enclosed crank space adds more weight to the engine, thus further reducing the advantage.

The matter of weight for a given horse-power varies very considerably among the different designs made in this country, some engines being more particularly adapted to racing and others to general work; some makers make engines of different weights to meet the various conditions. Foreign motors, as a rule, are lighter than our own, approaching more nearly the automobile scale of weights. Personally, I think that the reasonably heavy engine is a much healthier development than the extreme racing machine. It seems that we save enough in dispensing with boiler, stack, condenser, auxiliaries, piping, etc., to make a decent allowance to engine weight possible.

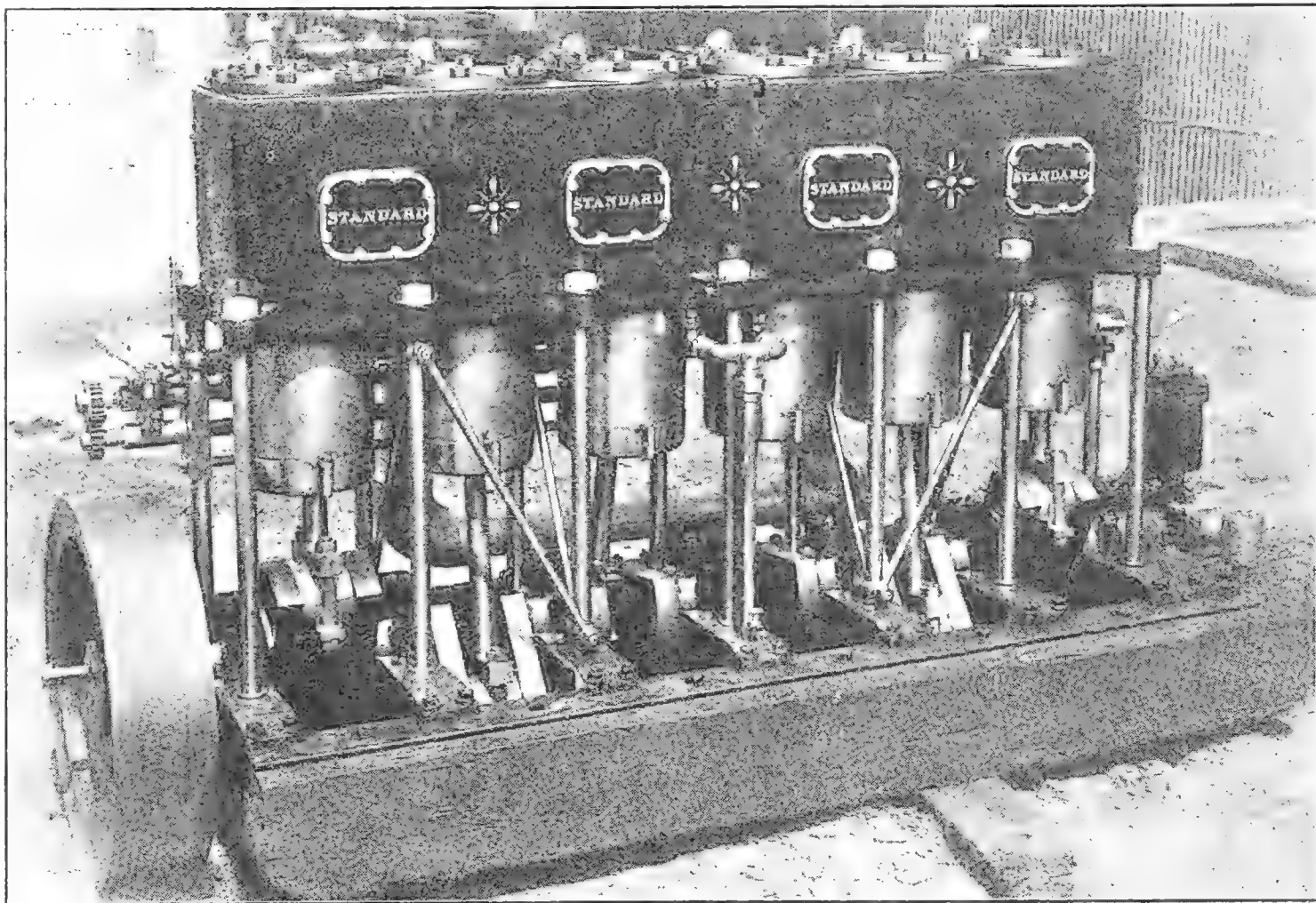
As the installation of the fuel tank and supply pipes has much to do with the safety of the vessel, the most important points to be observed will be noted briefly. Tanks are properly made of heavy copper, with riveted and soldered joints. All connections for fittings should have flanges on inside and outside to prevent tearing the copper. A number of baffle plates must be fitted to control the motion of the oil when the vessel is in rough water. The tank is generally located in a peak compartment, but occasionally near the center of the vessel. In either case, the space in which the tank is placed should be carefully ceiled, and the tank made an accurate fit by peining the sheets to shape in place before assembling them; this prevents any bulging in and out of tank sides, which is bound to make leaky joints eventually. The tank compartment generally has a water-tight bulkhead on each side of it, and in many instances is flooded by having a number of holes through the planking in the region of the waterline. An alternative to flooding the tank compartment is to work a flat across underneath the tank, this and the sides of the compartment being sheathed with copper to a considerable height, thus forming a pan, which is given an overboard drain by pipes carried down and out through the side. The compartment may also be flooded if desired. In both methods the prime object is to provide an escape overboard for the gasoline in case of leakage or accident. As in any event the tank bottom should not be lower in the vessel than the vaporizer in order to secure a flow even with a small quantity of oil in the tanks, possibly the method in which a flat is worked under the tank is the more logical, particularly as it should result in absolutely freeing the bilge from any danger of gasoline vapor or fluid. The supply pipe from tank to vaporizer should have a cut-off valve just outside tank, and before entering vaporizer. The pipe should run directly down from the tank, out through the planking close in to the keel and then direct to the location of the vaporizer, where it will re-enter the hull. Naturally, extreme care should be taken in making up all joints in this piping, and a careful test should be made of the whole system when completed. The tank space, as well as engine room, should be well ventilated. As gasoline vapor is heavy, any system by which the air in the bottom of the compartments is sucked out would be the most effective. This would apply particularly to installations on vessels of some size with enclosed engine rooms. If the precautions suggested are taken, the danger from



Eight-Cylinder, Two-Cycle, 120 H. P. Leighton Engine.—Plate 1.



110 H. P., Six-Cylinder, Four-Cycle Standard Engine—Starboard Side.—Plate 2.

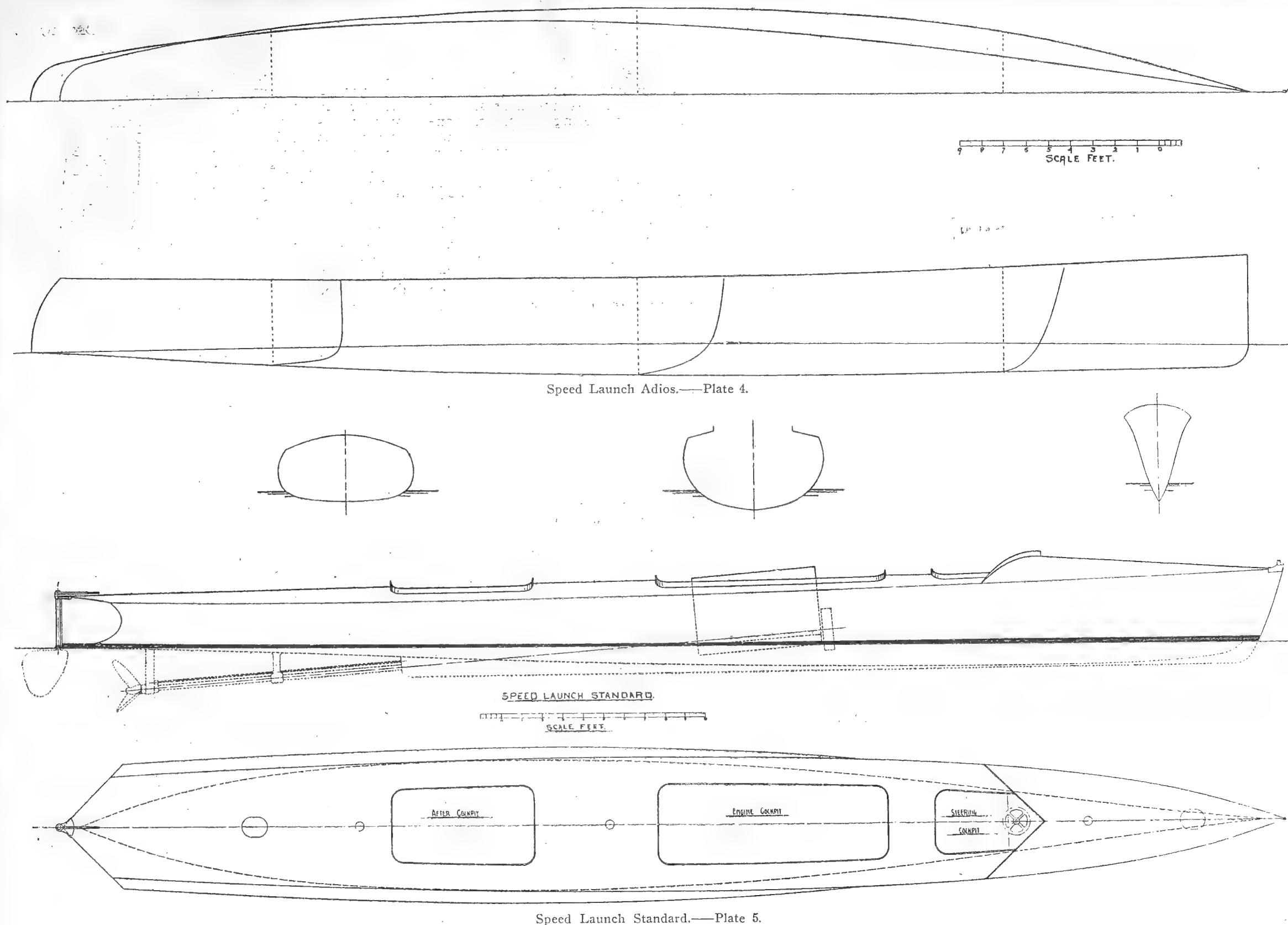


110 H. P., Six-Cylinder, Four-Cycle Standard Engine—Port Side.—Plate 3.

explosion of gasoline should be very small, and has been found so in actual practice, nearly all accidents being directly attributable to carelessness in installation.

The charge is, in most instances, ignited by an electric spark, as before stated, this spark being generally produced by a break in a low potential circuit of primary cells or a magneto machine, thus causing an induced spark of high tension in the cylinder space by means of a regular jump spark arrangement with Ruhmkorff coil, one terminal being grounded to the engine casting and the other connected to a well insulated electrode projecting into the cylinder space. The timing of the spark in the stroke effects the speed, and in all properly designed engines is capable of considerable adjustment. In all cases, except when starting, it must occur before the end of the compression stroke, and for maximum speed the highest pressure

should be reached just as the piston starts on the down stroke. At higher speeds the time of sparking must be set earlier in the stroke than at the lower, to allow sufficient time for thorough ignition. In some installations a dry battery is used for the initial sparking, and when the engine is once started the battery is cut out and a magneto driven off the engine thrown in, thus reducing the drain on the batteries. The electric wires must not be run low in the bilge, where they would be affected by dampness or water, or where a spark from a bad connection might ignite escaped gasoline vapor. The batteries, terminals, magneto and all electric connections must be well protected from dampness and spray to insure proper working. All wire connections to terminals, as far as possible, should be soldered, and binding screws should have locknuts to prevent them from jarring loose through vibration. In those engines



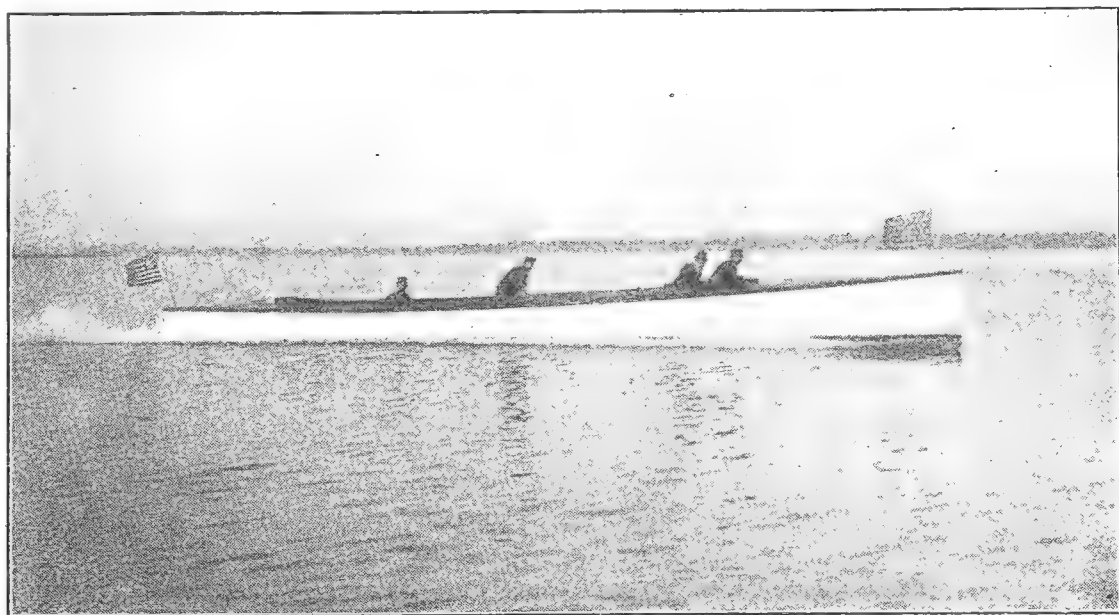
in which the electric spark is not used as the means of ignition, a tube heated by a flame to the proper temperature starts the combustion, this method being employed by at least one well-known maker. Some launch owners prefer to use a storage battery instead of the customary dry cells, and one of the 1,000 mile automobile batteries will last the greater part of a season for this purpose with ordinary use. By having a spare bat-

which revolve the individual blades on their axes. The fact that the engine must be run continuously during the changing from going ahead to reversal makes it evident that a method of governing should be provided to prevent racing during the change in load. This continuous running of the engine during short stops, when making landings, going alongside other boats, and, in general, when quick and positive starting is required, is,

as a rule, quite objectionable, owing to the noise and vibration usually caused under these conditions.

The speed of the engine is altered by changing the timing of the spark, as already stated, and also by throttling the gas supply. In all good designs both means of speed control are provided, and the throttle in addition is actuated automatically by a governor driven off the engine to prevent racing under release from load when stopping or running in a seaway. By a combination of these methods, and by the use of warm air, a large range of speeds and a considerable variation in the consumption of gasoline per H. P. hour is possible. Under the best ordinary conditions, when the gasoline vapor is in the proper proportion, the consumption does not vary greatly from one pint per horse-power hour, and this is the figure generally used in calculating tank capacities.

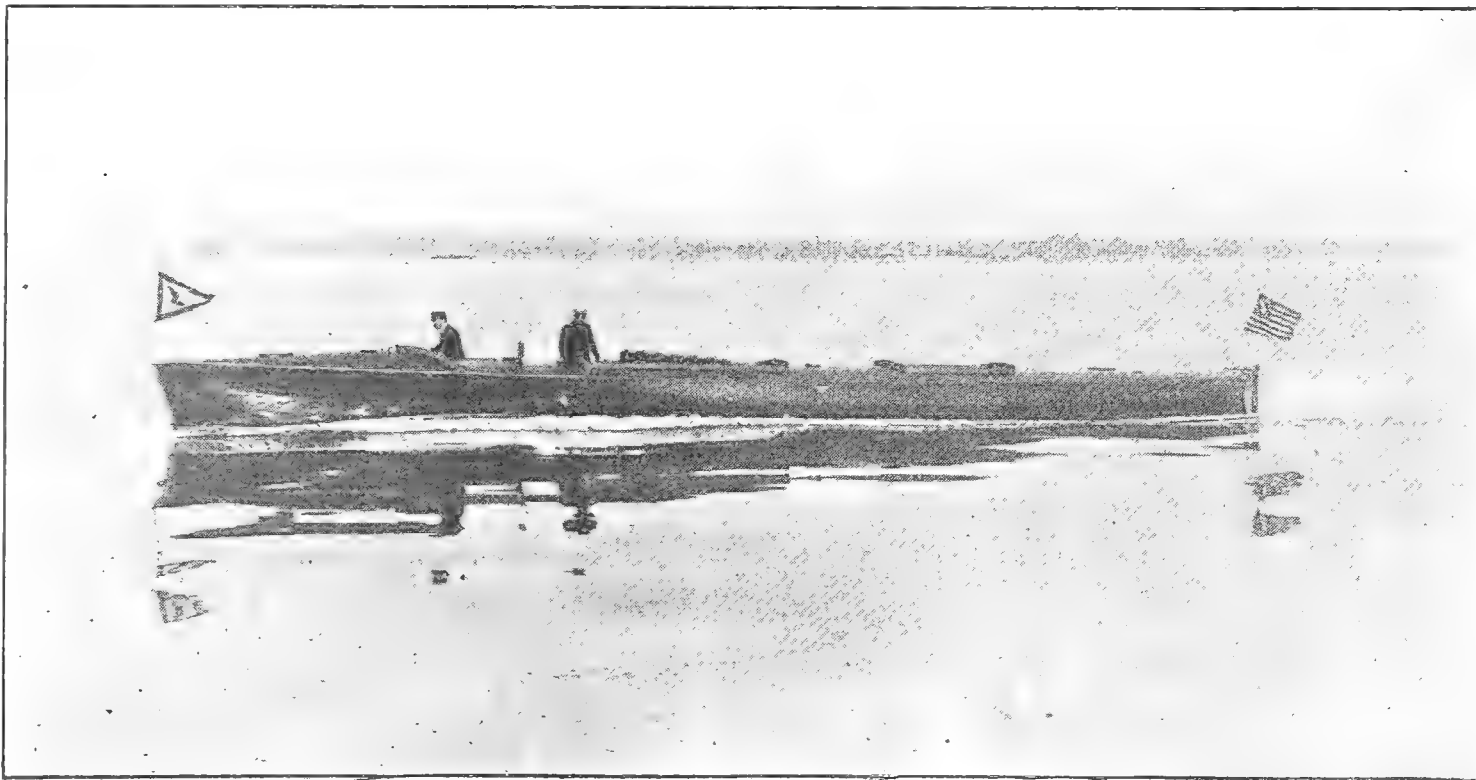
The heat produced by the high temperature of the products of combustion is drawn off by circulating water from the sea driven by a pump from the engine, the cylinders being well jacketed for this purpose. In some cases after passing through the jackets this water is discharged directly overboard, and in others it enters the exhaust pipes and passes out with the consumed gases. The latter method is preferable, lowering as it does the temperature of the exhaust line and reducing the back pressure, and having also the effect of securing a less noisy exhaust. Some form of muffler tank or expansion chamber is generally fitted in the exhaust line to deaden the sound of exhaust; diaphragms of different designs are sometimes introduced in these tanks to assist in the muffling process, but they have



Speed Launch Adios at 23 Miles an Hour.—Plate 8.

tery on hand of this description, there seems less chance of trouble than with the primary cells, which have a way of running down unexpectedly. In any case there should always be a reserve to fall back on in the event of a good spark not being produced.

In practically all the gasoline engines now on the market, with one notable exception, an initial charge must be drawn into the cylinders by cranking the engine over by hand before an explosion will be produced and rotation commenced, and when the engine is so started it runs continuously in one direction, reversal being impossible. Accordingly, to make it possible to stop and reverse the propeller, either the connection between the engine and the wheel must be by gearing, or a feathering blade must be used in which the pitch can be altered at will by the engineer. The first method is the most frequently used perhaps, and by many is considered the more reliable, several very substantial and positive friction gear clutches being on the market, so arranged that by manipulating a lever the tail shaft and crank shaft may either rotate as one or in opposite directions, or the tail shaft may remain idle while the engine turns over. Several very simple and effective feathering wheels are on the market also, and give excellent results, the pitch of the blades being altered at will from a maximum go-ahead pitch, through zero, to a maximum backing pitch with the same direction of rotation of the shaft. The shafting in such cases is hollow, and a rod within it controls levers on the hub



Speed Launch Standard at about 21 Miles an Hour.—Plate 11.

the effect also of raising the back pressure. Discharging the gases below the waterline, a device sometimes adopted for deadening the noise, and keeping the discharge where it will not be noticed, also increases the back pressure as do the numerous unnecessary bends in the exhaust line that may often be found when the installation has been carelessly made.

In appearance the many makes of gasoline engines are not dissimilar, and one becomes familiar with them through the illustrations crowding the advertising pages of all the present publications, even if not having had any actual experience with the engines themselves. A cut, Plate No. 1, is shown of an engine of the two-cycle type, manufactured by H. J. Leighton, of Syracuse, and two, Plates Nos. 2 and 3, of a new design four-cycle engine, made by the U. S. Long Distance Automobile Company, called the Standard Motor. The inclosed crank case of the two-cycle is clearly contrasted with the steam engine effect of the four-cycle machine, although in certain four-cycle engines the crank space is inclosed by a non-air tight case to confine the smoke from heated oil, etc., the air supply being taken from this space. The 120 H. P. Leighton and the 110 H. P. Standard engines appearing in the illustrations, are familiar to all those interested in the sport of racing power boats, both being installed in very fast hulls, the particulars of which will be given later.

As the Standard engine in question was placed before the public for the first time this summer, being the outcome of years of experience in such work by the Riotte brothers, and as it possesses many novel features, and is considered to be one of the most rational and well-worked out gasoline engines now on the market, a description of its principal points of interest will be given. The cuts show the general construction very plainly. The six cylinders are each of 8 inches in diameter by 10-inch stroke, and are cast in groups of three, bolted together in the middle. The valve chests are bolted to the back or starboard side of the engine, and contain the inlet and exhaust valves with their controlling rods. The engine bed consists of heavy fore-and-aft rolled sections to which are bolted the cast steel cross framing carrying the bearings. The engine columns are forged and cross braced, and the whole, with the exception of the 24-inch fly-wheel, is not unlike a marine steam engine in appearance.

The weight of engine, as shown in the illustration, is 3,200 pounds, a very heavy weight when compared with automobile engines, but not excessive for marine work, particularly when one realizes the enormous saving in the weight of boilers and auxiliaries necessary for a steam plant and not required for gasoline. The length over the bed, including fly-wheel, is 77in., and the height from bottom of fly-wheel to top of cylinder heads is 50in. The starboard side shows the large exhaust leads running from the bottom of the valve chests down to the main exhaust line, which runs aft to the muffler in the stern of the boat. The supply pipe is seen in this view running along the top of the cylinders, the inlet from the vaporizer joining this lead opposite the second cylinder from the fly-wheel end of shaft; the vaporizer does not appear in the cut, but is situated in the boat directly below this inlet. At the after end of the shaft is shown a pump which supplies compressed air to a reservoir in which the pressure is carried at about 150 pounds. This compressed air is used for starting engines and manipulating them in close quarters being led into a supply pipe controlled by a throttle feeding the three forward cylinders, just below the gas supply. The main cam shaft (which is the upper shaft with a pinion at one end) and the auxiliary cam shaft (the shorter one below the main shaft) control the inlet and exhaust valves for vapor and compressed air, respectively, by means of cams, the main cam shaft being rotated by a two-to-one worm and miter gear from the engine shaft. These shafts each have two sets of cams, one for ahead work, the other for reversal, a motion of translation along their axes permitting either set to be in action as desired.

A horizontal lever working over a notched quadrant controls this motion of the cam shafts and also the compression valves, while a continuation beyond the fulcrum closes the sparking circuit when thrown hard over either way. The valve to the compressed air reservoir being open the engine will start up ahead or astern when the horizontal lever is moved from the center notch on the quadrant to the first notch to starboard or port, respectively, the compression being released when the lever is moved from the central position either way. The engine can now be run for a considerable time under the air pressure, which is carried at 150 pounds, while 5 pounds is sufficient to turn over with no compression. A vertical lever close at hand regulates the timing of the spark, and the throttle to the gas supply which works over a calibrated arc is near the latter. The needle valve at vaporizer being set, and the horizontal lever being thrown over to the extreme notch on the quadrant, the engine commences to run as a gas engine, the rate of turning being directly controlled by the spark lever and gas throttle, and the direction of rotation depending on which side of the quadrant the lever is set. Thus the operations of starting and stopping are very similar to those required in the control of a steam engine; the cam shaft and air and gas lever corresponding to the valve gear, and the speed regulating devices corresponding to the throttle.

After a considerable experience with this engine, I have not once seen or heard of its failing to function promptly and properly when called upon, and believe that the control is most satisfactory. The manner in which the builders handle the boat in tight places around the water front is conclusive evidence of their confidence in the arrangement. The water circulating pump is under the air pump, and supplies the jackets through the riser shown between the two central cylinders on the port side with a branch to each cylinder. The jacket circulation escapes into the exhaust pipes through small tubes extending some six inches down into these pipes, thus cooling the exhaust line. All the mechanical details of the engine are carefully worked out, the bearing surfaces are large and well lubricated, and the parts of the several cylinders are interchangeable. The engine runs with almost a complete absence

of vibration, merely a scarcely perceptible tremor, and the fact that continuous running during the process of stopping and reversing, as well as the necessity for friction clutch and gear or feathering wheel are done away with, and complete control secured with rotation of the shaft in either direction without the use of gearing, are all points much to the credit of this engine.

The most interesting phase perhaps up to the present of gasoline engine use has been in the various types of racing launches, and a description of a few of these will not be out of place. Mr. H. T. Leighton, the manufacturer and designer of the 120 H. P. two-cycle engine shown in the illustration, has turned out a great number of very fast boats. The Adios, in which the engine just mentioned is installed, is his highest powered boat, and is credited with a speed of over 24 miles an hour. An official test over measured mile gave her 23 miles and a fraction, and since then her performance has been improved. Her particulars are:

Length—	Over all	55ft. 0in.
	L.W.L.	55ft. 0in.
Beam at L.W.L.		5ft. 6in.
I.H.P.		120

The engine makes 475 R.P.M., and the wheel is 3-bladed, with 32in. diameter and 72in. pitch. From this it will be seen that her performance is excellent. Photographs, Plates Nos. 8 and 9, are reproduced showing the wave formation from a broad side and a stern view, taken at about 23 miles, and show remarkably little disturbance of any kind, and prove that the design is a good one for the given conditions. Two additional Leighton launches are

	ZAZA.	
Length		35ft. 0in.
Beam		5ft. 4in.
Speed		18 miles
I.H.P.		25

	PINK.	
Length		22ft. 0in.
Beam		4ft. 0in.
Speed		14.8 miles
I.H.P.		7

All of these launches are more or less on the conventional flat-stern torpedo-boat model, and the approximate lines of the Adios are shown in Plate No. 4, the others not being dissimilar in general character.

The most conspicuous power boat in the neighborhood of New York harbor at the present is the Standard, in which is installed the engine of the same name previously described at some length. Her speed is somewhat problematical, her builders not having been satisfied with the wheels used this season and not having wished therefore to run her over an official course. Judging from what has been seen of her performance it is safe to say that she can run along very handily at 20 miles, and probably will reach 22 with a proper wheel. Her particulars are:

Length on waterline	58ft. 0in.
Beam extreme	7ft. 6in.
I.H.P.	110
R. P. M. about	400

Two photographs are reproduced, Plates Nos. 10 and 11, which show clearly the small wave disturbance produced by this hull, the flat wake being most noticeable, as well as slight bow wave and change of trim. The approximate lines of this launch also are shown, Plate No. 5, and are worthy of notice, as is also her construction. This launch was designed and built by the Marine Construction and Dry Dock Company, of Staten Island, to whom I am indebted for the drawing given. The general form of this launch is not unlike that used by Normand in his high speed work, and undoubtedly is well adapted to the purpose, as it drives well both in smooth and rough water.

The contour below the waterline is nearly straight from the greatest depth at the forefoot to the bottom of the transom aft, the necessary lateral plane for steady steering being secured by a false deadwood. The stern is chopped off straight up and down, the transom being wedge-shaped, which seems to have the effect of making a vessel leave the water more cleanly than the square-across transom. All the sections, except those well forward, where considerable flare is given to make her dry, are quite round, and the center of gravity of the load-water plane is well aft of the center of length. Her design is not in any sense extreme, and her lines could be used to advantage in larger vessels.

On a recent run to Nyack and back from the Columbia Y. C. in half a gale of wind, the water being very rough, particularly in the shallows near Nyack, the trip up and back, about 40 miles, was covered at an average rate of about 19 miles per hour; this with the engines somewhat throttled down. Under these trying conditions she behaved remarkably well. The engine required no attention whatever from start to finish, notwithstanding the heavy strain imposed upon it by driving through the seas, and the constantly varying load as the seas passed under her counter. The hull proved exceptionally dry under the circumstances, and there was no difficulty in steering, even with a quartering sea. No evidences of distortion of the hull while driving hard in a seaway have been noticed, although the construction is exceedingly light, as will be seen from the detailed description that follows.

There are three small cockpits about four feet wide, being used for steering, engine space, and passengers, respectively, commencing forward. One gasoline tank is carried forward in the peak compartment and another aft of the engine compartment. The method of construction is novel. The planking is of 3-16in. mahogany, worked in one thickness in planks about 11in. wide, flush. The seams of these planks are centered on fore-and-aft strips about 2in. by 1in., each plank edge being secured to these strips by brass wood screws, let in flush and closely spaced. The timbers are spaced 8in. centers except toward the ends where the spacing is more open. They each consist of two narrow steamed oak strips about 3/4in. by 1/2in., one on each side of the longitudinal strips, being let into and secured to these strips. Rigidity is given to the hull in a fore-and-aft direction by a truss running along each side of the line of the cockpit coam-

ings. The upper and lower members of these trusses are of wood of substantial dimensions, and the compression members are of gas-pipe, the cross bracing being made of several strands of steel wire, twisted to produce the required tension by means of a metal rod lashed to prevent the twist coming out, and allowing adjustment if required. As stated, the hull is sufficiently rigid to withstand the strains produced without undue distortion, but the extreme thinness of wood between one's self and the water, when driving at high speeds, is an unpleasant subject of thought, when the effect of running into any floating spar or wreckage is considered. About the only trouble experienced with this hull has been the tendency of the planks to buckle, as there is no way of taking up the expansion, the seams being a neat fit. As the plank is screwed on it can be removed when required and the seams and edges eased off.

The success of the flat-sterned launches with the center of gravity of the load water plane well aft has led to many peculiar developments in the way of freak designs, with some of which remarkable results have been obtained.

Western Ice Yachting.

THE ice yachtsmen along the lakes are beginning to get busy. For some time past, a number of prominent Cleveland ice yachtsmen have been discussing a new boat that has been purchased by Mr. D. Perkins. She is one of the fastest yachts that has ever sailed the lakes, and for three years was invincible at Put-In-Bay, where she was formerly owned. Gee Whiz has been placed in commission; Mr. Wm. Shipman is fitting out Jack Frost, and Newell Bros. are at work getting Queen Lil in shape. Mr. Earl Van Scoit will have his new boat in shape within a few days, and Mr. Wm. Devereux, who has been hard at work for two months past, will be in the game within two weeks.

Detroit yachtsmen are also preparing for a successful season, and the river is already frozen 4in. thick. By the time the sport is on in earnest there will be fifty boats sailing on the river and Lake St. Clair. The Detroit Y. C. is building six new boats, which will be ready for delivery within a week or ten days. They are being built under the direction of Messrs. Andrew Kramer and Casper Schmidt. Among those building are Capt. Rogers, Messrs. Matt Kramer, Archie Michie, Chas. Bray and P. Moran, making a total of eleven new boats in this club.

The yachtsmen of Kalamazoo are actively at work and will soon be ready. Its annual regatta will be held from Jan. 19 to 23, inclusive. The following schedule has been announced:

First Race—International Championship, 450 sq. ft. canvas limit; best three out of five heats, without handicap. The Hearst International Championship, presented to the ice yachtsmen of America by W. R. Hearst.

Second Race—International Championship, 850 sq. ft. canvas limit; best three out of five, without handicap.

Third Race—Michigan State Championship, 850 sq. ft. canvas limit, without handicap.

Fourth Race—Sweepstakes, \$150 purse, divided in \$60, \$40, \$30 and \$20. Handicap race free for all.

Fifth Race—Consolation race, \$50 purse, divided \$25, \$15 and \$10. Handicap race, free for all who have not won any prize. One heat.

C. W. SCHMIDT, JR.

Columbia Y. C.

THE Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, held its annual election Saturday, Dec. 5. Mr. Fred. A. Price, owner of the racing yachts Vencedor and Little Shamrock, was chosen Commodore; Charles E. Soule, owner of yawl Naiad, Vice-Commodore; Henry R. Davies, owner of Iroquois, Rear-Commodore; Louis T. Braun, was re-elected Secretary; M. H. Hickey, owner of Iris, Treasurer, and J. F. Adams, owner of Columbia, and C. J. Duggan were selected to act as directors with the commodore, secretary and treasurer.

The coming season will be formally opened May 28, and will be continued well into October. The principal events being the Michigan City race, June 11, this being the thirteenth annual; the open regatta, July 2 and 4; Lake Michigan Y. A. annual meet at Macatawa, July 29 and 30, and the race of 100 miles across Lake Michigan from Chicago to Macatawa, starting at 7 P. M. Friday, July 22; the Sir Thomas J. Lipton Competitive cup races, Aug. 13, 14 and 15; the races for the Thos. H. Webb cups, and the McGuire cup, dates for which have not yet been set, and the great meets at Detroit from Sept. 5 to 12. The Detroit Y. C. holding its annual fall regatta on Labor Day, Monday, Sept. 5; the Country Club holding a match race on the forenoons of the 6th, 7th and 8th for its crack inland laker Red Coat, the successful Seawanhaka cup defender, now owned by Russell Alger, Jr., and the Columbia Y. C.'s Pats, owned by Wm. Lorimer, Jr., and which won third place at the Inland Lake meet, held at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, last August, and in the afternoons of the same dates the races of the 20ft. cabin class for the Country Club Competitive Cup, for which event the entire Columbia Y. C.'s fleet of 21-footers are to start. On the 10th the Country Club will pull off their annual fall regatta, and on the 12th the Detroit Y. C. will hold their great annual sweepstakes, for which the Vencedor will compete. The Country Club is trying to arrange a match between the Vencedor and Irondequoit, of Rochester. Com. Price has already consented to arrange such an event, and it is now up to Com. Van Vorhees, of Rochester, to complete arrangements. The regular fall regatta will probably not be held until Saturday, Oct. 1, in order to keep up the interest in the racing game until late in the season.

The little tramp steamer Scythian that Miss Susan de Forest Day used as a yacht for several years, has been sold to the Haytian Government and is now being converted into a gun boat. The vessel will receive her armament in New York, where she now is, and afterward will proceed to Port au Prince.

Boston Letter.

Boston, Dec. 14.—There now seems to be every prospect that a class of 30-footers will be formed in Massachusetts Bay. In fact an association has been formed, or is about to be formed, for the purpose of furthering this class. Circulars are being gotten out, giving the restrictions of the new class. This is not the 30-rating class, which was proposed in the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts by Mr. Louis M. Clark, but has been formed by Marblehead yachtsmen. It is understood that the yachtsman who fostered the class is Mr. Thornton K. Lothrop, Jr., who became prominent among racing yachtsmen through his ownership of the 21-footer, Little Haste, and the 25-footer, Great Haste. It is understood also that there are other yachtsmen, who at present own 25-footers, who are interested in the new class and will build yachts for it.

Those who have been interested in the formation of the class, have gone about the matter very quietly, and, up to within a very short time, there were few who knew anything about a definite movement toward this end. The new class will be governed by scantling restrictions, as was the old class of Y. R. A. 30-footers, the racing measurement being taken from the waterline length and a fixed limit of over all length specified. It is understood that the limit of over all length is placed at 50 feet. For modern yachts this gives a comparatively reasonable amount of overhang. It is less, in proportion, than those of the 22-footers, which are also limited, and infinitely less than those of the 25-footers which raced last season, whose over all length was not limited. These boats will probably be of moderate form all over, as it is understood that the sail area is to be quite moderate, something about 1,250 square feet. There was a provision requiring at least 5,000 pounds of outside ballast. This amount seems quite small for boats of such a size, and it may be possible that the rule has been changed. Full headroom is required in the cabin, although there was some talk of having the amount of fittings optional with the owner.

The fact that an association to govern such a class has been formed, at a time when a 30-rating class has been suggested, would seem to indicate that Massachusetts yachtsmen are not quite yet ready to take up a rating rule. The fact that those who have become first interested in the new class are in some cases owners of existing 25-footers, may have some bearing upon the racing of the latter class next season. All of the 25-footers are understood to be now in the market, and they may find new owners before the season opens. A very recent rumor is to the effect that even if these boats are not disposed of, they will not be raced by their present owners. It is believed to be the intention to bring the new association governing the 30-footers before the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts and requesting the greater body to adopt the class, as was done in the case of the 22-footers and the 18-footers.

If this class should receive any amount of patronage it is practically certain that the proposed 30-rating class will have to go over until some future time. There will be a great amount of satisfaction in having some class of 30-footers started, for it may be the means of bringing back an interest in still larger classes. There now seems to be more prospect of racing yachts of 30ft. waterline than there has been since 1899.

With the 30-footers racing and the 25-footers out, there will be five restricted classes in next season's events. The 22-footers will undoubtedly race and the 18-footers are more numerous than ever. There will be a fair amount of 15-footers. The development of the new 21ft. class is a little slow yet, but it is thought that it will become well patronized when the yachtsmen have found out the value of the restrictions.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Interlake Yachting Association.

THE tenth annual meeting of the Interlake Y. A. was held in the club rooms of the Toledo Y. C. at Toledo, Ohio, Saturday, Dec. 5. The attendance was large and enthusiastic, all of the ex-commodore, with one exception, and more than forty delegates, being present. During the banquet, which preceded the meeting, speeches were made by the commodores and many of the prominent fresh water yachtsmen, in which the growth and progress made and the favorable outlook for the future were freely discussed. At the conclusion of the festivities, the meeting was called to order by the commodore, Henry Tracey, of Toledo. The following officers were elected to serve for the coming year: Com., John H. Smedley, Detroit B. C. Y., of Detroit; Vice-Com., W. C. Sterling, Monroe Y. C., of Monroe, Mich., and Geo. W. Mayham, of the Buffalo Y. C., of Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. H. Coy Glidden, of Detroit, was elected secretary and treasurer; Chas. P. Sider, of Detroit, was elected measurer, and Dr. J. P. McInnes, of Toledo, fleet surgeon. There was a contest for places on the Regatta Committee, after which the following were elected: Mr. Mark W. Allen, of Detroit, and Mr. John A. Rathbone, of the same place; Mr. E. E. Pettibone, of Cleveland, O.; Mr. Wm. E. Seitz, of Sandusky, O., and Mr. Joe Grasser, of Toledo. Mr. John L. Dexter, of Detroit, was re-elected chairman of the Entertainment Committee. Three delegates to represent the Interlake at the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, were also chosen. Mr. John A. Rathbone for the long term, two years, and Dr. Jennings, of Detroit, and Mr. Myron B. Vorce, of Cleveland, for the short term. The union embraces the Lake Ontario, Lake Michigan and Lake Erie (Erie, St. Clair and Huron) divisions.

Dr. Jennings then made an eloquent appeal to have the association adopt the new 21ft. restricted class that had been adopted by the Country Club of Detroit. After considerable argument the matter was referred to a committee, for its investigation, said committee to report its findings to the association within thirty days, when it will be acted on by that body.

The new 21ft. class adopted by the Country Club, of Detroit, is the same as adopted by the Columbia Y. C. of Chicago, a class that proved very successful in its races for the Sir Thomas Lipton trophy. The object of the class is to promote inter association racing. Last season two boats were built, and at present four

are under process of construction. Mr. E. L. Ford heads the list with a likely looking craft, which is nearly completed. She was designed and is being built by Joseph A. Pauliot, who turned out Hoosier, which competed in the Lipton races at Chicago, and is practically an improvement on the latter. Mr. Kenneth Stevenson, of Detroit, is having one built, which is from the board of Messrs. Burgess and Packard. Mr. E. Bryan, of Detroit, is also preparing to get in the game, with one from designs by E. J. Kistenmacher, of Davenport, Ia, while a syndicate composed of members of the Country Club are considering several designs, one of which will be selected and built in time for next year's racing. Mr. Harry Wheeler, of Cleveland, has laid down a boat in the same class, designed by himself, which will be completed early in the spring and be raced at Detroit and Chicago. Mr. J. W. Marshall, of Toledo, will also build for the class, and has plans from an eastern designer.

Alert.

LAST season Alert was raced in almost all the contests where there was a class for her. As defender of the Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup, Alert was successful, winning two firsts and one second, out of the series of three races; this showing was made against a large field, there being eight starters in these races. Alert won the championship pennant of the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound for the 30ft. class, and at Shel-



ALERT.

Designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. Owned by J. W. Alker.
Photo by Tieman, New York.

ter Island she not only won her class cup, but also the Maxwell Cup, which was raced for by sloops of all classes from 30 to 51ft. Alert finished the season on Sept. 19-20 by winning the Atlantic Y. C. Cup for the 36ft. class in a series of three races.

Alert was designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. in 1902. She is 42ft. 6in. over all, 28ft. 6in. waterline, 9ft. 6in. breadth and 4ft. 2in. draft. Alert is a combination keel and centerboard boat, and she carries 1,150 sq. ft. of sail. She is owned by Mr. James W. Alker, of the Manhasset Bay Y. C., who sailed her in most of the races.

An All-Around Small Boat.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Wishing to have a boat that would carry only one person, and one that I could use either as a canoe, a rowboat, or a sailboat, some time since I got a number of half-inch cedar boards, 14 inches wide, at a sawmill down in South Jersey, and built a bateau 11 feet in length and 32 inches in width, with the thwart set very low. The lumber, after being planed, was less than 3/8 of an inch in thickness. The boat when finished looked so neat and trim and pleased me so well that I built another of the same dimensions as the first; one of which I have up at the "Little Bresh" hut at Oakledge, and have used it during several summers on the lakes and streams in Connecticut; the other I have used on the streams and on several good sized lakes around here—Milhurst, New Jersey.

As a canoe I use each with either a single or a double blade paddle. As a rowboat I have for each a pair of very light steel oarlocks and blocks, and a pair of short oars; and as a catboat I have for each a rudder and an adjustable keel 10 inches deep, mast 12 feet in length set well up into the eyes of the craft, a boom 11 feet in length, and a triangular or leg-of-mutton sail of heavy muslin, with 11 feet hoist and 11 feet along the foot, with two rows of reef points. Each boat will weigh about 50 pounds. As a canoe with myself and duffle aboard, each will float where a musquash can swim, as Nessmuk said; consequently one can navigate a very shallow lake, or go up or down a small stream in it.

When they are used as catboats they will stand up far better under a stiff breeze than anyone would suppose, and it is surprising to see how fast they can travel either before the wind, going free, or close hauled, and they will hold their own with many much larger sailboats.

I have spent many enjoyable days with the two little boats either in the capacity of canoes, rowboats, or sailboats. When used as canoes I like either of them fully as well as any of the regulation pattern that I have paddled, and I have used many different ones.

A. L. L.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Mr. Frank A. Wilmet, of Bridgeport, Conn., has sold the auxiliary yawl Hussar II., through Mr. Stanley M. Seaman, to Mr. George H. McNeely, of Philadelphia, Pa.

The officers of the Sea Gull Y. C. are as follows: Com., Fred Voettler; Vice-Com., Charles Seib; Sec., Joseph Imhof; Fin. Sec., Joseph Hesse; Treas., William Henry; Sergeant-at-Arms, George Fuess; Trustee, Henry Hamm. The organization has been in existence four years, and has a well-equipped club house at Sand Bay, Canarsie. The membership at present is limited to sixty, with about twenty on the waiting list.

The annual meeting of the Pavonia Y. C. was held in Franklin Hall, Jersey City, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 8, and was attended by one of the largest gatherings of members seen in recent years. While some disappointment was felt at Com. Lyne's repeatedly declining a renomination, for the reason that he will have to give his business closer attention next year, it was felt that the club had secured an excellent commodore in Walter A. Ward, owner of the steam yacht Chief, and who served as vice-commodore during the year just completed. The full ticket elected Tuesday night was as follows: Com., Walter A. Ward; Vice-Com., E. H. Moore; Fleet Captain, J. H. Fermier; Fin. Sec., W. F. Tobin; Cor. Sec., H. Smith; Treas., Charles F. Crane; Meas., A. P. Curtis; Fleet Surgeon, W. J. Parker, M. D. Board of Trustees: W. D. Salter, L. F. Lyne, E. J. Smith, F. G. Agens and A. L. Koerner. House Committee: D. A. Woodruff, C. Smith, D. Allan, Jr., W. Willis and A. F. Roe. Delegates to the American Power Boat Association, W. A. Ward and L. O. Coder. On New Year's Day, 1904, the newly elected officers will give a dinner to the members of the club and their friends at the club house. At this dinner the plans of the club for the season of 1904 will be discussed and decided upon.

The firm of Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Barbey will be dissolved on January 1 by mutual consent. Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane have taken Mr. Barbey into partnership, and Mr. Smith has taken Mr. Theodore E. Ferris into partnership. Mr. Ferris was formerly in Mr. Smith's employ, but for several years past he has acted as Superintendent of Construction for the Townsend & Downey Co., at Shooter's Island, S. I.

A class of one-design boats will probably be built during the winter for members of the Indian Harbor Y. C., from plans made by Mr. Morgan Barney.

The annual meeting of the Shrewsbury Ice Boat and Yacht Club was held at Pleasure Bay, N. J., on December 4, and the following officers were elected: Com., Edward W. Reid; Vice-Com., William A. Seaman; Recording Sec'y, Harold Seaman; Financial Sec'y, Edward H. Green; Treas., John L. Price; Meas., Thomas Riddle and Harold Seaman; Regatta Committee—William H. Martin, Frank P. McLain, John White, John P. Lane, and C. H. C. Clark; Fleet Captain, G. P. Joline.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Corinthian Y. C., Charles H. Brock, W. Barklie, Henry and Charles Longstreth were appointed a committee to conceive some plan whereby an interest in small boat racing on the lower Delaware River could be increased. The committee decided on a one-design class similar to the Seawanhaka Corinthian Club's 15-footers as the most wholesome type. Their missionary work was so successful among the racing element of the organization that eight members have decided to build boats in time to race next spring.

These boats are to be handled exclusively by amateurs, and their rowing expenses are to be limited to a small cost per month. The committee has arranged for the boats to be built for a moderate sum, of single white pine or cedar planking, fitted with Wilson & Silsby sails and rigging complete, and with a water-tight bulkhead.

It is likely that the adoption of the little craft will awaken an interest in small boat racing among the members of the fleet. It is also likely to revive the dormant subject of interclub races between the Oyster Bay and Corinthian Clubs.—Philadelphia Item.

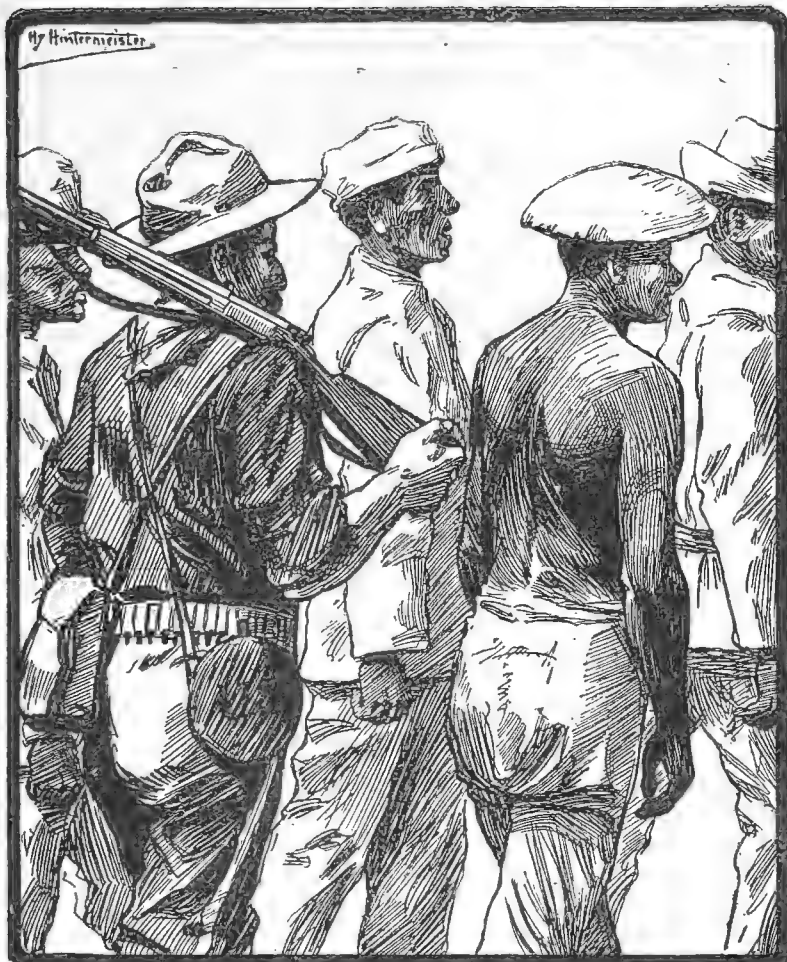
Members of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. have organized a new one-design class and ten boats have already been ordered. These clipper dories are being built by Mr. E. Gerry Emmons, of Swampscott, Mass., from designs made by Mr. Charles G. Mower. They are 21ft. 6in. over all, 15ft. 6in. waterline, and 6ft. breadth. The boats are to be substantially built, the keel and the frames to be of white oak, and the planking white pine. The standing rigging will be of steel, the blocks of brass, and the decks will be covered with canvas. The spars will be of spruce, and the boats will carry a gaff mainsail and jib. The dories will cost, freight on board at Swampscott, \$135, and freight, \$5; mainsail cover, \$3; 400 pounds of ballast, \$10; and a contribution to the prize fund, \$10, will bring the total up to \$163.

The Monroe Y. C. was organized at Monroe, Mich., two years ago, and has ever since figured conspicuously, though modestly, among the yachting organizations on the western waters of Lake Erie. A commodious and picturesque club house was built at the Monroe piers, which



Raven Run, Pa., Dec. 5.—William Sweeney, of Girardville, killed 5 out of 9 birds in a shooting match at Raven Run, and Michael Houghton, of the latter place, grassed 4 birds. The stakes were \$100 a side.

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Interstate Association.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Association was held at Oakland, N. J., Dec. 10, 1903, at 10 A. M., and adjourned to meet the same date at 1:30 P. M., in the offices of the Lafin & Rand Powder Company, 99 Cedar street, New York city.

The adjourned annual meeting was called to order at 2:10 P. M., President Bennett in the chair. Present: Union Metallic Cartridge Company, A. C. Barrell; American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Company, Ltd., Edward Banks; Winchester Repeating Arms Company, Irby Bennett; Parker Brothers, W. F. Parker; The Hazard Powder Company, J. T. Skelly; E. I. Dupont Company, Eugene Dupont; Lafin & Rand Powder Company, A. W. Higgins; Remington Arms Company, M. H. Dodge; The Marlin Fire Arms Company, J. Howard Marlin; Markle Lead Works, W. P. Markle.

The Peters Cartridge Company was represented by Mr. W. A. Higgins, by proxy, and Tatham & Bros., by Mr. W. P. Markle, by proxy. Mr. J. A. Haskell, of the Lafin & Rand Powder Company; Mr. W. L. Lyon, of Parker Brothers; Mr. J. D. Bethel, of the Marlin Fire Arms Company; Mr. James Hildreth, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, and Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Company, were also present, as were Mr. B. Waters, of FOREST AND STREAM; Mr. W. R. Hobart, of American Field; Mr. M. R. Herrington, of Shooting and Fishing; Mr. D. F. Pride, of Field and Fancy, and Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager of the Association.

The minutes of the special meeting, held March 13, and of the annual meeting this date, at Oakland, N. J., were read and approved.

Mr. A. W. Higgins, treasurer, presented his report for the year ending this date. The report showed that the Association was in good financial standing, there being a substantial credit to the account of the Association. Upon motion, the report was received, approved and filed, and a vote of thanks was tendered the Treasurer.

The report of the secretary-manager was read by Mr. Shaner, and upon motion was received and filed.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 9, 1903.

To the President, Officers and Members of the Interstate Association:

Gentlemen—In presenting the report of the operations for 1903, I am pleased to inform you that the season now drawing to a close has been an unqualified success, eventful in good results for our members. The trapshooting world again has been given proof that the Interstate Association performs what it promises, and the interest displayed in our work convinces us of the great importance of our organized efforts thus far. At no time in our history have the benefits of organization been more manifest than now. In no way can the manufacturer contribute more to the general interest of trapshooting than by adding his influence and personal attention to the efforts of the Interstate Association, as it has been fully demonstrated that our methods are sound, logical and based on good judgment, the result of close study of the subject.

The records of this office, in entirety and severally, show that the sport of trapshooting is yearly growing stronger, and it will continue to increase just as long as it is conducted on the same clean lines as at present, under the guiding influence of an organization such as ours. The Interstate Association is recognized as the parent organization, and it is so mixed up in affairs in the trapshooting world that it has become an indispensability to the sport, which, to a large extent, depends on its existence. From the opening of the season to the closing tournament in the fall it outlines the policy of many gun clubs which pattern by it and follow in its footsteps, and it is to the credit of these clubs that they are fully able to appreciate its excellence.

Tournaments.

The opening tournament was the fourth Grand American Handicap at targets, held at Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo., April 14 to 17. It was an epoch in point of attendance and enthusiasm. The entries received numbered 192. This is the largest number of entries ever made in any similar contest and is a monument to the wisdom and enterprise of the Interstate Association. It was a meeting long to be remembered by those who were so fortunate as to witness the superb skill displayed by the contestants who took part in the different events. The discipline was strict, and the result justified the tight rein, contributing to general satisfaction.

The tournament at Du Bois, Pa., May 13 and 14, for the benefit of the Du Bois Rod and Gun Club, was enjoyable and profitable to all concerned. There were thirty-three contestants and twenty-three shot through the entire first day's programme, and twenty-two in the second. The weather was all that could be desired, and first-class scores were the rule throughout.

The third tournament of the season's series was held in Williamsport, Pa., May 27, 28 and 29, under the auspices of the West

Branch Rod and Gun Club. The State tournament at Philadelphia the week previous, and the tournament of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League, at Brownsville, Pa., on the same dates, prevented the attendance of a considerable number of contestants who ordinarily attend at Williamsport. The weather also was unsatisfactory, clouds making successful shooting almost steadily problematical. Yet, despite all these discouragements, forty-four contestants took part and the tournament was pronounced a success. Interest was renewed, the results were satisfactory to local shooters, and our members have no reason to complain of the manner in which all things worked together for their good.

The month of roses opened auspiciously. The tournament at Boston, Mass., came off June 3 and 4, and though there were many adverse influences it was on the whole fairly satisfactory. The grounds at Wellington, a suburb of Boston, were in splendid condition, and only bad weather and apathy on the part of shooters who were not in evidence contributed to local disappointment. Forty contestants took part, which was about one-half the number expected by the Boston Shooting Association, under whose auspices the tournament was given.

The tournament at Warm Springs, Ga., June 16 to 19, was one of the best ever given by the Interstate Association. There were two days' rare sport at targets and two at live birds, and the attendance was much larger than expected, and all visitors left with a lively appreciation of Southern hospitality. There were contestants present from Georgia, Alabama, North and South Carolina, Tennessee and Maryland. Arrangements were complete and the weather unexceptional. In addition to all the absolutely necessary accessories to complete enjoyment, there was a large concourse of spectators present each day. This tournament, given under the auspices of the Meriwether Gun Club, was very successful in all respects, and especially in reviving interest in the sport in the Southern States. The local gun club handled its guests in a manner that gave perfect satisfaction.

The sixth tournament was held at Rutherford, N. J., June 24 and 25. The preliminary shoot to have been held on the afternoon of June 23, was abandoned on account of a heavy rain, which made it impossible, and the 24th opened with a drizzling rain, which prevented a number of contestants putting in an appearance. The rain ceased in the afternoon, but the pleasure was marred by a leaden sky, added to an east wind, which drove the smoke into the faces of the shooters. Notwithstanding forbidding conditions, thirty-four contestants faced the score, and twenty shot in every event, and fair success was achieved, despite all drawbacks. The conditions were very much better the second day, and the attendance was all that could be desired. Two sets of traps were kept going from 9 A. M. until dark, and some good work was done.

The attendance at the Huntsville, Ala., tournament, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club, on July 8 and 9, was not as large as expected, but the event was a success nevertheless. The first day's weather was a poem, and the effect on the sport was exhilarating. The second day's attendance, both of contestants and visitors—and among the latter were many ladies, who added grace, interest and emulation—was much larger than on the first day. Interest was also added by a contest between the Huntsville and Sheffield gun clubs for a silver loving cup, the Huntsville club being the winner.

The Lacrosse, Wis., tournament, held July 30 to Aug. 1, under the auspices of the Lacrosse and Viroqua gun clubs, would a decade ago have been considered a notable event even for the Association's great annual event, the Grand American Handicap. Arrangements made both by the local and Interstate organizations were, humanly speaking, perfect. There was an unusually good attendance of spectators, and entries were record-breakers in anything short of State events. The first day there were over seventy names on the list, and on the second, eighty, and from opening to close the machinery worked perfectly, and all felt it was good to be there.

The Interstate Association and the Ottawa, Ill., Rainmakers' Gun Club, at the tournament, Aug. 12 and 13, gave an exhibition but rarely paralleled in the annals of sport, though the Rainmakers curtailed the business in the midst of the second day's work by sending a soaking shower. Great scores were being made when Jupiter Pluvius "pulled the plug" and drowned the play. The scores were good on both days, but there were too many counter-attractions at the date in the Western circuit to allow of a large attendance.

Our tenth tournament, at Akron, O., Sept. 2 and 3, had between eighty and ninety contestants in the lists, and the Akron Gun Club's arrangements and ample grounds and equipment assured a profitable time from the outset. The weather was superb and the shooting the same, both amateurs and manufacturers' agents making high scores, the former treading closely on the heels of the latter. This tournament was one of the big successes of the season.

Old Prob. marred the closing contest of the season, that at Scranton, Pa., Sept. 23 and 24. The Scranton Rod and Gun Club had done everything human foresight could do, but the threatening weather aspect kept the attendance down the second day. On the first day the crowd of spectators was so large that the contestants had trouble to get to the firing points when their turns were called. There were forty-eight entries the first and thirty-two the second day, and good scores were made, considering the drawback of a poor background.

The Future.

Never at the close of any season was the prospect for the future brighter. There is not a cloud discernible on the horizon. Members of our fraternity are, as a rule, above the influences which lead to bickering in many sports of other kinds. A love of clean, exciting, scientific and high-toned sport controls them, and the subsequent rivalry is of a generous nature, that has a tendency to create and keep up interest in the sport.

The Grand American Handicap at Targets for 1904.

The Grand American Handicap at targets has grown to proportions never even approached by any other similar organization, and as a matter of both pride and profit the Association cannot afford to allow it to decline. It is now recognized as the event of the year, and the greatest care should be exercised in its management. The place to be selected for holding it in 1904, should be carefully considered. A general discussion may be of vital importance. At the same time the very best of everything should be provided. On these much of our past success has hinged.

Minor Details.

Combining the offices of secretary and manager has increased my duties considerably, entailing a very large correspondence; but the matters dealt in were of such a nature that I do not consider a review necessary.

The properties of the Association are stored in Pittsburg, fully protected by insurance.

In Conclusion.

I wish to renew my thanks to our members for their generous support, and invariable kindness manifested through a long series of years, and solicit a continuance of the same, and in this I include the sportsmen's journals for their unfaltering support of both the Association and myself.

Very respectfully submitted,

ELMER E. SHANER, Secretary-Manager.

The secretary read an application for membership from the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company, the same being passed upon favorably, as was the application of the Sportsman for honorary membership.

The secretary also read a letter from the United Lead Company withdrawing the membership of the Le Roy Shot and Lead Works in the Interstate Association, the resignation being accepted.

Mr. Dodge moved, seconded by Mr. Skelly, that a committee of three or five be appointed to confer with the Associated Press, with a view of securing better service in its reports of shooting tournaments. The motion prevailed, and the president announced that he would appoint the committee at a later date.

By request, Mr. J. A. Haskell addressed the meeting in regard to increasing the scope of the Interstate Association. Mr. Haskell spoke at length, and commented on the great amount of good already accomplished by the Association, and suggested that it consider the advisability of giving a greater number of tournaments than in former years. Mr. Haskell is thoroughly in touch with the situation, as it applied to the Association's work. President Bennett, in a few well chosen words, thanked Mr. Haskell for giving the Association the benefit of his views on the subject.

A long list of applications for tournaments during 1904 was read and referred to the Tournament Committee, as were the six applications for the Grand American Handicap of 1904.

A resolution was introduced and carried, whereby at future tournaments given under the auspices of the Association, not more than two manufacturers' agents will be permitted to shoot in any one squad, providing the number of entries received at the tournament permits of this arrangement. The object of this is to prevent the manufacturers' agents clubbing together and shooting by themselves, thus taking away interest to a certain extent from other squads.

After a recess of ten minutes, the election of the Board of Directors for 1904 was proceeded with, which resulted in the election of Messrs. Irby Bennett, W. J. Bruff, A. W. Higgins, Eugene Dupont and Edward Banks.

On motion, the stockholders' meeting adjourned at 4:30 P. M. The meeting of the Board of Directors was called to order by

Event at 25 targets: Elias 6, Dr. De Wolf 15.

Owing to delay in arrival of pigeons, the tie will be shot off here during February shoot.

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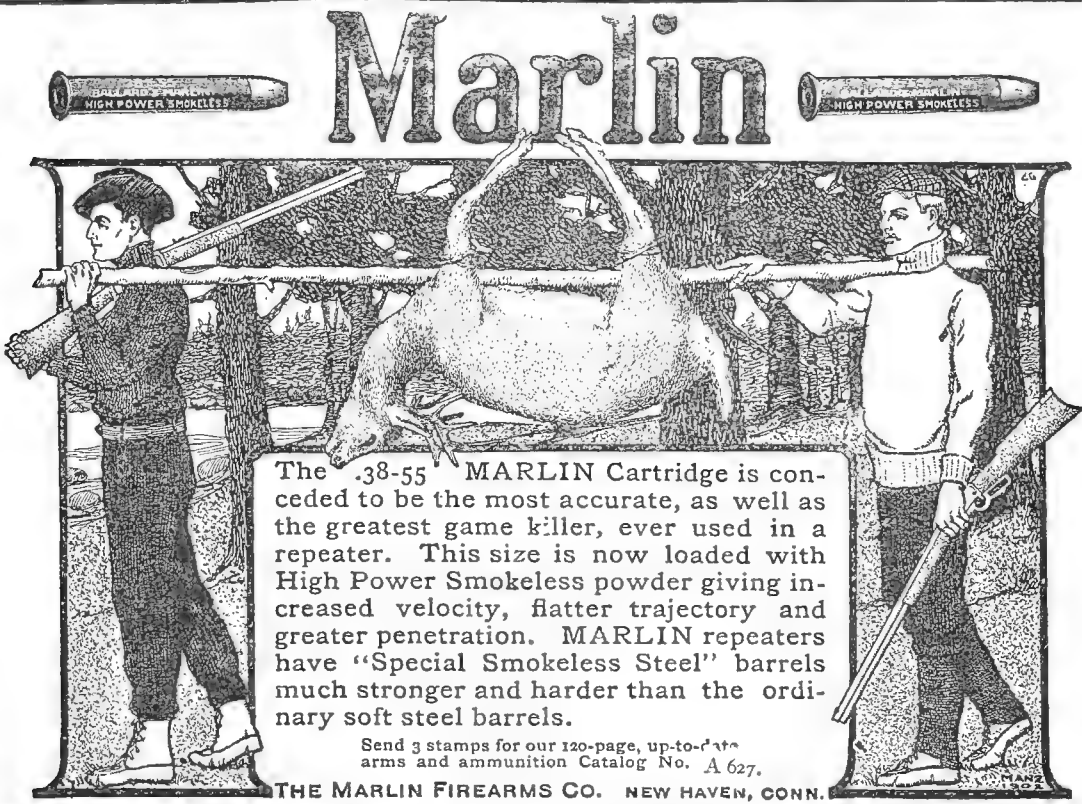
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At the tournament held at Raleigh, N. C., October 21, 22 and 23, High Amateur Average was won by W. P. Wittaker, of Raleigh, with a score of 314 out of a possible 355 targets.

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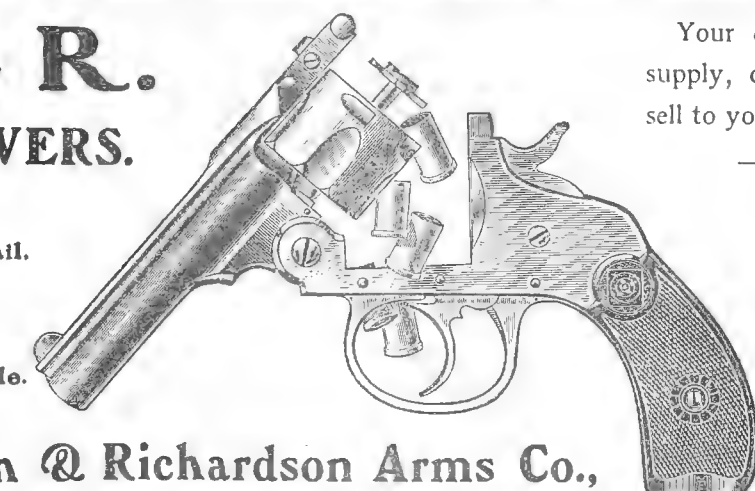
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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FOREST AND STREAM CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE Christmas Number of FOREST AND STREAM, consisting of fifty-two pages, and handsomely illustrated, is the most notable issue of a sportsman's journal ever published in the country. It is for sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent from this office.

ARTHUR CORBIN GOULD.

We record with profound regret the death of Arthur Corbin Gould at his home in this city on December 15. As the editor of Shooting and Fishing Mr. Gould was widely known and was as widely esteemed. The news of his death has brought to his associates and acquaintances a keen sense of personal loss. His age was 53.

Mr. Gould was for many years engaged in the wholesale wool trade in Boston, and like so many of Boston's business men found his favorite recreation in the woods and on the stream. He was specially interested in the science of projectiles and the art of rifle and pistol shooting, on which topics, by constant study, he came to be recognized as an authority. His taste for these outdoor pursuits and his bent toward journalism prompted him to undertake the publication of The Rifle, a monthly journal devoted to these subjects. The Rifle in time outgrew its limited field and was enlarged into Shooting and Fishing, of broader scope, which Mr. Gould brought to New York.

Mr. Gould had a genuine interest in woods life and the recreations of field and stream, and wrote with felicity of his favorite themes. His kindly nature was reflected in the pages of Shooting and Fishing, and with the passing years he won a constantly widening circle of friends by whom his death has been sincerely mourned.

In another column we print the fitting memorial of Mr. Gould which was adopted by a meeting of his friends and business acquaintances in this city last Saturday.

THE WINTER WHITENING OF ANIMALS.

EVERY hunter and outdoor man of temperate or northern climes knows that at the approach of winter or when the snow covers the ground, there are certain animals that change their color and become white. Why they do this and how they do it is very imperfectly understood. In a general way we know that certain animals inhabiting Arctic regions are always white or nearly so. Thus the polar bear, the white wolf, the Arctic fox, an alpine goat, an owl and a finch are white, or nearly so, at all times, and in the north temperate zone there are many animals, such as weasels, hares, grouse, and others, which change their colors with the seasons. It is obvious enough that these color changes are adaptations to environment, and that they have a protective purpose. We may assume that they are the results of natural selection, carried on over an indefinite period of time. But this is vague and general, and tells us nothing of the origin of the change.

Not very long ago Capt. Barrett Hamilton read before the Royal Irish Academy a paper in which he endeavored to explain the winter whitening of birds and animals living in snowy countries, and these are some of the conclusions which he draws:

It was found that in mammals there is a definite sequence in which the various parts of the bodies whiten, and that this sequence corresponds to the summer accumulation of fat on the outside of the body. Thus on the belly, where the fat is thickest, the hairs are permanently white, and the rump, where also there is a large accumulation of fat, is usually the first part to whiten in winter.

At the close of the summer most animals in northern lands accumulate fat rapidly, and this fat is always distributed in the same manner on the body of each species. The accumulation of this fat indicates deficient oxydization and the slow assimilation of nutrition in the parts

which it underlies, so that the process is one of atrophy. This process reaches its height in the autumn, at which time it may begin to extend to the hairs, the pigment of which is removed so that they become white. The change of color, as already remarked, begins at those points where the layer of fat on the body is thickest and the atrophy therefore greatest. If a change of coat takes place at this time, the new hairs are white. Animals which have once become white remain white until the coat is shed. In very cold countries, where much fat is accumulated as a protection against the cold, animals become white all over.

Attention is called to the fact that many domestic animals highly prized for their power of accumulating fat have a tendency to become white or nearly so, and that in both domestic and in wild animals, the belly, where occurs the principal fat tract, is the part most frequently white, while after this follow the rump, parts of the neck, and limbs and head.

Many of our big-game hunters will recognize among familiar North American mammals a tendency to whiteness in winter. Besides many small mammals, deer and mountain sheep, on assuming their winter coat, are paler than in summer and a gradual whitening takes place well into the winter.

In many cases this atrophy of the hair goes further and assumes the form not of whitening but of baldness. Marine mammals, so frequently hairless, are said to be so in proportion to the development of this fat layer about the body. Fattening cattle are said to lose their hair. On the other hand, baldness in man and the frequent whiteness in the horse's face occur where the skin immediately overlies bone and membrane, and perhaps may thus be illy nourished.

The whole subject is an interesting one which requires further study.

MAINE WILD ANIMALS AT ST. LOUIS.

THE Maine commissioners to the Louisiana Exposition have determined upon a log cabin filled with trophies of the chase as a fitting representation of the State at the Fair. The plan has met with some decided opposition among those who consider that the backwoods interests are not the ones to put forward to the world. State Master Obadiah Gardner, of the Maine State Grange, took occasion to protest in his annual address last week. "Every other interest," he said, "is to be subverted that we may appear at the St. Louis Fair in the garb of aborigines, in keeping with the prevailing opinion in the West that Maine is composed of icebergs and wild animals. With \$123,000,000 invested in manufactures, and as much more in agriculture, it would seem that these interests, with many others, should receive some recognition at the hands of the State in advertising our wealth of resources."

Which may be perfectly true; and it is to be assumed that these varied industries will have their due recognition at St. Louis. On the other hand, Mr. Gardner may well remember that at this stage of the country's development the people of the United States are in growing numbers interested in knowing where they may go for game; and the projected demonstration of Maine's wealth in wild animals is likely to prove a good business stroke.

The State Master also made a strong protest against "the arbitrary and unjust laws for the protection of wild animals against the best interests of Maine," declaring that "so serious have become the conditions in the northern part of the State, as the result of this law, that the growth of population in that section has wholly ceased. The cause of civilization," he added, "is mightier than the cause of the sportsman, and its march must not be retarded to gratify the ambitions of the latter."

That is a sentiment which every sane person would indorse, were there any actual conflict of the interests of "civilization" and of the "sportsman." As, a matter of fact, there is no conflict. The only manifestation of "civilization" with which the sportsman is at war, is the civilization which spells extermination of game animals. The only game laws the sportsman asks are such as will stay the extinction of the game supply. If the code goes beyond reasonable protection and conservation of nature's resources, and works a real deprivation to the community and affects unfavorably the development of the country, it is to that extent unnecessarily stringent and is unreasonable and unwise. If, as the State Master asserts,

the Maine law is of this nature, it should be modified. But are the conditions as represented? Is there any actual conflict of the farming and the sportsmen's interests? Valuable testimony on this point might be taken among that not inconsiderable number of Maine agriculturists who are precious glad to supplement their farming revenues with the ready cash paid to them as sportsmen's guides.

TRESPASS CASES.

THE case of William Rockefeller vs. Oliver Lamora for fishing trespass on the Rockefeller preserve at Brandon in the Adirondacks was re-tried last week before a jury of the vicinage, and Lamora was acquitted. The newspapers report that the case turned on the point whether the Rockefeller waters had been stocked by the State or not. It is explained that private parks which have been stocked by the State are open to the public and may be fished by anyone. This is a mischievous report; there is no truth in the statement, and its repetition will tend to deceive the public and encourage people to fish where they have no legal right to fish, and so get them into trouble. The facts are these: The private parks law provides a special penalty for trespassing to fish or hunt in private parks; but one provision is that this special penalty provision shall not be operative in the case of waters which have been stocked from the State hatcheries. The common trespass law applies, however; the public has no right to invade the preserves, and trespassers may be punished under the trespass law other than the special law referred to. The Lamora case does not establish any right to fish in private waters. An outsider has no more right to trespass on a fishing water to fish for fish supplied by the State than he would have to drive a reaper into a field of grain raised from seed supplied by the Government to one of Speaker Cannon's constituents, or to enter a tenth-story city flat to get at the flowers in a window box grown from seed supplied from Washington by request of Senator Depew. The free fish abuse and the free seed abuse ought both to be suppressed; but neither of them can be remedied by such confiscation of property as would come of opening the streams and the fields to the public.

The finding of the jury in the Rockefeller-Lamora case has a parallel in another fishing trespass case which has just been settled in Delaware county, New York, where Dr. Henry G. Preston, of Brooklyn, has secured by purchase and lease the exclusive fishing right of the Millbrook stream at Margaretville. This water has always been open to the trout fishermen of the neighborhood, and the closing of it has aroused much local opposition. In the case which has just been tried Dr. Preston's agent, Sliter, brought suit against a resident, Frank Krum, for fishing trespass. It was developed by the testimony that Sliter had enticed Krum to commit the trespass, and the jury found for the defendant, as a jury may be depended upon to do in every such case where there is a shadow of ground for their letting off their neighbor.

FOREST RESERVES.

Two forest reserve measures of transcendent importance are now before Congress. The first is the Appalachian Park scheme, which was favorably discussed in the last session; and the second is a new measure introduced by Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, for a White Mountain forest reserve. The bill calls for an appropriation of \$5,000,000 to enable the Secretary of Agriculture to obtain lands, estimated at 1,000,000 acres, in the White Mountains. There is special urgency of prompt action in the matter, for under existing conditions the forests of New Hampshire are undergoing ravages which it will take centuries to repair. In the closing number of the season of 1903 the Mount Washington paper, Among the Clouds, known to all White Mountain tourists, spoke from a full knowledge this significant warning:

Nothing else can save the forests on the north slope of the Presidential range from destruction. If the bill does not pass this winter, the most beautiful parts of the range will be disfigured, to remain so for years. Evidence of a public demand for the bill will go far toward securing its speedy report. Let the lovers of our mountains watch the progress of the bill, and press with all their earnestness for its immediate passage, if they would preserve our scenic beauties intact. Let the appeal come from every State, that Congress may know it is not a sectional matter, but one in which the people of the whole country are interested.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Floating Down the Mississippi.

III.—As to a Lying River.

THE first few miles down the Mississippi were as disappointing as my first view of it had been. There was plenty of water in sight—twenty feet above low water mark, I think—but the banks were just willows—a low, level green line of them on one side, and on the other, Missouri, a line of "bluffs"—tree-grown cliffs—with a railroad's gashing along their face. Here and there were dwellings and open lands, but for the most part trees grew and covered what they could of the limestone, which seemed to be disintegrating. The trees were in their autumn foliage, but somehow the sallowness of the yellow river had spread high above even its high water mark, forcing its dull yellow hues or rusty shades upon everything in sight.

It was a dull scene, without striking contrasts, but it was a most engaging one. No single feature arrested the attention for more than a glance of time. It was interesting, but it seemed to me as if I had merely a long journey on a yellow river, lake-like in its dimensions so far as I could see, with the addition of a constant motion forward, which very quickly ceased to be "flowing" in the mind, but became "lurching heavily onward," first against one bank and then the other, but so quietly and softly that it was merely amusing. Had I not been forewarned by the stories of men who knew the river, it would have been easy to become another of the guileless victims of the stream. As it was, I thought the river was "easy."

Enlightenment does not come all at once, nor as a result of true statements in appearances. Likely enough the first awakening from a sense of being equal to the occasion that a man has on the river is a view of tumbling waves far ahead. The water seems fairly to rear up in the air, toss cream froth, and be in every way fearsome to the man in a skiff. On my first day afloat, while the water around me pitched and rolled, away down the river it looked calm and glassy, as if I was in a mere flaw of gale, and had only to get out of it to find gentle zephyrs. The waves were ripples, the calm, mirage. The Mississippi is a corporation liar.

Again on a quiet day when the surface is so smooth that the eye gazing far ahead sees the curve where the water banks up in the bend of the river before it swings off to right or left, like the fragment of a monstrously large and wonderfully shallow saucer, the current carries one closer and closer to banks of earth against which the water is saving, and there is a good view had of soil in layers feet thick, marked by thin lines where weeds grew during a few months and then were covered by another layer in another flood or two. The stillness, the warmth, the softness of the air against which the voyager is borne, quite lull every suspicion, and the one to whom it is all novel would certainly resent the intrusion of a harsh thought. Not even the sifting down of a little rivulet of sandy earth in that bank rouses one, but the thing that jumps his stomach into his throat, sends him clawing for the oars and drives him far from that shore is the pitching forward of ten tons of the earth flat-faced upon the water. A "pop" sound, as if some giant had burst a flour sack on his knee, is heard, a flicker of dust and flying spray is seen, and then the water lifts up and a wave comes forward, sometimes very high, with the bald top showing just a line of frowzy curl.

However sentimental one may become on one of these "pretty" days, it takes a good deal more than mere sentimental force to retain the feeling when the banks are caving a few yards away. A scene that has hitherto seemed serenely peaceful becomes in a breath one of tragedy when a sliding bank settles or a caving one falls. A most impressive spectacle it is when the water of a storm a thousand miles away is cutting into the acres to see a once wealthy farmer watching his plantation go yard by yard day by day, unable to do more than guess at the time of the end, till at last the corner of his home, once a mile inland, sags down—deserted by this time, of course—and nothing is left. It is not the least of the tragic wonders of the Big River.

There is a system to circumvent the lying stream now by which the man on an Illinois bottom—and elsewhere!—may read that heavy rains are falling in Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and northern Missouri. It may be his corn is planted and growing weather has brought the bottoms to such a state of corn beauty that he is exultant. Perhaps there is a little rain, just enough to keep things growing nicely; the river smiling and way down.

He reads that the Wisconsin River is rising; Des Moines has begun to tear up bridges, and Omaha has experienced the worst rain in the memory of the prophets, and then the state of his mind may be imagined. This year it was reported that "Rain favors Missouri," on May 20, in an item from Columbia. At St. Louis the water was 21 feet, rising—the danger line 30—weather fair and warm. At Chester, Ill., the water stood at 16 feet, danger line 30. On May 29 there were 24.4 feet of water above the low mark at St. Louis and 20 feet at Chester. On the 2d of June the water was within a tenth of an inch of the danger line at St. Louis. At Chester, seventy miles below, the water was still only 23.7 feet—but in the basin above rains were pouring down. Missouri—"The Big Muddy"—was coming, more than bank full. Long before it reached him the farmer in the low land knew what to expect. With his crops doing well, his corn looking fine, the river still low and innocent-appearing, he began to think of how much he would save of it. At Kansas City, Mo., the water was 14 feet above the danger line of 21 feet—this water was coming down on the people of the lower valley. They watched the marks—logs and sticks and sand bars, by which they measured the height of the stream—go under one by one. The water poured into the willow bottoms, filled the chutes and sloughs, came to the edges of the cultivated lands, went coursing over the lowest of these, tinkling forward into the foot prints left by the horses and mules when they hauled the

planter, and in mimic flood rushed along the wheel ruts—if it rose an inch an hour it was coming fast. And so it was long drawn agony. It was not possible to keep the water out of those hoof prints and wheel ruts, small as they were and slow as the water came. There was time to take the cattle to the Missouri hills, and the family to tents on the bluffs.

And then came long lists of disasters—bridges down, houses floating away, laggards drowned, still miles away, but upstream, and each day closer by forty miles. St. Louis reported 39 feet and Chester went to 33 feet a couple of days later. And then the Illinois bottoms were drowned out—the flood was upon the farmer, even though the sun had not been clouded under.

It is a good system by which the heights of water hundreds of miles down stream is foretold from the gauge readings at St. Paul, Kansas City and other up-river towns, but to my mind there could be no more nerve-racking one than this of foretelling the danger with relentless, scientific accuracy, as done by the U. S. Weather Bureau. It is even worse than visions of fire, for it is foretelling clammy and snake-like.

The evidences of the floods in low water are hidden from the newcomer's eyes by his ignorance of the signs they leave. It is the dark yellow line on the sides of houses half a mile from the river, indicating the high water mark that comes to his notice first of all, probably, and causes the natural question of "What made that?" Away off yonder, somewhere, is the river, beyond woods and fields, unheard, unseen and unthought of, yet here is its mark, a foot higher than one can reach.

On the first night out Jimmie and I ran a hundred yards up an unknown—to us—stream, and tied to a willow tree a couple inches in diameter and began to chuck the duffle around making a camp on the boat, putting up the square of canvas A-tent fashion, and that sort of thing, but we quickly dropped down into the wind at the mouth of the creek, for mosquitoes were out a plenty, and to spare. We spooned together in the stern that night, and slept considerable of the time. Morning came, and with it a dismal rain which lasted several hours, and that was the bluest day I had experienced in a long time. I was glad that the current was there to carry me onward in spite of my feelings. It was gloomiest of all when, after the sun came out, Jimmie had to go back to St. Louis and I pulled out on the river, very much alone, except the wild geese and ducks, the swirling waters and insides that worked up into the back of my mouth, but dismal and lonesome as it makes me, I don't want to get over the feeling of homesickness.

I wrote in my diary four or five miles below Riverside—where Jimmie was to take the cars, but got carried three miles past it, we not knowing the town when we saw it—"On the right bank (Missouri) are high bluffs, limestone cliffs full of holes where the water has ground out moon- and round- and sugar-loaf-shaped cavities, and here"—a ways further down—"is a wilderness, the trees just turning on the right, and on the left are caving banks, covered with second growth poplar twenty feet high, but now pitching into the river, the green heads of the fallen washing in the water, and one just whirling out from the lower end of the bank with the send of the current. The wearing away of the bank is done through the tangled fallen, root-washed trees. Blue is the sky, blue (reflection) the water, dim the bluish sun, blue the distant shores, and lonely the lad afloat."

At intervals all along were "Government works"—dikes of piles and rip-rap, or broken stone facing of embankments. To the mere river traveler the dikes were fearsome things to look upon, for they consist of rows of piling, the piles being driven in bunches of four, in holes sucked out and pumped out to the required depth, anywhere from fifteen to sixty feet or so, and then the poles are bound together with wire rope, each bunch separate. The bunches reach out into the river in long sloping lines of black, for scores of yards, serving two purposes, one to protect the bank below, the other to send the water into the ship channel. On occasion it is used to wear away the opposite bank—which purpose it always serves, willy nilly, if the bank is silt, unless rip-rap is used to protect the place where the deflected current strikes the far shore.

A most unpleasant thing to look upon are these rows of black headed piling. A dim flickering line in the distance, a closer view shows a loose pile here and there, flinging back and forth, a bending, pounding arm, slashing the water with a loud evil sound, and thumping its fellows on occasion with hollow booming. All along these dikes the water pours through with a loud noise, increased by the drift caught along them, while the current at the outside end leaves the obstruction in whirling coils.

There are thirty-five pile drivers on the river, and they are put to all sorts of tasks on occasion. At Little Rock Landing I found one furnishing steam to drill blasting out of the rip-rap, and one may find them making pin-cushions of all kinds of river bed. If he goes down behind some of the islands he is likely enough to find dikes already there, with rod high piles of drift against them impassable to anything but tooth picks and the water. These dikes serve the purpose of making mud deposits behind them and so filling in the sloughs, and thus deepening the river channel by confining all the water to it. In this work of running the river into one channel, the benefit to navigation is obvious, and also to farmers likely to be inundated or completely washed away by a change in the course of the main current from one side of an island to another.

One is not long afloat before he watches the water eddy in around his boat, boiling up from the bottom, or going down in little swirls or sucks, according to the lay of the bottom. To watch this apparently thick mass is sure to suggest that an enormous quantity of material is conveyed down the river every year into the Gulf of Mexico. And the fact that behind the dikes, wrecks, snags, and other river obstructions the silt gathers in masses many feet deep in the course of a single flood, confirms the suspicion. The river sharps have studied the matter with care, and they tell some things in long lines of figures that are intensely interesting to those who care to view the river even from the deck of record mak-

ing steamboats. The figures are most meaning ones to the man who floats in steamers, for the pilot of the craft has constantly to remember that such and such a bar is making, and such another one is walking diagonally across the stream to some point some miles below. Nothing in the whole river is the same from day to day. In some places the change is imperceptible, but the simple fact that more than half the lights of the Government marking the channel of the river had to be shifted from half to a mile and a half after the flood last spring indicates something of the moving nature of the stream and its bed. A river in which a sand bar a mile long moves a mile down stream in one flood has carrying power which even a woodsman with an acquaintance with snow drifts can understand, but the scientists say that it takes 6,000 years for the Mississippi to lower its drainage surface one foot. Great as is the river, it is not too large for the laser that it drains, and compared to which its mud and shifting sands and acres of drift are but stray specks and pulp fibres.

But to the human mind these specks are quite sizable. The figures are small to start with: "The average ratio of dry sedimentary matter (from water secured one part each at Randolph and Carthage and two at New Orleans) to the weight of water and sediment equals near 1-1245." By another method, water being poured into a long tube from the river and allowed to settle, a mass of water with an aggregate height of 1,936 feet deposited a solid column of 46½ inches, the water covering two years of the river flow. This gives a mean proportionate quantity of 1 to 528. In the main current, whether near the surface or near the bottom, no difference could be detected in the quantity of sediment carried; the sand and gravel—the bottom flood—were not considered in these figures.

The sediment carried into the Gulf yearly would make a pile a mile square and from 263 to 268 feet high—more now that the levees do not permit the water to spread out on the bottoms and deposit layers of soil on them, and this amount will gradually increase as the levees are brought to completion, and the river is kept from stopping on the way to the Gulf. If the water moves at a certain speed, there will be erosion, and not depositing. Part of the work on the river—the major part—has been to use this simple fact that the sediment will not settle if the water is kept moving fast enough, and it will if it is checked, hence retarding dikes and deflecting dikes.

As I floated with the current and looked at that simple line of bluffs, the wide, scarcely ruffled waters, and the willow banks, it was for a long time difficult to associate the figures in my note books with these three elements. The mind was confused, as the eyes are when one comes out of the light into darkness, and even now, after nearly three weeks of close association with mud banks, wind-drifted sand, islands, chutes, sloughs, and river people, there is much of that same confusion. Old Jack Stevenson, with whom I traveled from Kaskaskia to Tiptonville, where I am now, time and again picked up sticks saying, "Here's a piece of batten," or "that come out of somebody's house," or "I guess this is part of an old cupboard." That scattered drift, sawed and natural, was one mass of details, many of which I ought to have been able to see, and yet I could not. And in the petty things like making camp and preparing meals I was at constant loss in my efforts to think what next to do.

Some odds and ends from my diary will show just as well as anything of what a close association with the river will do to one at first. I give them as written:

"In midstream, rafts of ducks, a dull, blue day; still those great limestone hills, with hollows through which the wind comes when opposite—in the far distance a row-boat. On the Missouri side the hills, on the other the flats, with landing sheds. Ducks in great flocks look like serpents when flying; islands when afloat. Tennessee and Ohio River not a circumstance—what must it be below? Beautiful, beautiful! Even the Government dikes show the size of the stream, movable teeth that they are, sawing and slashing back and forth in the wind."

Where my eyes and thoughts were when I wrote of ten inch piling tossed by the "wind" is problematical. Sitting with eyes three feet above the surface of the wide water, it is not an uncommon optical delusion to see a broad strip of "sky" in the distance between an island and the water—a mirage effect—so with the mind brought close to the "Father of the Waters," it notices things, but in somewhat twisted aspects.

A caving bank led to this: "Solid (sic) banks of silt with layers of vegetation—mere thin lines—between one, two, three feet layers to show that there (at the lines) floods rested, and turned back, and above a new flood laid a new layer—and now another flood takes all that the others deposited for purposes of its own further down the river. Governed by rigid laws, yet the river seems to be at play—here building, there tearing down, nowhere giving man peace."

Large islands have been entirely washed away well within the memory of men, and others are in the process of building, but of late years the vigilance of the "Government Workers" has begun to regulate these changes more or less in conformity with the ideas of the river people. The man who sees his plantation eaten away by the thrust of a dike put in four miles or so above him in order to give steamers a better chance, is likely to be biased as to the work done, and so is he whose boat goes round a long bend where a short cut off would shorten the way many miles, when strong efforts to save the caving peninsula are made, as at Cairo.

This much has been accomplished by the commission in regard to the caving bank. It was able to say in this year's report (for fiscal year):

"We have reached a stage in the development of bank protection work where we can confidently undertake to prevent further bank recession at places where the interests involved will justify the expense."

It's a bit tough on one to read a sentence like that, for if it has taken the Mississippi River Commission twenty-five years to reach a point where it could confidently say it had learned how to do one of the things it has set out to do with the river—this is not all the commission has learned, of course—how long would it take a man to learn everything about the river? But it is easier to learn the Mississippi and what it will do than to make it do anything.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Winter Echoes of the Summer Camp

LET me say at once I have never camped out in my life. I can tell you nothing of tents, nor of cutting brush; I have no knowledge of insect pests nor of how to exterminate or endure them; no opinions of the proper or improper way to build a fire, to make the bed, to air the bedding, to divide the work; or of anything else that goes to the making of the camp itself. Yet I know something of camping from actual experience. I have started out so many parties, and have put away their impedimenta when they returned so many times that a good deal of information has rubbed off. I know, of course, only of the beginning and of the end; of the start and of the return. But if half the yarns be true that my fisherman tells me of the strange preparations men sometimes make, and of the articles they conceive to be appropriate for such occasions, a word or two of advice from so experienced a person as I can hardly come amiss.

This question of impedimenta, by the way, becomes a serious one after twenty or thirty years of accumulation. Some years ago my fisherman started to build a barn on the end of the lot. He planned it with care, and was ingenious in discovering uses to which it could be put. This was natural, for we had neither horse nor cow, goat nor pig, wagon nor sleigh, to render it necessary. One day, however, in response to a rigid cross-examination, he revealed the truth as to why he was building this apparently unnecessary addition to the place. He had to have a place in which to store his fishing rods!

In spite of this, however, there have been times when the fishing in the river near home was very good, and one trip trod hard upon the heels of the preceding one; when bait cans, buckets of minnows, black-jacks and catfish, nets large and small, fishing-rods, gum boots and wading shoes so filled the front yard that visitors had hard work making their way to the house. At the same time the back yard hung full night and day with old clothes drying for the next trip. I always feel on these periodic outbreaks that the only thing that has kept us from the attention of the authorities is the fact that it must be years since anyone in the village has expected us to be sane on this subject.

Other fishermen's wives have a similar tale to tell. A kinsman one time married a wife, and when the dray came to the door bringing the belongings of the head of the new household, there were in it, of course, some furniture, clothing, books, and other so-called necessary articles, but these were entirely concealed by his more valuable possessions—fishing rods, baskets, gum boots, and tackle of all kinds, so that apparently the load consisted entirely of them.

In his hay mow, so called, for it never had a wisp of hay, the campers keep their outfit, which has been gathering for years: a large tent, a small tent; a box of cooking utensils, coffee pots, tin plates, dishes, etc., of all kinds and conditions; hampers and baskets in various stages of decay; gum boots and fishing-rods, and a variety of other things that I avoid looking at or touching, they seem so unpromising.

The camping parties that start from my fisherman's hay mow usually go about the last of June. When the fateful day draws near, all the stuff is overhauled many times by the various members of the party, and long lists are made of articles that will be needed. One camp that I have heard of tried provisioning by having each member bring what he thought best. When they took account of stock they found that one man had brought only a bunch of onions that he had gathered while escaping through the barn; another a crock of scrapple; still another a head of cabbage and an apple pie, and that they were nearly as badly off for food as was the historic camp with four gallons of whisky and a loaf of bread. The provisions are an important part of the trip, and the parties that I know about take pains to provide them carefully.

This method of getting ready really adds considerably to the pleasures of the trip. In fact, the camping begins the minute the campers take the first step up the ladder into the hay mow to see what they will need. From that minute they are no longer lawyers, doctors, teachers, parsons; they are all at one or another stage back toward the primitive man. I even notice a change in their attire—a more rakish air; first a handkerchief tied around the neck replaces the collar; then a slouch hat, a belt, a flannel shirt, until by the day they start they all with one accord attire themselves in as near the outfit of a wild woodsman as their resources and imaginations permit.

Then comes the packing up. The parties that start from our haymow always pack up the day before. They pack all day, and almost all night. They usually begin with the bread and only realize their mistake when all of the heaviest articles are discovered waiting their turn. Then the packing starts over again. They are no fonder of advice than ordinary men, and it is only when it waxes on toward midnight, and the box has been unpacked at least once by each member of the party, that it is received with even ordinary civility.

In spite of this arduous day's work, they usually insist on starting very early in the night, even earlier than ordinary fishing excursions, being satisfied, as a rule, with not later than three or four o'clock. They usually forget something—the bag of potatoes, the crock of butter, the hammock, or the lantern, for which they must return or be greatly inconvenienced.

Various echoes from the camp reach me. Frequently I am consulted about the cooking, and am asked to furnish recipes. One year my fisherman aspired to flannel cakes. There was no reason, he said, why they should not add this dainty to their fare, especially since it was so easily made. He wrote out the directions—flour, eggs, milk, soda—carefully. The sequel I heard later.

Toward the end of the week, when the campers were a little tired of the fishing and probably of each other, they decided that the time had come for the flannel cakes. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and they started at once to get them ready. One man went for milk to the farmhouse on the hill, and while waiting, my fisherman measured out the flour into an eight-quart bucket. Instead of the two quarts called for in the recipe, he took four, to be sure to have enough. As they did not have eight eggs he took five, and—think of this, ye cooks!—broke them right into the flour, and proceeded

to stir the mixture until the milk arrived. He then added the milk and other ingredients and kept a man stirring all the rest of the day to get out the lumps, which, it is unnecessary to add, could not have been stirred out in an eternity. They tell me there was a man on the road coming or going for milk for two hours, and that when they finally desisted from beating the mixture, there was as much of the batter on the outside of the bucket and on the gallant cooks themselves as in the bucket. Then they baked the batter in an iron pan and had supper, and were thankful to find themselves alive the next morning. Verily, cooks are born not made.

At another time a kinsman aspired to make an omelet, another very simple thing. He took his directions from Mrs. Rorer, learned them by heart, and kept repeating them over and over. "Give seven beats of the fork." They tell me he said it at last in his sleep. The opinion, however, was unanimous that he must have given eight beats or spoiled it some other way, but all agreed nobody had been in any danger of dying from the effects, for nobody had been able to eat it. They had better success with Saratoga potatoes, and, I judge, learned to cook several things pretty well—trout, coffee, ham, potatoes, eggs. Many times, during the long winter, when the blissful summer days seem very far off, they pine for a cup of the coffee they made while camping.

Stories of other things come to my ears. They tell me of the beautiful spot where they always make their camp; the grove of maple trees with the big creek on one side and the little creek on the other, and the grand old mountain across the stream; of the way it all looks by moonlight and in the sunrise. They try to arouse my fears by tales of rattlesnakes and bears. They all claim to do all the work; and make assertions as to how lazy the others are; how careless with their dress they get; how much they eat and sleep, and smoke. They tell me of the daily happenings: how someone sometimes steals their fish or eats up all the ginger cakes. They relate gleefully how afraid the others are when hard storms come or a miniature flood drives them to seek higher quarters; if a strange animal prowls about the camp or if a snake is found. In fact, the character of hero changes with the narrator, quite as in life.

They discuss various subjects. Sometimes the number of campers is too small, and they disagree; sometimes too large and they have not room to sleep comfortably. One night, when nothing better presented itself, and somebody was in a contrary mood, the whole camp argued until nearly morning whether the sun sits or sets in the evening; and whether a hen sits or sets on her nest. Sometimes politics and other of the cares and anxieties of life creep in and threaten the peace. Sometimes one of the campers has a new girl whom he cannot forget, or sickness at home tugs at the heartstrings. But usually, I doubt not, they are happy, care free days that refresh the wearied souls of the men and send them back to their work with new ties, new ideas, and, best of all, with new stories to tell.

During these many years I have thoroughly enjoyed these camping parties. Were all the pleasant gossip concerning them around my fireside cut out, I, no less than my fisherman, would miss it sadly. I sometimes wonder if any part of the success of an outing that a woman has started out and welcomed home properly belongs to her. Whether the certainty of sympathy does really add a zest to the trip? If the bit of adventure is ever a little more interesting because of the audience to whom it will be related? Whether it does not form a little closer tie than that of mere friendship? Indeed, I am sometimes prepared to answer these questions myself, and to assert that by her sympathy, her encouragement, and her aid, many excursions are made much more pleasant than they would be but for the woman who stays behind.

JUSTINA JOHNSON.

The "Upper Missouri" of To-Day.

APPEKUNNY's serial story entitled "Floating Down the Missouri," which appeared in *FOREST AND STREAM* during the years 1901-2, filled the minds of the Doctor and the Colonel with an intense longing to instantly follow the footsteps, or rather, the paddle dips, of the author and his Blackfoot wife; but O tempora! O mores! were loath to consent. The confederates were bull-headed, however, as well as self-indulgent, and so they conspired, contrived and persevered until the opposing waves rolled back and the way opened for them in this autumn of 1903. Appekunny himself had promised guidance; but alas! alas! his services were withheld at a late hour, and so Tommy, whose origin was in the Maine woods, came into requisition—a canoe builder, cook, hunter and everything-else-you-can-think-of all combined, is Tommy—and he was despatched to the rendezvous with instructions to build a boat, equip it with provisions, utensils and if necessary, also a crew, for, the absence of a guide must not be permitted to circumvent the seemingly long anticipated voyage. Upon the receipt of a telegram announcing the consummation of Tommy's mission, the Doctor and Colonel dropped the tools of their trade and forthwith set out for Fort Benton (Montana), the long-time accepted head of navigation of the Missouri River, and three days later viewed with complacency, from the river's bank, a little fleet of three boats which constituted their command. There were three boats, because a small skiff is an indispensable adjunct to a house-boat and besides, the two men whom Tommy had corralled owned a large skiff, which must, of necessity, accompany them, because they were bound down the river trapping and had to have with them, of course, their traps, their stores for the coming winter and, worse luck, two dogs for society. These two men were Jim, a professional trapper, late from the Cascade Mountains, who had spent a successful winter along the Missouri in 1900-1901, and was about to try it again as a panacea for his slender resources, and Joe, who, after bivouacking for three years with a cavalry regiment in South Africa, had found the British Isles too conventional and too narrow to suit his new formed ideas as to the fitness of things.

They had entered into a co-partnership with designs upon fur-bearing and bounty-yielding animals of the romantic country drained by the river from which, just

99 years previous, Lewis and Clark had viewed with amazement, the swarming beasts, birds and fishes that inhabited this, then newly acquired, territory of the United States.

After an inspection by the Doctor and Colonel of the remains of the old fort, still standing near the water's edge, which in 1846, and 20 years thereafter, was the most westernmost and one of the best known of the American Fur Company's trading posts, and inhaling a little of the atmosphere of its stirring past, the craft was boarded in the late afternoon and pushed into the current in the presence of a representation of the citizens of the town.

The boat of Tommy's creation was 26 feet long, 8 feet wide and 2 feet deep, carried a sail of liberal dimensions, was supplied also with a pair of oars, as an additional means of propulsion, had two bunks amidship, under a canvas roof, and one across the stern. When laden with bunks, photographic paraphernalia, stove, provisions, etc., she drew but 5 inches of water, while the men's skiff, 12 ft. by 4, carrying some 1,500 pounds of cargo, had a greater draft by several inches, and this fact was subsequently frequently made impressive. The wind was fair, all sail was spread and the voyage began; but very soon thereafter rapid water was encountered, which thus promptly drilled everybody in the simultaneous handling of three boats and two dogs, when each and every one of them evinced a decided inclination to exercise an uncompromising individuality. All hands were pressed with exacting duties for a little while, when, besides being buffeted by wind and waves, the heavy rear boat threatened to crush the skiff, and the dog passengers of the former jumped overboard. The difficulties were overcome without harm, and after an hour's travel camp was established for the night a few miles below the town.

Jim entertained the party with a camp-fire story of what would be seen further down stream. Sand bars would appear to move, because of the many prairie chickens and sage hens upon them; ducks would be innumerable; fish of huge proportions were in schools; deer would gaze askance from every copse—the white tails on one side of the river and black tails on the other—while the wraith-like mountain sheep would stand upon the heights along the river's course in picturesque poses. Jim, like Appekunny, told of conditions as he knew them several years ago, and in several years—but let us not anticipate.

The boat had sufficient deck room, forward of the bunks, to admit of cooking and serving meals, even though the oars were in use; therefore, on each day of travel the first duty was to push into the current and, subsequently, breakfast was prepared without haste or confusion. Some ducks were sighted soon after getting under way the next morning, and they, being duly sampled, proved to be members of the teal family. Before noon, as landing was made on Brulé Bottom for the purpose of visiting the site of Fort McKenzie, which stood here in the heart of the Blackfoot country, between the years 1832-1843, in which latter year it was abandoned, because of Indian hostility and immediately burned by the redskins. The probability that some animated scenes had taken place in this bottom was attested by a number of mounds of the suggestive dimensions, 7 feet by 2. The boundaries of the fort were readily discerned, and beads, clay pipes, hand-made nails and bullets were found midst charred timber and crumbling stones. The river's outlines become bluffs hereabouts, and rise sheer from the water's edge to a height of 100 feet. They display an interesting variety of strata in many colors, and in them some petrifications were found, one of which—that of a so-called snake, a baculite—possessed prismatic hues like to mother of pearl. Twenty miles having been overcome by 6:30 P. M., notwithstanding the loitering on the way, and the deterrent head winds of the afternoon, when the Colonel and Tommy had donned waders and towed the flotilla around a bend, the day was declared at an end. The lapping of water against the prow, the lay of a coyote among the hills and a brilliant moon were delightful concomitants of sleep.

The water and air, at 5 o'clock of the following morning, must have given the two voyagers a cool reception, judging by their haste to find covering; but the appearance of ducks soon afforded them an opportunity to stir their blood by manning the skiff and giving chase. They returned with a dozen blue and green-winged teal, mostly young and tender. Ranches were passed from time to time during the day, whenever a bottom would admit of one, and the interested cowboys were most polite in their greetings and complimentary to the "outfit," as they termed it. One and all anticipated floating down to St. Louis next year, and probably they were more observant of river craft than usual.

This forceful evidence of people, however agreeable they made themselves, was deplorable to the Doctor and Colonel, who hungered and thirsted for the solidities which were associated in their thoughts with this upper Missouri. In the afternoon the bluffs heightened to 200 or more feet, and a variation in the coloring of them often brought striking contrasts into close juxtaposition. At times a dark-colored headland would be ensconced between two of marble whiteness, or vice versa, all of them towering high above the river in fantastic outlines. In one instance a city walled by marble was so closely resembled that it was difficult to recognize in the formation a mere freak of nature. This evening's camp-fire was built under the beetling brows of a bluff to which were cemented hundreds of bird's nests, and from the crevices above these hawks were frequently seen to dart after their prey. A fresh deer track, the first sign of big game, was noticed near the place of landing. Halts had been made during the day for purposes of photography, but, nevertheless, owing to the aid of the sail, 33 miles were accomplished.

Jim set his lines in the evening for some of the huge catfish he had frequently described, and when it came up with bait intact, Tommy and Joe, who had previously displayed considerable incredulity, made facetious remarks.

On the succeeding day, the third from Fort Benton, the bordering acclivities increased their height to 300 feet on either side of the river, which was about 50 yards wider just here, and the combined effect of

height, color and outline constituted what one of the early voyagers termed "visionary enchantment." Photography was one of the objects of the expedition; in fact, the primary one, and throughout the journey of 31 miles on this day, the scenery was all absorbing. Fortifications, parapets, castles (modern and in decay), cathedrals, etc., of white sandstone atop of brown hills, came and went in such rapid succession as to be bewildering, and after photographing any one of these objects, a later view would usually seem the more desirable. To look forward or backward was equally impressive and still, each bend in the river brought newer beauty before the gaze of the astonished beholders; but sad to relate, even here, where any evidence of man, other than an Indian, would be incongruous, the abhorrent wire fences would, from time to time, appear at the edge of a precipice. Only a few scattered ducks were seen in this vicinity, and they received but scant notice, owing to preoccupation with the scenery. A goose, being an unusual sight, attracted attention as it came honking up stream, and it was covered by a double barreled gun in the hands of the Doctor, when some one called out, "Hold your fire!" A man was seen pulling out from shore, evidently in pursuit of the errant bird, which proved to be "Charley," a pet. Joe, whose foraging expeditions among Boer farms had dulled his conscience to insensibility, begged for the critter dead or alive, and was bent upon trailing a baited hook behind the boat with the hope of towing it out of sight of the owner around the next point of land. A stop was made hereabouts to admit of a visit to the long-time deserted hut of a "wood-hawk." The scattered horns of buffalo and deer indicated that he had lived well if not long, midst these Indian hunting grounds and beautiful hills, while wielding his ax in aid of early steamboat navigation and advancing civilization. The wind shifted to dead ahead toward evening, and to avoid a struggle with this element, the boats were beached in what proved to be quick-sands of a treacherous and hungry nature, for they nearly swallowed the Colonel's waders when he jumped ashore with the hawser.

Joe! 'twas cold during the night and also the next morning, when, just before reaching the ferry at Judith, the first flock of sage hens was sighted. They offered a casus belli and an acceptance of it resulted in a more comfortable temperature of the body, and the persuasion of several of the birds to come aboard the boat. Judith, named after the now dry river course which meets the Missouri here, was chosen as a site for Fort Chardon by the fur hunters, who fled precipitately from Fort McKenzie, and the history of the place is interesting. It is now made up of several corrals, to hold cattle pending the crossing of the river, a store and two log huts. Within the store was seen an immense pile of polished buffalo horns which were intended for shipment to the coming fair, where, the indications are, there will be a never-to-be-repeated aggregation of Western people and relics of their past.

Several cowboys, in typical attire, and with the bowed legs that would seem to result from constant pressure upon the sides of their mounts, had met here while traversing the plains in various directions, and displayed the customary interest in river navigation. Head winds necessitated the use of oars during the balance of the day, and progress was only a little faster than the current, which flows about three miles an hour. From a cottonwood grove further down the river two other cowboys saluted the fleet, and the Doctor and Colonel were rowed ashore to assist the civil herdsmen in resisting any bad effects of the bleak wind. They presented a formidable appearance with knives, revolvers, rifles and ropes, hanging from belts and saddles.

An unsuccessful deer hunt had ended, and they were bound for home, where the Doctor and Colonel called later in the day. Home consisted of a log hut situated on a narrow river bottom that was completely hemmed in on three sides by bare hills of 300 feet in height. The cattle range was back of these, on the plains, to which a slender, winding trail up the steep bluff marked the way. The courage of these heedless youths in thus "setting up" for themselves amid the melancholy surroundings, was altogether congenial with this breeding ground of love of adventure and heroism.

These boys were newcomers, and reported that many other settlers had "come in" during the last two years; so many, that every piece of bottom land of any promise was now taken up. This was sad news for those who still had hope of seeing some undisturbed and virgin country.

At about 5 P. M. the boats were tied up, and scouts went back into the hills to look for signs indicative of the nature of the quadruped inhabitants thereof. Tracks of timber wolves, black tail deer, a lone elk, or possibly a confounded calf, and rabbits were noticed. The Colonel's attention was attracted and his curiosity aroused by a loud caterwauling from the overhead cliffs, which he scanned in vain for the origin. Before he could locate the source of the noise and the reason thereof, a large bobcat was seen to flee in one direction and a swift fox in the other. They were each colored by nature to blend with the prevailing hues of the soil, and in consequence their acrimonious debate was not witnessed.

The day following brought trouble in the guise of a howling northeast storm, which, in the morning, blew the boat upon a concealed rock, and, a little later, the men's boat upon a bar. Waders came into prominence, and pushing, pulling and prying were indulged in ad libitum. The scenery continued remarkably fine, and in spite of a cold rain, the constantly changing formations were watched with unflagging interest; but the gray day and lowering clouds unfortunately prohibited photographs.

The hills now subsided and drew further away from the shore, and the more frequent bottoms all displayed signs of habitation. In this vicinity cattle winter exceedingly well and the land bordering upon the river is exceptionally desirable, for this reason that the stretch of plains immediately behind it will probably never be claimed, owing to lack of water right, and consequently the claimant of bottom land gets the free use of a large contiguous grazing country. The

appreciation of this state of affairs has led to the influx of settlers.

On landing for the evening camp-fire, after having floated 30 miles during the day, many fresh deer tracks were seen on the sandy beach; but none of the animals came within range of vision. From the hills just back of the landing place, the Little Rockies, white with snow, were seen looming up on the southern horizon, illuminated by the afterglow as though by electricity, and when darkness enveloped the landscape, midst impressive quiet, they still caught the paling light and seemed a supernatural beacon.

Ice formed on the boat's deck during the night (Sept. 14), and, in the morning, bathing required some heroism. At Rocky Point, the second ferry seen in 150 miles of travel, an old trading post, is in an excellent state of preservation, with its ancient stove, sporting rifles, buffalo heads, etc., still in position. The tenancy of the present occupant dates back 25 years, and he, a connecting link with the past, recounted his recollections of and experiences with people and game of former days to an attentive audience.

Good hunting was said to begin at this place, and since no red meat had yet come aboard and nothing more than an occasional duck had varied the bill of fare for some days, and, furthermore, because progress was being so constantly combatted by head winds that only 20 miles had been recorded, the shore was sought at 4 o'clock. The Doctor had suffered the mortification, a day or so before, of bartering with a progressive rancher for some eggs (a rare morsel in this vicinity), and he now teased Jim by saying, "owing to our having progressed beyond the egg belt, either we must waylay a beef or starve, and since the taking of beef in this country is usually attended by an uncomfortable style of mortality, it seems to me we must choose between two evils of a grave character." After effecting a landing, the Doctor searched the willow-covered bottom for white tails, while the Colonel and Jim visited the bluffs across the river in quest of the black-tailed variety of deer. They, the last named, paddled back to camp after dark without having seen any fresh signs, excepting of cattle. The Colonel remarked that, "to sit in concealment awaiting the appearance of a wild animal and have a cussed bovine sneak up behind and give you a barnyard salutation, is mortifying and damaging to a fellow's self-respect." The Doctor was already in camp and, smarting under the influence of disappointment and angered by the sight of a man in the bushes, was prepared to convince poor old Jim that he was a liar. Finally Tommy arrived with a decapitated rabbit, and was received with acclamation and hailed as the deliverer from a dire famine.

LIPPINCOTT.

BALTIMORE, Md., Nov. 30.

Back-Trailing Horses.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Mr. Emerson Carney, and the editor, also, had something to say in the current number, December 12, about trailing horses. I have had horses which were good trailers, and again have known horses which were intelligent enough in other respects which could not, or at least would not, find their way home after night when within a mile of it, unless they had a plain road to follow to get there.

When it comes to finding his way, day or night, I believe the mule has more instinct, or whatever it is that enables him to do it, than most horses have, and if it is water that is wanted, and there is any in the country to be found, a mule will find it sooner than a horse will. I have had them lead me to water where I least expected to find it. The mule could find it, though how he did it I don't know. I rode a small sorrel mare mule many hundreds of miles, at one time or another; she was a pack mule, but was never packed. We kept her for the saddle, and of the many animals I have ridden she was by all odds the easiest one to ride, and was fast enough to run buffalo with. I have shot many of them off her back.

That mule could not be lost, no matter how dark the night was, or how wet or stormy it was, or whether she had ever been in that country before or not. If I wanted to find camp all I had to do was to let her reins slack, then tell her to go home. She would find her way and go straight there, whether the camp was one mile away or ten; and in going to it she went as the crow flies, straight ahead, over hills that I would take her around in the day time, and across a creek or river if she had to swim it.

We made a pet of her; she went under the name of the Pet Mule, and I made a practice of feeding her on bread and sugar. She could not be kept with the other mules unless she was tied, but could always be found among the horses.

On the march she would never stay with the pack train; all the men in it could not hold her; she traveled close up in rear of the column, and if the last file happened to be a single one, she completed it.

We followed a party of Indians that we had found down the country stealing cattle, all one night on foot in single file, leading our horses; it was too dark to follow the trail mounted, and just before daylight we mounted and formed in line to charge through a wet bottom; as I took my place on the left of the line the mule, which had just got away from the pack train, took her place on my left, and kept it while we charged across the bottom, killing one Indian; then when we had halted the captain rode down the line to see if any of us had been killed, and wanted to know what that mule was doing here. I had to tell him that she was also charging Indians.

I do not think that the scent has anything to do with a horse or mule finding camp. I have had a horse carry me right into camp with a high wind blowing right over him from behind him. If there was any scent that wind would have carried it away from him. A horse can see objects in the dark that a man cannot see, but if he has not seen them before they cannot help him any.

I was given an object lesson of a rather dumb mule finding his way to camp when I was out with Indians hunting. This was not an old pack mule, but a team mule that had been given me at my request. I was sent out here by myself. The chief and I had been out all day

"looking at the country," and late in the afternoon we shot two buffalo, and as it was at least ten miles to camp from here, we only took their hides, each of us carrying one; then I took the tongues and as much of the tenderloins as I thought the mule could carry and not be hurt by it.

Some time after dark we stopped to water down in a ravine, and the chief put in some time now fixing his saddle; he rode one of his Buffalo ponies—they are generally more intelligent than the common ones are—but this one had to give the palm to my mule.

The wind had been blowing from the east all day, and at dark our camp lay directly east of us.

When we came up out of the ravine, the chief kept on with the wind straight in his face. My mule stopped and began pulling to the right; I tried to get him to follow the pony, even spurring him, but he would not move.

I had ridden mules often enough to know that one of them can find his camp about as soon as I or an Indian can, and this one was anxious to go to his camp now. This wind has changed, I thought, but it don't fool the mule if it does fool the chief, and calling the chief back I persuaded him to let the mule find this camp for us. He found it. Giving the mule his head now he climbed a small hill, then going straight across a bottom for half a mile or more brought us to the creek that we had our camp on, but the camp was below this a mile if we followed the creek; this mule was following his nose now, though, and crossing here he climbed another small hill, then crossed the next bottom and walked right into our pony herd at the far side of it.

It was so dark now that I could not see a pony five feet away, but the mule had seen them further than that.

He wanted to stop here now, but I started him again, and he next led us into camp, a quarter of a mile away. The chief did not know even now where it was until the mule led him into it. This chief, as much as he knew about this country had got completely turned around to-night.

CABIA BLANCO.

Arthur Corbin Gould.

A MEETING of members of the sporting goods trade and of the press was held at the office of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, in this city, on Saturday of last week, to give expression to the general regret felt at the death of Mr. Gould. There were present Messrs. Sanford and Irby Bennett, representing the Winchester Company, A. C. Barrell of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, Edward Taylor of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company, Arthur Hyndman of E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co., Edward Banks of the American "E. C." and "Schultze" Gunpowder Company, A. H. Funke, Ezra H. Fitch of Abercrombie & Fitch, T. W. Stake of Schoverling, Daly & Gales; Gus Greiff of Von Lengerke & Detmold, W. R. Hobart of the American Field, Marshall Herrington of Shooting and Fishing, and C. B. Reynolds of the FOREST AND STREAM. The Peters Cartridge Company, Messrs. Parker Bros., the Ideal Manufacturing Company, and the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company were represented by letter. The following memorial was adopted, and will be engrossed, to be sent to the family of Mr. Gould as a testimonial of the high esteem in which he was held:

MR. GOULD's character and personal qualities were such as to command the esteem of his associates and endear him to his friends. His daily walk revealed to us the high principles and worthy motives which governed his life. His influence was for good, and his life work was an important factor in the promotion of right thinking and practice in the special fields he had chosen for his own. As the editor of Shooting and Fishing his pen was ever enlisted in the cause of good sportsmanship, and his writings have had an important part in developing the popularity of the recreations of the field, and in creating that healthy public sentiment which now prevails respecting them. Mr. Gould was devoted to his work; in his last sickness his thoughts were continually of it.

It is fitting that those of us who knew Mr. Gould should thus give expression to our appreciation of the high character and usefulness of the life which has closed. His death has brought a personal loss to each of us and to the community. To those near and dear to him we extend our sincerest sympathy. There is the comfort which comes with the thought of a life work well done and a memory honored.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
By P. G. Sanford and Irby Bennett.
UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.,
By A. C. Barrell.
LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO.,
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Natural History.

The "Joint Snake."

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

At last I have obtained a specimen of the joint snake while in a mood to make a careful examination. I never knew, until after perusing Mr. Hay's serial on reptiles (recently concluded in *FOREST AND STREAM*) that there was any question about the proper classification of the creature; what I supposed was troubling people was simply an unbelief in the existence of such a creature at all. My former article on snakes was published before I had read Mr. Hay's allusion to a similar (but, I now believe, different) reptile.

Squire Jester, of Wiggs, Ark., captured and sent to me the specimen now under consideration. I think it is only about half the size of some I have seen. Squire Jester says he often finds them in his strawberry patch. It is remarkable that he found this one so late in the year, especially as we have been enduring some unusually cold weather. But I had offered a reward for the capture of a real "joint snake," and nature seems to have appreciated my show of enterprise.

But, to the description: Length, 25½ inches; greatest diameter (about one-third of length back from head), ¾ of an inch, with very gradual taper toward each end; head, at eyes, one-half of the largest diameter; nose pointed, tapering, but not sharp; tail tapers to very small point. A single row of very fine, short, sharp, backward-curving, close-set teeth on each jaw, regularly disposed from one corner of mouth clear around to the other, i. e., the same in front as at sides—no difference in size, length or spaces between. They are all so small, however, as to entirely escape the notice of the casual observer—that is to say, in a specimen the size of the subject of this treatise. Eyes rather longish, hazel, expressive; more like those of a lizard or bird than a snake's—with fine, mobile under lid (no upper lid at all), so thin and pale as to appear semi-transparent. This feature (lidded, expressive eye), is the only unsnakeish outer one I can discover. Openings about one-third size of eyes, oblong, on a line with mouth, I judge to be ears, as I can find no passages from them to lungs, and it possesses nostrils—though very tiny ones. I at first took them to be gills, or remnants of what in its remote ancestors were gills, for I believe it may have descended from some sort of eel—an eel having a single, shelf-like fin running along each side, perhaps in an unbroken line, from mouth to tail, and extending slightly beyond the latter. My reason for this opinion (which may be of small value) is that a shelf of very thin, flat, flexible bone, or cartilage, extends all along each side of the spine, outward to the skin.

From an under view the reptile appears perfectly round-bodied; but a close inspection from above reveals that the upper half is composed of very narrow, flat sections—about 12, I make out—but, of course, there being so many in so small a space, the angles are very obtuse, detracting but little from the appearance of perfect roundness. I consider this a very important peculiarity. On each side, a little more than half way down, is a sort of seam, or depressed line, running straight from corner of mouth back about one-third of body (or, to be more exact, 8¾ inches), where it curves abruptly under to vent.

Although a dull color, the animal is so glossy and shiny as to present a very bright appearance. It is striped, as follows:

On the back a faint, dark-brown one, 3-32 of an inch wide, starting at back of head and continuing, unbroken, to point of tail. We'll call this No. 1. On each side of this, a pale, greenish-yellowish stripe, a little more than twice the width of No. 1. Next stripe below (No. 3), very distinct, very dark brown (nearly black), exactly 1-16 of an inch wide. No. 4, very narrow, less than half of No. 3's width, same color as No. 2, but looking almost like a white thread between the darker colors. No. 5, same as No. 3, but slightly narrower. No. 6, another fine, whitish line, almost a duplicate of No. 4. No. 7, like 5, but paler, slightly broken and indistinguishable forward of the vent; Nos. 8, 9 and 10 follow the order already given, excepting that they become paler as they are lower, 10 being nearly invisible, and 9 and 10 are seen in front of the abdominal region as well as to the rear of it. At a distance sufficient to blend the colors, the general effect is a bright, yellowish brown (in sunshine).

Now I approach, with some diffidence, the most wonderful part of the description—the part to which I fear I shall be unable to do justice. The joint! The joint so different from other joints, in other creatures! The magic joint which makes all the difference between a monster—a fairy—an enchanted creature—and a plain, every-day animal! Indeed, the more I contemplate this intricate and novel mechanism, the more I am amazed!—the less faith have I left in "human knowledge"—the less am I sure that anything is impossible! I begin to hope we may yet discover a man with wings (of his own growing)—or a woman who is willing to wear a really becoming hat that is "out of fashion!"

I regret that I cannot give the number of joints (back of the vital regions), as, when I had pulled off about twenty (certainly no less), my heart failed me—for they curved, wriggled and grasped my fingers deprecatingly to the last—although the reptile had been arrested, and nearly cut in twain (at the vitals) with a hoe, on Monday evening, and this was Wednesday, 10 A. M., Nov. 18—and it had been in a dormant condition until I began to do it violence, and had been exposed to freezing cold the night before, the thermometer indicating only 10 above zero in the morning. I had purposely kept it out of doors coiled up in a tin can.

The reason I cannot tell the exact number of detachable joints is, because they are very difficult to force apart (although the queer creature, if only frightened, or slightly tortured, and not injured, itself throws them off with little apparent effort), and I could never determine when I held a single joint; for frequently, when I believed I had such a small division, it would again divide, once, twice, or even thrice! I have rea-

son for believing, however, that the shortest possible section could not be less than three-quarters of an inch, from the fact that the projecting points of flesh in each section near the middle of the body were one-quarter of an inch long, the sockets of equal depth, and that would leave but one-quarter of an inch of solid flesh between. The points, which are three-sided wedges of soft, squirming flesh, always eight in number, exactly equal in size, form, and distance apart, with, of course, inverted cavities of exactly the same shape and diameter between, project at forward end of each joint about one-quarter of an inch. The rear end of each joint has no projections beyond the skin, but its cavities exactly fit the wedges of the fore end of the joint just back of it; and its wedges (which, remember, do not extend beyond the skin), end with very fine, curving, thread-like claws of flesh, waving about as if trying to grasp their departed sockets to take root in them again.

Let me remark, in concluding, that I observed nothing that looked like a fracture at any point of parting, of either bone or flesh, but that all unjointing seemed as regular and natural as if so ordained (although, in this specimen, there were very slight stains of blood on some of the spinal joints); that the skin, though thin, was hard, the scales so small as to be invisible to the unassisted eye; that, underneath, the skin opened in sharp cross sections or rings, like plows pointing backward, after the manner of true snake bellies (by means of which they propel themselves swiftly forward, though their power to run is a mystery to many people, and I once heard Old Uncle Dick Wright settle a controversy on the subject by simply declaring, "Boys, I'll ye—they jest move by faith—that's how!")—that I noticed, or felt, a slight, sticky exudation on my fingers, though I was careful not to touch anything but the skin; and, finally, I have about concluded that, after all, the creature may be able, under favorable conditions, to again unite its joints, else, why is it so admirably formed as if for that very purpose?

L. R. MORPHEW.

NOTE BY MR. HAY.

This very interesting and accurate description evidently has to do with the common joint snake *Ophisaurus ventralis* Linn., but with the western striped variety rather than the eastern checkered form.

The existence of this animal and its power to break into pieces has long been known, and unlike the hoop-snake and that fabulous snake which jumps or blows its poison many feet in pursuit of its victims, the joint snake is represented in scientific collections by numerous specimens. The classification of the creature is not a matter of any doubt. It is a lizard, modified for its peculiar habits by the loss of legs and the development of an unusually long body and tail, as well as by certain internal characters. Only by the uninitiated is it regarded as a true snake. The lizard characteristics, lidded eyes, single row of teeth, external ear openings, etc., mentioned by Mr. Morphey, are always evident, but he has failed to mention the fact that the belly of the joint snake is covered with small, overlapping scales instead of broad plates, as in the snakes.

The notes on the character and size of the joints are valuable, and are accurate so far as could be determined from a single specimen. When a joint snake breaks off its tail (and the tail alone can be broken) the line of breakage runs along the natural muscle divisions, which, in the lower animals, follow a zigzag course. This explains the forwardly projecting wedges of flesh mentioned in the description. The point of breakage of the spinal column is near the middle of each vertebra, where there is a cartilaginous plate, and not between the vertebrae as one might suppose at first thought. The length of the smallest possible section is thus determined by the distance between these points of weakness, and this will vary somewhat with the size of the animal, being shorter in small and longer in large individuals.

Regarding the power which the animal is supposed to possess of reassembling itself after its voluntary mutilation, we can only say that anatomists do not believe it possible. Mr. Morphey's conclusion that the complicated set of wedges and sockets seem adapted for this purpose might as well be met by the opposite conclusion, that so complicated a fracture would be extremely difficult if not impossible of readjustment. Nature has given the joint snake and the other lizards the power of growing a new tail after the loss of the original part; why has she done so if the animals are able to pick up the severed fragments, put them in place and crawl away with them?

W. P. H.

The Meadow Lark's Song.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

There was a controversy of a friendly nature some months ago between Coahoma and another writer, whose *nom de plume* I forget, in regard to the merits of that attractive but fast disappearing habitant of our old fields known as the meadow or old field lark. Coahoma took the position that this bird had no attractive note or other trait or quality entitling it to protection, but that it was a fit object, by reason of its tempting flight, upon which sportsmen might practice their skill, and its ruthless slaughter was not the subject of legitimate criticism. The other party to the dispute (wasn't it Didymus?) modestly defended its claim to protection and consideration.

The position of Coahoma was utterly untenable, and it was with surprise and something of regret that I saw the position he assumed. The charming letters of Coahoma had often delighted me, and, as a fellow Southerner, I felt a certain degree of pride in his articles, and hence it was with a feeling of disappointment that I perceived his heartlessness toward one of the most attractive feathered denizens of our old fields. Here in the Old Dominion this bird is highly thought of and thoroughly protected by law. It is made a misdemeanor to kill him at any time. So far from being songless, he has several melodious notes of varying accent and pitch. In spring time, when his mate is nesting, he will sit upon the top of a tree and will utter flute-like strains.

These notes he will vary in intonations, and by descending to a lower key. How often from childhood have I watched him in the early morning or after a shower when the sun would come out, perched on the top of a distant tree, with his yellow breast, in which was a black spot, turned toward me, while he would sing his simple but sweet lay!

In that pleasing and well written book, "Bird Neighbors," this lark is spoken of in the following language: "Their clear whistle, 'Spring-o'-the-year, Spring-o'-the-year,' rings out from the trees with varying intonation and accent, but always sweet and inspiring."

While I am a constant reader of *FOREST AND STREAM*, the pressing duties of an active life have prevented my writing for it for a long time. Then I am beginning to feel alone, so many of my friends associated with it have ceased to write and departed hence—among them my dear friend and kinsman Wells, and Pisceno, the charming author of "Men I Have Fished With," Fred Mather, and others with whom I had become acquainted through the medium of *FOREST AND STREAM*, to which I have been a subscriber for more than twenty years. When I first subscribed for it I had just married, and had a bride who was still in her teens, and since it has been a weekly visitor to my house sons and daughters have grown up around me, one of the sons being now a member of the Virginia Legislature, another a physician in the city of Chicago, and the sweet young bride is a gray-haired matron. So we all feel toward *FOREST AND STREAM* as if it were an old unchanging friend, whose recurring visits we all look forward to with pleasant anticipation.

M. OF NORTHSIDE.

VIRGINIA.

Hawk, Owl, Crow.

THE great footed hawk or peregrine, is but an infrequent visitor to this locality, although he inhabits the whole of North and South America. The peregrine has powerful feet and talons, and is a relentless enemy of the whole wild fowl family, and will even boldly attack a sandhill crane or Canada goose. They are also gluttonish in their appetite for quail and chicken, as well as all kinds of game birds, but are so scarce even where the most common that the harm they do is inconsequential, and there is no especial call for their destruction.

The owls are a group of birds not to be confounded with any other. They have the features of their family indelibly stamped upon them, and by people generally they are associated almost wholly with the night time, but this does not hold good with many of them, nor do they all inhabit old hollow trees in the deep woods. The fact is, the owls vary much in their habits, as might readily be understood, as they are to be found from one end of the globe to the other. That they are a family of almost incalculable benefit to mankind, instead of being an injury and a drawback, is something that no even fairly well posted ornithologist will attempt to deny. That they do once in a while attack poultry, pigeons and game birds is of no significance whatever, when the immense number of rats and mice they will kill and devour is taken into consideration. It will be scores of years yet, however, probably, before the average farmer and gunner will appreciate the truth about these valuable birds, but the time will come when they will receive at the hands of our law makers the attention and the protection they deserve. Until the prevailing ignorance as to their real worth is overcome, the birds will have to continue, I suppose, to take their chances, but I earnestly hope and pray that extermination will not overtake them before the happy day of their recognition arrives. The owl is truly a sadly maltreated bird. By the average man he is looked upon as a tenant of the deepest woods, whose nocturnal gloom is rendered denser and more awe-inspiring by the ghostly dissonance of his voice. In poetry, from time immemorial, he has been regarded as the concomitant of darkness and evil, but when you become acquainted with the family you will know that there are many who have no connection with these associations whatever; birds that frequent the open instead of burying themselves in the tenebrous recesses of the wilderness; make their home within the earth and who delight to bask in the pure air and genial sunshine of our free prairies. This species of the owl is found all over Nebraska and on all the plains between here and the Pacific coast, and from the Canadian boundaries to the southern borders of old Mexico. That old fairy tale about these owls residing amicably in the same hole with rattlesnakes, badgers and prairie dogs is as ridiculous as the ancient hoopsnake chestnut. Just last night Florence P. Day told me that he killed a rattlesnake out in Arizona last July with a full-grown prairie dog in its stomach.

The snowy owl is a magnificent bird. He is circumpolar, but occasionally straggles down as far as this State. They hunt principally by day or in the early twilight and subsist almost entirely upon fish. But, as they visit this neck of the timber so infrequently, they hardly merit mention in this paper, and I speak of them briefly simply to show in what a silly prejudice they and their kind are held.

The great horned or Virginia owl is the wisest and noblest looking of the tribe, but like the Arctic owl is so rarely encountered out this way, that to treat him exhaustively would be a waste of space in this connection. He is a nocturnal bird and haunts the woods and lives much in hollow trees. His vocal abilities are celebrated wherever he is known, and by weak minded people believed to be a sound of evil omen. His destructive propensities are confined to rabbits, rats and mice, and hence the legendary old hooter deserves no place under the sportsman's ban. Neither do we have out here, in any conspicuous abundance, any of those little gray and brown owls, who are so common back in the Middle States. They are harmless. They rest by day in the hollow apple trees, and always too-hoo-oooo when the sun goes down, but few realize, or ever will, what blessings these little feathered clowns bestow upon the farmers, who, to a man, almost, persecute them remorselessly. The dear little fellows only

crave the shelter of the farmers' bug-ridden hollow trees in the day and the privilege of destroying the mice on the place at night, and yet the hard-hearted old yeoman is sure to lay at their door every missing chicken, duck or goose, overlooking the fact that only yesterday he saw a skunk run under the barn, and that the boys said that they had found the den of one of those bloodthirsty little thugs, the mink, down in the creek's bank.

These owls are literally capable of no injury to any one, and I would just as soon shoot a nuthatch, brown thrush or chewink as I would one of them.

While the long-eared is a well-known species in many regions, he is but seldom seen out this way. They are great mousers, frequent meadow lands in preference to other lands and are beginning to be regarded with some favor. The short-eared owl, his first cousin, is much like him, only is even a greater mice exterminator. He is quite common in this State, nests out on the open prairie and shows a decided predilection for the neighborhood of prairie dog towns.

The barn owl is known the world over. He rests inactive during the day, but comes forth in the gloaming and hunts mice with an industry that is truly commendable, but to expose himself recklessly near man's abode is to seal his own doom, for here is another instance where a useful and beautiful bird is hounded to death on account of idiotic tradition, dense ignorance and because it is an owl.

So much for the owls—now for the crow.

I am fully sensible of the fact that it requires considerable courage to champion the cause of the birds the whole world condemns, almost, but with me a universal impression is not synonymous with a demonstrated truth, as many claim, and while the crow is truly as black as he is painted, this sable hue is only feather deep. Our farmers always see the crows when they are engaged in their devilry, but never catch a glimpse of them when they are delving like Trojans in their interests. They feel the loss of the handful of corn he cost them yesterday, but have no thought of the dollars he will save them to-morrow in his destruction of ravaging insect life.

The crow is a friend of man. He is one of the greatest insect destroyers that wears feathers, and it is high time his true worth was being heralded throughout the benighted regions. A flock of crows in October and November does not range from one end of our fields to the other for mere exercise. These birds do not roll over dead branches and good-sized stones, scatter the matted leaves and dead grass and harry the runways of mice and gophers for the mere sake of doing something. Kill one of these crows, thus engaged, and examine his stomach and be convinced of the knowledge of those who have conscientiously studied the subject. The damage the crows do is so completely offset by the good they perform that statistics are not necessary. The part the ebony professors play as scavengers is almost entirely overlooked, and yet the part is played with the greatest of éclat, notwithstanding its minor standing in nature's ever enthralling drama.

It is my honest belief that in just proportion as birds are protected, including hawks, owls and crows, the pursuit of agriculture becomes less onerous and the use of poisons as insecticides a supererogatory expense. For a hundred years or more nature's quota of native birds has not been allowed to freely roam the country over, and the difficulties of contending with the particular foes of each crop have increased.

Facts may be stubborn things, but they cannot withstand the assaults of deep-rooted prejudice. A few cucumbers or a hill of corn destroyed, even if the crow is not the culprit, condemns the bird, and facts are no more regarded than idle words. Is not the crow black and does not that mean everything? Man admits himself by acts if not by words, a victim of brutish unreason, and willingly clings to the folklore of antiquity, as if it were susceptible of mathematical demonstration.

Elaborate argumentation is lost.

I will admit the crow is very black, and not startlingly graceful; he is anything but a musician and unfit for the table, but for all this we cannot afford to remove him from the landscape, from which all wild is too speedily vanishing. The sky grows weary when you gaze up into it with nothing to relieve its monotony, and whether one crow or a flock breaks in on the vision, it is a distinct gain to the outlook.

Take our great plains now, from which the bison has disappeared, and even the coyote is going, and you will find it very depressing looking forever in vain for solid, substantial assertive forms of wild life, and the crow is certainly one of these forms. The poetry that surrounds the raven is lacking, but the bird has charms all his own, although known to so few of us. Man has been judging the crow ever since the most ancient days and not yet begun to cultivate his acquaintance. When this is done all things corvine will not be considered unworthy of notice. Perhaps the invidious will say that I care more for birds than I do for business, for crows than crops, and I certainly do, and all they can say will not warp or vitiate my judgment.

I am fond of the crow because he is as cunning as he is beautiful, and because he has often outwitted me, and I am his staunch defender because, with so much against him, he has defied mankind, and in its very midst often lives a long life in safety. Certainly there is no other bird that offers so fine an opportunity for the study of comparative psychology. He is a living contradiction that intelligence is greater in mammals than in birds, for no four-footed beast, not even the collie dog at his best, is the crow's intellectual equal. This will be disputed, of course, but the final disposition of the question does not alarm or annoy me.

Have you ever watched the evening flight of the crows in the bleak autumn time? If so, you will never weary of seeing the sight over again. There are thousands and thousands of crows here in Nebraska, more, I believe, than in any other State in the Union, and there is no other spectacle in nature that fits so completely with the surroundings as the afternoon processions above mentioned. In the morning the crows scatter as so many individuals bent upon personal errands

only; some hurriedly, many in a leisurely way; some garrulous, others moody. Comradeship is not desired. Before the morning is well advanced the neighborhood is deserted, and the cry of the ever disgruntled jay seems but a mocking echo of the wild clamor that so lately resounded along the tortuous byways of this little wilderness; but as the day draws near its close, low down along the ambered horizon, we can, if watchful, mark the approach of the returning birds, and then for hours there passes overhead an endless army of sable forms, progressing with method, as well drilled troops rather than individuals, and obedient to the orders of their appointed leaders.

And in the sweet spring time, what a boon to the lover of nature is the crow. Long before the bluebird's note is heard dropping from the skies, before the liquid trill even of the song sparrow ripples upon the air, before the soft breath from the southland enpurples the fields and fans the sweet anemone into color and starts the shrill orchestra of the hylas in the wet meadows, he forms the vanguard of the glorious vernal season.

If there are any readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* who think I have fallen short of what I have undertaken to do, to defend these mis-called birds of prey, all I can add is that it will be wise to prove beyond all doubt the desirability of rendering extinct any form of life before the act is done.

We, unfortunately, have no resurrective power.

In conclusion, I will say that I consider it downright culpable to find an experienced sportsman at this late day who unblushingly asserts that he has given the subject of birds of prey in relation to our feathered game long and careful study, and yet urges the indiscriminate and persistent slaughter of the former, and claims that the ever increasing scarcity of the latter is due to the former. The investigations made by the Department of Agriculture, as long back as 1893, should forever set at rest all doubt as to the true economic value of hawks and owls. These investigations, which involved a critical analytical examination of the stomach contents of 3,000 hawks and owls, showed that among this enormous number only two hawks and one owl are appreciably injurious to agriculture.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

OMAHA, Neb.

Grizzly Bears and Others.

MONTANA in his story of "Grizzly Bear Bottom" in a late number mentions the grizzly and brown bear and seems to think that the brown bear is also a grizzly. I had been taught that the big brown bear often met on the upper Missouri was only half a grizzly, a cross between a grizzly and a black bear. How is it?

I have met but one real grizzly, and cannot claim to have met him; I got out of his road and let him keep on to wherever he was going. I only had a Spencer carbine and thought I had not lost any grizzlies; I was not hunting them, and he did not hunt me. Since then I have often thought that I was a fool for letting him go; I might have turned loose on him with the carbine, then when he came for me, as he no doubt would when I had hit him, I still had my pistol to fall back on.

There is hardly any doubt now that the real California grizzlies (and this one I met was one of them) are not half so eager to attack a man now as they were before the advent of the magazine gun. They have learned to fear him.

The big silver-tip of Arizona is only another type of the grizzly. I have shot him, but I had a good rifle when I did it, else I probably would have let him go also.

CABIA BLANCO.

[There is no reason for supposing that the different species of bears hybridize, any more than do the different species of deer. The belief is more or less common, but is shared by no competent biologist, so far as we know. Except under domestication, such crossing is, we believe, absolutely unknown among mammals. On the other hand, it does occur—and not very infrequently—among certain groups of birds, e. g., among ducks, and perhaps very rarely among other birds.]

Birds of a Maryland Farm.

UNDER this title, Dr. Sylvester D. Judd, in Bulletin No. 17 of the Biological Survey, gives us a local study of economic ornithology which is very interesting. While the Biological Survey has long been engaged in investigating the food habits of birds by the examination of the contents of their stomachs, this investigation while very useful so far as it goes, yet leaves much to be desired. Little or nothing may be known of the conditions under which the birds live whose food is examined, and this is an important part of any such inquiry. With a view of settling this part—for a limited territory—Dr. Judd made an investigation of the bird life of a certain farm in Maryland by frequent visits between July 30, 1895, and July 24, 1902. These visits included every month of the year except January. In order to obtain an idea of the available food supply, the insects, berries, and seeds found on the place were collected. The conditions of the crops and the insects feeding on them were noted. Observations of the birds' food habits were made in the field and in the stomachs of nearly 700 birds collected and examined.

In this Bulletin of 116 pages, which is illustrated by seventeen full-page plates and forty-one figures in the text, there is thus a vast amount of information given concerning our familiar eastern birds. The topography of the territory under observation is described, the distribution of its birds, their insect, vertebrate, fruit, grain, and weed seed food catalogued, and finally the species are enumerated and the food of each given, as determined by this long period of observation.

Dr. Judd's conclusions are that on this particular tract the English sparrow, the sharpshinned and Cooper hawk and the great horned owl are injurious and should be killed at every opportunity. The sapsucker is also harmful here on account of its injury to the fruit trees. The crow does more harm than good, while the crow blackbird is rather a beneficial species. Practically all the other birds are useful rather than harmful.

A very important service, according to Dr. Judd, is the

wholesale destruction by birds of weed seeds. If they were useful in no other respect the preservation of these birds would be desirable for this reason alone. Among the most active weed destroyers are the quail, dove, cow bird, red-winged blackbird, meadow lark, and a number of species of our native sparrows.

A. A. S. Meeting.

THE fifty-third annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science is to be held in St. Louis, Mo., from Dec. 28, 1903, to Jan. 2, 1904. At the same time there will be held meetings of various affiliated societies, among them the American Anthropological Association, the American Chemical Society, the American Mathematical Society—Chicago Section—the American Microscopical Society, the American Physical Society, the American Society of Naturalists, the American Society of Zoologists, the Association of Economic Entomologists, the Association of Plant and Animal Breeders, the Astronomical and Astrophysical Society of America, the Botanical Society of America, the Central Botanists' Association, the Geological Society of America, and others.

Special rates will be given over most of the railroads from different points in the United States to St. Louis.

During the meeting excursions will be made to the World's Fair grounds, where the progress of the work being done may be inspected.

North Carolina Audubon Society.

THE wardens employed by the Audubon Society of North Carolina continue to make seizures of partridges—commonly known in the North as quail—which are being shipped out of the State. At Greensboro, December 7, 71 birds which had recently been seized were sold at auction. The work of game protection now being done in North Carolina offers an example which all the Southern States and many of those in the North might very well follow.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Game Bag and Gun.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Game Laws in Brief

is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the Brief.

Ruffed Grouse and Woodcock.

HYDE PARK, Vt., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In response to your request for members of "the family" to report to you as to the number of grouse and woodcock in their localities this season, will say that I have hunted this section more or less each fall, for the past twenty years and never found grouse so scarce as at present. The season of 1902 we considered very poor, attributing it to the unusually wet spring. My total bag was about thirty birds. This season I have shot about a dozen, hunting practically the same covers. A month or two before the season opened the prospects seemed very good for a fair crop of birds. While out walking a number of broods were flushed, and in one case a flock of fourteen or fifteen birds. This covey I naturally tried to keep track of. They were located late in August, but on opening day (September 1) an hour's hunt in the rain failed to raise them. A day or two after I found them and secured two. They were then very wild, though I doubt if they had been shot into by anyone else. On dressing these two birds they were found to be infested with white worms about an inch and a half long, pointed at each end, which I suppose are the intestinal worms which attack the grouse. Although this same cover and the adjoining fields were thoroughly worked over by a pointer and setter at least a half dozen times later, these birds were never found together again, and only a very few scattering birds were raised in the whole piece of woods. For no better reason I attributed the disappearance of this covey to the intestinal worms, and of the dozen or so birds shot all but one were found to contain more or less of the parasites.

Another reason for the scarcity of birds this year I believe is the lack of food. In this locality there were no blackberries or nuts of any kind, and there have been no beechnuts, which are the staff of the smaller wild life in this section, for a number of years. I do not remember of seeing a chipmunk in all my fall's hunting. There were a few reds and very few grays. In seasons of plenty of food every stump and log will have its striped inhabitants. If the scarcity or abundance of food affects other wild life to such an extent, it must somewhat affect the grouse; and I believe that in this land of snows the Fish and Game Commission might do a more foolish thing than to attempt to provide feed for our native birds. How this could be accomplished is certainly a problem. A friend has suggested sunflowers as a possible solution, as they would grow on most every soil and hold their seed-laden heads above the snow. Grouse have already been budding here for more than three weeks, and their diet of birch buds will have to continue for three to four months more.

I therefore think that a number of conditions covering the past two or three years is responsible for the scarcity of grouse in this section. There is the undeniably poor

nesting season of 1902. That spring two nests were observed and only a small number of eggs in each hatched, and the broods found were in every instance very small. There was little feed for them that year. The nesting season of 1903 promised better during the drought, but the last of May there came a freeze which killed the beech leaves and in many places the maple, and even froze the ground. This must have chilled many eggs. Then came the intestinal worms to attack the survivors.

But least of all do I attribute the scarcity of birds to the shotgun, for there has been no more hunting in this section for the past five years than the preceding five, and five years ago birds were apparently holding their own.

Woodcock have been found in little better numbers this season than last. A day's hunt in their covers resulted in a bag of four out of a possible six and two grouse, a red letter day for this season and section.

H. A. NOYES.

MONGAUP VALLEY, Sullivan County, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is not many years ago when you could get good shooting on Long Island for ruffed grouse; from there the sportsmen moved up into Westchester and so on into Rockland and Orange counties. They are now killing what few there are left in Sullivan county, and a more natural abode for this bird cannot be found than right here in Sullivan. Within the past twelve years I could go out and put up from one hundred to two hundred birds in a day; last fall if I put up fifteen birds in a day I was doing exceedingly well, and one day in particular, after a whole day's tramp, I came home without having flushed a single bird, and I hunted over as good ground for these birds as there is in the State.

It seems to me a perfect farce to protect the Mongolian pheasant and leave the only American game bird we have at the mercy of everybody. The ruffed grouse is a bird you cannot propagate, while on the other hand the pheasant can be reared like barnyard fowls, eggs can be bought and hatched out under hens, and when large enough to take care of themselves can be turned loose. When it comes to the sport of hunting these two birds, the pheasant is not in it with the grouse; he will not lie like the grouse and give you a decent shot; nine times out of ten he will run like a running horse and then flush clear out of shot.

It seems as if the importation of the pheasant here is for a few millionaires who want to ape their English cousins, having their hunts with their game beaters to drive their game into an opening, where, if they keep on shooting, they are sure to kill some birds. I would like to see a lot of game beaters driving out ruffed grouse. I think the bag would be small at the other end of the line. Is there any sport more pleasant than to go out with a well broken dog and to enjoy the working of your dog as much as you do the killing of the birds? I for one would like to see this coming Legislature pass a law protecting the grouse for three years, and if things are allowed to still go on as they are now, it will not be many years before this, the gamest of all game birds, will be extinct in this State.

HOWARD TILLOTSON.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to congratulate you on the fine appearance of your Christmas Number. It is a beauty; while each page is replete with good things, one cannot but express appreciation of such fine illustrations as the Albatross at Home, Mule Deer in Yellowstone Park, Attraction, Temptation, and Satisfaction. This last must appeal to many sportsmen.

Regarding your inquiry about ruffed grouse in western Massachusetts, particularly Berkshire county, they have been very scarce the past season. But in New Brunswick, where I spent six weeks in September and October, they were very plenty, both birch and spruce, with some of the handsome juniper.

On many trips, both to Maine and New Brunswick, I don't think I ever saw so many partridge in the deep woods as on my last trip. Last year in the same region, I saw but very few. Perhaps the past season there was more favorable than elsewhere for the young birds, or maybe they had heard that they were to be protected for three years, and had just come out of their retreats. Whatever the reason, they were there in very large numbers.

One of the guides, returning from the settlement (where he had been on sick leave), remarked that had the law allowed, and had he been disposed, he could have filled a barrel on his way in.

However, as I believe in observing the laws, also a rule of my own not to shoot at any other game when moose hunting except what I am after, I disturbed them only with a "shot or so" from the camera, which, as it turned out, were as barren of results as was the film that I tried to expose on a deer at thirty feet.

I wish the grouse here in Massachusetts could have a close time for three years, too. I believe it will have to be done or in a very few years they will be classed with the Labrador duck.

CHAS. D. BUTLER.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A friend of mine who lives and hunts in New Jersey, about eight miles from the New York City Hall, says he had good woodcock shooting this fall, and would have done better if he had known the ground as well as he does now. He flushed as many as twelve in one day. The first day the law opened on quail he found three bevs, but could not do much with them, as they were in very wet bogs. I found quail unusually scarce and quit hunting them. None of your correspondents mention that woodcock are killed in great numbers all over the United States, by flying at night against the overhead trolley, telegraph and telephone wires.

E. S.

All communications for Forest and Stream must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Stubble Rhymes.—V.

Hail to the chief, the brave ruffed grouse!
Hail to the drumming "partridge!"
The whirring "pheasant," stately bird,
And a scatter gun a-la-cartridge.

We heard him on the rugged hills—
When all the woods and fields were green,
Sounding a vernal reveille
That echoed all the vales between;
And there his mistress made her nest
Beneath a prostrate, shattered pine,
Her garb so like its mouldering bark,
Her bright eye was the only sign
Of life to meet one's eager gaze
When toiling up the steep incline;
Whence presently she led her brood
When mountain paths were sweet in June;
All nature breathing harmony
And every living thing in tune.
How quickly rose her warning note;
As quickly disappeared each chick;
Away she limped with drooping wing,
Hoping to lure us by the trick.
We know my lady's ruse too well,
And stooping down each leaf is scanned,
Till one, raised slightly from the ground
Is covered by a gentle hand.

Behold a ball of brownish down
Scarce larger than a bumble-bee,
Confiding in the open palm

This royal trophy of his skill,
And notes the pinions rounded, strong,
The marbled breast and banded tail,
The brown-black, iridescent ruff
Cold gleaming as a coat of mail,
While Tony sniffs the crested head
And gently mouths the drooping wing.
No other game bird can compare!
Who know him best his praises sing.

Then seated where the soft winds play
In cool refreshment on his head
The hunter scans the hill, the sky,
Scenes beautiful before him spread:
Ensanguined hosts the woodlands sweep
And dip the sumachs deep in blood,
While colors of the rainbow crest
The billows of the crimson flood
Which upward roll until the glow
Of sunset skies, deep, ruby red,
Appears a molten coronet
Upon the forest's flaming head:
He feels a keener, deeper joy
Than for the game to ceaseless fag:
It is not all of life to shoot,
Nor all of sport to fill the bag.

But hark! What is that measured beat
Repeated thrice and followed by
A thunderous roll like call to arms
Of distant troopers of the sky?
Scarce thirty yards adown the glade
His lordship struts a fallen tree,
Wings forward bent and head upstretched



HE WALKS ALERT AMONG THE FIRS.

And resting there quite fearlessly:
We note its marks and bead-like eye,
Then set the little captive free.
How wondrous tame maternal love
This wild, shy, woodland bird has made!
She flutters where the sinking sun
Casts our attenuated shade:
A few soft notes and scattered brood
Are led in safety down the glade.

When dusty August's parching breath
Was withering every verdant thing,
We found them cool amid the ferns
That grow about a mountain spring
Where oft we stopped to quench our thirst
And listen to its waters sing.

When Autumn's parti-colored troops
The hills invest, the vales o'errun,
The scattered broods make royal sport
For hunters with the dog and gun.
How stealthily he skulks behind
A fallen log, until his foe
Has passed, and then on whirring wing
To rush away and swiftly go—
A brown streak flashing through the trees,
Or hurtling headlong down the glen:
In vain the tyro tries his skill!
Fine work it is to stop him then.
Or when the nervous setter stands
Transfixed by odors subtle, sweet,
He slyly runs to denser shade,
Then up on silent wing and fleet
Leaving the baffled pair: the dog
Moves slowly on, then wildly flies
Now here, now there; the hunter smiles
And follows up the vanished prize.
His search rewarded at the base
Of brushy hill or fern-clad slope;
A glimpse of wings far up the height
And glimmering goes the sportsman's hope.
"Faint hope fair lady never won!"
He upward climbs nor stops to rest
Until those tantalizing wings
Swoop downward as he gains the crest;
But quick as thought the brown tubes fall
In line where last those wings were seen;
The vales re-echo with the shot,
The quarry falls on hillside green,
And waves of exultation roll
To brother guns: he feels the thrill
Of satisfaction as he strokes

He beats an autumn reveille
Almost beneath the hunter's gun,
Who scorns to shoot him as he drums,
But waiting till that throbbing wing
Subsides, then startled upward hums,
A living rocket from the gloom
Through treetops waving in the light;
'Tis then the sportsman has a glimpse
Of phantom brown o'er muzzle sight.
Unconscious of the trigger play
Or loud report, but holding fair,
He marks the quarry hesitate
And then collapse and cut the air
In swift descent to frosty earth.
How eagerly the setter then,
Hearing the welcome, kind command—
"Hie on and fetch!" the grouse retrieves
And drops it in his master's hand
With every evidence of pride
And pleasure in the strenuous strife
Of ruffed grouse shooting in the hills—
High water mark in sportsman's life:
Too strenuous for carpet knights
Who bag from armchairs many a brace;
But Nimrods strong of wind and limb
With eager foot and glowing face
Pursue the quarry till the sun
Stoops westward to his resting place,
And trophy's won or day is done.

Who makes a double on ruffed grouse
Is numbered in the Red-Ruff Clan—
Diana's first-flight favorites.
Attain the eminence who can.
And when the frost-king's fleecy host
Has hushed the music of the hills,
He walks alert among the firs
That deck the swamps and lower hills,
From whence the north wind's biting breath
Has driven every tender wing.
How dauntlessly he breasts the blast
And vigil keeps until the spring
Awakes the music of the streams
And love's warm currents move the world,
And forest choirs renew their songs
Above the flowers anew unfurled.

Then hail to the chief, the brave ruffed grouse!
Call him "pheasant," call him "partridge":
Long may he live to test your skill
With a scatter gun, a-la-cartridge.

ALMA

How to Cook a Duck.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the cooking of game birds two points—according to my view—must constantly be remembered: a white meated bird is to be thoroughly cooked; that is to say, must show no red in the flesh of breast or legs; a dark meated bird is to be cooked rare, that is to say, when carved the red juices should follow the knife. Though a white meated bird should be thoroughly cooked, it should not be dried up. The tendency in cooking white meated birds like quail is to cook them so thoroughly that the legs become hard and dry and the breast muscles are dried up and chippy, and really hardly more toothsome than so much poplar wood.

It is perfectly well recognized—and the FOREST AND STREAM has called attention to it many times—that the flesh of birds and mammals takes its flavor from the food on which the creature feeds. Therefore if the flesh of a duck, let us say, has a strong taste, as often have the mergansers and many sea ducks, it may be permissible to disguise this flavor by the addition of other flavors. I can conceive that a merganser, a coot, or an old squaw might be improved by a dressing of which onion, sage, and other strongly flavored herbs might form a part, or that jellies or highly flavored sauces might render them more palatable; but I believe that, given a bird whose flavor in itself is delicious, any attempt to improve that flavor is dangerous. For example, I should never think of using jelly on a canvasback, redhead, or widgeon. These are birds which in many sections have a distinct and pleasing flavor of their own, drawn from the food on which they subsist. Yet nothing is more common than to see currant jelly served with good ducks. This I believe to be a great mistake. I would no more eat currant jelly with canvasback than I would mar the flavor of a good cup of after dinner coffee by mixing with sugar or cream.

Believing, as I do, that a duck should be cooked rare, I still think that it should be cooked through. The oven must be hot, the bird without dressing—i. e., its visceral cavity empty—will cook from within as well as from without, and the operation will be performed quickly. Ovens, like cooks, have their idiosyncrasies, and the men and women who are to eat the ducks have different tastes. Therefore laws may not be laid down; only opinions can be expressed.

As the tendency is to cook ducks too much, so it is to dry up and destroy the flavor of the toothsome sora, snipe, and woodcock, three of the most delicious of our American birds. Like the ducks, all these birds should be cooked quickly, and if it were practicable in these days, which too often it is not, should be cooked before an open fire, whether in what is called a Dutch oven or on a spit, or on a broiler.

Beware of sauces which shall destroy the native flavor of the bird. Eschew onions and jellies above all things. And above all things see that your birds, whatever they are, be served absolutely hot, and that your plates are hot.

SAGE.

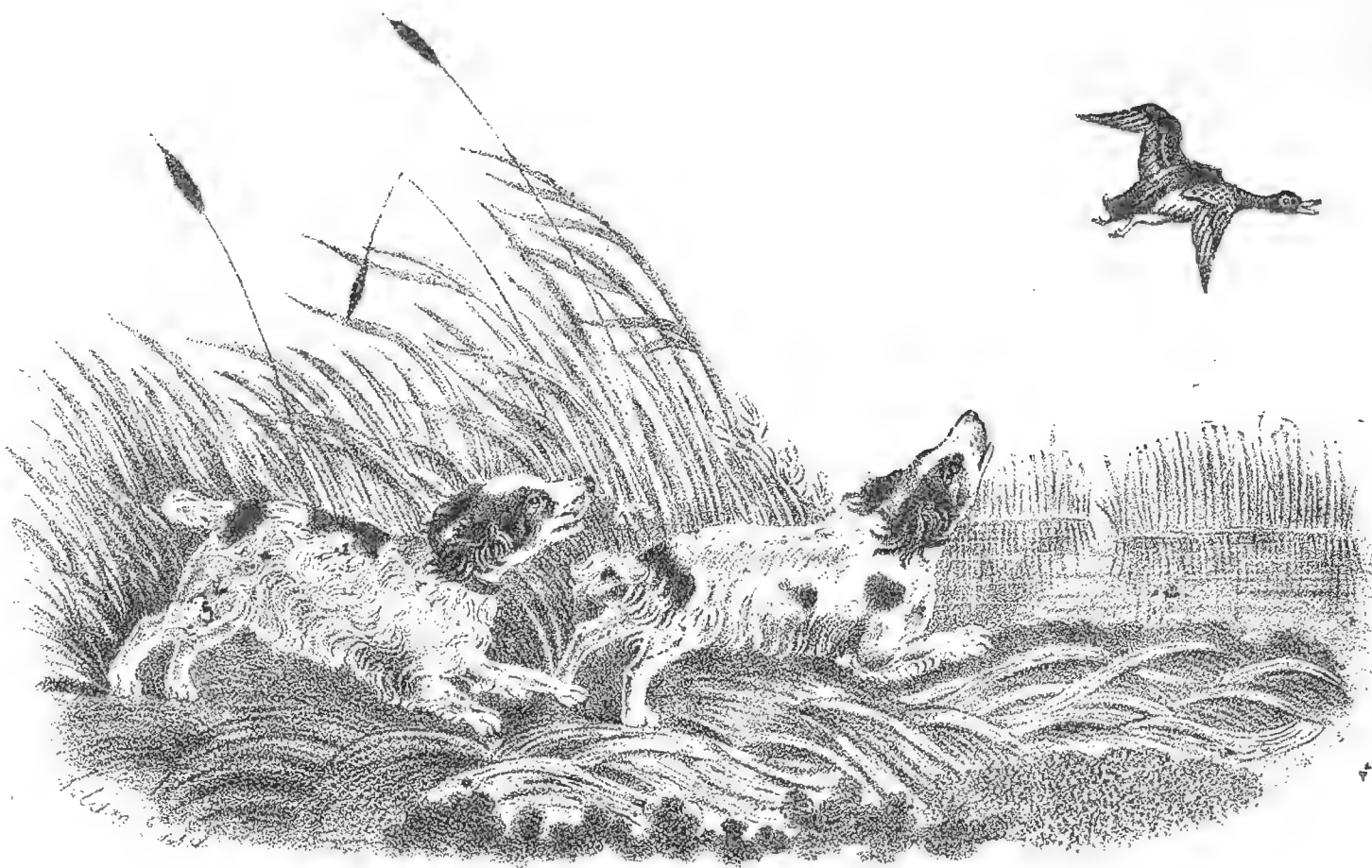
Editor Forest and Stream:

The best methods of cooking ducks has been properly engaging the attention of some of the correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM of late; and like the public discussions of many important questions, this is likely to bring out a good many interesting and valuable items of information for the benefit of those who are fortunate enough to acquire the toothsome canvasback or mallard, and to be in harmony with those who can cook with judgment and discretion after tried and approved recipes. Tastes differ radically in regard to the matter, and there was never a recipe in this world for cooking anything, flesh, fish or fowl, that would suit everybody—not even terrapin stew. Some people say, put no dressing or stuffing into the duck to be roasted, some advise putting a small onion into the carcass to be roasted with it. One man wants a duck to come to the table cooked to the ruddy turn, so that the flesh when cut, shall exude blood red juices. His neighbor, on the contrary, prefers his bird roasted "a good, wholesome brown" all the way through.

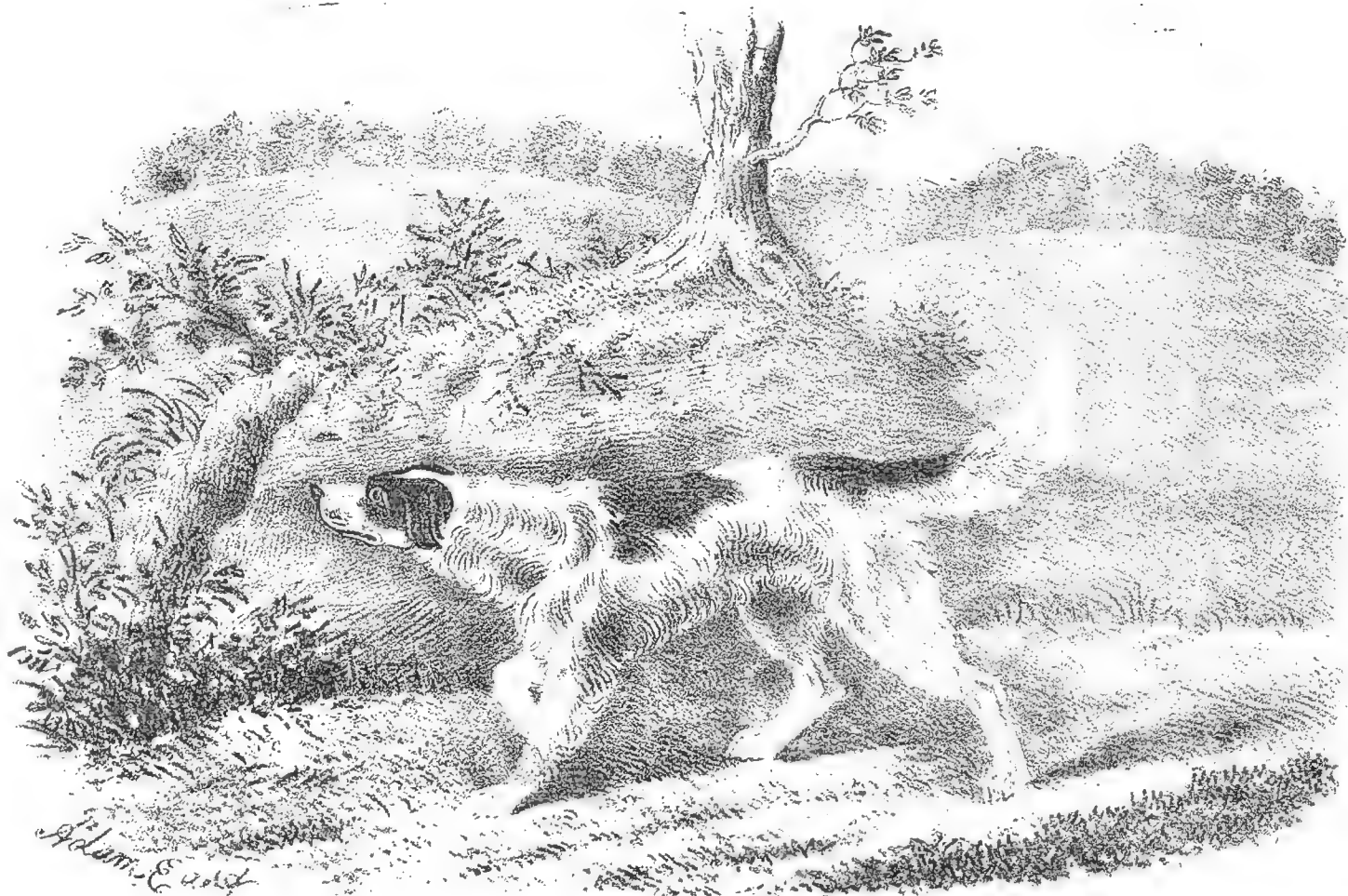
Among other valuable things to be found in one of my scrap books, is a clipping from FOREST AND STREAM without date, I regret to say, but well back in the '70s, I think, which gives a sensible method for cooking canvasback ducks. My cook has tested it and it proved up all right, according to my own taste, and those of my guests who have partaken of it. There is one thing that must be remembered in dealing with any formula or cooking recipe, that for every ounce of theory you must use at least two pounds of common sense. Here is the *modus operandi* that I have referred to, taken from the scrap book aforesaid—and this little dissertation will be made to occupy the space from which the clipping came, and I hope that it will occupy a space in the kitchen of many a lover of that most satisfying delicacy, a well roasted and well served canvasback:

"To Bake Canvasback Ducks.—Have the duck dry picked, the head left on. No dressing is to be put into the bird, except a little pepper and salt. Place the duck in the pan on its back; if you care to add a slice of dried English bacon, not smoked, do so. Put no water in the pan. Your oven must be hot, but not enough to burn. Baste the duck frequently while cooking. About thirty minutes is the allotted time. During the last few minutes dredge some flour on the bird and quicken the fire, in order to brown the outside.

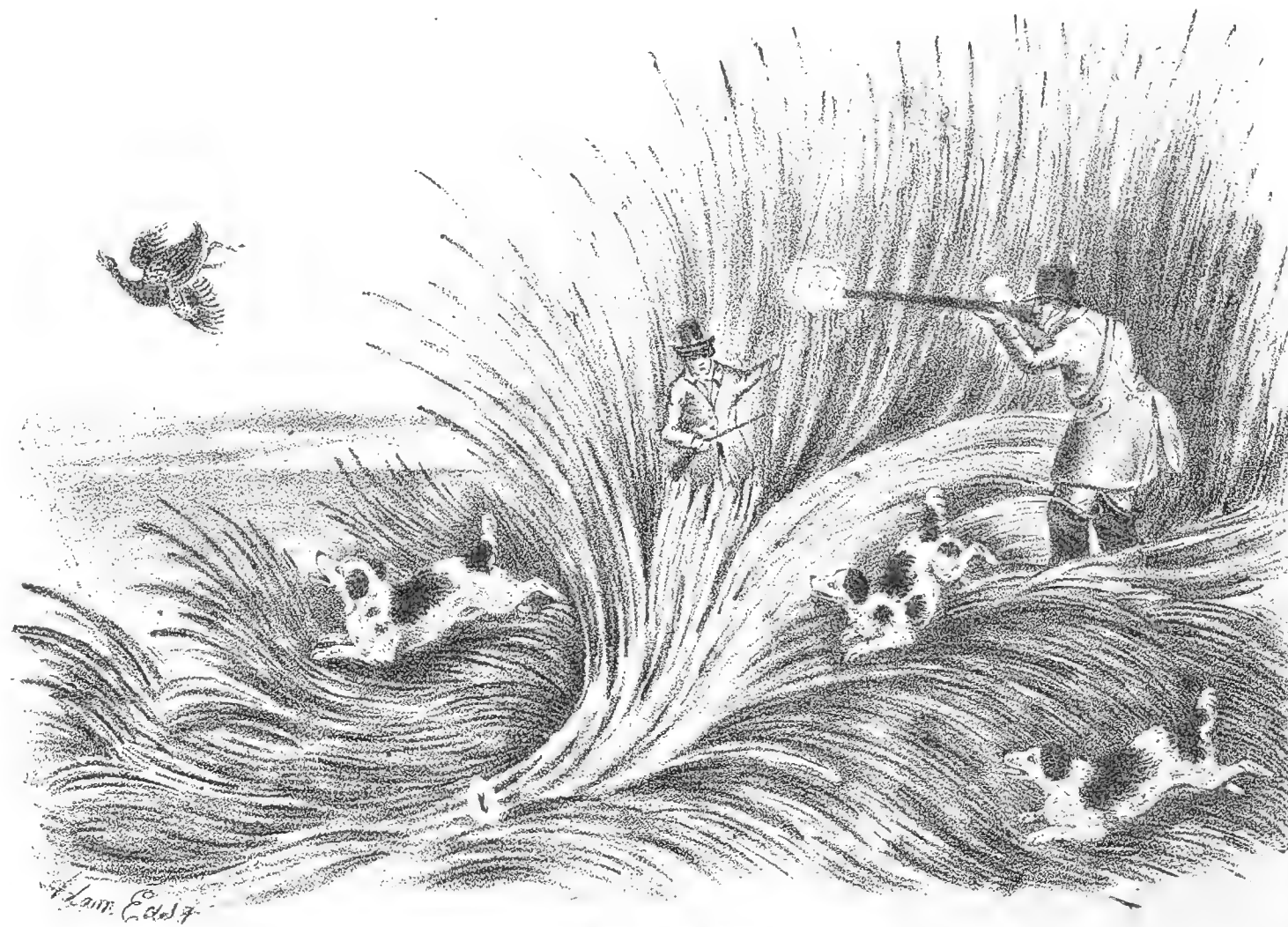
"The above are general directions for an ordinary range or cook stove; but it is impossible to give the exact time that a canvasback duck should remain in the oven, as this depends altogether on the size of the oven, the condition of the fire, the number of ducks to be cooked at the same time, whether the ducks have just come off of the ice, etc. You can tell the temperature of the oven by holding your hand in it a moment, and if you are familiar with your oven you will know just what it will accomplish. If you have baked the canvasback as it should be baked, it must have a plump appearance when taken out of the oven; in color it must be a delicate brown. The flesh, when cut into, should be moist and juicy, and in color somewhat red—not blue.



SPANIELS AS WILDFOWL SPRINGERS.



ANCIENT SETTER.



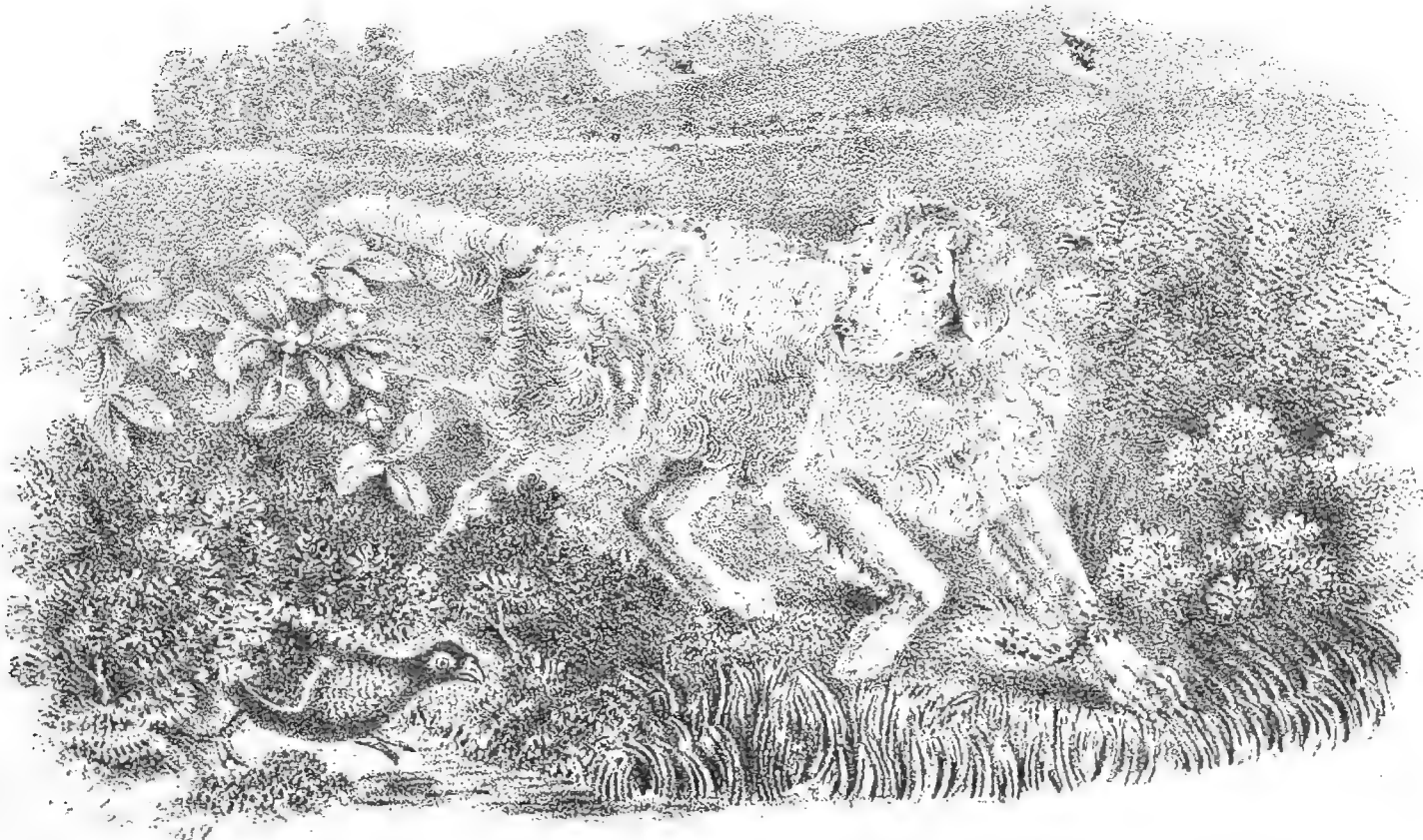
SPRINGERS AT WORK.



NOTHING NEW.



SPANIELS AND COCK SHOOTING.



OLD TYPE SETTER.

Pictures of Old Time Shooting.

THEY did not have kodaks in those days, but no doubt the lithographs of field scenes gave perfect satisfaction to a taste less exacting than that of to-day. Certainly the very crudeness and quaintness of these "sporting

views" make them all the more interesting, as they are here taken from musty prints and reproduced for the eyes of this generation. The pictures are from Hodgson's Sporting Views, and were published in the early part of the last century. Not the least interesting feature of the prints is the illustration of the old types of field dogs.

"Game birds in general, and canvasback ducks in particular, must be subjected to a certain amount of heat for a certain length of time before that chemical transformation can take place in their flesh and blood necessary to make apparent to the human palate that flavor peculiar to the bird. In the uncooked bird the flavor is present in a dilute form; it needs heat to drive off the water and thereby concentrate the juices. In the overcooked bird you have approached too near to charcoal, a substance without flavor. Just where to stop between these extremes we have endeavored to instruct you.

"The man that wants his bird dried to a crisp does not like the flavor of that bird, and would have you destroy that flavor with fire. The man that says, 'cook my canvasback twenty minutes by the clock,' and then to eat it covers a warm slice of the raw, blue flesh with currant jelly, or Worcestershire sauce, does not know much about the delicious and delicate flavor of the canvasback duck. A tender sheldrake, or anything to form a foundation for jelly or sauce, will do for him. Have all your game as fresh as you can get it after the animal heat has passed off. Putrefaction does not add to the flavor of any game. To any one fortunate enough to possess a 'spit,' to him I say, never trouble your oven with a game bird.—H. DeG."

There you have it, and the rest remains with the duck and the cook. FRANK HEYWOOD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Dr. Morris in a late number gives four ways to cook a duck, and his fourth one is the way I would want to cook it, or anything else that can be cooked that way. I have used the kettle and the hole in the ground to bake beans in, even when I had almost any sized Dutch oven I could have used; but the beans would not have tasted so good if I had used the oven.

One advantage a camp kettle sunk in the ground has over the oven is that it can be filled, then left there all night; if there are any coyotes in the country they are not likely to empty it before morning.

I have had them waste a good deal of their time in trying to get the hot lid off an oven and not burn themselves. The first one which had been detailed to remove it had no doubt been burned, and the others would be busy trying new plans to get into the oven, when I found them at it and put on more coals to keep it hot.

CABIA BLANCO.

The Massachusetts Association.

BOSTON, Dec. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last Thursday evening the December meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association was held at the Copley Square Hotel. A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Central Committee for Protection of Fish and Game was held at 4 o'clock, Chairman H. A. Estabrook, of Fitchburg, presiding.

Former Chairman A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, said the scarcity of partridges in the central portion of the State this year had been so great as to cause much anxiety lest the birds would become extinct in that quarter unless more restrictive measures are adopted. He said that he was sure there would be some petitions presented to the next Legislature for more stringent measures, either asking for a limit of the bag or a reduction of the time allowed for shooting. President Reed said that in tramping through the woods of Sandwich and in traveling on the highways since the close of the shooting season he had seen more partridges than during November, and in that section he is of the opinion that there is a good number of birds left over. Chairman Estabrook, while admitting that he had found the birds less numerous in towns where he has hunted this season than they were a year ago, said he had found them fairly plentiful this year as compared with some previous seasons.

The committee took no specific action on the subject, deeming it wise to await further developments.

Your readers will recall the name of Mr. Wm. B. Phinney, of Lynn, who was a member of the executive committee since its formation in 1899, and whose death occurred a week ago. As a member of the House and of the Committee on Fisheries and Game the past two years, Mr. Phinney has rendered excellent service in the cause of protection. A practical sportsman for many years, his first efforts in the interests of sport resulted in the organization of the Lynn Fish and Game Protective Association, of which he was president at the time of his decease. Suitable resolutions were adopted by the committee, and the secretary was instructed to send a copy of the same to his family.

The attitude of the committee as regards legislation the coming winter, so far as developed at this meeting, is likely to be in favor of such changes, if any, as the commissioners may recommend in their forthcoming report, and Chairman Collins, who was the guest of the State Association in the evening, expressed an earnest wish that means be found to facilitate securing warrants, and that the right of search be so much extended that when a warden feels sure from existing circumstances that a man has been violating the law he should have such authority as to enable him to secure the evidence needed to secure his conviction.

Heretofore Massachusetts legislators have been unwilling to allow the search of the person of a hunter for evidence of guilt, claiming that the privilege is liable to abuse. The deputies and other officers may search for and seize, without warrant, any smelts which they have reason to suspect were taken illegally. For enforcing the provisions of the lobster law, "any commissioner or deputy, or any member of the district police, may search in suspected places for, seize, and remove, lobsters which have been unlawfully taken, held or offered for sale." For one, I see no reason why such a provision should not be made for searching the premises of dealers and cold storage warehouses for game illegally taken or held. I see no reason why such a privilege is more liable to abuse when applied to game than when applied to lobsters.

Besides Chairman Collins, other speakers at the Association meeting were Mr. Herbert E. Tuck, of Haverhill, and Chairman Estabrook. Dr. E. W. Branigan presented

the list of officers prepared by the nominating committee for the ensuing year. The election will be held at the next meeting on January 13.

Commissioner Wentworth, of New Hampshire, says he thinks the number of deer killed in that State is about the same as last year. The sum received for licenses is about \$1,200, which will be turned over to the detective fund.

The summing up of shipments of game from Bangor at the close of the hunting season shows 4,602 deer and 208 moose, as against 5,250 deer and 189 moose in 1902. Speaking for Washington county, Warden G. W. Ross says the season has been marked by "an abundance of game and comparatively few hunters." Some sportsmen returning from Aroostook county report seeing one herd of eight caribou and another of seven. This may indicate those animals are returning to Maine. CENTRAL.

The Cuvier Club.

In a New Year address to the members of the Cuvier Club, President Alex. Starbuck writes: Our membership is fast increasing in numbers, and as our organization becomes larger we hope to make our influence bear strongly toward the enforcement of our game laws.

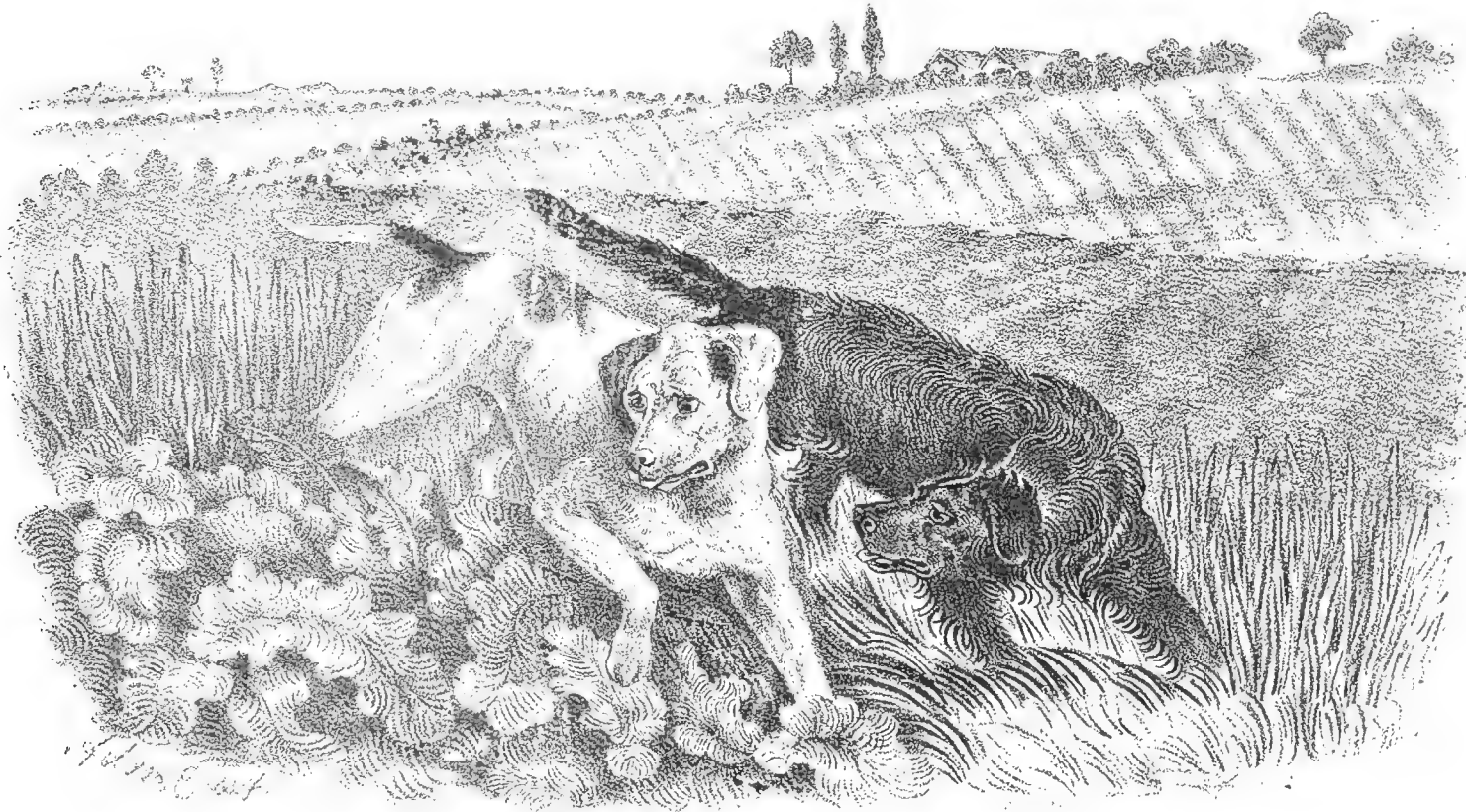
As parents, we restrain our boys from either killing the birds or destroying their nests. We must inculcate

In Rhode Island.

WESTERLY, R. I., Dec. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have shot more woodcock this fall than I have ever shot before; in fact, this has been the best shooting for that bird in this vicinity that I have seen in ten years. It has been a common thing to start them right out in the open. Grouse have been seen in good numbers, but very wild; still there have been a great many killed. Quail have been very scarce; but I know myself personally where there have been several bevsies this past spring. I don't know what became of them; could not see them this fall. It must have been the heavy rains in June that had some effect on them. In all we have had a good season on most everything except quail. We also have quite a few pot-hunters who won't let anything live that comes within gunshot; but they are mostly Italians; some have been caught and given the full extent of the law, thanks to our game warden, who seems to be active this season. A READER.

Governor Aycock at Currituck.

OUR Governor spent a few days at Currituck this week, and while he does not profess to be an ardent sportsman, he is sufficiently fond of it to be a member of the Audubon Society, and during a very pleasant chat of an hour with him we found him alive to all interests pertaining to the protection of game in North Carolina. He has a



OLD TYPE POINTER AND SETTER.

within our daughters' minds a distaste for that adornment which has cost the lives of hundreds of birds. By advocating these measures we will sow the seed of humane feeling that will broaden and deepen throughout life and eventually make an impress upon public as well as upon individual character.

Laws are made in the interest of mortality, honesty and justice. These are enforced by the vigilance of our officials in public life, but let each member of the Cuvier Club consider himself an active official in supporting the laws which regulate the preservation of our game. It is a question of such vital importance that, to ignore it, would be criminal, and, moreover, denote degeneracy in the instincts of a true sportsman and a good citizen.

As an educational influence our museum will always be a medium for the benefit of the public or private schools, whose pupils can here behold the beautiful plumage and imagine the sweet strains these denizens of the woods can utter. The artistic work of Professor Dury has filled our cabinets with an endless and attractive variety from all parts of the world, which cannot fail to be an instructive object lesson to the receptive minds of the young, to impress them deeply as to the sinfulness of destroying even one member of nature's tuneful choir.

The past year has been a prosperous one. Many new members have been added, to whom we extend the hand of fellowship and welcome, for each new member will give us increased strength and power in advancing the ends we have in view.

From Currituck.

CURRITUCK, N. C.—Our shooting up to a week ago has been generally good. We have killed more canvasbacks here this fall so far than we have killed before in twenty years at the same season, and we expect good shooting through the winter, as we still have an abundance of game in the Sound. We have had some fine mallard shooting, like that we had three years ago, and in fact a large quantity of marsh ducks along with the canvasbacks. Swans and Canada geese have been unusually abundant, and some nice bags have been made; the writer made a bag of 36 canvasbacks within half a mile of his front door a few days ago, and at this moment they are to be seen in great numbers.

The clubs have had very good shooting so far and I think will continue to have. Our game wardens are vigilant, and while there have been very few arrests and convictions, it is because there is a general disposition among the gunners for market to keep the law. The sunrise law has been well kept, and there has been very little night shooting. There has been some kicking about the non-resident tax of \$10, which personally we think is a good thing, if the laws are to be well kept, as from this source the game wardens receive their pay.

MORE ANON.

All communications for Forest and Stream must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

charming personality, and is much loved by the people of North Carolina. He is a magnificent specimen of humanity, and it is said by the Swan Island people who entertained him that he is by no means an indifferent shot. The people of Currituck anticipate much good from his visit to us, and the latch string hangs out to him at all times. MORE ANON.

Sea and River Fishing.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Game Laws in Brief.

is the standard authority of fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It tells everything and gives it correctly. See in advertising pages list of some of the dealers who handle the Brief.

How to Boil a Fish.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My note on cooking ducks in last week's FOREST AND STREAM has brought letters from two old acquaintances. One asks, "Do you mean to say that the water in which a fish has been boiled is the only proper sauce?" The other says, "Tell us more in detail about cooking ducks and fish."

There's no use in trying to go into detail about these things. Two women will read a mathematical receipt, and they proceed to put in "about so much" of everything. The product of one will make a man leave his happy home for her, and the product of the other will make a man leave his happy home on account of her, and both women working from the same receipt.

If two yachts are built upon the same model, one will regularly out sail the other, and beat her on all points, year in and year out. I will try, though, to tell how to boil a fish. In the first place, buy the sort of fish that is being caught right then and there; never mind what kind. The man who goes out and buys bluefish in January, or pompano in Boston, is a man who will buy the kinds of cigars that are advertised on bill boards, and who thinks that all this world is a vale of tears. The woman who does the same thing is the one who bets on a horse because it has a pretty name. Cold storage has made our time the flavorless age. Game and fish are put where they will keep until you cannot tell a partridge from a shad with your eyes closed. Apples are picked before they are ripe, put where the chemistry of ripening cannot occur, and then put on the market at a time when their cost is highest and value lowest. Cream is thrown out of milk with a separator before bacteria have liberated the delicious ether, and is kept at a temperature that prevents anyone from getting anything good out of it, excepting the dealer, who pockets a profit.

But to return to the fish. Buy one that was not caught a single day too soon. Put handcuffs on the cook, and fasten her securely at some place where her squeals and kicks will not disturb other people. Take the cook book and turn to the recipes for boiling fish. tear out these leaves and start the fire with them. Pause, if you will, to read something like this: "Add ¾ cup vinegar, 1 small carrot, 2 onions, 1 bay leaf, 12 peppers, 1 bunch parsley." Great Scott! A fish that is in that stuff is in the soup for sure. Why add the fish at all? If it is a cold storage fish it will not hurt the flavor of the soup, but it fills the pot too full.

Having started the fire, put on the pot, and water enough. Put into the water a lot of salt pork cut into small pieces, and boil for an hour and a half. The object of this procedure is to fill the water so full of fat in mechanical mixture that the fine, delicate volatile flavoring matter of the fish will not be abstracted by the water, and dissipated with the steam. Cut the fish into pieces weighing about one pound each, and wrap each piece in cheese cloth or mosquito netting. The object in cutting up the fish is to have it cook evenly and not have one part spoiling while another part is getting ready to be good. The object of the cloth covering is to keep the flakes together and to allow neat skimming as the pot boils.

Put in enough pepper and salt at the end of about twenty minutes. Boil twenty or thirty minutes longer. Take out the fish. Take off the covering. Put on a little more pepper and salt. Put one piece on each platter, and pour over each piece a whole lot of the water in which the fish has been boiled, remembering that fish naturally swim.

Now the very nicest point in this recipe is one that cannot be written. The cook must accurately judge in advance about the amount of water that will boil down to exactly the right thickness at the moment when the fish is to be served.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

58 WEST FIFTY-SIXTH STREET, N. Y., Dec. 16.

Notes on Forest and Stream Items.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

ALMOST every number of FOREST AND STREAM contains matter that would furnish an inspiration and treat for more than one instructive volume. I have been greatly interested in the discussion on the "Red Gods," and once or twice wanted to add my quota to the opinions expressed. The sharp click of the iron-tipped pole that the canoe man uses in impelling his buoyant craft up or down the Canadian streams whose rocky bed would furnish a slippery and uncertain hold to the soft end of a pole not thus guarded, is a familiar sound to every salmon fisherman, but I refrained on account of the space that had already been occupied in the discussion, but there are general items in recent issues of the paper upon which I will make a few comments.

The Growth of Trout.

The article by Dr. Henshall printed in the December 12 issue is very interesting to me, and will prove valuable for future reference to those who are interested in such matters.

It was once said by Prof. Agassiz that it would require at least a score of years to build up such leviathans as the ten-pound Rangeley lake trout; he may have been right, probably was, but in my opinion the rapid growth of fishes depends very much upon the amount of food that is accessible to them.

There is a great abundance of food in the Rangeleys, an abundance more lavish than I have ever seen in any other waters; shoals of minnows many rods in length and containing thousands upon thousands of the little fish are often to be seen, and if a trout will take the trouble to open his mouth he could gorge himself without any other effort. The abundance of these minnows easily accounts for the rapid growth of the landlocked salmon that have been placed in those waters, which have already attained a weight of ten or a dozen pounds. Many years ago the progenitors of these fish in their native waters in which there was a continued scarcity of food rarely exceeded a pound and a half in weight, as I stated in my article in the issue for December 20, and elsewhere where similar conditions obtain the result has always been the same.

Undoubtedly fish culturists, or rather those who breed trout for the market, can furnish pretty correct data concerning the growth of these; but those fish are in captivity, and are gorged to repletion with chopped "plucks," or other cheap meat, and are not obliged to "hustle" for a living as wild trout are compelled to. I have no doubt that trout thus "stall-fed" will increase in size and weight very much more rapidly than will the others.

Dr. Henshall's figures are of particular value, for they relate to trout in their natural conditions. To show how trout increase in size if furnished with the proper environment and abundance of food, I will cite a single incident which came under my own observation.

In a field on my father's farm in Massachusetts there was a large spring; it had in bygone years been dug out to the depth of about six feet, and was about eight feet square. The sides had been loosely boarded up and the bottom consisted of sand and gravel. Its water was magnificent, almost ice cold at all seasons of the year, and as clear as crystal. A pipe had been laid from this spring to my father's house, and that of one of our neighbors, and an abundant supply of this most delicious water was always available. We were often much annoyed by the number of worms, spiders, grasshoppers, crickets, etc., that fell or jumped into the spring, and to do away with this nuisance I caught in a brook near-by, in which there were a few trout, none of which were ever known to exceed four or five inches in length, a single specimen, which was hardly more than a fingerling, and placing it in a pail of water hurried with it to the spring, into which he was dropped. He at once became reconciled to his new home, and in consequence of the abundance of food found therein quickly began to increase in size. Before he had been in the spring three months he became so familiar that he would dart up to the surface

face of the water and snap from my hand a grasshopper or worm that I held between my fingers.

In the third year of his residence in the spring that trout attained a length of over a foot, and must have weighed considerably over a pound, and no doubt would have continued to grow to a much larger size if it had been permitted to, but he was captured by some rascally poacher, and I was forced to seek another captive in the brook to replace him.

In this connection a short extract from Prof. George Brown Goode's work on the fishes of the United States, showing the rapid increase in size of the striped bass will be of interest here. He states that "Captain Gavitt, of Westerly, R. I., has caught bass in June that weighed from one-half to one pound, put them into a pond and taken them out the following October when they weighed six pounds."

Fish and Fishing.

Porpoises and Salmon.

The catching of porpoises promises to become an important industry of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Captain Campbell McNab, one of the most observing of Cana-

almost have been made with a pin. For years McNab has held firmly to this theory only to be laughed at for his pains. He has now proved it beyond peradventure, however, and as the skin and oil from a single porpoise are often worth from \$30 to \$50, he is now in a fair way to reap the fruit of his persistent and intelligent perseverance.

Taxing the Trout in the Stream.

A WESTERN daily paper recently printed the following item:

"A million dollars' worth of brook trout, the property of Henry Clay Pierce, of St. Louis, have been attached by the officers of the town of Lake Nebagamon, Douglas county, for a tax of \$2,000, which Mr. Pierce has failed to pay."

A Milwaukee (Wis.) paper having inquired about the matter of Mr. Pierce, he replied as follows:

"During twenty-four years I have owned property on the Brule River, Wisconsin. In my efforts and expenditures to provide a safe haven for the brook trout having their home in the waters of the lakes and ponds which are entirely upon my property there, I have experienced far less annoyance from the Indians I orig-

is paralleled by the Chippewa translation. "Maskk" is in common use to-day among some of the Chippewas whom I have employed as guides, in the sense of meaning big and strong. "Kinonje" is the single and universal name for pike among both Montagnais and Chippewas wherever I have been among them. "Maskkinonje" is a word used by so many thousand Indians at the present moment that we ought not to have the slightest difficulty in getting this question settled instantly and for all time.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

One of Mr. Young's Tarpon.

AN Aransas Pass tarpon, as beached and tagged, to be released that it may be caught by some other angler some other day. The metal tag is seen attached to the caudal fin. Stamped on the tag is the legend: "Aransas Pass, 1903. Report to FOREST AND STREAM. W. B. Young, New York." It is the Texas custom to release the big fish after they have been brought to shore and recorded; and Mr. Young has provided tags to be attached as here shown. We have recorded the recapture of a tagged jewfish.

The Kennel.

Russian Wolfhound Club of America.

NEW YORK.—The executive committee of the Russian Wolfhound Club of America take pleasure in announcing the complete list of specials offered under its auspices at the coming Westminster Club Show, February 10-13, 1904.

Attention is again called to the fact that ten regular classes have been secured, and with such a list of specials it is hoped that the exhibit will far exceed in numbers and quality any previous display of this breed.

Signed by the executive committee.
JAMES MORTIMER,
JOSEPH B. THOMAS, JR.,
DR. J. E. DE MUNDT,
[The specials number 40, of which 6 are cups.]

New Publications.

Do Animals Think? By H. H. Recordon. Broadway Publishing Company.

This is the second edition of a work purporting to show "that animals think, some more and some less, according to their capabilities." It is a thin volume of 81 pages, given up to examples of rather extraordinary doings of animals. Some of the cases cited may be authentic, many of them are frankly clipped from the columns of the newspapers. There are not a few that are interesting.

Florida Fancies. By F. R. Swift. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
In an attractive and very prettily illustrated volume of 120 pages, Mr. Swift gives us his experience during a Florida trip and a short story of a trip to Cuba. Mr. Swift has a pleasant style and a ready sense of humor, of which, however, he is rather disposed to give us more than enough. He is a good traveler, however, tells his story pleasantly, and has written a book that is worth reading. Price, \$1.25.

The Magic Forest. By Stewart Edward White. Macmillan Company.

"The Magic Forest" is a fairy story, very interesting in its matter and very attractively produced. Mr. White's reputation has already been made, but this book is likely to add to it.

The story is as simple as possible; a nine-year old boy lost off a train going across the Continent, in the wilds of western Canada, is almost at once discovered by Indians traveling north and picked up by them, travels for four months in their company, and at the end of this time is restored to his parents.

The Indians which picked up Jimmy, the hero, were Ojibwas, and traveling through the trackless wilderness of the North, Jimmy had an opportunity to see much of nature and to share the ways of the primitive man. The forest through which they traveled is the magic forest, which gives the title to the book. Mr. White's happy faculty of describing outdoor things was never better shown than in this volume, which our readers ought to see.

The book is happily written throughout. It will not fail to interest the children, for whom it was intended, but many grown-ups will read it with pleasure and profit. Its charm lies in its truth to nature, and in its absolute simplicity. Dealing with Indian life in another way, it has much of the charm of Dr. Jenk's Jijib.

Summer and Fall in Western Alaska. By Claude Cane. Price, \$3.
Col. Cane, an Englishman, who came to this country in 1902 for the purpose of hunting big game in Alaska, has written a volume giving an account of the summer and autumn hunt of that year. The volume is not intended to be a guide book, but rather an aid to sportsmen who may find themselves in that part of the world. Col. Cane went across the continent by the Canadian Pacific to Seattle, thence to Alaska, where he devoted a number of months to hunting bears, the white sheep, and finally the big moose in the forest. He took with him a camera, and his volume is very fully illustrated with full-page plates from very good photographs.

The arms carried by Col. Cane were a .256 Männlicher-Schonauer and a 12-bore Paradox. The Männlicher did its work with split bullets extraordinarily well; the Paradox was unsatisfactory. Its balls were expected to expand, but they never did so, and, except for its use as a shotgun to fill the pot when ducks or grouse were plenty and meat scarce, it was not a useful arm. On the other hand, as Col. Cane says, for grouse a .22cal. rifle with very light cartridges would be even more useful than a shotgun.

Col. Cane was quite successful in his hunting, but when he returned to the coast he found that the new game law had been passed by Congress and was in operation, and thus had some trouble and delay in getting out all his heads—four white sheep and four moose heads, besides his bear skins.

The book is interesting to all big-game hunters, and the pictures exceedingly good. One must deprecate, however, the tendency so common among sportsmen to have themselves photographed standing by their game.

The volume is very pleasantly written.

Snipe and Woodcock. By L. H. De Visme Shaw.
The last volume of the "Fur, Feather and Fin" series, edited by Mr. Alfred E. T. Watson, and published by Longmans, Greene & Co., is devoted to snipe and woodcock, as above stated, and has also chapters on these birds in Ireland by Richard J. Ussher, and on cookery by Alexander Innes Shand.

The purpose of the series is to present monographs on the various English birds, beasts and fishes generally included under the head of game.

Snipe and woodcock of course are among the most interesting of game birds; and although the American snipe and the American woodcock are markedly different from the British birds of the same name, yet as to these species, the Old World and the New have enough in common to make American sportsmen glad to read of woodcock and snipe in Britain. Mr. Shaw gives much of the natural history of the birds, about which he writes very attractively. The snipe is treated alone, and is divided into two sections, the natural history of the snipe, and its shooting. In the same way the woodcock is treated as to its ways and some of its peculiarities of structure, while another chapter is given to its pursuit. The whole question of the woodcock's bill is gone over again, and very properly so, because, notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject, comparatively few people seem to understand its capabilities. Another familiar subject taken up is the way in which the woodcock carries its young, and this remains as yet unsettled, for while Mr. Shaw declares that the bird commonly carries its young in its feet, the testimony of Mr. Ussher would seem to indicate—on Miss Fairholmes' observations—that the bird she saw carried the young by holding it pressed against the breast with the bill.



ONE OF MR. YOUNG'S TARPON.

dian trappers and hunters, is now engaged in the undertaking, and his many years of patient research and study of the manners and life of this amphibious beast promise abundant returns. American tourists and sportsmen who have visited the Saguenay will remember how many of these great white cetaceans may be seen disporting themselves upon the surface of the St. Lawrence, near the mouth of the former mentioned river. They appear like shapeless masses of blubber as their arched backs show from time to time above the surface. They are doubtless attracted to the mouth of the Saguenay by the large number of salmon which enter the river throughout the season. As each porpoise is supposed to eat from one to three barrels of fish per day, it is comparatively easy to form some idea of the fearful ravages which they make among the salmon, the herring and the cod. They are largely gregarious, though they frequently hunt their prey in couples. Mr. McNab has often peered over the edge of an overhanging rock to watch them catching salmon at the mouth of a stream, and sometimes a long distance up a river where they follow their prey. They chase a salmon into a shallow and then approach it from either side. The salmon appears unable to move, as if paralyzed by fear. If he attempts to run from one of his pursuers he falls into the open mouth of the other. The porpoise is equally expert in fishing for the slippery eel. Mr. McNab opened one of these animals the other day and found more than forty eels in its stomach. To prevent their wriggling, and probably also to aid digestion, the porpoise cracks the skull of the eel between his teeth before swallowing it.

The porpoises are captured by being imprisoned at low tide on the shoals, over which they have journeyed when the tide was high, in pursuit of their prey. Hitherto the difficulty has been to find any barrier strong enough to retain such enormously heavy beasts, and so many of them together as are sometimes inclosed. Mr. McNab has made the interesting discovery that the enormous nets through which they often broke are not necessary to hold back the porpoises. They are unable to stand the slightest vibration in the water, and so all that the hunter now finds necessary is to fasten a long, thin pole like a fishing rod, to a stake in the mouth of the stream, the bay or the estuary within which it is desired to retain the porpoises. They remain to be stranded and killed upon the shallows rather than venture past the vibrating rod. This sensitivity is believed to have its seat in the ear of the animal, which has so small an opening that it might

inally found there, and their successors, the half-breeds and renegades, than from the blackmailing white people who have located in that vicinity and claim to represent its civilization. A persistent effort has been made by some of the authorities of the town of Lake Nebagamon to unjustly tax my property within it, and two or three years ago they assessed the brook trout in the waters upon my property and threatened legal proceedings to recover the tax. My attorneys promptly notified the township authorities that because the assessment was illegal the tax claimed would not be paid. The following year the Board of Assessors was changed, and it did not seek to enforce the previous assessment or make a new one. This year, I presume, the previous assessors or those of their kind, were elected, and the brook trout were again assessed, and a levy made upon some of my property in the township of Lake Nebagamon, under the tax claimed on the first assessment. My attorneys have been instructed to resist the illegal assessments and efforts to collect taxes thereunder, also to prosecute to the fullest extent of the law the parties guilty of malicious acts against my property.

"Through the expenditure of much time and money during the past twenty-four years, I have been able to save from destruction and preserve the wonderful natural beauties of a very large section of the territory on both sides of the Brule River, near its source. It is fortunate for those who come after us that their love of nature has caused a few people to undertake the preservation of forests and waters and the game and fish therein in certain sections of this country, and it is regrettable that such efforts are generally met with opposition and too often malicious persecution on the part of those who, but for their own acts, would be most benefited thereby. H. C. PIERCE."

For some years before his death, the late Fred Mather had charge of Mr. Pierce's Wisconsin preserves, which gives the readers of FOREST AND STREAM an especial interest in this beautiful region.

Troubles with tax assessors are not wholly unknown to the average millionaire, and too often the assessor regards the owner of large estates as a good subject for fining. In such cases the victim is likely to resist, as, of course, he ought to do.

Maskinonge.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—Editor Forest and Stream: Mr. W. B. Cabot's statement in FOREST AND STREAM for December 19 to the effect that maskinonge means big pike

Yachting.

Designing Competition.

\$225 In Prizes.

Two designing competitions have been given in FOREST AND STREAM. The first was for a 25ft. water-line cruiser; the second was for a 15ft. one-design class. Both competitions were very successful. The great interest taken in those competitions has prompted us to give a third one, open to amateurs and professionals. The prizes which will be given are as follows:

First prize—\$100.

Second prize—\$60.

Third prize—\$40.

Fourth prize—\$25, offered by Mr. Theodore Zerega for the best interior plan.

The designs are for a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

I. Centerboard cruiser, 40ft. l. w. l.

II. Boat must not draw over 6ft with centerboard up.

III. The lowest freeboard to covering board must be 3ft.

The design must be modern in every particular, without containing any extreme or abnormal features. The conditions have been made as simple as possible, that competitors might have all latitude and scope in working out their ideas. We wish to produce an able and comfortable cruising boat, one that shall have ample accommodation for two or three men living aboard for a period of several months, and one that can be easily managed at all times by two or three paid hands. The draft is restricted to 6ft. in order that the boat may have access to nearly all the desirable harbors, and may, thereby, widely increase her cruising field.

Drawings Required.

I. Sheer plan, scale $\frac{3}{4}$ in.=1ft.—showing center of buoyancy, center of lateral resistance and center of effort of both rigs.

II. Half breadth, scale $\frac{3}{4}$ in.=1ft.

III. Body plan, scale $\frac{3}{4}$ in.=1ft.

IV. Cabin plan, inboard profile and at least one cross section, scale $\frac{3}{4}$ in.=1ft.

V. Two sail plans, scale $\frac{1}{4}$ in.=1ft.; one as a yawl; one as a pole mast sloop.

In the case of the yawl rig the position and height of the mast and length of gaff are to be the same as in the cutter rig. Plans must show working topsail and size of light sails.

VI. All ballast outside on keel except amount necessary for trimming.

An outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully made and lettered. All drawings should be on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink. No colored inks or pigments should be used. The designs must bear a non-de-plume only, and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer must inclose his own name and address, together with his non-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than March 1, 1904. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all of the designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, who passed upon the designs submitted for the 25ft. with great care, has again consented to judge the designs and make the awards.

At a dinner given for Sir Thomas Lipton, in London, he was presented with a silver tea service which was subscribed for by the people of the United States. At this dinner Sir Thomas remarked that he had written to the New York Y. C. in regard to another challenge. The letter in question was received by Secretary George A. Cormack, of the New York Y. C., on Saturday last. He said he could not make the letter public until it had been put before the club at its next meeting in February, but he did not consider it of any great importance.

Notes From the Lake Yachtsmen.

A VERY important decision has just been rendered by the special committee who were appointed at the last meeting of the Interlake Yachting Association for the purpose of investigating the merits and demerits of the 21ft. restricted cabin class of the Country Club of Detroit, Mich. Fresh water yachtsmen were much interested in the result of this committee's findings, whose appointment was brought about through the efforts of some of the delegates to have the I. L. Y. A. adopt the Country Club's 21-footers. The class has many supporters in Chicago and Detroit who believe it is a good one and are backing up their opinions with boats. It is really an outgrowth, or a modification, of the 21ft. class formerly in use in the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, and originated two years ago at Chicago, through a trophy given the Columbia Y. C. by Sir Thomas Lipton. The object of the trophy was to promote inter association racing, and in

order to encourage this, Commodore Walker, of the Country Club, presented his club with a valuable trophy to be raced for by a 21ft. class conforming to the restrictions of the Columbia Club. Last spring two boats, the Taifu and the Inness were built and pitted against the Little Shamrock, who challenged under the flag of the Columbia Y. C. Her overwhelming victory is too recent to require further comment, but it accomplished a good purpose, in that it inspired the members of the Detroit organization to better efforts for the future, and at present four boats are under process of construction, with a possibility of that many more being added to the list in time for next summer's racing. Believing the general size and type of the class to be a good one it is not surprising that the members of the Country Club were desirous of having the I. L. Y. A. not only recognize but adopt it.

Consequently, when the association held its annual meeting at Toledo, December 5, it was not surprising to see a large delegation of Detroiters on hand fortified with facts and figures with which to demonstrate to the gentlemen that the class was a good one and why it should be adopted. They attended well prepared for any emergency, as some opposition was not entirely unexpected, but they were totally unprepared for the onslaught that was to follow, as subsequent events proved. After the regular business had been disposed of the subject of the adoption of the class by the association was presented by Dr. Jennings, of Detroit. At this juncture a lively discussion followed, lasting more than two hours, after which a special committee composed of the following was appointed by the chair: Dr. Jennings and J. A. Rathbone, of Detroit, and Joe Hepburn, of Toledo. The committee was instructed to ascertain if the 21ft. class of the Country Club of Detroit, according to the rules and restrictions governing its construction, would produce a healthy, wholesome, comfortable, and seaworthy type of boat. By seaworthy the association meant a boat capable of taking long cruises, and a stress of weather such as might be encountered during the trip, and with sufficient accommodations to stow cooking utensils, provisions, etc.

If, after careful investigation, the committee were convinced that the class was a desirable one and filled the requirements specified, it was authorized to recommend said class to the association, viz., the I. L. Y. A., for adoption, when a special meeting of the delegates would be called and final action would be taken in the matter. The interpretation of this meant the ultimate adoption of the class pending a favorable report of the committee. The final decision of this committee is best explained in the following which has been sent to the secretary, and will be acted on at a meeting to be held within two weeks: Inter Lake Yachting Association,

Gentlemen:—We, the undersigned, after due and careful consideration, recommend that the I. L. Y. A. adopt the 21ft. restricted cabin class of the Country Club of Detroit as a special class, and provide races for it at its annual regattas, believing that in so doing we are further advancing the best interests of yachting.

Very truly yours,

C. G. JENNINGS, M.D.,
J. A. RATHBONE,
JOE. HEPBURN.

Following closely upon the heels of the above resolution, comes the ensuing announcement from Detroit that two amendments, one of them very important, have just been made in the rules and restrictions of the Country Club 21ft. class in conjunction with the 21ft. class of the Lake Michigan Association. The first is entitled, "Overhangs," and reads: "Neither the after nor the forward overhang shall exceed 65 per cent. of the total overhang." This is to stop putting the overhang all on the forward end of the boat, as is likely to be done to get a finely drawn out forward section with an easy entrance. In one case of a design from which a yachtsman will build this year there were ten feet in the forward overhang and five in the after. This will have to be changed. It does not, however, affect those boats of the class already in existence, as there have been no extremes in either direction.

The second amendment is entitled, "Scantlings," and reads as follows: "The stem, stern post, keel, deadwood, frames and main deck beams, shall be of oak and solid. In the former rules no provision was made for stock, except in the keel where oak was specified, and this will insure the use of oak right through. Of course, although not specified, it was understood by all builders that oak was to be used in all of these cases, and it has been done in all boats now built. It is the intention of the Country Club and the Lake Michigan Association to act together in the matter of changing these rules, so important to both, as both are anxious to eliminate any possible opportunity of designers prescribing or substituting other than will produce a sound, strong, and thoroughly seaworthy boat.

The Detroit Y. C. now comes to the front with an announcement that it will be in the game next season with a pair of 21-footers, with which it intends to compete with the Country Club in its races for the Walker cup, and that the boats will also be sent to Chicago to enter into competition for the Lipton cup. In support of the movement the Detroit Y. C. has volunteered to defray the expenses of the faster of the two boats in making the trip to Chicago, but it is stated that should both boats show up well in the trial races and the races that are to follow, that both will be shipped up and entered in the series. One order has already been placed by a club member, H. T. Schmidt. Mr. Parker, of Marine City, Mich., a new man in the field, is the designer, and he will also build her. It is understood that she will be an improved Little Shamrock, and Mr. Schmidt expects her to be a hummer.

Another is expected to be built by a syndicate made up of club members, and two designers have submitted plans which are being seriously considered, and the announcement of a confirmation of an order of one or the other is expected at any time. It would not be surprising to hear of both being accepted, as both look well and the members are enthusiastic and spurred on by the recent action of the committee of the Interlake; both seem a possibility. This would mean three boats of the new class from the Detroit Y. C., four from the Country Club, and one that has already been ordered by Commodore J. H. Smedley, of the Detroit Boat Club Yachtsmen,

making a total of eight boats for the class out of three clubs in Detroit. This is indeed a favorable outlook, and should be encouraging to the supporters of the class, and especially to the Country Club, which was responsible for its origin on Lake Erie. This will even exceed Chicago's showing for the number of boats built, as in the two years the class has been in existence there less than that number have been built.

Yachtsmen are deeply grieved at the sudden demise of Mr. William Warren, of Detroit. It is not often that the death of a young man is so widely felt. Mr. Warren, besides being the executive head of the largest drug house in the world, and generally known in a business way in most countries of the world, also became widely known during the last season as a yachtsman. He was a member of the New York Y. C., the Detroit Boat Club Yachtsmen, the Country Club, the Detroit Y. C., and other yachting organizations, and as the owner of the famous 30-footer Cadillac was known from one end of the inland seas to the other. Two years ago he had been a member of a syndicate which built Canada's cup defender Cadillac. When the syndicate was disbanded he purchased the yacht, and she entered every important yacht race on fresh water during that year. He was not a sailor, but he had a genuine love for aquatic sports, and spent money liberally that they might be advanced in a sportsmanlike manner.

C. W. SCHMIDT, JR.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Dec. 21.—On account of protests which have been hanging since the close of the racing season, the Regatta Committee of the Boston Y. C. has been unable until now to give the percentages in the various classes for the season's championship and also for the midsummer series. The more serious protests were Sally VII. vs. Chewink, with counter protest, and Aspinquid II. vs. Chance. In each of these cases the evidence was conflicting and unvarying. On this account the committee was unable to get at the facts, and in both cases it was decided to allow the races to stand as sailed. In the 18-footers particularly there would have been a great difference in the championship and also in the midsummer series. Another protest was that of Perhaps II. vs. Mildred II., with counter protest by Mildred. Both were made on measurement. Upon measuring it was found that both yachts exceeded the required waterline length and were disqualified for the race, which was the last one of the season.

For the club championship two prizes were offered in each class by Commodore B. P. Cheney. The first prizes were silver cup and the second prizes binocular glasses. The championships were won by Sally VII., Opitsah V., Perhaps II., and Miss Modesty. In the following table of percentages, it is assumed that each yacht shall have started in at least six races:

Class D—25-footers.

	Starts.	Total Per Cent.	Average.
Sally VII., L. F. Percival.....	5	500	83.3
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	8	575	71.8
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	5	275	45.8
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton.....	3	100	16.6
Early Dawn III., J. E. Doherty.....	1	75	12.5
Seboomook, B. A. Smith.....	1	25	4.1

Class E—22-footers.

Opitsah V., S. H. & H. I. Foster.....	8	733.4	91.6
Medric, H. H. White.....	8	383.3	47.9
Chief, S. C. Winsor.....	4	200	33.3

Class S—21-footers.

Perhaps II., J. E. Robinson.....	2	200	33.3
Mildred II., S. P. Moses.....	1	50	8.3

Class I—18-footers.

Miss Modesty, B. S. Permar.....	8	652.5	81.5
Demino, C. C. Clapp.....	9	721.1	80.1
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.....	6	478.8	79.8
Gertrude II., H. E. Lynch.....	6	434.4	72.4
Chance, Reginald Boardman.....	4	384.6	64.1
Mirage, J. W. Olmstead.....	8	421.5	52.6
Biza, Alfred Douglas.....	6	293.2	48.8
Humbug, Cole & Bacon.....	7	323.8	46.2
Yo San, R. J. Randolph, Jr.....	8	262.8	32.8
Crow, Hooper & Lauriat.....	5	153.8	25.6
Walada, W. W. Rowse.....	5	114.3	19
Wink, L. B. Goodspeed.....	3	111.6	18.6
Rattler.....	1	70	11.6
Nienack, E. B. Holmes.....	6	50.1	8.3

For the midsummer series of open races, which were instituted by the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C., and are now continued by the Boston Y. C., two prizes in each class were offered by Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, as in former years. These prizes were silver cups. The winners were Sally VII., Opitsah V., and Chance. In the 18ft. class Miss Modesty and Mirage were sold out of the club before the last race was sailed. The percentages for the three races are as follows:

Class D—25-footers.

	Total per c't.	Average.
Sally VII., L. F. Percival.....	300	100
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	175	58.3
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	150	50
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	75	25
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton.....	50	16.7

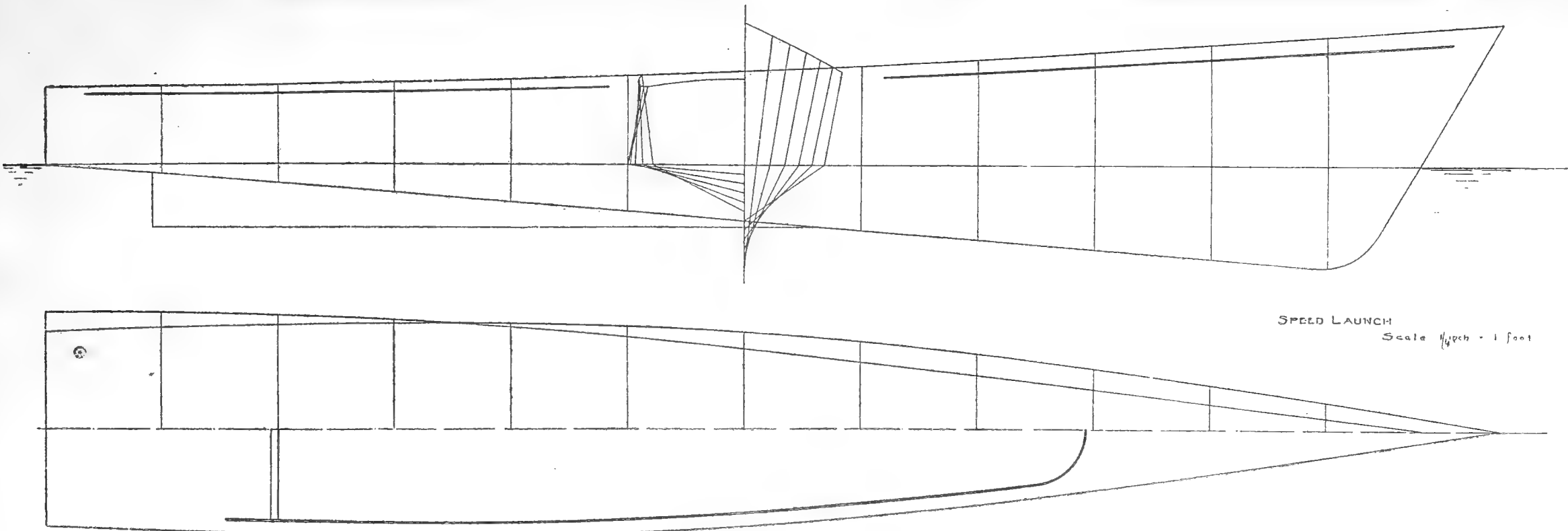
Class E—22-footers.

Opitsah V., S. H. & H. I. Foster.....	233.4	77.8
Medric, H. H. White.....	166.6	55.3
Chief, S. C. Winsor.....	100	33.3
Tayac, W. H. Joyce.....	100	33.3

Class I—18-footers.

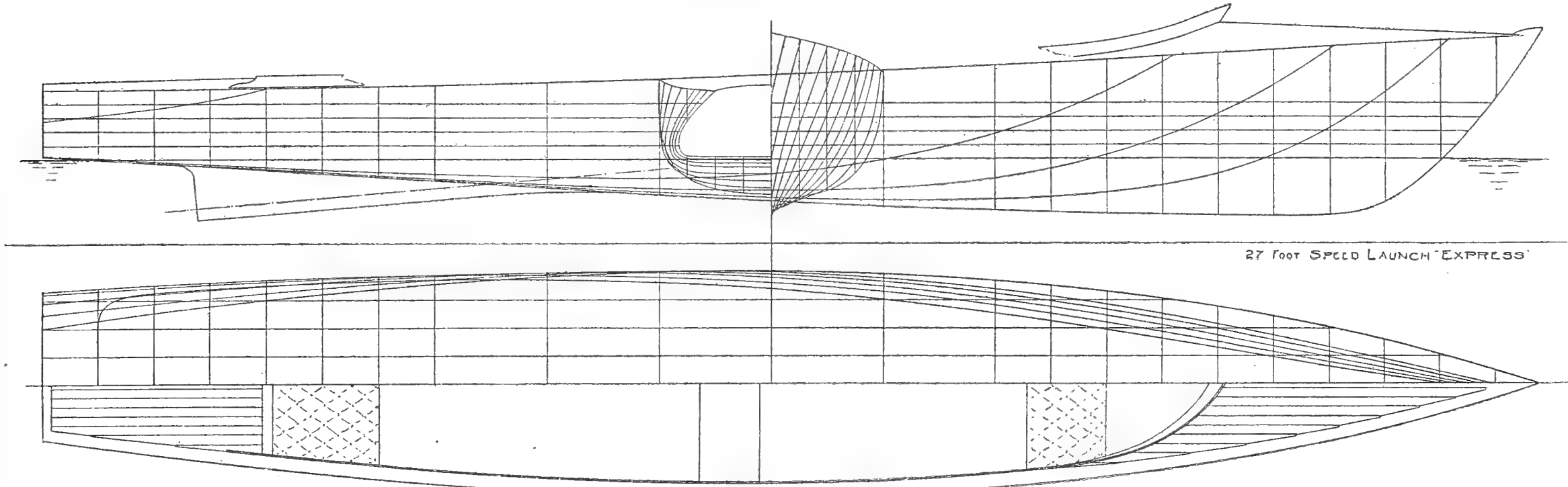
Chance, Reginald Boardman.....	279.8	93.2
Domino, C. C. Clapp.....	276.2	92
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster.....	238.7	76.1
Question, J. H. Hunt.....	216.7	72.2
Gertrude II., H. E. Lynch.....	202.5	67.5
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.....	144.4	48.1
Miss Modesty, B. S. Permar.....	138.9	46.3
Humbug, Cole & Bacon.....	136.4	45.4
Moslem, Livingston Davis.....	133.3	44.4
Biza, Alfred Douglas.....	112.5	37.5
Yo San, R. J. Randolph, Jr.....	112.2	37.4
Mirage, J. W. Olmstead.....	111.1	37
Kittiwake IV., J. M. Jones.....	105.5	35.1
Crow, Hooper & Lauriat.....	93.9	31.3
Patrice, A. W. Finlay.....	93.4	31.1
Wink, L. B. Goodspeed.....	55.6	18.8
Nienack, E. B. Holmes.....	20.2	6.7
Walada, W. W. Rowse.....	5.6	1.8

There seems to be every indication that the proposed new 30ft. class will be a success. Mr. A. A. Packard, of Messrs. Burgess & Packard, at whose offices most of the restrictions were made and an approximate model furnished, says that while only one yacht has been actually ordered, it is almost certain that three will be under way soon, and that the prospects are that at least three more will follow. Messrs. Burgess & Packard have an order for one of the 30-footers for Mr. T. K. Lothrop, Jr. They have also orders for an 18-footer for Mr. Her-



SPEED LAUNCH
Scale 1/4 inch = 1 foot

Speed Launch Dolphin.—Plate 6.



27 foot SPEED LAUNCH 'EXPRESS'

Speed Launch Express.—Plate 7.

bert L. Bowden, a 22-footer for Mr. C. F. Holmes, a 15-footer and two small boats for Mr. A. P. Loring, a 30ft. launch for Mr. A. H. Chase, of Providence, a 22ft. cruiser for Mr. A. A. Bennett, of Chicago, and a new one-design of five or six boats for Osterville, Mass. They have also an order for a 21-footer for Mr. Kenneth Stevenson, of Detroit, to race for the Country Club cup. Mr. E. A. Boardman reports that the 18-footer for Mr. J. W. Olmstead has been finished by Shiverick, of Kingston. The 18-footer for Mr. R. de B. Boardman is set up at Fenton's, Manchester, and a 15-footer for Mr. C. K. Pevear has been laid down at the same shop.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Gasolene Engines for Marine Propulsion.

Read at the eleventh general meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, held in New York, Nov. 19 and 20, 1903.

BY D. H. COX, MEMBER.
(Concluded from page 494.)

The Dolphin, a small launch recently constructed, is a good example of the extreme development in this direction. Her lines are reproduced in Plate No. 6, and are most interesting, as is also the photograph, Plate No. 12, of her under way at full speed. The particulars of this launch are:

Length over all	25ft. oin.
Greatest beam	4ft. oin.
Power	7 H. P.
R.P.M.	720
Speed	12 miles

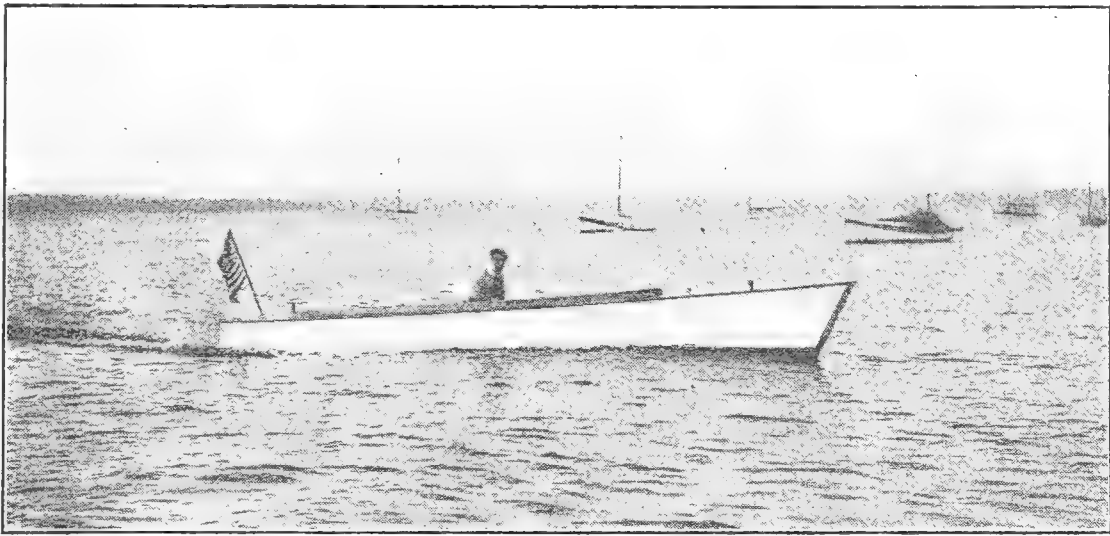
The engine is a two-cycle single cylinder, 5in. by 5in. The contour of hull in the fore-and-aft plane below water will be seen to be straight from the lowest point at the forefoot to the bottom of the transom aft, and the load water plane will be seen to be nearly triangular, the bow being the apex and the stern the base. The sections are also triangular below the waterline. The entire absence of broken water shown by this hull, either in the wake or alongside, when driven at the high speed, for its length, of 12 miles, is most remarkable, and the speed reached with the given power is also worthy of attention. It is stated that an extreme design not unlike this launch has been tried in some German torpedo vessels, and excellent speed results obtained, although as sea boats the type proved a failure.

The Express, another fast launch, is also shown in a photograph, Plate No. 13, and her lines are reproduced, Plate No. 7. She will be seen to be an approximation toward the extreme type as shown in the Dolphin, but the designer, not wishing a freak but a boat that would have great speed and be comfortable in Long Island Sound in any weather, modified his lines to a considerable extent and produced a not abnormal looking hull above the waterline at least, and a good handy boat for the conditions desired. Her particulars are:

Length over all	27ft. oin.
Beam extreme	4ft. oin.
Power rated	9 H. P.
Speed	12 knots

The motor is a four-cylinder four-cycle machine, and is said to develop about 10 H. P. The photograph shows the small wave disturbance caused by this hull also and her satisfactory absence of squat. It will be noticed, however, that there is considerably more broken water alongside than in the case of the more extreme Dolphin

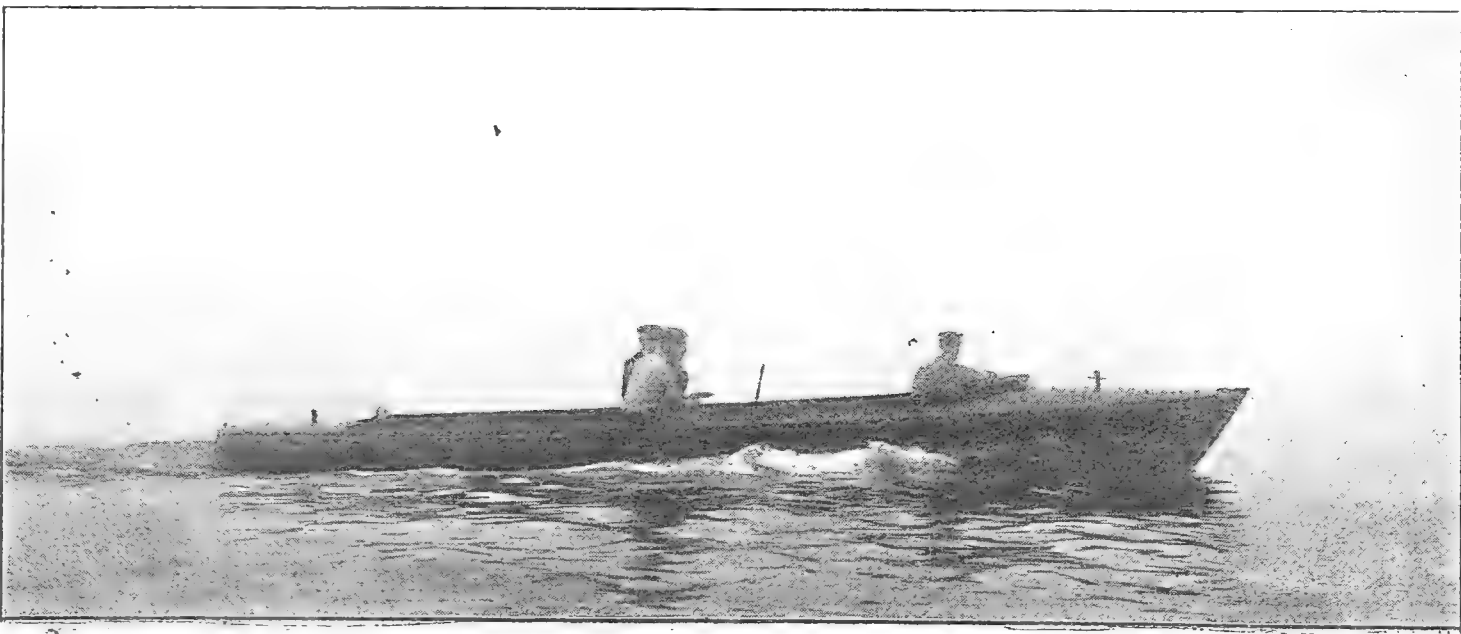
now give the inclined water-lines of sailing vessels careful consideration, a fact that at one time was altogether neglected. That success has been met with is readily seen from the photographs and data accompanying this paper, and the effect so often seen in short launches driven at high speeds of the forefoot completely out of water and



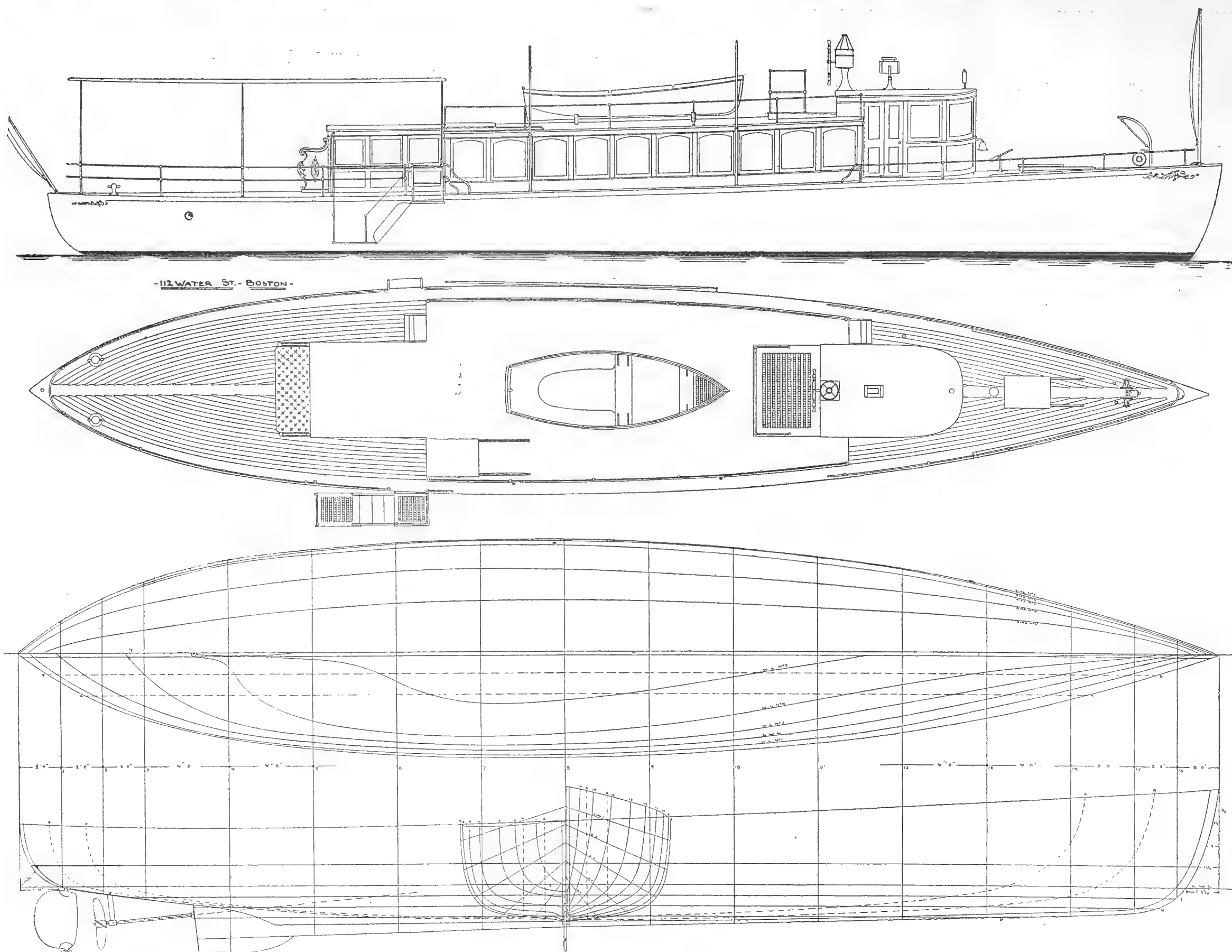
Dolphin, 12 Miles an Hour.—Plate 12.

There are other launches built or building of extreme type that would make interesting subjects of study if their lines were available, but information of this sort is hard to obtain. The general trend of the speed launch design is to make the squat as little as possible by the full waterlines aft, and then to secure a proper entrance at the plane of flotation when under way instead of at rest in the water, much in the same manner as designers

a smother of foam under the bow is conspicuously absent. Unfortunately, in many instances the actual power developed by a gasolene engine of given size and rating is quite problematical, and hence it is hard to arrive at any accurate conclusion regarding the performance of a particular launch, and from it to draw conclusions regarding the probable effect of enlarging one of these models to a size suitable for, say, torpedo-boat work. It would



Express at 12 Knots an Hour.—Plate 13.



LINES, DECK PLAN AND OUTBOARD PROFILE OF 57-FOOT CRUISING LAUNCH.—DESIGNED BY SMALL BROS. FOR C. H. KELLEY. 1903.

seem, however, that experiments at the model basin with designs on some of the extreme types mentioned might lead to some interesting information for a class of extremely high speed torpedo vessels for harbor work only, as they certainly would not prove a success in a seaway.

The outlook for the continued increase in the use of the gasoline engine for marine work is, in my opinion, most promising, and more particularly in engines of considerable size. Up to the present, the lack of confidence in engines of this type has, for the most part, limited their use either to small launches or to vessels in which the power required was not great, and the installation of more than 100 horse-power in one hull has been quite an unusual event. With the confidence gained from experience with the improved marine engine, owners are now prepared to invest more money, feeling that they run but little risk of disappointment, and next season will see quite a fleet of power boats, from the hands of various designers, that will present many novel features, and with their high power and great accommodations will probably be very popular additions to the yachting fleet.

As an illustration of the saving in room effected, it may be stated that in a 75ft. steam launch of recent design, with water-tube boiler and four cylinder triple expansion engine of 175 H. P., the total length of boat given up to engine and boiler room was 18ft., the whole width of the boat as well over this length being taken up to provide for bunker space and auxiliaries. A 175 H. P. gasoline engine would require only an engine room of 12ft. by 5ft., saving 6ft. in length, and leaving considerable space available on each side of the engine room hatch. Owing to the absence of auxiliaries two engines of this size, or 350 H. P., could be installed in this launch in the same 12ft. of engine room. From the weight point of view one 175 H. P. gasoline engine would weigh about the same as the steam engine, thus saving the weight of boiler, piping, auxiliaries, and feed water, as the coal may be offset by the oil carried, the total saving being about 15,000 pounds, or 30 per cent. of the total displacement. Even with 350 H. P. there would still be a saving of about 10,000 pounds over the weight of the 175 H. P. steam engine.

Much assistance in the preparation of data for this paper was given by Mr. C. D. Mower, of the Rudder, who kindly loaned a number of cuts from that periodical, and supplied the information regarding certain of the launches.

The business of Messrs. Rice Bros., of East Boothbay, Maine, has been reorganized, and in the future will be known as the Rice Brothers' Company, with a capital of \$100,000, of which \$75,000 are paid in. The directors are Messrs. Henry W. Rice, William H. Rice and Frank L. Rice, of East Boothbay; George F. Gould, of Portland, and Fred K. Daggett, Boston.

57-Foot Cruising Launch.

We publish herewith the plans of a most interesting cruising launch. The design is from the board of Messrs. Small Brothers, and the boat will be built by George Dinsmore at Winthrop, Mass., for Mr. C. H. Kelley.

Her dimensions follow:

Length—	
Over all	57ft.
L. W. L.	53ft. 7¼in.
Overhang—	
Forward	1ft. 6¾in.
Aft	1ft. 10 in.
Freeboard—	
Bow	4ft. 8 in.
Stern	3ft.
Least	2ft. 9½in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	10ft.
L. W. L.	9ft. 4 in.
Draft—	
To rabbet	1ft. 9½in.
Extreme	3ft. 3 in.

The yacht will be equipped with a Jager 35 horse-power four-cycle, four-cylinder engine, which will give her a speed of about 14 knots.

The design shows a comfortable little vessel with good lines. She ought to be a good sea boat and be comfortable in bad weather. The boat should prove an admirable cruising craft, for the design is suitable for open water, and the cabin arrangement is splendid and should give the greatest amount of comfort to those living aboard.

Power boats of this size are the most popular for cruising, still the question of keeping the crew away from the owner and his guests has always been a problem. In these vessels the designers have overcome this obstacle in a very ingenious way.

The engine room is well aft and away from the other quarters, and there is a separate entrance for the engineer on the port side. The engine room is very light and roomy, and on either side under the deck there are bunks for the engineer and his assistant, if one is carried, or for the crew.

On the starboard side of the engine room is a companionway for the owner and his guests. This leads to a steerage. On the port side of the steerage a door gives access to the galley, which is quite roomy and is completely fitted with all modern requirements and conveniences. On the starboard side of the steerage is the toilet room, which is equipped with a patent closet and a set wash basin.

Next forward there are two cabins, both of which are 6ft. 6in. long and extend the full width of the boat. On each side there are wide transoms, which can easily

be made into comfortable beds, and these cabins can be shut off and made absolutely independent of one another.

The pilot house is next forward and is 6ft. 5in. long. The floor is raised, and the man at the wheel has an unobstructed view on all four sides.

There is no need to pass through the cabin to get to the pilot house, the latter being narrowed in so that there is an entrance from the deck.

The forecabin is quite roomy, and there is 4ft. 6in. headroom under the deck beams.

The forward deck is 12ft. long and the after deck 13ft. 6in. long. The cabin house is only 3ft. high, and an 11ft. dinghy is carried on the davits.

Just aft of the pilot house is a bridge, from which point the boat can also be steered.

Notes on Yacht Measurement.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have read with a great deal of interest the very excellent article on yacht measurement, by Dr. Poor, printed in a recent issue of your paper.

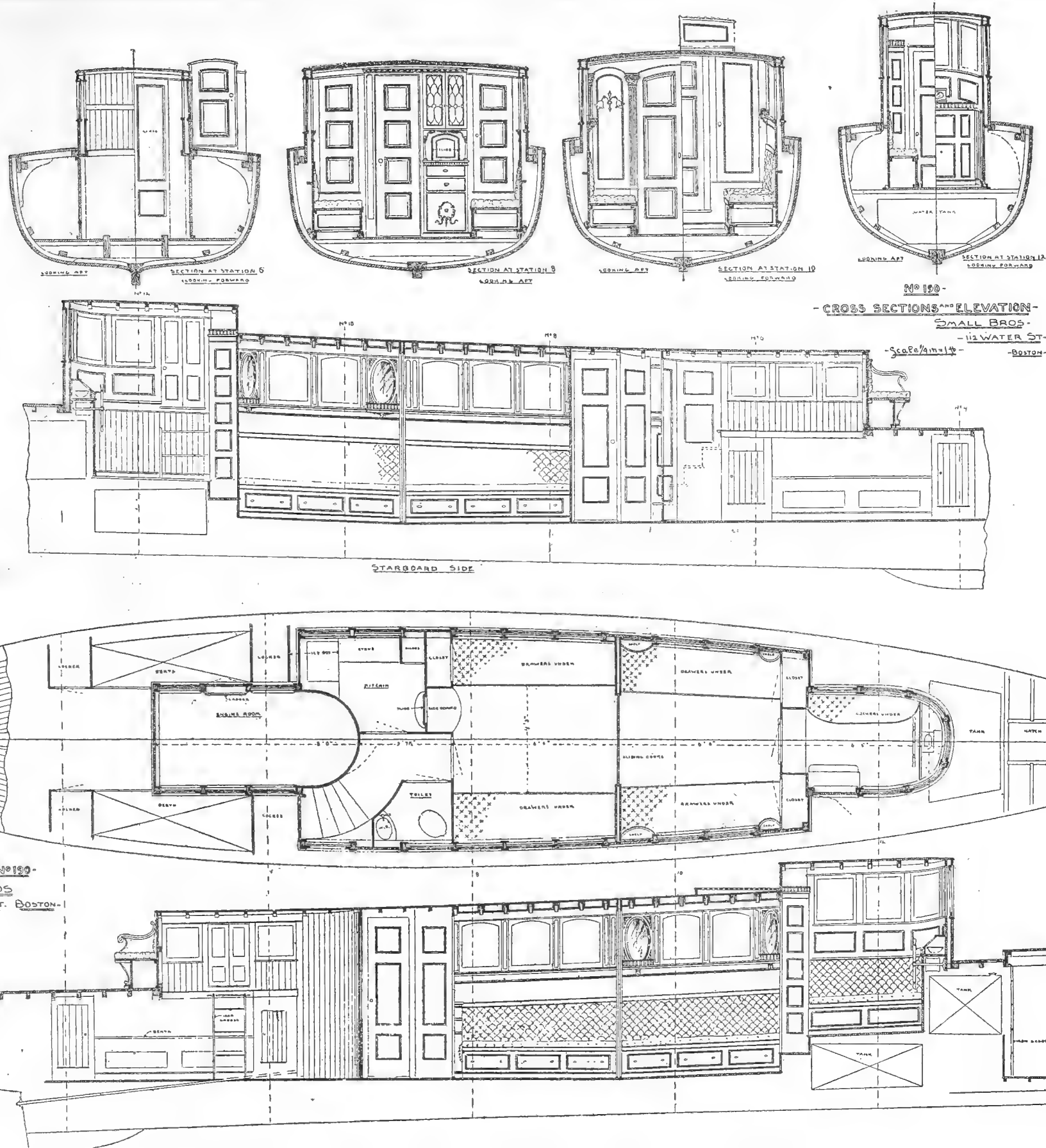
It is certainly a very valuable contribution to yacht measurement literature, and must attract the attention of all who are interested in the establishment of an equitable and fair method of measurement for the rating and classification of racing yachts.

The effort made to arrive at the value of sail area and to determine its true relation to speed, appeals to me very strongly, and, although, many differ from him in his deductions, they cannot but approve of his method of handling the subject.

It seems to me that his article is on the right lines and should be productive of good results in bringing about a general discussion of the proper factors and their relative and respective values in any rule that may be generally accepted.

In the consideration of these factors, taking up the question of sail area and its relation to speed, the use of square root or fourth root of sail area having been so ably treated in Mr. Phillips' reply, I shall not further discuss this branch of the subject, but proceed to a consideration of the value of sail area in whatever way it may be taken as affecting the speed of sailing vessels. I think it will have to be conceded that the independent value of sail area depends almost wholly upon the force or strength of the wind. That at times it is a benefit and at other times a handicap, and that the amount of sail that a boat can carry to advantage is a problem wholly for the designer to solve, and depends entirely upon conditions differing in different localities.

I am quite sure that the experiment suggested by Dr. Poor of taking three of the Newport thirties and increasing the rig of one, reducing the rig of another



INBOARD PROFILE, CABIN AND SECTIONAL PLANS OF 57-FOOT CRUISING LAUNCH.—DESIGNED BY SMALL BROS., FOR C. H. KELLEY. 1903.

and retaining the rig of the third, as it is at present, if successive trials were had in light, strong and heavy winds, that the boat with the largest rig would win in light winds, the one with the moderate rig in strong winds and the one with the smallest rig in heavy weather.

I am afraid that one would experience great difficulty in arriving at any accurate determination from the results in these trials, as to the exact value of a square foot of sail area as an independent speed factor, and that it might be found logical to fix its value in a minus quantity in some of the races that might be sailed by these boats.

I can confidently state as an owner of a Newport thirty for several years, from my experience in racing in my own boat, and in others of the same class, that any considerable increase or reduction in the sail area would be detrimental to the chances of winning a majority of the races sailed at Newport, and that no value could be correctly put upon sail area as a factor of speed independently of the other necessary factors of a rating formula.

The conclusion that the value of sail area cannot be taken by itself as a speed factor, brings us to the consideration of its true relation to speed and to its proper function in a rating formula.

Accepting the principle that within economic limits opportunities for speed vary in different vessels as the square roots of their respective lengths, we find that length alone without beam or depth is without power to carry sail or support any propelling force, and that with length it is necessary to have both beam and depth to utilize any power to produce speed. As we increase depth or beam or both, we increase the power and the ability to carry sail.

With the increase of power to carry sail, we increase the resistance by the increase of the bulk to be driven, and on a fixed length we find that within reasonable limitations the increase in the power to carry sail in order to maintain the same speed for the length, compels an increase in the driving power to overcome the increased resistance.

It would seem natural, therefore, to conclude that sail area or propelling force has only relation to the bulk or power to carry sail, and the resistance to be overcome.

Taking length as the index of speed and propelling force in proportion to bulk or differently expressed, sail area in proportion to displacement, I take it, we reach the true relation of sail area to speed and give it a proper place in rating measurement.

A formula with length as the factor of speed, and with an allotment of sail area to displacement, would seem to bring us to the true principle, which should be the foundation of any just rule.

While it is perfectly true that power can be obtained

by using draft or beam, or draft and beam on a reduced displacement, the reduction in the allotment of sail for the reduced displacement eliminates any undue advantage of this method of getting increased sail carrying power, and at the same time a reduction of the resistance.

The temptation to cut the displacement unduly is removed with a rule allotting sail area to displacement, and while the premium of additional sail area is given to increased displacement, the naval architect is left free to design a boat of a fixed length, of large displacement and a sail area proportionate to this displacement or a boat of small displacement with a restricted sail area in proportion to the reduced displacement, or vary the length, displacement or sail area in any proportions that may be deemed advisable, depending on the type of the boat desired, limited only by the total sum of the factors taken figured together according to the rating formula.

The rule, heretofore, in general use of $\frac{L + S.A.}{2}$ in which the length taken is the L. W. L. and the sail area is limited only by the length of the L. W. L. taken, has resulted in the building of boats with excessively long and full overhangs, in which the L. W. L. does not represent at all the actual length of the boat, and in the reduction of the displacement to the extreme limit so as to obtain the power to carry sail with the least resistance.

The natural result has been that the boats built under this rule have been substantially of one type, none others having the least chance of winning, and spoon bows, shoal bodies and deep fin keels have been evolved, one extreme following another, until it became necessary to build a machine to take any successful part in the racing.

In order to check the evasion of the length and sail area rule, girth rule was adopted by the Y. R. A. of Great Britain, and an effort made in that way to compel the taking of more displacement and a fuller midship section. The effect has been beneficial in promoting a better type of vessel, but not entirely successful in accomplishing satisfactory results.

With the same purpose in view, the Larchmont Y. C. and the Long Island Sound Y. R. A. have added to the rule penalties for excessively full waterlines and for lack of area in the midship section.

The effect of these limitations would seem to have been to hamper and control design and to simply promote the evasion of the restrictions. At best such a modification of the length and sail area rule must prove but a temporary make-shift and be superseded by a rule in which the proper relations of the factors of speed are established in a rating formula.

To the New York Y. C. belongs the credit of taking the initiative in a movement to better the existing con-

ditions and to determine the principles upon which the measurement and classification of yachts should be based.

The acceptance by that club of the report of a committee appointed to obtain the views of prominent designers and the adoption of a rule of measurement recommended, in which the factors of length, sail area and displacement are combined in a rating formula, makes the eventual establishment of a uniform system of measurement a matter certain of accomplishment.

The length in the old rule of L. W. L. has been discarded, and in its place a measurement of length taken at the quarter beam, which approximates the sailing length of the hull.

The sail area is the actual measured area of the sails. The principle of the allotment of sail to displacement or to length and displacement is embodied in the use of the displacement in the denominator of the formula.

If experience shall demonstrate that the exact relations established need modification, that the premium on displacement has been put too high, that the tax on sail has been fixed too low, that the advantage of length may not have been given sufficient importance, that the methods of measuring can be simplified, as these features are all matters of detail, they can be adjusted as experience may suggest.

There are no complications involved in the rule and no measurements or calculations required which cannot be made by anyone of ordinary intelligence or schooled in the simplest problems of mathematics.

That the rule will produce a more wholesome type of vessel to be developed under its influence, and that its adoption will admit of the building of such a type is certain, and also that such vessels will be rated by it in a way that will place them upon an equality in the matter of speed for rating with the machines evolved under the old rating.

The one other point to which attention should be called is the relation of displacement to light construction. In considering this relation it will be found that the premium on displacement minimizes to a very great extent the advantages heretofore obtained by the designer availing himself of the extreme possibilities of light construction and the dangerous saving of weight in the hulls, and that it also does away to a very great extent with the necessity for the adoption of any scantling rule or table of restrictions with respect to fittings or outfit.

In concluding what I have to say on this subject so important to the future development of yachting, I feel compelled to dissent from Dr. Poor's statement that "no consistent attempt has been made to study the scientific principles involved in the problem."

With the writings of such eminent authorities as Benson, Kemp, Bucknall, Kroman, Froude, with the suc-

cessive reports of the yacht racing associations of Great Britain and with the very learned and elaborate articles of other English, German, Danish and French writers, I cannot but think that the subject has received scientific treatment; in fact, I believe a perusal and careful study of the records of the last measurement committee of the New York Y. C. will convince anyone that a consistent attempt has been made by that club to arrive at the scientific principles involved in the problem and that the work of that committee has resulted in the formulating of a rule that is founded on correct principles.

N. D. LAWTON.

NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 21.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In compliance with your request, I send some comments on the interesting article of Mr. Charles Lane Poor on yacht measurement in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 21.

It is a convincing exposition of some of the fundamental fallacies of the current type of rules. There is little novelty in the substance of Mr. Poor's criticisms; but they are notably clear and are valuable. He has developed more fully than anyone else in these columns the inadequacy of the tax on S. A., and the incongruity of basing time allowances upon the theorem that speed varies as the \sqrt{L} , and calculating them upon the as-

sumption that the $\sqrt{L} = \sqrt{\frac{L + \sqrt{S.A.}}{3 \sqrt{D}}}$.

or some other term manufactured in like manner. But he does not see that whenever S. A. has been appropriately taxed in proportion to its effect on speed, any other term is not needed in a rating formula.

He points out that there is nothing to warrant the assumption of the N. Y. Rule that speed varies inversely as the \sqrt{D} ; but he fails to perceive that the rule would be improved for measuring purposes by leaving out the factor D.

And he has overlooked the important error of the N. Y. Rule, and all other rules of that type; viz., that they undertake to combine in one formula two independent and incompatible functions: the rating of yachts for time allowance, and the control of form. The term \sqrt{D} was put into the N. Y. Rule as a divisor, not because the authors of that rule believed that speed varies inversely as the square root of the \sqrt{D} ; but because they knew that this factor would tend to encourage the building of yachts of larger displacement, which is desirable, and because they guessed that allowances for \sqrt{D} would be about right to produce the kind of underwater body desired.

It is this futile attempt to kill two birds with one stone, though the birds are not in range, which makes the current rules illogical absurdities, and failures in controlling design within desired limits. The finest curio among formulae of this kind is that of the Seawanhaka Club; viz., $RL = \frac{1}{2} L. W. L. + \frac{1}{2} \sqrt{S.A.} + (B + B') - B'' + (B'' + D_1 + 2.5 D_2 + D_3) - 3 \sqrt{3} \sqrt{VMS}$. So far as we are informed, time allowances are figured upon the assumption that speed varies as the square root of this combination.

The guarded proposition found in sundry yacht club books that "within economic limits opportunities for speed vary in different vessels as the square roots of their respective lengths" has been a fruitful source of confusion, which its terms do not seem to warrant.

Mr. Poor takes this to mean that "under normal conditions" the \sqrt{L} may be taken as a vessel's speed in knots, and apparently he thinks this is true without reference to the amount of motive power. For later he says: "The fact that the larger hull can be driven faster by the same power has been demonstrated time and again."

If it has the meaning Mr. Poor gives it, the theorem does not accord with facts; and it has long been misused by all yacht clubs. For example, in 1887, the Seawanhaka club book, after reciting the theorem, gives a table wherein the allowances are only 40 per cent. of those which would be required if $\sqrt{L} = \text{speed}$. In 1889 50 per cent. was given. The Herreshoff tables, in use by the New England Y. R. A. in 1888, gave about 52 per cent.; and now, according to Mr. Poor, the N. Y. Club gives 80 per cent. of the allowances that would be due if $\text{speed} = \sqrt{L}$. In a recent elementary textbook of naval architecture by E. L. Attwood, the author says: "That in full-sized ships driven at a moderate economical speed" the $\text{speed} = .5 \text{ to } 6.5 \sqrt{L}$; for mail steamers and battleships, .7 to 1 \sqrt{L} ; for cruisers, 1 to 1.3 \sqrt{L} ; and for torpedo boats, 1.9 to 2.3 \sqrt{L} .

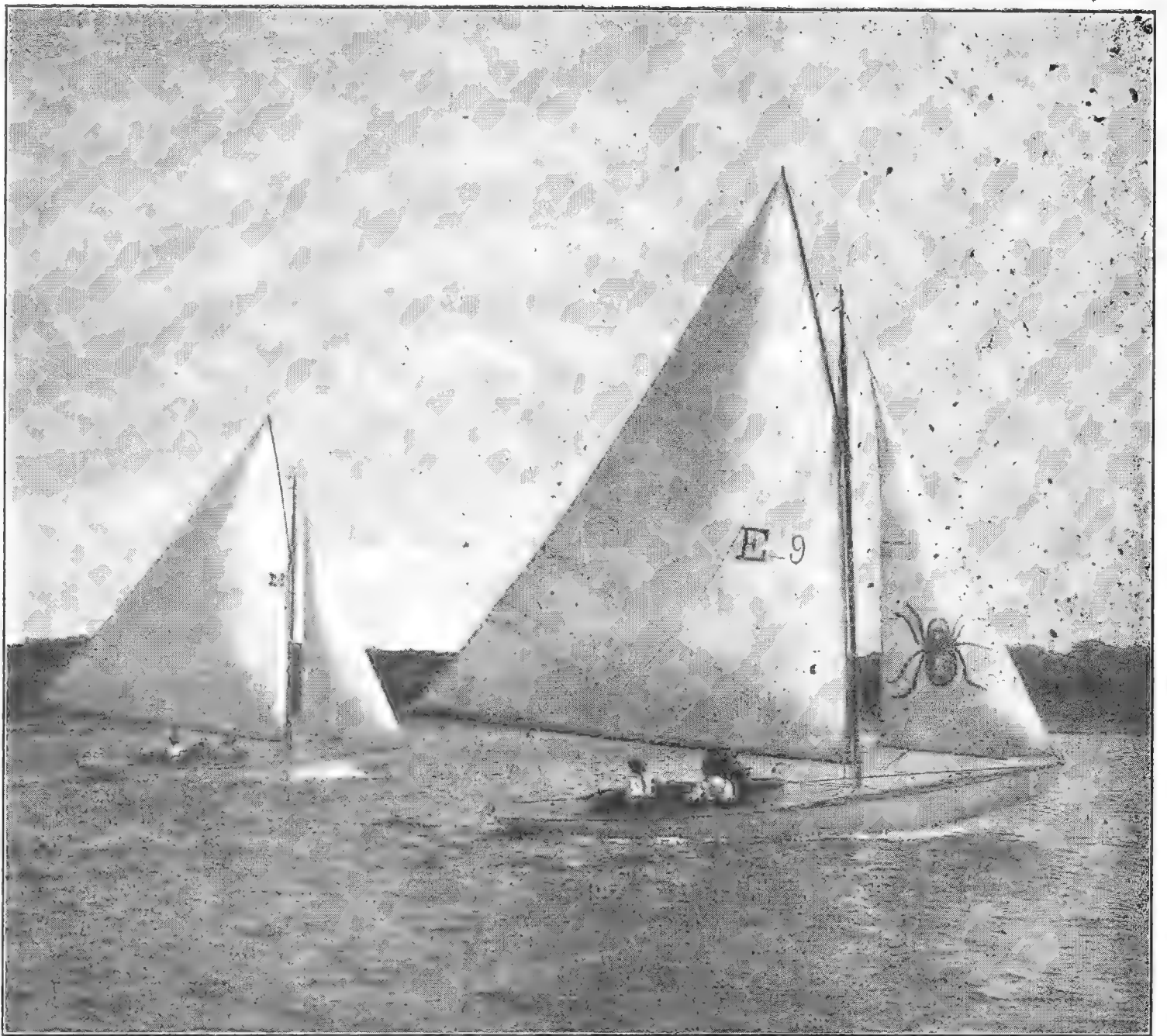
Froude's law provides that, "In comparing similar ships or ships with models, the speed must be proportional to the square root of their linear dimensions." That is to say, taking Mr. Poor's example, if a yacht 36ft. long has a speed of, say 6 knots, the corresponding speed of a similar yacht (having sufficient sail) 100ft.

long, would be $\sqrt{\frac{100}{36}} = 1.66$ times 6 knots = 10 knots. In other words, the rule fixes the ratio of the speeds, but does not determine the absolute speed of either yacht. This, the writer understands, is the meaning of the theorem that is used as a basis for time allowance tables.

Froude's law also provides that the resistances of two similar vessels at their corresponding speeds will be as the cube of their linear ratio: Thus, in the above example, the 100ft. yacht at 10 knots would have $(2.8)^3 = 21.95$ times the resistance of the 36-footer at 6 knots, and would need increased sail in the same proportion.

Mr. Poor maintains that length is a factor in "producing speed," and he alleges that "the fact that the larger hull can be driven faster by the same power has been demonstrated time and again."

This last statement needs considerable qualification. It is not true of vessels driven at ordinary speeds, or of sailing yachts at the speeds which they can attain by their own sail. In general, increase of length (motive power being constant), decreases speed by increasing skin friction. The wave-making resistance of long vessels at high speeds is less than that of short ones; and at certain very high speeds, when the resistance from wave-making is considerably larger than the skin friction, a long vessel might save enough in wave-



SPIDER.

Designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. Owned by E. M. Stone.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

making resistance to more than offset her increased skin friction over a shorter vessel. In such case her total resistance would be less than that of the shorter vessel. But these cases are not found in the racing of sailing yachts. According to theory, for moderate speeds, the resistance varies (1) as the immersed surface which varies as L^2 , and (2) as the square of the speed, which varies as L ; so that as noted above, theoretically, the resistance of two similar vessels of different lengths at different speeds will be proportional to the cube of their linear ratios. And Mr. Froude found this to be true by experiments.

The singular results obtained by him at high speeds in towing models having long parallel middle bodies, have no bearing upon the question of rating rules for yacht racing.

That L or D or B cannot "produce" speed must be obvious to anyone who will stop a moment for reflection. They may all modify speed by modifying resistance. The only factor which can produce speed manifestly is motive power—sail. When the whole of S.A. has been taxed nothing remains for legitimate taxation, because nothing else produces speed, or alone measures speed. If S. A. were kept constant, all the factors which make up resistance would together be a measure of speed; and they might be used for that purpose if their proportional influence could be ascertained and expressed in figures; but it cannot. Nothing is gained by attempting to use fractions of more than one measure. A yard stick is a complete measure; and using parts of two or more, adds nothing to the accuracy of a measurement, and is more inconvenient.

Negative speed factors, like D and B, should not be introduced into speed formulae by way of rewarding hindrance to speed, because a rating rule for racing yachts should tend to encourage the development of speed, and should be designed only to calculate the handicap which a yacht should suffer by reason of having an excess of motive power. In other words, there should be no penalty upon the skill of the designer. From a racing point of view the best designer is the one who can get the most speed with a given motive power.

The fact that it may be necessary or expedient to impose certain restrictions upon design and construction, in order to have safe and desirable racing yachts, has no more to do with the logic of the rules for handicapping purposes than the fact that it may also be expedient to require certain small boats, life buoys and anchors to be carried during races. Such matters can be attended to without interfering with the rating formulae.

Notwithstanding the unsoundness of the assumptions concerning the relations of the formula factors to speed, upon which the current type of rules is based, their failure as handicapping rules is not of great moment, because, in order to escape the results of these defects, yachts are largely built up to the limit of their class, so that the allowances are small in amount. The abolishing of time allowances would probably be advantageous. It is in its function of restricting the building of freak yachts, and of encouraging the building of good, seaworthy yachts that the rules fail completely. And could any other result be rightfully expected? Suppose any yachtsman or engineer were given a commission to make a regulation to prevent the building of light displacement yachts without reference to any other consideration. Is it conceivable that he would look up the regulations governing handicapping, and try to work them over into a form which

would also serve the purposes of his problem, and yet not injure their efficiency for handicapping? Or would he be likely to state in plain terms the minimum displacement in proportion to length, permissible for any yacht, with suitable restrictions as to its distribution in respect to height and width?

There is no good reason why the two matters of measurement for time allowance and restrictions on design cannot be treated separately, and the advantages of considering each by itself are evident.

What will be the result of attempting to regulate the matter of displacement by putting the $\sqrt{V D}$ into the measurement formula as a divisor? First, it will injure the rule as a measuring device. Second, it will necessitate years of experimental designing, building and racing of yachts at large expense to discover what amount and arrangement of displacement will give a yacht the best combination of speed and time allowance under this formula. And the chances are a thousand to one that the successful form will be found to have either more or less displacement than is desirable, or will have it distributed in an awkward form of hull. Worst of all, no advance will have been made in the matter of measurement, and no commensurate improvement in designing.

The genius and skill of yacht architects should be devoted to the discovery of forms of least resistance instead of to the engineering problem of carrying the largest sail on the frailest hull with the smallest and lightest spars and rigging; or to the problem of devising the best means to "beat the rule."

SEXTANT.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

There was a report current last week to the effect that the gasoline yacht Roamer, owned by Mr. H. C. Roome, had been lost on Rum Bay in the Bahamas. When an attempt was made to verify the report, it was found that the yacht that was wrecked was not Mr. Roome's Roamer, but a schooner of the same name owned by a Colonel Campbell, which boat sailed from Jacksonville over two weeks ago. She was built in Beaufort, N. C., in 1899, and was 77ft. over all, 66ft. on the waterline, 26ft. beam, 4ft. deep and 5ft. draft. She was 55 tons, and was formerly owned by Mr. C. E. Whitehurst, of Baltimore.

There are building at Mr. Willard F. Downs' yard at Bayshore, L. I., three one-design boats from designs made by Mr. Henry J. Gielow. The boats are 26ft. 8in. over all, 17ft. waterline, 7ft. 6in. breadth and 2ft. draft. There are 1,000 pounds of outside ballast on their keels, and the boats will carry 424 sq. ft. of sail in their mainsails and jibs. The boats are to be delivered complete to their owners on May 15, 1904. It is very likely that several more boats will be built from the same design.

The South Coast Y. C. will soon have a \$15,000 club house built at San Pedro, Cal.

Mr. Edson B. Schock has opened a brokerage department in connection with his regular business as naval architect. Mr. Schock was formerly with Mr. A. Cary Smith, and also had charge of the construction of the Holland torpedo boats and the U. S. cruiser

Chattanooga, which vessels were built at the Crescent Shipyard, Elizabethport, N. J. Among the yachts turned out this winter by Mr. Schock are the following: 50ft. launch for Mr. Wm. E. C. Mayer, of Brooklyn; 36ft. launch for Mr. E. H. Foss, of Bay City, Mich.; 43ft. steam launch for Mr. E. M. Fulton, of Annapolis, Md.; 30ft. catboat for Mr. C. Shearer, of New York City; 28ft. catboat for Mr. Wm. F. Zimmerman, of New York city, and a 36ft. sloop for Mr. Alex Rennick, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Joseph Fellows, of Los Angeles, Cal., is building a racing sloop for Mr. Walter Folsom, and a 40ft cruising yawl for a gentleman whose name is withheld for the present.

A dinner was given to Mr. Wilson Marshall, owner of the new auxiliary schooner Atlantic, by his friends at Rector's, on Saturday night, Dec. 19. Mr. Marshall was presented with a loving cup.

The regular meeting of the Old Mill Y. C. was held at the club house on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 13, and the following officers were elected: Com., John May; Vice-Com., C. Mehrkens; Rear-Com., C. W. Cooper; Rec. Sec., George Buehler; Cor. Sec., E. Ferry, and Treas., Harry Walker. The report of the Board of Trustees showed a very healthy condition of the financial affairs of the club. The club has grown to such an extent during the past three or four years that it is absolutely necessary to make an addition to the quarters on Jamaica Bay, and as soon as the weather permits work in the extension will begin with a view to having the improved home ready when the club goes in commission in the spring.

The Jamaica Bay Y. R. A. is exploiting a one-design class of shallow draft 18-footers, and several members of the Old Mill Y. C. have agreed to build in this class.

Ruffhouse, the house-boat built by the Nilson Yacht Building Co., of Ferry Bar, Baltimore, Md., from designs by Messrs. Sadler, Perkins and Field, for Mr. A. R. Whitney, of Morristown, left Baltimore on Dec. 19 for Florida by the inside route. The plans of this boat appeared in FOREST AND STREAM Nov. 21.

The auxiliary Aloha, owned by Com. A. Curtiss James, reached New York on Dec. 19, twenty-five days out from Falmouth, England. The yacht returned by the southern route, and she had good weather until she reached Bermuda. From the time Aloha left Bermuda strong N. W. gales were encountered. Aloha has been making an extended cruise in foreign waters, and while she was away she figured in two collisions. On the night of Sept. 17 she lost her lower fore yard when in collision with a fishing vessel off May Island. She put into Leith the day following. On Oct. 28 Aloha reached Falmouth with her bowsprit and head gear carried away. This time she had been in collision with the British tramp steamer Zoroaster.

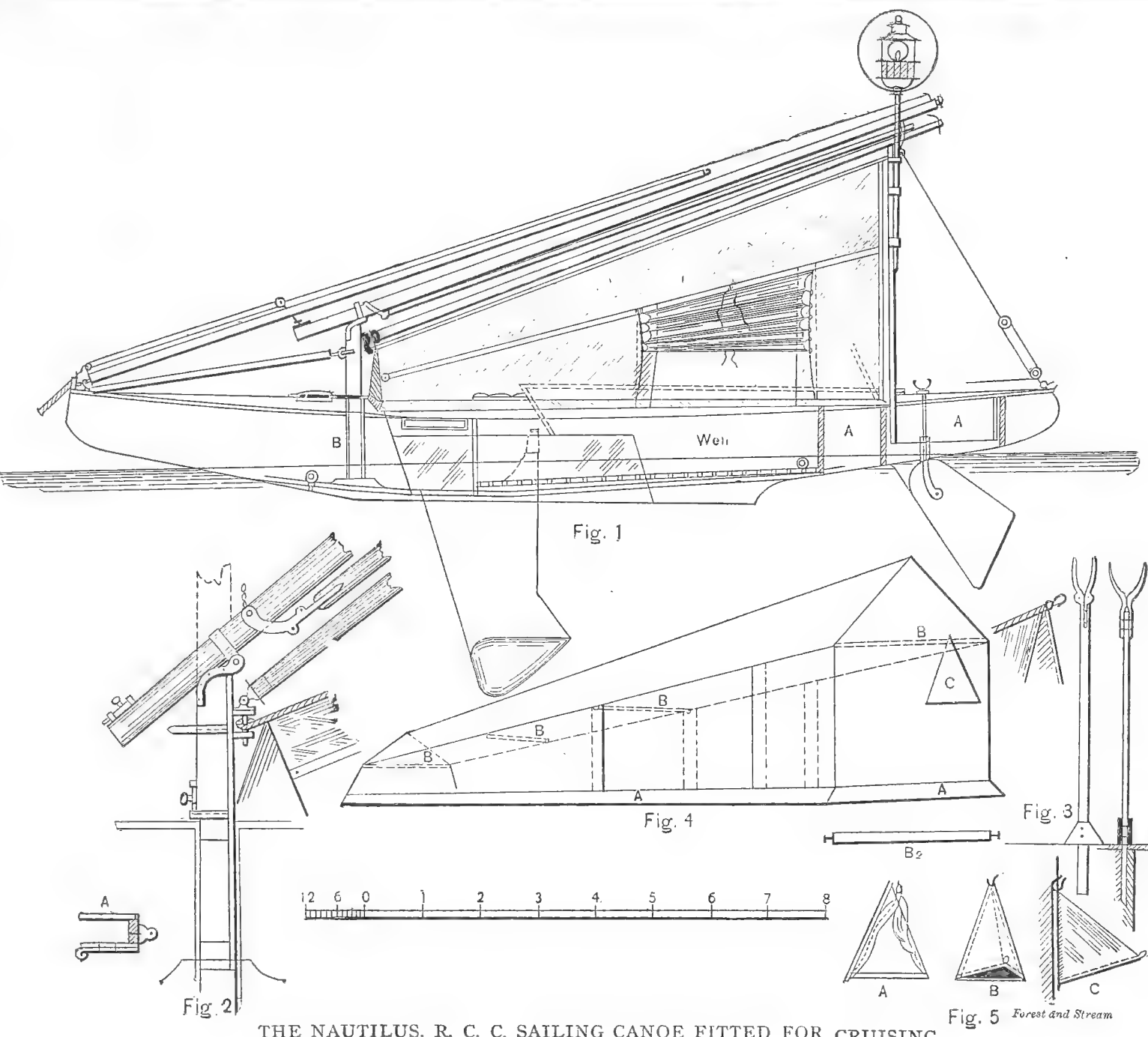
The second annual dinner of the Red Bank Y. C. was given at Delmonico's on Saturday night, Dec. 19. Over 100 members and their guests were present.

A venturesome old salt living in New Zealand has built a yawl, intending to sail in her with one other hand to London, via Cape Horn, and afterward to the St. Louis exhibition.

The boat is much after the style of a ship's lifeboat, with more rise of floor and freeboard, and with a keel running from nothing forward to close on 2ft. at the heel. The boat is built of kauri, with three skins—two diagonal and the third and outer fore and aft. Her dimensions are: Length, over all, 22ft.; beam, 6ft. 6in.; draft, 3ft. 6in. Ballast consists of 4cwt. of shingle inside and 7½ cwt. of lead on the keel, but she has also four tanks, holding 128 gallons of fresh water, placed low down on the keel, and it is the intention, as these are emptied, to refill with the briny. She has a small raised cabin top with sliding companion and a water tight self-draining cockpit lined with zinc. A pipe with stopcock connects this cockpit with the tanks, so that by shutting off drain pipes any fresh water caught in the cockpit during a heavy rain can be run into tanks. She is rigged as a pole-masted yawl with jib-headed mizzen. Mast, 21ft. over all, 12ft. hoist; beam, 12ft. 6in.; gaff, 10ft.; mizzen boom, 5ft.; no bowsprit. There is nothing special about the rigging in the way of reefing gear, but everything is good and sound.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Tarantula, the turbine yacht owned by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, is at Tebo's, South Brooklyn, where she will receive a general overhauling. The forward center turbine will be removed and numerous other changes will be made in her machinery.

Mr. T. Jenkins Haines, the well-known writer of sea stories and author of "Wind Jammers," "The Strife of the Sea" and "The Wreck of the Conemaugh," with his wife and the crew, was rescued from his yacht Edna by schooner William G. Tanner. Edna left Ocracoke, N. C., on Dec. 7 for Florida. On the afternoon of Dec. 9 she was struck by a heavy gale and was blown several hundred miles off her course. Thrashing around in the heavy seas caused her rigging to part and considerable water found its way below. On Dec. 11 the bowsprit was snapped off at the stem head, and on the day following, Dec. 12, the rudder was carried away. The yacht became unmanageable and an ensign was hoisted at half mast. The signal of distress was seen by Captain Johnson, of the schooner William C. Tanner, and he ran down and passed a line to the unseaworthy yacht. The owner and his wife, together with the crew, were taken aboard the schooner, and



THE NAUTILUS, R. C. C. SAILING CANOE FITTED FOR CRUISING.

some few things were saved from the yacht. Edna was abandoned after an unsuccessful effort to tow her had been made. Edna was built by Geo. Lawley in South Boston, a number of years ago.

Canoeing

Cruising Competition Awards

WHEN we say that canoeists are apathetic and indifferent to the papers that devote space to their favorite pastime, we speak advisedly, and this has been a source of regret, not to say disappointment, to us. Our columns have been open to canoeists for the past thirty years, but only a few enthusiasts have taken advantage of this; yet it is only through the medium of the papers that sportsmen can keep in touch with one another.

It was with some misgiving that we gave out the canoeing competition, for we were uncertain as to what sort of a reception it would receive, and it was an open question whether it would be properly supported. However, the results prove that we were on the right track. The competition seemed to infuse new life among canoeists, and we hope that it will prove to be a stimulus, to revive and awaken new interest in FOREST AND STREAM as a canoeing paper. We hope that we are on the eve of a new era, and that canoeists, both individually and collectively, will accord us the hearty support that we have given them in the past.

The stories submitted in the competition were numerous, and the cruising grounds were varied and well scattered. If any general criticism were made, it might be that not enough attention was paid to practical hints while en route. We wish to lay particular stress on this point, for while in almost every instance a list of supplies was given, the logs were sadly lacking in pilotage notes and suggestions.

The photographs sent in with the stories were not all that might be wished. Those sent in by L. O. Armstrong, who won the fifth prize, are really superb. Solio prints, with a glossy surface, give good results in making half-tones, and competitors in the future should bear this fact in mind.

To "Hector and Me," by Mr. C. S. Howard, of Toronto, Canada, was awarded first prize of fifty dollars.

The second prize goes to one of the oldest and best known writers on canoeing subjects in this country, Mr. Perry D. Fraser, of St. Louis, Mo. His cruise was entitled, "The Nomads on the Osage."

"The Cruise of the Red and the Green," by Arthur L. Wheeler, Bryn Mawr, Pa., third prize.

"The '03 Log of the Frankie," by F. R. Webb, of Staunton, Va., fourth prize.

"Mississaga Canoe Trip," by L. O. Armstrong, of Montreal, Canada, fifth prize.

"The Log of the Iris," by J. M. Stalker, Detroit, Mich., sixth prize.

"Canoe Cruising in Canada," by R. W. Ashcroft, New York City, seventh prize.

"A Canoe Cruise," by William H. L'Estrange, of Duluth, Mich., eighth prize.

Among the others sent in the following are particularly deserving of honorable mention:

"The Allegash Canoe Trip," G. Harry Sperry, Brookline, Mass.

"Canoeing on the Delaware River," William Ellery Tufts, Bath Beach, N. Y.

"A 350 Mile Canoe Trip," J. Philip Wahlmean, New York city.

"In Canoe and Camp," C. E. Noxon, Rochester, N. Y.

The Canoe Tent of the Nautilus Sailing Canoe.

From the London Field.

CANOE tents, at least such as have proved successful, have varied very little in design during the last twenty years; peculiar formations have occasionally been brought out, but never seen again, having failed when put to actual test. Probably the wall-sided tent with sloping roof is the most popular; but it is not so much in relation to general design as it is to detail that a tent is successful or the reverse.

One dominating requirement in a canoe tent, which is to be used on the canoe afloat, is that of convenience of stowage and lightness of structure. There must be no long poles about it, any stiffening spars or stretchers must be withdrawable, so that the tent itself may be packed or folded into the smallest possible package, and no spar be longer than can be stowed up under the side deck in the well; but, preferably, such spreaders should be stowable via the fore hatch into the forward compartment. Another point in favor of stowing in the forehold is that the tent is more likely to be kept dry, a very important state so long as it can be maintained. A saturated tent will be clammy and steamy inside all night, and will convey its dampness to everything exposed, including the man. A dry tent set up properly will, on a wet night, so shoot the rain as to remain practically dry on the inside all night; but with the doors, to be afterward described, much of the discomfort of a wet, clammy tent can be obviated, and the steam from the kettle carried off.

The leading requirements for a canoe tent for use afloat are as follows: (1) It should, when fully set up, give sufficient width and head room for the skipper to change all his clothes; and then be reefable for a bad night, to a mere slanting roof, so as to avoid the danger and discomfort of considerable surfaces exposed to wind and rain. (2) The tent should be of such nature in shape and substance of stuff that, when set up, it is practically rainproof; and the details of eyelet holes for spreaders, and of lashings, must be looked to to prevent the admission of wet. (3) The mode of setting up must be such as can be operated afloat from inside the tent, especially as to rapidly striking tent should a sudden night shift have to be made. (4) Entry or exit should be obtainable on either side not at the ends, and yet the doors should be closable as nearly wind and rain tight as possible. (5) The standing of the tent must be quite independent of the mast and spars; and the tent in no way attached to any of the sailing gear. On a very wet night it is no harm, indeed, it is a great comfort, to spread a light fly sheet over the lowered mast and spars, first fetching, say, half way down the walls with a lanyard or two to the deck edge; it not only shoots the rain, but it very much deadens the unpleasant noise of the rain patter which occurs on the well stretched roof when left exposed. (6) The ventilation of the tent must be independent of the side doors, and yet not admit rain. In dry weather there will be always more than enough ventilation blowing in all round the deck edges of the tent; but in wet weather the foot curtain, being wet, will pretty well stick to the deck; then a window, if not two, will be wanted.

So much for the qualifications of the tent. Now for safety, comfort, and quietness at night the mast ought to be lowered, but every bit of sailing gear should still be in such a position, and free of any tent ties, as to be immediately set up without waiting to strike the tent. It will be seen by the drawing that by pulling on the fore stay tackle the mast could be set up, and

held up, and the roller foresail could be used to shift berth, a cross yoke being put on the rudder head instead of the tiller, the hoisting, staying and sail setting can be done inside the tent, and the anchor tripped up to the stem, as all the ropes lead in under the fore end of the tent to the cleats at fore end of the well, and the side doors would be used for look out and working, perhaps for paddling. Of course this would only be done in moderate weather, but it might be raining hard, in which case it would be a great comfort not to get the well and gear wet in the middle of the night. As those know who have done much canoe camping on lakes or estuaries, a night shift of berth is by no means an uncommon occurrence; the snug berth under the lee of an island on a large loch enjoyed during the evening in quiet, may in the early hours of morning be turned by a shift of wind into a dangerous berth necessitating an immediate move.

In this connection the fly sheet over the lowered mast plays a very important part. If the shift is likely to be a difficult job, and action is taken in good time, and rain is pouring down, the first thing to do is to bag and stow all the bed gear and other things in the canoe; dress in rain suit, and then proceed to strike and stow the tent; all this is done under shelter of the fly sheet. Then the work of stowing the fly sheet, the crutch, the lamp, etc., and setting up the mast is, as the novels say, the work of a moment. But on a dark, wet, and windy night the success of this stowage depends on all fittings having been well planned and no lashing to undo.

Turning now to the drawings, Fig. 1 shows practically a longitudinal section of the Nautilus, one of the R. C. C. sailing canoe class. In such a sketch, which is mainly intended to show general principles rather than detail, it is difficult to keep detail from becoming confusing, except to experts. In the rigging portion only the bare spars and the forestay are shown, but all the gear, shrouds, etc., would just be held in position by a tye put around all half way between the tabernacle and the crutch. Fig. 2 shows the tabernacle: A is a birdseye view showing how the spinnaker boom sits on one side to allow lowering of the mast; the locking heel bolt of the mast is put there to ease the strain on the stay or in case of accident to the stay when sailing. The tabernacle is merely a three-sided and open fore-side box, strengthened with internal block pieces at deck and heel, and with brass plates at top and at deck for trunnion and bolt respectively. When lowered to and beyond the position shown in the drawing, the trunnion bolt has a lateral play allowed so that the mast and all spars and gear lie down to deck at an angle of about 10 to 12 degrees; the object of this is to give working room in the cockpit for paddling or for fishing. The crutch, Fig. 3, is a brass jaw fitted to a flat sectioned spar just of a size to fit into the rudder case, with a pair of shoulders to take the deck edge of the case; it is set up by a guy and small tackle to an eye bolt on the taffrail. The tent ridge rope hooks on to a flange eye of the jaws. The lamp staff ships into brass or leather sockets, as shown; the staff and ring being the fishing landing net handle and collapsible ring. The lamp is the ordinary boat lamp, the lower part of which, shaded black, contains the green and red glasses for sailing lights. An all-round white light is enough to show in most places, but in navigating the lower Thames, or any much frequented water, it is better to keep the lamp below deck, and to exhibit the proper colored light by hand in due time.

Various fabrics for tents have been tried for years past, each of which, while new, has been satisfactory: but undoubtedly the medium union silk tent of this year, 1903, appears to give the best results, especially in its non-wettable quality. Green Willemsden canvas has been tried, but it is heavy; the green color is very pleasant when the sun comes out bright and hot in early morning, but we have had but little of that state of things this year. Once it gets wet through, the canvas takes a long time to dry, and when wet it is hard and heavy. Fig. 4 shows the tent, as to its seams, from a port corner or quarter view. The roof is preferably of much stouter stuff than the walls. A dressed rope is sewn along the roof ridge, and it is fitted with a large brass snaphook at fore end, to snap on to the boom gooseneck pin (see Fig. 2); the after end is a plain hook to hook into the flange eye of the crutch jaws. The bottom edge, all round, has a curtain flap, A, about 3 in. of light union, to lie on the deck, and prevent drafts and splashing. The four transverse broken lines B across at the lower edge of roof represent wood or bamboo stretchers, shown out at B2; these are fitted with a round headed brass screw in each end, which ships into an eyelet hole sewn in the broad hem (see Fig. 1). The door curtain travels by rings on a brass wire, within a doubled wall edge or tabling, a bamboo spreader, with a brass eye at each end, being let into a broad hem or pocket at the bottom of the door curtain, keeps it steady and stretched; the door can be tied up or down.

The window shown in Fig. 5, and C in Fig. 4, is a triangular cut in the rear wall, with a tabled edge. To the sides is sewn a window cover of ridge triangular form, with a rope becket at its point and a hook at its top. A shows it hooked open; B shows it down for rain, yet ventilating; C the same but a side view, and there can be a hook at side as in B for hooking the window close on a stormy night. A small bamboo strut is generally used with the becket to stand the cover out, as in C. The window must be in the position shown in Fig. 4, because if it were put above the stretcher it would have to be in the middle and would come against the crutch spur; and it would be too high for convenient look out. The lamp can be unshipped by hand via the window, but a more convenient way is to unship, say, the port end of the after spreader and the port aft corner deck hook, and stand up through the door, the after part of the tent being partially collapsed. A window of similar build, but smaller, can be fitted in the fore end; but it is not necessary and gives a bad draft to the lamp in the cooking basket, which stands over the center plate.

With regard to the boat, it would certainly surprise

any man who has not tried one to see what a comfortable amount of personal space and gear stowage there is in one of these Royal C. C. canoes. In Fig. 1, AA is the after watertight locker, bulkheaded off from the "well," and only divided in its after part by the rudder case. The hatchway thereto, shown dotted, forms a seat, convenient for changing clothes, and is, of course, within the tent. The "well" extends from that aft bulkhead to the forward bulkhead, which supports the centerboard case and a bucket well, or troughed deck, in which the two fore hatchways are fitted, one on each side of this slanting well. The fore compartment B extends from the fore bulkhead to the stem, and it is only partly interfered with by the center plate case and the mast case. The small hatch in the deck just forward of the mast is for putting the hook of the slings into the eye bolt in the keel, the other slinging eye bolt being at aft end of well, close to the bulkhead. Canoes so fitted can be hung on the ordinary yacht's davits by a short sling of rope and hook to come above deck and take the ordinary davit tackle, or they can be slung by a wire rope sling with ring amidships and fore end led through well hatch and hooked or shackled to the two keel eyebolts. This form of sling can be put on in a few moments when afloat alongside a steamer or a railway pier; provided, of course, that the bolts are in the keel and the slings have been provided and are in the boat. In slinging for a steamer or railway crane hoist, it is best to have the mast up and the center plate down, that is, until just landing on deck of steamer or into truck; it keeps the canoe steady upright. By the way, the slings should be tested to nearly double the weight of canoe and man before using, because the crane men are apt to give such a terribly sudden jerk in lifting.

One word, perhaps, is necessary as to setting the tent when afloat. The ridge is snaphooked to the mast gooseneck pin and to the crutch and then set taut; one side is then fastened down to the deck, then the other side, and after that the roof spreaders are put in. With a plain center plate it is advisable to keep it down all night, a tent of the size shown holds a lot of wind when struck abeam; but with a bulb keel, if there is any question as to available depth of water, the bulb can safely be kept just below the canoe's keel, but ready to be lowered away if a squall strikes her. The spars, mast and all, are hollow built, and though somewhat large in appearance, they are extremely light. She sets, with the cruising rig shown, a gaff mainsail of 84 sq. ft., clutch roller reefing, and a roller foresail of about 30 ft. Such an amount of sail will be, and has been, found ample for any open water or large loch cruising; indeed, it would be too much but for the heavy bulb on the center plate, that is, when cruising in the vicinity of high land.

The rudder can be lifted entirely through the boat; but when it is up the canoe will not lie so quietly and will sheer badly, except in some conditions of tide and wind, so it is necessary to use the rudder in different ways even when at anchor. The rudder mechanism was fully described, with drawings, in the Field of Jan. 3 of this year, and the roller reefing gear was described on March 14; since then it has been tested in every condition of wind and sea, and has thus far been faultless.

The tent above described was made by Jackson, the sailmaker, of Norwich, from large scale drawings, and, of course, to fit my boat; but as the R. C. C. class boats are so much alike the same drawings would suit any boat in the class, and Jackson has permission to reproduce the tent for any one. The scale on this drawing will give the governing size, but the detail of make is too voluminous to attach to a mere descriptive drawing. Many little fittings have, since the tent was first tried in the spring, been put on with intention of bettering; one, for instance, is that the four-corner deck fastenings are effected with small brass coil springs, Woodnutt's, so that wet or dry, there is always sufficient tension to keep a taut wall, and a small pull on the after guy tackle sets all up rigidly.

The internal fittings, the bed, the mode of stowing stores and clothes are, of course, all the result of lengthy experience, but that they suit one man is no certainty that they will suit others. One main difficulty is carrying and keeping good water. Tanks prove expensive, a great trouble carrying on shore, to fill, to stow, to draw water from, and to clean. So I have used lately only tin cans with screw tops and washers. Then there is the trouble of an effective yet safe cabin lamp; a dull oil lamp is miserable, and generally stinks; stowing oil is a trouble, and sure to be leaking. The boat lamp burns Sera wax, nice, clean stuff to stow, but thus far not used often enough to report upon. Many men recommend acetylene for all lamps, but questions arise, has it been tried inside a tent? and what risk of a blow up, also as to smells. Acetylene gas certainly gives a magnificent light in bicycle and motor car lamps. However, the yacht pattern of spring candle lamp takes a lot of beating.

These points, though interesting, are mere questions of comfort, and are quite secondary to the first wants, viz., an efficient boat fitted with a reliable tent, and as much solid camp comfort as can be got in so small a craft as a sailing canoe.

W. BADEN-POWELL.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

The annual election of officers of the New York C. C. and its general meeting took place at the Arena, West Thirty-first street, on Thursday evening, December 10, with the following result: President, Woolsey Carmalt; Secretary, Ashley Bigelow, 100 East Seventeenth street; Treasurer, Robert S. Hawthorne; Captain, John R. Brophy; Mate, William Yelland, Jr.; Trustees—Richard S. Foster, Elbert A. Bennett, Louis S. Tieman; Auditing Committee—Daniel B. Goodsell, Frank C. Hoyt. The club, now in its thirty-third year, has just closed one of its most successful seasons from the point of view of both racing and cruising. Its members cruised on the Delaware, the Millstone, and St. Lawrence rivers, in northern Canada, the Shrewsbury and other localities; eleven members attended the annual camp of the A. C. A. at Sugar Island, and, incidentally, won a number of races, while the club took an active part in the races of the

Gravesend Bay Yacht Racing Association as well. Plans are under way for extensive improvements to the club's property, foot of Harway avenue, Bath Beach, Brooklyn, on Gravesend Bay, and the members can confidently look forward, under the present conditions, to another banner year.

Henry Stanton, Commodore of the American Canoe Association in 1890, and, as such, in command of the splendid camp at Jessup's Neck, Peconic Bay, in August of that year—the largest in the Association's history—died at the Hotel St. Andrew, New York, on Saturday, December 5, 1903, in the sixtieth year of his age. Mr. Stanton joined the Knickerbocker Canoe Club in 1885, and was at different times its secretary and commodore. He was also Vice-Commodore of the Atlantic Division in 1889, and organizer and one of three members of the famed "I. C. A." His many old friends in the A. C. A. will sincerely mourn for him, and with his widow in the sad loss she has sustained.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Dec. 25.—Utica, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the Riverside Gun Club. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
Dec. 28-31.—St. Joseph, Mo.—First annual Interstate tournament. Managers, F. B. Cunningham, St. Joseph, and Chris. Gottlieb, Kansas City.

1904.

Jan. 1.—Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club amateur tournament and contest for English Hotel cup; Fred Erb, Jr. (holder), against Ed Voris. Jas. W. Bell, Sec'y.
Jan. 1.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club second annual tournament. A. J. Du Bois, Sec'y.
Jan. 12-15.—Hamilton, Ont., Gun Club tournament.
Jan. 18-23.—Brenham, Tex.—Sunny South Handicap.
Feb. 22.—Lexington, Ky.—Jefferson County Gun Club.
Feb. 23-26.—West Baden, Ind.—Colonial Handicap. Targets and pigeons. Open. \$500 guaranteed. John L. Winston, Mgr.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

For the Phellis trophy, the Urban, O., Gun Club has challenged the Cincinnati Gun Club to a team contest to be held on Dec. 30.

The many experts, shooters and missionaries, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., were visitors in New York several days last week, under the able leadership of Mr. Irby Bennett.

In the championship shoot of the Highland Gun Club, Germantown, Pa., held at Gorgas Station, Messrs. Myers and Harper tied on 17 out of 25. In the shoot-off Harper won by a score of 11 to 7.

The Franciolo cup will be shot for by the members of the Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Gun Club, on Dec. 25. The Ira McKane medal for 1904 is for six competitions at the monthly shoots of the club, and the member who wins it the most times becomes the owner.

Mr. C. G. Grubb writes us that "all gun clubs in western Pennsylvania are requested to have one or more representatives present at the annual meeting of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League, to be held at the office of the Sportsmen's Supply Co., 623 Smithfield street, Pittsburg, Dec. 29, 1903, at 1 P. M."

On Jan. 1, on the grounds of the Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club, a match has been fixed to take place between Mr. Ed. Voris, of Crawfordsville, Ind., and Mr. Fred Erb, of Indianapolis. Some other interesting open events have been arranged by the club to take place on that day.

Mr. J. G. Ewing, of the Dupont Company, Wilmington, Del., writes us as follows: "We are sorry to announce that the entire issue of Dupont calendars has been exhausted. There has been such an enormous demand for these that we will have to refuse any further applications, no matter how much money is inclosed for a calendar."

The Brooklyn, L. I., Gun Club will hold a shoot on Jan. 1, commencing at 1 o'clock. The grounds are situate on Kaiser's Farm, Old Mill Road. Take Kings County Elevated to Crescent street Station. Mr. John S. Wright will manage in his usual energetic form. The club will also hold a shoot on Christmas Day.

In a contest at 100 live birds between Messrs. A. A. Felix, of Philadelphia, and A. J. Miller, of Camden, for \$100 a side, at the Point Breeze race track, near Philadelphia, Dec. 19, the result was a tie on 83. Neither was in his usual good form. As a result of a contest resulting in a number of exceptionally perfect goose eggs, Messrs. A. J. Miller and John Morris contemplate a match at 100 live birds on Jan. 2, said to be for \$200 a side.

The programme of the Indianapolis Gun Club amateur tournament, fixed to be held on Jan. 1, provides ten events of 10 targets each, \$1 entrance. The purses are to be divided 30, 30, 20 and 20 per cent. Targets, 2 cents. Contestants may shoot for targets only. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Turkey dinner. The English Hotel cup contest, 100 targets, Fred Erb, Jr. (holder), Lafayette, Ind., against Ed Voris, Crawfordsville, Ind., will be an interesting feature. Reduced railroad rates.

The first annual Interstate midwinter tournament, to be held at St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 28-31, provides twelve events on the first day, eight at 15 and four at 20 targets, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance, \$5 added to each event. On the second day, there are nine events at 15 and 20 targets, and a five-man team target race. On the third day the first annual midwinter handicap at 25 live birds, \$20 entrance, handicaps 27 to 33 yds., will be shot. The Wyeth challenge trophy goes to the winner. The fourth day's programme is a five-man team race at live birds. The managers are Messrs. F. B. Cunningham and Chris. Gottlieb.

Pilfering Cartridges.

HAVING lost a good many hundred cartridges in this way, I have come to the conclusion that the only plan is to risk being thought mean, keep your magazine locked, fill your bags yourself, put back in the evening what the day's shooting and your cartridge carrier has left you, and grin and bear the loss of the rest. Servants are very apt to fill the bags over weight, and leave them in the gun room. And many men have their cartridges sent direct from the gun maker—the box is opened by the keeper and left for any one to help himself from.

At a big shoot, if the keeper takes twenty cartridges a day, from five or six of the guests, they probably do not miss them, and he is a considerably richer man by the end of the season. There is not much difficulty in disposing of them. I once asked about some cartridges in a country town; the gun maker said if I would take "motleys" he could sell me some at a very low figure. On my asking what they were he pulled a large box from under the counter, full of cartridges of all colors and makes. I refrained from making him add to his sins by telling a lie, so did not inquire where they came from.

Grouse driving, I always put my bag on the top of the butt when the drive is over. I once left my spare bag, full, inside, and on returning with my loader from picking up the birds, found several of the drivers resting around the butt, my bag half empty; of course none of them knew anything about my bag, and I ran short before the end of the day.

It is little use complaining to the host, it is only a worry to him; he cannot play the detective, and hide in the gun room cupboard. All he can do is to tell the keeper he must stop it; the keeper agrees, but the practice continues. Considering that keepers, beaters, valets, perhaps sometimes your fellow guests, rob you of cartridges, it is only wonderful you do not oftener run short in a week's shooting.—Another Sufferer, in Field (London).

[That there are so many absent-minded beggars in England, one of the oldest and most civilized countries, is a source of deep regret. The Field's correspondent, however, must be mistaken in referring to the amiable lapse as robbery. In this country it is never so designated. In this country at tournaments, similar happenings, under tournament circumstances, occur, but they can be construed in two ways, namely, that the taker desires to pay a modest compliment to the excellence of the ammunition and its owner's judgment by securing a few boxes as souvenirs, or that he sometimes, when preoccupied with mental divisions of the moneys, helps himself in a fit of abstraction to the ammunition of his fellows—all cartridges look so much alike! The astonishing feature concerning the English collectors of cartridges is that they take lots so small that they can be counted.]

Tower Trap.

PINEHURST, N. C., Dec. 19.—The equipment of the Pinehurst, N. C., Gun Club, embraces a decidedly unique and interesting feature in the shape of a Tower trap. The traps are quite common in Europe, but practically unknown in this country. The interest shown in this trap, however, is conclusive proof that the innovation is to be a permanently popular one, which will soon be generally adopted by gun clubs throughout the country.

In the top of the tower are two expert inanimate target traps, one each at the right and left, as the shooter faces the traps, the attendant is protected by a heavy plank partition, which also hides the traps from view, and the traps are pulled from the rear in the usual manner.

Five birds may be thrown, right, left, unknown, overhead, and doubles. In all of these events, with the exception of the overhead birds, the shooter faces the tower at the usual distance. In the overhead shooting he stands back to the tower and directly underneath it. It is needless to say that the sport furnished is, to say the least, novel as compared with the usual trapshooting.

The idea is to produce conditions such as those the sportsman experiences in wild water fowl, pigeon or other similar shooting, or in shooting birds which fly from trees, and the tower was of course a natural consequence in Europe, where birds are driven to the waiting sportsmen.

Known angles to the right and left, are not difficult, and many have a "knack" for killing overhead birds; but unknown angles puzzle the experts, and doubles, two birds shooting off in opposite directions, and at the same time, call for a skill and quickness that few possess. But doubles are not impossible, and the shooting is wonderfully fascinating because of its difficulty.

TAR HEEL.

Wilmington Country Club.

WILMINGTON, Del., Dec. 15.—Appended are the scores of a shoot held at the Wilmington Country Club, Saturday, Dec. 12. A five-man team race was shot, Mr. Victor du Pont, Jr., being captain of the winning team, and Mr. Alexis L. du Pont captain of the second team. The same scores apply also to a two-man team race, the teams being as follows:

Alexis L. du Pont and L. Z. Lawrence.
L. J. Squier and J. G. Ewing.
E. E. du Pont and Victor du Pont, 3d.
L. D. Thomas and E. C. Ferriday.
Victor du Pont, Jr., and O. Kemp.

Targets: 15 15 20	Targets: 15 15 20
V du Pont, Jr. 12 17—41	A L du Pont... 14 15 19—48
L Z Lawrence... 15 15 18—48	L J Squier... 14 13 19—46
E E du Pont... 10 11 16—37	L D Thomas... 13 12 11—36
V du Pont, 3d... 13 13 14—40	J G Ewing... 9 10 15—34
E C Ferriday... 12 10 16—38—204	O Kemp... 8 9 12—29—193

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Dec. 16.—Conscious of the great loss to the community and to the fraternity of sportsmen in general, it is with sincere regret I announce the death of James T. Blandford at the advanced age of eighty-three years.

Mr. Blandford was a beloved member of this club. While not active as a shooter owing to failing eyesight, he was, nevertheless, ever advancing the welfare of the club and its members.

From the time of muzzleloaders and black powder to just a few years ago, he was foremost in this State as a live-bird shot, his greatest pleasure being trips afield with dog and gun.

This club extends to its captain, Charles G. Blandford, the sympathy of his fellow members in his great loss, and desire that this be spread upon the minutes of this organization.

J. CURRY BARLOW.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

Mr. Le Roy Leach, of Wood Lake, Neb., on Nov. 19, at King's Mills, O., shot at and hit 1,100 shotgun shell heads thrown at a distance of 25 feet. On Nov. 29, at Cincinnati, he hit 1,601 blue-rock targets thrown at a distance of 30 feet. He used Peters .22 short cartridges loaded with King's Semi-Smokeless powder and a magazine rifle that was not cleaned throughout the entire shooting.

The Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Conn., writes us as follows: "Our Marlin, 1904 desk calendars, we think you will agree, surpasses those of previous years in artistic merit. Framed with a rich blue, relieved by white scrolls, is a fine looking sportsman, with gun, peering through the long grasses for game. In the distance is a nice bit of landscape, brightened by the rays of the sun. The colors are beautifully blended, the subject remarkably fitting and attractive, and the framed effect unique. We will gladly mail this desk calendar to any of your readers who will send stamp and pay postage."

The Seaboard Air Line Railway, of which Mr. Charles B. Ryan, Portsmouth, Va., is general passenger agent, has issued an attractive calendar, which bears a picture, the central figures of which are an aged negro and negress, "uncle and mammy." She has taken his arm, and he is gallantly raising his hat in friendly greeting. The features of each express benignant welcome. It is entitled "Through the Heart of the South."

Spratts Patent (America) Limited, Newark, N. J., is illustrated with themes of interest to fanciers of dogs, rabbits, poultry, cats. It suggests the kinds of foods for the pets, and the medicines with which to treat them when ill.

The Laffin & Rand Powder Co., New York, have issued a neat folding calendar for 1904, beautifully illustrated. There are scenes pertaining to the rifle range, big game shooting, the pistol and the smooth bore.

Dec. 8 W. B. Powell, of English, Ark., won the live-bird State championship from R. W. Larkin, at Stuttgart, Ark., killing 25 live birds straight. He shot Winchester factory loaded shells.

Mr. S. M. Van Allen, at Guttenberg, N. J., Dec. 9, killed 20 live birds, making the only straight score. He used U. M. C. factory loaded shells.

There has been quite a bit of discussion, pro and con, in the New York sporting goods district, relative to live-bird shooting in the State of New Jersey. The expediency, not the ethics, was the subject of debate. So long as it is not illegal, any one has a right to organize a shoot in his own way, time and place. If live-bird shooting is to be stopped by legislative act, let it be so in its own good time. In the meantime, it is not well to admit indirectly, by concealment, that such shooting is wrong.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifles and War.

ARGUMENT on behalf of bill to enable the Government to increase its source of supply of military rifles by an appropriation for the purchase at the private armories of a quantity sufficient to warrant them in equipping a plant of tools for their manufacture, always ready to respond quickly to the call of the Government in emergencies or otherwise.

The Governments of England, France and Germany have for many years fostered and encouraged the private manufacture of military arms and munitions of war in their respective countries by distributing among them a large proportion of the annual appropriations for the manufacture of service weapons, thus securing the resources of these private plants as an important auxiliary to the resources of the Government factories. Following the custom of previous years, the British Government has recently made a contract with two of the private arms manufacturers in Birmingham for a great number of the new rifles lately adopted for the use of the British army; these arms being in addition to those to be made at the two large Government armories of Enfield and Sparbrook. Each arms factory, according to its capacity, will furnish its proportion of the total requirements, neither the Governmental nor the private establishments being unduly favored. The present policy is to maintain so far as possible, all the sources of supply of war munitions, instead of crippling the private manufacture as before, by concentrating the orders in time of peace in Government arsenals, and thus precluding expansion to meet the demands of sudden emergency.

This was our trouble during the late Spanish war. Early in the campaign, the Chief of Ordnance was at a loss to supply our troops with even a comparative small quantity of the Krag-Jorgensen magazine rifles. He accordingly endeavored to negotiate with one of the principal private armories in the country for a large quantity of those rifles, but found from twelve to fifteen months would be required in which to produce the tools and fixtures alone for the manufacture of the service weapon. Thus the overtures had to be abandoned, and the Government continued to distribute the Springfield single-loader with black powder cartridges, with what criticism is yet fresh in the public mind.

The experience of our Government at the outbreak of the Civil War is another case in point. To meet the sudden and enormous demand for small arms, the arsenals of Europe were emptied of their antiquated and discarded weapons, and there was no gun so hopelessly condemned by expert opinion that it could not find a purchaser at an enormous price in the United States Government. We had the pleasure of selling some of our own discarded weapons to a foreign purchaser when the hollow sham of the Napoleonic Empire was exposed and France was found but partially armed in the presence of her enemy.

When we need arms at all our need will be a serious one, and there will be no time to create arms factories. It is wise, therefore, to encourage them in time of peace to meet the emergency of war. The needs of our Civil War so stimulated the manufacture of arms, that this country led in that industry, and arms and ammunition were sold abroad by the million, adding correspondingly to the wealth of this country. Our resources for the manufacture of arms were then superior to those of any other country, and might have continued so had a more liberal spirit toward arms manufacturers prevailed at Washington. Government monopoly is the destruction of private enterprise, as has been shown in this case.

The great disadvantage in which our Government was placed during the late Spanish war in procuring magazine rifles and ammunition, might have proven very serious had the war been prolonged; and the lessons made plain to them at the close, brought about wise measures increasing the capacity of the Government factories, now in process of development.

Ordnance officials, when asking for these increased appropriations have reported that the capacity of the two Government plants when finally installed, would together produce 650 of the new service rifles per day of eight hours, and be sufficient to meet any future emergency.

But it must be considered that it will take two or more years before any appreciable output will commence at either factory,

and several years before our whole army could at that rate be equipped. This would be making no provision whatever for the equipment of the thousands of volunteers that might be enlisted should war break out at any time, and all of them clamorous for the service magazine arm, which they have a right to demand, knowing that in this age they will be arrayed against armies equipped with modern magazine rifles and not single loaders. Besides, who can predict when the country will again be confronted with the emergency of war, and against what Powers we may have to contend? The situation might be such that we would be prevented from obtaining supplies from Europe, and if ever we could do so, the rifles would not be of same caliber as our own, which would mean that confusion would result in the distribution to our troops of cartridges of different caliber. A rearmament having been decided upon, it should be completed without delay. The old and new arms cannot be used together, for the same reason that the cartridges are of different dimensions and strength, and what would fit the new rifle cannot be used in the Krag-Jorgensen rifle. It would seem to be the part of wisdom for our Government to change its present policy of confining the manufacture of small arms to the Government arsenals, and adopt the method in vogue abroad of interesting the private factories, at least to an extent that will render them immediately available when wanted; and without which provision they cannot under any circumstances, no matter how urgent, respond to the call of the Government without wasting at least one year of valuable time in the manufacture and preparation of the tools and fixtures necessary to the manufacture of any new rifle.

New York Corps.

SEVENTY-ONE members of the New York Corps shot at the Zettler gallery Dec. 18. R. Gute was high on the ring target, C. Brinckama was first on the bullseye target. The next shoot will be held on Jan. 8.

Ten-shot scores, two to count: R. Gute, 244, 241; Geo. Ludwig, 241, 240; J. Facklamm, 233, 235; B. Zettler, 238, 233; O. Schwanermann, 227, 243; J. N. F. Siebs, 237, 230; F. Facomre, 231, 235; J. H. Hainhorst, 229, 235; H. Haase, 234, 232; J. H. Meyer, 229, 225; H. D. Meyer, 222, 228; H. Roitger, 224, 229; G. Thomas, 228, 228; J. C. Bonn, 225, 232; A. W. Lemcke, 221, 228; Geo. Offermann, 226, 223; C. Schmetz, 213, 233; H. Reckmann, 225, 219; C. Brinckama, 225, 220; H. C. Hainhorst, 222, 222; J. G. Tholke, 221, 216; W. Schulz, 220, 218; H. Gobber, 209, 225; H. Heinecke, 226, 218; L. C. Hagenah, 218, 224; A. Evers, 222, 214; C. Mann, 213, 225; H. Nordbruch, 218, 225; M. J. Then, 215, 218; P. Hiedelberger, 224, 214; H. Decker, 222, 209; H. R. Conlan, 216, 216; W. C. L. Beversten, 210, 221; H. Koster, 208, 219; Herman Koster, 209, 219; F. Feldhusen, 217, 209; W. Dahl, 221, 206; H. Meyn, 206, 218; H. D. Michaelsen, 204, 220; C. Roffmann, 216, 210; F. Schultz, 218, 207; H. Quenten, 208, 215; H. Winter, 202, 219; H. Henning, 204, 217; A. Giebelhaus, 201, 215; J. C. Kruse, 202, 215; J. Jantzen, 211, 203; C. Konig, 207, 207; R. Ohms, 216, 207; J. May, 208, 203; E. F. Lankenau, 194, 211; H. Konig, 213, 192; J. Gobber, 154, 198; L. L. Goldstein, 197, 194; W. Schaefer, 207, 193; J. Paradies, 211, 199; H. Offermann, 202, 195; W. H. Kuhlken, 194, 174; G. Junge, 179, 199; D. von Glahn, 182, 181; D. Dade, 199, 204; Adolf Beckmann, 202, 195; H. Hovenberger, 185, 170; Gus Hagenau, 177, 181; N. Jantzen, 182, 162; D. Fecken, 146; 201; J. H. Grote, 166, 159; D. von der Lieth, 199, 197; Max von Diongio, 189, 207; J. H. Descher, 199, 228.

Bullseye target, 4in. carton, best center shot, by measurement, degrees: C. Brinckama 25½, L. C. Hagenah 30, R. Gute 43, H. C. Hainhorst 47, J. H. Hainhorst 50½, A. W. Lemcke 52, Wm. Schulz 52, H. Haase 56, P. Hiedelberger 62½, F. Schulz 68, H. Berckmann 70, R. Ohms 73, J. H. Descher 83, J. N. F. Siebs 84½, J. C. Bonn 85½, H. Koster 87½, W. H. Kuhlken 91½, C. Konig 93½, C. Schmetz 97½, G. Thomas 103½, J. H. Meyer 105, J. Paradies 118.

New York Central Corps.

THE New York Central Corps held its third shoot, winter series, at Zettler's, Dec. 16. There were twenty-three members present. R. Gute made the high score on the ring target: H. D. Muller was second. On the bullseye target B. Eusner was first and won the Muller prize.

Ten-shot scores, two to count, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: R. Gute, 243, 239; H. D. Muller 242, 233; J. N. F. Siebs, 237, 236; D. Scharninghaus, 236, 230; F. Rolles, 230, 238; F. Schroeder, 229, 230; B. Eusner 234, 227; W. J. Daniel, 234, 229; C. Gerken, 226, 224; Geo. Viemeister, 221, 228; W. Wessel, 231, 210; F. Brodt, 221, 229; A. Ritterhoff 222, 202; F. Engelking, 214, 214; Aug. Rohde, 225, 203; H. Schrader, 216, 206; H. A. Ficke, Jr., 193, 206; F. Jaegers, 201, 211; J. Kack, 184, 194; A. Ihlenberg, 180, 195; G. Dettloff, 173, 169; J. Winters, 187, 157.

Bullseye target, 4in. carton, the best center shot to count, measurement, degrees: B. Eusner 39½, H. Schrader 40½, F. Rolles 41½, H. D. Muller 55½, W. Wessel 63, Geo. Viemeister 83½, Gerken 78½, W. J. Daniel 88, F. Schroeder 91, Aug. Rohde 93, R. Gute 95, J. Winters 99.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THIRTEEN members were present on Dec. 15 and took part in the Zettler Rifle Corps' contest for high scores and club honors. Geo. Schlacht was first for the best 100 shots, with a total of 2433. E. Van Zandt was second with 2431. Louis C. Buss made the best 50-shot score, his total being 1225.

Ten-shot scores, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: Geo. Schlacht (100 shots) 2433, E. Van Zandt 2431, B. Zettler 2337, H. Fenwirth 2342.

Fifty shots:

Louis C. Buss 1225, R. Gute 1213, A. Kronsberg 1212, C. G. Zettler 1210, C. G. Zettler, Sr., 1199, H. Holges 1197, W. A. Hicks 1183, Geo. J. Bernius 1170, T. H. Keller, Sr., 1151.

New York City Corps.

THE New York City Corps held its second gallery shoot at Zettler's, Dec. 17. Seventeen members took part.

Ten-shot scores, two to count: A. Kronsberg 241, 245; O. Schwanermann 237, 237; R. Busse, 233, 236; J. Facklamm, 225, 242; J. Wagner, 234, 239; R. Bendler, 232, 228; B. Eusner, 223, 234; A. Frank, 219, 222; J. Keller, 219, 214; C. Schmidt, 218, 218; H. Radloff, 210, 218; R. Schwanermann, 216, 211; A. Wiltz, 199, 214; H. Vogel, 202, 203; C. Metz, 189, 201; E. Sonner, 155, 174; W. Heil, 182, 160.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The beautiful calendar of the Horton Manufacturing Co., of Bristol, Conn., covering the year 1904, has just been issued. It shows a birch bark canoe on the shore of a lake, and a girl, in bathing dress and with a Bristol steel fishing rod in her hand, holding up and admiring a large bass, just from the water. The color and the feeling of the picture are thoroughly genuine, and for beauty and artistic merit this calendar must stand high among those of the year.

